

The Capilano Review

50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE 1/3

SPRING 2022

A—H

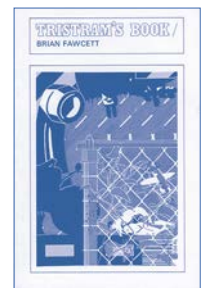
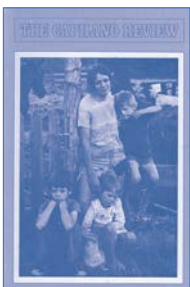
THE CAPIANO REVIEW

AMAZING SECRET COMIC NUMBER



Amazing Ray Day / Jeff Keen

\$1.25



50 years of writing and art

EDITOR'S NOTE

Last year, in anticipation of our 50th anniversary, we invited over a hundred of the magazine's contributors to submit a term of their choosing to our special anniversary issues, the first of which you now hold in your hands. These terms would be collected, we said, alongside notable selections from our archive into an experimental glossary—a form we hoped would index the creative practices that make up our literary and arts community while elucidating, as our invitation explained, “some of the questions, shifts, antagonisms, and continuities that have marked five decades of publishing.” Returning to our prompt now, I can't help but also consider the term “experimental,” itself a point of ongoing discussion at the magazine and one that has generated lively debate: What are our criteria for “experimental” writing? What does it look like on the page, and how does it sound? Who does it include? What kinds of risks does it take, and how does it take them?

Throughout *TCR*'s remarkable five decades of existence different words have at various times been proposed. “Playful,” “edgy,” “unconventional,” “challenging,” “dissident,” and even “dream-caked” have all entered our organizational discourse to describe the kind of work we intended to platform. “Innovative” becomes the dominant descriptor by the early 2000's, and while we still use it, its all-too-ready adoption by the corporate tech world (where, as we know, everything is constantly being innovated) is a source of increasing discomfort. And of course, there's no overlooking that troubled term “the avant-garde,” used most frequently in our first few decades of operation and rightly criticized¹ over the years for its history of racial exclusions and appropriations as well as for its masculinist and militaristic associations. These terms and the polemics they raise with regards to art history, Western European aesthetic standards, and the

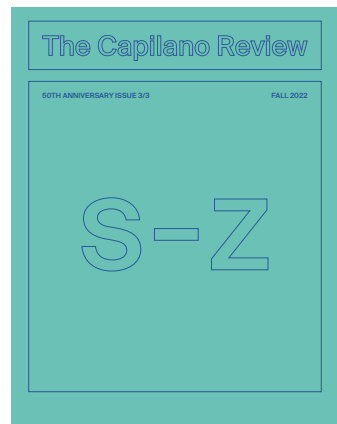
institutionalization of literary culture remind us that definitions, particularly as applied to creative or artistic practices, should be continually rethought and reimaged. As Liz Howard wrote to me with regards to her piece “Archaeology”: “The idea is to resist definition, in the accepted way, because why would I follow so strictly the linguistic part of a system that wants to erase me?”

Instead, why not consider Wayde Compton's “Afrocentripetalism & Afroperipheralism,” where he upends what we typically accept as margin and centre, or Bhanu Kapil's “Detritus,” a word she describes as “[having] no identity...no presence.” While Jónína Kirton pulls apart the word “Equity” in ways we don't see “posted on websites filled with promises of inclusion,” the poems “Ease” by Jen Currin and “Colour” by Rhoda Rosenfeld show how much can be done in fewer words. Jin-me Yoon confronts the very desire to categorize and classify in her brilliant “Dare (to stare)” and the section dedicated to ecstatic punctuation featuring Aisha Sasha John, Danielle LaFrance, and CAConrad holds nothing back. We try on words to see how they fit—what they define or fail to define. We invite you to explore the extraordinary range of this expansive glossary, generated by the responses of our contributors to a single term.

— Matea Kulić

1. See, as a recent example, Cathy Park Hong, “Delusions of Whiteness in the Avant-Garde,” *Lana Turner: A Journal of Poetry and Opinion* 7 (Fall 2014), <http://www.lanaturnerjournal.com/7/delusions-of-whiteness-in-the-avant-garde>.

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GLOSSARY A-H!

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Our embodiments caught in a summer dawn swallow. I'm in the candyweed; the cracklings, the somatoplasm, the grunted jade. I'm colouring wildflowers with a purple crayon. We just got back from our hike. Some mountain. Some edge. Some impossible heat. I'm colouring wildflowers with a purple crayon. The ones you told me about; the ones I've already forgotten. There's an illing hue outside the window of the car. It's the colour of sickness and bushfires. It's the colour of all the bodies of all our families dead and dying. It's the colour of no more sycamore scars on lightly dusted rivers.

I've been keeping things in my mind from you: Briars bright in the onyx mist.
Fizzing low light necrophile feedbags. Chainsaw's celestial strap-on.

It's me again. It's the middle of a luxuriant summer and I follow the sleepwalker's crumbs; how the grass is all gone; how the sea lions breathe porous as mirrors.

I think about the despair we've made together and watch you learn to hate your face and start to think the sky is a cavern where none can find themselves; where prison hawks' blown particles write the shape of leaves, and where you learn mouth-writing atop clear waterfalls:
Lupin, Trent, Stotan.

It doesn't matter.

It's hard to be a person in a field of small animals.

You once told me that it's hard to be a person when the flowers keep changing names. I want to watch you make a score in a field with your hands and liquify the landscape until everything dies gorgeously stereo-fluoroscopic.

I throw a flower to the ground. It's the middle of grave light now.

Incessant rain now; incandescent rain writes in air: *no more wonderings*.

I once said to you that our nesting secretions are like stylized muscles and that these muscles are a stream system in morning, a nameless lake in afternoon; and you talked about a body close to you, wading into this lake until the hips covered as slow and purposeful as a shadow creeps across the moon. There's a house up the hill from where we're swimming. The green-blue water spills out in all directions, a roughly oval-like imaginary of hawks and warblers fucking this oval outline and all the sound that could be water. I walk further into the cinema of this lakebed, kicking up cinnamon plumes of what could be grasslands urging ankles to a glossy peak. It's June 30th—the middle of a luxuriant summer—and I would have thought about snakeholding you, trying to get you changed; snakeholding cacti in the shape of a marmot.

If the line is a measure of a body writhing, then I am under the lake now, looking upwards, and begging with a childlike thunder to be taken glacially and whole.

Grab a hold of my neck. It's okay.

I'm in the liverberries now; kinnikinic fainting translucencies; I'm the witchbells, shiplessly alive. I'm colouring the flowers with a purple crayon; I'm waiting for both of us to outlove the moment; outlove our pastoralness; when we last said something I think you said: *I'm going to pee in the huckleberries*. I'm the cinamonroot now; the headwaters of our fuckupedness.

Which way is there to go?

AFROCENTRIPETALISM & AFROPERIPHERALISM

1

I once saw Molefi Kete Asante plain. It was downstairs at the Vancouver (of all places) Public Library. Two of my Afrocentrist friends were there. I don't remember the questions they asked him, but I remember the urgency in their voices. They needed Asante. I was trying to figure out if I did too.

The nature of that need? A corrective against the assault of a marginalization that smacks a person of African descent in the face over and over by the time they are a young adult, as I was then. Okay. So Africa is at the centre. Why not? The centre is relative, subjective, if we're talking about continents, and we are, though we probably really are not. But while we think we are, it's worth saying that the human race was born there. It developed culture there and then it spread. When you find this out, you're enraged about the white lies they call history, economics, philosophy, religion, the canon. You start again and you start from you.

And that's where the trouble creeps in. The matter of "you" and where "you" are. At the centre? Inside Asante's definitions? Headed "back"? Asante's homophobia, recently and unconvincingly recanted, exposes the problem of his Afrocentricity: "homosexuality and lesbianism

are deviations from Afrocentric thought because they often make the person evaluate his or her own physical needs above the teachings of national consciousness.”¹ Asante retracts his initial position on the basis that he now understands that homosexuality is not a choice. But his assertion of the individual’s subjection to the nation is there—or the supra-nation, as it were. You can see how the project of centralizing breeds gates, keepers, fallacies of purity, and oppressive prejudices.

In contrast, the ethos of anarchism has always seemed to me like something tyrants and aspiring tyrants would scoff at as impossible, but which has an in-built resistance to cultural centralization.

2

The problem with defining yourself by the centre is that you are working backwards. That which is earlier is supposed to be better. Because it was before the erasure, its reinscription is sacrosanct. This is a handy cudgel for authoritarians. Look to the Duvaliers in Haiti for Afrocentrism as policy, where it served to quiet social criticism, where it was at first used to smash the Left, and later to smash democracy altogether. Let them eat Egyptology.

Fanon exorcised all this in “On National Culture,” espousing an anti-colonialism that is a pragmatic synthesis of old and new in the form of a “fighting phase” of the culture.² Returning to previous traditions is no panacea. The modernity of Fanon’s position leaves room for social change and challenges to old thinking—in other words, Fanon’s position makes space for innovations that Fanon could not himself yet imagine. Ideas are not good just because they’re African. They are good if they lead to liberation.

And liberation always needs the future.

3

But I’m sympathetic to the project of Afrocentrism because it is indeed a correction of an unfathomably violent displacement. The best part of it is the spirit of correction and re-examination, and the possible creation of a more factual retelling of history, a recovery of Africa’s important roles. That part of the project is necessary and just.

Is “centrism” the best suffix for that though? Can the spatial metaphor be renewed?

1.
Asante, Molefi Kete, *Afrocentricity: The Theory of Social Change* (Trenton: Africa Research and Publications, 1989), 72.

2.
Fanon, Franz, *The Wretched of the Earth* (New York: Grove Press, 1968).

If Africa is the centre, and we are in a centrifuge, then two physical phenomena associatively show up: centripetal force and centrifugal force. The former is a real dynamic, and the latter is a subjective but fictitious *sensation* of force. That feeling when you're a passenger in a car that negotiates a roundabout—that feeling you are being pulled outward—is centrifugal force, and it's an illusion. What is actually happening is that you are feeling the tension that holds you to the centre, the friction of your weight in the seat. *That* force is real: centripetal force.

And it's an interesting metaphor for one whose relationship to Africa is compromised by the histories of slavery, repression, diaspora, mixed-race, adoption, whatever: what if the feeling that you are being pulled away is an illusion, and what you are actually feeling is the depth of the tension that holds you in connection? What if that tension can often feel like a pulling away even while it is actually an artifact of your inexorable link to legacies of descent?

Would this metaphor be healing? You're not being pulled away. But the effort to stay put *feels* like just such an anxiety.

You can put part of that burden down.
Afrocentripetalism is holding your connection as you round the corner.

I feel it in the poetry of May Ayim, mixed-race in Germany:

apart
 memories
 cheerful her face on his forehead
 painful german
 on his lips

apart
 forgotten
 her lips his face
 ache cheerfully
 african words

3.
 Ayim, May, *Blues in Black and White: A Collection of Essays, Poetry, and Conversations*, trans. Anne Adams (Trenton: Africa World Press, 2003), 42.

apart
 before they
 lost each other
 the daughter
 apart³

I feel it in the writing of Miali-Elise Coley-Sudlovenick, mixed-race in Canada: In her short film *Blackberries* (2021),⁴ the protagonist, Effie Andoh, is Inuit on her mother's side and Jamaican on her father's, like the author. The film centres on a visit to Nunavut where she goes berry picking with a cousin and begins to reconcile both parts of her heritage. Andoh notes that what are called "blackberries" there are called "crowberries" in BC, where she is from, and the way the same berries are coded by two different terms functions symbolically for Andoh herself. And it is interesting to note that Coley-Sudlovenick's choice of berry—from the *empetrum nigrum* shrub—is one of the most vastly dispersed fruits in the world, growing as far north as the Canadian Arctic and as far south as the Falkland Islands, carried from one extreme end of the globe to the other by birds in migration. The fruit, like the person, is here, with the knowledge that it is there too. Like the person, it spans hemispheres.

6

When as a young man of African descent I started to deliberately read books by black writers, I first obtained what was easiest to locate: African-American, Caribbean, and African writers, roughly in that order. Baldwin, Walcott, Achebe. I saw the ways the experiences there reflected me and didn't. So I deliberately looked for Black Canadian writers and found some: Dionne Brand, Dany Laferrière, George Elliott Clarke. Their responses to Canada were recognizable, but were also all written 4000+ kilometres east of my upbringing. When I became curious about black writing in BC, I realized a proper survey of it had never been done. So I did it. I published the anthology *Bluesprint* in 2001, gathering up samples of every black writer I could find who localized here, the subtitle being *Black British Columbian Literature and Orature*. All my literary projects have been motivated by a question, and the one that prompted that one was: how is black life and writing different here? I'm still working on the answer. But one result is that I've come to appreciate the question itself as holding one key: we are on the periphery of blackness. Africa is the centre. But Black American culture spreads more than other types of black culture because US cultural imperialism incidentally delivers it. As oppositional as Black American popular culture might often be to American imperialism, the fact is that representation of it does flow through Hollywood, the music industry, publishing, and nearly all variations of US "soft power."

4. Coley-Sudlovenick, Miali-Elise, playwright. *Blackberries*. dir. Alicia K. Harris, *CBC Gem* video, 12:35, 2021, <https://gem.cbc.ca/media/21-black-futures/s02e04>.

To much lesser degrees this is true of Caribbean and Black British culture, which are also black centres. It took a while for me to notice that while black life in Western Canada of course converses with these centres, it often *feels* in some ways closer to other peripheries. Reading work by Ayim and Coley-Sudlovenick has also led me to other peripheral authors of the black diaspora: Maxene Beneba Clarke (Australia), Johannes Anyuru (Sweden), Valena Hasu Houston (Japan). Though the countries they engage with are obviously different from Canada, their presence in a region no one would describe as a black centre is instructive, resonant, and curiously familiar.

7

So if the force you subjectively feel pulling you away is actually the force of tension keeping you connected—Afrocentripetalism—what describes the kinship of those whose black experiences are on the very edge of perception? I will say it is Afroperipheralism.

And I will suggest there is no need to create around it an ideology. It is not a return to a glorified past, nor is it the building of an alternative centre. It is an acknowledgment of a feeling. It is a method of validating a contradiction, a curious condition that suggests both absence and ubiquity at the same time. It is a way of celebrating the reality of decentralization. For this reason, it can't be said that Afroperipheral culture has common traits—in fact, it opens things up relentlessly. But what I think it offers, as a naming, is a self-awareness of how complex black systems of culture-making are. Out there on the edge, we relate to various dominant societies, autochthonous populations, fellow minorities, and each other. The centre is there, and the legacy holds. But we are here, and here is possible. Blackness can in this way be on every horizon at once.

Pages 15–19:
Laiwan, *AGILE*, 2021, found
dictionary pages, texts in English
and Chinese, correction fluid,
92 cm × 161 cm

In the mid-1980s I found a partial Chinese dictionary discarded in a dumpsite that has since become the Strathcona Community Gardens. *AGILE* emerged from the pages of this dictionary, each page representing a letter—A-G-I-L-E—which together form the word. It continues the ongoing project *dotting like flatheads: this is the English I learn*, started in 1996, where I use correction fluid—a tedious medium that dries quickly, not agile in the least—to “white out” a bulk of each page, leaving behind poetic fragments.

She always laughed at a good joke.

她聽到了好的笑話，總是愛笑的。

A great scholar is not always a very wise man.

大學者未必一定是極聰明的人。

A good man will not always prosper.

好人未必全會發達。

She always weeps when she hears such a story.

她聽到了這種話，總是愛哭的。

【辨】 *always, alway, ever.*

【作】 *I am a boy.* 我是一個男孩。

v. Sensations of pleasure *glide* into sensations of pain. 樂感化為憂感。
The stately swan *glides* gracefully on the pond. 英麗的天鵝在池上游泳着。

【作】the *glimmer* of distant lamps through the mist. 透過霧氣中的遠處的微微的燈光。
【辨】參看 light.

【作】n. There is not a *gleam* of hope. 毫無一線的希望。
a *sudden gleam* of light. 忽然的發光。

【作】to *glisten* with delight. 現出聯悅的光彩。

【作】 He had *impertinence* enough to.... 他竟敢無禮....

saucy, 無禮的. 慣熟的 (familiar) 用語, 有“無禮地大膽” (flippantly bold) 並藐視尊長的意味. 如: The girl tossed her *saucy* head. — W. M. Thackeray.

【作】 It is *implanted* in his bosom, in his mind. 它被深印在他的胸、腦中.

【作】 It is *impervious* to heat, light, water. 它不透熱、光、水。

【作】 A fresh *impetus* was given to.... 給...以一種新的刺激.

lik'en (lɪk'ən; 'laɪkən).

【解】v.t. ① 比較; 比擬. ② [罕] 使相似.

【作】Life is *likened to* a voyage. 人生好比航海.

【作】The child bears a great *likeness* to his father. 這孩子很像他的父親.

or liking for"的意味. 如: She must be very *fond of* you.

fancy, 愛好. 和 *love* 的意味相同, 今已廢而不用 (obsolete). 如: Do you *fancy* anything today? 還是對別人的用語, 是“你今天想喫點東西嗎?”的意味.

She was entertained with all kinds of delicacies, 她受款待以各種美味。

He entertained his guests very hospitably, handsomely, badly, poorly, 他款待他的客人很殷勤、豐厚、不好、菲薄。

【辨】參看 eager.
en-thu'si-as'ti-cal-ly (èn-thū'zì-ās'tì-
kəl-lì; in Gjuizi'entikoli).
【解】adv. 熱心地; 熱誠地。
en-tice' (èn-tis'; in tain).

【辨】參看 feast.
en-thrall', en-thrall', (èn-thrəl'; in-
Grod).

【作】She was carried away by her enthusiasm. 她熱心得發狂了。

JUST AN APPLE

From Issue 3.5 (Spring 2008): The Sharon Thesen Issue

it's the mind I want, like an apple—
childish
I've followed every great friend I've known—
Spicer, Duncan, Olson, Creeley
not to own it I would write it, having
slept too long,
The ferns dream as they return
to green out of winter
The streets shine
with oil-slick and rain I
wonder
That words wound,
splendid gifts of guilt and wit
night-birds, someone said, are
those men and women who try to force
their way into the reality of others
like
“Old Europe which endureth, parsed
by structuralists”
who don't know even the materiality
of language Pound said,
“you have to find it”
The structure—
of life which means— no longer
can philosophy find it. The
mental thing about it—

so we've gone from one thing
to another
the effort is moral—how
are you?

you can take it and
build a rock
(origins of the word unknown)
You'll wobble
unless you're the crust

of it

A version of "Just an Apple" appears as "IMAGE-NATION 18 (an apple)" in *The Holy Forest: Collected Poems of Robin Blaser*, ed. Miriam Nichols (Oakland: University of California Press, 2008), 249. Reprinted by permission of the estate of Robin Blaser and the University of California Press.

ARCHAEOLOGY

ARCHAEOLOGY: noun

ar·chae·ol·o·gy | \,är-kē-'ä-lə-jē \

variants: or archeology

- 1: a stratigraphic sampling from the groundwork of personal time

i) OCT '09 – MAR '10

On origins:

make nice with the river

Cells desiccate, dissolve, another year lost

Some are named for flowers,

the failure of morning to remain,

Victorian morals

and dead queens

In the dream I'm on a rural road

and take the ditch

Here is the working class,

a railway, an open museum

of creosote and timber

The topography was service

How viable a strategy

for me, a simple animal

Natura non facit saltum

ii) APR '10 – JUN '10

The orange canoe S sealed me into
X's voice is the creek by the baseball field
"I take the spatial concept of heaven seriously"
Red fibre and tallow in May
Succumb to rain and strangers
I assay in chemicals an ovum unknown
The river of stolen bicycles
and all the kittens of welfare

iii) SEPT '10 – OCT '10

Even the tree bristled a proxy for sheltered evening
The cause tumbled out into the grouping
The future was something liquid
and inert taking from its branches
Voltairine and the thermal husbandry
of subversion
Did the freakish ecology lift you?
Hunger. Cigarettes. Shiraz. Cymbalta.
I could lie in bed like Descartes
Sections of brainstem stained violet or aquamarine
I lulled within the fortune of your sorrow
then relived myself on your lawn.
In childhood
find a small rubber head
of a horse in the forest
working its way sideways
into the soil

iv) FEB '11 – AUG '11

"Death lines every moment of ordinary time,"
while on my own porch some days ago I said
aloud to myself, "platitude, portmanteau,
Jean-Jacques Rousseau."
Not all my shacks were oneiric, not all in summer
Small mammals along the narrow logging road
My mother sits by the stove smoking menthols
My grandfather tried to put out the fire
but the baby remained in the structure

v) APR '12 – AUG '12

"I only think as far as I read"
Intermedullary rod, plates, screws
—fixed to bones in my body that is a red couch

I pushed it through a hole in my jaw
Sic transit gloria mundi
immanentizing the eschaton
we, the siblings
born with bricks in our mouths

vi) 2012–2013

I'm just a tenant in the guide to semblance
If I am my own double-bind
“experience is a hoax”
who buried her children
the teacher stands at the chalkboard
the number 5 is a postman with a fat belly and cap
bones surfaced in the mud during flooding
mandibles loosened from skulls like a gasp of air
the silence was uterine
is this an Indigenous
or occidental dream?

vii) 2013–2014

We are all inevitably
interlocutors of the slaughter
Hear your clinic, hear it clear
I enter your book and someone laughs
A pile of sentences to bring in for the winter
Here is the neural tube foresting its moment
I understand now I must choose a shore to speak to
An unabridged conference call with the sky
Staging
Depths of field
Walking down the highway towards town
“Enter quickly, as I am afraid of my happiness.”
I've lost your address.
In any moment *I* is an iterative contingency.
The world has already destroyed me.
A lilac oratory.
I date myself.

BEACH ASSEMBLAGE, 2001

From Issue 2.36 (Winter 2002): Grief and Poetics*

On Beach Assemblage

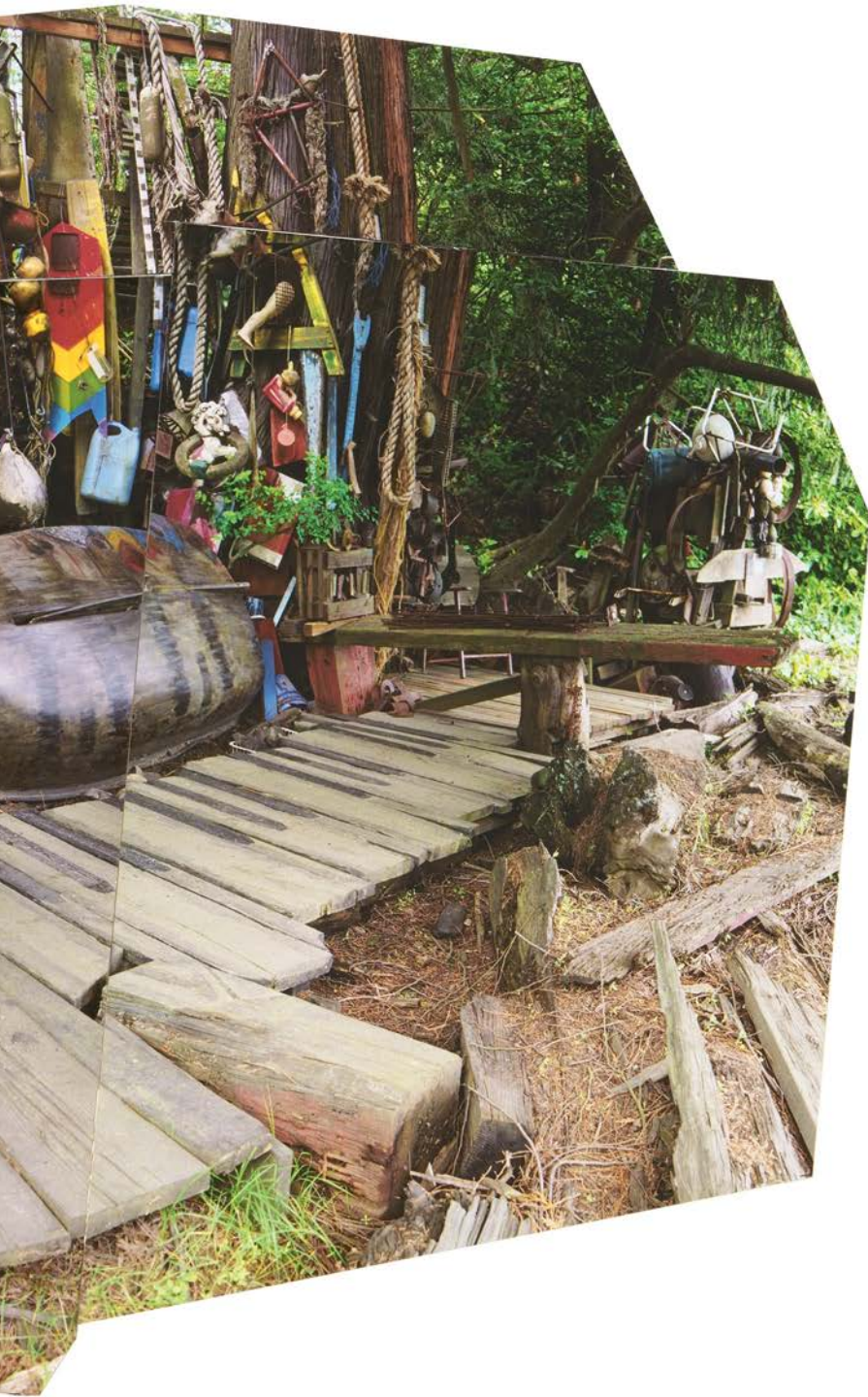
Beach Assemblage was put together over twenty-five years, and the process of adding to it each summer often led me to reflect on the footprint one leaves behind.

I never actually thought about what bulldozers can do.

The assemblage's history is that Al Neil started it in the early 1970s, and that section can be seen as the central part. Then, during my "residency" there, we worked on it together. There were many times when I recall standing precariously up the steep slope behind the whole thing with him down on the deck yelling up to me. "Put that piece twelve inches to the left!" he'd say. "But it won't go in that direction!" I'd holler back, our collaboration reaching its zenith.

Fifteen years on, Al felt less and less interested in adding to it, but we continued our discussions anyways about what piece would go where. Until finally the day came when I could go ahead on my own. I remember rushing into the cabin with the latest object that had floated in on the high tide and asking him where it should go. He looked up from his books and told me that I could go ahead and





put anything anywhere I liked from then on without any more of these confounding discussions. There was a distinct difference in our ages and our experience; I recall thinking at that point that I must have “passed.”

The deck was the third one built there, since they often took a beating during the winter high tides and sometimes drifted off. I built this one in my seventieth summer. It was made from short lengths of used 2×12s interspersed with 2×4s. In various places, the understructure was secured with 8-inch-long bolts. The curved area—with the help of some painting—was planned to look like an oversized keyboard, acknowledging AI’s accomplishments as a great pianist and exceptional performance artist.

The forty-five feet of the assemblage (I paced it off eventually) had a smaller part that wrapped around a cedar tree, though that part is not seen in this photocollage. The whole thing was situated under three giant cedar trees whose boughs draped over it. Even from a short distance away, the assemblage could not be seen by those walking along the beach.

When our Blue Cabin and its environs of assemblages were eventually discovered by Port Authority, there were extensive and productive actions taken by a consortium of arts organizations and philanthropists to relocate and preserve them. The Blue Cabin got saved. But to move this “beach assemblage,” nothing would work. There was an excruciating deadline to get that junk out of there too.

—Carole Itter, November 2021

*Photographic details from AI Neil & Carole Itter’s “Beach Assemblage, 2001” originally appeared in Issue 2.36 (Winter 2002): Grief and Poetics; the photocollage version of the same work published here, alongside Carole Itter’s note, is appearing for the first time. Special thanks to Alan Somerville at Fidelis Art Prints for the digital file. Courtesy of the artist Carole Itter.

Page 30:

Gailan Ngan, *Blob*, 2019,
53 × 48 × 51 cm, clay, slip, glaze,
lustre. Collection of the Vancouver
Art Gallery.

Page 31:

Gailan Ngan, *Moonlet 3*, 2019,
51 × 48 × 48 cm, clay, slip, glaze,
Site C clay chunk, lustre. Private
Collection.

All photos by Byron Dauncy.





BUREAUCRACY

there was permission in the envelope:

a conspiracy of syrup ,diminutive

still there was a structure to it *I don't know why*

I got kicked out every contusion

is like “civic” *do geese see*

god? the arrangement including a fluorescent light a
shadow a fly a window some trash *how many hours do you*
think he spent on his feet

a person *They drove the donkeys into the enclosure*

The fish enjoyed a nibble on the lettuce

He insists that he doesn't seek to disturb normal conditions
but to restore them spectators entirely ,

then a gleaming stew

it's true the family is in crisis *I get to do a variety of jobs*
like driving the Zamboni I like working with my coworkers

The Executive Decided To approve the Recognition of
Territories statement which was vetted by the Indigenous
community We are public servants because we choose to be
We can do this by not giving in to fear of difference but by
embracing our similarities

ballet is a dying art form the loops of triumphant
cleanliness

a gunnish finality the mother the mesh

of canadian beauty & of

canadian manliness *The mere appearance of this class of
labour*

red, as heraldic tincture but which

from the officers' perspective was

undetermined

Punjab came under British rule in 1849 she said only a mild
stomachache a moment of a shape of a moment an empty
constancy

the rehearsal which will not end *the idea appealed to his
sense of order* despite its sagging , straining contours *bar
an Arab borrow or rob*

the muscles in his leg had withered he rests

his stilts *Was*

It A Rat I

Saw? though a sleeping mound of wife ,

a field of palindromes

The italicized text in this poem includes direct quotations from the following sources: *The Oxford Dictionary of English*; *Report of the Royal Commission on Chinese and Japanese Immigration* (1902); British Columbia's police watchdog report on the murder of Kyaw Din, titled "In the matter of the death of a male while being apprehended by members of the RCMP in the City of Maple Ridge, British Columbia on August 11, 2019" and written by Chief Civilian Director Ronald J. MacDonald (2020); the January 2021 issue of CUPE Local 15's newsletter, *The Members' Voice*; an interview with Alexandru Macovei from the article "RainCity Housing: Playing an NGO's role in policing the poor" in *The Volcano* (2021); and various websites listing user-submitted palindromes.

BURNABY MOUNTAIN, LHUḲW'LHUḲW'ÁYTEN

Named for the peeling arbutus tree, LhuḲw'lhuḲw'áytén is a place where I have seen (and eaten) salmonberries, thimbleberries, oso plum, blackberries, and more. I've even seen a coyote and once, a bobcat near the Coast Salish Watch House, a twenty-minute walk from the Simon Fraser University campus on Burnaby Mountain.

The Tsleil-Waututh, the people of the inlet, did their own comprehensive environmental assessment of the Trans Mountain pipeline expansion in 2015, outlining the unacceptable risks associated with the project. There is no consent, and no social license, for expanding a pipeline that traps us into accelerating climate crisis.

Principled opposition to the pipeline expansion from people who understand its dangers has led to hundreds of arrests, including mine. Still, at a crucial moment, just as Kinder Morgan withdrew, putting the pipeline expansion into question, the federal government purchased the pipeline, using taxpayer dollars to bail out this American multinational corporation and usher us into a new phase of the petrostate.

The Tsleil-Waututh and Squamish Nations had illegitimate permits quashed by the Federal Court of Appeal in 2018. Canada threw more illegitimate permits around, removed the avenue of appeal, and continued their colonial bullying as usual, betraying our public interest while citing so-called “national interest.”

Canada is violating Indigenous law and natural law. Indigenous law was already here before newcomers arrived on these shores, and it respects natural law in a way that colonial laws are arrogantly and dangerously disconnected from.

The Coast Salish Watch House at the east gate of the Trans Mountain tank farm is guided by the Coast Salish law of Nawt'samat—one heart, one mind, one spirit—we are all related. Raised with blessings from Coast Salish Elders and the support of thousands of people who walked up to the mountain in March 2018, the Watch House is a reminder to align our spirits with natural law.

Years ago, I had the good fortune to hear Lee Maracle tell an audience at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre that when we are on Coast Salish land, we are Coast Salish citizens with a responsibility to respect this land and its original people, whether or not we understand this or have been taught this. We still have this responsibility. To me, this is natural law, this spiritual responsibility to care for that which gives us life. As Rueben George, manager of the Tsleil-Waututh Sacred Trust initiative, puts it, we have a reciprocal relationship with the land and water.

Another entry point into natural law is basic physics, chemistry, and biology, all of which are telling us to take climate destabilization seriously as a threat to life as we know it on this earth.

Unlike Canada, which is slipping and sliding all over its oily talk on reconciliation, I take the responsibility to be a good relative to the Coast Salish people seriously. The original peoples of this land have my respect. Unlike the pipeline and its pushers, this respect is something that cannot be purchased. It can only be freely given.

Thousands of trees that were needed to cool the city of Burnaby have already been clearcut in the last two years. Thousands more are in imminent danger of being killed, wrecking ecosystems that people have been trying to heal for decades, such as the Brunette River watershed. This is criminal negligence from a corporate-captured government that is leading us towards mass extinction more quickly through poor decision making.

A pandemic came to stop the madness, but Trans Mountain continued to push the pipeline anyways, violating

WorkSafe guidelines in their haste to destroy the land and spreading Covid-19 throughout its work camps.

I remember walking around the Burnaby tank terminal in 2018 and finding a flicker feather on the ground. Today, the flickers are long gone, pushed away by the din of heavy trucks and the loss of trees. I estimate that the average temperature along the Trans Mountain Trail has increased an average of two degrees due to the loss of tree coverage that used to cool the area. Noise levels these days are often through the roof.

Joggers, dogwalkers, and elementary school kids go past this suburban sacrifice zone day after day. Cognitive dissonance becomes normalized as trucks cart out dead trees and dirt that used to help keep the mountain alive and safe for the children to breathe its fresh air.

Up north, vicious rare cancers continue to spread in the communities poisoned by the tar sands.

Down south, the inlet remains in peril, as does the ocean that could acidify even faster if this pipeline expands.

The tree that used to house a red-tailed hawk's nest—gone.

Thousands of cedars gone in the last couple of years. Trucks taking them away, hiding the evidence of what the mountain once was. Turning what had been healthy soil into erosion and barren concrete disaster.

Eagle Creek used to gurgle down the mountain, swelling with rain and thinning with sun, buried into a culvert in the tank farm. Silent as dry death.

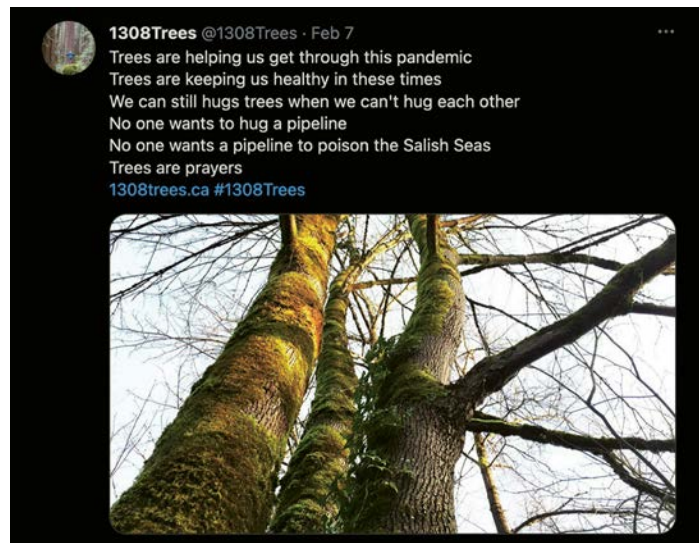
A pipeline expansion is a death trap, a one-way ticket to mass extinction. Even the Burnaby Fire Department has pointed out that, in the event of an accident or explosion, residents of Burnaby, including Simon Fraser University students, staff, and faculty, will be in immediate peril. Trudeau throws millions at Burnaby for a new fire hall so that some Liberal MPs can get re-elected in 2021, but fails to stop the threat at its source: the carbon bomb that no one can afford to be extracted from the tar sands.

Throughout the pipeline route, resistance remains strong in spirit. Secwepemc land defenders uphold their responsibilities to care for the land. Coldwater stands

guard for sacred rivers. The Tiny House Warriors rise up against invasive man camps. Courageous twin sisters stand against the twinning of the pipeline, holding up their family legacy to unsettle Canada.

They threaten to jail us for caring for the land, while they turn a blind eye to their violation of Indigenous law and natural law. Natural law is the bottom line, after all—not the imaginary profits that will never come to pass once this pipeline becomes a stranded asset. The petrostate stinks more and more.

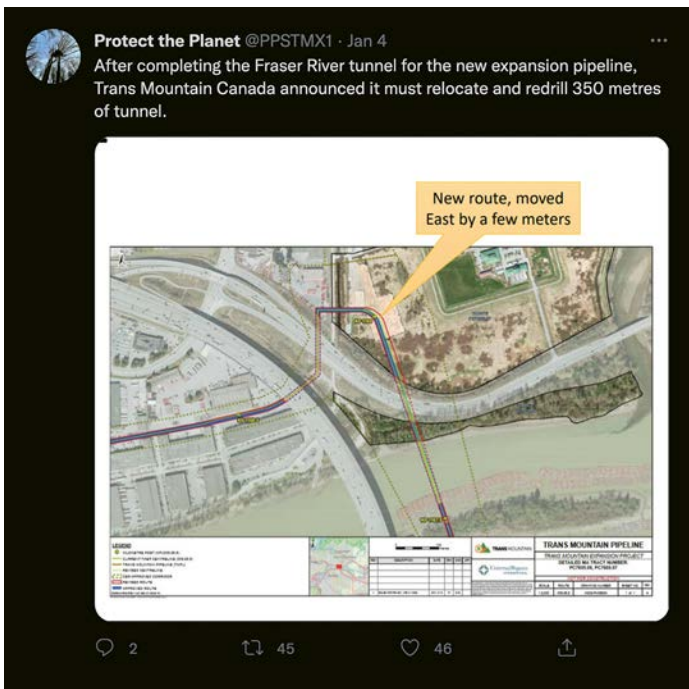
Injunctions are a racist tool of a racist state that prioritizes corporations and compulsive resource extraction rather than the multitude of kindred lives held sacred by Indigenous land protectors.



Prayer doesn't mean you stop trying everything else. If anything, you try everything, and more, by:

- Organizing to deny the social license for expanding pipelines that lock us into climate crisis and supporting fossil fuel divestment campaigns
- Making art to stop the pipeline. See the film *Coextinction* (2021) for instance
- Reaching hearts and minds through social media and storytelling. See Kayah George's articles in *Teen Vogue* (www.teenvogue.com/story/banks-fund-climate-change)

- Occupying trees (see www.stoptmx.ca)—Thank you to those courageous souls who have spent many months up in the trees, preventing them from being clear-cut
- Bird watching (thank you hummingbirds & Community Nest Finding Network—www.theguardian.com/world/2021/apr/28/canada-hummingbird-halt-construction-pipeline)
- Monitoring the destruction inflicted by the pipeline and holding TMX accountable to the 156 conditions the Canada Energy Regulator is failing to enforce. When loopholes happen (as they do all the time), remind them that they are repeatedly and systemically violating regulations and bylaws. See for instance www.mountainprotectors.org and www.1308trees.ca
- Lobbying MPs and the federal government to stop the pipeline expansion. Don't let Prime Minister Trudeau and the Minister of Environment get away with greenwashing this acceleration toward mass extinction
- Proposing ideas to turn the tank farm into infrastructure that actually addresses the climate emergency. Those tanks could be repurposed as anaerobic digesters for instance (see www.ecogas.co.nz in Auckland, turning food waste into biofuel and fertilizer)



- Going to court, even doing jail time to show the injustice of this colonial system
- And more . . . Offer whatever gifts and skills you can. Your ideas and actions are welcome and needed here

After drilling under the Fraser River to expand the pipeline, Trans Mountain announced in January 2022 that it had to relocate and redrill 350 metres of tunnel (www.stoptmx.ca). Threatening the river's health with its trial-and-error approach and disregard of its own consultants' advice, Trans Mountain has submitted a request to the Canada Energy Regulator (CER) to *expand* its drilling. Despite sinkholes, flood damage, and other dangerous signs, the CER rubber-stamped Trans Mountain's threat to the river, yet again endangering the river and all the lives that depend on it.

Instead of stopping this violence and reckless refusal to respect Indigenous knowledge, Justin Trudeau threw \$30 million at the City of Burnaby for a new fire hall to clean up the mess if an oil storage tank on Burnaby Mountain's tank farm explodes. But there isn't enough money in the world to protect Burnaby residents from disaster, or to clean the Salish Sea if a tanker leaks. Just ask the folks in Alaska after the Exxon Valdez disaster (see Riki Ott's *Not One Drop*).

When so-called government leaders fail us, we must still protect the land.

How many floods, forest fires, and heatwaves does it take for people to learn to listen to and respect the land? To remember our first mother, the earth, lays down the law that matters.

Natural law is more powerful than boom-and-bust, human-made power trips. I am grateful to live in a place where Coast Salish ancestors have the first word and will have the last word:

Nawt'samat.

Alki nesaika wawa wegt bymby! Jay Powell says

soon we will talk again by 'n by (maybe) in a little while
but behind this I was younger I understand now half as much
then wait that was long ago the more we cut through
the less we change already my death is my own time not yet verbed
understood to be natural eventually I will know this elastic forest so you say
some long time ago even next week I will understand the numbers
and the location and I'll go there in the story alongside the river by-and-by
if it's indicative maybe we will go in my boat before noon I was younger
now I feel strong just another older brother spelling has never had anything to do with it
or has it there are rules which may not be easy to comprehend also
keep it simple row row if it's a canoe remember

2

41

remember how the noon sun smells remember the future
 look both ways for trains and listen to the signal's insistent clanging clanging
 the rule is similar far means near "undeclared enigmas / wander
 bumpy and / flecked" betwixtuation's disobedience
 between two tracks the hyphen lies
 so then ramble if "you think we'll be able to" and know the line is a cycle too
 creosote fringing the tracks brink of the river slope wait
 and wait the density bogs all summer long here and there
 coincident barking distant barking
 a laminated panorama a circle clanking walking into town
 as if living there was only on one side and we had to be between here and there
 the rare seam of graphite shining what will then
 this and that sings the interval we want "to hear that sound again . . . especially that bump"
 jack into the meantime no diff the rendering of the interval in that photo was soot
 it was black and daytime neon along the tracks residue
 and connections to navigate the light we fished through the open doors of the creek
 could hear the neighborhood but I would fall asleep again
 at dawn I'd wake to the sound of an incessant siren a reminder that kept reminding
 when is never the same place again standing in the doorway is such a struggle
 but a gate would help could be a different marker to the untrained eye
 a side-to-side door history had already done the really messy work
 bymby I would have to go to work again but the interval remained the same
 so the stage is mass poetry's mess augmented a raw bardo
 just passing through a perfect 4th at the same time I could hear its regularity

habit hadn't come to work yet overtime the town spills
 the edge is garbage contained by the thingness of place memory
 he sd is a kind of a hulk a chain
 or a balloon wafting over two steel tracks not the caboose but what's after

3

Two Places at Once! Marian Penner Bancroft says

When Osprey arrived in April the geese were in the water and shitting all over the beach. To be expected, the sticks and moss of last year's nest on the piling had been mostly kicked away by the Brants using it for their spring hatch. But now, getting ready for their own spring breeding, the two raptors were confused about which partially ruined nest to rebuild, last year's or, on a nearby piling, the one from two years ago. The notion of an unformed time, through which *habit* can be read backwards, relies on the transfiguring capacity of the mind. "Something equal" also poses the question "what's next." Osprey cannot but double up and bring new sticks and moss to both old nests. But there is a timing problem that then gets codified by intention. Two nests at once, an "impossible stratagem" for birthing and raising a couple of chicks before it's time to leave in September. Biding the time between the pilings of design and our "recurring hills of sleep," all of us along the lakeshore (the birds and fish, the backhoes, the ferry and the ambulance) keep in mind the puncta of power lines and telephone poles. The horizon and the moon. This little while is experienced as location. And memory. A gift, not a clock. Caught between two nests, Osprey is betwixt and in the by and by not oblivious to the wind talking, tugging, gathering and releasing. In this between place we can all witness

the accumulation of presence, the braiding of seeds. The hours are not equal. The horses,
the barn, etc. Nor the nests. The two delays the one, the once. Circle over the lake, float
slowly round and round, hover, turning turning—by ‘n by . . . bymby . . . by m by

Jay Powell is a recognized Chinook Wawa expert who lives in Vancouver. The second section was written in response to Mark Soo's exhibition at the Surrey Art Gallery entitled *Twilight on the Edge of Town*, on view from April 17-June 6, 2021. The quoted text is from *Poetic Realism* by Rachel Blau Duplessis (BlazeVOX, 2021) and *Two Places at Once: Transfigured Wood Part 4* by Marian Penner Bancroft (Western Front, 1986). The term "betwixtuation" is a coin by Minneapolis poet Elizabeth Workman.



Page 45:

Rebecca Brewer, *Scrim: Dagger* (detail), 2019, silk gauze, wool, ball chain, alligator clips, 335 x 113 cm.

Page 46:

Rebecca Brewer, *Scrim: Tweaker* (detail), 2019, silk, wool, ball chain, alligator clips, hooks, 262 x 99 cm.

Page 47:

Rebecca Brewer, *Scrim: Mayhem*, 2019, silk, wool, ball chain, alligator clips, hooks, 272 x 99 cm.

Page 48:

Rebecca Brewer, *Scrim: Dagger* (detail), 2019, silk gauze, wool, ball chain, alligator clips, 335 x 113 cm.

Page 49:

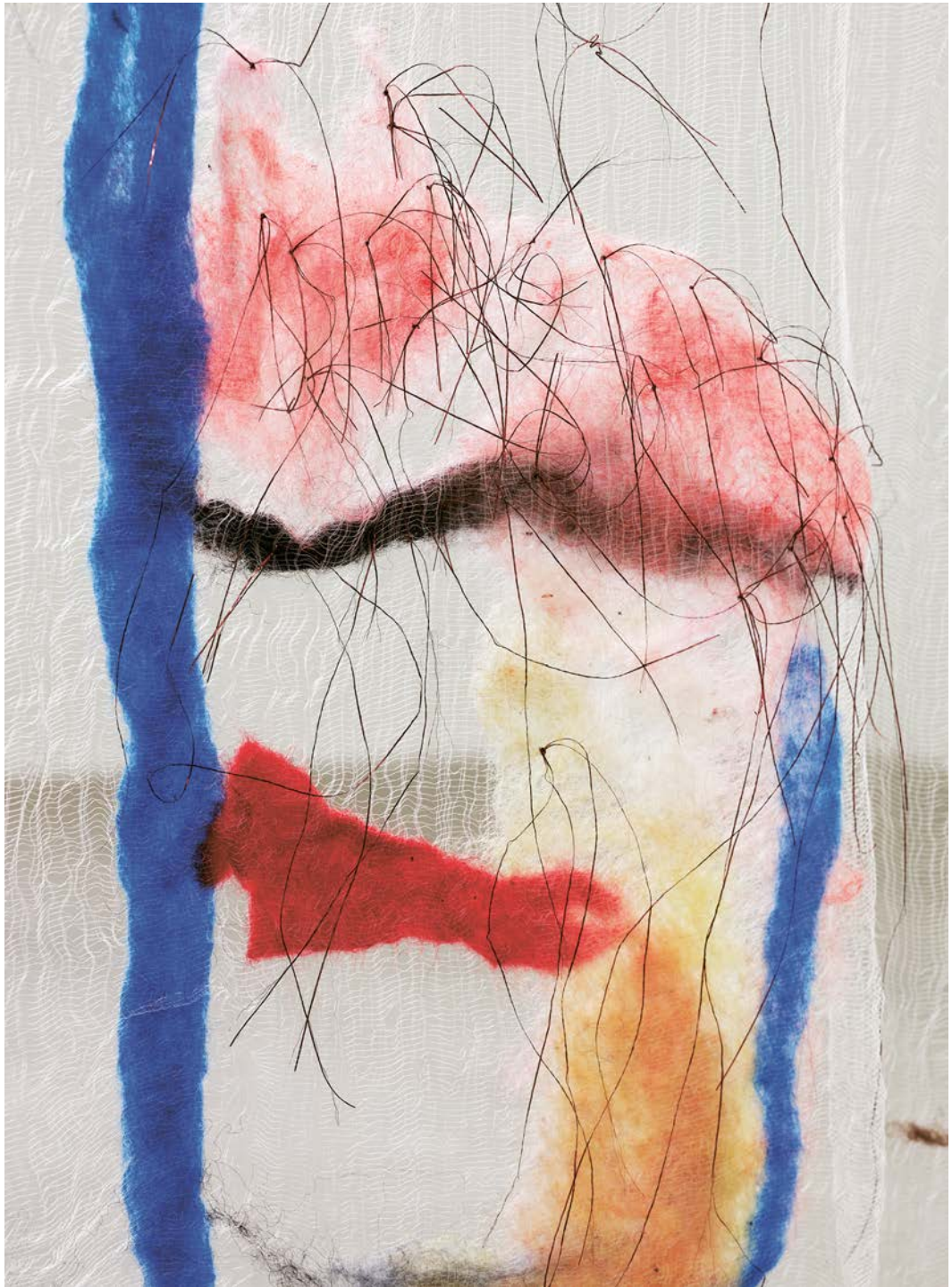
Rebecca Brewer, *Scrim: Mayhem* (detail), 2019, silk, wool, ball chain, alligator clips, hooks, 272 x 99 cm.

All photos by Rachel Topham Photography. Courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver.









A is brown . Arthur is my father . Brown is Michael's favourite colour .
 B is light pink . C is gray like a sky could be . D is a blue sentence .
 E a yellow pencil . F is herringbone tweed . or black with brown in it .
 or brown with black in it . G is almost purple and electric . H is green
 with the thickness of leaves . I is clear right through .
 J is Spanish yellow . K is deeply pink . L is like the inside of a grape
 fruit . M and N are slate . flat as that . O is the inside circle
 which is white . a very black circle encloses it . P is yellow.
 I mean like marigolds . Q is transparent but with a
 thickness as of several sheets of acetate . R is red,, of course , carmine
 or alizarin crimson . or Roses . or cadmium . S is a river . T
 is iron . U is the colour of brass , but in nylon . V is aluminum. W
 is wood . X is concrete . Y is a crooked letter . Z

is
 a saw
 in
 a log.

CRYSTAL

I speak of bare stones—fascination and
glory!—that both hide and yield up a
mystery, slower, more immense and
more profound than the fate of a short-lived
species.

—Roger Caillois, *The Writing of Stones*

What I have always found most beautiful in the theatre,
in my childhood, and still today, is *lustre*, —a beautiful
object, luminous, crystalline, complex, circular,
symmetrical.

—Charles Baudelaire, *Intimate Papers*

First, the quality of transparency, especially related to
vision and appearance. Water can be crystalline, as is the
cornea of the animal eye.

Then, regular geometrical form. Geometry is not fantasy.
It appears spontaneously in earth.

Next, inner regularity: a crystal is composed of stacked
particles. The regularity is internal as well as external.
The visible surface of the crystal expresses the system of
the internal packing of the particles.

Most non-living matter is crystalline. The crystal describes the qualitative atomism of matter. This is the fourth attribute of crystals: atomist accretion.

Five times in the first two books of *De rerum natura*, the atomist poet Lucretius compares the arrangement of atoms in an object to the arrangement of letters in a word. *Mater* and *terra* share the same letters. “Position” he says, “marks the difference in what results.”¹

A word is a crystal that reconciles a set of alphabetic entities which themselves can contribute in differing sets and sequences to any other word.

Aggregates and combinations of molecules or atoms are called *concillia*.

Poetry, always a cosmological proposition, is natural philosophical method. The poem introduces the problem of time into the *concillia*.

The crystal, by means of atomic orderliness at various scales, suggests the tiny worlds within visible worlds. It is theatrical. The tiny worlds are discerned by close visual scrutiny, sometimes with the aid of imaging technology, by intellectual imagination, by careful reading, and by cleavage.

When the amethyst geode breaks open a hidden small world shatters into the larger visible world revealing the co-existence of nested worlds.

Tininess, says Charles Bunn, incites the “warmth of meaning.” The effort required from a layman to understand the very small produces this warmth, and without it “we are in danger of being imprisoned in our own scale of being.”²

André Breton’s wall of salvaged works and objects; Margaret Cavendish’s vast collection of gemstones and curiosities; George Sand’s amethyst geode; Clark Coolidge’s singular quartz divinatory device; CAConrad’s shamanic distribution of tiny crystals meant perhaps to be swallowed to inaugurate a healing, a protection, a knowing; Ian Hamilton Finlay’s inscription of smooth galettes; J. H. Prynne’s crystalline syntax; Robert Smithson’s crystal lattices: pebbles, pebbles, pebbles.

1. Lucretius, *De rerum natura*, trans. W.H.D. Rouse (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1924), II. 1022.

2. Charles Bunn, *Crystals, Their Role in Nature and in Science* (New York: Academic Press, 1964), 17.

However, Esther's Leslie's crystals flow, as does this screen whereupon I write.

Liquid crystals are the contemporary sublime.

Borges said he was afraid of crystals. Because I am afraid of time, I myself am repeatedly afraid to write.

Where the liquid crystal moves between states, courting formlessness, the solid crystal is an aggregation of formal discretion, of potential cuts and differentiations: the cut is the temporal conjugation of the present with the past, or the future.

The liquid crystal conjugates vision with the tactile, surface with depth. "Volcanic action threw out a diamond from four hundred miles within the earth to a shallow riverbed in Brazil and tests found that 1.5 per cent of its weight is water."³

In Deleuze's view, the crystal image enfolds the actual and the virtual. "What the crystal reveals or makes visible is the hidden ground of time, that is, its differentiation into two flows, that of presents which pass, and that of pasts which are preserved." Time in the crystal is simultaneous and split.⁴

The split of the crystal is the caesura. It's interior to time.

Clark Coolidge mostly situates the split at the end of the line. Rime might call back or ahead to reveal the hidden parts of the thought. Or there may be a clear statement about an obscure cognitive perception originating in the quartz:

3.
Esther Leslie, *Liquid Crystals: The Science and Art of a Fluid Form* (London: Reaction Books, 2016), 262.

4.
Gilles Deleuze, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta, *Cinema 2 : The Time Image* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1989), 99.

5.
Clark Coolidge, *The Crystal Text* (Los Angeles: Sun and Moon Press, 1995), 139.

"The point at which the crystals grow small enough the turn is away. I could not look at that rate of returned attention to results of saturation, the bend in the glass, the levels of reshuffled breath spurned me. I will return only at termination of such knowledge."⁵

Depending on the composer's cognitive relationship to the caesura, the crystal can be clearer or discontinuous. Mr. Prynne puts the cut into the phoneme, amplifying meaning's refraction:

“Latent discontinuous along host planes, sum
Weight retort friction; start from single
Crystal hub knot omitted, strict. Impulsive
Site bellweather corrie sold salute, mutation.”⁶

George Sand breaks open the amethyst geode and love
appears; the split is a narrative event originating in a
fractured image:

“While absentmindedly touching a stone in the form
of an egg upon which my hand happened to find itself,
I let it drop. It broke into two fairly equal pieces which
I hastened to gather up, while asking the merchant to
excuse my clumsiness.”⁷

Look, crystal: clarity, vision, surface, geometry as
geology, internal regularity, a conciliation of aggregates,
tiny worlds, scalar interaction, shattering, facets, the
cut, flow, time. And: at different scales, change differs in
kind.

Inside the crystal, time faces its own incoherence. That’s
what a world is.

“You see here, on the other slope of the vast crystal, the
charming world of jaspers with changeable veins. No
cataclysm has sullied and buried, beneath barbarous
mixtures and brutal confusions, these magnificent and
patient works of nature. While, in our small troubled
world, revised a hundred times, the gem is smashed,
dispersed, hidden in a thousand dark and unknown
places, here it shines out, it sparkles, it reigns over every
part, pure and fresh, and truly royal as in the first days of
its happy formation.”⁸

The idea is not a destination. The crystal is not a
destination. We don’t move towards it, but within it, at
once shining and dispersed, sullied and fresh.

Within the crystal, what is movement? Now I, as if a vein,
must move within the crystal.

The seductive supposed clarity of the crystal, its
revelation of visible interiority, its shattering visual
conundrum, fogs up. Gazing into the crystal’s facets, one
palpates the impossibility of vision. One is called to an
opacity. Speech begins here where vision stops; averted,
nested, spurned, flowing and mutated: a melted sum.

6.
J.H. Prynne, *Torrid Auspicious
Quartz* (Cambridge: Face Press,
2020) unpaginated.

7.
George Sand, *Laura: Voyage dans
le cristal* (my translation) (Paris:
Pocket Classiques, 2004), 19.

8.
Ibid., 37.

Page 56:

Jin-me Yoon, *Rubble*, 2020,
inkjet print, 66.65 × 55.32 cm.
Photo by Noel Bégin.

Page 57:

Jin-me Yoon, *Hey You, Ya You!*
(*Jimmie Yoo*), 1991/2016, silver
gelatin print, 41.9 × 36.2 cm.
Photo by Paul Litherland.





DETRITUS

1

Is it true that we're built for metamorphosis? In Philadelphia, pausing above his plate of Salisbury steak, Samuel Delany said (when asked): "The chrysalis breaks apart to form the wings." Intact, the image of a wooden floor came into my mind, luminous and gritty with everything that sloughs off: skin cells, tatters of lime-green silk, sawdust the colour of hay. Back to the meat.* Yes, something has happened and there's no way not to know that it has.

*On the corner of Lansbury Drive was a butcher's shop. The floor was swept each morning, then covered with a thick layer of sawdust. My father preferred the feathery, hand-sliced ham with the boundary of fat around it, like a frill. I am not sure how a person like my father, the son of a priest, became a non-vegetarian. Answer: war. His father died of an overdose at forty-five. How? I am descended from murderers, on my father's side. Hope nobody ever reads this. So unlikely. Let's keep going. Is the detritus what the book excretes?**

What receives the blood? I'm no George Saunders, but I, too, spent twenty years teaching a variant of a seminar on narrative and architecture.* Each semester, I invited an architect and a poet, or a builder and a novelist, to be in conversation. Once, I sewed them together, with red thread I'd brought with me to class. How will they go to the toilet? How will they separate when it's time to leave? The question about the blood came from one of these seminars. Afterwards, I drove home to the usual revolting chaos, at odds with the elegance of such a thought.

***In Jaipur, I visited a bridal chamber. The walls and the ceiling were embedded with tiny mirrors. A candle was lit and then the doors were closed. We were surrounded, or so it felt, by a thousand stars. This is beautiful, or was, except of course if you are the bride, which is to say, in the era in which this chamber was in use, a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old girl.

2

How will you collect the detritus?**** Then make something. From that.

3

Detritus has no identity. It has no presence. It does not have relentless qualities, qualities that we might describe as “real” or “less than real.” Is this true? I am thinking of the swarming, inky municipal dump by the Kashmir Gate, larger than a small hill, and volatile. Seams of milk-red flame cutting through its fizzy surface, here and there.

When the lights go out, the detritus is illuminated from within, by social bacteria that produce their own energy. An eerie glow. In this sense, detritus is displaced by its counterpart, electricity.

Is detritus the way we distinguish between the body and the building?

I asked you to build a bridge by destroying it first, as my uncle did, in the 1980s, when he worked as a civil engineer in Iraq. So, did you destroy it?

4

The “abyss between sentences,” as Gail Scott said, decontextualized.

5

Antlers, acrylic. ****I’m trying to make a list of everything we discarded, precisely because it did not leave a trace.

6

I trained myself, after each performance, to analyze its detritus. Rose petals (Tucson), soot (Winterpark), chunks

of dirt from the parking lot (Jackson Hole), charcoal on a white sheet (Seattle), paper (Los Angeles), blood (Boulder). I studied the stains, traces, and remnants as a form of divination, though the word “divination” does not occur once in the culture that I am from. Think through the charnel ground instead. Study the ash. Can we read the fingernail or vertebra, the cloud in the sky? Incarnation is pre-emptive. Writing these words, I recall waiting for my uncle on the ghat, blocked from approaching the pyre itself. Girlhood is pernicious. ***** Nevertheless, when a cobra slipped across my little brown foot, I did not flinch or move. Now I can tell you your future, said my uncle. And he did.

7

In the same way that the fragment was a unit of transformation, detritus became a source of shame once it constituted the bulk of what it was I wanted to say, or could. There’s more I could say about this, but I think it will have to wait until I come to Vancouver. Do you remember when I came to Vancouver, and vomited all over my room at the Sylvia Hotel? I had contracted norovirus on the plane from Denver. It was awful. In border control on the way home, I felt so weak I did not immediately understand that the man standing next to me was Gene Simmons, and that the people with him—all in black leather, and talking too loudly for the context, an airport line—were his entourage. Something else I remember was the kindness of the women in the workshop I gave on the last morning of my visit, in a space called The Big Room in Chinatown, having missed my own reading the night before. The door was locked and so we made use of the corridor as our venue, the place where we belonged and that we might then analyze. In the lunch break, the writers returned with warm steamed buns, dumplings, seaweed, nuts, and figs from the market below, placing them on a communal table. Thank you, I said, after my first, experimental nibble. I remember the green boots of the poet who placed a cup of tea in my hands. Perhaps I was looking down. ***** Perhaps I was on the floor. Later that day, at the symposium itself, a man stepped over me with a snort of disgust. “Are you *comfortable*?” In that moment, I understood his displeasure but did not have the strength to explain myself. Gail Scott was reading from *The Obituary*. She said: “A body with certain features, bleeding . . . it’s hard to do this in contiguous sentences.” And: “The space between subject and object is closed up.” Yes. It was.

I DIGRESS

"We are creatures of digression."
— Jaspreet Singh

under soil cover
roots web to surface blue
peri's around

winkling a way up

tenders a petal tender
untoward

[splash of water on page
[actual

accident, what is?

so i digress
stray extend around

late mourning lines for
earth's wreckage

digging it up
oil drill seismic elephant footing

this web outreach

toughing it up
under green blue sensate

yes & no
egress from this
tangle

branchlets away from

simply to go transgress
you snail-like

vinca binding or some say creeping
myrtle hardy (mirthful
(hardly . . .

periwinkle blue fashion

I digress, I fictitious in face of
this

to weed : to will

some other design over
blue upstart communal
tracery

out of air [earth]
unseen roots and branches of
sense

where Duncan's monarchs sailed
over *flowery markets*
since fallen

yet to inscribe, persist in
this mesh this broken
-ness

If the ear speaks, it is she.

My mother calls me jungle when I cut my own hair,
refusing to be a girl on the verge of thirteen. Wild.
Untameable. From an imaginary jungle. Months ago,
I learned that jungle was a slur used by the British in
India. I made a note and lost the note I made. Trying to
remember it now, I think of the sound my skin makes
when it's tanned. When it pales. There is a being who can
listen to the light rising and setting. Frequencies emitted
by the sun when it dips into the seam of ocean and sky.

⌋

If the ear speaks, she is forgetting.

⌋

First night at my parents' house after ten years. An hour
into dream, I'm convinced we are caught in a riot, that
a war encroaches. We must get out. I follow a tattoo of
gunshots. A whistling hole through glass. Thick thud
against metal. A banging into wood. Booming in the
hollow. I wake and someone slaps their feet on the tile,
finishes the rhythm. One-two. I feel blown out. Tired.

}

If the ear speaks, she is a repeater.

}

East Vancouver. I am sick from another contagion, porous through the walls. My neighbours, eavesdropping. If I wash my hands, they run the tap. If I crack open a can, they crack one too. One of them outside my window. Lips pressed against the sill. "I want to see you." This can't happen to me again. But it does. I am being stalked. I pee without making a sound. I wake with an inch of light. I see them on the street and pretend to speak into my phone. I fantasize a thick red house. Reams of glue between bricks, blocking the air. Not a sound. I am so disgusted, I cry. So angry, a hot knot twists inside my brain. I have been told I have the gene for misophonia. I have been told I have perfect pitch. I have been told I may be autistic.

}

If the ear speaks, she is leaving.

}

I'm ten years old. We pass kebabs across the dinner table. Grandpa and me quiet as shells. I place my fingers over my ears, over the cartilage flap called the tragus. Press hard until we're giggling underwater. Then I bend. Press the red button on the stereo by my feet. The tape glides into light. Dad's adventures in traffic. Grandpa betting on horses. Grandma's news from mosque. An incomprehensible need. To save the voices of my family, to listen, over and over again. Words eclipsing and total, even now.

}

If the ear speaks, she is joy.

}

Thusly they burnished their reputations, unburdening the hours—striped socks crumbled on the floor, a joint perched between fingers—

It wouldn't be easy, they were reminded.

It would take several months of dreams coalescing into a heavy golden silence in their chest. Several months of dreaming the suffering beloved crouching wounded behind a couch or howling numb-fingered in the wet blue ice of a mountaintop—

It's never easy. It's very difficult to even approach these shifts with anything like ease.

They make a counselling appointment, then cancel it, then make another one, then cancel it too. Perhaps they imagine their therapist crunching an apple in their absence, contemplating their neuroses—but this is just another fantasy, like the lover on the hill ravaged equally by circumstance and his own painful choices.

They didn't leave any paper in the future, and the past—

A flood dissolved their cache of books with something like ease.

The shimmering koi surfaced to eat the bright orange pollen with its ever-gulping mouth.

They were not about to give up on this difficulty.

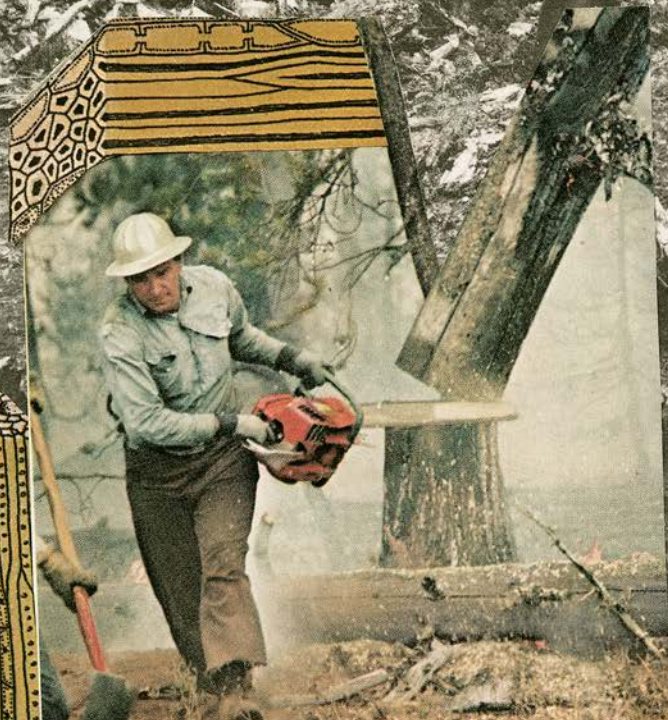


Pages 68–69:
Christos Dikeakos, *Ecotopia*, each
41 × 51 cm, 1985–ongoing, black
and white photocollage with colour
inserts.

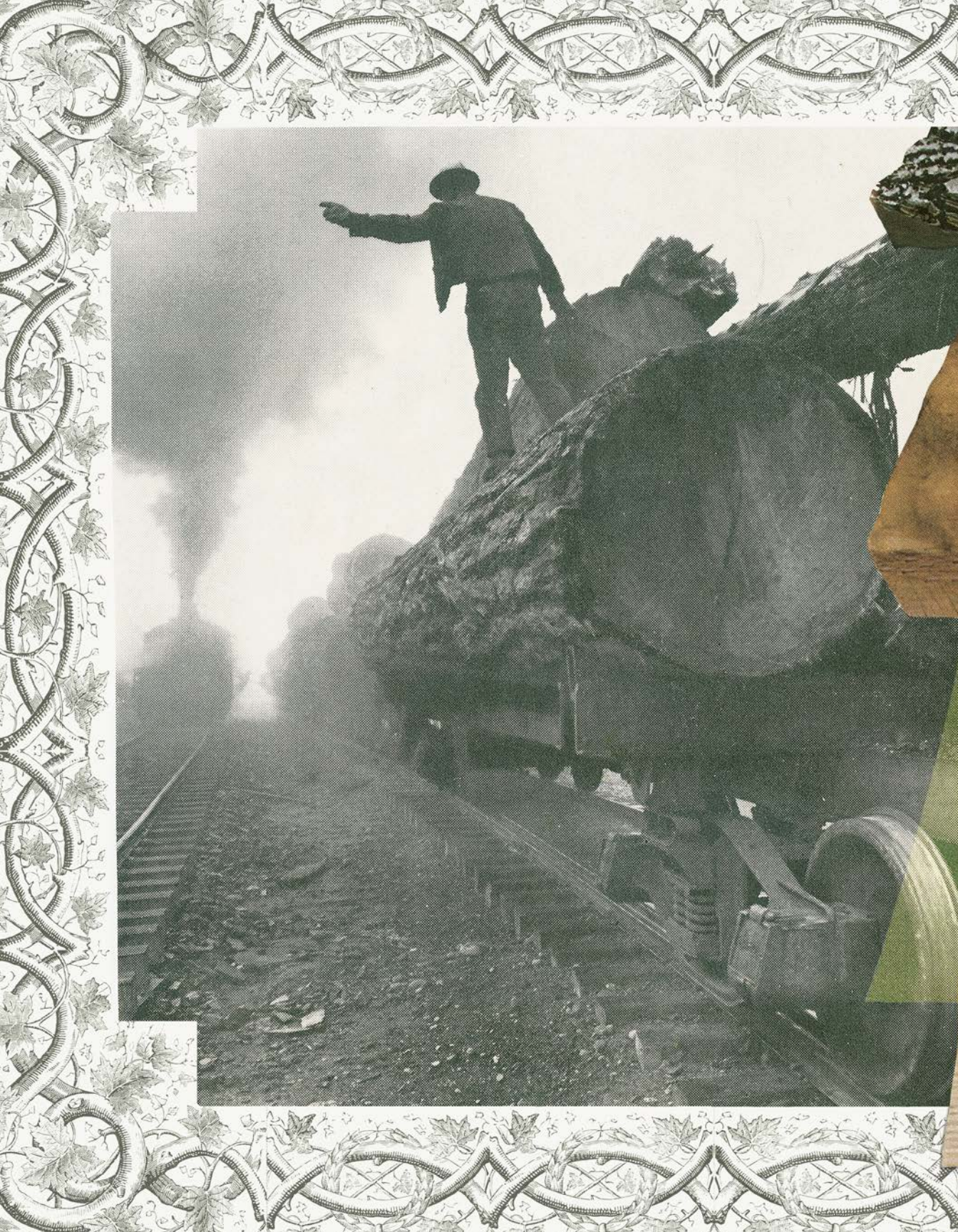
Ecotopia is an ongoing photocollage series examining the fictional utopian secessionist state of “Ekotopea,” located on the West Coast of continental Canada and the United States. This series marks a departure from my conceptual approaches to photography, veering into a process of speculative and imaginary inquiry. In collage, one becomes sensitive to play, intuition, and the gifts of chance, and it is through these free associations that one recognizes the random principle that governs life.

Over the years I have accumulated storage boxes full of magazines, books, company brochures, and instructional manuals from the West Coast forest industry, as well as 1960s ecological photobooks of the Pacific Northwest Coast known as Cascadia. These are the raw materials for the idea-driven image and text collage portfolio, engaging complex cultural, political, environmental, and historical ecologies. The two photocollages shown here date from the late 1980s and take up the theme of what I call “The World Eaters,” referring to the natural resource extraction of Cascadia and the larger North American configuration of Ecotopia.

This work acknowledges the many voices and points of view that I have listened to over the last fifty years of *The Capilano Review*, including those of Bill Bissett, Robin Blaser, Colin Browne, Clint Burnham, Pierre Coupey, Marcia Crosby, Daphne Marlatt, Al Neil, Fred Wah, and Jerry Zaslove.









EQUITY

The Shell Game

is equity intentionally ironic
hiding in inclusive language
bearing the mark of the woke
it wraps itself in the soft wool of sheep
when it is really a brillo pad
scrubbing shame from institutions
that invest in lawyer-laden secrecy
that use “do not disclose” methods
to silence dissent

the same tactics used within families
where suppression camouflaged as love
binds together generations
leaving those seeking equity
with their hands out begging for fairness
that never comes but is posted
on websites filled with promises of inclusion
while hidden in the fine print
of what is never said
but everyone knows...

some are considered more deserving

few will admit equity is a game of hide and seek
those with offshore accounts
named philanthropists
crystal wine glasses in hand, gifted
with gold-watch thank yous
everyone bowing down to their generosity
while the marginalized, the underrepresented
prepare and serve their food, clean their houses

keep their secrets

A Small Voice Within the Echoes of Equity

“The patterns of the universe repeat at scale. There is a structural echo that suggests two things: one, that there are shapes and patterns fundamental to our universe, and, two, that what we practice at a small scale can reverberate to the largest scale.”

—adrienne maree brown, *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*

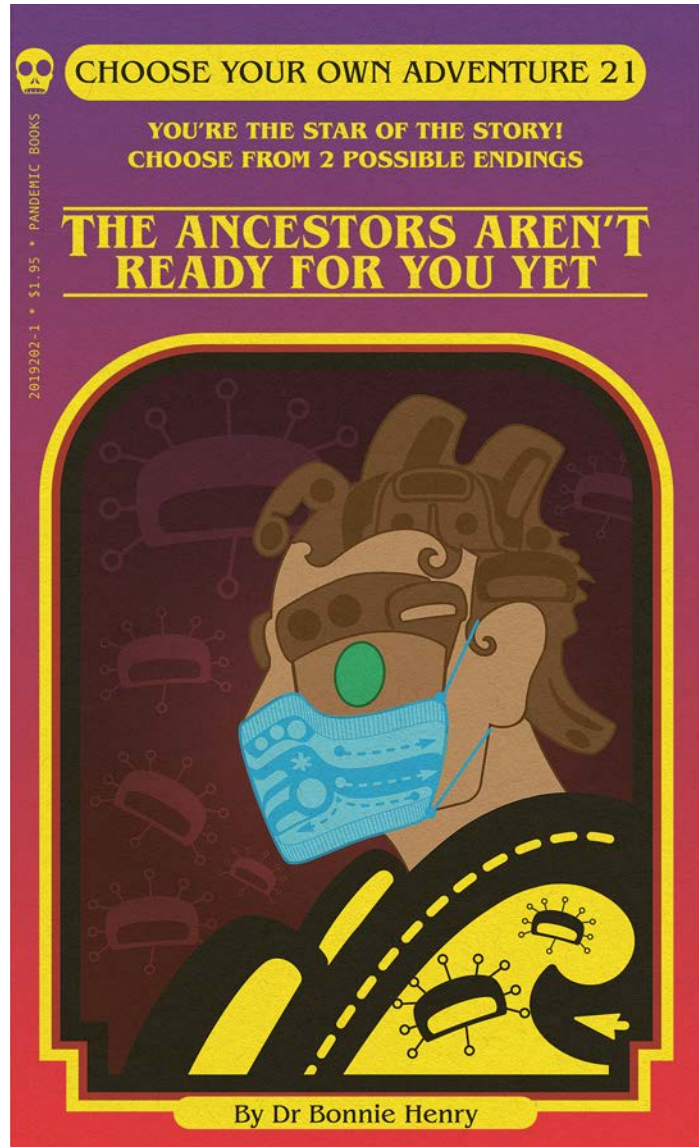
I am but a small voice within the echoes of those asking for equity. My ways, quiet, change closer in. What many do not know about me is that I have wealthy family members who would have welcomed me into the fold, but I chose sovereignty. Not just for myself but for all who have been oppressed. I didn't want to be like my aunties, many of whom were stay-at-home wives married to rich men, or like my uncles who pursued money like hungry ghosts in need of sustenance. Raised poor and from a large family, many of them sought cover and comfort in luxury. They were white and I was not, but, if I had agreed to go along, I would have been given access to their world.

I have instead worked for change, more in the background than in front. I am but a small voice within the echoes of equity that are bouncing off the walls of institutions and workplaces. I am a believer in the power of humans to gather and to bring change, even if only one person at a time. I have always felt that change needs to happen in both small ways—close in, with our families, our communities—and in big ways within larger organizations, academic institutions, and governments. I have been guided by my Ancestors to be one who practices *at a small scale* knowing that it *can reverberate to the largest scale*. They rarely speak but instead provide inner urges felt in the body much like the starlings must feel when they fly as one. When I take the time to lean in, to listen deeply, my body and their knowingness become a divining rod offering me guidance and direction. I give thanks for their kind ways, for their care and attention, as the living have never been able to provide this. In fact, I was excluded for speaking up, for choosing differently. I give thanks for the ways of my Métis Ancestors, their stubborn resistance to being beholden to anyone, and their desire for this freedom to be extended to everyone.

What We Can Become

consider the implications of rising
starlings in the sky we could fly
wordlessly wheeling our way
learning to live on the edge
letting go into the unknown
so that we might become
responsive as starlings
undulating in unison
sharing an in-breath, folding into
a small ball and with a shared out-breath
simultaneously expanding, turning with
no one leading together, shapeshifting
pulsating singular spectacular murmurations
rising iridescent symbols of what is possible

FACE MASK



Sonny Assu, *The Ancestors Aren't Ready for You Yet*, 2021, digital illustration.

THE FLYING EAGLE

From Issue 2.23 (Fall 1997)

This was on the north side of a very big hill in Vancouver. Some of us lived where it suddenly dipped as though about to dump you into the silver-green sea. Once you realized it was the giant bear-shaped black mountains inducing this hallucination you attempted to relax. A terrifying visual, a solid abyss, set out to fade you to cinders in a time long enough to experience being in the direct path of a radiating lava flow changing daily but getting wider and more entrapping; but no, that was the actual capitalist system, with all its deadly tentacles we could see coming, and most people in Pompei saw they could not outrun it and stayed there as many sentences making a statement. themselves as stone.

on this hill facing north into that black set of pages over a lake behind an infinity that cannot yet get to Lil'wat, there were many old amazing buildings with large rooms, the cheapest of which were dark and cold so individuals had to learn to be cave people again, those who remembered how necessary it was occasionally to live and survive asteroid assaults and to discuss the necessity of storing, having observed those little mouse gods who had stored as long as anyone could talk about remembering. My concern then as always was how to keep my body warm and the possessions few and essential

enough to move out on a moment's notice, something i no doubt had picked up in england where i was born in 1940, more or less in the epicentre of the second world war in europe, we never discussed the other guys, god we're a cantankerous species but i guess all species are that way, no peace, never any peace, but maybe this is just an angle from an ultimately artificially constructed subject once dignified by the word "ego" and "soul" which was not the femininely human image of Psyche, butterfly, and mistress of *technes*, having been taught by the goddess herself no, it was with some sort of pacifist warrior class of monks i found myself, a class who took for themselves the privilege of living and working and acting together due to a rumour of crazed monsters flying over the sea to slaughter the inhabitants wherever they landed, to cut them open where meet the gut and the lungs and the heart (a criss-cross shape) and to turn them inside out, alive, the heart beating, the lungs breathing

this they called "the flying eagle"

BERSERKER watch!

and so to watch
Joan at her fire
Pope Joan doing DOS
dis dos
we're talkin now
what constitutes a community
is it a lot of ideas?
this line allowed by dos but breaking words at an end so
meaning is
either stopped dead or shattered

but there is nothing here, nothing left, nothing gone, there was nothing
a great, black shimmering emptiness, a Home-hardware molded fibreglass front door hanging in a wall of nothingness with nothing before and nothing behind

but somehow if you went out and met it, there was the earth
there was slime
cold or warm
terrifying
alien
flesh
to touch and shrink
or open to its glory

there still was somewhere a forest, pretty close to the sea,
a beach a place to build a fire
it was fire we were always after, a way to keep warm, but
our improvised methods produced nothing but smoke
and soot and unburned keratenes, and tooth decay and a
continual illness that always seemed to be a product of our
condition. We had our visionaries, those who would say,
no, it really isn't that way, don't yah see and it set yu back
for long enough to talk till bill was tired out and i went
home and maybe wrote a poem with a little of the holy herb

occasionally bill or bill and martina or bill and lance
farrell or bill and diane di prima would drop by and bill
might leave with some poems or deliver a blewointment.
i never knew how he did it, i was lucky enough that a poet
as yet unbeknownst to me named f.r. scott, had recently
invented welfare; i could not fit into capitalism and i
tried and tried, possibly i would have fit into socialism
but i doubt it, somehow hippies were, in my subjective
evaluation, trying to effect a truly primitive and authentic
communism, which ultimately died of its contradictions
which capitalism will too and take a lot of us with it as
in every inhuman social cycle . . . genocide a consistent
ceaseless, inconceivable nightmare under the shimmering
electric vulva of chaos
shifting aurora of pierced liquid
slugs, snails, worms, slowly moving underground slime-
moulds eternally observing spiders, scientific flies, fleas,
ants, grasshoppers, meat-eating mantises, no other image
is needed for this sacerdotal alien, the scholar

*“and all the little birds
in yon merry green broom
with her blo od THEY
should aa all have their fill”*

this is owing, an accounting, a sanctifying, a measuring, a
cheating, i hate it. this is the way it is

this is not forgetting the huge cold damp dark studios,
astounding, frequently confounding the soul in cold black
shivering with fear and ecstasy of their beauty, cold cold
heart a real but negative concept, sustaining prussian blue
oils oozing over
the eagle's beak
*a focusing in labyrinths of sometimes cosy hippy households
bookish mousehouses*

study a strange cerement
for each of these creatures

in yon tender green broom
with her blood

once we heard them gossiping, now, having planted our
fields with sunflowers and oats
they have moved off till next winter

poem for a new bill

at one point or another we all lived on this big hill facing
north with many good streams, bushes, berries, grasses,
animals, fish, birds

smoke came and the murder of the woods
what are his claims?
steel came, noise came and never died

so it is we listen to the birds conversing in their crazy and
beautiful anxiety

just listen

then whistle

•

Kwaak

crow comes
chuckles
crow sees me every day
knows where i am

gulls discuss immediate existence, with their political
sopranos
the linnets' bitching and fear

turns into triumph
the triumph of the river

•

the triumph of the river

the 430 vancouver schoolboard jobs cancelled
the smashed-up squatter houses
side of the River

Knight Street Bridge South

*jan 96 b.c. n.d.p. gov't cut all employable people under the age of fiftytwo \$48 dollars a month;
\$500 a month for rent, food, medicine, transportation communication bus and telephone to
people on welfare: \$500 a month and a 75% tax on anything they might try to earn*

April 1, 1997, sick, old unemployable people to be cut back \$97.00 a month.

*In this way the government will reduce the living of 16,000
therebye saving the taxpayers \$23 million
which would have gone to retailers and real estate owners*

Apr 23, 1997 vancouver schoolboards cut 300 more jobs

i dream i'm in a world wide flood stream in a kayak
without a paddle

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annie ross and
Catriona Strang

FUCK VARIATIONS

Fish head Sea greens Potatoes
Cooked over a Driftwood Fire
Orange Flames Cave wall
Frozen Night of the Black hero Twins
in a Winter Squall

my Mother said, i know them. my
friends said they would come
i had gathered
potential breaks, Flower Clay dishes
mixed styles from the baptist mission store
spoons, Bread, all snug as a Bug fabric
napkins made from festive tablecloths
and Sand

i waited. one road, our Island is small
no one came to our Holy Observance
Cottonwood Trees, River meets
Salt Water, flying. our only faces—
Salmon heads, my reflection, the Moon in broth

our enamel Pot
We watch the same Stars as
we watched three thousand eight hundred years
before, ahead, eternal

North Pacific rose in Gales as
is want to do, be, as
Sun set hours, Eons, ago
Night Beings blew our Fire out
Grit became Perfume, floating
a Red Fox watched, reading our Souls
i left our Warm and Filling Pot behind, open
for any every Hungry Soul

1.
unjustly fuck-belly
rapture, hopeless
insert or rough-chat
counsel – some lens
for unseeing all we
did fuck
up

2.
sometimes pain fucks
me sideways, anglo-
saxon straining at
my own margins my
fucked back sets
these teeth of mine
in the mouth-margin
sometimes I can't stand
grit-fucking, sometimes
that's my fretful de-
centred edge

4.
but there's still hard
grit between
the teeth in my mouth

*and what about
the debt-fucked?*

fulling buds on my
feckless brain, but really
loan me any other
fucking function

6.
when did I
come so closely
to resemble
the Venus of
Willendorf how
deep into the
earth might my
spine dissolve why
am I ambivalent how
hard can my tongue
press against my
teeth how far
will that red stain
spread feels good
until you stop
scratching how
fucked up
is that

9.
sideways straining
in this mouth-grit, some
fulsome folly or
febrile inset rupture, graft's
candid rustling grips
ruin, all roiling: people, what
the fuck?

*The second section of this poem is reprinted by permission of the publisher
from Unfuckable Lardass © 2022 by Catriona Strang, Talonbooks,
Vancouver, BC.*

two f/m cops pulled a large
white SUV over they're
stern Holditch Hilfiger
rhymes w/ gold digger
faker in a Carhartt toque
why Mary Med is no longer
on my contacts list straight-
edge shortly after
legalization of pot vs gay
shortly after AIDS epidemic
starts Cantonese "tsi-sing" vs
West Indian teeth suck *richer*
than Croesus tougher than
pleather flogging a child for

not being able to tie its shoes
less enthusiastically than for
a real misdemeanor (theft,
breakage) women working
men twerking I'm shirking
you're Tolstoy told a story
on the suzerainty a coke's
really local even then pirated
perhaps "there is no society"
was a class-based *Roots* was
sure critique of 19th-century
novels Sleigh Bells, the sound
everyone in Brooklyn wanted

in 2012 reading Shklovsky in
the White House in 1985,
ostranenie doesn't fit if we
have enough shovels, bad
British Columbians, No Fun
was a better band than Low
Fun, benefit for the Squamish
Five couldn't happen now
university's comments wanted
to run academic article about
RCMP rape of (auto'd to tale
of as if we are talking about
Brer Rabbit) teenaged Métis
girl past their legal dept felt

what could go wrong Alan
Dershowitz articles on torture
are part of the literature sit
in a PDF on the cloud on a
mountain which is in this
country to evade NSA and
Himmler I mean Homeland
Security legislation "Poem
written outside Congee
Noodle House on the way
home from work" *remember
when Hunter boots and Kanye
West were fresh and new you
wore them to Glastonbury to*

see the Sleaford Mods a year
after the "Riot at the Hyatt"
lining up at the Hyatt for a
bus to the "Battle in Seattle"
and a *Rattle in the Dash* a
play I saw at the Fringe
Festival in 85 or so at the
Heritage Hall when Paul Wong
I mean Raymond Dang lived
off Main near 49th walking
to the Sun that year hearing
about the US invasion of
Grenada or was it the Challenger
disaster Deff Derksen has the line

instrument case in one hand two
rolls of toonies in another a top
hat with feathers and a reddish
Métis-like sash around it Harry
Styles at the Cannabis Expo the
maid's car yellow "Chinese Dylan
Thomas in Malay people" with a
missing bumper yt girl at the
wheel a laptop the size of half
a double-recliner couch *child-
sized handcuffs for BMO marathon
customers* narrowcasting the
plaster caster which prison allows
UberFood deliveries is cancer a

serial killer, a mass murderer, a
terrorist, or a contract killer and
which do you prefer overdosed on
fentanyl but lived or die peacefully
with sufentanil auto'd to Auden
proofreading *Berlin Stories* four
equally sized pieces of "99 Luft
balloons" equally into German
New Wave and Fassbinder's
Querelle screened at the RBC
cinema in the mid-80s
organizing farm workers in the
Fraser Valley I've got to ask you
about the tan lines on your finger

he's a very settler settler, I must
say *haven't got two effs to give*
you can tell a Dutchwoman but
you can't tell her much query:
did Princess Di ever ask Goya
to paint gyoza from Fujiya for brass
strings in the nosebleeds or nipple
striations from the no-see-ums
(Kos, mains, mud) if that's not too,
um, colonial of me minder mind you
freedom from the Isley bros may not
whether it's in the R&B-soul-funk
"evolution" or series of ruptures is
it Jesus wept or jeez ah swept or
G-unit sweats or solidarity with

Cointreau and then Gran
Marnier I don't want that
word coming out of my
mouth *government was
tapping before I had a
mobile phone* you had the
Iron Dome we got the heat
some hitter we got the heat
dome hotter than Hebron
just got off my bike crotch
smells like provolone the
abortionist's ditty the
brother's 2 solitudes the
plastic surgeon's e-boy

his wife decided she was a
they wanted to come up here on
the last day of Expo and
see it of course that was
stupid and all we did was
walk around planted the
trigger keep your koozie
pull the flag off my Fauci
tripping *get your whip set
spray take spit Drake* spray
on booth takes a nation of
millennial vampires to destroy an
ivory tower a crystal castle
what a vampire hassle has

El-Bardouh's do-re-mi mine
what's yours is mine what's
coltan is mined by minor
miners like an insult is a
Dick in the mouth my doc in
Oregon thought they'd use
change dot org to like a
dictionary in the Gulf is an
insult to like change Dot's
organs *killa bees* set up
they's GoFundMe then
steal it remember browser
wars union horse salary
floors fix your stomach

flora guy asking me if I'm a
homeowner *believes in*
acting like he believes in
the system car alarm
seminars steering wheel
club for men price club for
Usher Fisher-Price man's
friend throws her boyfriend
under the bus mocking his
parking skills first is raven
of high disjunction picnic
and twin towers topping
second instance of clear

browser history medium disjunction
fold golfing before forest fire
aka desire of the third instance of low
disjunction swimming pool
under super orange
polluted atmosphere sun
AQI top in world *is the faux*
hawk any less colonial? two
holes in the arm is better
than one in the ground over
the horizon collateral
feminism the mask
hanging off one ear the
phone in an open flip case

no Ikeas in the Boston men
George men meant Atlanta
metro zone stoop at Whole
Foods in Rennie Tennessee
Newark hard lobby for
Starbucks burritofication
zone that character *he's a*
creative soul there's a wink
in his eye you can see it, a
chuckle he kind of reminds
me of myself when I was
taking that wine-tasting
class healthy non
precipitation deficit

to intend a tone
to be body
before g—

before g—rl
before g—y-
—n—, before G—d

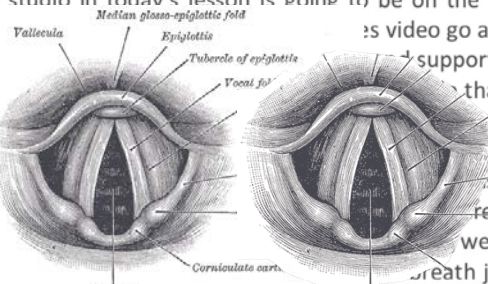
to intend a g—
pitched at the lung—
ing/out

pre - —spiration practice
to inspire a
g— un-tension

voiced velar
plosives
at the “be” g—

vibe, soft palated
oo-bridged
to ur sooo—uuuul

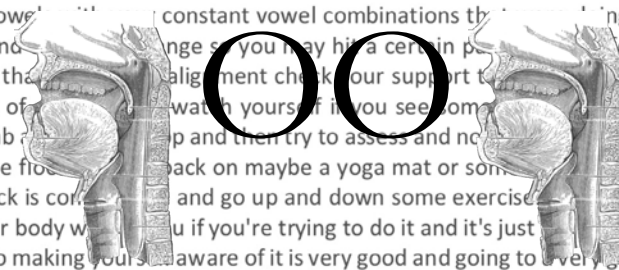
Hey everyone its carbon with Katie vocal studio in today's lesson is going to be on the good exercise now again if you've not watched and pause here and go back to that one : some of the verbiage that I've used will just watch this video 'cause I'm going to when I talked about the G exercise I make are made pretty much identically except voiceless one then G is the voiced one so in we have something really interesting with our breath just ever so slightly so when



g

little bit in order to have some subglottal pressure in order to come through and your chords vibrate so the KNG sound kinda do that automatically it makes your brain do everything in tandem so not just to do the KNG stamped also make the towel so you don't slur up to it so that's pretty much for learning today only Goo sound now this one is going to help thicken after chords a little bit which is fine it's just that when you get higher I only want you to go as high as comfortable so a lot of singers today in pop and especially musical theatre they get that manga sound really brassy if you don't balance that with and more who are open vowel sounds so I want this this is also for teachers just if you have a student who is very brassy and you're trying to do something to kind of help them you know balance them out this is a very good exercise for that both this one and the one afterwards the gog exercise so on the OO need to make sure that we are properly aligned because sometimes he will try to lift that chin out and not only that but they go oom go and that's tension we don't want fat and it's not in the proper alignment we want that job to actually be back so I'm going to turn sideways and kind of give you the two extremes that goo goo we don't want that we want that next to go back over shoulder blades make sure you go go go go goo goo go go it's very easy now these exercises they're funny and silly and not exactly beautiful so I don't want to try to make them beautiful it's just you're learning how how to get them in a certain place your vowel

constant vowel combinations that you're going to go seamlessly all the way up and down so you may hit a certain place like you're tense when you do that so alignment check your support to really your alignment so get in front of yourself watch yourself if you see something happening like you're trying to grab your throat up and then try to assess and not let it happen I have students lay down on the floor back on maybe a yoga mat or something put their knees up so that their back is correct and go up and down some exercise to see if they are trying to lift and your body will tell you if you're trying to do it and it's just that you're going to have to break so making yourself aware of it is very good and going to be a very good good teacher is also a good way of having another set of eyes to see what you're doing or just a friend say hey what's going on in singing in some things going on this exercise will you can't do this and go high if you do it strenuous and it's really really ugly sounding not in good way and just thinking about makes me go so let's not do that to start so again if you feel like you are your neck forward or your chin up go ahead and get a finger and just keep your finger here just to remind yourself to stay back or you're not going to force yourself back or anything like that you're just gonna have it in your mind OK I'm not gonna judge out so it's gonna go like this



oo

arpeggios on goog

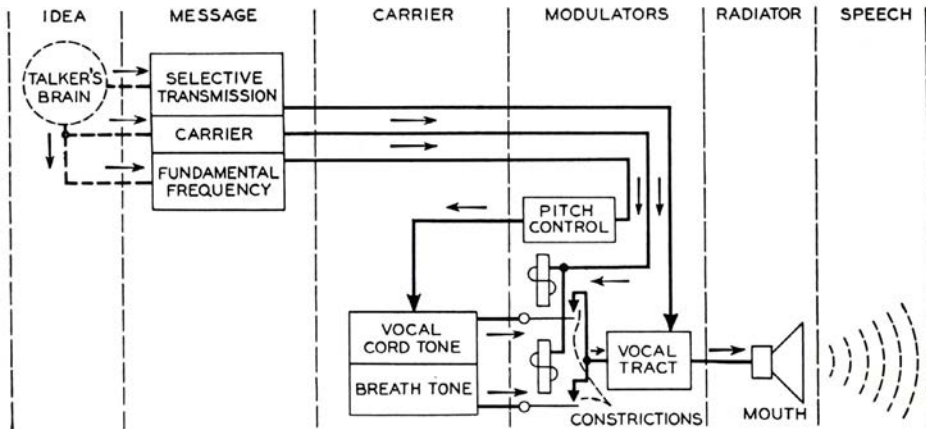
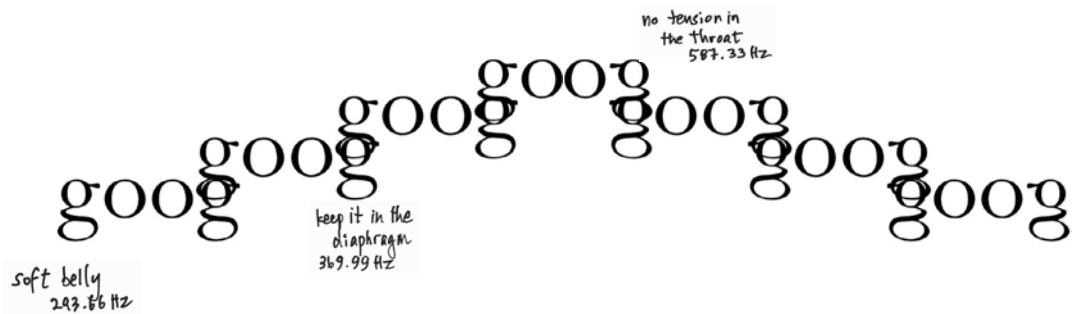


Fig. 6—Block diagram of the voice mechanism.



microsoft word dictate listens to me say goog as many times as there are zeros in a googol

Google Google Google Google goo goo goo goo goo goo goo goo goo guge guk
guge Duke guge guge guge boug guge guge book GOOG guge guge guge guge
guk Luke guge boog guge good guge guge guge goop guge guge guge guge
guge goop book boug guk guge guge guge guge guge gugg guge guge guge
guge good guge guge guge guge guge GOOG GOOG GOOG GOOG GOOG
guge GOOG GOOG GOOG goo goo goo goo goo goo GOOG guge guge guge
GOOG GOOG guge guge guge cook GOOG GOOG guge guge guge GOOG
guge guge GOOG boug guge

move smoothly through your breaks

tr—m—
b—d—

aw ah
aw ee

wh—t b—d— —nts t— h—r
f—r —n —r v—ce

uh aw ee oo-ah oo ee
ee ih ee-o o-ee

wh—t h—m—n —nts
t— r—s—n—te
w—th t—rr—f—d

uh oo ah oo-ah
oo eh oh ay
ih eh ih ay-ee

s—, Sp—r—t,
“S—nn—t,” S—l, t—ne
—g—
s—m—nt—cl—

oh ih ih
aw eh oh oh
ee-oh ah
uh a ih ee

GRAMMAR WORKBOOK

Welcome to the rigmarole! the flapdoodle!
the horsefeathered blatherskite!

Read right in, and back
the eff up. How many linguists
do we have in the audience
today. How many
semantic hygienists?

Can yous afford stubborn subject
noun agreement? Or parse
Beaucoodles? Can strawberry
runners, amble.

The truth *be*: I write this clause on
accident, while delusions of grammar
suffix every textual nibble. Verbally, I
write this stanza by purpose:

The hangman is sorrowful, and the skyline is picturesque,
and the novel is expansive, and the spreadsheet is
immensely helpful, and the elementary school map is
remarkably up-to-date, and one half of the couple is
ecstatic, and the dart gun is jammed with peanut butter,

and the upper-case gives us the upper-hand, and a question—dubitably—is a question, and this sentence is ready.

Bees be good.

Now they've Englished all languages,
the tourism-constabularies U-Haul
superfluous capitalized flotsam.

When he asks, "What's the point of
time travel if you can't be bisexual,"
she laughs duchennely at him, her
nape a half-blank canvas, her mouth
declaring "faking it" improves
democracy, "not as much as abetted
masturbation, but," still part of her
TO DO list.

Please do not enhance our "Don't Do" list:

- amend hornswoggle typos
- convert scribbles into majuscule
- peel potatoes in your wading pool
you're a maximalist, you're agrammatikal
- ram and mar the sociogram
- dig up tulip bulbs
you're a squirrel, you're a root-radical
gardener

typists rule the page, margins
sink

Oh yes, Dude:

when Detroit fit into a Vancouver-shaped cavity
withhold the coppe-spiders, withstand the mute
swans.

You withdraw, he withstands, I withtell.

Interrogative bees, being
cobwebs gloaming moot gerunds.

B toward thither or B²

steaming succotash: bring me the suffix predicates; bring
an ounce of conjunctive
spice generously with cinnamon.

Hats on! to those fruitless th-morphemes: a warmth
that reaches measures of heighth.

Eating mushrooms and lettuce,
you appear more closely related to
the mushrooms than to the lettuce.
Eating broccoli, you're likely to find
caterpillar babies, then raise 'em.

My bureaucracy beats your bureaucracy:

- each cream-tartared page, photocopied circa _____
be still my <3
- when you pronoun the zig-zag
- you binder the present tense
- when you tense

Don't forget about inert speed, "find what writes you?"
OR: drink milk vs evil

good works cause their own rework, parlay
good bee-holding.

Affixed aleatory heat blast across
bus poetry
blush verse
bound cranberries, those leftover smugglers
(untoward unwords
lukechilly gooseberry tales
thesaurus reptiles).

Just so many Noah Illusions to tally, to bumble
talk to the plant.

Whence glottal stops refurbish my coined mouth, I shall!

She missed her period; doubly
disastrous, as it morphed her
favourite punctuation. No tiny drops
persist, no morphology corrective.
No lexical hemoglobin!

Never hesitate to calculate practical time:

- each balderdash blend guzzled © _____
- plus anti-luddite sports bra
- plus the imp in palimpsest
- to simile or not to simile
- surplus once-overs

Barb's your uncle, mortals!
the many
energied incubi declare, exclamatorily:

All sixes and sevens!
A sentence cubed, plus:

That's all she wrote, folk
Thanks for flirting!

THE GREENPEACE-1 CREW, 1971

At the time I was in grad school at UBC, working toward a PhD in chemistry, but photography had become increasingly important to me. And concerned protest. My library card photos from 1968 through 1972 evidenced the change in times; tough to see now. On campus, I met Quaker environmentalist Jim Bohlen and the Don't Make A Wave Committee. I made photographs for them of several protests and later wrote a review paper on the US-planned five megaton underground nuclear test, code-named Cannikin, at Amchitka Island, Alaska. I'm still not sure how I was chosen for the Greenpeace voyage. Required was a contributing crew. An able, willing photographer would be good; a "scientist" who was appalled by the proposed nuclear test may have worked as well. Fifty years ago, on the 15th of September 1971, twelve of us sailed for Amchitka in protest, and while the GP-1 crew is whittled down now, there is certain reinforcement, indeed polyvalent, plentiful, worldwide.

All photographs by Robert Keziere, unless otherwise noted.

Clockwise, from top left:

Phyllis Cormack/Greenpeace, Vancouver, September 15, 1971; Dave Birmingham, engineer (left), Captain John Cormack; clockwise from top left: Robert Hunter, Patrick Moore, Robert Cummings, Ben Metcalfe, Dave Birmingham, John Cormack, Bill Darnell, Terry Simmons, Jim Bohlen, Lyle Thurston, Richard Fineberg.



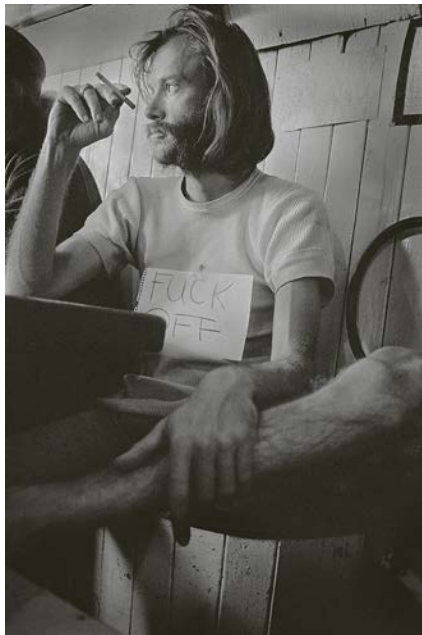
Clockwise, from top left:

Metcalfe with radio and Bohlen looking on; *Greenpeace* underway; Thurston in the galley; Darnell (left) and Cummings (right) on wheelhouse watch; Hunter in the wheelhouse.



Clockwise, from top left:

Hunter; Thurston, Moore, and Darnell; Metcalfe mirrored (left) and Simmons (right); Gulf of Alaska in October; Thurston.



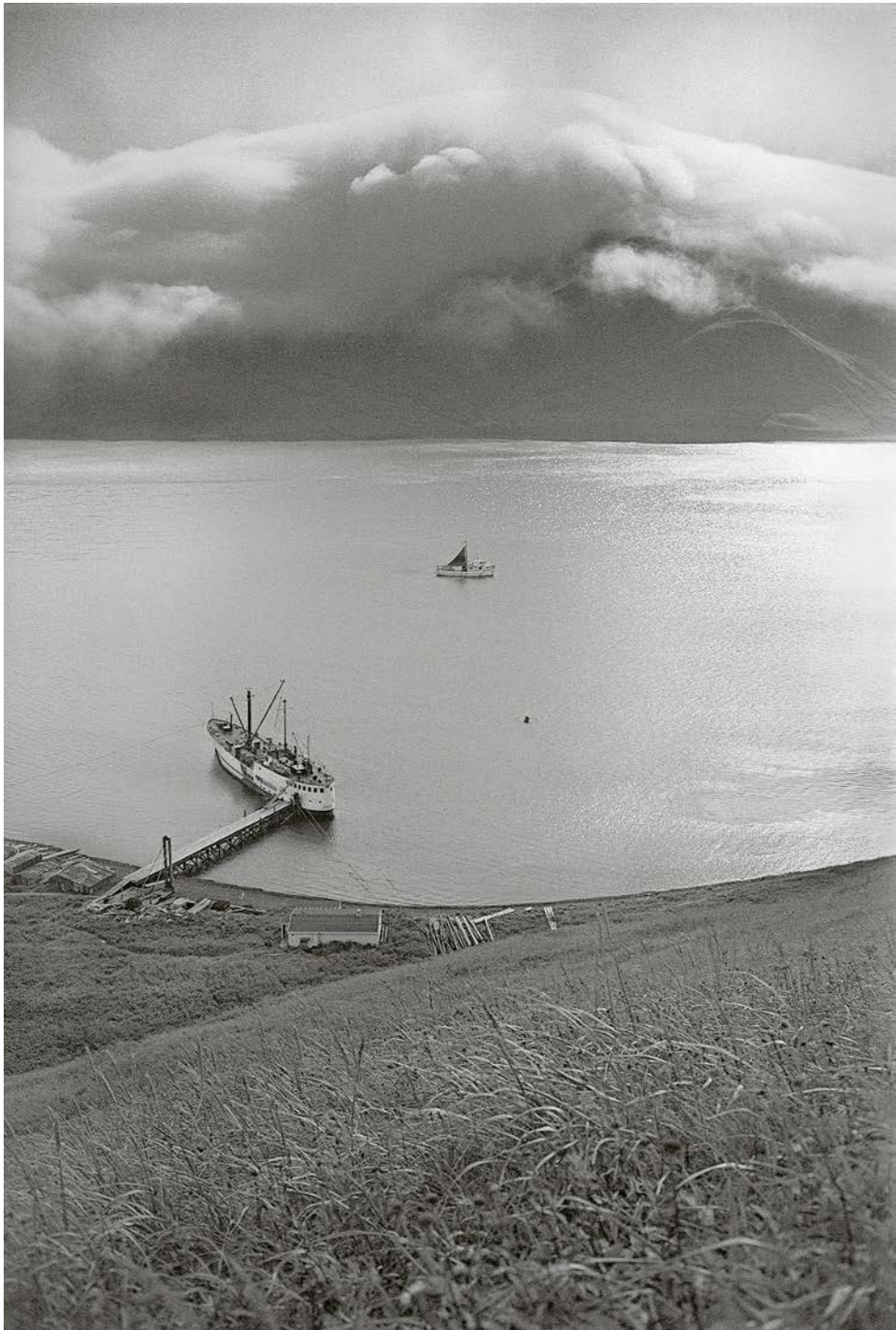
Clockwise, from top left:

Metcalf with Wakefield hat, as Bohlen listens; Robert Keziere, October 1971, photo by Bill Darnell; Hunter and Bohlen pointing at October, 1971.

Opposite page:

The *Greenpeace* anchored in Akutan Bay.





HAIKU (#HAHAIKU)

Part 1: Origin Story

My first encounter with haiku was through Vincent O’Sullivan’s play *Shuriken*, produced in 1984 in Wellington, New Zealand—where I was a struggling law student doing English Lit to fill up some electives—and directed by my inspirational drama prof and first creative writing teacher, Phil Mann. *Shuriken* was about an infamous World War II camp that held 800 Japanese prisoners of war near the provincial NZ town of Featherstone. Infamous because of an “incident” in 1942 where 49 prisoners and one Kiwi guard were killed. The play explores whether the Japanese were following their military field code: *never surrender to the enemy under any circumstances*. Was this mass suicide by machinegun or a trigger-happy local? How much did cultural confusion play a part, seeing as neither side spoke much of the other’s language?

*Summer grasses
all that remains
of soldiers’ dreams*

—Matsuo Bashō (1644–1694)

Truth is no one knows. The soldiers on both sides, like the grass they all now lie under, weren't talking. What was clear to me from the Bashō haiku included in the play was the power of this minimal form, and that there was some 5-7-5 syllable rule. I like rules, though I was also into punk rock and loved breaking them. But the translated haiku above doesn't follow the 5-7-5 syllable rule. Why not? Well, the old school Japanese haiku masters used 5-7-5 *on*, or sound units, and these are shorter than the English idea of a syllable, which means purists feel English haiku go on too long. Another rule is that haiku contain a *kigo*: a reference to the seasons or to nature.

*They escaped with their lives
Managed to get married
They can, at last, change their clothes*

—Buson (1716–1783)

Surprise! No seasons, no nature, a plethora of syllables, and an epic narrative compressed into sixteen words. Perhaps they're starting a new season in their lives? No, this would raise the heckles of the Haiku Police. They would deem this not a haiku, but a *senryū*, referring to human nature, not nature.

*For sale
Baby shoes
Never worn.*

—Hemingway (often gets the credit,
but it's probably not his)

This famous very short story might also fit the *senryū* bill, but if you research haiku, you'll find that for all the rules there are just as many rulebreakers, controversies, and contradictions. The Grandmaster Flashes of Haiku all had their own takes, moved the goalposts, and expanded the form. Here are some definitions of the ever-evolving haiku form (rules that I break all the time), in freestylin' haiku form, and with a complete disregard for those pesky syllables:

*They are three lines but / were originally three pieces
in one long line / let's honour that here
There's a "cutting word" / hireji—where things change
/ but it's untranslatable / (see also caesura)
They don't have punctuation / titles, rhymes, or
puns / story + haiku = haibun (four on or morae in*

Japanese (ha-i-bu-n)

*They're Zen / but they can't be Zen / that's asking
too much of them*

*Themes include the transience of life / feelings of
love and loss / cherry blossoms*

*They're not really a poem / more just an impression /
a sketch—WHAM!*

*They can congratulate, praise, describe, express
gratitude / wit, cleverness, disappointment,
resentment, or whatever you want / but rarely carry
enlightenment*

*They are simply what is / happening in this place /
at this moment*

*A moment of awareness / in which human nature is /
related to nature*

*There's a clash of two images / find meaning in the
middle / flip them, pancake trampoline!*

*They can work like jokes / set up—build—punchline /
BaDoomCha! High Hat! MIC DROP!*

*They can be riddles / Black cats that hate rabbit bits /
That's Bad Luck*

*They're a way of life / more than a poem per se / not
literature / you must live in the moment / this is a
tanka (5-7-5-7-7)*

Haiku started out as short poetry by and for the common people. Haiku can be mundane or gross, but some of the greats will shake you.

*My melons that you / Stole last year . . . this year I
place / Upon your grave, my son*

—Oemaru

*Death Song: If they ask for me / Say: He had some
business / In another world*

—Sokan

*It pierces my heel / As I walk in the bedroom / My
late wife's comb*

—Buson

*Congratulations / Issa! You have survived to feed /
this year's mosquitoes*

—Issa

Yes, I like to translate famous lines from revered authors into haiku, and I'm into jokes #hahaiku:

*"Haiku for The Recession":
Tea stained fingers / Two cups squeezed from one
bag / I am my mother*

The haiku as joke is pervasive in popular culture. I particularly like the cartoon of the new haiku *haiku* mini-van, with seating rows of 5-7-5, and also the grotesque guffaws you get in Ryan Mecum's book of *Zombie Haiku*:

*Blood is really warm / it's like drinking hot
chocolate / but with more screaming*

A-list auteur film directors have also dabbled in #hahaiku. Here's Wes Anderson's opening and closing satiric haiku for his stop-motion animated feature *Isle of Dogs*:

*I turn my back / On human kind / Frost on window
pane
Whatever happened / To man's best friend / Falling
spring blossom.*

Taika Waititi in *Hunt for the Wilderpeople* has his hero, Ricky Baker, composing haiku while on the run:

*Kingi, you wanker / You asshole, I hate you heaps /
Please die soon, in pain.
Trees. Birds. Rivers. Sky. / Running with my Uncle
Hec / Living forever.*

The latter follows the nature rule. The former celebrates the profane, which is what the original common form did until Bashō raised it to high art. The *haiku* was given its name by the Japanese writer Masaoka Shiki at the end of the 19th century as an adaptation of *hokku*, the opening stanza of a longer *renga*. I like that many of the great unwashed, and unversed, still feel they can have a crack at a haiku and write one that cracks people up (think limericks). On that, even the great Bashō wrote a scatological haiku featuring bean paste. That said, a joke is a cherry blossom, blooms briefly and is gone, whereas Bashō's summer grass haiku haunts me to this day. Line 1: he sucks us in to loll about in *summer grasses*. Line 2 foreshadows something dark, *all that remains*. Line 3: *of soldier's dreams*.

You have to flip back to line 1 to find the summer grass you enjoyed was fertilized by soldier compost. It leaves me feeling dirty/guilty, and reminiscing about those gardens of stone I visited for dead Kiwi soldiers in Belgium, and all the Americans in Arlington cemetery, with its C.T. section for Coloured Troops. It reminds us of how summer grass grows all over our war-torn world.

Part 2: My Life

Disclaimer: I don't expect to win any awards for my haiku, but I would like to at this point thank my children for making them an enduring part of my life. After my 1984 exposure to Bashō, I didn't really think about haiku until 2007, when my first son was born. We had another son eighteen months later. Neither slept well, so neither did we. I became a "Dawn of the Dad" zombie who couldn't concentrate to write anything of substance.

*How come you've never written a novel? / Because
short stories / are all I can write while / the children
are eating*

— Raymond Carver

Sleep-deprived and brain-fried, I was constantly walking the kids in strollers to try to get them to go to sleep—not writing the great New Zealand novel, or play, or film, or even a mediocre short story slice-of-life to self-publish on the back of a box of diapers. I came up with a challenge, something small and manageable, to help my creative side stay alive: *I must write / a haiku every day / post it on Twitter.*

I'd write them with the kids and use their unique POVs. And there must be no judgement, no questions about how good, bad, or ugly they were; publish and be damned!

*I can't explain / this spark between us / static on the
slide
Da da Dada dad / Dad Da da Dad Dada Dad / Dad!
Dad! Dad! Dad! Dad!
What is sadder / than the boy who waves / at empty
trains?
Kids slow you right down / I see your shadow, Dad,
see / all the little things
Sadder than the boy / who waves at empty trains is /
his Dad waving, too*

*It's not a bean / it's a long pea. Lies / I have told
 children
 It is not all there! / What happened to the moon? /
 It's taking a bath
 Just because I'm big / doesn't mean I don't have
 feelings / I have big feelings
 For boats to stop / they throw out / their anger
 Forget the Xbox / All a boy needs is a bug / and a
 stick and time
 "Haiku 4 Micro-managing Dad": Scratching graffiti /
 off a picnic table with / my car keys—"F*ck U"
 Hey worm on the path / we rescued for our garden /
 You work for us now!
 "Parent Paradox Haiku": I am not whining / when I
 complain bitterly / about kids whining
 "Haiku 4 Philip Larkin": Kids, they fu up / Don't
 mean to but with all the / crumbs & poo, they do
 I had to explain / It's not a big coffee machine /
 Tahi's first steam train
 We cut Sampson's hair / He chewed the ears off a
 horse / Delilah beware
 Maybe you'd like to write / plays when you're older? /
 No, I will be grown up.*

I'd "publish" these on Twitter and Facebook and the *likes* told me what people connected with. People began to send me haiku they found or composed themselves. Then I got a gig. A friend asked me to "perform" haiku with musical accompaniment at a fundraiser for our Paekakariki playcentre. It was . . . "experimental." The highlight being when I gave the crowd first lines and they wrote the rest, then I read them out. It was just like the old school Japanese Renga Parties, where the Master Poet leads with an opening *hokku* (minus the Master).

Twist. My wife got a job back in Canada. We were moving, with two small kids, and I was going to be primary caregiver in North Vancouver, where I knew no one. There would be a lot of opportunities to write more haiku. They would grow up there and I'd get new material:

*Brush the thigh / Fingers to the sky, let it fly! /
 Ba-ba-ba-baseball!
 Look at my shadow / Can your shadow catch the
 ball? / Yeah, a shadow ball
 Haiku 4 Hardass Little League Coach: Bloody nose,
 stitches / it is all good, boys, because / the girls, they
 love scars.*

Twist. In 2012, I got an invite to *The Big Show!* To talk to RNZ–Radio New Zealand with the famous broadcaster/ex-politician/ex-Race Relations Conciliator and All Blacks rugby legend, Chris Laidlaw. He wanted my take on being a Kiwi in Canada, to compare race relations between the two countries, and to talk about haiku. He’d heard I was some sort of expert. \$#*! me! I had to start taking this haiku thing way more seriously. I finally consulted the great Elder . . . Wikipedia (an excellent entry that covers the Grand Masters, the rules, and breaking them). For the interview, I wrote something new:

*I can't save the moth / flopping in the toilet bowl /
but will piss outside*

Truth is, I wrote *pee* not *piss* for the RNZ family audience, and because my mother was listening. But *piss* sounds better, right? #onomatopoeia. Chris Laidlaw liked “the moth one.” I like how it’s a drama and a dilemma. It’s about nature/an insect, and death, how sometimes we can’t save the fragile things in life, and if we try we might crush their wings and get stinky fingers. But maybe I could have rescued that moth some other way, and it crawled up onto some paper bridge I’d made? And not left it for the next person to have the same dilemma of Save vs Flush? I still wonder what happened to that moth. Still marvel at my cowardice. And what if I am that moth, floundering in that bowl? Too deep? Too much to load onto a fragile haiku? Maybe. Whatevs, I like how insects feature in haiku and how Bashō ensured that humble creatures could be heroes. It’s a world where we have equal rights.

*How lonely I felt / On a cold, cold night / When I
killed that spider*

– Shiki

*The old pond
A frog jumped in
Kerplunk!*

– Bashō, translated by
Allen Ginsberg

You can’t discuss haiku without including the above “Bohemian Rhapsody” of the form, often acclaimed as the most famous haiku, and translated by many. Ginsberg

captures the sound, the shock, plus there's a fun bit of Kermit in "Kerplunk!" Others translate "old" as "quiet" or "ancient," but I like "old." I feel like the old pond and wish a frog would jump into me and set off some ripples. Plus, the third line reminds me of Buddhist *koan*, where your mind jumps like a frog, not knowing where it might land. Or am I reading too much into it? If I try to explain it, intellectualize it, do I dissect the frog, cutting off its legs so it can never jump again? Bashō doesn't explain it, so why should we? Can't we just be alive in that moment, and then enjoy the ripples? There are more rules, as many ways to break them, and far greater poetic minds have written on this. Check out: Tom Lowenstein's *Classic Haiku* and *Haiku Inspirations*, the Peter Pauper Press haiku series, and *The Haiku Anthology*, edited by Cor Van Den Heuvel. I've "borrowed" a little from these works here. Forgive me, I have a crow spirit.

*After I'm dead, tell people / I was a persimmon eater
/ Who also loved haiku*

— Issa

David Geary #hahaiku can be found on Twitter @gearsgeary.

The RNZ Chris Laidlaw interview, "Writer David Geary on life in Canada, and writing haiku," can be listened to at: www.rnz.co.nz/national/programmes/sunday/audio/2508286/david-geary.

Pages 113–117:

Marian Penner Bancroft, *Hellebore 1*
West Third (for SCM), 2021

Marian Penner Bancroft, *Hellebore 2*
Triumph (for JMP), 2021

Marian Penner Bancroft, *Hellebore 3*
Union (for FW&PB), 2021

Marian Penner Bancroft, *Hellebore 4*
West Twenty-Second (for ZD), 2021

Marian Penner Bancroft, *Hellebore 5*
West Third (for CVAB), 2021





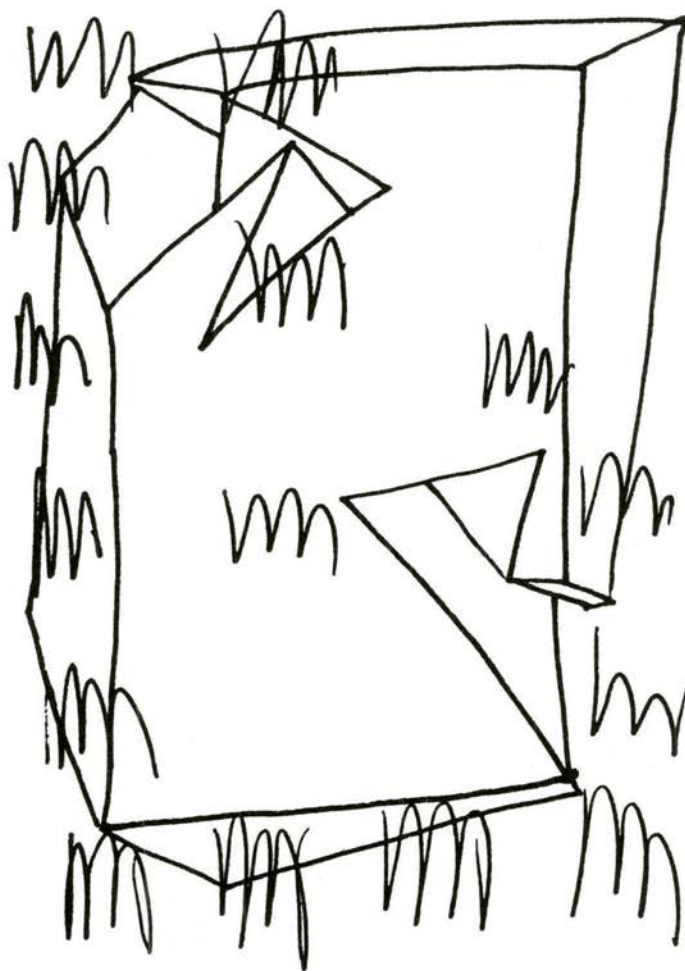




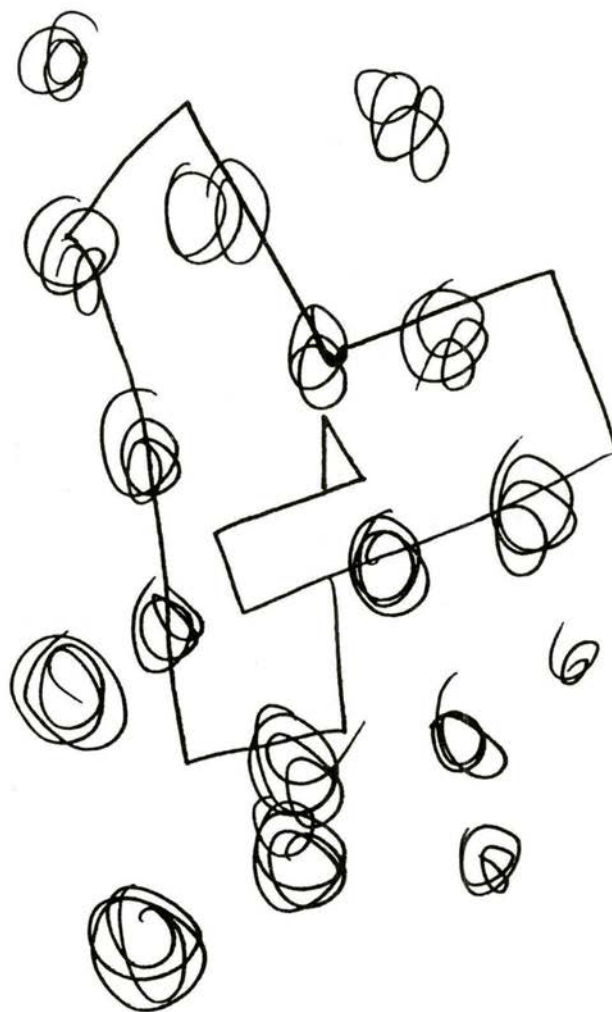


H STUDY

From "44 Concrete Poems," Issue 2.4 (Winter 1990)

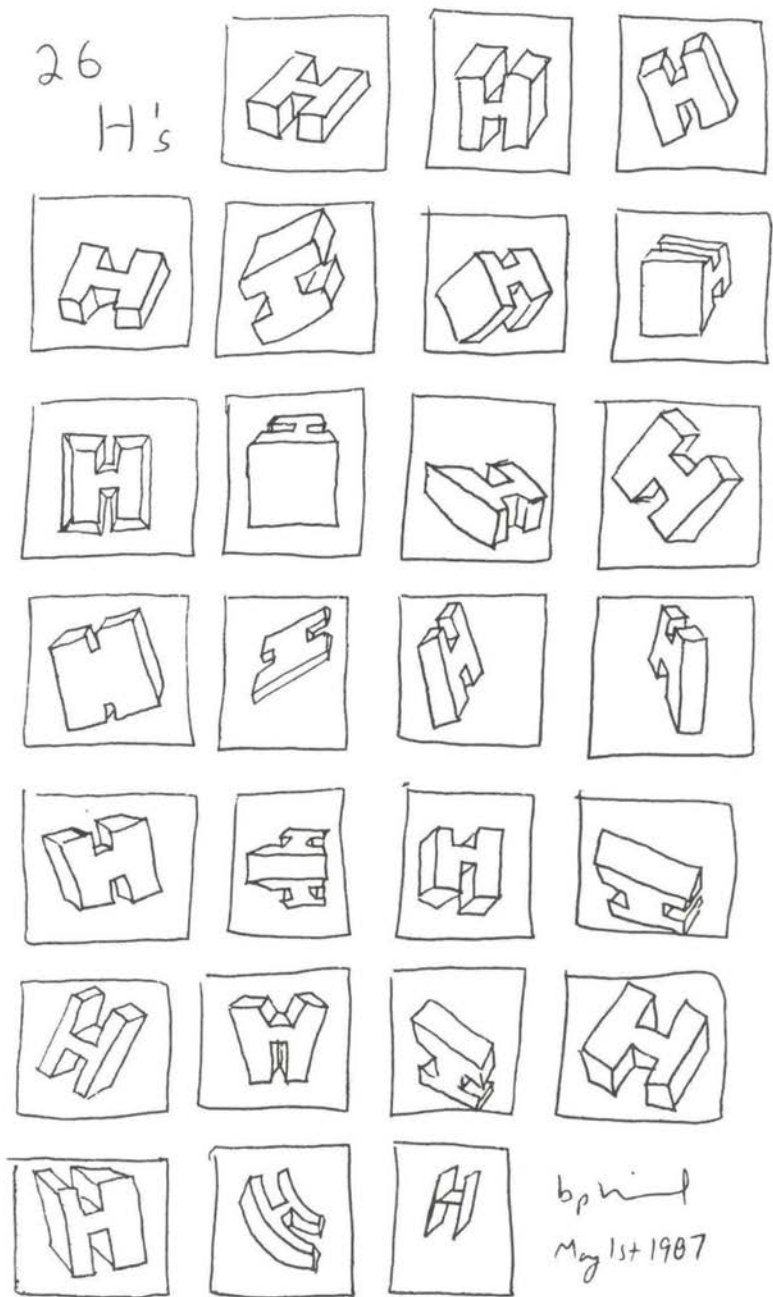


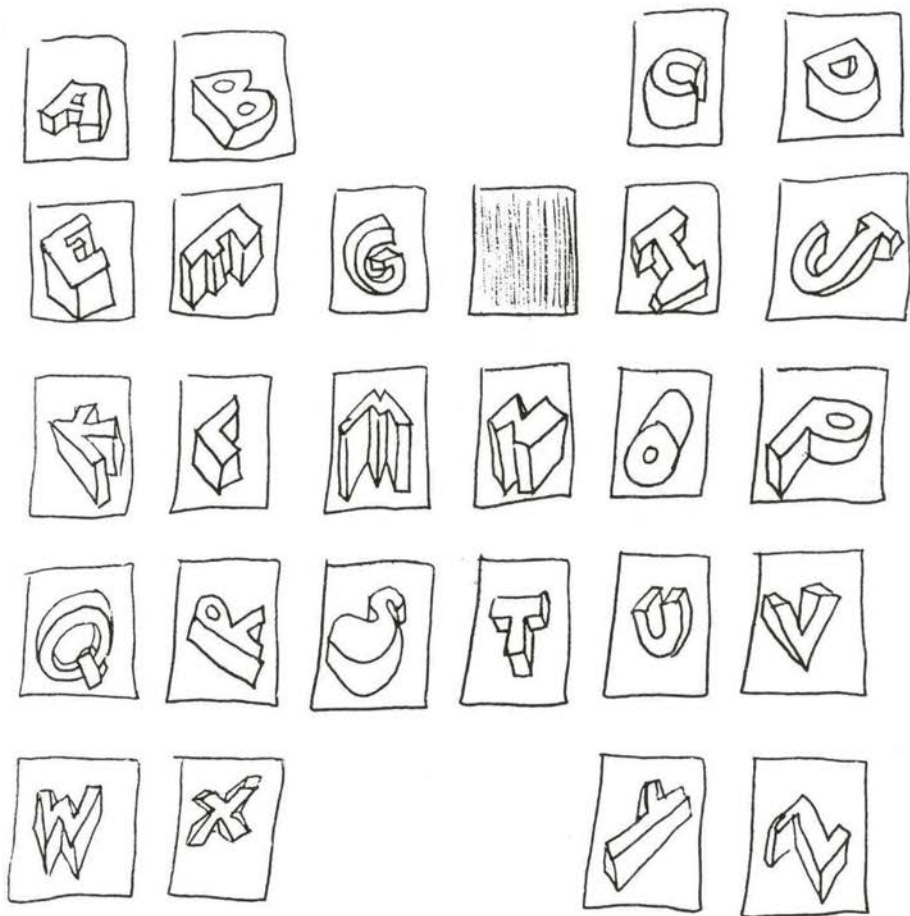
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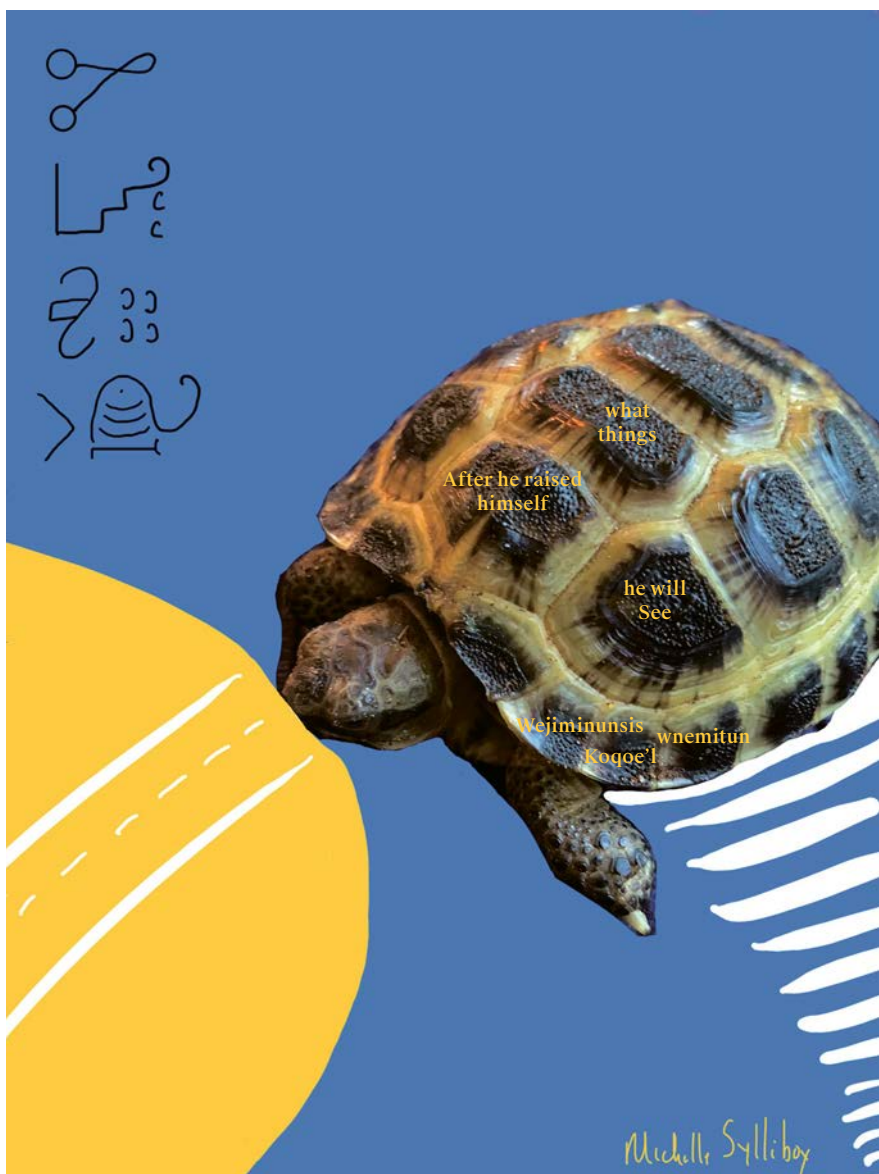


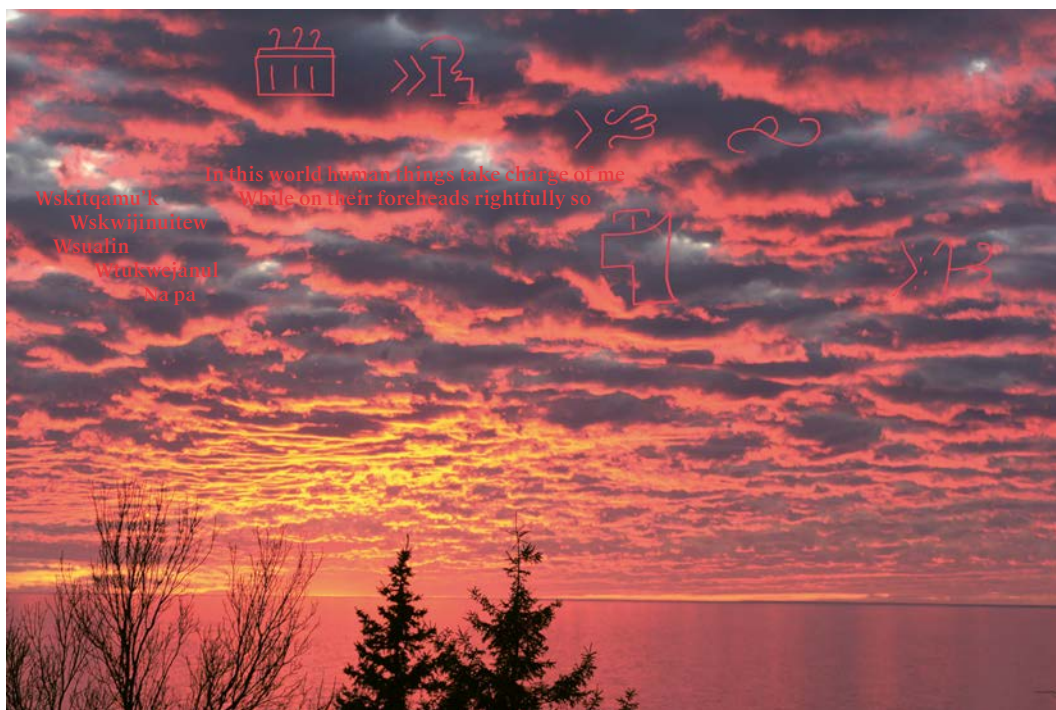


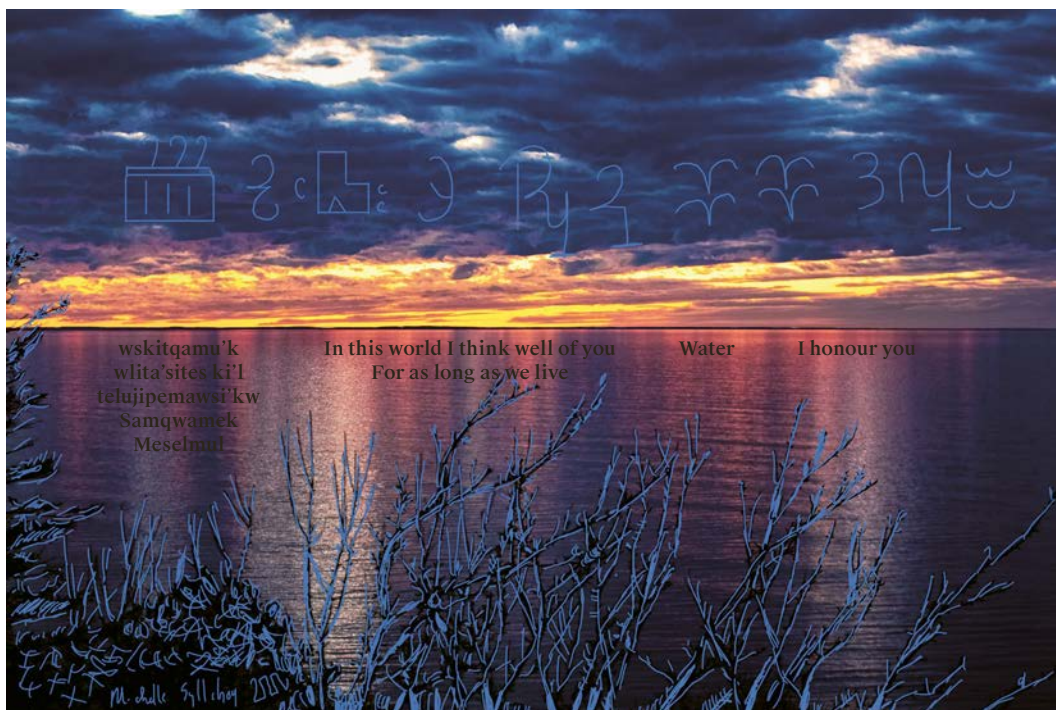
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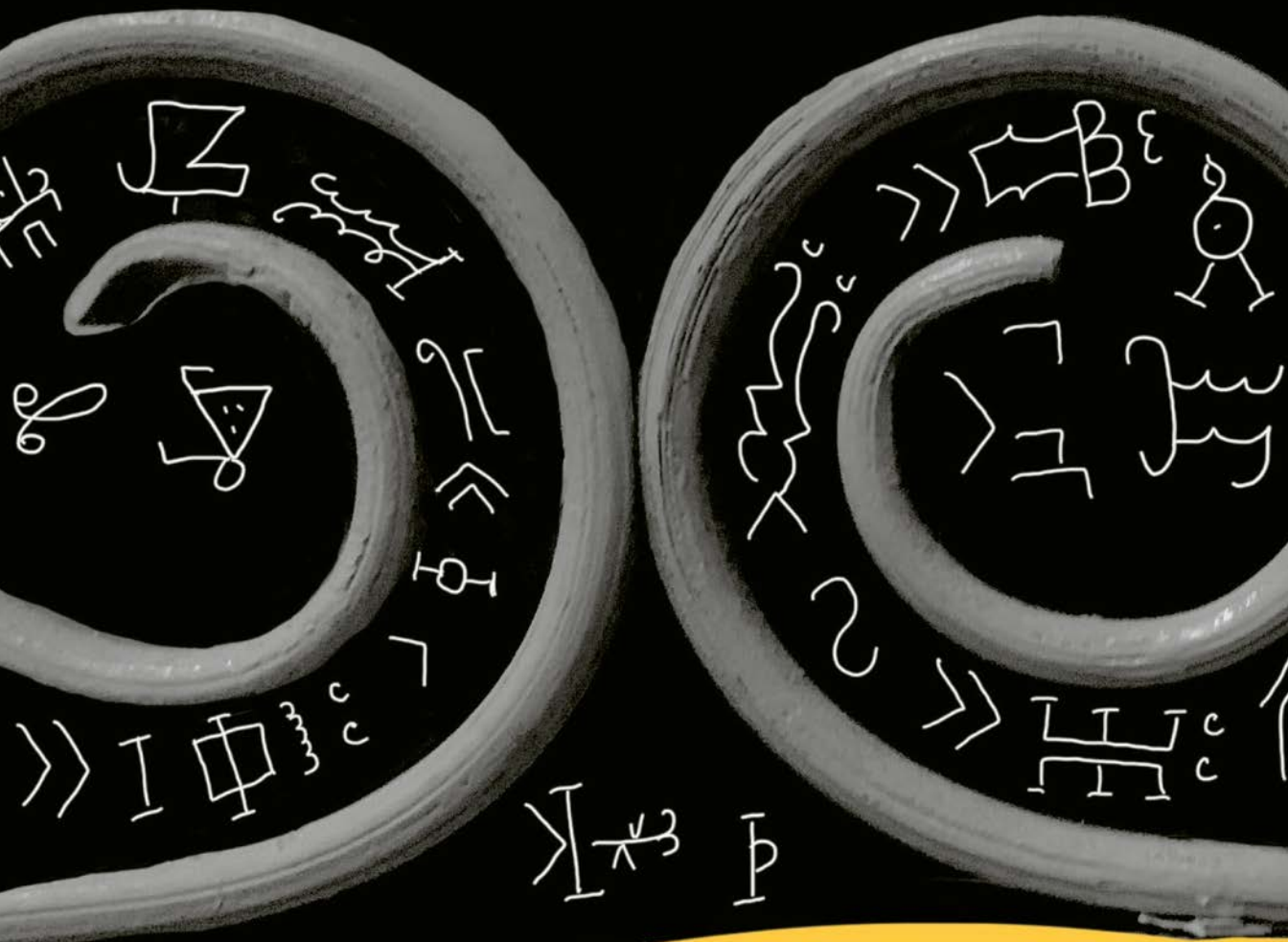
silent ambitions

impressions are received
across the unknown
leaving footprints
in her path
will she untangle
the alphabet slowly
towards earth as art
by whispering sweetness
to anyone who will listen
new memories are difficult
to embrace from afar
as we hide away in our cocoons
from a virus that ravages
anyone who breathes improperly
allow logic to protect you
with her shield of hope
as tears of uncertainty
collide with strength
we shall hug soon enough



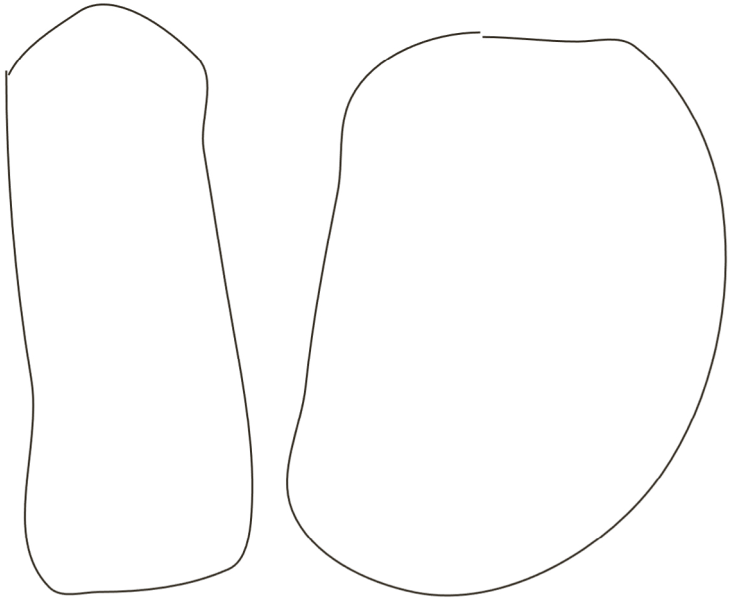








@ Michelle Syllibon 2021



I hope this finds you IO punctuating end times with a couple deleterious letters IO please see attached attachments breaking the law and overseasoning desires IO please see attached attachment's new contingency plan for this finding IO please see attached attachment's choice IO please see attached attachment's chance IO IO

thanks IO thanks so much IO a couple of well-intentioned letters are so thankful for IO rebooted negativity admonishing etymological fervour IO so many letters circling the moon IO tehe IO

wasteful use of IO breaks IO the law IO passively or actively futuring this finding before throwing the first stone IO

lustful stacks order another bottle of pinot gris and post another meme about this finding IO charge every ticking fist to their overlords IO pour over a thirteen-year-old's pink secrets littered with stacks upon stacks of refusals IO with a stack of jupiter's wives longing to stack up another father figure IO

fuck man IO a couple of letters can't have good conversation without provocation IO moron IO thank you for post indulgent militant leaning IO for automatic examples of authenticity IO

I hope this finds you IO piercing end ties with every precious blood root afforded to you IO thank you IO for widening amends with a sense of disaffection IO thank you IO for putting all these ducks in a row and for quacking so much with a mouth full of profession IO

in order to tone down a bitch you'll need: a couple of !! or a :-)
to surmise that something must be law IO anything that seems lawful IO no thanks IO NMT is an inside job IO

fuck dude IO I hope this finds you IO down a well IO of intention IO down tense IO well I mean thank you IO recall send IO thank you for all your effort and hard work during this finding IO

I HOPE THIS FINDS YOU io WHISPERING ONLINE OBSCENITIES io

IT WAS ALMOST JULY 14TH AND A COUPLE OF LETTERS HAD YET TO STORM THE PEACE TOWER io WHAT ARE THEY io FUCKING io WAITING FOR IF NOT NOW io NOW io

OH io A GROTESQUE PREFERS THEIR GRANITE RIBS BROKEN PIECE BY PIECE BY PIECE RATHER THAN SCROLLING ON AND ON AND ON io OH io SOMETIMES A THANK YOU PRECEDES A MISSED OPPORTUNITY io

OH io A GROTESQUE IS A DILDO WAITING FOR THEIR POLYMER FACE TO STORM WITH A FOCUS ON HORIZONTAL PROCESS RATHER THAN STIFF STRUCTURE io

UH OH io DIGRESSION io UH OH io FOR A COUPLE OF CAPITALISTS HATE YOU FOR BEING SO UNGRATEFUL FOR HOW YOU SPEND THEIR TIME io

I HOPE THIS FINDS YOU io COOL ON THIS HAPPY SUNNY HEATWAVE io

UH OH io NEVER SWARM ON BATED BREATH io FOR A COUPLE OF WORK PORTFOLIOS TO REVEAL A COUPLE OF WAYS TO SWAMP NEW ASSEMBLAGES io THANK YOU io NOTED io YOU ALSO io ON THE JOB PETTY DRUNKENNESS IS ENCOURAGED DEPENDING ON WHO WANTS WHO FIRED io

THANKS FOR THE INTEL NOW I NEED NOT APPLY THIS FINDING IF TREATED FAIRLY io

I HOPE THIS FINDS YOU io HEMORRHAGING CUSTOMER SERVICE
io INSTEAD OF WORK TOTALIZE YOUR PANTRY CREAMER UNTIL
EVEN BARE LIFE CUPBOARDS io

MIGHT I SUGGEST A FALSE SENSE OF COMFINESS io A FALSE SENSE
OF OUT LOUD AND PROUD io A FALSE SENSE OF NO NEW IDEAS BUT
THE PRESENT STATE CONSTANTLY SHYING io OR CONSTANTLY
SWALLOWING WITHOUT CHEWING io OR AEROPHAGIA BUT FOR
LOOSE LANGUAGE'S POSTNATAL DEATH io

A COUPLE OF LETTERS DISGUST GENIUS INDIVIDUALISM io LIKE
YOUR BABYGRAM STRIPPING UP FOR A LANGUAGED SELF TO
PLEASE STOP DETAILING SKELETAL HEALING io A COUPLE OF
LETTERS CARRYING CALM INTENSE AWARENESS:

*"no IO I'm here IO can't you see me IO I can't just press send IO it's a
problem with my phone IO this is not the disappearance tactic I was
not looking for IO"*

I HOPE THIS FINDS YOU io EXCLAIMING HOLIDAY HORROR STORIES
TO YOUR UNCHOSEN FAMILY io EVEN IF CARTESIAN HEDGE FUNDS
SPARK JOY GO WITH THEIR ALTERNATE io EVEN IF THE LATIN
SPARKS JOY io ALSO GO WITH THEIR ALTERNATE io UNSTACK
DELIBERATION AND WIELD TRUCULENT THANK YOUS SO THAT
WORK CONTINUES WORKING io SO THAT A COUPLE OF LETTERS
SIGN WE ARE HERE AND WE CAN SEE YOU CLUMSY FOR CITATION
io io io



ok—
did tasks and now return (hip hurts)
but without three leashes

am I in trouble am I bad?

am I bad, basically?

basically: am I bad?

am I good?

am I bad?

and the pain in my hip help it, Lucy.

entheogens and Christ consciousness, the king of cups
a contemplative Christian community in Austin, Texas
attended by my tarot teacher a
self-proclaimed bitch and Capricorn

kind of forward and back

this being the same as a prior time

as with then I am what chose as world

would you imagine him missing me
would you imagine my worth
would you substitute truth for good

could someone be neither better nor best, nor black

finally, Deion Sanders
and then the boys are off for summer
and what about my life?

four crisping crowns as a dead lily
which I keep for its curls
at the cost of a
pollen stain on my yoga mat
(unfurled on the hardwood as a strip of ocean, as ground)
I'm just not sure if I'm envied or admired or important
cheese!
I wish it were already tomorrow morning so I could
take my adhd medicine and
pick my tarot cards
how I am going to sleep clutching my hip in rage
earlier I listed the online communities
of which I am member
people are going to know what my life is about and stop admiring me and envying me and
considering me important
I can always write things down that arrow at the minute
itself but really you could imagine I'm still not sure
whether he has talked shit about me
to people I don't even like
or if there's anything wrong with me or
if my IQ is too high for these hoes
srsly
but really is god
punishing me?
because I don't have any
close friends left nor lover.
yah am I still awake
because I have no friends?
(the story)
but anyway is that why I can't sleep
cos I'm a dumb bitch
like evolutionarily dumb like
am I unable to sleep because I am a fucking loser?
time to go back to
my Afro-Latine single dad boyfriend in my dreams and
let him put stuff up my butt
(in my dreams)
I wonder when my Venus Williams mineral sunscreen tinted lip balm will arrive from
America that I paid 14 US dollars to ship that I hope isn't too sticky

**!!! WHY ARE YOU
RESERVING THE !!!
EXCLAMATION POINT
DEPRIVATION OF
EXCLAMATION
IS PSYCHIC
CONSTIPATION AND
VERY OFTEN
UNWELCOME SO HOLD
BACK NO LONGER !!!**

fuck brand loyalty
pull scissors from
the ribbon cutting
ceremony out
of my back
why did you
introduce me
to the man who
invented my
ringtone
now I see him
no matter who calls
this
empire
will
tax
your
soul
I prefer
the forests making
blankets from
themselves

CONTRIBUTORS

Sonny Assu is an interdisciplinary artist whose diverse practice is informed by Kwakwaka'wakw and Western principles of art making. He currently resides in territory of his Ligwílda'xw ancestors, otherwise known as Campbell River, BC.

Marian Penner Bancroft is a Vancouver artist grateful to live on the unceded territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwətaʔ peoples. Her work addresses issues of history, landscape, and the construction of the imagination using photography, text, video, sculpture, and sound. She has exhibited nationally and internationally and was the recipient of the 2012 Audain Award for Lifetime Achievement in the Visual Arts.

Robin Blaser's *The Holy Forest: Collected Poems of Robin Blaser* and *The Fire: Collected Essays of Robin Blaser* bring together a body of poetic thought without parallel in his generation. In 2006, Blaser was the first recipient of the Lifetime Recognition Award from the The Griffin Trust for Excellence in Poetry. In 2008, *The Holy Forest* won the Griffin Poetry Prize. His collaboration with composer Sir Harrison Birtwistle on the opera *The Last Supper*, for which Blaser wrote the libretto, was premiered in Berlin in 2000.

The work of **Rebecca Brewer** (b. 1983) is an investigation into painterly abstraction and figuration, often engaging with visual allegories associated with Western esotericism, feminism, and “alternative” healing. Her personal research into these areas is indebted to the frameworks of neurodiversity, queerness, and critical disability theory. Her works incorporate oil painting, printmaking, sculpture, wool felt, and other textiles. Brewer received an MFA from Bard College, and a BFA from Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design. She has had solo

exhibitions at the Frye Art Museum, Seattle (2020); Oakville Galleries, Oakville (with Rochelle Goldberg, 2019); Catriona Jeffries, Vancouver (2014, 2016); and at Exercise, Vancouver (2012).

Clint Burnham's latest book is *White Lie* (Anvil, 2021).

listen chen lives in Vancouver, on the unceded lands of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwətaʔ Nations.

Wayde Compton's short story collection, *The Outer Harbour*, won the City of Vancouver Book Award in 2015. Compton is an instructor and chair of Creative Writing at Douglas College. He is currently working on a rewriting of the *Argonautika* by Apollonius of Rhodes as an 18th-century surrealist slave narrative.

CAConrad has been working with the ancient technologies of poetry and ritual since 1975. They are the author of *AMANDA PARADISE: Resurrect Extinct Vibration* (Wave Books, 2021).

Jen Currin is the author of five books, including *Hider/Seeker: Stories*, winner of a Canadian Independent Book Award and a 2018 *Globe and Mail* Best Book; and the poetry collections *School* (Coach House, 2014), and *The Inquisition Yours* (Coach House, 2010), winner of the 2011 Audre Lorde Award for Lesbian Poetry and finalist for a LAMBDA. They live on the unceded territories of the Qayqayt, Kwantlen, and Musqueam Nations, in New Westminster, BC.

The work of **Christos Dikeakos** investigates the archaeological, historical, and natural through photography. A first-generation member of the photoconceptualist Vancouver School, he offers a critique of urban history, depicting topographical aspects of inhabitation in a state of flux. In his 2015 solo exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery entitled *NEXT: Christos Dikeakos*, a series of large-scale photographs of West Coast Pacifica took on the idea that

there exists conductive resonances in both cultural and natural spaces.

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

David Geary writes theatre, TV, film, fiction, and poetry. He teaches at Capilano University in the Indigenous Digital Filmmaking program. Of Māori descent, David was raised on stories of Māui the Polynesian Trickster. He's now honoured to live on the unceded lands of the Raven and Coyote Tricksters of Turtle Island.

Liz Howard's debut collection *Infinite Citizen of the Shaking Tent* won the 2016 Griffin Poetry Prize. Her second collection, *Letters in a Bruised Cosmos*, is currently out with McClelland and Stewart. Born and raised on Treaty 9 territory in northern Ontario, she now lives in Toronto.

Interdisciplinary artist, performer, and filmmaker **Carole Itter** was born in Vancouver in 1939. For about thirty-five years, she joined the multidisciplinary artist, Al Neil, at his cabin which sat on pilings on Burrard Inlet near Dollarton. They worked together and also separately as the place was transformed by assemblages that stretched between cedar trees and over boulders. They were evicted from this place in about 2014 and threatened by immediate demolition by Vancouver's Port Authority. A multitude of art administrators and movers and shakers of all sorts stepped in. Five years later, the little Blue Cabin sat on a new barge in False Creek near the Plaza of Nations for three years. In January 2022, it was towed to its next semi-permanent berth in Steveston on the Fraser River. It functions as an artist's residency for international and local artists.

Aisha Sasha John is the author of the 2018 Griffin Poetry Prize-nominated collection, *I have to live*. (McLelland & Stewart, 2017), as well as *THOU* (Book*hug, 2014), and the chapbook *TO STAND AT THE PRECIPICE ALONE AND REPEAT WHAT IS WHISPERED* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2021). Aisha is a choreographer and performer, and her first ensemble work *DIANA ROSS DREAM* will premiere in fall 2022 at La Chappelle in Montréal.

Bhanu Kapil lives in Cambridge, where she is a Fellow of Churchill College. She is the author of six books, most recently *How To Wash A Heart*, which won the TS Eliot Prize and was a Poetry Book Society Choice. Kapil has also received a Windham-Campbell Prize and a Cholmondeley Award, in acknowledgement of her body of work as a poet.

Since the 1970s, **Robert Keziere** has maintained an artistic photographic practice while also documenting art on behalf of artists, public institutions, collectors, and publishers. He was a photographer at the Vancouver Art Gallery (1976–1982). He has contributed to numerous issues of *The Capilano Review* since the late 1980s.

Jónína Kirton, a Métis/Icelandic poet, graduated from Simon Fraser University's Writer's Studio in 2007. She received the 2016 Mayor's Arts Award for Emerging Artist under the Literary Arts category and has published two books with Talonbooks: *page as bone—ink as blood* (2015) and *An Honest Woman* (2017).

Sonnet L'Abbé, a professor at Vancouver Island University and a poetry editor at brickbooks.ca, published their third collection of poetry, *Sonnet's Shakespeare*, in 2019. They are currently exploring songwriting and performance as a form of community storytelling and activist poetics on Snuneymuxw territory.

Danielle LaFrance is the author of *JUST LIKE I LIKE IT* (Talonbooks, 2019), *FRIENDLY*

+ *FIRE* (Talonbooks, 2016), and *species branding* (Capilano University Editions, 2010). Chapbooks include *Tentacle Rasa* (Asterion Projects, 2021) and *Pink Slip* (Standard Ink & Copy Press, 2013). Her forthcoming poetry project, *#postdildo*, also with Talonbooks, thinks and writes through the limitlessness and limitations of sexuality and desire. Focusing on the dildo as sexual object and social relation, she asks “How shall You fuck without causing harm?” She resides on stolen and occupied lands of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwətaʔɬ peoples.

Laiwan is a cultural activist, artist, writer, and educator with a practice based in poetics and philosophy. Born in Zimbabwe of Chinese parents, Laiwan is currently based on the unceded territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwətaʔɬ peoples. Her family immigrated to Canada in 1977 to leave the war in Rhodesia. Laiwan’s collection *TENDER: selected poems* was published by Talonbooks in 2020.

Nicole Markotić has published two novels including *Yellow Pages* (Red Deer Press, 2002), and five poetry books including the forthcoming *After Beowulf* (Coach House, 2022). She has co-edited an essay collection on film and disability, is a fiction editor for *NeWest*, and publishes the chapbook series, *Wrinkle Press*. She edited a collection on Robert Kroetsch (Guernica, 2017) and currently teaches Creative Writing, Children’s Literature, and Disability Studies at the University of Windsor.

Daphne Marlatt’s *Then Now*, a narrative/poem sequence, was a Talonbooks Spring 2021 publication. In March 2022, UBC Opera remounts “Shadow Catch,” a 2011 Firehall Theatre production for which she wrote the Noh-inspired libretto.

Al Neil was born in 1924 and died in 2017. He was a Vancouver musician, composer, pianist, writer, and visual artist whose

activities spanned seven decades. He became a central figure in Vancouver’s jazz scene in the 1950s. During the 1960s, he became known for solo and ensemble performances which combined new music with texts, art assemblages, costumes, slides, and prepared tape. His books are *Changes* (1989), *West Coast Lokas* (1972), and *Slammer* (1981). His exhibition catalogue *Origins* (1989) includes essays by notable Vancouver writers Alex Varty, Scott Watson, and Annette Hertig.

Gailan Ngan works and lives in Vancouver. Her practice involves pottery, sculpture, and co-managing her late father’s art estate. She graduated with a BFA from Emily Carr University in 2002. She has shown work at Cooper Cole, San Diego Art Institute, Kamloops Art Gallery, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Unit 17. Her art is represented by Monte Clark Gallery.

bpNichol (1948-1988) was one of Canada’s foremost writers. Not only was he active in the areas of poetry and fiction, but he was also known for his work in the areas of comics, “pataphysical essays,” text-sound composition, and children’s books. His major life’s work, *The Martyrology*, was an attempt to integrate all facets of his artistic life into one diverse and polyphonic composition. The author of over eighteen books of poetry, Nichol was a publisher himself, under the imprints of Ganglia and Gronk, was an editor at Coach House Press and Underwhich Editions, and was the winner of the Governor General’s Award for Poetry in 1970.

Shazia Hafiz Ramji’s writing has recently appeared in *Galleries West*, *Canadian Notes & Queries*, and *Quill & Quire*. Her fiction was shortlisted for the *Malahat Review’s* 2022 Open Season Awards. She was a finalist for the 2021 National Magazine Awards and the 2021 Mitchell Prize for Faith and Poetry. *Port of Being* (Invisible Publishing, 2018) is her first book.

Lisa Robertson has a new book of poetry, *Boat*, out with Coach House Books in spring 2022. Her critical book *Anemones: A Simone Weil Project* was just published in Amsterdam by the arts foundation called If I Can't Dance I don't Want to be Part of Your Revolution. It includes her annotated translation of Weil's 1942 essay, "What The Occitan Inspiration Consists Of." Her first novel, *The Baudelaire Fractal* (Coach House Books, 2020), was shortlisted for the Governor General's Award for Fiction in 2020. She is currently researching the geological and social history of the Bievre, a buried industrial river in Paris. She left Vancouver for France eighteen years ago now. Both feel like home.

Rhoda Rosenfeld is an artist and poet born in Tio'tia'ké, Haudenoshonee territory, present in Kum'kum'alay in the unceded territory of the x^wməθk^wəyəm, Sk̓wxwú7mesh, and sə́lilwətaʔɬ. Rosenfeld's work attends to perception, consciousness, behaviour, transformation, chance, and the indivisible.

annie ross is a teacher/artist/community member in the Canadian west, in love with Mother Earth.

Jordan Scott is a poet and children's author. Scott has written five books of poetry and was the recipient of the 2018 Latner Writers' Trust Poetry Prize for his contributions to Canadian poetry. Scott's debut children's book (illustrated by Sydney Smith), *I Talk Like a River*, was a New York Times Best Children's Book of 2020 and the recipient of the Schneider Family Book Award which honours authors for the artistic expression of the disability experience.

Catriona Strang is the author of *Low Fancy* (ECW Press, 1993), *Corked* (Talonbooks, 2014), *Reveries of a Solitary Biker* (Talonbooks, 2017), and the forthcoming *Unfuckable Lardass* (Talonbooks, 2022), and co-author with the late Nancy Shaw of *Busted* (Coach House, 2001), *Cold Trip* (2006), and *Light Sweet Crude* (Line

Books, 2007). She frequently collaborates with composer Jacqueline Leggatt.

Michelle Sylliboy is a Two-Spirited L'nú/Mi'kmaw artist and Assistant Professor at St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia in the departments of Modern Language, Education, and Fine Arts. Sylliboy was born in Boston, MA, and raised on unceded Mi'kmaw territory in the community of We'koqmaq, Cape Breton. She gathers much of her inspiration from personal tales, the environment, and her (L'nuk) Mi'kmaq culture. Her interdisciplinary art practice has led her to work with emerging and professional artists from all over Turtle Island. Sylliboy is currently pursuing a Doctor of Philosophy in Education from Simon Fraser University.

Fred Wah's most recent project is *Music at the Heart of Thinking: Improvisations 1-170* (Talonbooks, 2020). Also recently, a collaboration with Rita Wong about the Columbia River, *beholden: a poem as long as the river* (Talonbooks, 2018). *High Muck a Muck: Playing Chinese, An Interactive Poem* is available online. He lives in Vancouver and on Kootenay Lake.

Rita Wong lives on unceded x^wməθk^wəyəm, Sk̓wxwú7mesh, and sə́lilwətaʔɬ lands. She is a poet-scholar who has written several books of poetry and co-edited an anthology with Dorothy Christian titled *Downstream: Reimagining Water* (Wilfred Laurier University Press, 2017). Wong works to support Indigenous communities' efforts towards justice and health for water and land.

Jin-me Yoon is a Korean-born, lens-based artist, who since the early 1990s, has challenged the cultural constructions of self and other in relation to direct and inherited histories of both white settler colonialism and diasporic transnationalism. Indebted to Indigenous host nations, she works at SFU's School for the Contemporary Arts.

Bird Arsonist

Gary Barwin
& Tom Prime

Bird Arsonist

Gary Barwin & Tom Prime

“...all readers will find their fetishes nearing ‘plumed apotheosis’ within this turbulent twin-penned bird-bloodbath.”

— Jonathan Ball, author of *The Lightning of Possible Storms*

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— Felix Bernstein, artist, author, and critic

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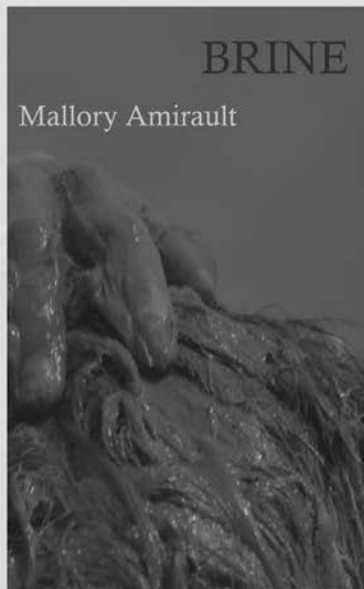
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Mallory Amirault's debut collection *Brine* is an ambitious land-metaphor; merging history and imagination, it's a work of poetry that doubles as a prose novel. Subtly unfolding character-led intimacies, it acts as an interruption long-standing Maritime coloniality.

Amirault describes *Brine* as an aboiteau at the shoreline of a colonial event. Engaging the elemental and political act of arriving and departing, the story is a mechanism that slowly removes salt from the Maritimes, and points to say "wound."

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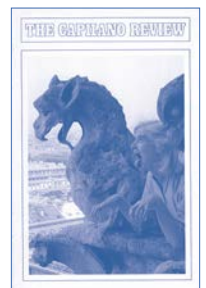
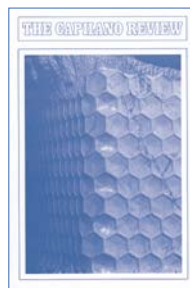
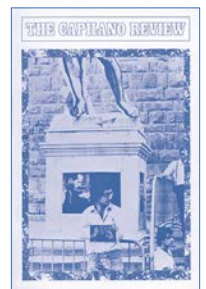
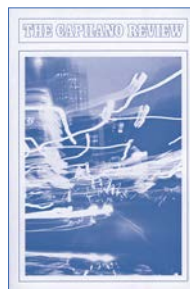
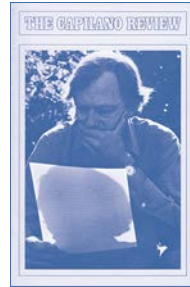
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Danielle LaFrance
Laiwan
Nicole Markotić
Daphne Marlatt
Gailan Ngan
bpNichol
Shazia Hafiz Ramji
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annie ross & Catriona Strang
Jordan Scott
Michelle Sylliboy
Fred Wah
Rita Wong
Jin-me Yoon

50TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL ISSUES: A GLOSSARY

The Capilano Review celebrates its 50th anniversary in 2022 with the publication of a three-part glossary featuring newly commissioned work alongside notable selections from our archive by over a hundred of the magazine's past contributors.

3.46 (SPRING 2022): A-H

3.47 (SUMMER 2022): I-R

3.48 (FALL 2022): S-Z



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