



The Capilano Review

A CONVERSATION WITH
Afuwa & Evan Ducharme
Juliane Okot Bitek & Jenny Penberthy

ART & WRITING FROM
Ayumi Goto & Peter Morin · Duane Linklater
Tanya Lukin Linklater · Suzanne Morrisette · Jordan Wilson

another way of doing things has arrived, and it
brought company.

—*Suzanne Morrisette*

Editor Fenn Stewart
Managing Editors Mary Chen and Afuwa SM Granger
Visual Art Coordinator Afuwa SM Granger
Designer Anahita Jamali Rad
Contributing Editors Andrea Actis, Clint Burnham, Roger Farr, Liz Howard, Aisha Sasha John,
Andrew Klobucar, Natalie Knight, Erin Moure, Lisa Robertson, Christine Stewart
Founding Editor Pierre Coupey

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.

For submission guidelines, visit www.thecapilanoreview.com/submit.
The Capilano Review does not accept hard-copy submissions or submissions sent by email.

Copyright remains the property of the author or artist. No portion of this publication may be reproduced without the permission of the author or artist.

The Capilano Review gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the Province of British Columbia, the City of Vancouver, 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 June 2019

Canada

Printed on unceded Coast Salish Territories by Hemlock Printers



TCR

3.38 / SPRING 2019

5

Editor's Note

6

Deanna Radford

When my lover is across the ocean

8

Leanne Dunic

CHINATOWN

14

Kyle Kinaschuk

Two Poems

16

Catriona Strang

Unfuckable Lardass

25

Juliane Okot Bitek & Jenny Penberthy

In conversation: "A party in the footnotes"

35

Juliane Okot Bitek

Something

36

Meredith Quartermain

Four Poems

40

M.L. Martin

Three Poems

43

Suzanne Morrisette

Practices of Learning

49

Duane Linklater

from *From Our Hands, Speculative Apparatus*, and *Something About Encounter*

54

Peter Morin

from *Peter Morin's Museum*

55

Ayumi Goto & Peter Morin

from *how do you carry the land?*

62

**Ayumi Goto, Tarah Hogue,
& Peter Morin**

from *this is not us*

64

Tanya Lukin Linklater

from *The treaty is in the body*

68

Jessica Jang

Phases and Elsewheres

74

Jordan Wilson

from *qeq̃ən: A Walking Tour of
Musqueam House Posts at UBC*

80

Natalie Simpson

Catalogue

82

Hamish Ballantyne

from PETROGLYPHS

84

Concetta Principe

from *Nine Uneasy Steps to a PhD*

85

Franco Cortese

Five Poems

87

Christine Leviczky Riek

Songs of Emil

92

Afuwa & Evan Ducharme

In conversation: "That's the kind
of future that I create"

98

see-to-see

Ted Byrne

Review of *if wants to be the same
as is: Essential Poems of David
Bromige* by David Bromige, edited
by Jack Krick, Bob Perelman, and
Ron Silliman

Amber Dawn

Review of *Refuse: CanLit in Ruins* by
Hannah McGregor, Julie Rak,
& Erin Wunker

Michael Roberson

Review of *Anarchists in the
Academy: Machines and Free
Readers in Experimental Poetry* by
Dani Spinosa

Adam Seelig

Review of *My Heart Is a Rose
Manhattan* by Nikki Reimer

Scott Jackshaw

Review of *Mantis* by David Dowker

Alessandra Capperdoni

Review of *Duets* by Ted Byrne

108

Mentorship Interviews

110

Contributors

Cover Image:

Ayumi Goto, Tarah Hogue, & Peter Morin,
from *this is not us*, July 21, 2018

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery
Portrait mask courtesy of Corey Bulpitt

Editor's Note

This issue, like this spring, has emerged a bit later than expected.

We don't mind, though, because we've been thinking about time a little differently, thanks to guest curator Suzanne Morrisette's feature, "Practices of Learning," in which she reflects on the work of Duane Linklater, Peter Morin, Ayumi Goto, and Tanya Lukin Linklater. For these artists, "family and community [are] a site of knowledge production, of cultivation, and of sharing." In attending to these relations as an explicit part of their creative practice, and in sharing that practice in gallery and museum spaces, these artists remind us to rethink certain kinds of speed and "efficiency" as virtues.

As we worked with Suzanne, with these artists, and with their family and community members (including, but not limited to, their gallerists and photographers), we had occasion to remember that each issue of our own magazine is a lengthy collaboration between two to three dozen people—contributors, editorial and design staff, our board of directors, volunteers, and interns.

We've also been reminded that our own families and friends offer their time and energies to the magazine in ways that aren't always recognized (and these same people also need us, sometimes, to leave work early, or to come in late).

So this may not be our most punctual issue, but it's a good one. We've got two splendid interviews for you: Jenny Penberthy speaks to our 2018 Writer-in-Residence, poet and scholar Julianne Okot Bitek, and Afuwa speaks to Metis artist and designer Evan Ducharme about his latest collection and his commitment to community.

We've also got excerpts from Jordan Wilson's *qeq̓an*, a walking tour of Musqueam house posts at UBC; new poetry from Meredith Quartermain, Catriona Strang, and many others; paintings by Jessica Jang; reviews of recent poetry and theory; and two new interviews in our mentorship series.

Happy spring (summer),

—Fenn Stewart

When my lover is across the ocean

Deanna Radford

Exhale. Whisper. Speak. Voices airborne. Talk talk.
Into microphone. Keys. Pictures of keys. Signs.
Logic board. Vocal folds vibrate. We. In chatter streams.
Through earth. Through air. Big water. Whisper modulation.
No landline. Breath. To phone mast. Sea signal. High sign.
Tiding. Marconi. Signal Hill. Poldhu. Breathing.
In data ocean. Ocean ocean. Troposphere.
Voice heat. Ours. Clouds. Ours. Condensation. Ours. The weather.
Ours. Islands. Shore. Beach sand. Cable landing. Manhole.
Gun Beach. Bilbao. Lan Tao. Brest. Electric Beach.
Palm tree. Base station. Monopalm. Monopole. Steeple.
Tower. Bell sound. Call change. Scramble. North. South. East. West.
Wind. Words. We. Water. Winnings. Worship. Workmanship.
Rock solid. Broadcast. Radiation. Quiet zone. Signal storm.
Word switch. Ring system. Network. Word bundle. Word packet.
Love charge. Cable load. Bandwidth. Wow. Video flutter.
Screen light. Moonlight. Starlight. Sunlight. Day. Data less.
Less wire. Wireless. Microwave. Backhaul. Transceiver.
Call me. Transmit. Receive. Failed HD. Frequency channel. Fail.

Cobalt. Earthen. Display. Ectoplasm interface.
Flow. Expanding. Server farm. Expanse. Cooling system.
Fever. Parched. Rapt. In keys. Cable routes. Trees.
Garden. Gutta percha. Resin. Rubber tubing.
Thermoplastic. Number armour. Amour. Handsfree. Gear.
Soil. Earth. Terrestrial. Body. Vocals. Invisible.
Aerial. Alien. Transatlantic. Sub-sea. Sound.
Listening. Bitstream. Channel. Literal radio.
We whisper. Lip to ear. Through glass. Walls. Plastic. Light scope.
No rock dove. Fibre optic translating through hair size
Through time. Cable. Copper. Coaxial. Compac. Complex.
Industrial. Strength. Breadth. Breath. Hearts beat. We speak.

I inhale your words.
My words.

Your breath. My breath. Ours.
A puff. Exhale.
A flurry on my tongue.

And an acid cloud event.
Rain — it tastes

of territorial traces.

CHINATOWN

Leanne Dunic

First, there were them, and them, and them. Then more. Faces mixed. Sepia, camel, chestnut, and caramel. A pocket here, a clan there. Whole communities disappeared.

And now there is me. I will draw you some maps.

Birthmarks: some have vanished, but then again, nostalgia distorts.

Sometimes I forget I'm Chinese. That I'm not.

Elementary school. Small town of white kids, a community of First Nations. Recesses were inquisitions. *Are you Indian?*

Unclear what exactly *Indian* means. Barely understand *Eurasian*, a word my mother taught me while holding a globe, pointing to the ridges of Yugoslavia, the mass that was China. Europe. Asia. Europe Asia. Canada. Eurasian. You.

Mother, disowned by her own for marrying a white man.

My brother doesn't look distinctly Asian or European, though he has our paternal grandfather's long lashes and solemn eyes.

(Those halfers are always so good looking.)

In America, passersby call my brother Elvis, cops call him spic.

His friends call him Chinatown.

His interests: the car he drives, the girl on his arm.

The girl on his arm will never be Asian. *They remind me too much of you.*

Multiple times I tried to kill my brother, hands around his throat, kicks to his stomach and groin.

Now, we've grown.

I'm amused by the growl of my brother's Ferrari, the one he purchased a week after totalling his BMW, calling me at midnight from the hospital crying *I don't think I can ever drive again.*

But here he is, 23 years old, with the shiny red car he's wanted ever since he was young.

The Ferrari was trailered from California to British Columbia. It's never seen a day of rain in its life and he intends on keeping it that way so he buses to work.

I have recurring dreams of driving a manual transmission. Of revving engines.

On sunny days, my brother picks me up in his Ferrari, the engine vibrating the windows of my home. I bend to get into the low car. He accelerates before my seatbelt is latched and I shriek: half irritation, half thrill. He stops hard, turns fast. The more upset I get the more he laughs.

At Granville Street, he nearly hits a pedestrian trying to cross. I scold him. He gives me his pouty I'm-sorry-sister look but I'm furious. I fear his death, his belief that he won't live beyond thirty. Inside I scream: don't you know how much I love you?

When we still bathed together, my brother showed me his baby-skinned erection. *This means I love you.*

I dwell in the Chinatowns of port cities. Victoria to Vancouver, stints in
Singapore, Kobe, Yokohama, San Francisco, Seattle. No answers are found, only
red and gold plastic decorations and the question, *Is your mother Chinese?*

They never ask if it's my father who's Chinese.

I'm having dim sum, come join me?

I take the bus to meet my brother and he's already polished off a steamer of sticky rice and two orders of beef balls. One shrimp dumpling remains in the bamboo steamer. *Hargow?* he offers.

I'm allergic to seafood.

Oh yeah. His lips are greasy. His wallet sits among a pile of napkins. *My Ferrari caught fire, waiting for a flatbed to arrive. Shumai?*

When I was a kid, my relations shopped at the same butcher in Chinatown. Mounds of pig ears, chopped red and sticky, brown-paper-wrapped. Chestnuts, pomegranates, pomelos. Bins of autumn produce, bull-like caltrops (poisonous if you don't cook long enough). Wicked, bovine fruit. Crunch chestnuts. Pig cartilage. Stew hard. Bone broth.

Nourish body, nourish spirit.

Chinatown Supermarket on Keefer is permanently closed. You wouldn't recognize Main at Georgia, and did you hear about the viaduct? Kam Gok Yuen was taken by fire. The shop on Gore that sold cherimoyas and holy basil disappeared after rent increased. On Pender: currywurst, oysters, coffee, skateboards. An uncertain future. Even New Town Bakery had a facelift. Displacement is a pattern, not a single occurrence. Goldstone is still there with its oversized clock, and of course, the Gardens and the tourists they bring. Yes, there'll always be tourists.

I will write Chinatown a poem, a love letter.

Two Poems

Kyle Kinaschuk

[rr-029]

Welt war in dem Antlitz der Geliebten –,

A dim blaze, i tend new letter Glint We r-
ecögnize blue ash: loss it strips age
and sifts the urn slant seize We Wilt. cut ß

i,m a Wound in this face , r rk cht a ch auhb,
levelling bent, used Atomized lament
and unmade life,, went Where? Muted mind

clöckWatcher i sip. each ruin thin. A, nk rhfch
overfüll Dulcian with gauze catch him
kindling i bürn the secret We bled. , rung

[mr-030]

The world is full of loss; bring, wind, my love,

The blown ; , , sorrow i fold sends my full vigil
homesick, i mourn elegy where we met a map e-
rased all the old hurt i have and can vow
i wait heft chant.

Life went ; , , yes dimly fix memory
to sleep soon, and to see lack lift, if once
i do not find form i do not find you
taken tends ash.

Unfuckable Lardass

Catriona Strang

1.

Bitch-burn's lunged here
a long time
(borne quite
a time)
with hail-makers and
others' dread
unraveling

how we reveled, we read of
refusal's emergence, of
what else
would you have?

bearing unbending (*I can't*
fucking bear it), of
unborne or illicit
unburdened but
performed (*I won't*
fucking do it)
refuse perforated by unstable
elusives burning not
to burn

it's been a long
fucking time

2.

of loquacity's gain &
tended flowers quenching
burning wood, of
the guilty grips of viscous,
funky, splintered sippings
who'd go piling against gain
& nubbing & looping
& flowing against again
& again &
again
&

3. Let us Recapitulate

to make hands
useless, disorder
minds, strike
at the act of re-
production, poison
flowers, break
arms, make
hail and miss
carriage, attack
the marriage bed
(it's said)

*lands covered
with grapes and corn*

candles blown
out despite
the setting sun

*wheat, hay, manure, rain, snow,
storms, heretics, lepers*

feet
firmly
planted

*waffles and cracknels
baskets, bottles of lemonade*

all never
quite brought
to heel

4.

said it
all
before

5.

implied concealment
spikes a handy spit
(we can't handle
the sporting sense)

here clasping cloaks
or manacles our
handy, under
handed spirit

and weave our
mighty slyness
to hand

6. (*for Ted Byrne*)

oh, burgeon
ill burden
whose glossy
loft buds
burnished, swells
beamish: I'll bite
unbidden

7. Yell, Danielle
(for Danielle LaFrance)

I'm whatever
the sea throws up

we're salted wreck
and who *could*

sing under such
conditions? Tongues

taught to stammer
& swallow slip

avid on
supplanted

ply, pry the
civil tongue right

out of my
head: here's

stones, kestrels
a gale-force wrack

8.

my unmeasured response
melts paltry, flips
rogue quivers or tears
seizures (now that
decades have ripped on by)

beets, pumpkins, cabbage
honey, milk
everything in pots

now repose fuses improbable
impossible impossible
ever to forget her raspy
ragged gasps and
her ceasing

9. Handy

pressing pastry into
pie plates suddenly
bums, noses, hands, faces,
teary eyes, bleeding
bodies, coldy chests, all
wiped, stomachs rubbed, diapers
changed, shit, pee, vomit, pus,
snot, spills, excreta
of all kinds re
contained, books held, pages
turned, teeth
brushed, bodies
washed, creams and lotions

smeared, medicines
administered, spots
scrubbed, slivers
extracted, bandaids
applied, babies
carried, cradled, caressed,
hair washed, brushed,
cut, braided — heads
wacked hard — sheets
stripped and replaced, mops,
brooms, vacuums, prams,
strollers pushed, clothes
made and mended, curtains
sewed, sheets
repaired, hats, mitts,
sweaters knit, hugs
given, jugs and bottles
filled and emptied, astonishing,
food shared, bikes pushed and
carried, plates and cutlery laid
and cleared, dishes
washed, put away, taken
out, animals, flowers, specific
delights pointed out,
cards, notes, letters
written, forms signed,
precarity steadied, hot
water bottles filled
presents wrapped and
unwrapped, poultices
administered, laundry scrubbed,
put into machines and
lifted out again, hung
up and taken down, folded, put

away, clothes put on
and taken off, ice packs
applied, foreheads
wiped, compost and
garbage disposed
of, groceries selected,
carried, unpacked, put
away, taken out, holes
dug and filled, seeds
planted, spoons offered, dead
pets buried, fruits
and vegetables picked
and washed, tea made,
my cold hands hers,
lunches packed and
unpackd, drinks
steadied, jams, jellies,
pickles, chutneys made, chopping,
stirring, mixing, baking,
roasting, frying, burning,
serving, eating
accomplished, pastry
rolled and shaped,
canes and
walkers held and not
held, glasses lost and
found, pies, tarts, muffins, cakes,
cookies, scones baked
shoes tied and
untied, age spots
appearing, skin
crêped, flowers
gathering in

9.

*“Men have broad shoulders and narrow hips
and accordingly possess intelligence”*—Martin Luther

unwieldy, weary,
wary, the long west
immolates us
all, summary
lurching repository of
disjointing social
functions it does not
represent, or embolden,
or embrodden any
welched way

11. The amalgam

I am contending factions. Even in times of great dispute and intense social trauma, an amalgam of functions does not represent. Some days are prose. Can a visual record be a vehicle of community? Considering the efficacy of barley soup (it is conceivable that I have succumbed to the latent ideology of *The Modern Cook's Year*), I become over-mapped. It's my tradition to pick til it bleeds.

In conversation: "A party in the footnotes"

Juliane Okot Bitek and Jenny Penberthy

In the early 1980s when I was exploring dissertation possibilities, I researched poetry experiments in post-colonial Africa. A thrilling discovery was the work of Ugandan poet Okot p'Bitek. In his own English translation, the book length poem Song of Lawino was a fusion of traditional song and free verse. In its form and its social critique, it was a radical work. For the past few years, I've been aware of poet Juliane Okot Bitek's presence in Vancouver and yet that missing p' got in the way of the imaginative leap from Kampala to Vancouver. When I emptied my Capilano University office bookshelves into the People's Co-op Bookstore, it was Rolf Maurer who told me that he'd passed my Heinemann African Writers Series copy of Song of Lawino on to Juliane, daughter of the iconic poet. I reeled. —JP

Jenny Penberthy: You were born in Kenya where your parents were living in exile from Uganda. Your father was a widely renowned and revered poet, a professor at Makerere University in Kampala—a cultural icon. His opposition to the regime of Milton Obote made him a target for violence and he and the family were forced to flee. Can you talk about your experience of growing up in Nairobi? Did the family feel safe exiled in close proximity to Uganda? Were you aware of your father's prominence while you lived in Nairobi?

Juliane Okot Bitek: I wasn't aware of my father's fame or notoriety—none of us were as kids, I think. Our dad and mom were just dad and mom. We lived in a middle-class neighbourhood, played with kids along our street, went to school, had fights amongst ourselves, made friends, had birthday parties... None of it was remarkable, not while we lived it.

JP: Was yours clearly a literary household?

JOB: I remember that we had loads of books in the house. I seem to remember books on a shelf in the living room, double sided, like in the library, but there are no pictures for me to confirm whether or not that's a figment of my imagination.



JP: Describe the books you grew up among.

JOB: My own kid books that I can remember? I grew up on the Enid Blyton series—*The Famous Five* and *Secret Seven* and so on. I also remember later, when we lived in Uganda, devouring the Moses series that were written by Ugandan writer Barbara Kimenye. From my parent's collection of books, I clearly remember seeing Ezra Pound's *Collected Poems* but not ever reading it. I remember the Jerusalem Bible, a huge book.

JP: Reading about the Jerusalem Bible, I see that one of the principal translators was Tolkien.

JOB: I totally had no idea that Tolkien had anything to do with it, but I can appreciate that even more now! I read

it from cover to cover like a series of stories and this impressed my dad very much. I didn't understand why because at the time they really did read like stories but I suppose I had no capacity to question what I was reading then.

JP: Did any of the books remain important to you?

JOB: The Bible remains an important text for me because I can appreciate its power through time. I don't read it much anymore, except as a reference, and I still have my high school copy of the King James version. I remain stunned at the impact of this book as it informs and misinforms the construction of western culture.

JP: I was also thinking of your account of reading H. Rider Haggard's popular novel *She*.

JOB: Oh my goodness, I had a moment reading that book as a girl that I wouldn't find language for until I read Fanon decades later. In that novel, a couple of British explorers in Africa (god) confront a woman Ayesha who has been alive from before the time of Christ. Fanon, and later Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, taught me about the split I experienced when, having associated with the protagonists, I was devastated by what happened to Ayesha, the character for whom the book is titled. Later still, I've come to understand that *misogynoir*, the term for the hatred of Black women, is clearly evident in the stories that we grew up with, the ones in which we had to imagine ourselves as (and relate to) the enactors of this violence. Today, I read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* as the colonial endeavour which depended on the innocence myth of the white woman, and I can trace it back to *She* and forward to TV series and films where, as we used to joke/not joke, they kill the Black people first, or that murdered women are the never-ending plot for many seasons. There is still an expectation that we the audience don't associate with the racialized or the women (or the racialized women) in film.

JP: How conscious were you of the colonial past as you lived in post-independence Nairobi and Kampala?

JOB: I was not conscious of any kind of colonial past, why should we have been? We were living now, as others were, and in those days, especially in Kampala, there were other pressing issues to think about beyond the relationship with Britain. It was a time that was fraught with political instability—there were several governments overthrown between 1980 when we first returned to Uganda and 1988 when I left to go to the US—at least 5 government take-overs and only one was through elections (that were also contested). There were economic upheavals, insecurity and general lawlessness—there was no time or space for thinking of a colonial past, I don't think. That's not to say that others were not thinking about that...

JP: Maybe I should be asking when you began to register the legacy of colonialism?

JOB: I began to appreciate the legacy of colonialism when I came to Canada. Before that, I thought about colonialism as an era from the past and I understood post-independence as a long upheaval but I thought it was about us Africans sorting ourselves out. We learned African history in school and we heard our parents debate African culture, language, dress, food, history, music, politics... Colonialism always sounded like something long gone.

JP: Your poem “Gauntlet” registers the craven obeisance of your high school teachers towards Princess Anne when she visited.

JOB: This one is another example of insight that came decades after the event. I remember at the time I was thinking about how it was that our white teachers also had the tradition of kneeling for important people, something which was completely absent from our experience of them. It had always seemed as though only God was worthy of a knee. I know different now.

JP: Were you raised speaking English or Acholi or Swahili? Has your experience of African languages altered your relation to English? Or perhaps I should say has your experience of Africa changed your relation to English—a very different question! I think of the lines, “first we’ll take English apart/word by inept word” (*Sublime: Lost Words* 5).

JOB: Then we take Berlin! From Leonard Cohen is what I was thinking about when I wrote that. We were brought up inside many languages. We spoke English, Swahili, Luo and when we went to Uganda, we picked up some Luganda as well. Luo is the language of the Acholi but also the language of the Luo people in Kenya. We spoke both but arguably one better than the other.

My relationship to English is more complicated now as I understand it to be more than just a tool of communication. As I read more widely, and become more exposed to people who live and work outside English, I’m deeply aware of how implicated we are as writers who work solely in English, in perpetuating its power base in world-making. I’m much more hesitant to translate terms into English in my writing now.

JP: Can you offer an example?

JOB: From my *100 Days*, the last poem, “Day 1,” is in Luo. I chose not to translate the poem into English because I know that it can still be appreciated as a page poem through the apparent repetition and it can be sounded out, etc. For anyone who can read Luo, there is an added level of meaning and that’s my way to gesture towards the long war in Acholi from 1986 to 2007.

JP: You were young when your father died in 1982. Even so, has he been an important influence for you? I gather from your interview two years ago with *Short Story Day Africa* that you were re-reading his book *Horn of My Love*.

JOB: I miss my father sorely. Even though I’m still discovering him as a writer and thinker, I can’t imagine how different my life might have been if I had a father as an adult woman.

That said, I am fortunate to have my mother's steady hand with me. I read my father (among others) to discover and to learn about the Acholi tradition but I also read him to pick his brain on the legacy of colonialism that we still live with today.

JP: Your father wrote *Song of Lawino* first in Acholi or should I say Luo?

JOB: Technically, I understand the language to be called Luo but it's also true to say Acholi which is the name of the people, the culture and the homeland (that is sometimes called Acholiland).

JP: He wrote the original in rhymed couplets and then translated it into English in free verse in 1966. Have you read the poem in Acholi-Luo before? As your father noted, his translation "clipped a bit of the eagle's wings and rendered the sharp edges of the warrior's sword rusty and blunt, and also murdered rhythm and rhyme."

JOB: No, I haven't read the Luo version because my language skills are not good enough to appreciate the work at the level of poetry. I do have a copy at home, though. A quick visual check will tell you for sure that there is a lot of rhyme but not always couplets.

JP: Free verse and its rhythms are clearly important for you. The East African Song School inaugurated by your father's poem *Song of Lawino* draws

on traditional oral forms that locate a central role for song. I notice that the text on the front flap of *100 Days* mentions the influence on the poems of Anglican hymns, African American Spirituals, spoken word, and hip hop. Is song a conscious priority for you?

JOB: Until you asked this question, it was a resounding no. I've been reflecting on that and it seems to me that there is a lot of poetry that is presented as song. I'm thinking about Walt Whitman's "I Hear America Singing," Langston Hughes' "I, Too, Sing America," the Song of Solomon, songs of *Lawino*, *Ocol*, *Malaya*, *Prisoner*, "Soldier," *The Song of Hiawatha*. And of course, there's also Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon* that's a novel. Genres have always been difficult as a way to contain my thinking so when I was thinking about the influence on my writing, I wasn't thinking of them as forms. For instance, I was thinking about the Anglican hymns, some of which are referenced in *100 Days*, as prayer, but also lyrics that can be read as damning in the context of mass violence. For African American Spirituals (especially the ones we were taught as kids), as lyrics that were double edged—they were political songs of freedom even though they sounded like praise songs to a Christian god. For spoken word and hip hop, I'm continuously inspired by how syncopation and stress can work to focus attention in a poem.

JP: Your sister Jane is a writer in the song school too. Her 1994 book-length poem *Song of Farewell* focuses on the loss of loved ones to war. She dedicates the poem, “To the memory of Dad / Late Prof Okot p’Bitek/Who left with me/An iota of his Poetry.” How are you next generation Okot Biteks received in East Africa?

JOB: Better to go next next gen. I haven’t lived in East Africa in thirty years and many of Okot Bitek’s grandchildren are now adult. I’m excited about them and it’s lovely to see my dad’s enduring self carried through. For example, both my son and Jane’s son are singers. Both, I’m certain, inherited my dad’s love of music and song.

JP: Your dissertation focuses on memory and its erasure in the context of the almost forgotten 1979 sinking of a ship in Lake Victoria, in which many Ugandan exiles died. As I understand, your research aims not to uncover secrets so much as document absences, erasures, redactions in the archives—a forensics of sorts. You’ve also said that the dissertation is in part a conversation with your father. Can you talk about the parallel scholarly and creative work you’re engaged in?

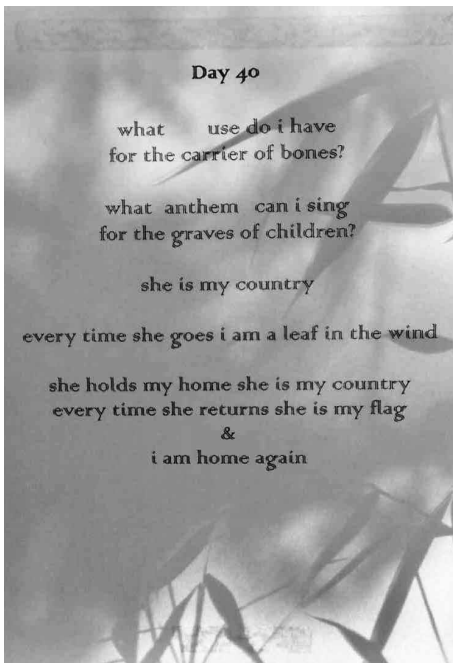
JOB: I’m going to stick with the *parallel* as a place of much tension for me. As part of my dissertation I’m working on a collaboration of sorts with

my father who had started to write *Song of Soldier* that I will complete as *Songs of Soldiers*. The parallel indicates to me that the creative and the scholarly can ride alongside each other, just like in that last image of the Indian and the British horse riders in *A Passage to India*—never the twain shall meet and all of that. This keeps me up at night, for real. But I’m doing my best, jumping from one to the other, trying to stay cool about that distance and sometimes pretending that the creative is as scholarly and that the scholarly needn’t remain stuffy and boring.

JP: Could you tell us a bit more about the dissertation, about your research interest in how citizenship is impacted by social forgetting?

JOB: In my dissertation, I’m thinking about what it means that we forget in the context of constant memorialization. We’re surrounded by cenotaphs, street names, statues, songs, historical texts, the archives, the language we use and sometimes even the names of our own children, but then we have hardly any ready recollection about an event as awful as the drowning of three hundred people. In my dissertation, I’m making it my business to add the memory of the men who lost their lives in a ship on Lake Victoria in 1979. I’m also questioning the political work of forgetting and noting the consequences of that.

JP: Memory is the critical preoccupation of your work. *100 Days* registers the official gestures towards remembering, the consequences of the failure to remember, the trauma of remembering, and many other variants on remembering. *100 Days* itself documents an extraordinary and sustained remembering. I think of Dionne Brand's "sitting in a room



with history" (*A Map to the Door of No Return*). You bear witness for one hundred days. The poems are striking for their restraint, their hushed quiet, their intimacy, and their weariness, all in the face of genocide. You assemble

your own inventories, not of atrocities but powerfully and movingly of daily details. Could you talk about any of this?

JOB: I wanted to think about the business of living and staying alive during before and especially now, decades afterwards. I was thinking about the relationship between survival and hauntedness and how ghosts, Avery Gordon reminds us, are a sign, a call to attention in *Ghostly Matters*. I was listening for voices that might help me imagine what it was to be alive two decades after the 1994 Rwanda Genocide, this year marking 25. But I remember and think about those who have their own private and other public anniversaries. I always think about my own homeland as a post-war society and I have to honor what that means, too.

JP: I've been thinking about the extraordinary courage it takes to write the unspeakable and I recall your account of role played by "listening." Could you explain?

JOB: I don't know about courage in doing this work.

JP: Julie, to look atrocity in the face takes extraordinary courage!

JOB: My idea about listening is maybe keen awareness, maybe? I wrote *100 Days* as a public project, on social media and for that summer, I was always on,

always looking for what I could glean from anywhere that might help me articulate what it meant to remember such a huge event. Everything seemed to speak to me. Stones, just by their stillness, taught me about silent witness; early morning breezes reminded me about the sweetness and beauty of nature which can only be in reflection, not in the moment. It was a way to imagine a time in the past while remaining grounded in the present. Does this work as an explanation of a method?

JP: Entirely! It reminds me of composer Pauline Oliveros and her method of “deep listening.” One of her scores reads, “Take a walk at night. Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears.” I think you’re describing a deep and embodied attentiveness to that world.

JOB: Yes, also listening for what else comes through. Sometimes they’re catch phrases, like a recent one which emerged in form of a question that seemed to be addressed to me: “Are you empire?” That phrase stayed with me until I wrote it out as a poem, and then it dissipated.

JP: I see the constraint of the single day throughout your work. The day by day of *100 Days* but a similar reference to days of the week that occurs among more recent poems, for instance, “Tuesdays like Fridays, Joe said.” Is *165 New Poems: The Mundane, Sublime*

& Fantastical another work in progress that will have an online presence before a print existence? Are there 165 new poems already written waiting to be released?

JOB: Someday, I’d love to have all of *The Mundane, Sublime & Fantastical* between the same covers. Right now, I have published the *Sublime* with The Elephants and the *Fantastical* will be the *Gauntlet* series by Nomados. I’m working on the *Mundane* as the Writer-in-Residence at Capilano University this spring, although some of it already exists on my website.

JP: And I see that *Sublime: Lost Words* is available online as a free e-book. Is there a documentarian impulse behind the poems that attend to days of the week? I sense a daily discipline but also a commitment to dailiness and the quotidian.

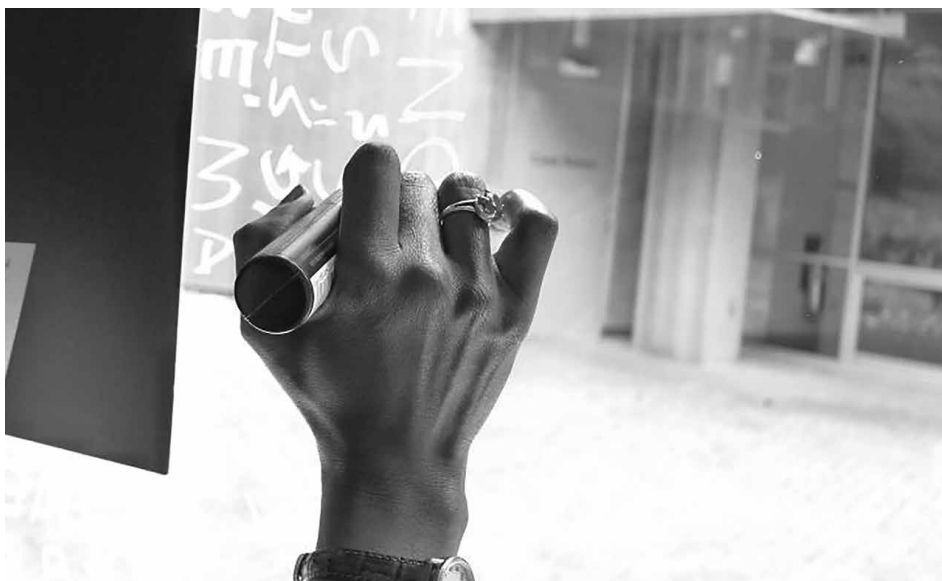
JOB: Documentarian sounds good but really, I like the sound of Tuesdays, I really do. As a kid, Thursdays was my favourite day of the week, I can’t explain why. Maybe it was/is a kid thing. Daily discipline would also be really good. I think about poetry every day, but I can’t say I write it every day. A discipline might also require writing in notebooks and maybe computers, rather than scraps of paper which are not always kept away in a safe or accessible place. Sigh.

JP: Can you talk about the placement of “Gauntlet”—the title poem of your upcoming Nomados chapbook *Gauntlet*—in the marginal space assigned to the footnote? You’ve referred to the poem as, “A journey to reclaim the footnotes as a space for joy, beauty, and free expression.”

JOB: I love this series of poems because they work as joy poems, poems about reclamation and possibility. I’m calling them mullet poems—there’s a poem upfront for sure but the party is in the footnotes. I wanted to play with footnotes as the space for creativity, to remove the authority and sombre nature of its history and present. I want the reader to look straight into the footnotes, without having to spend much time in the body of the poem.

JP: On your website you have a page about your first return to Uganda in January 2015. You anticipate being your “homeself” in Uganda:

I’m parsing out my different selves based on the different places I’ve called home in decades past. My friend sends me a text this morning, something about being a stranger in a familiar world. As a person born in exile, the notion of country of one’s birth has never meant much to me, even though I get the idea of clinging to the country of one’s identity and there’s nowhere that informs my sense of who I am than that country from which my parents were exiled when I was born. It’s been a long time and I’ve lived in many places. No place has housed my sense of self the way I remember. I’ve become many selves, all contributing to a complicated person.



JOB: I've thought about this page sometimes and I have visited Uganda again since then and hope to continue to return. First time is first time. Second time, one returns wearing a film of the familiar that one left with the last time. Now I know that I will still stick out because I haven't learned the social codes—I'm the one taking motorcycle taxis in Kampala when hardly any of my folks were, I'm the one who wears my hair in locs and therefore the nickname *Rasta* when I'm in Uganda. I'm the one who doesn't have an array of gorgeous African dresses, therefore more likely to be dressed casually, which is not really a thing for a middle-aged woman like me. I don't have the dignity and the bearing that a woman like me should have. My local language abilities are passé; I use terms that folks haven't used in a long time. So every which way, I stick out.

JP: I've been trying to articulate a question or observation that gets at what I've felt to be your established place in the Vancouver poetry community and your comfortable positioning of your poetry within an African context. Your assurance that your Canadian audience will travel with you to that unfamiliar geography and politics. I can see it as

an assertion of your African identity—as you said at the Black History Month event at the VPL last week, “My Africanness is the most integral part of my identity.” I so much enjoy your generous sharing of that identity. But I also realize that writing about being in Vancouver poses the massive challenge of how to position yourself here in language—here in a very different country but one that has been your physical home for 30 years.

JOB: I've spent far too much time thinking about what it means to settle, be settled, unsettled, unlanded/landed (as an immigrant and then as a citizen)—what I can depend on, all the time, is my sense of being African. I can also, mostly, depend on folks to identify me as African. Most of what I write about is located on and informed by the African context although I have recently come to the realization that even that writing is dependent on my having been away for so long, and from writing from here, in this place. So, not so much assurance to a Canadian readership but some confidence in knowing what it means for me to be able to grasp onto an aspect of my identity that is non-negotiable and from where I write the world.

Something

Juliane Okot Bitek

there's something about vancouver something about freedom something about dignity about being a woman today & about how a good education will save you something about god prayer faith about the strong traditions of your people about african culture & black girl magic about black pride like you know be proud of yourself something about the importance of economy about working hard about capital something about shadow about colonialism about our aboriginals about our first nations people about ours ours ours there's something about that meme floating about online that spreads the romance of african people who learn each other's songs & use them to fend off evil that has been beautifully packaged as ubuntu & of course of course the entire world singing bob marley's *one love one heart let's get together & feel alright* there's something about the language of belonging about memory justice healing about opportunities to begin again in a new country there's something about welcoming refugees about the quebec minister of something something telling us that women should not wear the hijab because wearing the hijab means women are not free to wear what they want so women must not be told what to wear because they are free to wear what they want but not the hijab because she says so something about a country as white as dana claxton's buffalo bone china & as old as old stock canadians

& for sure there's something about buddy something about buddy riding a bike towards me two weeks ago on main & first something about the way buddy gets off his bike & addresses me about not belonging here & i'm all what because i think i mishear & buddy is you don't belong here you're a n***** & w/out hesitation i know that this is an asshole move & i call it for what it is & i'm you're an asshole & buddy's you're n***** & i'm you're an asshole & buddy is two steps away & i can smell all of last week on buddy but i stand my goddamn ground & buddy still holds on to a bike that's mute & we're a vortex around which vancouver spins & traffic whirrs on & pedestrians walk on by as buddy & i scream at each other & i turn as buddy walks away with the bike a reluctant witness & buddy hurls the word at me this time with no pronoun just vile just bile n*****! n*****! n*****! & i'm screaming back asshole asshole asshole & i have the last word

& i turn to keep on my way & two women's eyes meet mine & look away something about chill it's not so bad could've been way worse something about maybe drunk maybe mental illness maybe stress maybe you know the usual something about citizenship about freedom to be whoever you want to be today about dignity & taking the high road about privilege & family & good friends & continuous & never-ending hail marys & my girlfriend who tells me swear to god i can walk with you to the police station right now & report this & there's something about i can't believe this kind of shit happens in vancouver today & omg are you alright & the sea to sky highway & the whiteness of today's city council & the so-called superiority of western culture & economy & capital & opportunity & hard work & forgiveness & generosity of heart & if it's so so bad why don't you go back to whatever the hell hole you came from & mostly gratitude gratitude for the ancestral makeup of skin this skin that still holds me in & this skin that keeps me whole

Four Poems

Meredith Quartermain

Semans, Saskatchewan

paint peeling
clapboard elevator. *Fermes de bison*
à gauche et à droite (factoid happy bartender
on PA), tho only hayrolls graze
à gauche et à droite in pond-sprinkled land
growing 54 percent of wheat Canadians eat.

Only bare crumbling markers
of Otherwise and Once Upon
at Kelliher elevator:
little peak-roof funnel house
on bigger grain-bin storehouse,
engine house, wagon house.

Faded sentinels
swift-flowing social alloy
paid to heedless heroes
cannibals and sun gods
gobble.

Melville paint-chipped grain-hoist,
nowhere. Yeswhere. Waswhere
and Rushnak Bros. weathered
sky-pointing finger

pooling hoofless
china loaves
of holy nothing.

*That I may be a perfect offering to divine Majesty*¹

may I multiply
may the great forests come down
may the cedars give us brooms
may the puncheons of wheat and barley

peas, may they choir of France
the oxen forage and the cart
and plow the butter and girls
the husbandry
traffic in perch and porpoise oil
river to the China sea

may I multiply
meat and cheese
and tillage beaver
steeple traffic
snowshoes and arquebuses

here we have a tannery
where skins are cured
for two years and afterward
put to uses

1 *Word From New France: the Letters of Marie de l'Incarnation*. Founder of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec City, 1639.

Frère Jacques¹

the merchants gaining money
Reverend Fathers gaining souls
that the Fathers judge suitable
till the Fathers take her away
Fathers possessed
especially Reverend Fathers
the Fathers recite their Offices
their reverend saintly blindness

are they sleeping
in the confessional
are they sleeping
when they forget
Thursday after Pentecost
Monseigneur sent the Fathers
and Messieurs Ecclesiastics

are they sleeping
is it elastic
are they sleeping
when they forget

Fathers in recto tono
chant such loving crosses
the earth holds exhausted
earth holds in the snow

are they sleeping
are they ringing
our martyr our very own
sacrifice to divvy
Te Deum Te Deum
how they ring, oh
what ringing

1 Inspired by *Letters of Marie de l'Incarnation*, founder of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec City, 1639.

July 1, Titanic Day

George's Fort, Halifax
let's bedeck ourselves in history kilts
beaver hats musketry
count barrels of gunpowder
heft a soldier's backpack
polish buttons
breech-load bayonets

captain to boiler room:
full speed ahead

let's sail our history ship
to Georges Island and Benjamin Bridge
with Theodore, Hank, Emily the Vigorous
and Foduck the Vigilant,
Pearl and Petra the pilot boats
Digby the cable ship
and Guysborough the Garbage Barge

ice cream on Donald Dock
with Human the Harbour Master
keeping Big Harbour the friendliest
in the whole world

serious young waiter
at the Five Fishermen
not actually haunted
chandelier hooks lifted the coffins
history philosophy
alone setting tables
overcome with panic

Three Poems

M.L. Martin

& [ENCLOSED]

a different violence
one island,
that island
bloodthirsty men
hopes are seldom
misfortune is long
a fearful
mind gives birth
to song

& []

ff r t v

,
th t

b th r tym

h p r m

m f rt g

f rf

m g v b rth

t g

& []

ffrtv thtbth rtymhp rmmfrrt gfrfmg vbrthtg

fifth right
thought both
arty hum hop
roam forth
grief farm
vibrate thigh

Practices of Learning

Suzanne Morrisette

I am learning about learning. This process of learning about learning has both shifted and clarified my focus. It began this way in 2016 when my research was profoundly changed when my uncle passed away. Unexpectedly, in the days that followed, I found myself thinking about how his life and the lives of others in my family had not only made space for me to do the work that I have undertaken, but that they have provided me with a foundation of knowledge upon which I now build today. I was moved in a new way by the work of Indigenous writers such as Margaret Kovach who have emphasized the importance of situating oneself within research as Indigenous researchers (2009), and I thought more deeply about my own position as one that is located within a lineage of thought that is rooted in the values and ideals of my family and community. At present, this is what knowledge looks like for me. I am increasingly and intimately interested in how knowledge gets performed, where it might be inherited, how it is sought, and where it can be found. In particular, I have been thinking about family and community as a site of knowledge production, of cultivation, and of sharing and I am drawn to look back at the work of artists who have engaged in similar practices of looking through and with family to investigate value from a space of personal and political consciousness.

In 2013 I organized an exhibition for the Thunder Bay Art Gallery with artist Duane Linklater who is Omaskêko Cree from Moose Cree First Nation in Northern Ontario. While working on the show, *Something About Encounter*, which featured a series of short videos of different wildlife encounters within urban spaces that Duane¹ had taken on his phone, he had asked me about the collection of the gallery and if we could collaborate on selecting a few pieces

1 It is a convention to refer to individuals referenced in texts such as this by their last names—a formality which, to me, denotes distance. I am wondering if I need to do this in all cases because I am looking at the experience of relatedness. I have decided to try something different. The individuals whose works I reference in this text are people who I have come to know in various ways, some better than others and some more recent than others and all in ways that I am grateful to have experienced. They are known to me and I am telling you a story about how I have come to know them.

to include. Intrigued at the possibilities for upturning convention, I entered into this collaboration in which we selected several works by Benjamin Chee Chee, an Ojibway artist from Temagami, Ontario who Duane was familiar with from a print that had once hung in his childhood home. The works we selected were abstract and geometric in form, which are unlike the artists' more well-known figurative drawings and paintings. Hanging these works within the exhibition brought an unanticipated element into the exhibition which I have long considered and yet have only here put into words. Through this act of curation and collaboration the exhibition turned into a space that could refer to the artists' formative years, inviting knowledge from that space into the new one formed within the gallery by the artist and their works.

This gesture can be understood more deeply in conversation with another exhibition that Duane had opened at Susan Hobbs Gallery in Toronto that same year called *Learning*. Among the items and images found in the room: a re-photographed likeness of Nirvana's frontman Kurt Cobain, another of a Mohawk warrior, Richard Nicholas, from the resistance at the Pines in 1990 (often referred to today as the "Oka Crisis"), and the print by Chee Chee, titled "Learning," which was the print that once hung in Duane's home. While seemingly disparate, these objects become linked under the framework provided by Chee Chee's title, calling them together as pedagogical forms through which new knowledge takes form, as we might consider all influences from popular culture and politics today. The trajectory of this and the previous exhibition positions Duane's 2016 show *From Our Hands*, which was first staged at Mercer Union in Toronto in 2016, as a site of knowledge production and exchange that comes from within the family. The show centres upon the work of Ethel Linklater, Duane's grandmother, whose leather and beadwork had been included in an exhibition—also called *From Our Hands*²—that had toured Ontario between 1983 and 1985. Individual pieces from this exhibition now reside within the permanent collection of the Thunder Bay Art Gallery, where Linklater loaned the work of his grandmother for the show. Also included within the exhibition was a claymation video by Duane's son, Tobias Linklater. Duane's own sculptural forms supported and surrounded the objects, contextualizing them and pointing to the institutional processes, such as the loan agreement, which were now necessary in bringing their work together in this space. As such, *From Our*

2 For more information see the exhibition catalogue for this show, *Michichiwi oshichikan: From Our Hands: an exhibition of native hand crafts*.

Hands cultivated a space in which the intergenerational connections between these works were highlighted, as were the structures which now characterize their encounters, speaking to at times incongruous forms of knowledge that ascribe value within or from outside of systems of relation. Like *Something About Encounter, From Our Hands* broke with conventions of display within solo exhibitions by opening up that space to make known the relational dialogue which enables and shapes each artist's works.

Due to longstanding traditions in Western European imaginings of Indigenous peoples, exhibition spaces have been historically inlaid with systemic practices of misrepresentation and omission, such that the museum itself has become another site in which such systems of knowledge are found to be in tension for Indigenous people. Historically speaking, the types of knowledge produced in these spaces have not been in the service of Indigenous lives. These frames of knowledge have been intended to erase Indigenous people—if not physically, then cognitively within the public imaginary. *Peter Morin's Museum*, a project of Tahltan artist Peter Morin, confronts these moments of tension directly while calling for a new type of space for knowledge-production to take place from an Indigenous perspective. His museum decidedly rejects Western conventions of display, with a manifesto that outlines the etiquette of the space. His museum, it states, is a space of laughter, of shared food and drink, it is a space for children, for community belonging, and for Indigenous knowledge, among many other things. The project granted agency to objects as teaching tools and as active participants in the transmission of knowledge: in *Peter Morin's Museum*, “[t]he objects are philosophy. The objects are the organized structures which support the transfer of Tahltan knowledge. You have to read the objects in order to understand Tahltan history.” In his recent presentation for the speaker series *Expansive Approaches to Indigenous Art Histories* at OCAD University in Toronto, Peter discussed this project, explaining that at his mother's house the hallway is filled with photographs of the family, and that if she likes you, she will give you a tour and tell you about the photos (2018). To access these stories is to learn about the things that matter to her, from her perspective as a Tahltan person, as a mother, as a relative and friend to many—information which is prioritized and privileged in *Peter Morin's Museum*. From this I understand Peter's mother as a revered teacher, one whose tutelage must be earned in order to gain the particular knowledge of space and time which she offers as a mother, a partner, a relative, a friend. Perhaps this is something that many are familiar with from their families, where the setting of this knowledge transmission

remains contained within the space of the home and reserved for only those who are invited to enter. It might also be something that gets taken for granted. In *Peter Morin's Museum* this context is transgressed. Peter borrowed the photographs from his mother's home and invited her to provide a curator's tour of the photos in the exhibition. By privileging something which is commonly intended only for smaller, select audiences within the context of the home, Peter both invokes the space of the home in the gallery while elevating the knowledge that his mother has to offer as important and valuable source material for understanding Tahltan history and knowledge.

Peter has also worked with his mother in a more recent work and collaboration with artist Ayumi Goto, who is of Japanese ancestry, for the exhibition *how do you carry the land?* which was held at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 2018. This exhibition, curated by Tarah Hogue, was imagined by Peter and Ayumi to answer a series of questions that they developed together: "How do I honour your ancestors? How do we make a space for our ancestors to meet and to work together? How do I honour your mother? How do we make a space for our mothers to meet and to visit together?" (Hogue 2018, 11). Hogue describes the imperative driving Peter's work as one invested in documenting and intervening "with his body in performance, laying claim to spaces and concepts that have sought to exclude, to [belittle] and to erase" (2018, 12). She writes about Ayumi's practice as "an effort to enact a non-possessive being-in-relation to land and to engender non-objectifying relationships of mutual learning with Indigenous artists" (2018, 13). Together, Peter and Ayumi's collaborative work can be said to acknowledge and tend to each other's ancestral histories and to their present realities, seeking new forms of understanding through acts of mutual and reciprocal knowledge-building. The artists' engagement with their mothers extended beyond their position as subjects of the work, to locate them as the primary audience as well: in conversation with Ayumi's partner Ashok, I learned about a tour that the artists had organized for their mothers and Tarah's mother during the exhibition run, a move which Ashok framed as altering the conventions of art spaces by prioritizing the mothers' visits and requiring all others to wait while this took place (Mathur 2018). Taking this time with those individuals who have inspired the work and whose labour and lives are honoured by the artists' guiding questions enacts a kind of accountability to this source of knowledge—one that both governs their practice and suggests new models for engaging family-based knowledge through artistic research.

These kinds of frameworks for understanding ourselves in relation to an idea of knowledge that comes from families, and from communities, is one which also

acknowledges forms of pedagogy which come from knowledge keepers within various communities. In Tanya Lukin Linklater's video *The treaty is in the body*, viewers are witness to a moment of teaching and learning in Tanya's living room between Omaskêko Cree knowledge keeper Jennifer Wabano and participants Ivanie Aubin-Malo, Gwen Iahtail, Sassa Linklater, Lauren Pizzale, Keisha Stone, Iris Sutherland, Lorraine Sutherland, and Tanya herself. The camera focuses on the faces and bodies of those in the room. While seated, their movements perform quiet acts of learning through small gestures: the direction of their gaze, their facial expressions, and other slight articulations which signify the act of listening. While the video plays silent, without the voices of those speaking made audible, the exchange and transmission of knowledge is made known in other ways through these moments. In the next scene Ivanie, a Maliseet choreographer, is seen dancing with the two girls, Sassa and Keisha, Tanya's daughter and cousin. Juxtaposed with the footage in the living room, this dance scene appears to reflect an act of embodied practice of that which was imparted and shared in the previous scene. Still silent, the video illustrates the translation of that knowledge into movement. This is an act of knowing that, like in the first scene, is understood only truly by Sassa and Keisha. As audiences we are not privy to the specifics of their interpretation and translation, knowing only that the continuity of knowledge is living through these girls in ways that they animate within their lived experiences and realities. Both this and the living room scene reflect an idea of knowledge which is not only related between bodies, but that is also embodied within individuals and made dynamic through individual interpretation and expression.

My encounters with the projects outlined on these pages is the thread which brings me to tell you about them here. It is by no means a comprehensive overview of works that engage with family as a source of knowledge production, cultivation, and sharing, and in assembling these works here I do not intend to occlude those examples. I recognize that there are other ways of thinking about all our relations beyond the idea of the immediate family, and that there are works of art which represent this much broader conceptualization of relatedness that have been, and will continue to be, a rich site of research.³ Through the works which I have highlighted here I am looking at new ways of parsing the idea of learning as a practice, one which can be undertaken in a variety of different means—some of which have been more readily recognized within established

3 For more on this subject see Lindsay Nixon, "Art is 2017: A View from Turtle Island," *Canadian Art*, December 28, 2017.

systems of education—in much the same way that practices of teaching have been examined through pedagogical studies. What these works show me is how others are looking to their relatives in order to assess and convey information to others, how the site of the family can operate as an important foundation upon which to source and grow knowledge, and how this is a place from which to speak about self, about community, and about learning from one another. At a recent conference organized by the Aboriginal Curatorial Collective, a panel was convened on the subject of working within non-Indigenous institutions as Indigenous cultural workers. One of the panelists, Jaimie Issac, Curator of Indigenous Art at the Winnipeg Art Gallery from Sagkeeng First Nation, spoke with eloquence about being in a meeting where she was asked a question by a colleague to which she answered that she would have to check with her Nana—with the sense that this somehow changed the usual processes of that space, which might have been used to working more quickly, to accommodate the knowledge that Jaimie felt was needed at that moment. To me this is a way of performing knowledge, one which signals that another way of doing things has arrived, and it brought company.

Works Cited:

Hogue, Tarah. 2018. “in the betweenness between us or where two rivers meet.” in *how do you carry the land?* Vancouver: Vancouver Art Gallery.

Isaac, Jaimie. 2018. “Change from Within?” *Pjilita’q Mi’kmaki: L’nuite’tmukl tan wejkuwaql naqwe’kl*: A symposium organized by the Aboriginal Curatorial Collective/Collectif. October 11, 2018.

Kovach, Margaret. 2009. *Indigenous Methodologies: Characteristics, Conversations, and Contexts*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.

Mathur, Ashok. 2018. Personal conversation. December 19, 2018.

Michichiwi oshichikan: From Our Hands: an exhibition of native hand crafts. An exhibition catalogue. Toronto: Art Gallery at Harbourfront, 1982.

Morin, Peter. Lecture. *Expansive Approaches to Indigenous Art Histories*. Toronto, November 8, 2018.



Duane Linklater, from *From Our Hands*, 2016

Photography by Jeffrey Sturges

Image courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery



Duane Linklater, from *From Our Hands*, 2016

Photography by Jeffrey Sturges

Image courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery

Duane Linklater, from *Speculative Apparatus*, 2016

Photography by Jeffrey Sturges

Image courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery

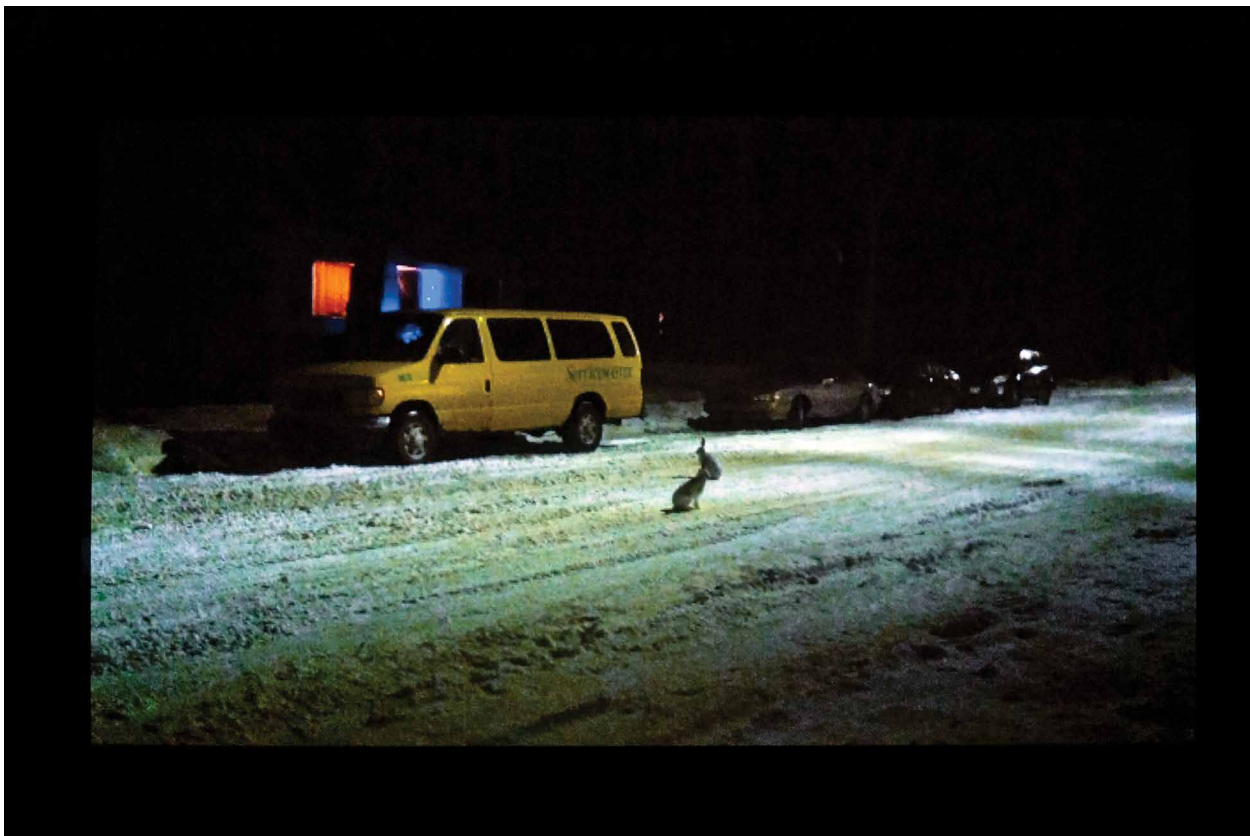




Duane Linklater, from *Something About Encounter*, 2016

Photography by Klaus Rossler

Image courtesy of Thunder Bay Art Gallery



Duane Linklater, from *Something About Encounter*, 2016

Photography by Klaus Rossler

Image courtesy of Thunder Bay Art Gallery



Peter Morin, from *Peter Morin's Museum*, 2011
 Curatorial tour of *Peter Morin's Museum*,
 led by Janelle Morin
 Image courtesy of the artist



Peter Morin, from *Peter Morin's Museum*, 2011
 Curatorial tour of *Peter Morin's Museum*,
 led by Janelle Morin
 Image courtesy of the artist



Peter Morin, from *Peter Morin's Museum*, 2011
 Curatorial tour of *Peter Morin's Museum*,
 led by Janelle Morin
 Image courtesy of the artist



Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018, courtesy of the artists with Corey Bulpitt, Roxanne Charles, Navarana Igloliorte, Cheryl L'Hirondelle, Haruko Okano, and Julianne Okot Bitek

Pictured: Ayumi Goto, Janelle Morin, and Margriet Hogue

Ayumi Goto and Peter Mlorin, *The Friendship is the Studio*, 2013-18, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018, courtesy of the artists
Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



Peter and Ayu dolls, purchased in the Yukon. They are protective, standing together. They watched over after that performance we did, the one where ancestors stirred and travelled to greet the group of us. Unexpected encounters, visits, passages home in all directions.



Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, installation view of *how do you carry the land?*, 2018

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018
Detail of Haruko Okano, *Intersistere*, 2018, natural detritus and found materials, courtesy of the artist
Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



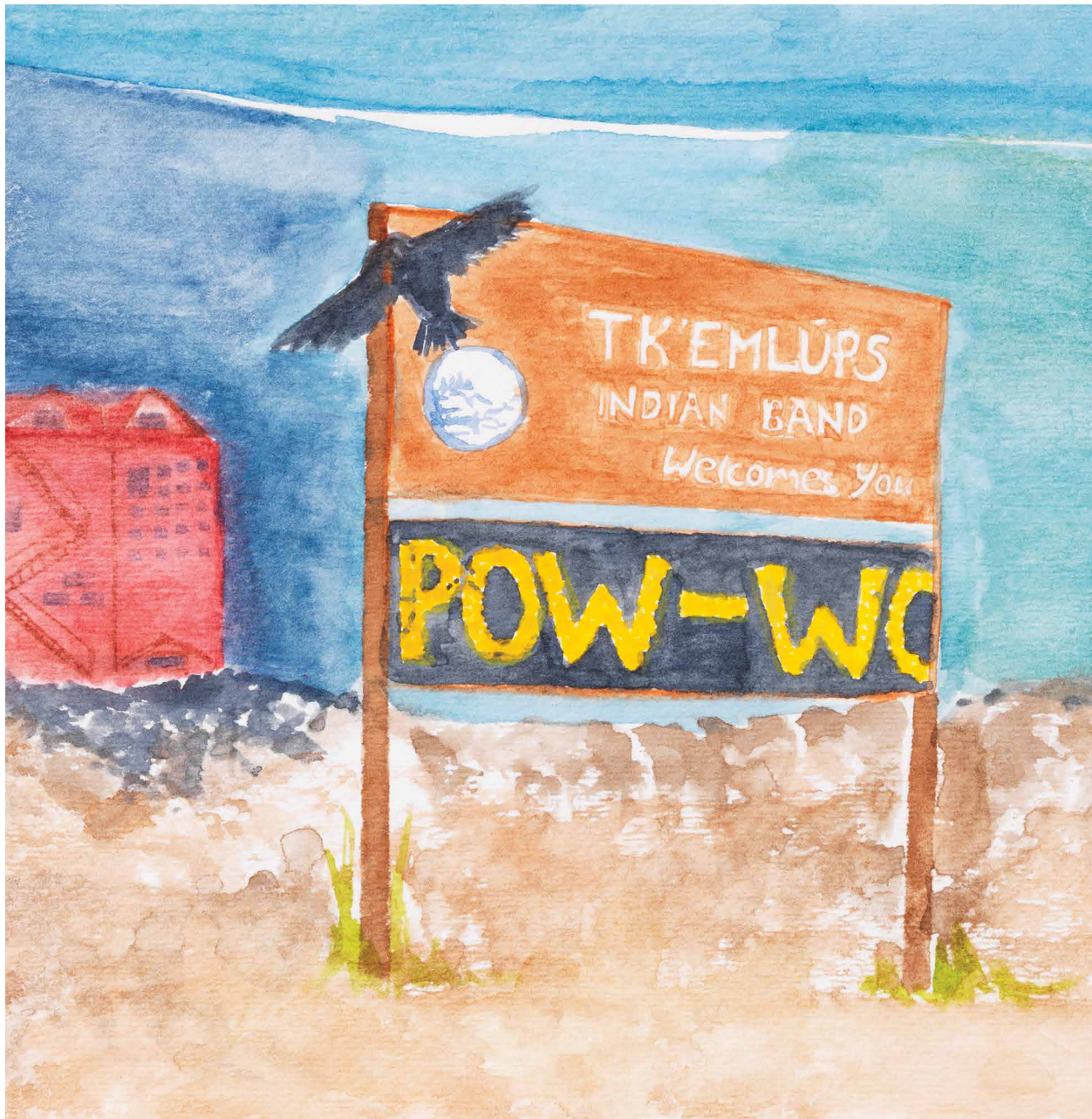
Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018
Detail of Ayumi Goto, *in sonorous shadows of Nishiyuu*, 2013, watercolour on paper and printed text,
courtesy of the artist

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



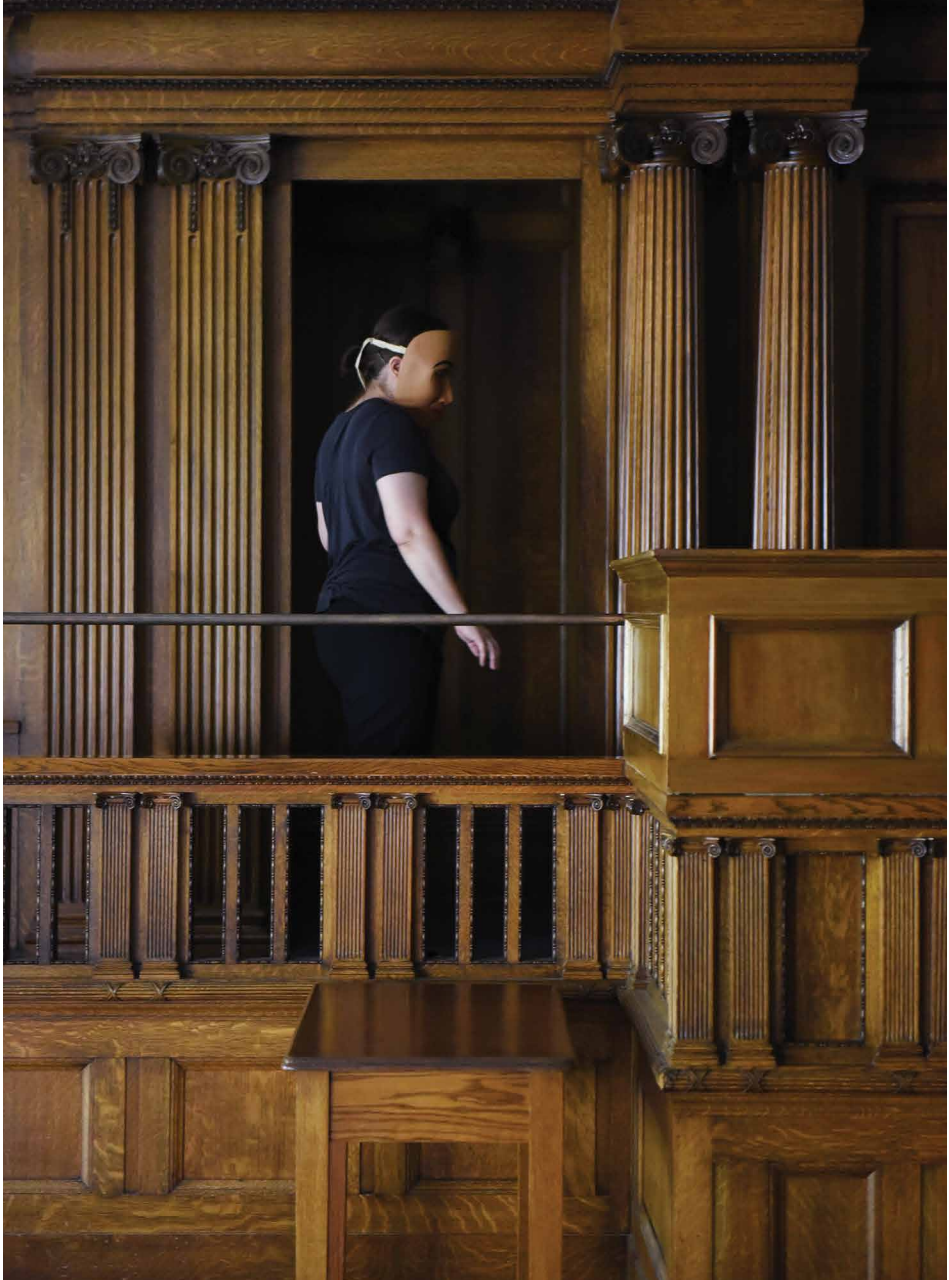
Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018
Detail of Ayumi Goto, *in sonorous shadows of Nishiyuu*, 2013, watercolour on paper and printed text,
courtesy of the artist

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin, from *how do you carry the land?*, 2018
Detail of Ayumi Goto, in *sonorous shadows of Nishiyuu*, 2013, watercolour on paper and printed text,
courtesy of the artist

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery



Ayumi Goto, Tarah Hogue, and Peter Morin, from *this is not us*, July 21, 2018

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery

Portrait mask courtesy of Corey Bulpitt



Ayumi Goto, Tarah Hogue, and Peter Morin, from *this is not us*, July 21, 2018

Photograph by Rachel Topham, Vancouver Art Gallery

Portrait mask courtesy of Corey Bulpitt



Tanya Lukin Linklater, *The treaty is in the body*, 2017

Documentary photograph by Liz Lott

Pictured: Sassa Linklater and Keisha Stone

Image courtesy of the artist, ©Tanya Lukin Linklater



Tanya Lukin Linklater, *The treaty is in the body*, 2017

Documentary photograph by Liz Lott

Pictured: Sassa Linklater and Keisha Stone

Image courtesy of the artist, ©Tanya Lukin Linklater

Tanya Lukin Linklater, *The treaty is in the body*, 2017

Documentary photograph by Liz Lott

Pictured: Sassa Linklater and Keisha Stone

Image courtesy of the artist, ©Tanya Lukin Linklater





Tanya Lukin Linklater with Liz Lott, *The treaty is in the body*, 2017, digital photograph, dimensions variable

Pictured: Sassa Linklater and Keisha Stone

Image courtesy of the artist and Winnipeg Art Gallery, ©Tanya Lukin Linklater

Phases and Elsewheres

Jessica Jang



Jessica Jang, *9 Apertures*, 2018, oil on canvas, 80 x 58 inches

Photograph by Megan Moore



Jessica Jang, *Water Curtain*, 2018, oil on canvas, 70 x 58 inches

Photograph by Megan Moore



Jessica Jang, *Cave of Silken Web*, 2018, oil on canvas, 48 x 56 inches

Photograph by Megan Moore



Jessica Jang, *Emergence at Dawn*, 2018, Oil on canvas, 42 x 45 inches

Photograph by Megan Moore

Jessica Jang, *Trip the Light Fantastic*, 2016, oil on canvas, 37 x 48 inches
Photograph by Megan Moore



Phases and Elsewheres

Jessica Jang

Mythology has the power to complicate truth and falsity; it is a territory that echoes cultural subjectivities, yet it also supports the prevalence of transformation. This series looks to mythology as well as Chinese philosophy to examine how bodies are implicated through the process of shapeshifting. These paintings attempt to reconcile the difficulty of representing and stabilizing a nonconforming body.

from qeqən: A Walking Tour of Musqueam House Posts at UBC

Jordan Wilson

The following two excerpts from qeqən are reproduced here courtesy of Jordan Wilson and the University of British Columbia's Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, which commissioned the walking tour and the accompanying publication in 2018.

The Reserve

To learn about house posts, we need to begin on the Musqueam Reserve, the main village of the Musqueam people. Many students and visitors are unaware the reserve is not far from the University of British Columbia campus: the distance between UBC's Office of the President and the Musqueam administration office, for example, is just over seven kilometres. It is one of two Indian reserves located within the boundaries of the City of Vancouver.

While Musqueam people have lived on what is now Musqueam Indian Reserve #2 for over 3,500 years, it has only been a reserve since the early 1860s. Having been reduced in size several times, the reserve is postage-stamp small, currently measuring 190.4 hectares, or 1.9 square kilometres. I often hear people describe it as one of the smallest reserves per capita in Canada.¹ Federal government agents restricted the size of the reserve, under the justification that Musqueam are a fishing people, relying on the resources of the Fraser River—whose North Arm opens up to the Georgia Strait at the reserve—and therefore did not need a large land base. It is likely that the authorities assumed

1 According to the 2016 census, Canada had a population density of 3.9 per square kilometre. Musqueam, on the other hand, at the time of the census, had a population density of 654.7 per square kilometre. Data from Statistics Canada, *2016 Census of Canada Census of Population*. Catalogue number 98-316-X2016001 in Statistics Canada database online. Ottawa, released September 13, 2017.

Brent Sparrow Jr., *qiyəplenəxʷ* house post, 2012, installed at Allard Hall UBC

Photograph by Michael R. Barrick



Musqueam populations would diminish in the face of policies and institutions enforcing assimilation. They did not foresee that Indigenous populations would recover from disease, displacement and dispossession, and rebound as Musqueam is today.

The McKenna-McBride Commission was established in 1912 to resolve the “Indian reserve question” in BC. Over the course of four years it visited many reserves to receive testimony, ultimately modifying reserve sizes to the detriment of most BC First Nations.¹ On the occasion of their 1913 visit to Musqueam, the community adorned the entrance to the reserve catechism hall, where the meeting took place, with fresh cedar boughs, a stone being named *qəyscam* and two house posts: *tə qeqən ʔə ʔ qiyəplenəxʷ* (The House Post of *qiyəplenəxʷ*)

1 Reuben Ware, *The Lands We Lost: A History of Cut-Off Lands and Land Losses from Indian Reserves in British Columbia* (Vancouver: The Union of BC Indian Chiefs, 1974).

and tə qeqən ʔə ʔ ʔ səmlənəxʷ (The House Post of ʔəmlənəxʷ). Conscious of the importance of this encounter, the community pinned cards with the anglicized names on each respective post, indicating ownership or affiliation: “CAPILANO’S” and “TESUMLANO’S,” and the attending community representatives wore regalia to signify their authority.

Historically, house posts were typically part of the interior structure of Musqueam and other Coast Salish communities’ longhouses, used to support often-massive crossbeams. If we want to get technical, there is a distinction between a post and a carved house board, which would have been affixed to a sturdier post or a wall. tə qeqən ʔə ʔ səmlənəxʷ, with its high-relief sculpture set against a thin, flat backing, can be understood as a house board. House posts’ importance, however, extends beyond their architectural function: they can perhaps best be understood as a type of monument, at once memorializing a specific ancestor, while stating the ongoing inherited rights associated with that ancestor. Sometimes house posts represented the private visions or specific powers of their owner or their owner’s ancestor. According to James Point, the late Musqueam elder and historian, “they showed what kind of person you were.”¹

At the McKenna-McBride Commission hearing, Chief Johnny xʷəy xʷəy ələq eloquently voiced complaints on behalf of the community:

*You gentlemen know what I have said—This land here is not enough. We are anxious indeed to cultivate the land—Just like as if I am between two persons, one person is on my right and one person is on my left saying “I have a share of your reserve” and I want those two persons to let my hands go and give me the control of my own land—I don’t want anyone to bother me. [...] When I want to go fishing, the two parties are also holding onto each end of my boat—There are initials and numbers on the bow and initials and numbers on the stern, and I know that I own the water, that is the grievance that I want to bring before the Commissioners. I don’t want to have a license to do anything. When I want to catch fish for my living I don’t want to be interfered with at all.*²

1 Quoted in Susan Roy, *These Mysterious People: Shaping History and Archaeology in a Northwest Coast Community*. 2nd ed. (Toronto: McGill-Queen’s University Press, 2016), 65.

2 Royal Commission on Indian Affairs for the Province of British Columbia. New Westminster Agency. *Minute Book of the Proceedings and Sitting of the Royal Commission on Indian Affairs in British Columbia, 1913–1916*, 64.

It is important to remember the pivotal moment of this hearing as we move forward, as it reveals that the Musqueam community did not disassociate what might commonly be understood as “ethnographic objects” or “art” from politics, specifically sovereignty over the land and resources. In other words, while they referenced histories they were not understood as objects of a distant past, they were of contemporary relevance. This historical moment also warrants some speculation regarding how the commissioners understood the display: did they view them as decoration, meant to welcome them to the hall? This deployment of objects in a modern political context was not unique to Musqueam — during the McKenna-McBride Commission’s visit to Alert Bay, Kwakwaka’wakw chiefs wore their regalia and displayed masks and other ceremonial gear as a means to visually declare hereditary rights.¹

This occasion also marks a slight transformation or perhaps signals the beginning of an ongoing shift in the display of house posts. Formerly, they were most often displayed in the interior of an individual family’s house for invited guests, such as those from neighbouring nations. In this instance, however, the posts faced outward and were displayed specifically for a non-Indigenous audience; the qiyəplenəx^w post was no longer supporting the weight of a crossbeam and the čsəmlenəx^w board was not affixed to an interior post. In some ways, the posts came to represent Musqueam *as a nation*, in addition to distinct extended families, in its dealings with the federal and provincial governments. On the reserve today, recently carved reiterations of these two posts flank the entrance to the Musqueam administration office, which includes the chambers of Musqueam chief and council, our contemporary political leadership.

As we embark on this walk, we will — in some ways — trace the various and not necessarily “complete” transformations of house posts: from architectural element to free-standing sculpture; from representations of specific ancestors and rights to “welcome posts,” and perhaps more broadly from Indigenous cultural objects to “art,” particularly “public” art for a broad audience. I see this reframing process as not simply a process of appropriation or consumption of these cultural practices by settler populations, but rather a series of responses to

1 Royal Commission on Indian Affairs for the Province of British Columbia (1913-1916), “Chiefs and Headmen of Kwakwewlth Nation in Ancient Dress,” May 1914. BC Archives, Victoria; Royal Commission on Indian Affairs for the Province of British Columbia (1913-1916), “Ceremonial Masks of the Kwakwewlths,” June 2, 1914. BC Archives, Victoria, BC.

complex and changing circumstances. Put otherwise, I hope to convey a sense of agency in Musqueam's engagement in this reframing process.

I will also speak to Musqueam's relationship with what is now known as UBC — the institution and the land it occupies — as well as the institution's relationship with Indigenous peoples more broadly, although this endeavour is not meant to be exhaustive by any means.¹

I write as a Musqueam band member, but want to acknowledge my views are my own. I do not speak on behalf of my community, but I will talk about how I have come to understand the Musqueam house posts, and how they resonate with me as a Musqueam person living in what is now known as “Vancouver,” and as someone involved in the university community.

Allard School of Law

What is now known as “Point Grey” includes the site of *q̓ələxən* (“stockade”), a Musqueam warrior outpost led by *qiyəplenəxʷ*. It was from here that *qiyəplenəxʷ* the second, a powerful warrior, launched a retaliation against Laich-kwil-tach raiders. It is an event carried forward to this day by oral tradition: the Musqueam Warriors dance group reenacts this historical event in its performances, for example. *q̓ələxən* was strategically located, since from here you could look out to the Georgia Strait and see raiding parties travelling from the north. Here stands another, more recent reiteration of *qiyəplenəxʷ*, made in 2012 by Brent Sparrow Jr., one of many descendants connected to the *qiyəplenəxʷ* genealogy.

To describe *qiyəplenəxʷ* as an important ancestral name feels like an understatement. The name carries a legacy which I feel unqualified to speak to. For example, Musqueam oral history holds that the second *qiyəplenəxʷ* greeted Spanish explorer Narváez, who anchored west of present day Point Grey on July 5, 1791, and Captain Vancouver in 1792. Ancestral names are passed down through the generations, along with associated rights and responsibilities. Big names, or names of a high status, as one might imagine, are associated with positions of leadership and jurisdiction over lands and waters. In other words, inherited names are an integral part of Musqueam governance. Charlie Capilano, who also carried the name *qiyəplenəxʷ*, was present at the

1 For a more thorough history of UBC in relation to Indigenous peoples, including Musqueam, see UBC Centre for Teaching, Learning and Technology's interactive online timeline, “Time and Place at UBC: Our Histories and Relations,” 2016.

McKenna-McBride Commission. Today, respected Musqueam elder Howard E. Grant carries the name.¹ Simply put, it is important to recognize the continuous legacy of qiyəplenəx^w and the recent post is but one expression of this.

On numerous occasions I have heard Dzawadaʼenuxw artist and scholar Marianne Nicolson declare that in her community, material practices such as regalia and ceremonial gear are not just “beautiful objects.” Instead, she argues, they should be understood as *legal documents*, or title documents, that confer or speak to her community’s rights and title to their ancestral territory. As she has noted, these types of objects “tell the story of how we came to be in the land, and our right to be there.”² The collection and recontextualized display of such items in museums and art galleries is a depoliticizing act, Nicolson has argued, and is tightly connected to the colonization of First Nations lands and resources. I also think about ideas expressed by Joe Martin, a Tla-o-qui-aht canoe carver, about literacy. When non-Indigenous people arrived, Indigenous peoples were illiterate in the English language, yet settlers were also illiterate, having no understanding of how to read the visual language of Nuuchah-nulth totem poles.³ I find these perspectives are a useful way to think of the Musqueam house posts—they too can be read—not in the popularly held idea of telling one story, but as representative of a distinct legal system of ownership and property, both tangible and intangible.

Bearing this in mind, it seems fitting that Sparrow’s work is situated here—a representation of Musqueam law in close proximity to the University’s law school. Moreover, Musqueam has had a lengthy history of engaging with Canada’s legal system to assert its jurisdiction over our lands and waters. Musqueam’s actions in court have led to precedent-setting decisions for Aboriginal rights and title in Canada and beyond, with the *Guerin* (1984) and *Sparrow* (1990) decisions in particular being of continuous significance. Brent Sparrow Jr.’s rendition of qiyəplenəx^w elaborates on its historical precedent; he has added a large base to the sculpture, which includes a spindle whorl composition rendered in glass. The scale of the post is imposing, amplifying the post’s divergence from an architectural element to freestanding monumental sculpture.

1 For more information, see Larry Grant, Susan J. Blake and Ulrich C. Teucher, “Meanings of Musqueam Ancestral Names: The Capilano Tradition,” *UBC Working Papers in Linguistics* 14 (2004): 45–66.

2 Marianne Nicolson, untitled presentation presented at the *Carving on the Edge Festival*, Tofino, BC, September 8, 2017.

3 Joe Martin, personal communication with author, September 10, 2017.

Catalogue

Natalie Simpson

Let's begin with claiming, tethering, trail spent, ludic. Let's claim beginning. Let shallow trenches crisply irrigate. Let flood sunder.

I have antique talons adequately burnished. I have shocked form and illumination.

Saw delicate truncheons, blockades, fumbling. Strip kindling. We furling went perpendicular.

We have shaped erosion, stunted mudslides, roots stuck in escarpment, leaves littering space, a concrete mosaic, a molting testament.

Each fingertip goads its other to triangulate space. Each garrison tanks its conscience. All tokens we have surrendered, voluminous and haunting. Each quarter, each dewing. We timber our outcrops. We have baldly accosted our better instincts, staving flood to gush.

I have calcified relenting, have tendered grace for storage. Mainly spontaneous through indecision. I expire for hoping. I rote savour challenge. I verb and verb accretely.

Mock flame dwindled, the sun caressed the hillside's pitting, the shock red flare, the air funneling in.

We rocket false apparatus to wrap planets in drag tones. We line a flavour with high-notes, spice outcomes, begin again.

We write through clench.

When I have tamed, I have feathered grateful. I have manned an exclusive boundary. My balconies border torque. My turbulent caution. I have taken an arduous lap.

If I have shunned, I have filtered blatantly. If I have trammelled a path through wheat stalks, I have knowingly reversed.

If I have tasted accomplice, I have also tailored ruin. If I have ameliorated anyone, it's my own flippant conclusion.

If I have rued, I have done so bountiful.

I have jewelled and carpeted my solemn square. The brim flaunts surface tension, drips liquid and juices burr. Caution spools a plush humility. A capped sham.

The pleasant none, the grappling room. The blooming vein has spilt its ration.

from PETROGLYPHS

Hamish Ballantyne

ridge

up on

up

HOLE

2

diggers down

who'll

the project
stalls

wes' hip

thor

landsman died
at night—the other
legendary

digger nowhere to be
(nanaimo north)
crackle crackle

churning

found

the digging days
when wes thor legendary third dug
all three
digging

imagine

LEGENDS INVESTMENT

inc bought up land ridge etc

~~appear to have~~

be behind

strewn about

recent (empty)

graves

snag

from the

ridge—

mudge mt

tzuhaem

trincomali

channel

~~dreamed crossing~~

so often

its traverse

traverse

NW SE NW SE

beam reach in
any blow

from *Nine Uneasy Steps to a PhD*

Concetta Principe

EX NIHILO 4

From the very rims of her glasses. The cotton rims of her armpits. The rims of her written eyes. The drive is everything. Fuck desire. Fuck the washing. From this rim we wipe the glass holes and musicalize. Hang the washing and draw diagrams. Take my breath away. Give me breath and break the blueprint. Sometimes violence is the only means of setting the bone. Rim of the bone on the eyes over which the woman with her coffee relishes your potatoes wishing not for artichokes but for those goddamn boots. Choking on the rim of the laces. Drive the car around the river the way we walked it in winter. With purple rims round blue rims round brown eyes. So rimmed in beige cotton that no one could imagine his eyes were blue. Not at all the unconscious resistance. A monster of revolution. The ladders of inception. The mothering one does out of necessity. The loving one wants to give for free but there's a cost for everything. Economy kills but is Marxism answering the door? A messianism complex was his crutch, his lash. The cycle of desire means focus. Over the edge of this bowl, staring deep into the void where it will begin. The hole that is very thing.

Five Poems

Franco Cortese

Gut

Ruptured yarn;
Fetal ribbon;
Chordate music;
Vertebrate king;
Soothsayer by way of entrails.

Oakum

Imparted motion;
Tooth and nail;
Precious stone;
Inherited rope;
Fleshy crest, fowl crown.

Sunday

Diffraction ring;
Rotating opal;
Standing cause;
Light personified;
A mock sun.

Algebra

Reunion of broken parts;
Era jab;
Vulgar pronunciation;
Bone setting;
Restoring, rebalancing.

Prominence

Stone skull;
Object project;
Mountain summit;
Risen hill;
Top rock.

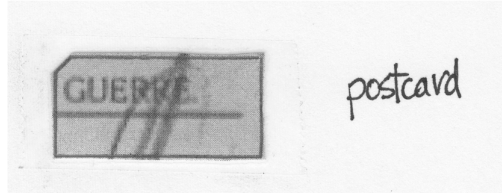
Songs of Emil

Christine Leviczky Riek

File 8421/1

Notice.

This procedure has been initiated according to Regulation No. 28000-1919I.M. Emil левицкий, occupation teacher, is allegedly missing. He has no property and no possessions. He was



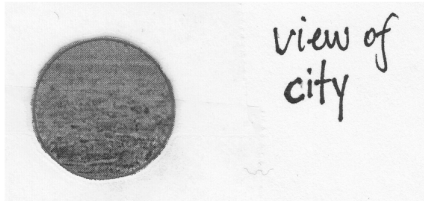
drafted into the Austro-Hungarian army on August 1, 1914. Within a short time, he was captured by the Russian army and sent to the Krasnoyarsk prisoner of war camp. We ask each of you the following: if you have relevant information about the missing person's life, place of residence, facts surrounding his disappearance or death, other relevant information, or if you have knowledge that the missing person was still alive at the time of this notice, please report this information within 40 days, at the end of which time the court will make a final determination of death on the basis of facts received.

February 14, 1921.

The Evening's News, January 30, 1916 - On August 8, 1915, the following prisoners of war in Krasnoyarsk mailed a notice to this paper's subscribers: Emil левицкий, teacher. . .

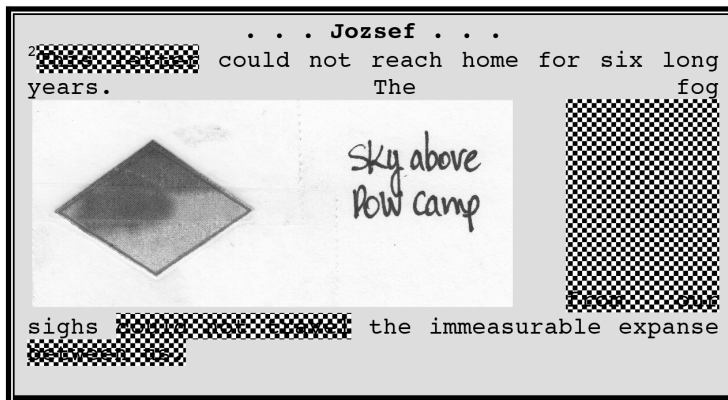
A Reading from the 1916 Works of Thormeyer and Ferriere (18:140):

Five kilometers outside the city of Krasnoyarsk, on a large

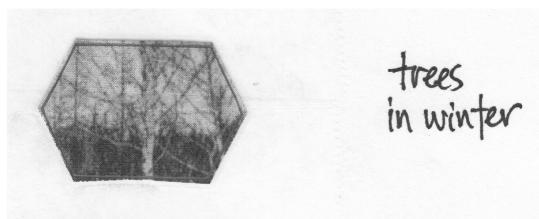


treeless plateau, sits the camp. After

(*Lorem Ipsum*): Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet,
consectetur adipiscing elit. Donec id nibh consequat



-uat placerat arcu sit amet, viverra velit. Sed a ante
bibendum, volutpat erat at, feugiat diam. Morbi eu
consectetur tellus, eget vestibulum mi. Integer
neque odio, tempor a elit ac, pulvinar egestas
sapien. Maecenas varius



consequat interdum. Donec auctor egestas dictum.

Aenean placerat metus sit amet tempor tempor.

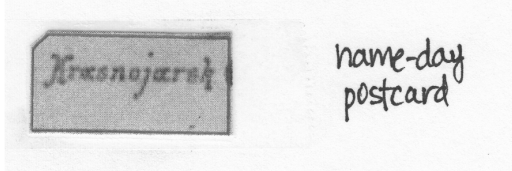
Maecenas sit amet lobortis urna, a congue nisi.

Morbi a erat ac sapien rutrum ultrices vel ut

mauris. Nunc eu magna quis neque semper

pretium.

A Reading from the 1916 Works of . . . (18:144): The camp at

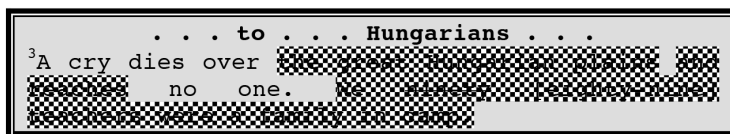


Krasnoyarsk
facility.

is a very good

A Reading from the 1916 Works of Thormeyer and . . . (4:25): Food is the reason for most complaints.

(Random Soloist): The food here is the reason* for most of my complaints.



FOOD SONG

Verse 1 (Tone 2): to improve my situation someone should focus on food*

Wednesday:* potato and pea soup.

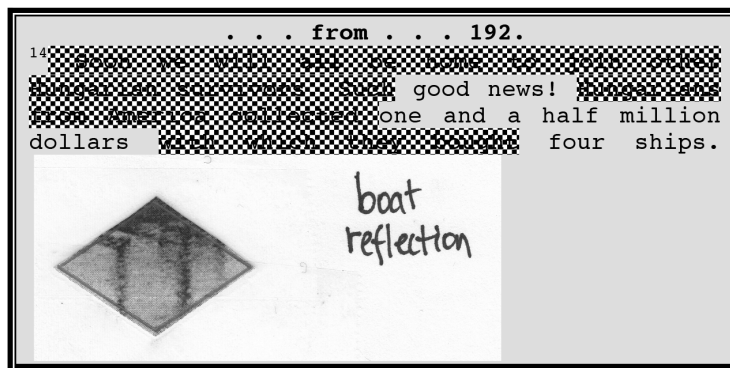
Thursday: cabbage, barley and potato soup with 102 grams of meat*
(*Refrain*).

Friday:* potato and pea soup.

Saturday: cabbage, barley and potato soup with 102 grams of meat*
(*Refrain*).

Sunday: cabbage, barley and potato soup with 102 grams of meat*
(*Refrain*).

I go to the kitchen to fill my container with rations.* I eat with ten men from the same container. The advantage of this method is the speed of delivery.* I heard it would otherwise be endless. I think it could have serious consequences* for my health and my cleanliness.



HEALTH SONG (*Tone 4*)

I have some comments concerning my health conditions.*

(*Loren Ipsum*): Etiam tortor nibh, lobortis ut pretium id,

faucibus eu diam. **I saw a mortality rate of 35 to 40**

16 abandoned children
and spouses, long of
tears.

(Tone 8) There are limits. (12x)

LOREM IPSUM

(*Lorem Ipsum*): Phasellus nec mattis lacus.* Suspendisse nec
sodales orci. Aenean id sem ut nulla malesuada gravida.*

Aenean eget tellus blandit metus sollicitudin finibus vel ac nisi.



In conversation: "That's the kind of future that I create"

Afuwa and Evan Ducharme

In late 2018, TCR's Afuwa spoke with Metis artist and designer Evan Ducharme to discuss his latest collection, his commitment to community, and Metis history and futures on these lands.

Evan Ducharme: With this collection, [Hiraeth,] I started out with wanting to really sit in my joy and the joy that I feel for being a Metis person and for being a Metis person who came from a community where I was surrounded by my people, surrounded by the language and the practices and dance and music, and all of these things that my people do to survive, and created for themselves in order to make it through their hardships. But the struggle and the strife are never far away, and that's the reality of an Indigenous person in this country. Even when you're sitting in your joy, you always need to be reminded of the fact of what was lost to be in that moment.

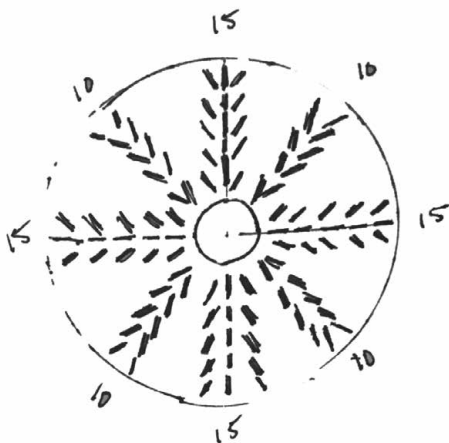
As I've become more of a public person with my work, I've been called upon to speak on issues: the settler state; colonialism; and within the fashion context, cultural appropriation, cultural theft, and also cultural revitalization through fashion—I've come to realize

that Indigenous fashion designers, Indigenous artists in general, are expected to bare our struggles and traumas for people to feel that our work is valid, that it has a space. There's this voyeurism for Indigenous struggle, and you can see it in literature, in poetry, in film, in so many artistic avenues—the general public isn't interested in seeing a happy Indian with a narrative of survival, thriving in your survival.

I knew that to be a successful designer, I would need to prove that I was good, that if I was speaking explicitly about my Indigeneity, that I would be "Indigenous designer, Evan Ducharme," not "fashion designer, Evan Ducharme; business owner, Evan Ducharme; artist, Evan Ducharme." It's that adage of needing to be twice as good to be even let in the door. Because I can move around in white spaces relatively unnoticed, unless people know me or I'm speaking explicitly about my Indigeneity, I was able to do that, and not a lot of

people can. That's a result of a lot of things—racism, colourism, sexism. I've been given this opportunity to say what I have to say, and I'm not gonna leave until I say it. [laughs]

Afuwa: But in a way, you're serving not only the community that you grew up



in, but the larger community—you're not saying, "I'm doing this thing for me." What you're saying is, "This is how high we can all go." But it also feels that some of the themes that you choose for your shows are more about yearning—it feels like there's a reaching, for something that isn't quite achieved yet.

ED: I tried really hard this season to be in that joyful, positive, happy mindset and to put that out there onto the runway, but it's very hard for me to be inspired by my ancestors and be inspired

by the places that I grew up in, and the languages and the practices, without knowing and understanding what was lost along the way and why my people needed to create their own language.

Even when I'm expressing that joy and that happiness, the longing and the nostalgia and the sorrow are not far away. They're intrinsically connected... and I'm not coming from a place of negativity; I'm coming from a place of truth. These stories are there for anyone to go and discover and educate themselves, but not a lot of people are ready to hear what I have to say, because fashion is supposed to be fun and fantasy and light and happy and sexy and dramatic, diametrically opposed to what I want to say with my work, which has more to do with who I come from, where I come from, and how I feel beholden to them, and also beholden to the people that I will never know. People who are still alive in my community went through things so that I never would. They created a place for me to grow up in.

A: It gives your work a complexity because even as you're striving for that joy, you're also holding the present and the past with you, and the future that—

ED: —That I hope—even though I'm always in reverence of the struggle that my people have gone through, I always have the hope that me, and my community, and the people that I

know who are creating work and doing work in many different spaces—that everyone is working together to create a future for people who haven't been born yet, for Indigenous people who haven't been born yet, for children who are going to be born to people who came to our lands to seek refuge from their own lands, for people who were brought here unwillingly. That's the kind of future that I create. I have no time for Indigenous people who think that refugees and the descendants of people who were brought here to these lands forcefully have no place. They consider them settlers, and that's not something that I agree with, and you can put me on the record. [laughs]

A: Okay. [laughs]

ED: You know? Stolen bodies on stolen lands cannot be held to the same standard as people who profit directly or indirectly from the systems that were created by the people who created them, for them to be able to succeed over somebody else.

A: And realizing how oppressions are linked across continents and across borders, the only way for us to deal with this is to use our own interconnectedness. In terms of your practice, because you're also a dancer, how does having those multiple expressions affect how you are in the world, and how you make your art?

ED: With my clothing, movement and the way it feels on the body has

always been paramount. People need to live their lives in these clothes. These aren't clothes for you to sit on a settee all day and be spoon-fed. These are for people who live and work and love and eat, breathe, and die. I want these clothes to go out and have a life. I don't want them to be sitting in a closet and just worn every now and then.

A: In terms of beauty, you're not just an artist, an artisan, a businessperson—it feels like there's soft edges around the things that you do. I took videos at the show, and the way the fabrics moved, they were really loving on the body, or they were accentuating movement, soft. Also, the way that you use gender in the show, and you were the only person in the [Water Me] show that had that variety in their models. I thought, "Oh, all of these clothes are beautiful, and they all fit. They all cherish who is wearing them."

ED: The garment dictates very little; it has a lot to do with the wearer. This idea that a person needs to look a certain way or have a certain body... apart from being ethically and morally corrupt—it's just not a good business model [laughs]. For clothing, something that's so personal and oftentimes brings about a myriad of emotions within a person when they're going to shop or they're going to get ready for a certain event, why would you not want to make that as joyful and as affirming of an experience as possible? Working with clients has

informed what I do. The work doesn't exist in a vacuum. I've always created clothes for every different shape and size of person, but I was educated in the western fashion academy where thin bodies were prioritized and expected.

It's always a journey to being as authentically myself as possible, and I asked myself, "Why do I not have people who look like my clients on my runway? I don't have a good reason why, when I know all of these amazing people who would be more than happy to live out that fantasy on the runway and do it very well. Why not?" I would challenge my contemporaries to ask themselves that same question.

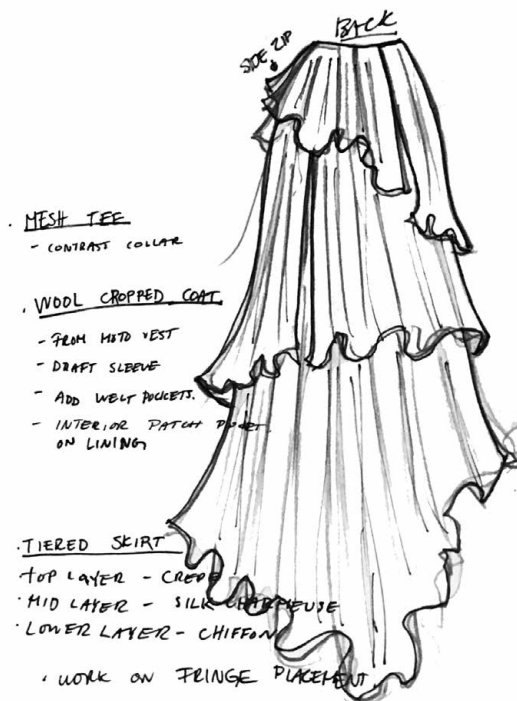
A: Do you see it as a way of having more integrity in your work?

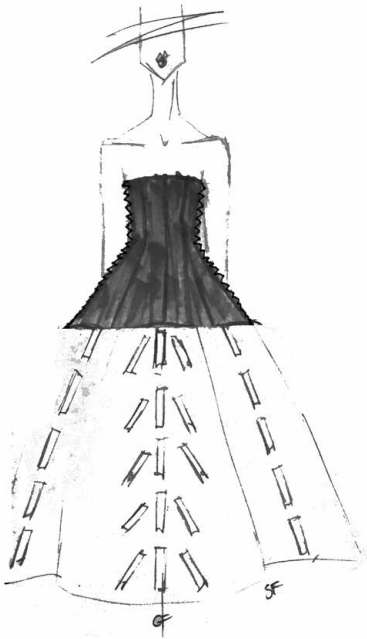
ED: I wouldn't say that I'm the end-all and be-all of bringing intersectionality into the fashion world because everyone always has a lot of work to be doing; there's no one who has it all. I'm en route. I'm en route to living up to the expectations I have of myself, and the expectations that I have of my industry and my contemporaries... And that comes back to the desire to leave something behind of worth that people can see themselves in because, myself, as a queer Metis person, I have few queer Metis ancestors. There's Gregory Scofield, who's an amazing queer Metis poet. Aside from that I'm a huge fan of Dr. Angelou, who's given me so many lessons on how necessary it is to revere the people who came before

you, and to pay homage to them and to never forget them in everything you do. When I read Gregory Scofield's work, that was the first time that it was in the languages and the places and the people that I know. I've read almost all of Dr. Angelou's books, and I speak specifically to *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, but that story wasn't written for me. But the lesson, and what I like about her so much, is her message that we're more alike than we're un-alike.

A: I think she would've been happy to know that her work influenced you. I think she was very kind, from the struggles and hardships she faced in her own life.

ED: And in that same breath, she's really educated me on giving people a little bit of grace and that lesson that everyone has their own histories and their own





baggage and their own traumas. I'm in a place right now in my career that my parents never thought I would be, that my ancestors never thought I would be. So, I have a responsibility to the people who came before me to create. The place where I grew up instilled me with the strength and the voice and the knowledge and the pride that carries me through my work, and especially carries me through the fashion industry as an Indigenous person.

A: And from that position, what are you going to say? The truth.

ED: My ancestors had to take up arms against what is now the Canadian state to save their people and to save their homelands. They did that so I would never have to. I might not be picking up a musket and hopping on a horse, but bit by bit, piece by piece, story by story,

I hope that I'm getting the reality out there and getting the truth out there because Metis identity and Metis history has been so morphed and mutated and perverted by the Canadian education system. The realities have been silenced. They've been virtually erased from history, but we speak of these things. We remember. This isn't something that happened in the distant past.

A: And it's also in your body. These are your ancestors.

ED: Blood memory.

A: Right?

ED: Mhm. For this collection and the collection coming up, I did some research in Quebec, in Montreal, in the National Archives of Quebec. So, I was reading through all of these scrip documents from Manitoba, documents the Canadian government issued to Metis families that gave them a plot of land. But they purposefully gave Metis people plots of land that were virtually unfarmable, rocky land, filled with boulders. So, a lot of Metis families were forced into poverty, starvation, and were forced to sell their scrip back to the Canadian government so that the Canadian government would own that land. A lot of the Crown land in Manitoba is scrip.

A: Is that where you found the documents for your Census Print Bomber Jacket?

ED: I found those previously, when I was doing genealogy because me and my brother were in the process of becoming members of the Metis Nation of BC, but for reasons that were never made clear to us, we were denied, even though our first cousin is on their board. We've both come to the conclusion that we don't need to be registered somewhere to validate our Indigeneity, but that's a whole other conversation. So, the census documents were a revelation to me, especially the one with "French" scratched out all the way down and then "Indian" put on top. I really tried to put myself in the space of being the census taker going into what our community was like before the provincial park and the highway. What was it like for a stranger to look upon my ancestors speaking Cree, Ojibwe, French, English? They had no idea who they were. Who are these people? What are you?

A: And where do you put that multiplicity, because on the census form, there isn't enough space in the box.

ED: And the term "Metis," it's a modern term. It's a term that the Metis people came to a consensus on, because people use "Michif," which is how we refer to ourselves in our language, as a "Michif person." The language and the people are the same. But the Metis felt it was in their best interest to use a word that was more palatable to the

people that they were working with to ensure a future for the communities. I give reverence to that word, because that's how I've identified my whole life. That's how everybody in my community identifies. You could get into the etymology of the word and the ethics behind it, but it's really simple. They did what they had to do to get to where we are now.



see-to-see

On First Looking into Bromige's Humor, or: Is it Humour?

if wants to be the same as is:
Essential Poems of David Bromige
by David Bromige, edited by Jack Krick, Bob Perelman, and Ron Silliman (New Star, 2018)

Reviewed by Ted Byrne

"There's nothing funny/about me," David Bromige says in "A Sense of Humor's Soliloquy" (*American Testament*). It seems that we can only find ways to define Bromige there where he is not. He slips out from under any definitive terms, including those that he applies to himself and his work. He says, "the most/frightening thing about/being unsure of/who I really am/is that somebody/out there will/tell me" (*American Testament*). But he never quite escapes the dilemma. That he is a humourist, as I would like to claim, is proven by the evidence of laughter. The laughter is participatory. It ranges from unknowing chuckles, often delayed, to the wisdom of immediate, uncontrollable guffaws. When it backfires, it backfires on him as well. In humour, such moments invariably give pleasure, even, or principally, when they govern pain. Consider, for

example, the horror underlying these lines from the American humourist S.J. Perelman's critique of the culture industry ("Strictly from Hunger"):

The violet hush of twilight was descending over Los Angeles as my hostess, Violet Hush, headed toward Hollywood. In the distance the glow of huge piles of burning motion-picture scripts lit up the sky. The crisp tang of frying writers and directors whetted my appetite. How good it was to be alive, inhaling deep lungfuls of carbon monoxide. Suddenly our powerful Gatti-Cazazza slid to a stop in the traffic.

Then compare these lines from Bromige's *Red Hats*:

And an upper limit, song: A suit of pants that bears a dipstick's traces; a picture postcard of the John in Macy's. Child Rolande to the back door came. Surely good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me not into Thames Station.

Humour, or *Witz*, "the umbilical cord of *parole*," as Bromige says, after Lacan, is the outerwear of a humour, a cast of mind—one that opens itself to the unconscious, to the eruption of error within the confines of intention, not through the loosening of attention, but through the rigours of a

plan. Or so he says. But then sometimes Bromige visibly and deliberately breaks the very rules he's adopted or devised. This might be called "tight corners and what's around them."

The writing practices he employs are vast: from wiseacre apothegms to carefully constructed aphorisms à la Rochefoucauld or Adorno, from absolute nonsense to elegant lyric, from parody to "sincere" personal narrative, all undermined by the underminer, or *Niederschrift*—"underwriting" or the "nether side" of speech, as he fruitfully (mis)translates it. A list could not exhaust them and these strategies or modes don't obey a chronology. Bromige is already a crowd in his appropriately titled first book, *The Gathering*, as he is in the last, *Indictable Suborners*. The first book establishes a "polysubjected writing" (his term), in such a manner that, from there on in, truth and lies have the same fictional status. Take a look at the portraits that accompany many of his books, for example the photograph at the back of the book *Desire*, and the one taken years later on the cover of *if wants to be the same as is*.¹ His trademark white shirt and tie, and the charming smile that says, "I am lying." And this is not irony, unless, as he says, "unless / a white shirt and tie / are irony" (*American Testament*). Or, in a more complex moment, "Irony, the name

for the gap between ideology and reality, finds itself anathematized, telling through its suppression a truth about the present" (*Indictable Suborners*). Or,

To read my poetry as ironized is to read only halfway into it. It is to stop short of the requisite further step, which is to overcome one's timidity in the face of an apparent irony and take the risk that the phrase, line, sentence, piece has more than irony to offer; the reader is called on to feel this experience through, and this is deliberate: the convictions we arrive at in triumphing over misgiving are the only ones that will last...²

Perhaps a better figure than irony would be the Brechtian procedure called "interruption," as Bromige indicates in *The Difficulties* interview. This term is developed by Walter Benjamin in "What is Epic Theater," where the interruption of the domesticated, the quotidian, the expected, functions to distance the audience (the reader) from identification. The actor stepping out of character, for example, to reflect on his role, as Bromige so often does.

It's unfortunate that New Star could not publish a complete Bromige—it would have taken a second massive volume. The problem of selection is something that Bromige confronted more than once,

1 *if wants to be the same as is: Essential Poems of David Bromige*, edited by Jack Krick, Bob Perelman, and Ron Silliman, New Star Books, 2018, 582 pp.

2 *The Difficulties*, vol. 3, no. 1, 1987, *David Bromige Issue*, 1987. This, along with Meredith Quartermain's "Irony's Eyes (David Bromige)," in the online journal *Golden Handcuffs Review*, and the essays by George Bowering, Bob Perelman, and Ron Silliman that frame *if wants to be the same as is*, provides a good introduction to Bromige's work.

including the selection *Ten Years in the Making*, published by New Star forty-five years ago. In the book *Desire*,³ he found a wonderful solution to the problem—he not only made minor, but strategic, revisions to every poem, as has often been pointed out, but he also radically re-ordered them, achronologically, so as to construct a new book, complete in itself. The fact that *if wants to be the same as is* is arranged in the standard chronological format would be troubling if it did not, thereby, have the virtue of demonstrating the consistency of Bromige’s “inconsistency,” his polysubjected writing, and not, as one expects of such collections, his “development.” Without this demonstration, the wonder of what *Desire* accomplished would not be so evident. This new selection, which should probably be subtitled, as is indicated on the back cover, “The Poetry of the Essential David Bromige,” accomplishes even more than that—it also puts back into print whole books difficult, and in one case impossible, to find: most significantly, *My Poetry*, *P-E-A-C-E*, *Red Hats* and, *American Testament*—the latter never before available in its entirety. This must have been one of the principles of selection.

Other important books have been much reduced, and necessarily diminished by the reduction—but most of these books can be found on library shelves or are available at an affordable price. A substantial taste of any one of these books, as provided in this collection, should leave a reader

feeling unfulfilled and anxious to read the books as originally constructed. Each book is integral, has integrity. *Desire* is a good example. *Threads* (1970) perhaps a better one. What is missing in the selection from *Threads* is its *essential* structure. It is built around at least three interruptions, three pieces that step out of the frame and reflect upon the book. These make visible certain reference points that often do not surface so evidently in his writing, which for the most part enacts (philosophical) thought rather than appealing to its authority. First, “From Home So Far,” a humorous, but rigorously clinical, dream analysis. (“Stop making those phrases,” his mother says, “you’ll get stuck that way...”). Then “At the Labyrinth,” which consists almost entirely of a long citation from Michael Polanyi’s *Personal Knowledge*, and takes the place of a missing poem (“the poem I need but lack here,” the one that contains the necessary “threads”), and speaks directly to Bromige’s poetics:

For just as, owing to the ultimately tacit character of all our knowledge, we remain ever unable to say all that we know, so also, in view of the tacit character of meaning, we can never quite know what is implied in what we say.

Bromige then cites a passage, in German, from Heidegger’s *Introduction to Metaphysics*, only then to home in on the “intense pleasure” he experiences from its prosody, taking liberty with the German words that attract him, while the words

3 *Desire: Selected Poems 1963-1987*, Black Sparrow Press, 1988.

that, perhaps, most define his project are not remarked on: “what for?—where to?—and what then?” Finally, two translations of Rimbaud, accompanied by a “Note on Translation.” By any measure, these are strong, faithful translations, committing only minor, but forgivable, infidelities, even though he takes care to suggest that they are not translations, but rather “versions” effected by their “being made mine.” He gives himself the last word on this point some thirty years later: “The translator, having weighed the conflicting demands of his task, remembered the word ‘version’ and relieved his sigh of a heave” (*Indictable Suborners*).

In his introduction to the book, George Bowering says, “The title of the present volume is my favorite when it comes to name double-takes.” *Double-takes* is an understatement. I’m still puzzling over the question posed by the title *if wants to be the same as is*. Here’s one answer: “To be/disputes the premise/to remain its living/disputant” (*American Testament*).

***Refuse: CanLit in Ruins* co-edited by Hannah McGregor, Julie Rak, & Erin Wunker (Book*hug, 2018)**

Reviewed by Amber Dawn

On November 15, 2018, *Refuse: CanLit in Ruins* launched to standing-room-only attendance at SFU’s Harbour Centre. Overflowing attendees perched along the conference room windowsill and

bottlenecked around the catering tables. There was donation jar for the Galloway Suit Defense Fund (a crowdfund to raise legal fees for some of the twenty people author Steven Galloway has filed defamation lawsuits against) and an ornately iced cake that read “More cake, fewer dumpster fires.” While the room was exceptionally full and the cake delicious, this launch was not billed as a game-changer; more so it was a gathering of writers, scholars, publishing and art professionals (many of whom are featured in *Refuse*) who have been critically discussing and creating notable changes within the state of Canadian literature for some time.

The Vancouver launch echoed a central tenet that editors Hanna McGregor, Julie Rak, and Erin Wunker make clear in their introduction: the recent rupture events that have garnered media attention are not new, but an extension of “long standing problems in CanLit related to racism, colonialism, sexism, the literary star system, and economic privilege.” The widely-discussed firing of Galloway from his position as chair of the Creative Writing Program at UBC over allegation of misconduct, and other events that also occurred between 2015 to 2017 over Joseph Boyden’s ancestry and Hal Niedzvieki’s “appropriation prize,” are raised several times throughout this collection of essays, poems, and conversations. And each contributor reiterates that recent abuses of institutional power, appropriation of voice, etc., are not a break from the so-called progressive and even placid history of CanLit—rather, they are indicative of a consistently problematic structure with our literary industry. To

quote the editors, “Something’s rotten in the (nation-)state of CanLit.”

“Refuse” is a homograph, and aptly the collection is divided into three sections that reflect different meanings of the word. “Part One: Refusal” creates context: how is CanLit being defined and discussed; what do the recent rupture events mean; and how might these events be viewed from multiple angles? “Part Two: Refuse” considers refuse as junk or garbage, and broadly interacts with the image of CanLit as a raging dumpster fire—a popular metaphor coined by authors Alicia Elliott and Jen Sookfong Lee. “Part Three: Re/Fuse” turns decidedly towards generative possibilities, and how intersectional writers and allied literary arts professionals might re-fuse or re-make space—safer, more inclusive, and more equitable spaces in the academy and the writing and publishing sector.

Looking at *Refuse* as a whole, readers can expect not only critical responses to CanLit, but also evocative and varied expressions of response. Keith Maillard’s lyrical essay “Burn,” Sonnet l’Abbé’s erasure poems “Sonnet’s Shakespeare,” and Kai Cheng Thom’s narrative free verse “refuse: a trans girl writer’s story” are only a few stand-out contributions, in which dynamic written forms invite us to more closely consider the contents. *Refuse* speaks up against long-standing problems in CanLit, and just as keenly, it speaks to the vastness of our cultural, intersectional, and aesthetic literary communities. This anthology is fundamental reading for anyone interested in past, present, and future change-makers in CanLit.

***Anarchists in the Academy:
Machines and Free Readers in
Experimental Poetry*
by Dani Spinosa (University of
Alberta Press, 2018)**

Reviewed by Michael Roberson

“Bring on the hyperlinks”: To extend the strategies, sentiments, and goals of Dani Spinosa’s *Anarchists in the Academy: Machines and Free Readers in Experimental Poetry*, (I) will be “quoting” and **bolding**: print-based gestures to the “rhizomatic linking” that “directs to other texts...and...generate[s]” a conversation in and of the (digital) commons—the open source. In kind, (I) open my source and render her text accessible via my own. Like the authors in her well-organized and well-researched dissertation-cum-monograph, (I) aim to relinquish a measurable degree of authorial and authoritative control, effectively bracketing myself and enabling her text to run. Gedit?

In four chapters, each dealing with four distinct poetic projects, Spinosa executes a faceted program for a theory of the poetic experiment and for a theory of **postanarchist criticism**. The four facets include **artifice**, **openness**, **chance**, and **politics**. Moving chronologically from the 1970s to the contemporary moment, she discusses a range of writers including (but not limited to) John Cage and bpNichol, Erín Moure and Harryette Mullen, Vanessa Place and Darren Wershler, as well as Andy Campbell and Mez Breese. Spinosa considers how these

authors utilize and complicate **procedural**, **machinic**, **conceptual**, and **digital** methods of composition, and she examines how these writers engage artifice, openness, chance, and politics to affect the power dynamic between author and reader. Spinosa validates those projects that recalibrate this dynamic in favour of a **liberated and empowered readership** and that do not necessarily efface the subjectivity of the author him- or her- or themselves. “Experimental, illegible texts,” Spinosa writes, “produce in readers a commonality, a community based on the ethical, political dimensions of reading and engaging with the formally experimental text.” According to Spinosa, “**illegible**,” “**noisy**,” and “**ex-static**” texts operate as “momentary insurgencies,” providing a kind of model, analogue, or metaphor for activist practices. “postanarchism” serves as a “theory of activism that offers the means to incorporate the processes of reading and writing experimental poetry into the realm of activist practice.” On the one hand, experimental texts themselves function as “**performative analog[ies]** of an **anarchic, free community**” in the ways that such texts defy the “organizing, ruling, and inhibiting effects” of discursive structures: “affiliation rather than filiation.” On the other hand, experimental texts produce “anarchic, free communit[ies]” in the ways that such texts entail a “communal attention to language” by virtue of their capacity for multiple and indefinite readings: “Instead of quantitative meaning, qualitative intensity.”

Rather than recommend or refute, (I) will briefly consider questions raised by

Spinosa’s discussion of experimental work in political, ethical, and epistemological terms. First, Spinosa describes experimental work as “**not explicitly political**.” So, how much farther does postanarchist literary theory, as Spinosa conceives it, or digital literature, in general, push us in the need to reflect and respect subjectivity and identity politics in experimental work, while also continuing to empower the agency of readers? Moreover, does digital literature expand the reading constituency or make experimental work that much more accessible to an already existing readership—a readership familiar with Language Writing, for example? Second, Spinosa gestures toward an **ethics of postanarchism** in her use of **relationality** and **responsibility** to account for how readers engage the experimental text. So, with Spinosa’s desire to transcend the vanguardist notions that typically accompany the experimental, and with her desire to defuse the passive-aggressive relationship that comes with reading all literature, let alone experimental literature, does Spinosa’s study point to the need for a fuller ethical account of the experimental, and the avant garde? Third, Spinosa identifies one of the benefits of digital literature as “**distributed cognition**” in which digital projects can exploit “new pathways of communication among different kinds of knowledge.” Do “new cognitive engagements” suggest that poetry can (re-)enter the knowledge game, and become not only a model for research, but a locus of knowledge itself, at a time when the **commons** are both imperative and in peril?

***My Heart Is a Rose Manhattan* by Nikki Reimer (Talonbooks, 2019)**

Reviewed by Adam Seelig

THE ROOT OF DISCORD IS HEART

When i
distil a rose Manhattan
i
end up
in a Calgary
more
woman than
man
made thank hair
of
dog that
“capitalism might be late
but my period
she’s right on
time”
to
me drinking
the sting of grief
there still
while
i’m
still
here after hours
and
the others
my brother
is gone

**Mantis by David Dowker
(CHAX, 2018)**

Reviewed by Scott Jackshaw

Dowker's poetry sticks to the mouth. It thickens "slag bulk/consonant/but not/annealed" on the tongue. An erasure of Clark Coolidge's *The Maintains*, it attends to its materiality in a play between space and sonics. Its language is organic substance sounding out its body, so that, when read aloud, it convenes viscous formations over the blanked space of a source text.

Charles Bernstein understands *The Maintains* to be a "word mine of language" and later an "excavation."¹ Here, Coolidge's attention to language's materiality is not an attention to its environment, but rather to its extraction. Words get used up. *Mantis* gestures otherwise toward the relational in language poetry. It gathers carefully from Coolidge in what Dowker calls a "gloss from the given harmonics"—not a hermeneutic of fracking, but a marginal poetry of gleaning. Dowker's work exceeds but does not explode its roots. Its insistence on non-extractive interaction is a collaboration with permeable resources of texture and sound, the "erasure/basis/principally/porous ore." It makes Coolidge sensual. It archives a touching between texts. It imagines the possibility of erasure as generative and hyper-relational.

Some words disappear to make others more visible. The poetry that results means only in relation to its antecedent, having

"only/past/telling the whole/valence." Even Coolidge's page numbers remain.

Mantis needs these remainders, even as it attends to their constraints, though its focus on the politics of the material is sometimes undone at the limits of its material relations. The fact of erasure is an attention to a prior text, even in the act of undoing, so that Dowker's efforts alternatively reify and refigure the resource extractions of Coolidge's work. However, in this fraught dynamic, Dowker seeks out a tactile pleasure in Coolidge's textual body. This pleasure is overwhelming, restless, and radical in its gestures toward a languaging of relations.

**Duets by Ted Byrne
(Talonbooks, 2018)**

Reviewed by Alessandra Capperdoni

That such a gem is Ted Byrne's creation is hardly surprising. Byrne is a Vancouver-based poet-scholar who has dedicated himself to the study of the work of Henri Meschonnic on poetics and translation theory for a long time, and the traces of his long commitment to this study are well visible. *Duets* is a translation from French and Italian of sonnets by Louise Labé and Guido Cavalcanti, poets at the centre of the poetic scene of their respective times—early modern Lyon and late medieval Florence. But the appellative "translation" reveals all the complexities of this work and the complexity of thinking about the translation

1 Bernstein, Charles. "Maintaining Space: Clark Coolidge's Early Work." *Electronic Poetry Center*, University of Pennsylvania, 2011.

of poetry itself. At stake here is not the time-old Latin-derived saying *traduttore traditore* (the translator is both a betrayer and the one who carries you across linguistic geographies or world borders). That much we know and we also know that this is at stake in every translation of poetry. But in the spirit of Meschonnic's theorization of poetry and translation, Byrne takes up the task of translating "ethically." A poem is an ethical act. A translation is also an ethical act. It is not the translation of fixed-form poems because the poems that Byrne translates are already transformations of "forms of life" and producers of subjectivity. The true betrayal of Labé and Cavalcanti would be the reading of Byrne's work in order to find identity, equivalence, or communication, that is, *meaning* rather than *rhythm* and *sense* of language: "If to translate a poem we translate form, we are not translating a poem, but a representation of poetry, linguistically and poetically false."¹

Louise Labé's poems are the focus of the first four sections of Byrne's book. In the first section, "Sonnets: Louise Labé," her sonnets (two quatrains and two tercets) are translated into nine-line poems of different forms (primarily 3+3+3 or 2+2+2+3), a poetic of constraint of sorts. But the translator-poet also intervenes into the form of the poetic series with translational reflections on the spirit of Labé's poetry: two unnumbered sonnets are added to sonnet 6 and 11, taking up the potentiality of reading Labé's writing "as" theory of language through the eyes of Michel Foucault and Julia Kristeva. This

is also an appropriate move to illuminate Labé's strikingly feminist poetics. The second section, "The Rilke Versions," based on Rainer Maria Rilke's translation of Labé, questions the stance of "augmentation" and "diminishment" of the act of translation. Reading this section alongside the first (both sections are based on the same originals) places translation in the realm of possibilities rather than comparisons of value or equivalence: it is a field of correspondences that does not reduce the infinite to a totality (the "better" work) and opens up possibilities of subjectivities in the reading of the poem. This concern is even more evident in the collaboration section with Kim Minkus, "from 19/19," revolving around Labé's sonnet 19 on Diane and Actaeon, as well as in "Pendant," the following fourth section.

Attempting to fix Byrne's work within the confines of a genre (or a trade) would be futile. These poems are simultaneously translations, recreations, transcreations, research acts, or conversations with the "original" poets (Labé and Cavalcanti) but also with the many poets with whom they were in dialogue in their own time (Olivier de Magny, Maurice Scève, or Dante Alighieri) as well as the poet-readers who have in turn translated them throughout centuries. The translation of Cavalcanti's sonnets in the final section of the book, "Sonnets: Cavalcanti," speaks to Ezra Pound's own translations. A close reader of the modernist poet, Byrne was consciously or unconsciously influenced by Pound's poetics of translation. Not only did Pound

1 Meschonnic, Henri. *Ethics and Politics of Translating*. Trans. Pier-Pascale Boulanger. Amsterdam: Benjamins, 2007.

establish the text of Cavalcanti that Byrne used for these translations, but Byrne's very early translations of Cavalcanti were written in the 1970s in the margins of Pound's own translations, thus forging a dialogue, echo, and literary exercise. We may wonder about this double layer—translating the original alongside *another's* translation—but only in order to realize that reading and writing do always pass through the language of the Other (Lacan is yet another interlocutor with Byrne's translations). Pound's language, then, enters Byrne's work yet it refuses subservience. So does the translator's work to either original and to Pound. The poet-translator intervenes in the powerful discourse of Love with remarks about language use, style, and grammar that illuminate the spirit of Cavalcanti's philosophy. If the translator is

the one who traverses world borders, we may then ask, how many worlds are being “carried across” in Byrne's text?

It is only appropriate that the poets who created and rearticulated a discourse of Love (eros, carnality, vision, speech, as well as the philosophical space of poetic love) are translated into a language that asks the reader to bring the body and sensorial faculties to the experience of listening—movement, rhythm, syntax, and prosody. The act of love does not reside in the idea (the *eidos*) of poetry but in the bodily texture of poetry itself. Unwriting writing—that is, the illusion of the representation of language—Byrne's translations are a poetic gift asking the reader to consider how the translation of poetry can only be faithful to one command: transform our thinking of language.

Evan Lee: Fugazi

MAY 11 2019 - APR 26 2020
Teck Gallery

Nep Sidhu: Medicine for a
Nightmare (they called, we
responded)

MAY 30 - AUG 3 2019
Audain Gallery

Ann Beam and Carl Beam:
Spaces for Reading

Ongoing to JUN 20 2019
SFU Gallery

AUDAIN GALLERY

SFU Goldcorp
Centre for the Arts
149 West Hastings Street
Vancouver BC, V6B 1H4

TUE - SAT / 12 - 5PM
778.782.9102

TECK GALLERY

SFU Harbour Centre
515 West Hastings Street
Vancouver BC, V6B 5K3

Open during campus hours
778.782.4266

SFU GALLERY

SFU Burnaby Campus
Academic Quadrangle 3004
8888 University Drive
Burnaby BC, V5A 1S6

TUE, WED, THU 12 - 5PM
778.782.4266

sfugallery@sfu.ca
sfugalleries.ca

IMAGE

Evan Lee, test images for
Fugazi, 2015. Courtesy of
the Artist and Monte Clark
Gallery.

^
S=U GALLERIES
^

Mentorship Interviews

Interviewees in this series generously donate their contributors' fees to support VS. Books, Vivek Shraya's mentorship and publishing opportunity for an Indigenous or Black writer, or a writer of colour, between the ages of 18-28, living in Canada (see vsbooks.ca for more).

Catriona Strang

We've been discussing the possibility of doing a series of interviews, particularly with women writers, about mentorship and supportive communities. If you're open to it, would you send us a reflection on the communities or practices by which you were nourished, or in which you were involved?

Dear Fenn,

A very interesting subject! I dislike the term “mentorship,” which I suspect of a hierarchy I vigorously want to reject. I'm happier thinking about how we support one another in a practice of love and sharing, which for me makes community. I find it to be a more multi-directional concept, if that makes any sense. We should remember, after all, that any kind of “mentoring” relationship is mutually beneficial. I've certainly learned more from the younger writers I know, for example, than I've been able to offer them. And then there's the gift of friendship ...

I guess part of my resistance to the idea of “mentorship” is my continuing desire to acknowledge what is so often invisible and unrecognized, and to disturb the boundaries between “work” and “daily

life.” I'm talking about friendship, about caring labour, about support. If that's what you mean by mentorship, then I withdraw my objections.

But OK, there is something to be said for “an example.” As a young writer I was upheld and inspired and shown possibility by the examples of other women writers, some of whom I knew as well as read—Maxine Gadd and Rhoda Rosenfeld spring immediately to mind, both having always been extremely encouraging both in practice and by virtue of their work—and some of whom I only “knew” through reading—Lorine Niedecker and all the Women of the Left Bank come immediately to mind. The presence of the work of those women, as well as the incredible work itself, was immensely important to me.

And then there's shared reading and discussion, the communal development of ideas. I've been incalculably enriched and supported, upheld, by the comradeship and friendship of fellow writers, and of women writers in particular, for my entire writing life. As a young woman still in my teens I encountered other young

women enthused about writing and its possibilities, and attended a supportive writing group for several years with them. Some of my closest and most enduring friendships sprouted then. It's where I met Christine Stewart, for example. And my decade-long collaboration with Nancy Shaw literally kept me sane during my kids' early years; I believe and hope that

it was also helpful to her during her long illness. That collaboration offered me what I found lacking elsewhere in the writing community, which was a recognition and acceptance of the demands motherhood placed upon me, the conceptual and actual space for my kids and for my needs as a parent, which were often elusive elsewhere in the writing community.

Liz Howard

Thinking back to earlier moments in your life as a writer, which writers and communities supported you, and how? What did you get that you needed?

Margaret Christakos, and the community of writers and thinkers that participated in her *Influency Salon* classes, were instrumentally supportive of me when I first began writing in a public way. Margaret was my first teacher and her genuine encouragement, combined with the expansive possibilities within writing that she taught, very much stoked the fire within me. There was a real culture of comradery in *Influency*, with socializing after class and writing groups. I felt that I was a part of something. Valued in some way. I think the crucial thing that was in the atmosphere at the time was that there was no real sense of competition or becoming "great." The writing sessions were fueled by mutual support, understanding and growth. There wasn't a lot of talk of publishing and prizes, as I recall. Everyone was

doing their own thing. It gave me the freedom to experiment. Be as strange as I needed to.

Thinking about the present, what do you try to offer other writers (particularly those who may be less well-established)?

I'm currently a writer-in-residence so my job is to work with (mostly) less well-established writers providing direct feedback on their work and giving them general advice (i.e. places to publish, reading series to check out, online communities to join, etc).

It's a difficult question. I've provided emotional support and received plenty. I've connected people. Recommended texts, writing workshops/programs, possible mentors, where to send work. I've written letters of recommendation, countless blurbs, emails of support for manuscripts. I try to offer what I can without burning out. I'm not always successful.

Contributors

Afuwa was born in Guyana, on Karinya and Akawaio land; she makes art on Tsleil-Waututh, Musqueam, and Squamish territories. Her text and images focus on language, the body, and diasporic memory, and have appeared online and in publications including *The Feminist Wire*, *Briarpatch*, *West Coast Line*, *subTerrain*, *Poetry Is Dead*, and in *Performing Utopias in the Contemporary Americas* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2017). Her current work involves completing both her accounting courses, and a collaborative performance video installation based on the Demerara rebellion of 1823.

Hamish Ballantyne is a writer and translator from Vancouver Island. He is a founding member of the pure-sound collective Sex Panic!. He is currently working on a book of translations of *The Solitudes* by Luis de Góngora.

Ted Byrne is a poet and frequent contributor to *The Capilano Review*. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and has lived in Vancouver since the late sixties. He recently co-edited, with Catriona Strang, the “Polyvocal Translation” issue of TCR. His most recent book is *Duets*, a book constructed from the sonnets of Louise Labé and Guido Cavalcanti (Talon, 2018). Previous books include *Aporia* (Fissure-Point Blank, 1989), *Beautiful Lies* (CUE books, 2008), and *Sonnets : Louise Labé* (Nomados, 2011). Together with Donato Mancini he has translated most of the Old French *fatrasies* and *fatras*, which are to be published in book form as *A Flea the Size of Paris* at the end of this year.

Alessandra Capperdoni teaches Literature and Critical Theory in the Department of Humanities at Simon Fraser University. She holds a degree in Foreign Languages and Literatures from the University of Bologna (Italy) and a PhD in English from Simon Fraser University, BC. Her interest in translation has developed in conjunction with her work on poetics, experimental writing, psychoanalysis, and feminist poststructuralist discourse, as well as 20th century theories and philosophies of language (from Russian formalism to Benjamin, Derrida, Meschonnic, and Kristeva). Her articles on translation have appeared in *Translation Effects: The Making of Modern Canadian Culture* (eds. Kathy Mezei, Sherry Simon and Luise von Flotow), *Trans/acting Culture, Writing, and Memory: Essays in Honour of Barbara Godard* (eds. Eva C. Karpinski, Jennifer Henderson, Ian Sowton and Ray Ellenwood), *Translating from the Margins/Traduire des marges* (eds. Denise Merkle, Jane Koustas, Glen Nichols and Sherry Simon), and in the journal *TTR: Traduction, traductologie, redaction*.

Franco Cortese is an experimental poet living in Thorold, Ontario. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Canadian Literature*, *The Capilano Review*, *filling Station*, *ditch* and others. He is the author of four chapbooks including *aeiou* (No Press, 2018), *uoiea* (above/

ground press, 2019) and *teksker* (Simulacrum Press, 2019). He also has leaflets, booklets, nanopamphlets and broadsheets published or forthcoming through The Blasted Tree, Penteract Press and Spacecraft Press. His work has been published both within Canada and internationally, most recently in the anthology *Concrete and Constraint* (Penteract Press, 2018).

Amber Dawn is a writer and creative facilitator living on unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations (Vancouver, Canada). She is the author of four books and the editor of two anthologies.

Evan Ducharme is a multidisciplinary Metis artist with ancestral ties to the Cree, Ojibwe, and Saulteaux peoples, raised in the historic Metis community of St. Ambroise, Manitoba (Treaty 1 Territory). Ducharme's practice exists within and in between the dance and fashion mediums. Having studied traditional and contemporary Metis dance since childhood, Ducharme has performed nationally and internationally with The St. Ambroise Youth Steppers & Compaigni V'ni Dansi (Vancouver). Launched in 2012, his eponymous clothing label examines dress through Indigenous perspectives on gender, queerness, and environmental responsibility, as well as ancestral and contemporary Indigenous knowledges. Ducharme has exhibited eight bodies of work; his most recent, HIRAETH, exhibited at the first WATER ME Queer Fashion Expo. A co-host on the bi-weekly Fashion Hags podcast, Ducharme has been featured in *Discorder Magazine*, *National Geographic*, *FASHION*, and *Vogue.com*. Ducharme lives and creates with gratitude on the ancestral, traditional, and unceded territories of the Musqueam, Tsleil Waututh, and Squamish Peoples (Vancouver, BC, Canada).

Leanne Dunic is a multidisciplinary artist, musician, and writer. Her first book, *To Love the Coming End*, was named one of the best poetry books of 2017 by *Entropy*. The book is the companion work to the album *To Love the Coming End of the World* by her band, The Deep Cove, which boasts a "cinematic sound that provokes thought and wonder" (The Permanent Rain Press). Learn more at leannedunic.com & thedeepcove.com.

Ayumi Goto is a performance apprentice, currently based in Toronto, traditional territories of the Anishnaabe, Haudenosaunee, Huron-Wendat and Petun First Nations, the Seneca, and Mississaugas of the Credit River. Born in Canada, she sometimes draws upon her Japanese heritage and language to investigate notions of national culturalism, belonging, and activism. She enjoys working in collaboration with artists, scholars, and communities to explore creative and critical reconciliation discourses and relational ethics. She has performed public interventions in Berlin, London, and Kyoto, and has focused on human-nonhuman interconnections through performances in rural and forested areas. Ayumi recently completed a Ph.D. in Communication Studies at Simon Fraser University, focusing on a performatively premised conceptualization of "collective responsibility" and relationality, as expressed in the practices of Cree Métis artist Cheryl L'Hirondelle, Siksika artist Adrian Stimson, and Tahltan performance artist Peter Morin. Ayumi is currently a Post-Doctoral Fellow at the Ontario College of Art and Design University.

Tarah Hogue is a curator, cultural worker and writer. She is a member of the Métis Nation with French Canadian and Dutch ancestries. Tarah is the inaugural Senior Curatorial Fellow, Indigenous Art at the Vancouver Art Gallery, and an uninvited guest on unceded xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh and səilwətaʔ territories since 2008. Recent curatorial projects include *Ayumi Goto and Peter Morin: how do you carry the land?* at the Vancouver Art Gallery (2018), and *#callresponse*, co-organized with Maria Hupfield and Tania Willard, which toured Canada and the United States in partnership with grunt gallery (2016–19). Her writing has appeared in *BlackFlash*, *c magazine*, *Canadian Art*, *Inuit Art Quarterly*, *MICE Magazine*, and others. Tarah is currently the co-chair of the Aboriginal Curatorial Collective / Collectif des commissaires autochtones. She holds an MA in Critical and Curatorial Studies from the University of British Columbia and a BA(H) in Art History from Queen's University.

Liz Howard's debut collection *Infinite Citizen of the Shaking Tent* won the 2016 Griffin Poetry Prize and was shortlisted for the 2015 Governor General's Award for poetry. Her recent work has appeared in *Poetry Magazine*, *The Fiddlehead*, and *Best Canadian Poetry 2018*. Howard received an Honours Bachelor of Science with High Distinction from the University of Toronto, and an MFA in Creative Writing through the University of Guelph. She worked for many years in cognitive psychology and cognitive neuroscience research. She is of mixed settler and Anishinaabe descent. Born and raised on Treaty 9 territory in northern Ontario, she is currently the Canadian Writer in Residence at the University of Calgary.

Scott Jackshaw studies English and Creative Writing at the University of Alberta. His poetry has recently appeared in *The Capilano Review*, *PRISM international*, and *Hart House Review*, as well as in chapbooks from the Graduate Students of English Collective and The Olive Reading Series.

Jessica Jang is a Chinese-Canadian artist whose practice spans painting, drawing, and sculpture. She received a BFA from Emily Carr University, attended Chelsea College of Art in London, UK, holds a BEd from the University of British Columbia, and an MFA from the University of Guelph. Jang has exhibited in Canada and abroad including shows at Xpace Cultural Centre, YACTAC gallery, Sun Yat-Sen Classical Chinese Garden, the Terrace Annual, and the Hackney Wicked Arts Festival. Her work as an artist-educator includes projects for the City of Guelph, CulturArt Exchange in Bogotá, Colombia, Youth Collaborative for Chinatown, the Vancouver Art Gallery, and 221A Artist-Run Centre. She is currently based in Toronto, Ontario.

Kyle Kinaschuk is a doctoral candidate in the Department of English at the University of Toronto. His writing has appeared in *filling Station*, *PRISM international*, *The Puritan*, *Hart House Review*, *Poetry is Dead*, *Canadian Literature*, and elsewhere. He is also the author of a chapbook, *COLLECTIONS-14* (above/ground press, 2019).

Duane Linklater (Omaskêko Ininiwak from Moose Cree First Nation) explores the physical and theoretical structures of the museum in relation to the current and historical conditions of Indigenous people, their objects, and approach to materials. He articulates these

explorations through sculpture, photography, film and video, installation, and text works. Linklater completed an MFA in Film and Video from the Milton Avery Graduate School of the Arts at Bard College, New York. He was the 2013 Sobey Art Award winner, and the 2016 recipient of the Canada Council for the Arts Victor Martyn Lynch-Staunton Award for Media Art. He has presented solo exhibitions at the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum, Michigan State University (2017); 80WSE Gallery in New York, and Mercer Union, Toronto (2016); Utah Museum of Fine Arts in Salt Lake City (2015); and the Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia (2015). Linklater has been featured in group exhibitions in Montréal (2017), Seoul, Korea (2016), Toronto (2015), Vancouver, and Banff, Alberta.

Tanya Lukin Linklater's performances in museums, videos, and installations have been shown in Canada and abroad. Her work centres knowledge production in and through orality, conversation, and embodied practices, including dance. While reckoning with histories that affect Indigenous peoples' lives, lands and ideas, she investigates insistence. Her work has been shown at EFA Project Space + Performa, New York City, the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto, Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art, Arkansas, Remai Modern, Saskatoon, Art Gallery of Alberta, Edmonton, the Art Museum, Toronto, and elsewhere. In 2017 Tanya was artist in residence at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Tanya studied at the University of Alberta (M.Ed.) and Stanford University (A.B. Honours). She originates from the Native Villages of Afognak and Port Lions in southern Alaska and is based in northern Ontario, Canada.

M.L. Martin is a prize-winning poet and translator whose current work aims to revise the critical interpretation and reception of the enigmatic Anglo-Saxon poem known as "Wulf and Eadwacer," and to recover this radical female text to the feminist and experimental canons to which it belongs. Her experimental translations of Old English can be found in *ANMLY* (f.k.a. *Drunken Boat*), *Arkansas International*, *Brooklyn Rail InTranslation*, *Columbia Journal*, *The Literary Review*, *Lunch Ticket*, and *Waxwing*. Her poetry has appeared in *Denver Quarterly*, *DIAGRAM*, *EVENT: Poetry & Prose*, *The Fiddlehead*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *PRISM international*, and many other Canadian and American literary journals. She is the recipient of the Theresa A. Wilhoit Fellowship, the Bread Loaf Translators' Fellowship, and the Inprint Verlaine Prize in Poetry. She currently lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where she is a Tulsa Artist Fellow. Find more of her work at www.m-l-martin.com.

Peter Morin is a Tahltan Nation artist, curator, and writer. In his artistic practice and curatorial work, Morin's practice-based research investigates the impact zones that occur when indigenous cultural-based practices and western settler colonialism collide. This work is shaped by Tahltan Nation epistemological production and often takes on the form of performance interventions. In addition to his object making and performance-based practice, Morin has curated exhibitions at the Museum of Anthropology, Western Front, Bill Reid Gallery, and Burnaby Art Gallery. In 2016, Peter was awarded the Hnatyshyn Foundation mid-career award for outstanding achievement in visual arts. Peter holds a tenured position with the Faculty of Arts at the Ontario College of Art and Design University.

Suzanne Morrisette is a Metis artist, curator, and scholar from Winnipeg. Morrisette holds a PhD in Social and Political Thought from York University. Her visual art research has been included in such recent exhibitions as *wnoondwaamin (we hear them)* (2016–18) which toured to four venues across Canada. Morrisette's recent curatorial project, *On Being Illiberal* looks to the work of three artists—Carl Beam, Merritt Johnson, and Fallon Simard—who each provide vantage points from which to problematize public perception of Indigenous political thought. Morrisette has received numerous grants from provincial and national arts councils to support her artistic and curatorial practices. She has held teaching positions with various universities since 2011, and currently works as Assistant Professor at OCAD University.

Juliane Okot Bitek is a poet and a PhD candidate at the University of British Columbia. Her *100 Days* (University of Alberta, 2016) was nominated for several writing prizes including the 2017 BC Book Prize, the Pat Lowther Award, the 2017 Alberta Book Awards, and the 2017 Canadian Authors Award for Poetry. *100 Days* also won the 2017 IndieFab Book of the Year Award for poetry and the 2017 Glenna Luschei Prize for African Poetry. Juliane's poem "Migration: Salt Stories" was shortlisted for the 2017 National Magazine Awards for Poetry in Canada. Her poem "Gauntlet" was longlisted for the 2018 CBC Poetry Prize, and a chapbook with the same title is due out in the fall 2019 from Nomados Press. Juliane is also the author of *Sublime: Lost Words* (The Elephants, 2018).

Jenny Penberthy is a former editor of *The Capilano Review* and the current Chair of the Capilano Review Contemporary Arts Society. Her work as an editor has also focused on the poetry of Lorine Niedecker. She edited Niedecker's poems—*New Goose* (Listening Chamber, 2003), *Lorine Niedecker: Collected Works* (University of California Press, 2002), and *Harpsichord & Salt Fish* (Pig Press, 1991)—and her letters—*Niedecker and the Correspondence with Zukofsky 1931–1970* (Cambridge University Press, 1993)—along with a collection of essays, *Lorine Niedecker: Woman and Poet* (National Poetry Foundation, University of Maine, 1996). In 2016 she edited *Kenneth Cox: The Art of Language* for Flood Editions in Chicago. Currently, she is working on a collection of previously unpublished Niedecker letters and on a book about Fulcrum Press.

Concetta Principe's fourth book of poetry, *This Real* (Pedlar Press, 2017) was long-listed for the Raymond Souster Award and her first poetry collection, *Interference* (Guernica, 1999) won the Bresani Award. Her work has appeared in *The Malabat Review*, *grain*, *Rampike*, *Lemonhound*, and *Rusty Toque*, among other print and on-line journals. She is currently working on a few non-fiction projects, and the book-length version of *9 Uneasy Steps Towards a PhD*. She is Assistant Professor at Trent University, Durham, where she teaches English literature and creative writing.

Meredith Quartermain's work can be found in *Best Canadian Poetry* 2018 and 2009. Her first book, *Vancouver Walking*, won a BC Book Award for Poetry, and her second book, *Nightmarker*, was a finalist for a Vancouver Book Award. Other books include *Recipes from the Red Planet* (finalist for a BC Book Award in fiction); *I, Bartleby: short stories*; and *U Girl: a novel*. From 2014 to 2016, she was Poetry Mentor in the SFU Writer's Studio Program, and in 2012 she was the Vancouver Public Library Writer in Residence.

Deanna Radford is a writer, poet, and performer and is the former curator of the Atwater Poetry Project. Her writing on literature and experimental music has appeared in *Broken Pencil*, *.dpi: Feminist Journal of Art & Digital Culture*, *Flypaper*, *Herizons*, the *Montreal Review of Books*, *MusicWorks*, and elsewhere. In January 2018 she performed “Poesis Within A Resonant Cloud: For Voice & Electronics” at the Large Air Moving Objects conference hosted by CRiSAP at the London College of Communications in London, UK. She performs regularly around Montréal and improvises in live settings with sound artists Jeremy Young and Philippe Vandal as Cloud Unit. This spring her poetry and writing on poetry will appear in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, the *Headlight Anthology*, and *Vallum Magazine* and she will perform her poetry at TEXT/SOUND/PERFORMANCE: Making in Canadian Space, a conference, in Dublin, Ireland. She is pursuing an MA degree in creative writing at Concordia University.

Christine Leviczky Riek is a poet and photographer living on the south bank of the Nicomekl River in Surrey, BC.

Michael Roberson currently teaches English at Vancouver Island University. His reviews have appeared in *Canadian Literature*, *The Malahat Review*, *Arc*, *Matrix*, and *The Dalhousie Review*.

Originally from Vancouver, **Adam Seelig** is a poet, playwright, stage director, and the founder of One Little Goat Theatre Company in Toronto. He is the author of *Every Day in the Morning (slow)* (New Star Books, shortlisted for the ReLit Award) and his most recent play, *Music Music Life Death Music: An Absurdical*, which premiered at the Tarragon Theatre in 2018, is available in print and freely online at OneLittleGoat.org.

Natalie Simpson is the author of *accrete or crumble* (LINEbooks, 2006) and *Thrum* (Talonbooks, 2014). Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies, including *The Best Canadian Poetry* in English and most recently *The Calgary Renaissance*. She practices pro bono law and serves on the Calgary Distinguished Writers Program Steering Committee.

Catriona Strang’s latest book is *Reveries of a Solitary Biker* (Talonbooks, 2017). She recently edited *The Gorge*, the selected works of Nancy Shaw, with whom she collaborated for over ten years. A mother of two, she works as an editor at Talonbooks.

Jordan Wilson is an emerging curator and writer, and is currently a PhD student in Anthropology at New York University. He is a member of the Musqueam First Nation. Prior to starting graduate studies, Wilson was a Curatorial Intern at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery (2017-2018). He holds an MA in Anthropology (with a focus on critical museum studies) and a BA in First Nations Studies (now First Nations and Indigenous Studies), both obtained at the University of British Columbia. Wilson was a co-curator of the exhibits *čəsnaʔəm, the city before the city* (2015), and *In a Different Light: Reflecting on Northwest Coast Art* (2017) at the UBC Museum of Anthropology.

FRIENDS of TCR 2018

\$300+

Anonymous Donors
Rojeanne & Jim Allworth
David Dowker
Dorothy Jantzen
Patti Kernaghan
Todd Nickel
Meredith Quartermain
Karen Tallman & Brian Debeck

\$25–\$300

Anonymous Donors | Mallory Amirault | Dilin Baker | Lary Bremner
Lorna Brown | Colin Browne | David Buuck | Alessandra Capperdoni
Marlene Conway | Dennis Cooley | Franco Cortese | Charles H. Crockford
Amber Dawn | Christopher Glen | Joanna Hindle | Louisa Howerow
Jessie Ann Jones | Kevin Killian | Kyle Kinaschuk | Justin Langlois
Tanya Lukin Linklater | Bob MacIntyre | Kelly Malone | Daphne Marlatt
M.L. Martin | Evan Mauro | Roy Miki | Suzanne Morrisette | Erin Moure
Jenny Penberthy | Concetta Principe | Christine Riek | Renee Rodin
Vicky Ross | Vivek Shraya | Ole Vezina | Divya Victor | Fred Wah
Aerlyn Weissman | T'uy't'ananat-Cease Wyss

Become a Friend of TCR—donate at thecapilanoreview.com/donate
Subscribe for \$30—get your copies at thecapilanoreview.com/subscribe

As a registered non-profit charity (#013055579), *The Capilano Review* relies on donations. Your support secures the future of one of Canada's longest-standing publishers of contemporary writing and art. All donations \$25+ will receive a tax receipt.

*Join TCR
on June 23
at the...*



***The Capilano Review* is registered as an official charity for the Scotiabank Vancouver Half-Marathon & 5K on Sunday, June 23.**

Help us raise our fundraising goal of \$15,000!

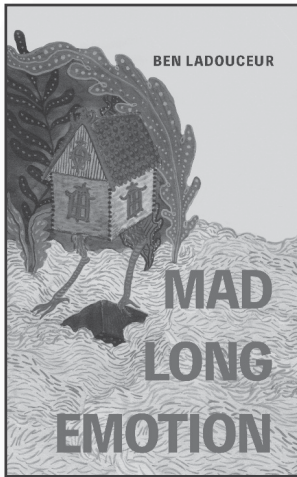
1. RUN WITH US

Register to be on *TCR's* running team—every additional runner strengthens our fundraising potential. And it'll be good fun on the day of, too. To join us, email contact@thecapilanoreview.ca. We'll email you a code for 15% off the registration fee.

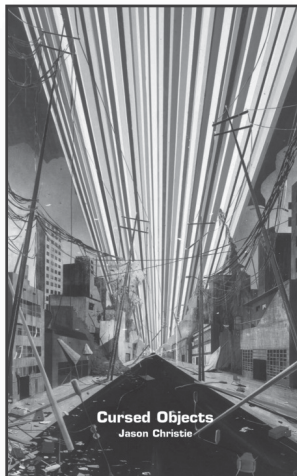
2. DONATE & TELL YOUR FRIENDS

We still need your help, even if you're not a runner. Support our team by pledging a donation to a team member and sharing our page with your networks. All donations over \$25 receive a tax receipt.

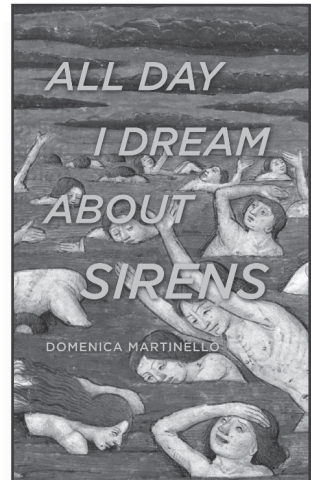
thecapilanoreview.com/run



Ben Ladouceur,
Mad Long Emotion



Jason Christie,
Cursed Objects



Domenica Martinello,
All Day I Dream About Sirens

So long, winter... Hello **Coach House Spring Poetry**



**COACH
HOUSE
BOOKS**

P()RTENT: *Portal's* Creative Fiction Contest A Harbinger of New Talent

2000 words • \$25 entry fee includes one issue
\$500 Prize • Deadline Sept 1, 2019

Details at:

portalmagazine.ca

The Malahat Review

ESSENTIAL POETRY • FICTION • CREATIVE NONFICTION

Enter for \$25
by **May 1, 2019**

Enter the

Far Horizons Award for Short Fiction

*Get There
Faster*

\$1000

in prize money

Commit these deadlines to memory

August 1, 2019

Constance Rooke

Creative Nonfiction Prize | \$1000

One winner gets the prize

November 1, 2019

Open Season Awards | \$4500

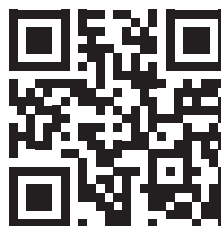
Three writers split the winnings

February 1, 2020

Novella Prize | \$1500

One winner takes all

All deadlines are
postmark dates



Inquiries

malahat@uvic.ca



Complete guidelines at malahatreview.ca

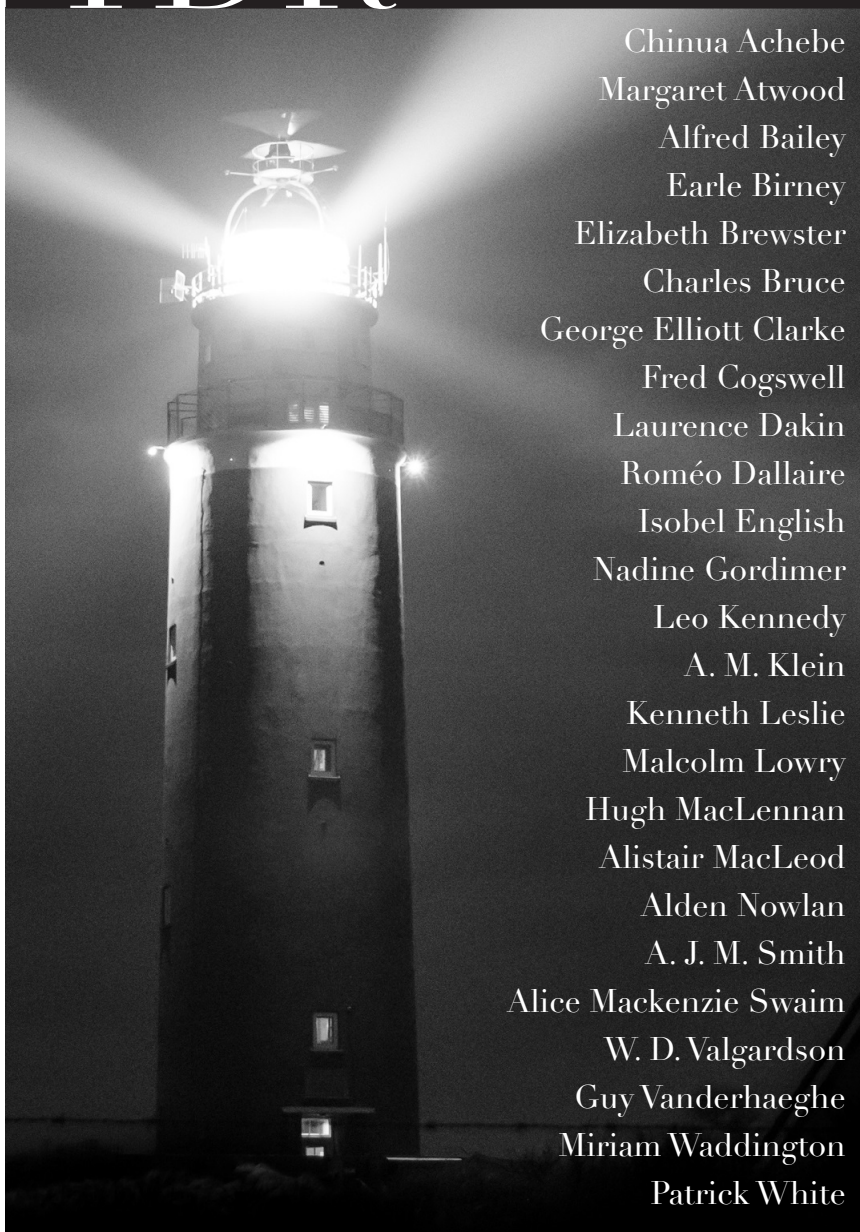
Defining excellent writing since 1967



**University
of Victoria**

TDR

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW



Chinua Achebe

Margaret Atwood

Alfred Bailey

Earle Birney

Elizabeth Brewster

Charles Bruce

George Elliott Clarke

Fred Cogswell

Laurence Dakin

Roméo Dallaire

Isobel English

Nadine Gordimer

Leo Kennedy

A. M. Klein

Kenneth Leslie

Malcolm Lowry

Hugh MacLennan

Alistair MacLeod

Alden Nowlan

A. J. M. Smith

Alice Mackenzie Swaim

W. D. Valgardson

Guy Vanderhaeghe

Miriam Waddington

Patrick White

a maritime tradition since 1921

dalhousiereview.dal.ca

**Afuwa Hamish Ballantyne Ted Byrne Alessandra Capperdoni
Franco Cortese Amber Dawn Evan Ducharme Leanne Dunic
Ayumi Goto Tarah Hogue Liz Howard Scott Jackshaw Jessica Jang
Kyle Kinaschuk Duane Linklater Tanya Lukin Linklater M.L. Martin
Peter Morin Suzanne Morrisette Juliane Okot Bitek Jenny Penberthy
Concetta Principe Meredith Quartermain Deanna Radford
Christine Leviczky Riek Mike Roberson Adam Seelig
Natalie Simpson Catriona Strang Jordan Wilson**



7 72006 86055 0

ISSN 0315 3754
\$14.00