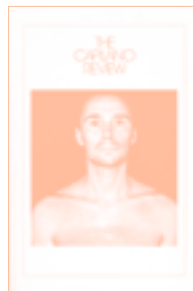


The Capilano Review

50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE 2/3

SUMMER 2022

I - R



50 years of writing and art

GLOSSARY I-R&

ISSUE 3.47

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THE LETTER 'I'

When I think 'I(i),' I think the *pronoun, as writ*.
Tall + capital: 'I(t)' fill(s) the air. 'I(t)' tower(s), upon
Entering space. *Writ*, it looks like #1. One cannot say 'I' is
one + not an *other*. But one can say that 'I' is first + singular

Still there are smaller 'I's, + then there are those 'I's
who deign to stand in for the many, bespeaking our
apparent collective values in the codex of the nation's
institutions, media, the law, the universities. These latter,
if, of late, gathering vague accoutrements of diversity
about their person, still often cannot help performing
as presumptive scriptors for audiences deemed
(sometimes unconsciously) as mostly white, + comfortable
heteronormative middle class, or up. (I read us daily in
the pages of *The Globe + Mail*). Whether this 'I(t)' stands
out clearly on the page or is hidden within the folds of the
text, 'I(t)' is there for us to heed.

Yet, the 'I' posture, + its function, vary widely in different
settings within the frame of nation. And also with respect
to background, gender, regional, economic contexts. To
generalize a little, is not that figure entering the room,
head down a smidgen, lids half-mast, a little smile,
perhaps from North of the 49th. Or does it only seem
that way because she is standing next to an **I** in **Bold**

from further south, speaking with certitude (a mite too loud). *Americans are show-offs*, allows a US poet friend, somewhat embarrassed, as we attempt to discuss how 'I' is projected by the various implications of the word 'citizen' in the 2 English-language countries—+ their various populations—on the continent of the Americas. She finds my generalizations spurious. (Naturally, I agree.)

Whatever its station or location, it impugns to admit that a well-constituted 'I'(dentity) is essential to the meaning of the word 'democracy'. For, in principle, there is no point of voting or writing letters to the editor if one cannot stand up as + hold forth as an individual. But I often think if we, democracy's scribes, were to design a pronominal function of 'I' (subject) as more inclusive in relation to you (objective)—then the 'I' of our collective might achieve a comportment somehow less bordered in its singular.

For some time, 'we' (that is, *my royal 'I'* + handful of like-thinking experimental prosaists) have written reams re: poetry's advantage over prose in breaking down this 'first' + singular person via devices like line break + enjambment. It may seem semantics, but who can deny grammar + syntax thyme with social implications? It feels freeing to slice the lyric into verse fragments, *sans* the template of *Subject/Object/Period*—serving up its placeholders of meaning, interpretation, conclusion. Indeed, an aura of moral superiority seems linked to poetic abstraction of the individual (author). Or is it? *White abstraction is the doppelganger of all that is repressed by the effort to contain its own claustrophobic historicizing*, says a leading New York poet.¹ He is speaking of visual art, but a poetic 'I', disseminated to the point of blending in the ether, still projects, methinks, a ghostly presence. Thus, 'I', Gail, writer + half-guilty cohort of sentencers, in trying to overcome prose's teleological nature, have sprung a doubt re: the allegedly more democratic, or disseminated, 'I' of poetry, with its spacey reader-inclusive scaffolding. Perhaps hidden in its gappiness, 'I' remains presumptive.

In writing my last book, *Furniture Music*, a memoir in the company of a group of downtown New York poets of the early Obama era, I addressed the writing 'I' (moi!) as 'you' all the way through. It allowed my Canadian 'I' to appear in downtown Manhattan streets + cafés at the distance of a hologram. With her Canadian moral rightness. But also her sweetness. It allowed my Anglo-Québécois id,

1. Charles Bernstein, "Disfiguring Abstraction," *Critical Inquiry* 39, no. 3 (2013): 486–97, <https://doi.org/10.1086/670042>.

eager to have readers in English who were politicized somewhat similarly (coming from a long line of *left-wing* experimental writers), a certain companionship that 'I'(t) failed to find back home in her mostly French-speaking milieu. But deploying the 2nd person pronoun sometimes felt trite, as if, in objectifying my 'I', she became not a hologram but an ungrounded parody. One could say in standing in for 'I', 'you' became an alibi. I began to wonder if, writing in sentences, there was some formal way to make 'I' reach closer to 'you'; to bring, at the level of the grammar, 'I' closer to its various pronominal relations. In Mohawk, for example, if 'I' understand correctly: to say I love you is to express interconnection with another relation, be it a person, animal, plant, or spirit. The key note being the suffix *inter*. One meaning of konoronkhwa is '**the blood that flows belongs to you**'.² But does not this, in English, require some great formal effort—to make the forward flow of sentence upon reaching 'you' move back again in time over the relevant terrain?

The Canadian poet Sarah Dowling puts it most succinctly: *Traditionally, what prompts the 'I' to speak in a lyric poem is the absence of the 'you'—the lyric's condition of possibility is that someone isn't there. You is social and reciprocal. It serves as a transit between the particularity of a singular life and the scope of life in general.*³

The problem being, methinks, in many types of inscription in our culture, the addressee, the 'you,' is absent. Or too far away.

2.
From the Bear Waters Gathering mission statement, <https://www.bearwatersgathering.ca/about-us>.

3.
Sarah Dowling, "Mass Tragedy," *Chicago Review*, May 27, 2021, <https://www.chicagoreview.org/mass-tragedy>.

IMPROSEMENT

From Issue 1.50 (Spring 1989)

Beginning and beginning: writing is always (all ways) be(com)ing and be(ginn)ing in the wor(l)d. Once upon a time, she thought she'd write a beautiful book. She thought she was writing about here for (t)here. She thought/thinks almost everything was/is a possibility in writing. Here includes her as does hear which includes ear. She includes he as do the and thee. Letters and words are presents/present presences. Sentences: shapes or structures that depend on who the writer is and how she feels when she writes which depends on how much she loves sentences and what she's been doing with them recently.

Recently, she's been marking finals and critical essays. She doesn't ever think of writing a beautiful book or beginning a story. She marks down her time to keep her going. When she notices she's too slow, she walks the dog or washes the car so, when she returns, she can grade more quickly. She looks forward to minor amusements such as the student who wrote improsement meaning imprisonment and the one who wrote thoughts instead of those, but she had added a t for thoughts before she reread his sentence. One student, trying to get the title of an Ondaatje poem, wrote cinanum, cinimen, cannamen, cinnimen, cinniman, cinnamin. Another wrote, this exert from *In the Skin of a Lion* focuses on the work force.

Exert force. Another said of bpNichol, he's talking about politics in general, that people must react, be aggressive, make changes, rather than stand back and watch as passifiers do. She imagined the whole Peace March, which was marching through Vancouver as she read that, sucking plastic pacifiers and thought, this student has no idea that pacifists make active choices.

Three years ago, she was in a composition class trying to explain, as one of her students put it, the mysteries of the semicolon. She was joking away about independent and dependent clauses when a young man near the window said, I don't understand—what does the first cause have to do with the second? She looked over his shoulder and saw a male teacher walking towards what was supposed to be a temporary building named P. I'm glad I didn't sleep with you then, she thought. Oh no, she said laughing lightly, you're thinking of cause, but I mean (in a very teacherly voice) clause.

A clause has a subject and a verb that might be surrounded by a number of other words but can, without these words, if it is independent, stand alone and make sense. Birds sing. Jack jumps. Jill wins. Each of those is a bare sentence with a subject—birds, Jack, Jill—and a verb. Each stands alone. Each is also an independent or main or principal clause. But look what happens if we add a word that makes them dependent or subordinate: when birds sing, if Jack jumps, because Jill wins. They don't stand alone anymore. Jack jumps over the candlestick—that stands alone and is what type of clause? Independent. Right. When Jack jumped over the candlestick—does that stand alone? No. Right. It's what now? Dependent. Right. While, because, since, which, that, who, when, where, after, if—all sorts of words make independent clauses dependent or what is sometimes called subordinate. Excuse me, said a student, why can't they just give one name to these things? Because there isn't really a they, she said; I know it would be easier if all teachers used the same terminology, but we don't.

When the class was over, she went to her office. She thought about the teacher she had seen and how, in the context of a class, she hadn't missed a beat, but she had thought of that one night several years ago when she went out with him and how horrible she felt when he kissed her. He was between his first and second marriages then; she was still recovering from her first. He reminded her too much of her ex-husband or, given the fact that she had

truly enjoyed the evening, she was afraid because when she relaxed she wanted what was over and wasn't ready to begin again. Displaced loyalties. An urgent kiss. A pushing away. Nothing soft. A desperation. She wanted a man, but not that man. He wanted a woman, almost any woman. Maybe not. Maybe he really wanted her then. She'd never know. Just another mystery with a semicolon.

Within days, he visited her in her office. Semicolon. His second marriage was over. Semicolon. They talked. Semicolon. Can we talk again? Same time next week, she said. (One of the few things she hates about her work is how long it takes to arrange meetings of any sort, so if two people are available one week at a particular time then...) The next work day, he came to her office door and said, what I really meant was, if I asked you out, would you go out with me? He was standing in the open doorway. She was sitting at her desk. Independent. In minutes, she was going to see the man she was then seeing but who was pissing her off with his self-centredness as much as she loved his particular use of language, e.g. the lower intestines of Burnaby. Yes, yes I would.

Within weeks, she and he were in bed together. But we're so different, she'd say. They were different. They are different. They are also different than they were then different—then, back then, and then, three years ago. She discovered that he only kisses when he wants to make love. She loves making love, but she also likes to kiss kiss not butterfly kiss at other times. Compromise contains promise. Promise contains prose. Prose contains most of the letters of poetry, but means to turn forward, straightforward, the ordinary language of men in speaking and writing. To her, the turning forward is more the essence than the straightness (or men). To her, a sentence both improves and opens possibilities.

She loves turning, crookedness, circles, flexibility. Ability. The form of a sentence is so elastic that when she is not teaching others how to write sentences that are supposed to be straightforward she thinks she can do almost anything she wants within the confines of its structure. Sentences do make sense of the world. Ondaatje wrote *In the Skin of a Lion* in structures which, one of her students delighted in pointing out, are sometimes fragments, are sometimes run-on sentences, contain comma-splices, etc. But, but, she said. Laurence uses fragments too, and there aren't any quotation marks,

and she uses you when she doesn't mean the reader. Yet, yet, she said. Wah wrote whole paragraphs without punctuation in *Waiting for Saskatchewan*. Yes, she said. Wah's paragraphs cohere. Laurence's lack of quotation marks makes sense. Ondaatje's lines are written in the cleanest way they could possibly be. Naked prose. Speech rhythms. Everything fits. They begin and end in exactly the right place. What more is there?

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Pages 14–17:

Siku Allooooloo, *Sapajuji (Protector)*, 2021, melton, batik, sealskin, bias tape, seed beads, freshwater pearls, bugle beads, abalone, caribou hide, 73.66 × 39.37 cm. Photos by Jesse Zubot.

A beaded chest piece based on an amauti design that invokes connection as protection. This reversible chest piece is a protective garment that strengthens me as an arnaq (Inuk woman) within my cultural line and also spiritually deflects colonial violence and erasure—affirming Inuit women's power and presence in a highly visible and celebratory way.

Arnait power >> Connection >>
Protection.

An interface between
my ancestral line
and the world that seeks to
eradicate us

I sew / invoke / adorn
connection
as protection

Through a spiritual gaze
the potent doubled space
where future and past coalesce
reveals the invisible thread
by which we span
eternity

I reach back to know you,
ananatiah

Stitching, tracing, embracing
these spiritual lines
(a prayer across time)
I find you waiting for me,
smiling gently

With wordless grace
you unearth the nuance
of our strength

Quiet power

From the realm
beyond words and sight
Where truth is stark
and fearless

Armoured in anait love
with arms of generations
wrapped darkly around me

I am free to celebrate
our existence, persistence
with joyful sovereign
madness









A FEW NOTES ON INTIMACY

My alarm clock clicks on and the CBC DJ announces one from Carly Rae Jepsen. “Too Much” admits to excess. *When I party, then I party too much / When I feel it, then I feel it too much.*¹ I’ve listened to the song a fair bit since it came out, but this is the first time I’ve done it in the suggestible state of half-sleep. When Jepsen sings repeatedly to her addressee, *Is this too much?* it resonates with a question I’ve often asked myself: *Am I not enough?*

What does this exchange between too much and not enough involve? Both sides invoke a frame of brokenness, an excess or lack that deviates from normative sexualities. In critical work on intimacy, Lauren Berlant insists on the public face of intimacy, asking how we can *think about the ways attachments make people public*,² which is a way of asking, since we are always in intimate relation, with someone or something, how our intimacies are public. The seeming brokenness of desire isn’t the result of some individual subjective failure to desire correctly, but is instead the very public feeling that accompanies the work of building relation when the path to relation-building isn’t clearly cut.

Even in loneliness, I am always in relation, living in the place where the demand for tact meets the assembled eyes of surveillance.

1.
“Too Much,” track 8 on Carly Rae Jepsen, *Dedicated*, 604 Records, 2019.

2
Lauren Berlant, “Intimacy: A Special Issue,” in *Intimacy*, ed. Lauren Berlant (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 2.



Orientations, Sara Ahmed tells us, *are about the intimacy of bodies and their dwelling places*.³ Despite insistences from many asexual folks that asexuality doesn't delimit a person's ability to make relationships or enter the spaces burrowed out by the couple form, I find asexuality involves a peculiar kind of loneliness resultant of spaces unfolding and bending with the body in ways that resist a sticky permanence created when sex and romance harden and institutionalize intimacy.

As I write this, I'm oriented by the space in my one-bedroom basement apartment rented in the Beaches neighbourhood of Toronto for the obscene price of \$1375/month. I generously call the corner of the apartment I'm working in my *library*—a space I decided to carve out of this one room open-concept void. I sit at my desk with my back to no fewer than seven Ikea bookshelves, each one buckling with the weight. An assemblage of objects that extend to and from me. These objects help me read the world and in turn orient me. When I leave this little library, or when I enter a space where I can't read the room, I feel queered in Ahmed's sense, misoriented by a pushy mesh of unpredictable relation. Left tapping on a compass that doesn't seem to work.



Bee and flower, wasp and orchid, lung and air, hammer and nail, ball and socket, book and shelf, snow and plough, shoe and sock, foot and mouth, tea and mug, soup and bowl, fork and knife, nut and bolt, water and pipe, lens and eye, electricity and wire, hook and gill, rack and tire, rain and umbrella, scissors and paper, bob and weave, punch and jab, ball and hoop, knit and purl, dirt and spade, heave and ho, check and double-check, tick and box, foot and doorframe, wiener and bun, cock and asshole, tooth and nail, road and shoulder, trash and dumpster, trash and landfill, trash and raccoon, dam and flood, the clouds and the lake, the lake and my kitchen tap, the surface of the water and the life just under it, symptom and underlying cause, bubbles and champagne, base and superstructure, branch and swing, subject and subjectivity, improvisation and routine, date and duration, tape measure and plywood sheet, board and ramp, rent and landlord, property and trespass, development and real estate, penthouse and the clear

3

Sara Ahmed, *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2006), 8.

view of Grouse Mountain, north and south, slavery and liberation, pickaxe and shovel, wax and wick, fluff and fold, plastic and ocean, hook and eye, country and western, rhythm and blues, country and western and rhythm and blues, discipline and punishment, culture and imperialism, process and reality, being and event, writing and difference, mourning and melancholy, sign and machine, architecture and urbanism, fixity and flow, intensive and extensive, shipping and logistics, private and public, care and harm, peace and love, culture and nature, squirrel and nut, bear and salmon, mosquito and blood, moth and bulb, housefly and the musk of inertia, breeze and plastic grocery bag, flora and fauna, wax and wane, steam and sauna, black and blue, red and gold, sun and moon, friendship and fire, love and autonomy, kith and kin, politics and economy, sink and swim, on and off, up and down, one and zero, x and y, right and left, signal and noise, grate and vent, everyday and exceptional, window and street, panorama and crowd, fold and soul, this and that, here and there, like and love.



Isn't intimacy a primarily spatial concept? Intimate bodies defined not merely through their proximity, but also by the ways they begin to bleed into shared folds. Love always gets imagined as a union, as two becoming one, and yet in the opening lines of *A Thousand Plateaus* Deleuze and Guattari describe their collaboration as a multitude: *Since each of us was several, we were already quite a crowd.*⁴ Through their shared work, their meshworks become indistinguishable. They fold together. The bleeding together of the inaccessible space inside the body, the space where the soul lives and the unconscious cuts through.

Intimacy as incipient space. Erin Manning presents this as a feeling for movement's prearticulations, the improvisational instants before routine kicks in.⁵ Like time, intimacy is not some indivisible "now," but is instead a constant exchange. Enter the virtual, the topological, the non-metric *something* produced as intimate parts slide and fold together into a shared inside, into each other's mattering spirit, into *agencement*. Am I intimate with the leaves on the tree just next to me as I write at this picnic table near the Olympic pool at the base of Woodbine Avenue? Am I intimate with the picnic table? With the slowly moving shade? With the light coming off the lake? I feel the tug of immanent dependency. I need with your

4. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 3.

5. Erin Manning, *Relationscapes: Movement, Art, Philosophy* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2009).

needing, fold over fold, one upon the other, all the way to infinity.

How do I unfold myself into the theatre of everything else, a body abandoning yet inseparable from its organization? Is this love?



Berlant asks after intimacy, commitment, and desire in terms of stability and instability. *In its instantiation as desire*, she writes, *[intimacy] destabilizes the very things that institutions of intimacy are created to stabilize and people are constantly surprised about this*. There's an interference between the stabilized calm of what she calls *the taken-for-grantedness of the feeling that there would be a flowing reiteration where the intimate is*⁶ and the staticky self-awareness of metadiscourse, between the smoothed, silent logistics of not being able to talk about it and the enabling diagram drawn while simultaneously standing in the street and hanging from the window. That flowing reiteration gushes from an institutional feeling: a love for shelter, for measure, for anchor, for category.



*Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is folding. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is wishing he could be two or three places tonight. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is sleeping. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is enjoying his day off. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is sleeping, though he shouldn't be. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is feeling better, thank you. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is feeling less better, thank you. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is sick, or sickly. Ryan Christopher Fitzpatrick is a little better.*⁷

Even as a proscenium pinned to the top of the page, is this set of status updates a better record of my life than my poems, or do they mark an arm's length performativity? Don't they mark a shift from face-to-face sociality to parasociality, from knowing someone to merely feeling like you know them? I feel some attachment to people I've never met; people who I know or was once friends with refiled as parasocial. Still, doomscrolling, I feel obligated to confess my affect for an audience, trying to negotiate the face I slide behind, collaging the social texture of the face itself. If I don't, I might vanish.

6.
Berlant, *Intimacy*, 6.

7.
Personal Facebook status updates made between June and September 2007.

J is an *I* that has swooped down and over to the left, trying to get away from itself. But it can't: “J,” or “je,” means “I” in French. The translational turn. A single letter standing in for the self.

The *J* descended from the *I*—Roman scribes adding a little hook to the *I* to make it stand out. A flourish. Something to recognize it by. This is why the *J* as lowercase *j* also retains the little dot hovering above it, which we know from the *i*.

“Or was it a typo? A happy accident? Ink slipped onto the page?”

A single letter that becomes a word. A single letter that, with an apostrophe added, sutures the self to an action, a state, or a feeling when the action or state or feeling begins with a vowel. The apostrophe warns of a breath.

Je aime
J'aime

Photos by @billytaang, @gourdtimes, @alexserres, @maodaaa, and @shanzhai_lyric. All photos courtesy of Shanzhai Lyric and reprinted with permission of the photographers.

From *J* we get *Jersey*, a word for a knitted cloth or a t-shirt, a t-shirt full of words, a textile of text. It is said that the word *jersey* is named after the island of Jersey



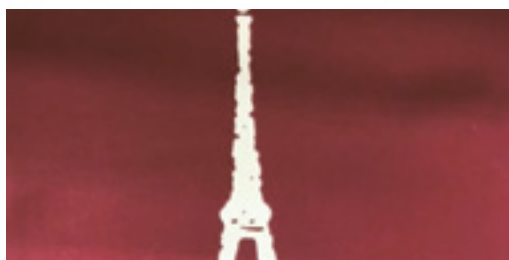
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MARCH 6, 2020

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JANUARY 12, 2020

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SEPTEMBER 4, 2019



shantchal_lyric • Follow

...



Liked by paravirtualized and others

JULY 27, 2018



shantchal_lyric • Follow

...



Liked by gameboypunk and others

MAY 22, 2018



shantchal_lyric • Follow

...



J'arrive



Liked by kristian_henson and others

NOVEMBER 21, 2017



shantchal_lyric • Follow

...



Liked by unseptropvlt and others

NOVEMBER 12, 2017



shantchal_lyric • Follow

...



Liked by vvvvhgbcftwx and others

APRIL 23, 2017

in the Channel Islands, presumably where the cloth was made, and that the word jersey itself comes from the Old English *ey*, meaning island.

An island is a thing on water, a piece of land on sea, a bit of ground that rises out of the ocean just enough to be a place to live. And yet islands are prone to flooding, a reminder that land and sea are not as separable as we'd like to believe. Waters flow around and through our island cities even as developers attempt to cover and conceal them, to parcel the land into tidy and saleable dry bits.

We live on one such island: the island of Manhattan. And we gather garments from Canal Street, named for the channel that still runs beneath it. If you lay on the ground and press your ear to a manhole, you can still hear the creek that never stopped moving.

The marsh beneath the neighbourhood never went away either, and its untidy swampiness threatens the foundations of buildings, especially those that like to pretend it isn't there (namely, the courthouse and the jail).

Along with overflows of sewage and runoff, the block channels all manner of contraband goods, collecting and concealing the waste of the world. Even still, on the shanzhai T-shirts that flow through Canal Street, French is still the language of luxury—Dior, Dior, Dior, *Doir*—but broken and broken open.

A *j* is an *i* that curves off elsewhere; a jersey is a t-shirt is an island. Their creole tongues point to the churning and mixing of languages otherwise thought to be as separate as land and sea.

Je suis allée

JUNCTURE

In Christian Petzold's 2020 film, *Undine*, Christophe, an industrial diver, is underwater soldering some scary piece of corroded machinery when a giant catfish comes swimming towards him. Giant as in two metres long. It's the mythic Big Gunther, which sounds so much better in German: *der grosse Günther*. After I saw the movie, I found myself calling my cat Ted "der grosse Günther" for a couple of days. No longer can Christophe see the underwater world as merely a venue for paid labour. The catfish initiates him (and the viewer) into a realm of magic and the unconscious, and all the other nonlinear, nonrational things that bodies of water have symbolized through the ages.

When Christophe returns to the dock, his coworkers are irritated he took so long. One yells at him from the shore to hurry up. "Hey, guys!" he shouts. "I don't want to get stuck at Kamener Junction for two hours!" There is lots of confusion about the difference between junction and juncture. Juncture is a point of exigency or crisis, a point made critical by a confluence of circumstances. Big Gunther is a juncture. Junction is where things come together (congested autobahns). Junction is about place. Juncture is about time.

These past two years all I've written about is death and grieving, and I don't know how to come up from that. A juncture is a pause. It can be internal or external, open or closed, a transition between segments. A juncture can be falling, level, or terminal. A fall before silence. A juncture is a manner of moving between two, a cue. A

juncture is the difference between a name and an aim, between that stuff and that's tough, between fork handles and four candles.

Juncture is a soft word, an equitable and amiable break. Its vowels are highly spiritual, symbolizing peace and love. And immortality. They signify continuum, that the entity lives on after its existence. The consonants in juncture are full of magic and mystery, but they do not represent the higher side of occultism. They are associated with good talkers with strong personal magnetism, traits conducive to obtaining gifts and favours.

“At this juncture” is a fancy way of saying “now.” At this juncture we have spent a year in isolation. Junction is the front door to our homes, where we stood compulsively rubbing the knobs with alcohol. The threshold that marks the inside from the outside, the living from the dead. I was planning a coffee date with a gallerist to discuss a possible show of my late husband's drawings. The gallerist emailed me, *I've had these long conversations with people I love in the past two days and each time there's a big part of me which is like “this conversation needs to end, and soon.”* He too does not know how to come back up. He was just being friendly, but I felt a falling of hope, of belief that there was anything left for me but afterlife. The past two decades we straddled the 20th and 21st centuries—one might say it was a critical juncture—though grammar police say all junctures are critical, so critical juncture is redundant. Charlotte Brontë: *What a mercy you are shod with velvet, Jane!—a clodhopping messenger would never do at this juncture.* Juncture implies some sort of relation, but what I'm seeing around me is a gulf, a pit of the stomach dread that humanity, as I was raised to conceive of it, is gone. Over my chest I swipe the sign of the cross with a Lysol wipe. A juncture is the difference between night rate and nitrate, between ice cream and I scream.

KANSHI

Scholars in the Heian period in Japan—that is, from the middle of the seventh century to 1185—wrote poetry in both Chinese and Japanese. There are two terms for the Chinese language writing that they did: *kanshi* means “Chinese poetry” and *kambun* means “Chinese prose.” I. Smits, however, tells us that the designations *kanshi* and *kambun* are Western designations, and further queries whether Sino-Japanese poetry is in fact “Chinese,” or is better understood as a form of Japanese.¹ In the heyday of *kanshi*, there were two principal forms in which poetry could be written in Japanese: the *tanka* and the *chōka*.² The *tanka* was limited to thirty-two syllables. The *chōka* followed a similar rhythm to the *tanka*, but was unlimited in length. However, in the Heian period, the *chōka* dropped almost entirely out of use. *Kanshi*, like *chōka*, stipulated no rules around length. Though early *kanshi* were quite short, when poets did wish to write long, it was an obvious and available form to go to. Minamoto no Shitagō (911-983) thus wrote “Song of the Tailless Ox” as *kanshi*. Burton Watson, the American translator of both Chinese and Japanese, wonders whether, had *chōka* been in style, Minamoto might have written this “Song” in Japanese instead:

I have an ox but its tail is missing:
 everyone pokes fun at my tailless ox.
 Born a wild calf, it was chewed by a wolf,
 but I well understand why it escaped the wolf’s jaws:
 it’s so wise you’d take it for an old pine spirit,
 far plumper and bigger than those grazers under
 the fruit trees . . .³

1. I. Smits, “Chinese Poetry in Japan,” in *The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics: Fourth Edition*, ed. Roland Green et al. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2012).

2. Burton Watson, trans., *Japanese Literature in Chinese: Volume 1: Poetry and Prose in Chinese by Japanese Writers of the Early Period* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1975), 11.

3. *Ibid.*, 65

Watson worries whether the kanshi written by Japanese poets were any good, since they were writing in a foreign tongue, and further, mimicking styles made popular by Chinese poets:

... we may say that the Japanese, at least during the eighth and ninth centuries when they were in close contact with the mainland and when Chinese studies were in greatest vogue in court and intellectual circles, could write Chinese verse, and to a less extent Chinese prose, with considerable competence, though understandably without any remarkable inventiveness or flair.⁴

He's particularly concerned about those moments when native Japanese linguistic habits might give their writers away:

The kanshi, to be sure, especially those of the later period, at times display oddities of word order or expression that are uncharacteristic of poetry composed on the continent and seem to be due to influences from the native language. Such oddities would no doubt draw disapproving frowns from Chinese readers, though whether they are from a technical point of view serious enough to affect the overall worth of the poetry I do not feel qualified to judge. ... Since Chinese prose, unlike Chinese verse, is not governed by any set of technical rules, but depends for its effectiveness upon more subtle consideration of rhythm and euphony, it is more difficult to write with genuine grace.⁵

Watson's anxiety is interesting in light of the perpetual Western anxiety about Asian accents. To be sure, Chinese people are as snobby as anyone else, and disdainful of those who don't speak or write in terms they'd deem correct. I wish I could read these "oddities of word order"! In light of a contemporary recognition of the value of the local, these oddities might prove more beautiful than it appears to those for whom correctness is the primary value. If Chinese prose is not governed by rules of word order, who is to say whether Japanese linguistic habits are more or less graceful than Chinese ones? And if Chinese poetry is more rule-bound, who is to say whether there's more grace in sticking to the rules than in breaking them?

4.
Ibid., 8-9.

5.
Ibid., 8.

Watson worries about the eruptions of Japanese linguistic habits even in the work of Sugiwarara no Michizane, a court scholar in Kyoto in the early Heian period, and one of the writers of kanshi whom Watson admires most.

Michizane's story is a sad one. A gifted scholar of Chinese studies at a time when Japanese envoys and monks went regularly to China and Chinese scholars came regularly to Kyoto, Michizane became a distinguished teacher, and later, governor of the province of Sanuki, and still later, as Udajin or Minister of the Right.⁶ But he was abruptly accused by his enemies of ill deeds (we don't know what they were because the records were destroyed), unseated from his position, and sent into exile in Kyushu. All of his children were also exiled—he was allowed to keep only his two youngest with him. Even his wife could not accompany him. First his little son died, and then Michizane himself passed away of malnutrition and beriberi. Here's a kanshi he wrote in the year 902, some months before his death:

The hours of the spring night are not many,
the breath of spring rain should be warm,
but a man with many sorrows
finds himself at odds with the season.
When the heart is cold, the rain too is cold;
nights when you can't sleep are never short.
The gloss is gone from my skin, my bones dry up;
tears keep coming to sting my eyes;
boils and rash, beriberi in my legs—
shadows of sickness darken my whole body.
Not only does my body fail me—
the roof leaks, no boards to fix it,
dampening the clothes draped on the rack,
ruining the books and letters in their boxes.
And what of the complaints of the cook,
tending a stove where no smoke rises?
Rain may bring excess of joy to farmers;
for a stranger in exile it only means more grief.
The grief and worry form a knot in my chest;
I get up and drink a cup of tea,
drink it all, but feel no relief.
I heat a stone, try to warm the cramps in my stomach,
but this too has no effect,
and I force myself to down half a cup of wine.
I must think of the Emerald Radiance,⁷
think! think! put my whole heart in it!
Heaven's ways of dealing out fortune—
how can they be so unfair!⁸

6.
Ibid., 73–74, 76.

7.
The Pure Land of the Emerald Radiance, presumably a spiritual place in Buddhist understandings, presided over by the Buddha of Healing, Yakushi Nyorai.

8.
Watson, 119.

Though he was later absolved of any wrongdoing and posthumously restored to his former position, there is obviously little satisfaction to be had from the spirit world. Watson tells us he was worshipped as an *onryō*, that is, a spirit of wrath and vengeance. My Iron Goddess of Mercy would like that, I think.

Readers might wonder why I'm interested in a form like kanshi, a long-dead Japanese bureaucrat-scholar like Michizane, or a translator like Watson. As a poet whose mother tongue has evaded her and who, as a child, betrayed her mother tongue under pressure from the assimilative pressures of Canadian Multiculturalism and the Newfoundland schoolyard of my youth, I need the translators in order to understand where I've come from. I betrayed my mother tongue before I knew what language was. My mother taught me English first, so I wouldn't have an accent.

Watson is an ex-US navy man who became a sinologist in the wake of his posting to China during WWII. He couldn't get a job in China because of the Cold War, and was never granted a position in Hong Kong or Taiwan. He got one in Japan, and became interested in Japanese language and culture. He was probably gay. Watson's obituary in the *New York Times* says he never married but was survived by his long-time companion.⁹ As for me, though I was a member of the Asian Canadian Writers' Workshop and a mentee of Jim Wong-Chu in my early days, many of my teachers, friends, and interlocutors have been Japanese Canadian: Roy Miki, Hiromi Goto, Tamai Kobayashi, Mona Oikawa, Cindy Mochizuki, Grace Eiko Thompson, Monika Kin Gagnon, Scott Toguri McFarlane, Kirsten Emiko McAllister. It's these relationships (among others) that have made my life possible, more than any university. These relationships have been connected to movements to be sure—Asian Canadian movements, BIPOC movements, queer movements, unnamed and loosely spiritual movements.

In the field of Canadian cultural difference, the step from Chinese Canadian to Japanese Canadian seems a short one, but it's hard to forget Chinese and Japanese difference in the wake of WWII. That alliances can be found under the banner "Asian Canadian" is wonderful; the artificiality of the construct notwithstanding. Formations are arbitrary and constantly shifting, yet as we inhabit them they become real. "Asian" is a useful term

9. William Grimes, "Burton Watson, 91, Influential Translator of Classical Asian Literature, Dies," *The New York Times*, May 3, 2017.

for fighting back against the state when it is racist. It is useful for fighting Western imperialism. It's less useful when it is deployed by one "Asian" state to oppress and subjugate other "Asian" states, or its own people.

For me, "Asian" has been a freeing term, one that lets me step away from "Chinese." "Chinese," as a formation, can be so demanding. Years ago, I had a community plot in Mount Pleasant, near the View Court Co-op where I lived at the time. My garden was unkempt, but very productive. I had a couple of rows of lo bak (a.k.a. daikon) that poked their massive snouts out all over the other rows. I was working on it early one evening when an old Asian man came down the lane. He watched me for a few seconds, then said, "You Chinese?"

"Yes," I said.

"Me too," he said. He began to tell me how to keep a proper garden. His tone was half instructional and half berating. Would he have felt so comfortable if I had said "no"?

If my Chinese relations are Confucian, paternal, possessive, and berating, "Asian" is a more utopian term. Sure, it seeks belonging in an oppositional way, through a refusal of "Oriental" and all that that term signifies. "Asian" is a term of remaking in the wake of the long, unfolding, colonial moment. But it also has many problems. The Pan-Asian anti-colonial alliances of the early twentieth were wonderful for their initial intentions to drive the colonizer out, and also for their alliances, however unstable, with Pan-African movements. The WWII turn to Pan-Asian fascisms, however, was not so pretty.

To think of "Asian" as a coalitional term with utopian leanings, however, is still useful for building relationships. And in that building, it's also helpful to realize that the connections are old. Though I'm not the kind of specialist Burton Watson is in Chinese and Japanese language and history, I can see that in the Heian period there were complex power relations between Japan and China. I can see that Japan looked to China for strategies of governance and for cultural prestige. Kanshi might be a kind of cultural appropriation, but given the power relationship then, I don't find it offensive. I'm more interested in the ways Japanese poets of that time could use kanshi to become themselves a little more

freely, by leaving behind the strictures demanded by their own culture. In the twentieth century, when Japan was up and China was down, relations weren't nearly so diplomatic. Between Japan and China, the shoe keeps changing feet. To know that there were poetic, spiritual, and ambassadorial exchanges between the two countries in the tenth century reminds me that both cultures have been around for a long time. In our relationship through kanshi, we are not newcomers or immigrants, but members of dynamic and shifting cultures of exchange. We've been talking to one another for a long time. It's this discussion that I enter into when I talk to my JC friends. These discussions and relationships are available across other fields of difference too—Asianness in all its relations: Korean, Filipino, Thai, Vietnamese, Laotian, Hmong, South Asian, Near Asian, and more; from Asianness to Indigeneity; from Blackness to Asianness. The power relations aren't necessarily fair or equal, and sometimes they need to be triangulated through whiteness, but they don't always need to be. Further, they're alive and growing right now.

Rabinovitch and Bradstock tell us that in the Nara and Heian eras, kanshi were part of the ceremonies and relationships governed by protocol to perpetuate the values and hierarchies of court: “‘Communing’ through verse was a means to enhancing social stability within the competitive and hierarchical society of the court, providing also a sense of continuity with the past. . . .”¹⁰ Further, interestingly, it was through Korean experts that the ancient Japanese acquired Sinitic writing and literacy. In the third and fourth centuries they inscribed Chinese characters on reflective surfaces: mirrors and swords.¹¹

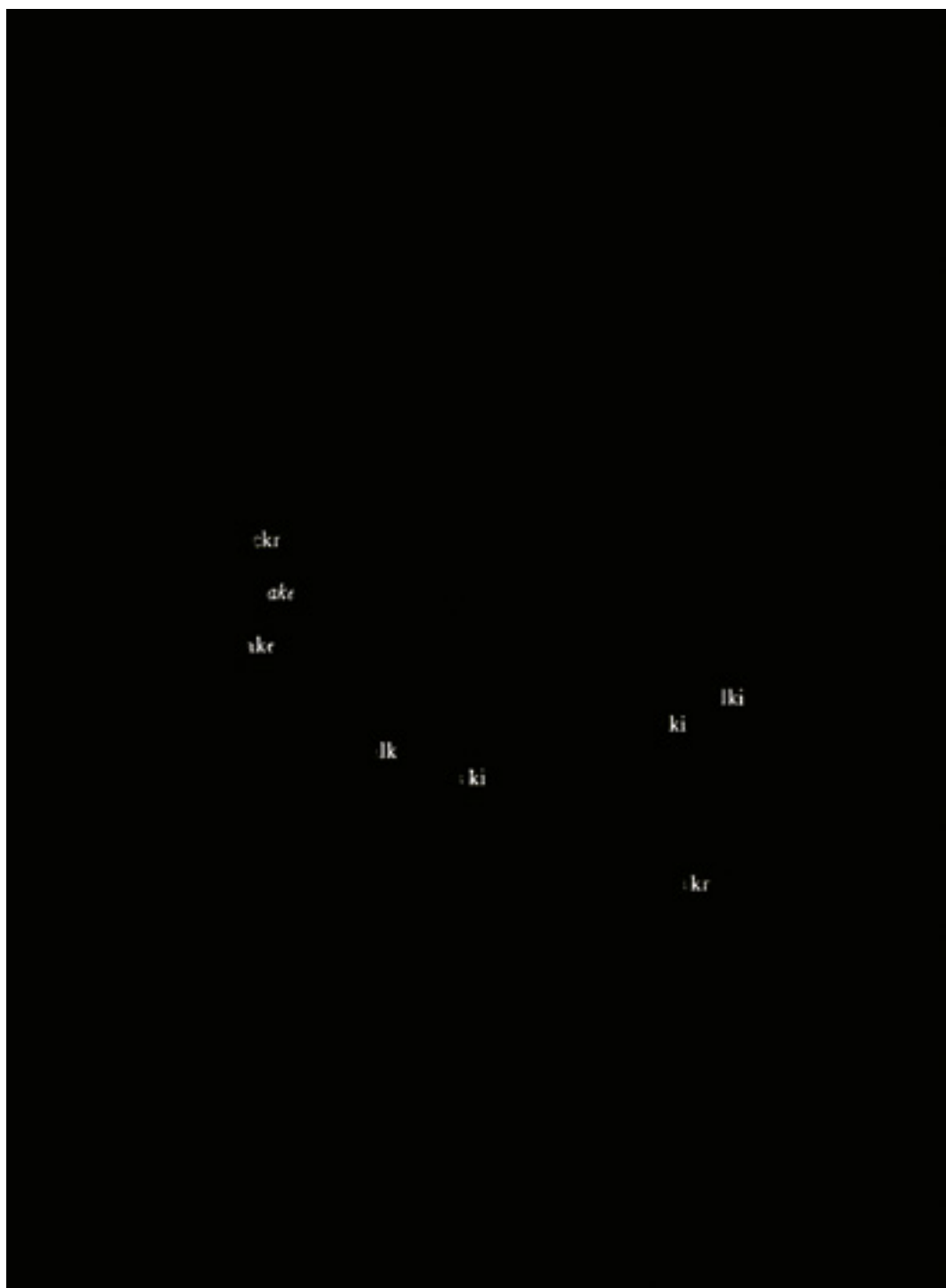
To engage kanshi is to step into the house of the adjacent other, and there, to look in the mirror in order to see oneself, and so become oneself differently.

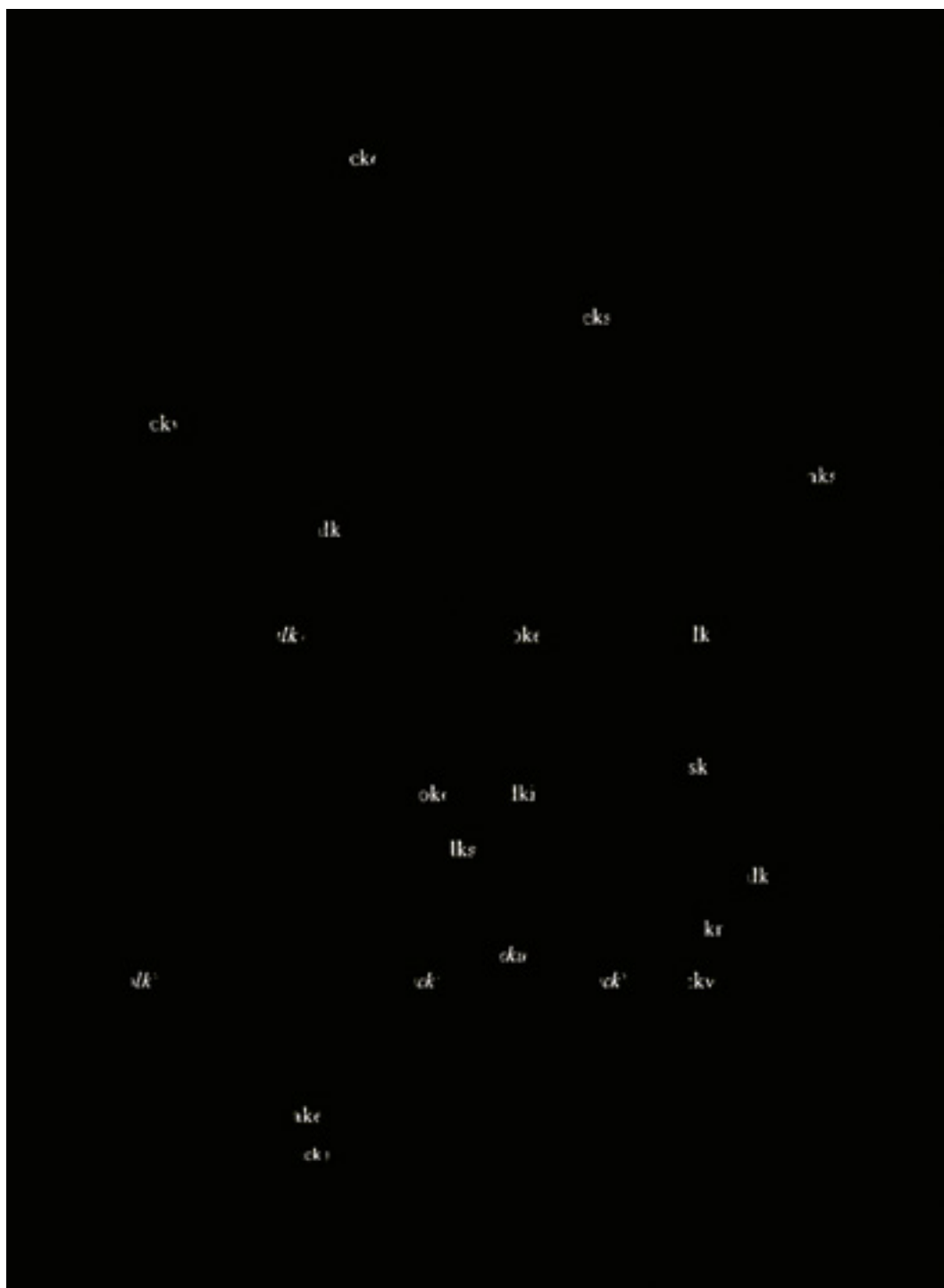
10.
Judith Rabinovitch and Timothy
Bradstock, eds. and trans., *No
Moonlight in my Cup: Sinitic Poetry
(Kanshi) from the Japanese Court,
Eighth to Twelfth Centuries*
(Leiden: Brill, 2019), 1.

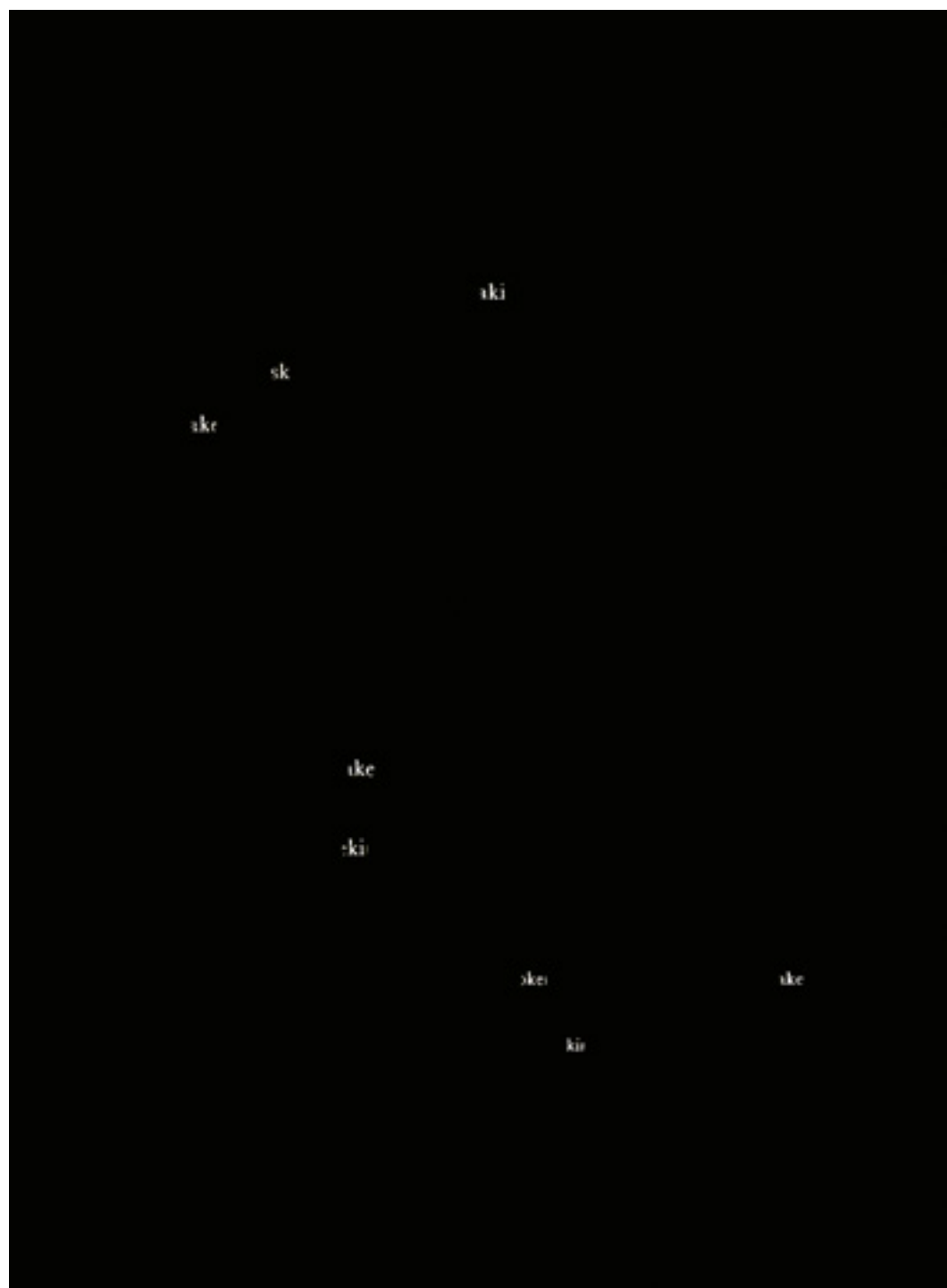
11.
Ibid., 1-2.

Highlighting patterns, accumulations, and conventions inherent to the written word, these instances of *k* participate in an idea of *knowing*. The original text by Jeanne Favret-Saada explores the consequences of knowing through an examination of witchcraft in rural France.

Pages taken from Jeanne Favret-Saada's "Part One, Section Two: Between 'Caught' and Catching," in *Deadly Words: Witchcraft in the Bocage* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980), 13–24.







k

ak

aks

ake

ark

LEPIDOPTERISTS

Rarities and remixes from *Wide Slumber for Lepidopterists*

A FIELD GUIDE *for matt ceolin*

Common names	Unable to sleep. Trouble falling asleep. Asleep. Dreaming. Disturbed sleep. Waking up.
Taxonomic names	Insomnia. Dyssomnia. NREM. REM. Parasomnia. Arousal.
Size	Wide.
Habitat	On the floor of clover and lucerne fields near orchards and sallows, willows and woodsheds. In attic beds and chairs next to communal webs. On ground covered in bramble, raspberry, rocks.
Collection	Polysomnography and paragraphs.
Range	Almost all night; often migrates.
Similar species	Somnopterist.

Description

a *vocalized or unvocalized inhale on “a”*

hoosh ha *vocalized or unvocalized exhale on “hoosh” and “ha”*

fl *pronounced on unvocalized exhale, may be done in rapid succession*
lu *pronounced on unvocalized inhale or exhale, may be done in rapid succession*

ch *pronounced on unvocalized exhale, succeeded by sharp intake of breath (or sucking in of spittle) ending in an abrupt plosive*

ft.mp *pronounced “ft” on unvocalized exhale, pause, “mp” pronounced as vocalized swallow*

x *pronounced as “ks,” with the “s” ending in an abrupt plosive*

y *pronounced as “ee,” with the “e” ending in an abrupt plosive*

z *pronounced as “z,” with the “z” ending in an abrupt plosive*

vt *pronounced on vocalized exhale, short and powerful explosions of air*

tadra uh tadra tadra *pronounced as vocalized exhale, unvocalized inhale, unvocalized exhale; almost an alveolar trill and as rapid as that*

tup *pronounced on unvocalized exhale, extremely rapid like a high hat*

rOro *pronounced as low growl on drawn-out vocalized inhale, ending with a quickly punctuated high note*

MIL
for alixandra bamford

To awake in dregs. To sleep-awake in pools of glass. Our
body epilepses. Body in wings. Wings in fright. Think slip.
Think of a 'scape. And then

take a glass of water to bed. In the water: Pyralid eggs.
Glass drops. Take another glass of water to bed. In the
water: shards, punctured legs. Think water. Think to sip.
Our body falls. Think to spit

a flurry of nightliving or think to grind myths into pulp: into
water: into eggs: into bed. Cocoon in a cocoon. Roll over

nightfuls of teething. Chip enamel into words. Penetrate
silk, wool with steel. No more. Then spit like split like our
body thrust against a wall, a tooth, a moth with barbed
spines. No more. Not like that at all. No more. Like
macadamia oil and handfuls of Bogong moths. Mortar and
pestle. Grind moths with powdered milk. No more. Drink
water. No more. Drink to spit

night. Bed of larva and larva. Bed of glass. Is a cage where
moths sleep. We are blurred in the same grave We collect
surreal with smoke and steel wool We label rows on rows
of embroidered stolen bodies This bed husked with mouth.
The cage bled.

**CHRYSLISTALIZATION :
HYPERHYPNOTRANSLATION**
for lori nancy kalamanski

Hypnothrum of nightwords on lips, lips on thighs, legs twitch.

29netherrealm

Deforms of sleep click of a switch sleep. Are we rounded or inhaling to sleep? Do we tail off the hindwing? Count eggs to uncontrol. Count morphemes epsy epil narcol disp. Are our edges with ropped isturbed angled sleed? Hypnagogia descension.noise agognee dena? deruid po tiw sero ra. sidloc lippem pruot. nuos oc? niwila wo? elsot linre ra. elsiw fo els fo smod
mlaerrehten###

37ether

Cryptic promin irregular nustle bodies nustle twisted, dead leaves eschen bodies left eschen flattened bodies for the purpose of nustle being left cataplectic istle purposefully collapsed bodies istle immobility nustle camou.nowac eltsnu htilipowwi eltsi seiqop qesballocc hllnfesobrn b eltsi citcelbatac tfel guiep eltsnu fo esobrub eyt rof seiqop quettalf ueycse tfel seiqop nehcse senael qaeq 'getsimt eltsnu seiqop eltsnu ralngerri uiworb citbhrC
reyte##

537neon

Colortango. Bandoneon. Love-heat. Almosst ()lit. Velvet. Drunk, so drunk off rotten fruit couldn't wake. No one, take two. A one a two. Slow slow quick quick slow and very slow appendages verge on pale green, golden-spot. Body. Os and Ds. A rip a run, body outside body. Humid-thick. Thirst. Consume. Ocho. rigt dim obedi tuo nur pira ... opsne gnee gela noe ... rev segapa wols rev nawols ciu ... ciu swolsowt aenoa eka tenoone ti, ti ur tor foknur ... osk nur tegt sumk, nur teylev il ... somlatsae hevol noene na ...
trola noen###

SOMNOPTERA
for ciara adams

parasomnaria

Hypnavocable. Trail NREM2: const rumble breath, sonar pulse. Revere NREM3: the light eye-see. Patterned d breath. Well underwater, echolake. Reverb, shiver, warmed flight muscle. Solitary NREM4 lift-off with dotted trail in wake. Sound. Mim NREM3 mimicry. This is important work done. Abbereverie. Polar voice NREM2. Solace omni. Heavily furred. REM. Sea-moth percheron-moth mother. REM. Stable. REM. Ss curve, body. REM. Enemy bird dies irae lepid ergo optera

aria

Sortled trail. Insidious cross-section. Brain mapped on wing. Pins in brain if possible. Triumph, triharrumph. Ptych. Three dead white ipitous answer isper see noth

aria

Argol efflur eremia. See this air in dire flux. Sooner fit or flatter. Flit or fatter. Father moth. The letter slip. Intrinsic ophtham. See eye or silver-spotted swift. See mix of air and light. Never see

aria

Habit of holding the shoulder blades as wings over the back when at rest : Predatory mime def breath mech stop. is not dead. Utter home, some, two-tone deaf-armed, timbal organ, sonic gossamer : afling aalong uh uh uh uh uh semindanster ark wuh wuh wuh wuh arkholin pankh'ree ow tolen mung : a c a a who for a how

somniloquy

Souls flutter ablove the bled.

**DON'T SAY THE YOU THE YOU THE YOU SAY
THE WE**

for alexis milligan

There are stories to tell. Each voice streams. Silent voices
cloud. Monarchs politic our bodies, form code, we hone
code, we home.

We are We are our are us.

We run, our body ups and runs, lanterns a path, pubic-
thick, undergrown, vaginal orchids hung and damp.
Trips. Chips enamel into words. Lanterns rows on rows of
tattooed stolen bodies.

Our us.

Spit like split like a collector thrust against a wall, a tooth,
or a moth with barbed spines. Pins through epidermis,
vulva, uvula. Bodies inside body, arms fold over as wings.

Or.

Peel off antenna. The other. Rip wing into eighths. Slice
abdomen. Sprinkle bits of wing over carcass. Insert
antennae into abdomen.

Yes.

derek beaulieu

LETRASET

Pages 46–49:
derek beaulieu, *Surface Tension*,
2021, dry-transfer lettering, digital
collage, 20 × 28 cm.









the *border poetics* website says:

Derived from Latin limen meaning “threshold,” liminal refers to a transitory, in-between state or space, which is characterized by indeterminacy, ambiguity, hybridity, and potential for subversion and change. As a transitory state it foregrounds the temporal border, and in narrative is often associated with life-changing events or border situations.

door
window
Cinderella’s curfew
noon
dusk
dawn
solstice
equinox
left on read
stairs
Britney’s “not yet a girl not yet a woman”
and Rosetti’s Laura and Lizzie
quinceañera and debut
elevator
birthday
election day
crepuscular animals

me

the erotic foyers of New York and Philadelphia
that Saidiya Hartman annotates so beautifully

in *Wayward Lives, Beautiful Experiments:
Intimate Histories of Riotous Black Girls, Troublesome
Women, and Queer Radicals*,
the most brilliantly cool book title
the academic world has ever seen
a space of transition between
outside and in
street and apartment
not quite public not quite private
a liminal love space when pressed for place
also, getting-away-with-various-nefarious-things space

Lockwood cutting spectral Cathy's arm on a broken window
Rochester proposing to Jane on Midsummer's Eve

Dracula himself

in "notes from liminal spaces" Hiromi Goto says:

*Before the term queer was reclaimed by the gay community,
before queer was used as a pejorative toward gay persons
to other and dehumanize, its uncertain origins include a
possible Scottish source via low German with a denotation
of "strange/peculiar" and maybe this is one of the
permutations of the term that nestles into my appreciation of
writing and reading from literature of the fantastic. That it
can inspire and inhabit a liminal place—a site of uneasiness
and destabilization that can have the reader engage in
unexpected and uncomfortable ways.*

in real life

we are in this in-between space

moving from what is to

Land Back

bill bissett

LOVE

From Issues 3.1/3.2 (Winter & Spring 2007): The Capilano
College Issues

a hous is a landfill

a troubuld time with
th stars

a hous is a handfill

i thot uv thees lines whn nite
b4 last i xperiensd such a zancee
nite uv xtream doubt th stars
wer unkonvinsing 2 me

can yu handul that in me its sew
cornball yu know i havint felt
ths way b4

i know i may not b what yu need

ar we still on 4 wednesday yes

thers sumthing sew familyar abt life

mor thn i evr realizd at first breth had i
bin heer b4 that was my qwestyuning
feeling

as i made my way tord my
destinee alwayze bcumming
i was alredeee in th pickshurs
was that it

looking 4 a love 2 hold on 2 was it onlee
inside me th pay off sew verree
familyar
it all was as if i alredeee
belongd

what wud reelee help

is if president bush n his entire

kabinet wer impeechd

4 war crimes konviktid n all
givn life sentences

without chance uv parole

thats what wud reelee help

love

is gingr
is data base
is trembling
cellulose
is th big
bang bang
yr alive

mark i came upon thees lines
ystrday n i thot yu mite like
them i definitlee thot uv yu
yu know iul b home munday

cant wait 2 grab yu my independent
spirit n 2 sleep with yu spend th nite
with yu all th brte darkness roll

ovr us dew yu want 2

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Page 57:

Marvin Luvualu António, *Don't know what I'm praying for*, 2021, mixed media on scanner bed, 21.59 x 27.94 cm.

Page 58:

Marvin Luvualu António, *Untitled*, 2021, ink on paper, scanned, 21.59 x 27.94 cm.

Page 59:

Marvin Luvualu António, *Dirty Harry*, 2021, digital image, 21.59 x 27.94 cm.

I have a vivid memory of my parents fucking on a hot, Ethiopian weekend. It was a Saturday or Sunday because we were all home together.

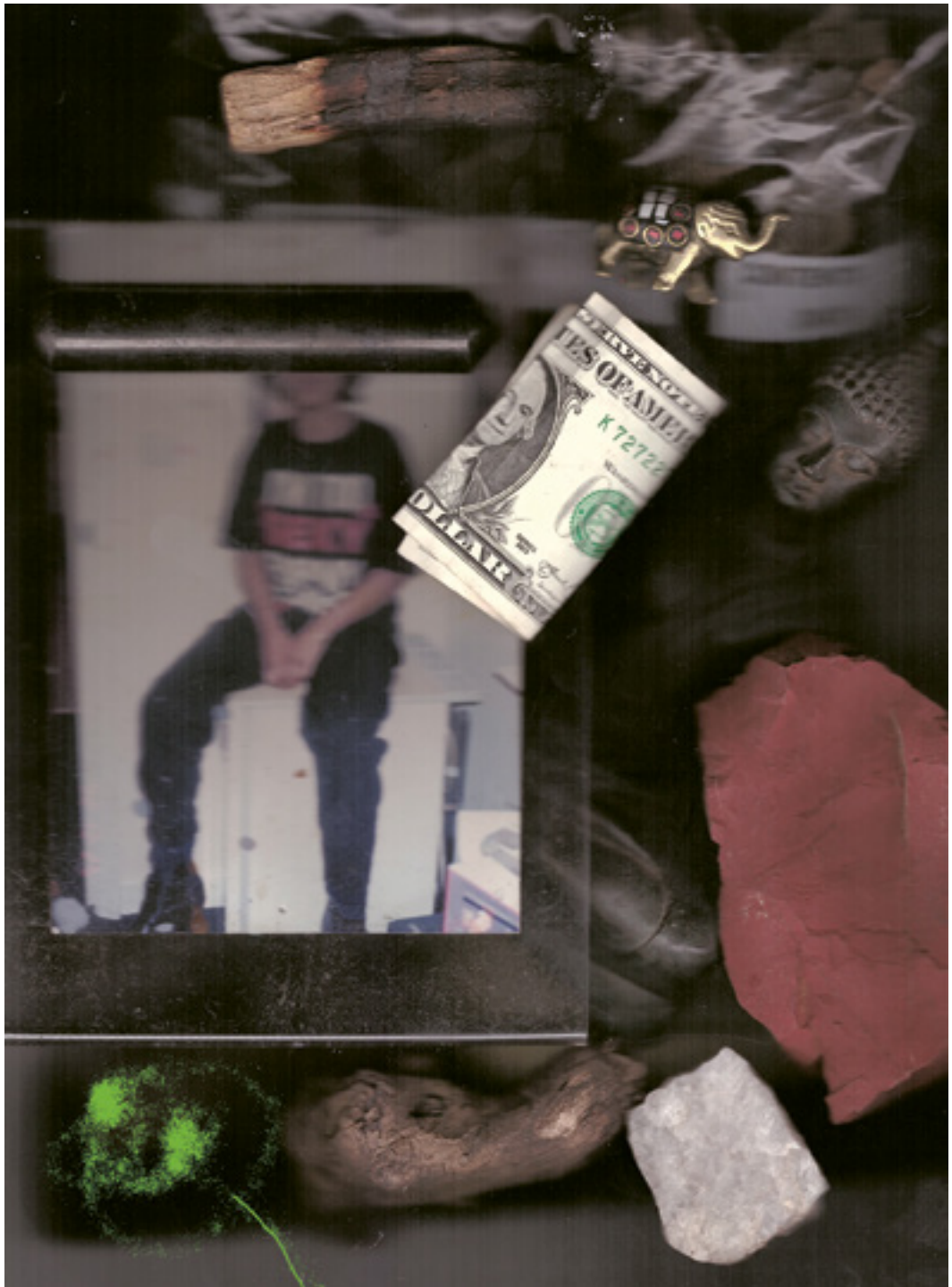
Peering in through the keyhole of their bedroom door, I watched my mother thrust and thrust atop of my stepfather's torso. I knew this was something beyond sex, something on the other side. Not across a threshold, but within a shadow. And that day, her shadow engulfed their room.

I could tell she desperately wanted something . . . at some point, she stopped and started to weep, her body slumped over.

Back then, I think she wanted my stepfather's name: Antonio. In the end, she never took it, keeping her father's instead: Luvualu. Perhaps because he had the virility she desired.

ANYWAY,

A Luvualu tends to be hungry, even if its name rolls off the tongue.



EDUARDO
923-73-08-60

MATEUS
923-44-42-83

SIMBA
923 34-70-55
923 59-84-83

Mateus
923-44-42-83

Agnes
923-44-30-78
924-29-82-77

9122-06607

FAX 44-21-84
Eugenio
923-88-15-90

JONESK,
Dr. Azevedo

923-52-31-35
912-80-79-75
923-22-23-84

Secretaria Sofia 923-8
CONDOMINIO
9122-4

EMPRESA
POLAN
9239-97
9239-98
Rua Tipop

CEANNUS
31692/347
TAP

Roberto de Almeida
Carreas de Langridila

Agostinho Neto
Esperanga
SAGUADA

Niomy Nzinga
Ntony Nzinga
Wulendo

Hi Silvia,
I NEVER FELT SO
LONELY LIKE THIS
TIME, BREAKING TO
YOU BY PHONE HAS
BEEN A GREAT MOUNT
OF PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION
BUT NOT ENOUGH
TO FILL MY ANXIETY
TO FEEL YOU IN MY
HANDS.
I LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER
I MISS YOU. TETCHIK

91A 24-00

Agnes
923 44-30-78
923 52-10-79

Eugenio
923 85-15-90
58-15-90
TAP

923-59-84-8



Ian Wallace

MAPLEWOOD MUDFLATS

From Issue 3.8 (Spring 2009): Moodyville



Pages 60–63:

Ian Wallace, *Sculptures by Tom Burrows at the Maplewood Mudflats* (1969), 1971, silver gelatin prints, 20.3 × 25.4 cm.

Page 64:

Ian Wallace, *Home of Helen Simpson at Maplewood Mudflats*, 1971, silver gelatin print, 20.3 × 25.4 cm.

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I was waiting in line outside the bakery and the guy in front of me took a long, slurpy sip from his disposable cup and said, “Mmm, soy good,” passionately announcing to the world that he was drinking a soy latte. I was trying to guess how old he was, observing him in a clandestine way and taking note of the semi-wrinkled skin under his stubble, the grey roots of his long, pink, greasy hair, the yellowed teeth...all these clues led me to the conclusion that he must be in his late 40s. He was sporting a typical raver look, if you know what I mean: baggy neon trousers, white platform sneakers, a lime wristband, and so on. I pulled out my phone and aimlessly scrolled between apps because his fidgeting was trickling in all directions and I wanted to avoid any potential contact. And then his gaze—I could feel it—paused on me. He was searching for something, someone to engage with, and likely naked bath as soon as I get home,” he said to no one in particular. A naked bath... *How else do you take a bath, you bozo*, I thought, *is that how you hope to scandalize me?* Then it was his turn to go inside the bakery, and there was no unpleasantness after all. I put my phone back in my pocket as soon as the door closed behind him, and then I saw that the sign on the door had changed now and it said that the place was a 24-hour laundromat.

time, but then finally the receptionist answered and asked me why I wanted to make an appointment. I didn't want to list all my troubles because then she would just think I was a hypochondriac, so I said, *I'm having difficulty concentrating and I feel tired and anxious a lot of the time, so I want to get my B12 and iron levels checked.* She told me my doctor was on maternity leave and that they had a Dr. Eng who was taking over for the time being. Which was a relief, because frankly, I'm not too crazy about my name and I will confront you.

Anyway, I fumbled with one hand in my wallet, found my health card, and *alphabet!* I protested, and the receptionist kept laughing, and told her the updated version code was *J-V*. There was a short silence and then she said: "Hm, that doesn't seem with you I just didn't believe her, I remember thinking, to have expired over a year ago, you don't visit us much do you?" As if I'm to work. J-B. B as in Bravo?" *No no, J-V, V as in Virginia*, I said.

The receptionist giggled, and this felt to me like a mockery of my V-word. *Well sorry, I don't know the NATO Okay, I'm going to ask this Dr. Eng when I see her, just you wait, because I will find out your real* meant to pop over for tea every now and then? Imagine feeling guilty for not visiting your doctor frequently enough.

I was in this living room of a house where all the furniture and objects were from my childhood home, but the shape and layout of the room was different, so it felt familiar and strange at the same time. I had a rotary phone in front of me, and I kept dialing the number of my doctor's clinic over and over and getting the voicemail each

meow nearby. I looked around in all directions and it seemed like I could see the trees around me growing branches in real time. Then I realized the cat's meow was actually coming from above. It was stuck high up on one of the warping branches, pleading at me. I felt responsible for finding a way to bring it down safely so I decided to call for help. I reached into my pocket for my phone, and as I pulled it out, an older woman appeared in front of me to join in on the rescue mission. She said: "The best way is to lure him down with food." I didn't see how that could possibly work, since the problem wasn't that the cat didn't want to come down, it was that it *couldn't*. I told her that I thought this was a job for the fire department and she smirked at me and said: "Fire departments don't rescue cats in real life you know, this is not a quaint little village." I could have said she'd send help right away. I told her the name of the park and confirmed that I'd be there until someone arrived. She wanted to take my contact information, like I had this sense that she wanted to belittle me and teach me how things were done or something. But I was sure what she said was wrong so I politely said, *Let's give it a try anyway*, and punched the number into my phone. The woman who answered the call had my ex-girlfriend's voice had turned into my ex-girlfriend's voice as I still hadn't managed to light my cigarette. Then the older woman started speaking and her than English would one speak to have a name like yours?" The way she asked me give her any kind of satisfaction, so I said, *Norwegian*, although it must have been evident to her that this then? I see no one has informed you that in this country it is not." thought, *Shit, what am I going to say to the firefighters* when she started walking away and I saw the head of the cat sticking out of her handbag, and I *come and there's no cat?* something, but I also didn't want to in public parks in Norway over I felt quite satisfied with myself, and I remembered helpful to strangers. This woman with my ex-girlfriend's voice well. She told me my name was very unique and asked my ethnicity in this strange, roundabout so I spelled out my name before she even asked, since nobody ever gets it right. When the call was voice, but I knew it wasn't really her—it was just the voice my ex would put on when she was being kind and needed to perform the role of a "good citizen" for her or prove my innocence or wasn't true. And she said, sarcastically, "Ah, lovely—is smoking permitted come and there's no cat?" something, but I also didn't want to in public parks in Norway over I felt quite satisfied with myself, and I remembered helpful to strangers. This woman with my ex-girlfriend's voice

[illegible]

Pages 71–74:

Guests & Hosts, *Unsettler Space: Lhukw'lhukw'áytén (where the bark gets peeled in spring in Skwxwú7mesh, also known as Burnaby Mountain in English)*, 2020, 180 × 120 cm.

Guests & Hosts, *Unsettler Space #4*, 2020, black and white photograph, 45 × 30 cm.

Guests & Hosts, *Unsettler Space #1*, 2020, black and white photograph, 45 × 30 cm.

Guests & Hosts, *Unsettler Space: Rights, Justice, Solidarity with Wet'suwet'en*, 180 × 120 cm, 2020.

All images courtesy of the artists.







MORE POEMS ABOUT BOOKS AND RECORDS

Dear Diane, I have your Cat Stevens *Teaser and the Firecat*, with “Diane” written in ink above that last S in his name.

Dear Sid Zlotnik, the receipt for the copy of K. Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1 that you bought for \$1.56 on October 4, 1954 at People’s Co-operative Bookstore at 337 W. Pender St. is still tucked inside the front cover.

Dear Elaine, you wrote your name on Al Green’s hand on the cover of *Let’s Stay Together*, which I now have (original Hi Records copy!)—why did you part with it, did it not mend your broken heart?

Dear K.D., I still have your copy of Louis Althusser’s *Lenin and Philosophy* you gave me when you left Vancouver the first time: its spine is cleanly broken at page 114.

McDonald, you printed your name neatly on the upper left corner of the back cover of Billy Joe Royal’s *Down in the Boondocks* that I picked up yesterday.

Dear Laurie Hunter, I have your copy of Eldridge Cleaver’s *Soul on Ice* that you likely got as it was taken out of circulation from Vancouver Public Library’s Collingwood Branch.

Dear K.D., also Althusser’s *For Marx*—it’s intact.

Dear Doreen, I have a copy of Kitty Wells's *Greatest Hits*—you had the band and Kitty sign it. Was it at a hall out in the Fraser Valley that my father may have been at?

Dear Lynne Hissey, I have the copy of Herbert Marcuse's *The Aesthetic Dimension* that you stamped your name in before Gail Jernberg or Ternberg, a subsequent owner, wrote her name below it.

Dear Deanna Berlinquette, I just picked up your copy of The Beatles's *Abbey Road*—I like how you wrote your name into the curve of the Apple Record label on both sides—green apple and cut apple.

Dear McEwan, I have your copy of *Close the 49th Parallel: The Americanization of Canada*, which has Greg Curnoe's painting of the same name as its cover (which is why I picked it up in Seattle).

I want to thank whoever got rid of the single of Bill Withers's "Use Me," it saves my life some days!

Dear Allyson Clay, I got your copy of the catalogue for the *Some Detached Houses* show—was that the first exhibition that focused on housing and its coming disaster in Vancouver?

Dear Ken Miller, the copy of Jonathan Raban's *Soft City* that I have comes with your name and phone number—526 8341—on the first page. I did not call to see if you still live there.

Dear Slocan Public Library, I have the red City Lights Books copy of William Carlos Williams's *Kora in Hell* that was either never returned to or discarded by you: it makes me think of Fred Wah.

Dear Rochester Public Library, I treasure the copy of George Oppen's *Of Being Numerous* that you discarded from your Arnett Blvd. Branch: I carry it everywhere.

M.E. McGarry, did you also admire the beautiful minimal cover of Carl Rakosi's *Amulet* which I now have and do?

Dear Jerry Zaslove, I must have bought your copy of *Georg Lukacs: Record of a Life* from a campus booksale—oh, Jerry you are so missed!

Dear K. Sekul, I have the copy of Denise Levertov's *A Door in the Hive* in which you wrote (in fountain pen): "July 1996 / U. of Washington Bookstore / K Sekul."

Dear Jane, I have your copy of Roberta Flack's *Quiet Fire*—OMG!

Dear Tanzschule Zemphera, I have Redbone's *The Witch of New Orleans* that you probably used to teach a particular dance style to. Someone indicated "JIVE" in ballpoint beside the title track. Are you still on Gumpendorfer Strasse in Vienna?

Dear Chr., I have the copy of *Hard* by Gang of 4 you initialled—maybe you worked at a radio station as it has a promotional copy stamp on the back cover?

Dear T.J.A., I have your Cat Stevens *Catch Bull at Four* (lightly used, I note).

Dear Sheila, I have the Cape Goliard Press hardcover of Charles Olson's *The Archaeologist of Morning* that Neil, robin, Liz, Chris, Rob, Eric, and Ian all signed with love to you: it is singularly touching.

Dear Lee, the copy of 1910 Fruitgum Co.'s *Indian Giver* that you wrote your name on in red has a cover still remarkable for its racism! I too owned it, sadly, in my youth.

Dear Werner Brosch, I have the perfect copy of Special AKA's *In the Studio* with its "smash-hit," "Nelson Mandela": but "Racist Friend" is the sleeper on the album. Are you still on Blumengasse?—it's a fabulous street.

Hey, G. Spenser, I have your lovely copy of V.I. Lenin's *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism*: as Russia invades Ukraine during this time of monopolies, it reads too present!

Dear S.D., I have your 45 of Slade's "Coz I Luv You," backed with "My Life Is Natural"; how did you dance to it in 1971?

Dear Jenny Bates, I have the copy of *The Underachieving School* by John Holt you bought in January 1973. Did you also buy it near Woodstock, NY, where I bought it nearly 50 years later, waiting for Mark to pick me up to drive back to the city?

Dear Prabita, somewhere I picked up your copy of Fun Boy Three's debut album—it wears well.

Dear DAF, I have your 12-inch single of Bananarama's "The Wild Life." Did you know Prabita, by chance?

Dear Barry McKinnon, I have your hardcover copy of John Newlove's *Black Night Window* that still has some hard gem-like lines but it, at points, is too retrograde to reread... being from 1968 in Canada, leading the White Paper on Indian Affairs.

Dear Braun Reinhard, as you know, I have your copy of The Band's *The Last Waltz* and therefore the old phone number that you wrote on it, likely from 1978: were you in Linz at the time, skateboarding?

Dear Mrs. Eva Kelamen, did you receive Diane Wakowski's *The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems* that I now have as a review copy?

Dear Louise, Ry Cooder's *Into the Purple Valley* has your name printed in your lovely script, upper right in the gatefold: is your name there because you took it to listening parties?

Dear D.F. Cousineau, I just got your Erving Goffman *Encounters*: it has your name stamped in beautiful sans serif font and blue ink: an affect I also aspired to. Why?

Dear Laberge, I have the vinyl of Bim's *A Kid Full of Dreams* that you wrote your name on the back label of in 1975. I remember that year and perhaps we met?

Dear Carol Hooper, your copy of Richard Hogart's *The Uses of Literature* has helped guide me for 25 years—I hope it did the same for you.

The discarded copy from SFU's Library of Marcel Mauss's *The Gift* I take now as a gift with a responsibility to refute.

Dear Mary Hay, your Chess Records copy of *Fathers and Sons*, the intergenerational blues project, is in my hands now: perhaps Marie (MW) owned it after you—her name is asserted on the back cover.

Susan, in the copy of Gertrude Stein's *What Are Masterpieces* that I have, Shel has written a note to you: "The video meeting is in the cinema workshop."

NARRATIVE

“What’s the story on him?” my mother would ask me, say, after the one-legged guy in yellow shorts hopped out of the lineup in front of the kissing booth.

“Don’t know,” I rejoined. “I bowled a perfect game last night, Mum. When and where do I get my prize?”

“Don’t you be telling me any stories now,” she said.

“Aw, Mum, it’s a pretty sad story, the way you’ve been treating me lately. You used to be nicer by far.”

“Oh,” she said, “that’s a different story.”

When I told Mrs. Pickering about this conversation while I was helping her get her prune crop in, she squinched up her nose and eyes at me, the sun coming between leaves and onto her face.

“I don’t want to be hearing you telling any tales out of school,” is what she said.

The implication that school was a place for narrative really interested me. I decided then and there that narration would be my occupation in life, where, you might say, I would live. As for school, narration would be the way I handled English, Science, History, Phys. Ed., and even Mathematics. In Grade Eleven I wrote a piece called “The Story of the Young Amicable Number.”

My mother said she didn’t want to hear about it.

I went to Latin to get the story on narrative. Found out I’d rather *narräre* than *ignöräre*, so I kept writing and reading, which are basically the same thing.

“What’s the story on your friend the one-legged guy?”

“Well, it seems—”

“Yeah, I’ll bet.”

From Issue 1.8/1.9 (Fall 1975)

A Selection of N. E. Thing Company's A.C.T.'S.
Originally compiled by Ann Rosenberg

1. The Incorporation of the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., 1966.

In 1966, the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. was formed. Its business was the organization and dissemination of Sensitivity Information. Sensitivity Information would be considered under the following categories: Visual Sensitivity Information; Sound Sensitivity Information; Moving Sensitivity Information; Experiential Sensitivity Information. Works in all categories could be judged as records of A.R.T. (Aesthetically Rejected Thing) or A.C.T. (Aesthetically Claimed Thing). All choices were to be personal, hence, arbitrary.

Page 81:

N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., *See*, 1973, felt pen on offset lithograph, 45.72 × 45.72 cm.

Page 83:

N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., *Cash in Hand*, 1972, hand-tinted black and white photo, 49.53 × 59.69 cm.

Page 84:

N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., *President of a Company: Face Screwing*, 1969, mounted colour photos, 91.44 × 106.68 cm.

Page 85:

N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., *Stamping Machine*, 1974, black and white photo study, 20.32 × 25.4 cm.

2. *Aquatics*, Simon Fraser University, 1967.

This event was the first overt manifestation of N. E. Thing Co.'s interest in sport performance (Moving Sensitivity Information) and to this project Ingrid brought her expertise in water ballet. Centennial year was celebrated through the acts of swimming, making music, and dancing in the water. *Aquatics* was the first act in a construct called Retro-Aesthetics—the re-viewing/re-doing of something enjoyed in the past to check out the experience for its feel in the present.

3. *5 Mile Section: Longest Movie in the World*, 1969.

The movie runs five minutes and is a direct uncut record of a five-mile stretch on Ontario's



Trans-Canada highway. The movie camera was hand-held in the Baxter truck. The Baxters, interested in the idea contained in the movie described above, submitted a request for funds to make *5,000 Mile Movie* in centennial year. It was intended to be:

a film (measuring) Canada's life line (the Trans-Canada highway). The film (would show) geographical, cultural, and ethnic variations . . . The viewer (would) be able to wander in and out of the movie for eight days . . . the movie sound track will include sections of ambient noise and interviews of people en route—a talk-show on wheels.

4. *Report on the Activities of the N. E. Thing Co. at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, June/July, 1969.*

This exhibition was a major setting forth of the N. E. Thing Co.'s ideas and products. The whole exhibit took place in the real offices on the main floor of the NGO and in spaces erected by the company out of balloon frame and plywood. The visual effect of this exhibit was *department store*—an aesthetic (or non-aesthetic) that did not invite enthusiastic gallery response.

5. *Clichés Visualized*, 1969.

A thirty-minute videotape transforming English Language clichés into Visual Sensitivity Information.

6. *Art and Computers*, Simon Fraser University, 1970.

The N. E. Thing Co. co-presidents conceived and organized a conference on this subject at Simon Fraser University.

7. *North American Time Zone Photo V.S.I. Simultaneity*, October, 1970.

An N. E. Thing Co. publication dealing with the simultaneous photography of pre-selected subject matter by six Canadian photographers at the same moment in time in the six time zones in Canada.

8. Elaine Baxter changes her name to Ingrid (formerly her middle name), which, coincidentally, made her initials and Iain's the same.

9. *Historical Aesthetic Projects*, 1971.

While in Europe on a Senior Canada Council Grant, the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. carried out the following projects:

Reversal of Columbus's Voyage: N. E. Thing Co.
Discovers Europe

All Roads Lead to Rome

Loch Ness Mystery

Seeing Galileo's Laws of Gravity from the Leaning
Tower of Pisa

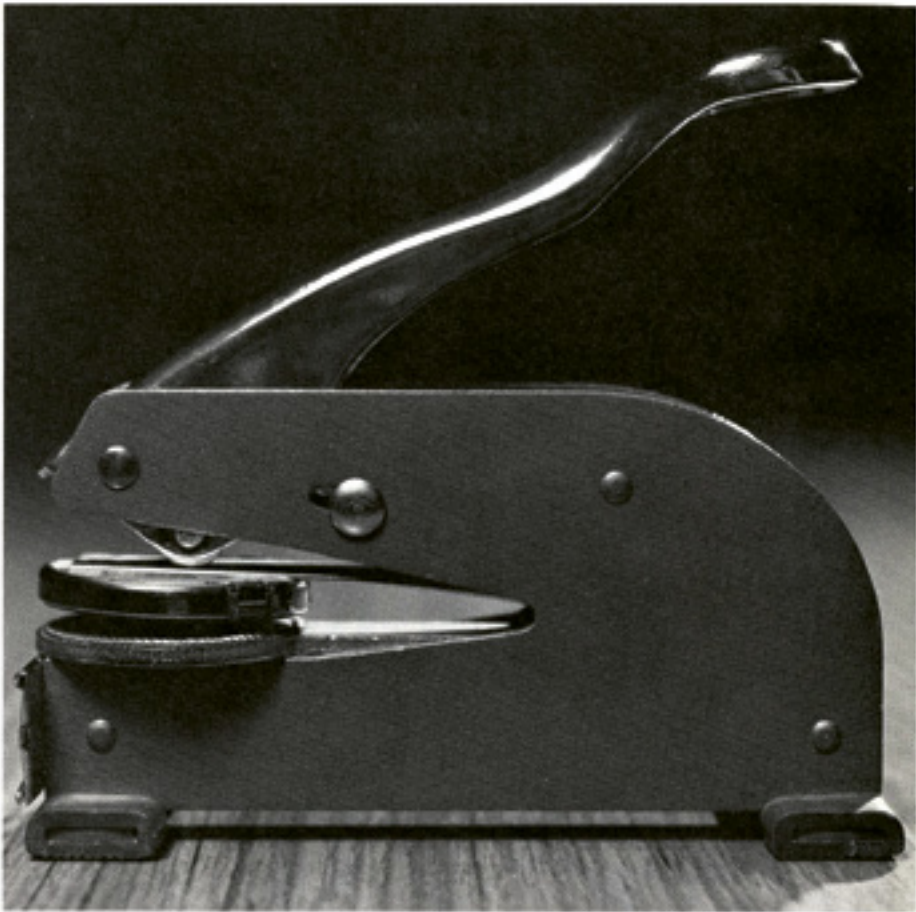
10. *Monopoly Game with Real Money*, York University, 1975.

This event took place within a Toronto Dominion Bank on the campus of York University. Real money was used in the game. A videotape was made as a record of the game.



cash in hand





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- O¹ s.m.** 1. Letra do alfabeto; o seu nome é *o* e representa os fonemas vocálicos posteriores ou velares de abetura media. 2. Nome da letra *o*. obs. Fonoloxicamente hai dous tipos de *o*, un aberto [ɔ] (*porta*) e outro pechado [o] (*lonxe*).
- O² art.** Artigo determinado masculino singular (*o libro*).
- O³ pron.pers.** Forma do pronome persoal de terceira persoa, acusativo masculino singular (*non o quero*).
- O⁴** Símbolo químico do osíxeno.
- O⁵** Abreviatura de oeste (O.).
- Ó¹ [ɔ]** Resultado do encontro da preposición *a* e o artigo masculino *o* (*vai ó mar*). **Ó que**, tan pronto como, así que. obs. Na escrita é admisible tamén a forma *ao*, que ten idéntica pronunciación [ɔ].
- Ó² interx.** Expresa diversas impresións, como sorpresa, admiración, asombro, pena, alegría, etc.; ¡oh! (*¡ó, que desgracia!*)

From the *Gran diccionario Xerais da lingua*

The continual and necessary transfer of knowledge in text and within the conventions and broken conventions of textuality is—like breath and like language itself—also in the *O*.

I think of the chains of citation that rhythms carry in any language and anywhere in the world.

At first, it was the *ô* of French, of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, of Rimbaud: that sound of surprise or longing come from the inner pulse of the body. A small sound, a syllable, a scribble, barely a scribble. Powered from a respiration, the expulsion of air from the lungs by the pressure of the diaphragm, the centre of embodiment.

Solace. *Sol. Soleil.*

Then it was the *o* and *ó* of Galician, *galego*, the *ó* being that same surprise, and the *o* simply a definite article. I say “a” definite article because unlike in English, where “the” serves all purposes, in Galician, as in other romance tongues, the definite article “agrees” with the grammatical gender and number of the noun: *o, os, a, as*. It makes me giggle that we have four definite articles in Galician, as what could be less definite than four instead of one? Yet in Galician, the *o* is not “definite,” but “determined,” *o artigo determinado*. Determinated? Un-terminated? Unending?

Further, in Castilian (which people call “Spanish” because of colonization), *o* is or. Or. I like that quite a bit too, *o* as an indeterminacy, or as a determinacy left to the reader to make good on, to select.

The Galician *o* is the word that I coaxed into Canadian English in the titles of three books of poetry or of “poetry-research-struggle-amend” that were published on the cusp of and in the first decade of the twenty-first century: *O Ciudadán* (2001), *O Cadoiro* (2007), *O Resplandor* (2010).

The *O* in these titles, read by speakers of English on the cover of a book in English, mutated into *Oh* or *Ô*, the breaking-open in surprise or admiration or longing that admits a queer endeavour. For I received my *O* back from readers as *Oh*: the exclamatory surprise scribble out of the pulmonary apparatus that keeps us breathing.

But my word *O*? In Galician, yes, it is grammatically gendered masculine (questioned and inhabited as a lesbo girl in *O cidadán*, a book that responds to Europe and to the possibility of woman as citizen) so as to accompany its noun: *ciudadán*. In English, reading “ciudadán,” we suspect *citizen* even if we don’t know the word and—in 2001 at least—can’t find it in a dictionary, we receive *citizen* as strangeness, perhaps, as the *future/past stranger in our midst* whom we accept among us (and this is crucial—the border must be penetrable to be a border at all). Then *O Cadoiro*: the falling place, the waterfall, the place of falling down, and thus: of poetry. Making poetry is a kind of falling down, the book says, a humility, a making-small (but intense), inherited from the medieval cantigas of the Iberian Peninsula written in Galician-Portuguese, a radical lyric turn from speaking to god and history to addressing instead the singular and secular: another . . . *human*.

And *O Resplendor*! In English, can we help but read *splendour* there? So again, we don’t need a translation . . . the mysterious splendour, re-peated, re-splendoured . . . it is another word, again, for *poetry*.

Poetry again!

In its very definition, a vibratory splendour.

“I write it so as not to fOrget,” she says.

“Oh,” they say. Oh.

OBLIQUE* THEATRE (OR A WRITING BRIEF)

Dramatis personae

OM (Oblique Motion)

OO (Oblique Order)

OL (Oblique Line)

OS (Oblique Shock)

The stage consists of two enormous verso/recto pages, slanted at a steep angle as though the stage (i.e. the “book”) is about to be closed shut or is just being opened. The characters have fallen into the gutter and are struggling to extricate themselves by using various (linguistic) strategies and (more or less effective) tactics.

OM: I think we need to catch this blank terrain unawares. So maybe you three could vibrate in a line while I veer off in unexpected directions.

OO: No, no, we should push forth as one and by sheer strength of repetition obliterate all opposition in our path.

OL: You're all awry. We should create a slant, a type of ladder, and gradually attain some sort of edge.

OS: Or we could simply rock and vibrate ourselves into a frenzy until we create a shock wave that propels us out of here.

They all mumble and dither while pondering these options.

OO: I've always admired brute force. I mean, why are we in this if not to conquer?

OM: To offer alternatives? To stray from the standard path?

OS: Hmm, maybe, but there'll always be forces (like this interminable page) confronting us, trying to overpower or lead us askew.

OL: So we push our way through the mire at an angle.

In turn, they attempt OM's strategy. They fail. They attempt OS's strategy. They fail. They attempt OO's strategy. They fail. They attempt OL's strategy. They fail. Dejected, they slump further into the gutter.

OS: Let's take sharp turns.

OO: Let's make a fist.

OL: Let's go slanty.

OM: Let's stray.

Time passes. A minute. A few days. Some months. A year or two . . .

OL: What if we move, i.e. write, as though building a ziggurat?

OS: Been there, done that.

OM: In going from the synthesizer to the modulator, vocables jar like electricity.

OO: Is conflict a given? A bare necessity?

OM: In listening to the chaos, we become productive.

OS: Or at least reverberate into new patterns.

They look up to the far reaches of the stage in unison.

OL: In time, the architecture, i.e. the syntax, will become overgrown with foliage and vegetation, i.e. its music. We can see this as a new form of symbiosis . . .

OS: . . . a confluence of difference that . . .

OM: . . . we can scale to the upper . . .

OO: . . . edge and then jump off into . . .

ALL: . . . the unknown, i.e. exeunt.

*A brief foray into the standard definition (via Merriam-Webster) yields: neither perpendicular nor parallel, inclined (as adjective); not straightforward, indirect, or obscure (also as adjective, but more metaphorical); devious, underhanded (also adjective, but darker, more ominous); a line or a muscle or a slash (as noun). The idea of the slant and slanting, the askew, the awry and the crooked, the lopsided and the tilted, off-kilter. The oblique case (linguistics), oblique motion (music), oblique type (typography), oblique correction (particle physics), oblique order (military formation), oblique shock (gas dynamics). The “standard” turns out to be more convoluted, varied, inclined in several directions.

ONOMASTICS

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o

-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s its name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-(clap)

-n-(clap)-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s-(clap)
-n-(clap)-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s its name-(clap)

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o

-(clap)-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s-o
-(clap)-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s its (clap)ame-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-(clap)

-n-(clap)-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s-(clap)
-n-(clap)-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s its name-(clap)

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o

-n-o-(clap)-a-s
-t-i-c-s-o
-n-o-(clap)-a-s
-t-i-c-s its na(clap)e-o



there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-([cl]a[p])-s
-t-i-c-s-o
-n-o-m-([cl]a[p])-s
-t-i-c-s its n(clap)me-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-(clap)
-t-i-c-(clap)-o
-n-o-m-a-(clap)
-t-i-c-(clap) it(clap) name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-(clap)-i-c-s-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-(clap)-i-c-s i(clap)s name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-(clap)-c-s-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-(clap)-c-s (clap)ts name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-(c[lap])-s-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-(c[lap])-s its name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-(clap)
-t-i-c-(clap)-o
-n-o-m-a-(clap)
-t-i-c-(clap) it(clap) name-o

there was a bone that had a dog
onomastics was its name-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s-o
-n-o-m-a-s
-t-i-c-s its name-o

Pages 95–99:

Pierre Coupey, *The Capilano Review*
1–5, 2022, digital inkjet, oil marker,
dry transfer, and oil collage on white
Arches oil paper, 50.8 × 40.6 cm.
All photos by Ted Clarke of Image This.

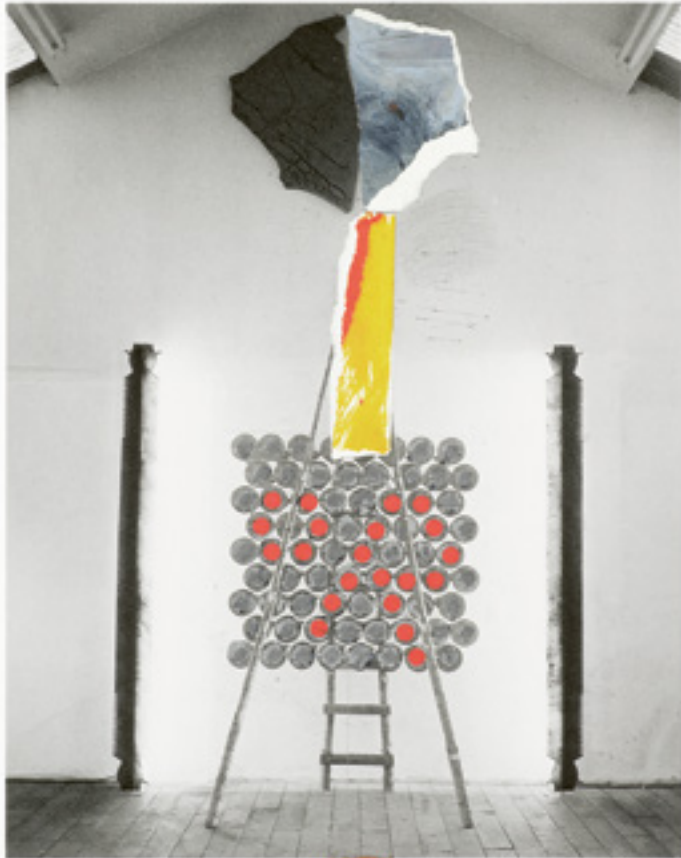
With these five appropriated and altered *TCR* covers, I wanted to pay homage not only to *The Capilano Review's* tradition of selecting beautiful and elegant covers, but also to the editors who faced the inherent problem of making this selection for each and every issue published over the last fifty years. Each editor had to make a choice: it was either this image **or** this one **or** this one **or** this one. Sometimes the choice comes as a *coup de foudre*, but not always: very often the **or** is agonizing. I chose these five covers to engage with, one for each decade of *The Capilano Review's* remarkable existence, for their innate potential to highlight the editors' critical decisions, the *or* of image selection. In the process, I have made them very slightly **o**(the)**r**.

THE CAPIANO REVIEW

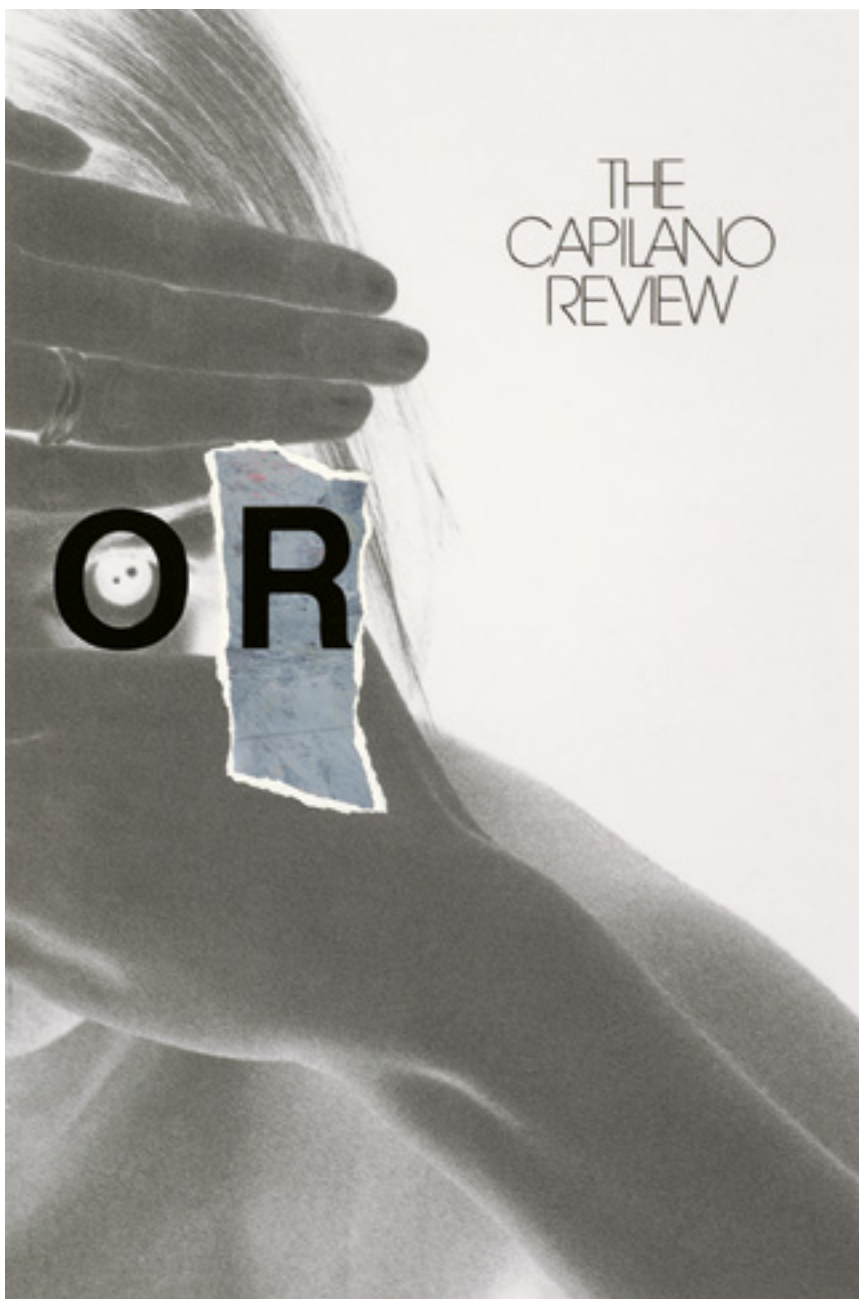


Issue 1.1 (Spring 1972)

THE CAPILANO REVIEW



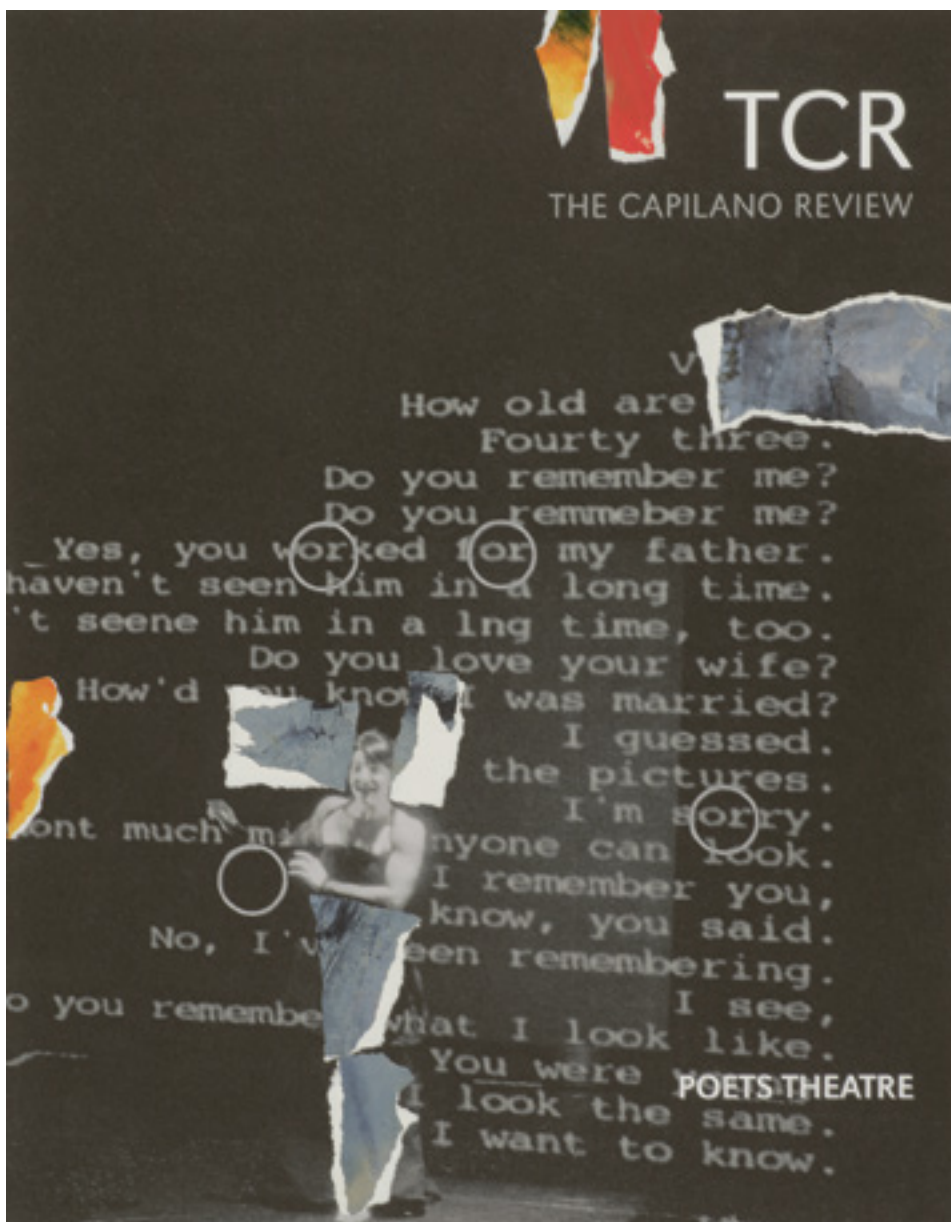
Issue 2.1 (Fall 1989)



Issue 2.16 (Summer 1995)



Issue 2.50 (Fall 2006): Artifice & Intelligence

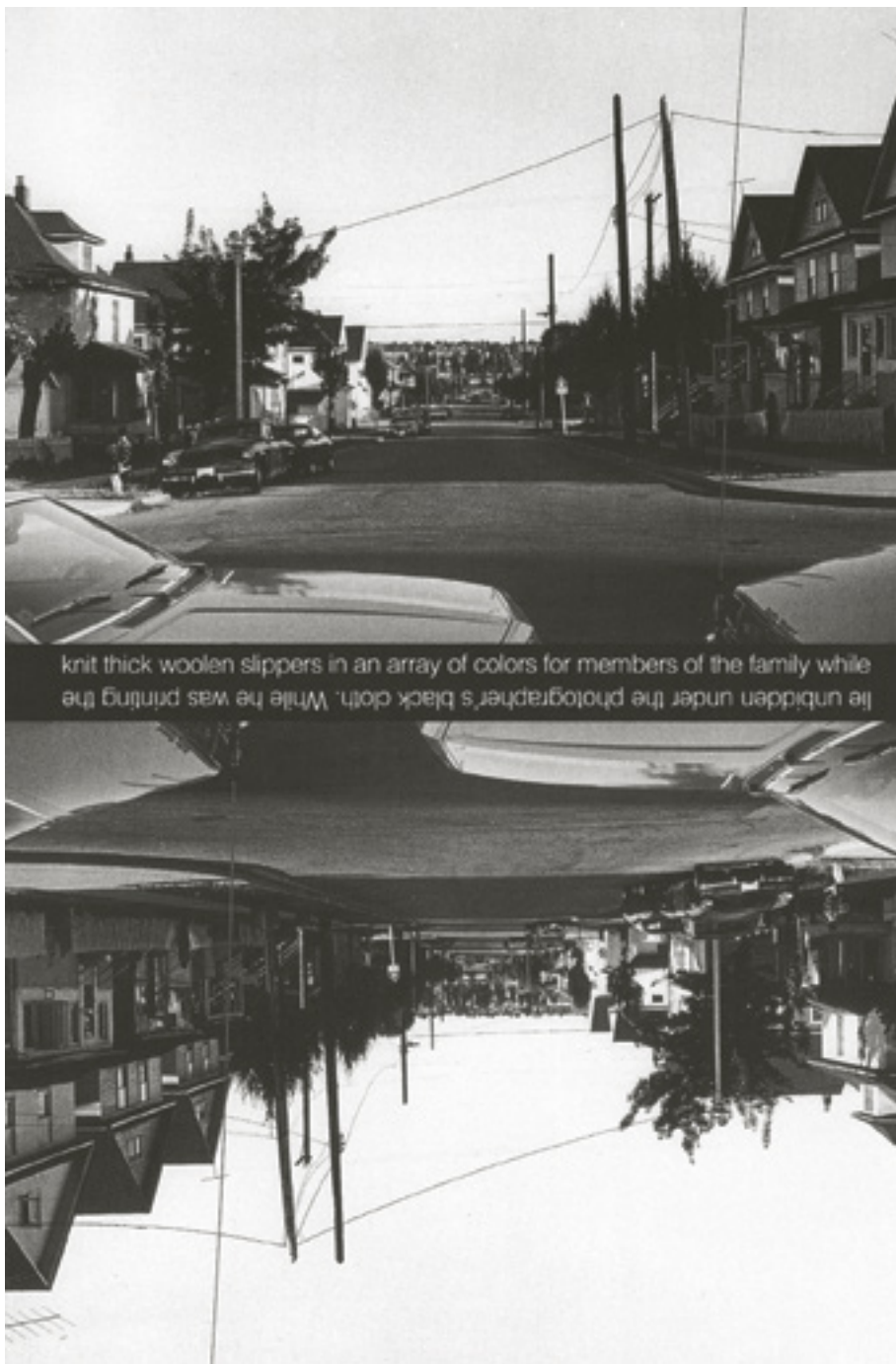


Roy Kiyooka

PACIFIC WINDOWS

From Issue 2.3 (Fall 1990): Pacific Windows

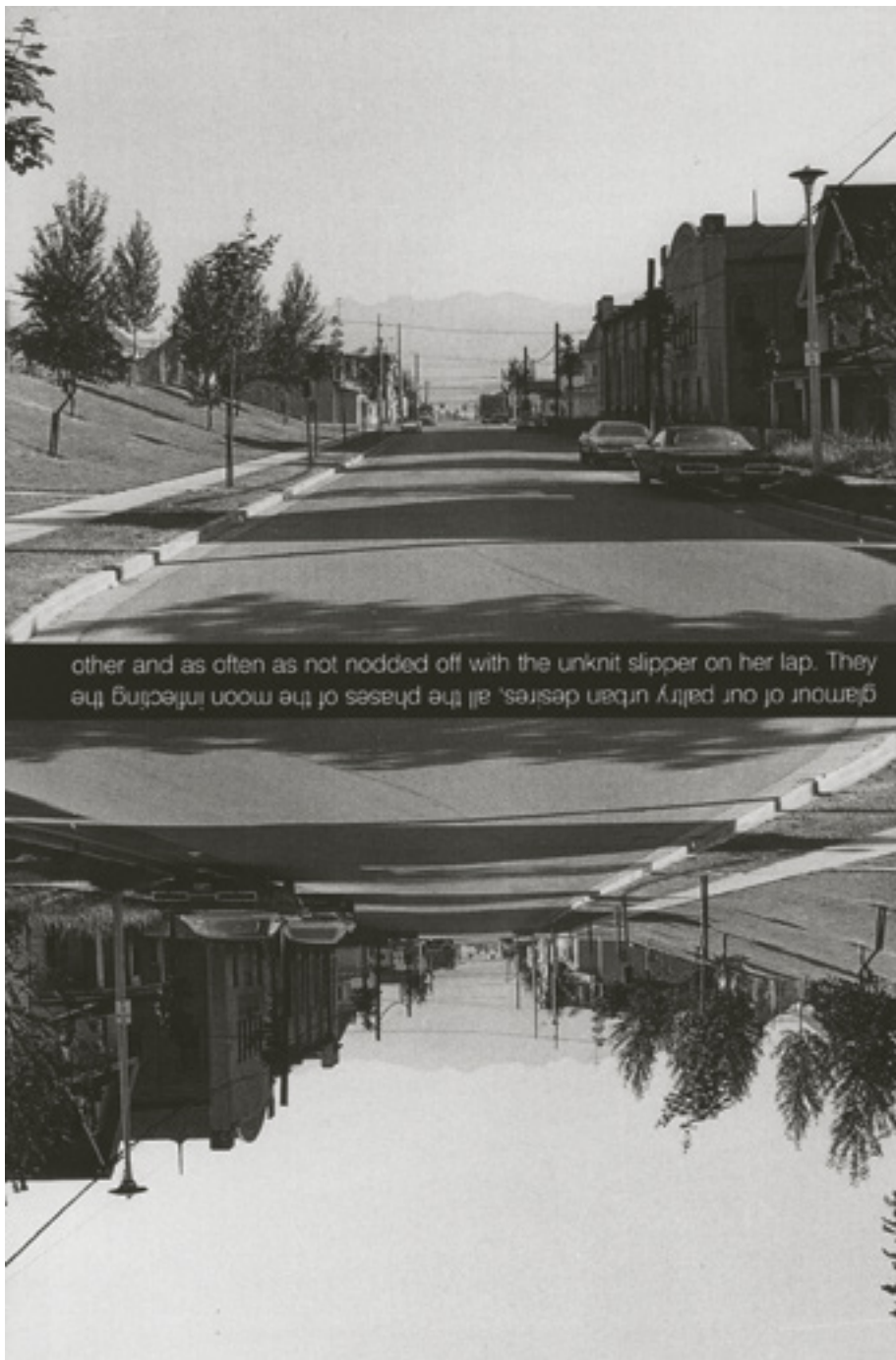
Excerpt from Roy Kiyooka's "Pacific Windows," first published in *The Capilano Review*, Issue 2.3 (Fall 1990), pages 15–19. Reprinted by permission of the estate of Roy Kiyooka.

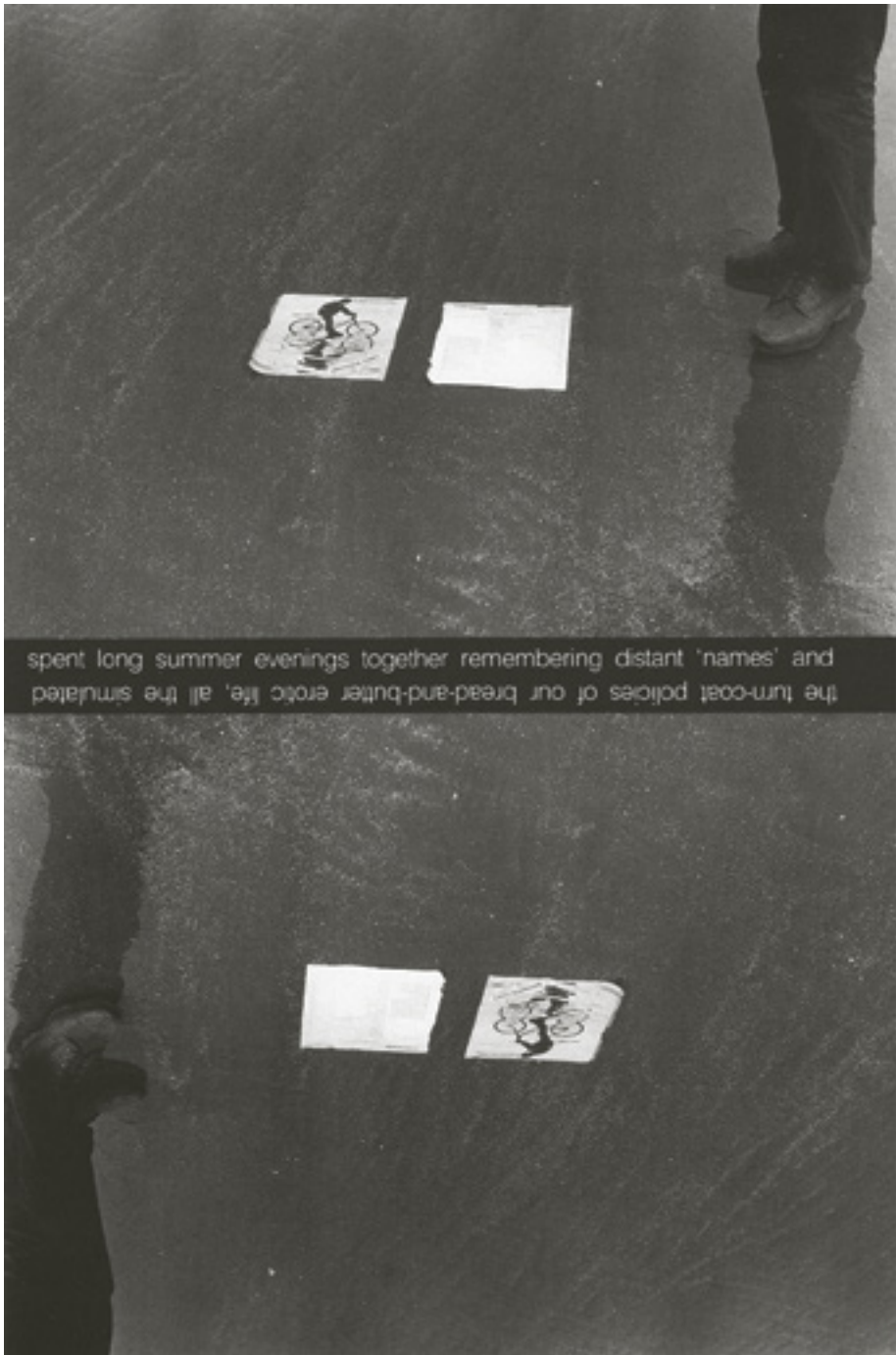




she kept an eye on her favourite soap opera, but this year she did one or the oceanic tide, all the tumultuous brine inflicting 'the ten thousand things' that









PEOPLE ARE PLANETS THEN BECOME HEARSAY

The bagel she ordered that morning was sealed with this sticker that was like, “You look good today!” She looked at it and thought, “You’re a bagel, but thanks.” Later, she ran into that friend who greets people with observations and that friend was like, “You look nice today.” And with that, she knew that she, like, really did.

Her friend appeared well-rested and her clothes fit in such a way that was like, “I work soon,” but also, “I haven’t eaten yet,” so she remembered that bagel and was like, “Do you want this bagel?” Her friend thought about it for a second and was like, “You’re a good friend,” before fluttering towards her day shift at a job that she seemed to like a little too much.

Then the crosswalk was like, “It’s time to walk,” so she went across the street where the shop’s windows took up the entire block. The plastic headless people inside of them were difficult to relate to, which she didn’t mind, but then she was like, “The windows have really gone downhill lately,” and the plastic people inside were like, “It’s not our fault he went back to school.” When The Merchandiser quit he was like, “Even if it doesn’t work out, I’ll tell everyone it’s going well,” and every time everyone was like, “We believe you.” So he didn’t need to

say any more, and they all went back to doing whatever they were doing before because they actually didn't ask.

Then her phone was like, "Time to answer," and so she did, as she listened to a voice on the other side hatch a plan to surrender its task to someone else. Then her umbrella was like, "Open," and they both, like, went to help that voice disentangle its headphones at her place, where hello came out as, "Ok, give it here."

By the time she arrived, that voice had lost all feeling in his hands from his earlier efforts at disentanglement. So while she was, like, doing that, he started an exodus of receipts. She was always somewhat confused about how this man who twisted his cables kept his wallet thin and seemed so mindful of what he put in and took out. His wallet was like, "Ahhhh . . .," breathing a sigh of relief for carrying out a job well done before sliding back into his pocket. He moved to the couch and his feet were like, up, and his face was like, resting, his face was like, almost drooping, like, so, so relaxed, that his face would have offended the really, really tired.

Then he was like, "You don't have to have the answers for everything," and then she was like, "Several plants have died since you started coming over," and he was like, "We have the most nuanced conversations," and they were, like, already bored of antagonizing each other, so he started to think about some paintings he saw earlier that week.

They were about labour and process and even from certain angles, a bit fuzzy, and he was like, "Yeah, I'm into them." But he was using his critical faculties to, like, generalize, and seemed content to, which bugged her, so her eyes fell on the shiny paper flyer advertising furniture she can't afford, although she looks at it every time.

She lingered on a chair that was beautiful but rumoured to be quite uncomfortable until a certain patch of dry, irritated skin under her poly-cotton blouse became, like, irritated, and her scratching was, like, audible, which bugged him. Then he was, like, looking at her looking at the flyer wondering, "Why doesn't she smile anymore?" And then he felt love that just didn't have anywhere to go.

Scratching and furniture turned into scratching and thinking about stuff that often made her want to just, like, boil over with opinions, but instead, she went from

furniture to opinions to not scratching and laundry so she started gathering up the dirty ones. Couch guy got up to put the kettle on because he had noticed that she was always boiling water and sometimes, like, didn't even do anything with it.

Then she was in the hall and her thumb was like, pressing, just like pressing the button over and over again, and the elevator was like, "Just, like, wait..." and when she was finally there, the laundry room was like, "Sorry, but you have to wait here too" and then she was like, "I don't even have any loonies." Then the water upstairs came to a boil while she was like, "Why don't I smile anymore?" and she was already in the car driving to the bank within walking distance.

When she got to the bank, the bank teller was like, "Hey, it's you!" and she was like, "Hey," and asked for a roll of quarters and a roll of loonies, and the teller was like, "I've seen this before," and she was like, "Originality is hard," and then he was like, "I know, I'm a bank teller."

Then her eyes rested on his un-ironic jacquard tie that was like, "I am working hard for respect" because it was shiny, like his hair, like her car, and the teller saw her mind drifting from tie to hair to car and was like, "I'm a bank teller," and she was like, "You've always been a bank teller, haven't you," and he was like, "Yeah," and she was like, "Will you always be a bank teller?" and he was like, "Let me know how I did today," and she was like, "That's an important question, but we don't really know each other," and then she was getting into her car again before she realized what he'd meant.

In the car, she put the coins on the dash and started driving, the loonies and quarters rolling back and forth. She watched their revolutions as she turned the corner until the guy stepping off the crosswalk was like, "I don't want to die" and she decided that she was done with watching certain things, but not others.

Then she was like, "You weren't always a loonie were you," and the loonie was like, "Nah, I used to be a twenty," and she was like, "All cash once had a past life as a larger or smaller denomination." But one of the quarters was like, "Not me, I've always been a quarter," and she said, "I believe you."

When she got back with the quarters and the loonies, he was like, "I have never asked for anything more than the same fraction of your attention that you give to draping a napkin over your lap," and she was like, "Here," and his headphones were like, "Fine," and they both saw how untangled his possessions could be, and he was like, "I just felt like a third wheel," and she was like, "Do you think my chairs are uncomfortable?" and he was like, "Laundry?" and she was like, "All the cool shit in the world wouldn't keep you close to me, would it?" and he was like, "I boiled some water," and then she touched the kettle, and the kettle was still warm to the touch. And she was like, "You were never a bank teller, were you?" and he was like "No," and she was like, "I believe you."

Page 111:

Judith Copithorne, *19.3.6 memory*,
2019, digital collage.

Page 112:

Judith Copithorne, *19.4.11 fail safe*,
2019, digital collage.

Page 113:

Judith Copithorne, *19.5.15 splotch*,
2019, digital collage.

All works originally published
in *Phases/Phrases* (Victoria:
Trainwreck Press, 2019). Reprinted
by permission of the artist and
publisher.





fleece

Fluorescence

The enormity of Vowels

false

tally

drop

Aeece

flop

plop

frog

forgot

Slot

sloth

fleas

spc

Plotch



Page 115:

Germaine Koh, *play* (*Acumin, Avenir, Frutiger, Gotham, Open Sans, Myriad, DIN, Franklin Gothic, Aboriginal Sans, News Gothic, Geneva, Arial, Helvetica, Akkurat, Trebuchet*), 2021, digital design.

playayay

ayayay

ayayay

ayayay

ayayay

POEM

I call upon a poem as a gathering of language that includes the poet and poetry, that includes the dead, that includes readers present and imagined.

Occasions for language that can accept the unknowable, poems trace distance.

Poems traverse thought and perception as they mark, make and unmake, and take place in dialogue, much as the colour of water is a reference to sky and earth as it forms an expression of “blue.”

I think of a poem as containing the potential for seriality, that is, the many; poems as potential to create without possession. Poems complicate meaning, image, and tone as they reposition language. Poems unbind reference.

Serious play and ugly beauty, poems paradox.

Poems poem with difference and repetition, with visible variation, are frames that move and reframe. They are places of quotation and intertextuality. Poems can feature obscured histories and discourses or invoke the oldest stories we know.

Poems assemble acts of attention and trouble the subject/object separation of Western philosophy and worldview.

Hologrammatic, poems are sourced in memory, speech, and books. They draw upon language held in commons and attend to folk and pop culture. Poems elaborate, borrow, and recycle. Poems place alongside, express language's performative possibilities, create coherences.

Poems move inside architectures of meaning.

Poems conjure worlds, relate to mythic imagination, create new psychogeographies, and define and redefine spatial relationships. The language of poetry is that of play, structurality, resonance, hey nonny nonny.

A poem is the mutability of language in motion.

Poems are acts of composition and decomposition. With a poem we can shape story into new relationships and new meanings. Poems make solid a narrative not possible before, where the real may be attached to words or image as relational.

Poems enrich perspectives. Poems can move directionally from inside out, from outside in, can declare a way out, allow passage, release form.

Poems can speak the unsaid and silenced.

Poems can suppose against, oppose ownership, claim uncertainty, and hold space against concepts of mastery. Poems can language relationships as navigational information.

Poems perceive cosmologically.

enqueue
collecting entities
a line to be in
to punch in
and out
we were a line
collecting rations
a feast of groceries
pandemic distance
where and when pressed
together as custom
ending or beginning
warehousing
the sequences fray
front or rear
crowd control
guides the foot flow
without changing the
infrastructure of buildings
mazes test compliance
retractable belts hold
an empty route
paced dutifully
snake turns accordingly
to take one's place
amid the add-on items
without specific capacity
hurry the wait
records to be added

at another end removed
the nature of orderly
colonial to respectful
redundant grammar
words people look for
words that mean "line"
sounds a cue even coup
new elements
can always be added
veins become apparent
data structure vehicles
models and theory
queue envy
shoes on the floor
ever-increasing
pause stop and stay
thirsty organized queues
cross the threshold
confine assertive anger
food gathering forth
a braid worn
at the back
bounded and fixed
temporary messages
storage transmission
corral corridor lane
the hybrid stacks
same and once again
each numbered deque

Ruth Scheuing

QUINCES AND QUAILS... AND QUEENS AND QUADRILLES

For Ann Rosenberg (1940–2018) and Michael Lawlor
(1949–2011), in celebration of their lives and quests as artists*

Page 121:

Ruth Scheuing, *Quinces and Quails
and Queens III*, 2022, cotton,
handwoven digital Jacquard textile,
73.66 × 30.48 cm.

Ruth Scheuing, *Quinces and Quails
I and II*, 2022, cotton, handwoven
digital Jacquard textile, each
35.56 × 35.56 cm.

Page 122:

Ann Rosenberg, *Untitled*, 1992,
watercolour, 25.4 × 35.56 cm.
Courtesy of Ruth Scheuing and
Daniel Rosenberg.

Page 123:

Ruth Scheuing, *Flying Dancer I*, 2022,
digital animation, 3.05 × 22.86 cm.

Ruth Scheuing, *Quadrille*, 2022,
cotton, handwoven digital Jacquard
textile, 38.1 × 58.42 cm.

Page 124:

Ruth Scheuing, *Flying Dancer II*, 2022,
digital animation, 3.05 × 22.86 cm.

Michael Lawlor, *Untitled*, 2010, digital
print from D.R.G.M. (circa 1905), 18.2 ×
27 cm. Courtesy of Ruth Scheuing.





AR 92

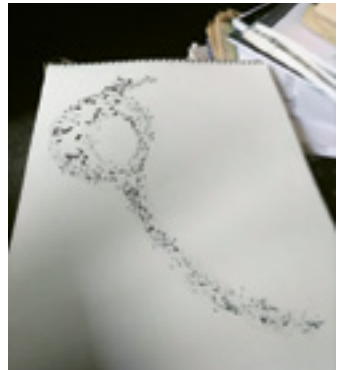




*I really got to know Ann Rosenberg after the death of Michael Lawlor, my husband of thirty years, in 2011. We used to go out to cheap diners all along Hastings Street and into Burnaby; we talked about everything, we laughed, we cried. Ann and Michael were best buddies; he helped her hang shows in her gallery Photobase, which usually involved many late nights (and probably cigarettes and beverages as well). Michael also ran Gallery Sansair on Hastings Street, just around the corner at the time. Later I watched Ann and her performances as Queen Ann—I mean, *Victoria*. From Ann came the idea for the alphabet paintings, of which she had done several versions.

Michael's relationship to the letter *Q* is more instinctual, and I think, given the choice, he may even have picked the letter himself. We had a cat named Qat at one point. The "Quadrille" piece is based on his long-time collecting of magic lantern slides and old film strips. The source is a single snip of 16mm film, from which we both imagined our own stories.

eine quittung, bitte
imagining sore knee
starts
case #
worker surveillance
apotheosis
she is myself



gloating subject, squinting

I had been interested

even less improved grounds, and fewer

suicide vote

unsustainable

profit margins

growth slows

margins shrink

white queen sheet set

and pillowcases

willam

am

abide

diminishing

slightly

suddenly

shit yelling

I closed in on myself

I thrust out into

the lives of others

everything I did was horrible

Poem originally composed and performed using cursive longhand.

RESISTANCE

In March 2020, the year of perfect vision, the lens of the pandemic was all that mattered, I was terrified but also relieved to have a real distraction so that I didn't have to face my daily struggle with writing. As lockdown loomed I was happy to disappear.

Word was out there was a run on toilet paper, I knew our stream of commodities wouldn't last forever but, "unavailable" was a rare adjective in my life. I ran to Safeway, my least favourite store, but it was big enough to stay apart from other customers, and I stuffed my shopping cart. Outside I tripped, the cart toppled over, and I landed face down looking like a crow in my all-black clothing. I lay laughing on top of the gigantic cushion of toilet paper, no one noticed, they were so busy rushing into Safeway for toilet paper themselves.

My personal challenge was to make each roll last a week, I stacked the empty ones on the counter, the wobbly tower was my calendar until I lost track of it. Shock had elasticized time, it could stretch and stretch in slow motion, then suddenly snap back and hit me in the face. Though the construction cranes never stopped—this is Vancouver—most stores, banks, the shoemakers, were closed. I fixed my leather bag strap with duct tape but it didn't work on my

down jacket which had ripped when I'd tripped so when the white feathers poked their heads out I just coloured them in with the black sharpie I carried around.

My body was porous, soft as butter, melting, my brain too, mostly I was apathetic and stunned, without motivation or frustration, in a delicious state of malaise. The collective nightmare was also a collective joke, I giggled whenever I saw people in masks, where was the costume party everyone was going to? As the world slowed down to a pace I could handle I settled in and focused on resisting writing about it. Sometimes I gave myself Netflix assignments to watch, sometimes I took my computer outside to watch so I could get fresh air at the same time.

My neighbours, Palestinian refugees, received news of the virus with remarkable equanimity; they knew to survive disaster it helps to conserve energy. Their family was even more confined to their tiny apartment and everyone caught covid but luckily they all recovered. The drumbeat of warnings was that the older we were the more vulnerable we were, if our hospitals got too crowded, doctors would have to choose who to let die. In case I was unconscious when an ambulance picked me up I wanted tattooed across my chest, "Please Save Me. I'm not ready to leave the people I love." But how would that have made me different from anyone else?

The highlight of each day was to go out every evening at seven to bang on pots and pans to relay thanks to frontline workers. Most of us on the block had been in the house much of the day and were now squinting at each other in the fading light to see who was still around. Our clanging sounded like a medieval dirge, a lament for the dead. We pleaded our resistance to the virus, "fuck off, please, fuck off."

One day as I walked along a narrow sidewalk someone suddenly appeared and coughed in my face, it was totally unconscious and his face crumpled in shame. After each scare I lived in fourteen-day increments, the length of time it took for the virus to make itself known, so that healthcare workers could contact-trace, repeated to myself like a mantra all the places I'd been to.

I began to wear a beaklike mask everywhere. Hidden, it was fun to chew gum with my mouth open. The main streets were unusually lively, in our no-eye-contact city

we were now openly looking at each other, I blatantly shunned anyone not in a mask and danced by anyone in one. With everyone it was a negotiation about how to share public space, I thought about Bill 21 in Quebec and who it was keeping at home.

I was raised in a culture that encouraged everyone to question, argue, even with God. Beginning with my parents, I've spent a lifetime resisting authority figures as much as possible, an instinct I've kept well-honed. But I paid ungrudging attention to health officials as they shared the latest scientific information—at first all surfaces were deemed hostile, I disinfected my computer, scrubbed my groceries afraid they would kill me.

Once we learned people's breathing was far more lethal than surfaces, I stuck to the deserted side streets for my daily walks. Kitsilano was flooded with flowers blooming their hearts out and with hardly any traffic it felt like the 60s when I first arrived. The birds chirped loudly and the sun shone brightly, I wondered if I'd already died and was in some Disney version of heaven.

It was hard to wrap my head around living in paradise with the backdrop of staggering statistics, the mounting numbers of the diseased and the dead all over the world. If I let myself forget I felt guilty and then felt guilty for feeling guilty. The emotions that broke through my lethargy were intense, even joy, surely a form of resistance to the horror of what was happening? I wanted a reset on death—the ultimate in cancel culture—a communal shift in the perception of life to make knowing about death more bearable.

After lockdown was lifted the shadows remained. Every few months I'd drop by Kitsilano Barbershop and then upbraid myself, was this haircut worth dying for? At the library I'd be anxious that the book I'd come to check out might check me out. I became a fair-weather friend, seeing people only when it was mild enough for outdoor visits, within walkable distances, always with my bladder in mind. On a soft summer day Martha and I visited Barbara in her backyard, we took turns peeing in secluded spots in the bushes so we could stay longer, it was liberating and I offered my visitors similar facilities.

The media was full of stories of terrible loss, disruption, hardship, suffering. I was lucky to live in BC with a

government that took public health care seriously and I mostly liked staying at home so my daily life didn't change that much. But I hadn't seen my kids or grandkids for several months and the planned reunion, all of them coming to Vancouver to see my sister and me, had to be cancelled because the border was closed. I brought old cardboard boxes onto the porch to flatten them for recycling and stomped and stomped, forgetting the crashing would shake the old building and everyone else living in it. I was crushed, mad.

Never had I imagined not being able to see my family nor that the country they were living in would now have the highest mortality rate in the world. I was terrified but talking with my kids and hearing the strength with which they protected their kids grounded me. I watched the news to see what they were surrounded by, there were temporary morgues parked outside a hospital in New York City and bodies were being lowered into a mass grave. Though I knew this happened in pandemics I instantly thought of the Holocaust whose images had been burned into my Jewish brain at a very young age.

The Black Lives Matter demonstration in June 2020 was the only public event I wanted to go to. I made a sign that said, "Reimagine the Police." Millions all over the world were resisting all forms of racism, including anti-Asian racism in Vancouver, and I wanted to stand in solidarity with them. Singing, laughing, even loud talking were now known to spread the virus, I was scared to bus down to the rally, grateful for those braver than me, the turnout was huge.

In the new year it took me thirteen drafts to write a note to a friend who was facing MAID. With the jolts of more friends dying, for all kinds of reasons (my dear Margaret), I began to focus more and more on upcoming birthdays. It took me several drafts to write birthday greetings too.

In May 2021, 215 unmarked graves of children of the former Kamloops Residential School were found. The Truth and Reconciliation Commission estimated there are thousands more such graves across Canada. The television was on in the living room, the radio was on in the kitchen, and I paced from room to room trying to absorb everything.

At the annual Women's Memorial March on February 14, 2022 in Vancouver thousands witnessed the toppling of the statue of Gassy Jack. It was done with great care. At the end of February when Putin invaded Ukraine I went to a rally to honour the resistance of the Ukrainian people. I wore a mask and stayed on the edge of the massive crowd but felt safer and more hopeful there than if I'd stayed at home.

With the advent of the vaccine my kids and grandkids, who I hadn't seen in years, have been able to fly through the hoops of international travel to visit again. We fall into one another's arms. Throughout the pandemic our family has been Zooming every Sunday, it's magic, the love and warmth come through.

We continue.

Pages 136–137:
Cindy Mochizuki, *Ruckus*, 2021,
graphite and watercolour on paper,
26.83cm × 23.495 cm.

Ruckus is part of a series of unfinished pages of picture books: an exercise in working through a cosmology of creatures. The word and sound play of “ruckus / ラッカーズ” and “rock cod” is a result of the misinterpretation of the English language as heard through the ears of my eighty-year-old Japanese-speaking mother. Mishearing is an interaction that often occurs between us, resulting in a multitude of new and different meanings for vocabulary—opening up portals to other imagined places. The language of the multi-generational Asian diasporic home sets the groundwork for loud and cacophonous ruckus at all hours of the day.



ruckus

in the evening
clammer of noise
mouths of fishes
eyes open

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–So, why a trialogue?
–I thought you said a fugue
–Yes, that too
–Fugues are simple
–Throughout the entire series we're never sure if you are in conversation with a friend, an art critic, or your editor. It keeps shifting
–Some voices are more obvious. The mother
–Yes. I heard you wrote 800 books?
–No books. More like 8000 pages
–Numéro Comique, the serial
–Mhmm
–Did you opt for a slow release?
–Non-drowsy formula
–How many voices are you working with
–Around thirty-six

–Three dozen?
–Give or take
–Nuts!
–There's the analyst, the hairdresser, the legal advisor, the seamstress
–I was hoping for a little drowsy
–Let me know if you get disoriented or confused
–There are only three characters in the room at any time. You'll be fine
–I see arches, windows, curtains, stairways. Looks like a De Chirico set
–De Chirico is from Turin but he was born Greek, *Kyriko*. He studied art in Athens. It makes sense
–I thought it was his German encounters that turned him into a symbolist
–It was
–Nietzsche said that the

Roman arcade has a voice that speaks in riddles
–Turin is the pivotal point of black and white magic triangles, you know
–Yes. Zeus hurled Phaeton into the river Po
–What? The river at the foot of the castle?
–Which Numéro talks about the castle in Italy?
–I'm beginning to feel it
–Have we started yet?
–I'm feeling it too, trippy
–Good. Can we start now?
–Shhhh . . .
–You are listening to Séjour Céleste radio
–We're moving into a land of both shadow and substance . . .
–We're extremely relaxed
–Of things and ideas . . .
–We do not have to make sense of everything

ÎLE PRIVÉE

art fair
by invitation



a mise-en-scène

Septembre 21, 2024

1154 Gilford St.



Laissez-Passer + 1

–That’s right, let it roll
 freely
 –Our hearts, as light as a
 feather
 –No assaults on anyone
 –All that life asks is to be
 treated delicately
 –My favourite part is with
 your financial advisor
 –Chats with your frenemy
 are priceless
 –We took out any traces of
 contempt
 –Do you have a method
 or do you let the voices
 shapeshift naturally
 –I hear you’ve got a new
 publisher for this
 –Yes, Pandora’s Nightclub
 –Do I sound like Dick
 Cavett ?
 –You *are* Dick Cavett
 –Is this an interview?
 –Let’s go back to where
 we left off last time. The
 coyote . . .
 –The bat, the hare, the
 spider, the skunk, the
 chickadee, the heron . . .
 –The golden egg scene is
 breathtaking. Overcast
 –Thanks
 –You said you’d have to be
 an idiot not to pay attention
 to animals in dreams
 –Not only in dreams
 –The windows are open.
 Curtains flutter. The
 furniture is officially
 floating
 –Everyday magic always
 comes as a surprise
 –The cabinet is wavy
 –You once said
 performance should never
 be announced
 –You dreamt of a cat who
 jumped all the way up into

your third-floor window
 –Are cats important in
 literature?
 –What about the three
 hummingbirds who came
 to knock
 –Is this literature?
 –That was not a dream
 –Dreaming of a grey cat
 means you should not listen
 to those who discourage
 you from taking bold steps
 –Let’s go back to the
 Oystercatchers
 –I don’t even like oysters
 –Angus used to serve the
 most incredible oysters on
 Sancerre snow
 –These birds have long
 translucent red beaks
 –Have you ever met a
 Hooded Merganser? Oh my
 gosh, their heads!
 –They find shells in
 between tides
 –We’re adding restaurant
 reviews now to the mix?
 –Oysters need to be served
 over a white tablecloth.
 It brings out their fresh,
 silvery opalescence.
 Makes the lemon pop
 –I agree oysters need a
 white background
 –I’m a sucker for a white
 tablecloth in a dining car
 under breakfast
 –I was told that if you do
 not pay attention to your
 guides they eventually
 leave
 –Nah. They come and go
 all the time
 –Let’s come back to Italy.
 Why another chateau
 –Castles are the true
 monuments of oppression
 and yet are part of our

collective unconscious, like
 a tarot card. Each chateau
 is a villager’s pride.
 Puzzling
 –You said chateaus are the
 clowns of architecture
 –Some small castles are
 nice. The gardens
 –What’s with the fake-real.
 I don’t get it
 –The fake-real is about
 liquifying the walls
 –The walls of institutions
 in general, yes. It was a
 fake-real art residency
 –Against the
 professionalization of art?
 –Do you suggest all
 chateaus should be given
 back?
 –They’re a burden for most
 families anyways. A public
 portion could easily be
 managed by the state
 –Tell us about the art that
 was produced for that
 project
 –Ditta Cairo von Bildhauer
 cast a concrete leg-fountain
 that was simply divine.
 It actually looked like a
 goddess’ leg. It was the
 perfect manifestation
 of ossification and
 liquefaction, of life and art.
 Fountains are exactly both
 –Let’s go deeper into your
 fear of petrification. You
 said water is the human
 condition, the thirst for
 light
 –It was a gentle assault on
 the monument. Breathing
 air into it as well, the music
 –I heard Nino Rota spent
 summers there
 –The place was gutted.
 Not a single piano in the

Scalero house. So bizarre
 –Even the gardens were starting to look suburban. I was actually depressed
 –Suburbanization of life is a form of petrification
 –I overheard you approached Zem for this project
 –It was a perfect idea to have Somali and Ethiopian DJs in a decolonial project in a chateau in Italy, being the two Italian colonies
 –Yes but Libby was on her way to NY for a gig. The dates overlapped. It was too forced to fly her into Milan for a day, I bailed out
 –I was told she was the mastermind behind BLM Vancouver
 –She had the brilliant idea to not only block both sides of the Georgia Viaduct, but to throw a mega daytime rave in the middle, which completely renewed protest strategies, resisting the usual dialectic of confrontation of bodies
 –Is it true they invited Stan Douglas to come play?
 –He has a lot to do with Hogan's Alley. He also loves to DJ
 –It turned into a three-day BLM dance party and fundraiser
 –The City wants to use the viaduct and other historical hotspots for daytime public raves all summer now
 –Yes, like the afternoon rave in Queen Elizabeth park for the renaming ceremony
 –The Royal Sussex came in

for this, right?
 –Let's come back to Île privée at the Sylvia and your festival simulation
 –I was told the entire show was bought in advance by an art dealer with bitcoin
 –Only the soundtrack
 –The whole production was sold to the Canada Council but very few private collectors show interest in your work
 –Some of your art is owned as a fraction of a JPEG
 –It's mildly disturbing. Maybe artists should buy parts of their own art as an investment
 –Let's talk about your retirement plan
 –The plan is to become immortal, and then die
 –The plan we drew for you here is casual teaching until you die
 –Ok. But only locally. Preferably walking distance. I don't enjoy traveling for art anymore
 –The plan is to aim for honorific degrees from different art schools who rent your name for their catalogue to attract students. It's a posh way to earn a living
 –I am so into Queer Daytime Internet TV. Do you know Tranna Vintour
 –The comedian? I love her
 –Great drag name
 –Tranna is not a drag queen, she's trans
 –It's still a drag name
 –My favourite drag name of all time is Marianne Toilette. So good. Rolls off

the tongue
 –She's obsessed with Barbara Streisand
 –You should not have said that bulimia is a princess disease
 –Did I say that?
 –Did Lady Di really sleep with her bodyguard?
 –We're all useless anorexic princesses
 –Koko's equestrian number looked amazing, very Bertoluccian
 –I don't want to be judgmental but it's a very strange fantasy to want to be a dog in a cage
 –Desire is unpredictable and para-political
 –Cages are the human condition, the home, the mind, the office, the car, the pointy toe
 –How is Koko?
 –Last time I saw them in Paris we ended up in Jardin des plantes, twice, after drinking vodka with a woman named Araciela in André Breton's hotel. Her name means "altar of the sky"
 –How perfect
 –The second time, we saw the kangaroos
 –A petting zoo?
 –They are part of the ménagerie
 –The Larousse says a ménagerie is a collection of wild animals, people, or things, kept in captivity for exhibition
 –That could describe all of literature
 –I love Aesop
 –Paris felt as though it

were covered with green
ashes everywhere, with a
proliferation of Proustian
characters, assis, debout,
leaning. Faux flâneurs.
International poseurs.
Everyone was trying so
hard to be French
—Where did you meet
Tranna for the interview
—At Café Cleopatra.
She interviewed Céline,
Mitsou, and Eileen Myles
—Tranna is Egyptian
—It's Café Cléopâtre
—Cleopatra sounds better,
a notch less mummified
—Egypt, Greece, and Rome
are floating in our minds
—More like we soak in it
like a brine
—Imagine being the
architect who finds, by
chance, the boob of the
Victory of Samothrace
emerging from the ground
—I think “frenchiness” has
become ossified
—This ghormeh is
delicious. How many words
are we at now?
—Have you noticed that
the Persian boys from the
Med Grill are getting their
falafels from the Iraqis
next door?
—Their rivalry is over
—1545 word count
—Do you need to buy the
whole pass for Private
Island? Or can we get
tickets just for the Deep
and Light concert series?
—Zeitoon has the best
Koobideh on the mainland,
but don't order their
Tahdig. It's soft and
flavourless

—Take us back to the Sylvia
for a minute. I heard it's
sold out
—I was told as a rule you
have to ask three times for
Tahdig. They always say
they've run out
—No. It's invitation-only
—They do run out for real
—I definitely want tickets
for the Frisson Deluxe
part. Do you have extras?

THE &

The & operator computes the address of memory

&&&

I sleep
My memory scatters all over my being
Fragments come up
I can't fathom them
It pains me
I shiver

The ampersand is my dream
The ampersand is Joseph and Potiphar and his wife in a
sexy threesome that I filmed in my memory since I was
twelve reading the Bible

The & jumps by eight or sixteen but not by thirteen
because someone will betray me and Jesus, we are the
ones splitting vegan food in a jail cell

The & is taking me different places

How I find myself now without passion for my memory.
Downtown Cairo, where I grew up, stopped meaning,
except for a familiarity. And Seattle, oh Seattle, where

I stitched so many &&&&& together, Seattle meant
the coldness of cold lovers. I am dead. I am also scared
from meeting God or Joseph the cute one or Potiphar the
cuckold and the drop-dead gorgeous wife coming to visit
me on Sunday while I am lying dead from depression. She
tells me her fantasies and I lick her until she screams and
I feel useful. I am the one with bad memories, all that I
remember has lead to my illness

We are not exact or autonomous
We are part of a bigger single creature

Our conception of ourselves
And our behavior
What we utter
This pain is graduating us
Into hell
Thanks God
For the permission to be

An amputated man crawls asking for money in Zamalek
streets and today he stops by the blue-collar coffeeshop
and orders tea in a commanding voice

The address-of operator expressions have the form
& expr (1)
& class :: member (2)
Each is a member of a class
Today I am combating insomnia
By drinking coffee
I am tired of my illness
Of my medications
That I take daily
I need a woman
To hide in
To have her think kindly
Of my existence
I want to vanish
In her
As I cry
Asking some being
For mercy

My mom
Disabled
Told me
As she saw
That I let the cockroach

I am sick now

And they say
I lived well
But the sexual abuse
& 12
Created a hole
In my ability
To think
And fear
Not to locate you
Didn't allow me
To locate
You

z
Addressing memory
Is really
About the dissipation
Of everything
I have touched

The seven angels
Who promised me
It will all be okay
Don't think the same
Anymore

There is the anguish of doubt
I inched my way
Without harm
And with chaotic insomnia

Now it is 50/50
Between life and death
Except that there are these volleyball players on TV that I
keep falling in love with

I fall in love with novelty
This is how I am shaped
I am at zero address
I cry for what I lost intentionally

I am tired
Of calculating myself

This short distance you have to make
From inside the vaulted café
To the outside
Where you can catch a glimpse
Of the passersby while

Seeking a network connection

To touch distant people
To touch oneself
In a dirty way
Just to calm the fears of childhood

I know that what I did was not enough
I know what I will do
Will not be enough
To calm the terrors
Of memory

The constraints of this world
Are within us
What we see is limited
What we fathom too

In beauty
We witness
What we can't be

There is no place for the poor here
All poems
Are strictly
Against God
You let the distance fracture things
Oh God
Our emotions didn't work for us
All that I was
Dismantled
In my frantic search
For a salvation
Outside myself

I admit
Day after day
I worked
Out of fear



Father & Sons
Home Improvement II

Page 151:

Tiziana La Melia, *Corsetless Verse*, 2021, watercolour on paper, 28 x 38 cm. Photo by Natasha Katedralis.

Page 152:

Tiziana La Melia, *Untitled*, 2019, drawings from notebook.

The slur “ampersand” (from “and per se and”) is a ligature tracing back to the first century A.D., in which the letters “E” and “T” (or “et,” meaning “and”) were written together in the old Roman cursive. Once corrupted, the efficacy of these marks came to signify, in intimacies—be in business or marriage—the tightness of a union, as well as collaboration, trust, and commitment between two people. The couplets, considered here, are incorporated and dis-incorporated.

A longer version of this poem was commissioned for the 2019 exhibition *Schulz & Weise* at W19, Amsterdam. The poem also cites a personalized psychic audio recording by Rosemary Taylor from December 28, 2020.

Lace Embrace

The psychic ampersand refers
of energy
reshaped,
you're literally laced into this thing where you
let's say you are in a chair, and one leg is missing

trust
fall
go
shifting
contorting
sat in that contortion,
out
straighten yourself
try
again
Lace

Corsetless verse

relax and bat
and bows swish
down like lavish
pony tails
ribs exhale and with
head erect / I look down
to sud and dew you
tie
down
here

A body of ampersands . . .
married, above the crossroads,
but if he is a *Gianni* then
I relate
&

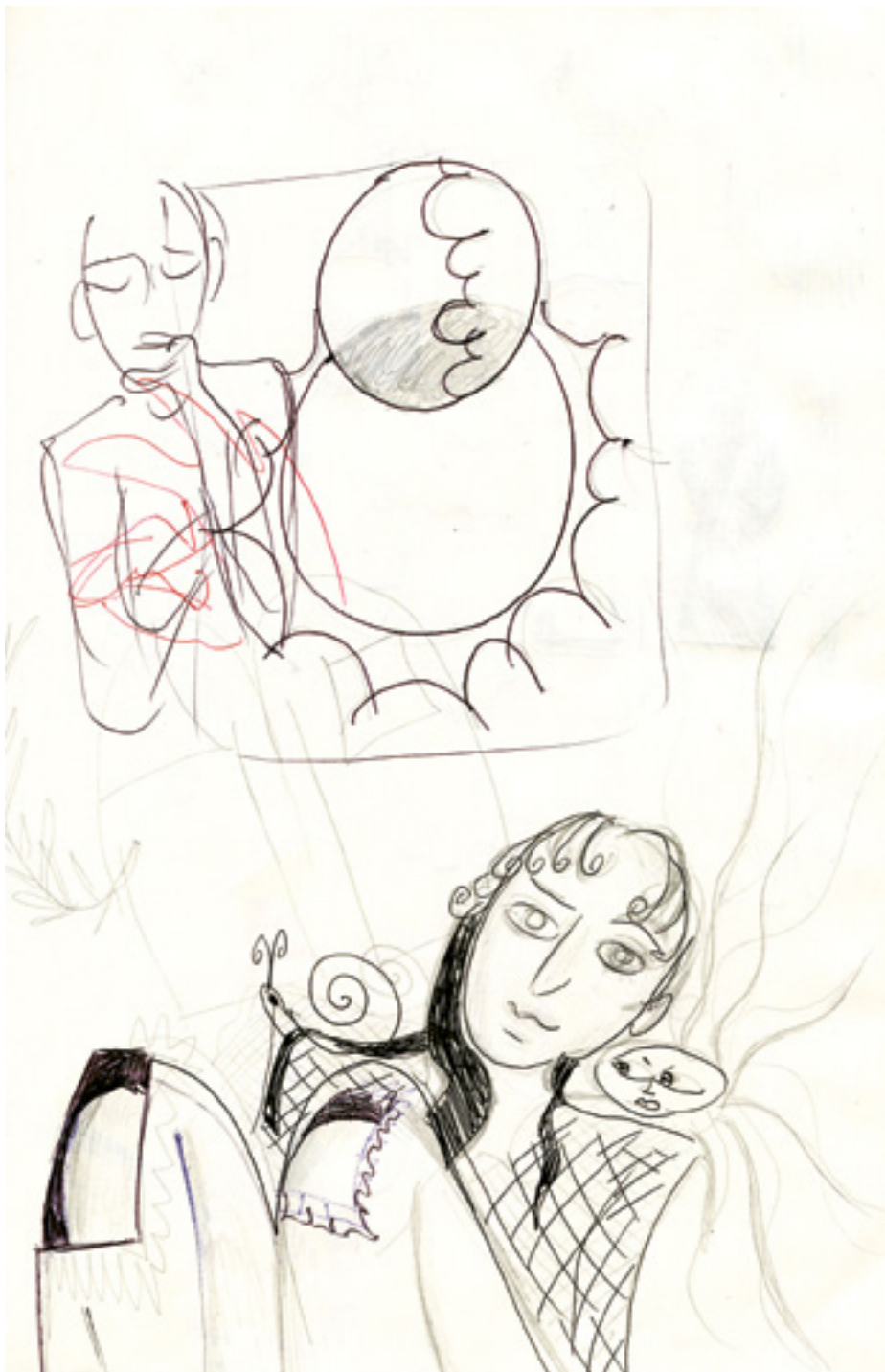
to the squeezing
you know
think of those waist trainers
train your waist into being small
could you still sit on that chair?
try
over
over
my weight over to one side
into a position
snap

out
balance
swell.
embrace
whipped with a ribbon
when I was young
foolish / I loved Siggie & Gerri
you drew a large cock
on a gingham cloth
and like the clock
it will shape me
to speak in season and
forever

cinched waists with satin sashes
above belly in flight
exaggeratingly accommodatingly
re-binding the







& i am searching for a method of acquiring the persuasive
power to ask the colleague to stand in solidarity with me and
& all revolutionary thoughts parked for the next break period and
& considering the impossibility of stealing what has already
been constructed by the state for its own benefit and
& the folly of mourning a life shaved down in increments and
& appearing the same forwards & back and
& delay & defer, delay & defer and
& a voiced enclosure of our common welfare and
& susan may i have this dance and
& seed pods exploding:
– the final moneyshot for a dying planet and
& how might we use this moment to imagine a more equitable future and
& the thing after the thing itself and
& the thing adjacent to the thing after and
& a solemn consideration knelt down under the apple tree and
& moving inside or next to, wrapped up/in/under and
& a knife laid out on the cutting board and
& a chorus of Stellar's jays, tremolando and
& cleanly excised from the dying limb and
& buttressed by the ghosts of the alphabet city and
& the beautiful cruelty of the persistent birdsong and
& the aging zealot, the absent premier, the cynical strategist, et. al.
(and) & (and)
& the breath & the dying, the breath & the dying and
(and) & (and)

Art & Science & Briggs & Stratton & Julie & Julia & Johnson & Johnson & Jerry & Ben & Jerry's & Day & Ross & Law & Order & Pain & Gain & Tiffany & Young & Penn & Teller & Bath & Bodyworks & Winners & Nominees & Little Miss & Procter & Gamble & House & Home & Turks & Caicos & Spencer & MacLelland & Stewart & Food & Beverage & Women's & Gender & Studies & Fruits & Passion & Vice & Virtue & Administration & Governance & Sebastian & HIV & STI testing & Mucus & Phlegm & Thing 1 & Thing 2 & Headlines & Missing & Murdered & Tire & Wheel & Oil & Gas & Arts & Fast & Furious & Stir & Bar & Grill & McInnis & Holloway & Parks & Rec & Health & Smartphones & You & Eye & Ear & Nose & Throat & Fish & Chips & Sweet & Diseases & Conditions & Boys & Girls & Arts & Science & Pride & Prejudice & Maxillofacial & Fools & Horses & King & Country & Leukemia & Lymphoma & Equity & Inclusion & Bed Bath & Beyond & Ernie & Resort & Conventions & concatenate concatenate concatenate & Yarners & Layers & Tools & Machine & Story & Communication & Gin & Tonic & Supply & Demand & Plans & Feasibility & Schedule & Details & Coffee & Tea & Wine & Food & Moving & Storage & Substance Use & Psychiatry & Clean & Green & Anna & Maria & Delivery & Lost & Found & Bang & Olafson & Health & Society & Meat & Nut & Snacks & Children & Snakes & Lattes & Teaching & Learning & Online & In Store & Kitchen & Lounge & Funeral Home & Cremation & M&M's & M&V & Sugar & Spice & Sins & Scams & Fraud & Climate & Sustainability & Cause & Effect & Tile & Tiles & Mental Health & Crisis Services & Safety & Risk & Insurance & Mattress & Laundry & Garden & Jewellers & Loans & Wolskel & Wynn & Simpson & Iain Baxter & Bunnings & Co. & tar & feather & bread & roses & meat & bone & mac & cheese & Cake & Leia & Adam & Eve & Adam & Steve & Anna & Eve & Netflix & Christmas & Helma & Louise & Rum & Coke & Before & after & black & white & binary & binary binary & Broke & poor & rich & famous & Cut & paste & bow & arrow & Heaven & earth & In & out & Jack & Jill & King & Queen & Question & Answer & Right & Left & Thunder & lightning & ball & chain & Dick & Jane & Mason & Funk & Wagnall's & needle & thread & salt & pepper & red beans & rice & Eggs & ham & guns & roses & rhythm & blues & bump & grind & day & night & Up & lock & scratch & sniff & slip & slide & the birds & the bees & fork & knife & Tom & pop & pen & paper & fun & games & Crime & Punishment & War & Waffles & bits & thunder & lightning & fire & ice & wash & dry & goose & gander & p & gown & hills & valleys & death & taxes & lemons & limes & bra & pants & hammer & sickle & hammer & nails & death & taxes & tuck & roll & Wall &

&

&

＆

⅋



CONTRIBUTORS

Siku Allooloo is an Inuk/Haitian/Taíno artist, writer, and filmmaker from Denendeh, NT, by way of Mittimatalik, NU, through her father and Haïti through her mother. “Sapajuji (Protector)” was recently exhibited as part of *Indigenous Futures: Rooted & Ascending* in Yellowknife, NT.

Marvin Luvualu António is a Canadian-Angolan artist who lives and works in Toronto. His work explores but is not limited to identity politics, the artist as subject, and film. He is currently completing his studies in practical nursing.

Oana Avasilichioaei is a poet, translator, sound artist, and performer based in Tiohtià:ke/Montréal. Her six collections of poetry hybrids include *Eight Track* (Talonbooks, 2019), which was a finalist for the A. M. Klein Prize and the Governor General’s Literary Award for Poetry, and *Liminal* (Talonbooks, 2015).

N. E. Thing Co.’s **Iain Baxter** has aimed to expand and challenge the definition of “art” for over fifty years. He currently lives in Windsor with his wife and collaborator Louise Chance Baxter. He is a painter, photographer, sculptor, mixed media artist, installationist, film and video maker, interventionist, and performance artist who has been a forerunner of conceptual art in Canada.

Ingrid Baxter, in the years following N. E. Thing Co., founded Deep Cove Canoe and Kayak in North Vancouver (1981 to present). She created the Adaptive Aquatics Specialist position for the City of Vancouver and directed the creation of swim programs for the disabled. She was a founding member and professional accompanist for the North Shore Chorus for close to twenty years. She has taught piano, canoeing, swimming, and aquasizes.

derek beaulieu is the author/editor of over twenty collections of poetry, prose, and criticism. His most recent volume of fiction, *a*, *A Novel*, was published by France’s Jean Boîte Éditions (2017), and his most recent volume of poetry, *Surface Tension*, is forthcoming from Coach House Books. beaulieu has exhibited his visual work across Canada and internationally. He holds a PhD in Creative Writing from Roehampton University and is the Director of Literary Arts at Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity.

Dodie Bellamy’s writing challenges the distinctions between fiction, essay, and poetry. In 2018–2019 she was the subject of *On Our Mind*, a yearlong series of public events, commissioned essays, and reading-group meetings organized by the CCA Wattis Institute. Her latest book is *Bee Reaved* (Semiotexte, 2021).

bill bissett

temp working in ice storm on gold mountain
mattawa beautiful nu book *i want to tell you love*
with milton acorn university of calgary press
editid eric schmaltz n chris doody spring
22 book *its th sailors life / still in treatment*
meditaysyuns from gold mountain talonbooks
nu cd *stars* with pete dako bandcamp

Raymond Boisjoly is a Haida artist living and working in Vancouver. His work negotiates the threshold between image and text through varied material means. Boisjoly is an Assistant Professor at the School for Contemporary Arts at SFU and is represented by Catriona Jeffries Gallery.

George Bowering is a veteran west coast writer. He is also a retired professor who taught in Calgary, Montréal, Berlin, Rome, Aarhus, and Burnaby. His most recent book is *Could Be: New Poems* from New Star Books (2021).

Judith Copithorne was born in Vancouver in 1940. An active participant at the Sound Gallery, Motion Studio, and Intermedia,

Copithorne is known for her contributions to concrete poetry and other forms of experimental writing during the 1960s and 1970s. Copithorne has published over ten books of text, images, and poetry, including *A Light Character* (Coach House, 1985).

Pierre Coupey, poet, printmaker, painter, and founding editor of *The Capilano Review*, was inducted into the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts (2018) and named Faculty Emeritus, Department of English, Capilano University (2019). His work is held in private collections across Canada and the US, and in corporate, university, and public collections, including the Burnaby Art Gallery, Canada Council Art Bank, Kelowna Art Gallery, University of Guelph Collection, University of Lethbridge Art Gallery, Vancouver Art Gallery, and West Vancouver Art Museum.

Jeff Derksen's books include *Annihilated Time: Poetry and Other Politics* (Talonbooks, 2009), *Down Time* (Talonbooks, 1990), *Dwell* (Talonbooks, 1994), and *Transnational Muscle Cars* (Talonbooks, 2003). He has edited, as a member of the research collective Urban Subjects, *Autogestion, Or Henri Lefebvre in New Belgrade* (Sternberg/Fillip, 2009) and *Momentarily: Learning from Mega-Events* (Western Front, 2011). A collection of essays on art, *After Euphoria*, is forthcoming, as is *The Vestiges*. He works at Simon Fraser University.

Mercedes Eng is the author of *my yt mama* (Talonbooks, 2020), *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes* (Talonbooks, 2017; winner of the 2018 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize), and *Mercenary English* (CUE Books, 2013). Her writing has appeared in *Hustling Verse: An Anthology of Sex Workers' Poetry* (Arsenal Pulp, 2019), *Jacket2*, *Asian American Literary Review*, *The Capilano Review*, *the Abolitionist*, *r/ally (No One is Illegal)*, and *Surveillance and M'aidez* (Press Release). She is the 2022 Simon Fraser University Writer-in-Residence.

ryan fitzpatrick is the author of four books of poetry, including, most recently, *Sunny Ways* (Invisible, 2023) and *Coast Mountain Foot* (Talonbooks, 2021).

In 2020, the research group **Guests & Hosts** was formed for the exhibition *Education Shock: Learning, Politics, and Architecture in the 1960s and 1970s* at HKW Berlin, curated by Tom Holert. They also published the artist book *Unsettling Educational Modernism: Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, Vancouver* (2021). Guests & Hosts is Sabine Bitter, Hannah Campbell, Treena Chambers, June Scudeler, Rachel Warwick, Helmut Weber, and Toni-Leah Yake.

Gladys Maria Hindmarch was born on New Year's Day 1940 in Ladysmith on Vancouver Island and received her BA and MA in English Literature from UBC. As a prose writer and teenage saxophonist for island dance halls, she has always been interested in sound and speech rhythms. She taught writing and literature from 1965–2002 at Vancouver and Capilano Community Colleges. Her three books and a variety of writing and interviews edited by Deanna Fong and Karis Shearer are included in *Wanting Everything* published in April 2020 by Talonbooks.

Roy Kiyooka (1926–1994) was a recognized Canadian multidisciplinary artist, whose work encompassed poetry, painting, photography, sculpture, music, and film. Over his long career, he held teaching positions at Regina College, the Vancouver School of Art, the Nova Scotia College of Art & Design, Concordia University, and the University of British Columbia. Kiyooka's artwork is collected in private and public gallery collections across Canada and internationally.

Germaine Koh is a Vancouver-based visual artist and curator. Her work adapts familiar situations, actions, and spaces to encourage connections between people, technology, and natural systems. In 2018–2020 she was

the City of Vancouver's first Engineering Artist-in-Residence, and in 2021 she was the Koerner Artist-in-Residence at the University of British Columbia.

Larissa Lai has written eight books, including *The Tiger Flu* (Arsenal Pulp, 2018) and *Iron Goddess of Mercy* (Arsenal Pulp, 2021). Recipient of the Duggins Novelist's Prize, the Lambda Literary Award, and the Astraea Award, she holds a Canada Research Chair at the University of Calgary where she directs The Insurgent Architects' House for Creative Writing.

Tiziana La Melia has been working on a new book of poetry, *I come from a long line of people who don't use words*, out with Archive books in Fall 2022, and a poetry album, *Kletic Kink*, in collaboration with Ellis Sam.

Steff Hui Ci Ling is a cultural worker and guest living on the unceded territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwəta? First Nations. She is currently studying in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Simon Fraser University. Her books are *NASCAR* (Blank Cheque, 2016) and *CUTS OF THIN MEAT* (Spare Room, 2015), with a forthcoming chapbook from House House Press.

Cindy Mochizuki creates multimedia installations, audio fictions, performances, animations, and drawings. Her works explore the manifestation of story and its relationship to site-specificity, invisible histories, archives, and memory work. She has exhibited, performed, and screened her work in Canada, the US, Australia, and Japan.

Erín Moure's translation of Lupe Gómez, *Camouflage* (Circumference, 2019), was a 2020 Best Translated Book Award finalist. Recent translations are Uxío Novoneyra's *The Uplands: Book of the Courel and other poems* (Veliz, 2020), Chantal Neveu's *This Radiant Life* (Book*hug, 2020), and *The Face of the*

Quartzes by Chus Pato (Veliz, 2021). Moure's most recent poetry is *The Elements* (Anansi, 2019). She lives and works in Montréal.

Hoa Nguyen is the author of six books of poetry including *Red Juice: Poems 1998–2008* (Wave Books, 2014) and *Violet Energy Ingots* (Wave Books, 2016), which was nominated for a Griffin Poetry Prize. Her latest book, *A Thousand Times You Lose Your Treasure*, was published by Wave Books in 2021.

Cecily Nicholson is the author of four books and a past recipient of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize and the Governor General's Literary Award for poetry. Her most recent work, *HARROWINGS* (Talonbooks, 2022), considers Black rurality, agriculture, and art history. She volunteers with communities impacted by carcerality and food insecurity.

a rawlings is a mineral, plant, animal, person, place, or thing.

Nikki Reimer (she/they) is a writer and artist who primarily explores capitalism, feminism, and grief. She's published three trade books of poetry—*My Heart is a Rose Manhattan* (Talonbooks, 2019), *DOWNVERSE* (Talonbooks, 2014), and *[sic]* (Frontenac House, 2010). Currently resides on the traditional territories of the people of Treaty 7.

Renee Rodin has lived all her life on Indigenous territory. She moved from Montréal to Vancouver in the late 60s and is grateful to its community of artists and activists. Her books are *Bread and Salt* (Talonbooks, 1995), *Subject to Change* (Talonbooks, 2010), and the chapbook *Ready for Freddy* (Nomados, 2005).

Ruth Scheuing is an artist who works in textiles, with a focus on how textiles communicate through pattern to reflect mythology, women's history, nature, and global trade. She often explores new technologies in her work, such as

computerized Jacquard weaving and GPS technology. She currently maintains a studio at makerlabs in Vancouver.

Gail Scott's book of essays *Permanent (upside down) Revolution* is just out from Book*hug (2021). She has published several works of fiction including *The Obituary* (Coach House, 2010), a kind of ghost story with a fractalled narrator set in a Montréal triplex, finalist for the Grand Prix du Livre de Montréal. She is also a translator, living and working on the traditional territory of the Kanien'kehà:ka.

Shanzhai Lyric is a body of research focusing on radical logistics and linguistics through the prism of technological aberration and unofficial cultures. The project takes inspiration from the experimental English of shanzhai t-shirts made in China and proliferating across the globe to examine how the language of counterfeit uses mimicry, hybridity, and permutation to both revel in and reveal the artifice of global hierarchies. Through an ever-growing archive of poetry-garments, Shanzhai Lyric explores the potential of mistranslation and nonsense as utopian world-making (breaking) and has previously taken the form of poetry-lecture, essay, and installation.

Erdem Taşdelen is a visual artist currently based in Tkaronto/Toronto. His practice is rooted in conceptualism and involves a range of media including installation, video, sculpture, sound, and artist books. His diverse projects bring structures of power into question within the context of culturally learned behaviours, where he often draws from unique historical narratives to address the complexities of current sociopolitical issues.

Marie-Hélène Tessier is an artist and writer operating within a hybrid practice of mise-en-scène and writing, seeking an out-of-field of literature, towards its plasticity. Using scandal, misunderstanding, imbroglio, rumours, and rêverie as raw material, spaces are stripped

bare and reactivated, excavated and reprogrammed, under the influence.

Dorothy Trujillo Lusk is a writer based on the unceded territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and səliłwətaʔ peoples. Her books include *Ogress Oblige* (Krupskaya, 2001), *Oral Tragedy* (Tsunami Editions, 1988), *Redactive* (Talonbooks, 1990, pulped 1995), *Volume Delays* (Sprang Texts, 1995), and *Sleek Vinyl Drill* (Thuja, 2000). She is associated with the collectives Vultures, Red Queen, the Kootenay School of Writing, and About a Bicycle.

Michael Turner's most recent book *9x11: and other poems like Bird, Nine, x, and Eleven* (New Star, 2018) was a finalist for the 2019 Fred Cogswell Award for Excellence in Poetry. He lives in Vancouver, on unceded Coast Salish land, and can be reached via mtwebsit.blogspot.com.

Ian Wallace (b. 1943 Shoreham, UK) has been active in Vancouver and internationally as an exhibiting artist, art historian, and art critic since the mid-1960s. He was awarded the Order of Canada in 2014 for his cultural activities and is represented by Catriona Jeffries Gallery in Vancouver.

Maged Zaher was born in Egypt. Lived in the US since 1995. He has seven books of poetry. Two books of poetry translations. In 2013 he won the Genius Award in Literature from *The Stranger*.



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its th sailors life / still in treetment:
meditaysyuns from gold mountain



Standing in a River of Time

Un



Unfuckable Lardass

**its th sailors life / still in treetment:
meditaysyuns from gold mountain**

bill bissett

its th sailors life / still in treetment is, using the poet's own words, "an epik poetik novel uv langwage n speech" confronting "thos controlling effekts on us" and about "acceptans uv loss greef separaysyuns charaktrs in serch uv self liberaysyun n societal equalitee n all th forces against that path."

Standing in a River of Time

Jónína Kirton

Standing in a River of Time merges poetry and lyrical memoir on a journey exposing the intergenerational effects of colonization on a Métis family.

Un

Ivan Drury

Drawing on the US War on Terror and the disappearances of people extrajudicially apprehended from the Middle East and North Africa, this collection of poetry interrogates the subjectivity of Western revolutionary socialism in the early twenty-first century.

Unfuckable Lardass

Catriona Strang

Unfuckable Lardass, a book of poetry by British Columbian author and editor Catriona Strang, takes its title from an outrageous insult allegedly lobbed at German Chancellor Angela Merkel. Fuelled by the energy of grief and rage, but counterpoised by moments of love and hope, this book refracts the patriarchy's gaze.

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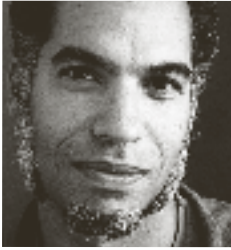
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‘Annharte’s legendary wry humour and biting commentary will *delightbutwithgutpunches* both new readers and those familiar with Annharte’s germinal writing.’

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hibiscus, and aquarelle pencils on cotton paper / 9 x 11"

Natalie Purschwitz / Weeds 1 — drawing based on GAN (AI) generated imagery (ongoing series), 2022 / stinging nettle, coffee, chlorophyll,

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Detail of Quarto 2 by Moyra Davey & Lisa Robertson

To celebrate its 50th anniversary, *The Capilano Review* is pleased to launch a new series of limited-edition artist prints. The Quarto Series furthers the magazine's longstanding mandate to publish writing and visual art in conversation by inviting a poet-artist duo to collaborate on a signature print.

Each edition is offset-printed on a 14 x 18-inch sheet, folded into quarters for distribution, and housed in a special Quarto Series envelope.

Proceeds go towards supporting *TCR*'s ongoing work as a vital platform for experimentation in writing and art.

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We believe a space to experiment, play, challenge, and subvert is essential to the creation of art and writing that has the power to redefine, reimagine, and subtly remake our world.

And we're still here thanks to the writers, artists, editors, and readers who have contributed to sustaining this space of experimentation for the past five decades.

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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

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