

# The Capilano Review



*Zinguer je je zinguer je, mich dich Villa nicht.*

*—Anne Tardos*

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## 3.32 / SUMMER 2017

**5**

Editors' Note

**7**

**Ted Byrne**

Continenting: An Interview with  
Jean-Christophe Cloutier, editor of  
Jack Kerouac's *La vie est d'hommage*

**23**

**Pascal Poyet**

**trans. Lisa Robertson**

from *A Physical Comedy: Cogitation  
in the Representation of Meaning*

**27**

**Lary Timewell**

on transferring in full the procession  
of emptiness intact

**31**

**Renée Sarojini Saklikar**

from *THOT-J-BAP,  
the Gujarati Fragments*

**38**

**Jeneen Frei Njootli**

from *Thunderstruck*

**40**

**Deborah Koenker**

from *Tortilla Portraits*

**44**

**Rachelle Sawatsky & Tiziana La Melia**

*Bodies in a Yolk Loop*

**52**

**Sonnet L'Abbé**

from *Sonnet's Shakespeare*

**56**

**Anne Tardos**

from *Nines*

**60**

**La Comtessa de Dia**

**trans. Reitha Pattison**

*Four Songs*

**63**

**Leah Sharzer**

Traductions de poème #764  
(Franklin) d'Emily Dickinson

**66**

**enriKetta Luissi**

**trans. Danielle LaFrance**

from *Dark Matter*



**69**

**Mackenzie Ground**

Two poems

**74**

**Charlene Vickers**

Ovoid Traces

**76**

**Ingrid Koenig**

Relatively (the chance encounters  
that build reasoning)

**77**

**Valérie Tremblay**

Supertramp O-PS

**78**

**Sheinagh Anderson**

attempting stillness

**79**

**Barry Guy**

Bird Gong Game  
Un Coup de Des  
WGG II – 10

**82**

**Symon Henry**

from *Intranquillités*

**85**

**Michael Barnholden**

Riel's Composition

**92**

**Steve Savage**

Trois poèmes de Louis Cabri

**96**

**Tim Atkins**

from *The Penguin Book  
of Japanese Vers*

**99**

**Samira Negrouche**

**trans. Marilyn Hacker**

Two Poems

**102**

**Matea Kulić**

Ja, Ti, & te

**104**

**Lida Nosrati**

Three Poems

**107**

see to see —

**David Marriott**

Making Nothing Happen

**Anahita Jamali Rad**

on *Same Diff*

**Danielle LaFrance**

on *Readopolis*

**111**

Contributors

**Cover Image:**

Charlene Vickers,

*Ovoid Traces*, 2016

watercolour, paper, shell buttons, glass beads,  
felt with embroidery edges, 6 ¾ x 4 ¾ inches

# Editors' Note

Our point of departure for this issue was “translation,” in scare quotes because we’ve grown weary of the imperialism of the concept. At some juncture, we began calling it “polyvocal translation,” later shifting to “polymorphous translation,” to mark an element of perversion or disavowal in the concept, along the lines of: we know that this is not English, and yet it is.

Translation is no more innocent than poetry. Neither of these is a value in itself, any more than “Canada” is. They too have *not* been nice for 150 years, to “translate” the pernicious Roots slogan. We don’t need to look elsewhere for poetry with blood on its hands: the “Confederation Poet” and bureaucrat Duncan Campbell Scott might be a better example than the Nobel Prize winner and bureaucrat Alexis Leger (St. Jean Perse), or the Stalinist Neruda. Of the current celebratory slogan, the filmmaker Alethea Arnaquq-Baril says: “Every single time I see a Canada 150 logo I want to take a Sharpie and add a couple of zeros to the end of it” (quoted in *The Guardian Weekly*, 02.07.17).

Our approach to the issue was thus governed by a kind of wandering away from our point of departure, and all that was predetermined was that we would not be able to define our destination until we got there. If we had to map it, its projection would look something like the epistemological geography of words and streets woven together in Pascal Poyet’s “Physical Comedy.” We arrived at our destination with a heavy load of topics, none of which constituted a “theme,” and all of which can now only be derived from its content. Here’s an attempt to gather some of these topics together—there are others, of course, and these choices are not meant to confine.

The translation of peoples: history is essentially a history of migrations, from economic and ecological disasters, and from war, and its telling is a suturing of trauma. The underlying topic of our interview with Jean-Christophe Cloutier, editor and translator of Jack Kerouac’s recently discovered, extensive writings in French (patois), is the forced migration of the Québécois people into the Satanic Mills of New England between the mid 19th-century and the depression of the 1930s, and their struggle for “survivance.” As little known as the fact that Kerouac wrote substantial texts in French is the fact that Louis

Riel, leader of the Métis resistance, was a serious and lifelong poet. Riel, who also spent time in exile in New England, fell victim to the migration of English settlers into Manitoba. One of his last poems, a battle lament transcribed by Charles Sauvé under the title “Riel’s Composition,” is featured in this issue.

Deborah Koenker’s “Tortilla Portraits,” from her work on migrant Mexican farmworkers, brings the topic of immigration into the present. Her work overlaps another topic, which is the “translation” between media, in this case photographic image and text. The work of Tiziana La Melia and Rachelle Sawatsky provides another instance of this inter-media weaving. Similarly, the graphic scores included here can be approached as images, knowing full well that while they are music above all, they are also “texts” to be translated into music in endlessly reiterable, transformational dialogues between performer, composer, and audience.

Of course, this issue provides many examples of translation between languages, but being poetic translations they engage in divergence, distortion, and occasionally hubris. These range from the subtleties of more traditional —devoted, subservient—translations, to the depredations and wilful renovations of those that renew or undo.

Another mode of “translation” effects a transformation within the domain of its own language—as in Kerouac’s transcription or “sound-spelling” of patois, Sonnet L’Abbé’s colonization of Shakespeare, or Atkins’ “translations” of translations. In Anne Tardos’ poems, other languages disturb English creating a kind of polymorphous joy, not an enrichment of that language but a welcome explosion in a shingle factory.

And, not finally, on this note of language love, and the ambivalence of that love, we thought about the translation of states of mind, one into another, which could be exemplified by so much of what this issue now tries to contain, but particularly in the love poetry of Emily Dickinson and La Comtessa de Dia.

—Ted Byrne & Catriona Strang



# Continenting: An Interview with Jean-Christophe Cloutier, editor of Jack Kerouac's *La vie est d'hommage*

*“Sé dur pour mué parlé l’Angla parse jé toujours parlé le Canadien chez nous dan ti-Canada. Encore plus dur d’écrire en Angla ; je sé comment mais je peu pa.”*

— Jack Kerouac, *La vie est d'hommage*

Jean-Christophe Cloutier is the editor of Jack Kerouac's French language writings, which were published in 2016 under the title *La vie est d'hommage*. Most of these writings were not known to exist until quite recently. Cloutier also translated the novellas *La nuit est ma femme* and *Sur le chemin* for the recently published volume *The Unknown Kerouac*. The former is a short Bildungsroman, the latter a kind of prologue to *On the Road* set in the 1930s. The publication of these writings is an event in two languages, two literatures. By bringing these writings together for publication, Cloutier has helped situate Kerouac more securely in the place long claimed for him by his compatriots, that of a Québécois writer, or a writer of the Québécois diaspora. This claim was convincingly made as early as 1972 by Victor-Lévy Beaulieu in his *Jack Kérouac: Essai-Poulet*, which has been in print ever since. The publication of Kerouac's French writings has also helped to shift the axis of Kerouac's so-called “road” novels from the shuttle back and forth from origin to frontier (New York–San Francisco), to a biaxial of crossroads—or “continenting” as Kerouac called it in one of his notebooks—that more clearly includes Mexico and Québec. In these ways, the writing is subjected to a necessary reinterpretation in which Kerouac is made visible through the veil of his reception, and the Anglo myth of Kerouac, so impermeable to its outside, like the American Dream itself, may be finally shattered. This interview was conducted by email over the course of several weeks this summer.

**Ted Byrne:** Thank you for suggesting that I read Hassan Melehy's book *Jack Kerouac: Language, Poetics, and Territory*. After reading it, and after rereading your preface to Kerouac's *La vie est d'hommage*, I now think it's necessary for us to begin this conversation with the historical context that lies beneath both Kerouac's desire to be assimilated and his will to survive. In what way do the ghosts of the massive forced migration of the Québécois to the factories of New England

haunt Kerouac's writings and his writing practice? These tensions play out in various personal dramas in the lives and thoughts of his fictional narrators but, as you show, they are rooted in actual historical, social, and even legal pressures toward assimilation, as well as in the countervailing cultural reaction of *survivance*. Doesn't *survivance* itself seem to harbour a doubleness similar to the one that troubles Kerouac—a response to a despising and oppressive other that seems, in turn, to draw much of its strength from a repressive and reactionary ideology?

**Jean-Christophe Cloutier:** Yes, Hassan's book is particularly useful in providing that crucial historical context and in outlining the social and legal pressures you bring up. As a literary scholar, I like to think through these issues via Kerouac's writings themselves; I think it's all there. After all, it's part of why he so painstakingly chronicled his life in his "bookmovies." *Visions of Gerard* is helpful here, because the novel takes us back to Kerouac's beginning. Well actually, *Doctor Sax* is where he narrates the very moment of his birth—if you can believe it—a "red day" that he also alludes to in *La nuit est ma femme*, when he says, "J'me semble que j'men rappelle ce jour la." But *Gerard* is the book in which Kerouac shares some of his earliest memories (from womb to 4 years old, from the perspective of 33), and so brings us right into the thick of French-Canadian *survivance* in New England.

Since detailed information concerning *survivance* can be found in extant scholarship, let me summarize by saying that "*La survivance*" was both a period and a set of practices that emerged through the massive "exodus" of French-Canadians into the United States that took place roughly around 1840 to 1930. It was a call to keep, nurture, and defend the French-Canadian language, culture, and religion—remember that these were Catholics heading into a largely Protestant nation. And as with any plan that hopes for long-term cultural and ethnic survival, the battles were to be fought in churches, in schools, in courtrooms, and in the press. On that last note, it's interesting to recall that Kerouac's father, Leo, was a printer who had his own printing shop for a while in Lowell.

All this to say that we can detect the "doubleness" that you allude to in your question all over the map during Kerouac's formative years. The country is going through it, in the midst of the Great Depression, but Kerouac is living all sorts of personal tragedies and dramas of a peculiar sort as the son of French-Canadian immigrants in an adopted nation, learning an adopted language. In fact in *Visions of Cody*, Kerouac gives us a formal enactment of his doubleness through the "split" page where his "French-Canadian side" speaks on the left column and the



Anglophone side translates the speech into English on the right column. He calls this, in his 1951 journal, his “Canuck dualism crap.” Isn’t that great? And as I say the doubleness is palpable in *Visions of Gerard*: we can detect both an effusive pride, love, and nostalgia for French-Canadian culture and manners of being, yet simultaneously a disgust, a shame, a desperation to get away from the hermetic snare of it. To give you an example, he writes with such tenderness and warmth about family suppers, everybody together at the table, including his beloved brother Gerard, and explains one of his fondest memories involving the gliding of bread into homemade gravy, a process he and his brother had baptized “passes.” Kerouac also makes sure the reader understands this is a French word, and that it had a particular pronunciation: “because of our semi-Iroquoian French-Canadian accent *passé* was pronounced *PAUSS* so I can still hear the lugubrious sound of it and comfort-a-suppers of it, *M’ue’n pauss*.” I’ve always loved this passage because of its familial intimacy, and because of the perfect way he found to “sound-spell” the phrase “donne moi une passe,” rendering it phonetically as “*M’ue’n pauss*.” Now we can really hear it, we can properly reimagine the scene and conjure up the history as it was lived and remembered.

And yet in this same novel, Kerouac can spew some potent venom at his own people and origins, describing what he calls the “bleak gray jowled pale eyed sneaky fearful French-Canadian quality of man”—and he doesn’t stop there, he really goes on and on with a pretty negative series of descriptors, culminating in a line that’s always stuck with me: “I don’t want to be buried in *their* cemetery—” Note the emphasis on the italicized “*their*,” distancing himself from the group as if he was not one of “them”—distinct from the “our” of the previous passage regarding the French-Canadian language.

So the doubleness, the vacillation between pride and shame, is always present, and manifests itself on the page. It’s also apparent in one of his earliest short stories called “Search by Night,” included in *Atop an Underwood*, edited by the poet and Lowellian Paul Marion. There, Kerouac is nineteen and really writes disparaging things about French-Canadians, especially the men—and men are fundamentally what Kerouac writes about the most. I used “Search by Night” to open my translator’s introduction in *The Unknown Kerouac*, in part because it helped me underscore Kerouac’s duality, and the sense of shame he developed as he grew older, and also because it’s proof that he was already using “sound-spelling” as a fledgling writer, already dedicated to this kind of authenticity in writing. In his life, you can also see this duality manifested in the way Kerouac tried to embody so much of what was “American”—football, fast cars, jazz, ice

cream and apple pie—efforts that, when read against the backdrop of his ethnic and linguistic origins, can become the desperate measures of an outsider trying to assimilate, trying to fit in, trying to be loved and accepted.

What all this also reminds me of is another French-Canadian tradition, another core of doubleness that seems to haunt the bones of our ancestors, and that is the duality of the *habitant* and the *voyageur*. In his review of *La vie est d'hommage* and of *The Unknown Kerouac* in the *InRoads Journal*, Bob Chodos appropriately brings this up, and says this duality was a constant in Kerouac's life. It's true that Kerouac does seem like a 20th-century version of the *coureur des bois* figure—always heading out into the open road, into the wild, searching for new adventures and new people, to be away from the “civilized” world—but in many ways this is largely the mythic Kerouac, the public icon and legend in the media. In truth—or perhaps in another version of the truth—he was quite sedentary—quite the *habitant*—mostly living with his mother, and importantly living with his files, his manuscripts, his notebooks, letters, childhood boxscores—his archive flanking his writing desk. Perhaps this is why Kerouac continues to hold such a powerful place in the Québécois imaginary—he seems to incarnate all our hopes, our dreams, our past and our future, but also our fears and nightmares.

Yvonne Le Maître's 1950 review of his first novel, *The Town and the City*, is also instructive in regards to these issues because it comes from a Franco-American intellectual steeped in the struggles of *survivance* in New England. In the review she really nails him, I mean, sizes him up and reads through Kerouac's pretense and the artifice of his construct. She calls him out for trying to hide the fact that he's of French-Canadian stock, using a botanic metaphor that equates what he's done to presenting a big tall tree and pretending that it had no roots from which to draw its strength...at least that's what I seem to recall about the review. This is also why he's so moved in his letter to her, because he knows he can't fool her, and his love for his family—Le Maître mentions his parents—makes him feel ashamed for his deception. Peter (Martin) renouncing Christ! Catholic guilt! The whole letter is remarkable and is worth a read—he reveals much to Le Maître, including that he'll never try to hide his ethnicity again, and that he'll write a French-Canadian novel one day. And in fact shortly after this letter you begin to see Kerouac, in his journals and his letters to friends, re-immersing himself in his childhood memories, and allowing himself to remember much of what he'd been trying to repress about himself. This search for the self—for the candid immediacy of the intimate



core self—will become the basis and driving force behind spontaneous prose. Kerouac's lifelong literary project is one that tries to recapture the truth about his life through writing. In this sense, as a means of preservation, the Kerouac archive is a continuation of *survivance*. I believe this is part of why he kept such careful records—"I've kept the neatest records you ever saw," he told Ann Charters in 1966—so that future generations could know what he had left us, as a Franco-American who dared to forge a new way of writing, and as a son of French Canada who conjured, in the heart of his solitude, a means of giving a scripturality to the orality of his mother tongue. *Now that's survivance!*

**Ted:** Kerouac's letter to Yvonne Le Maître is stunning, as you say. She was clearly someone that Kerouac knew he had to answer to. Not small-town. She covered the Paris literary scene before the first war, for instance, publishing in the *The Smart Set*, under H.L. Mencken's editorship. She knew Colette! (Melehy 21). The Le Maître review of *The Town and the City* comes at a moment when he's struggling with the question of how to write the next book, or even how to write *tout court*, struggling toward a method, a poetics. And the key French writings—*La nuit est ma femme* and *Sur le chemin*—are written in that moment, are they not? How does this writing contribute to his eventual method, and how does it affect his writing in English?

**Jean-Christophe:** Yes, Le Maître was a towering figure in the French-Canadian New England scene and in Franco-Canuck literature writ large. Kerouac's letter is a gem of a document, but her review of his *The Town and the City* in *Le Travailleur* is equally stunning, and quite prescient. You know, there's a letter from Le Maître in the Kerouac archive at the Berg—it's playfully signed "Tante Yvonne," written after she's read Kerouac's letter to her. Her response is playful—she's clearly touched by the impact her review had on "John Kerouac"—but it's also informative in regards to Le Maître's reach on other authors. She's struck by the fact that Kerouac calls her "intelligent," and goes on to share that many other authors have given her similar feedback following her reviews and essays, that she's "understood" them—including none other than Gabrielle Roy and Germaine Guèvremont.

In any case, to get back to what you are asking regarding the timing of the Le Maître letter and Kerouac's struggle to find his voice and his composition of the major French texts... The truth is the French writings come in the wake of that letter, though not necessarily immediately in its wake. In my view, the letter triggers, or revives, a process of self-(re)discovery in Kerouac, one that

will eventually lead to his breakthrough into spontaneous prose, into finding his voice. When I look at the trajectory of Kerouac's evolving poetics, and when I try to think about the "major" or "essential" moments, episodes, or events that had a crucial impact, the Le Maître review seems to be an *élément déclencheur*.

1950 is a turning point year for Kerouac and the new path he will take as a writer. His first novel is published, but it does not make the "splash" he was hoping for, and by the time it is released, he's already consumed with a new conviction in his project of finding a way to revitalize prose. His journals record the re-emergence of a ghostly presence in his dreams and visions: his "French-Canadian older brother," whom he calls his "guardian angel" and who speaks to him in French and tells him to get back to his roots. The Le Maître letter is September 1950. Then, in late December 1950, he receives the famous "Joan Anderson" letter from Neal Cassady. This is the letter that he's often credited as being one of the all-time greatest pieces of American writing—see what he says in his *Paris Review* interview, for instance—and one that left an indelible impact on him, on what one could do with written language when it is modeled after the indefatigable flow of a great talker like Neal Cassady. The letter was thought to be lost forever—that all that survived were a few pages that Kerouac had retyped, and this is what has been included in some anthologies like the *Portable Beat Reader*—but it was recently discovered in full. It would take too long to get into the circumstances of this story, but once the legal tangles get figured out, it will be a great resource for scholars to finally get to read the letter in its entirety. I've read the available sections of it, and have seen whatever Kerouac and Ginsberg have said about it.

I think this letter does two main things for Kerouac: it disregards all decorum in both form and content—it's all about Cassady's sexual escapades—and just *flows*, capturing on paper the way Cassady actually talks. That's important. But it is also an exercise in exploring one's past, one's own origins, trying to get to "defining" moments of identity, and it does so through language. Liberated, authentic language becomes the means through which the past can be recovered and recorded, a kind of archiving that Kerouac will later call "memorying."

In the wake of the "Joan Anderson" letter, Kerouac enters a year of amazing output and inspiration: 1951. In January 1951, he sends Cassady a ton of long, detailed, magnificent letters—his own writing back to Cassady's epistolary gift from December. In these letters, he delves deep into his exploration of his Lowell childhood, with fascinating forays into the culture, language, rituals. There are reflections on French-Canadian women, on the old timers who



appeared mysterious to the young *ti-cul* that he was, and he expands, in this series of letters, what he repeatedly calls his “French-Canadian knowledge of the world.” I’m writing about this for my book so some of these are still fresh. Here’s a quote that I think will convey the vibe of these letters: “I want to get on and tell you about all the real fleshly wonderful people and things of my childhood in Lowell and how it lives in my brain and how it will be the only knowledge of the world I can ever have” (*Selected Letters* 292). As I discuss in my introduction to *La vie est d’hommage*, it’s also in these letters that he begins to do some amazing phonetic experiments with language—or rather, I should say, with bilingualism and translation. So this is what he is doing in January 1951—and in February–March he writes his French masterpiece, *La nuit est ma femme*. He’s decided to fully explore “the only knowledge of the world” he can ever have, and to do so in the language of that world. It is an exploration of his past, of “labors” he has had—much as Cassidy’s letter was about a series of sexual “conquests” he had had—and it tries to capture on paper the way the French-Canadian language is spoken in Lowell. As such, it is not standard French as you know, but rather uses that written French as a baseline from which to be transformed and morphed to match its unique living self on the American continent. And once this manuscript is done, at the very same desk, Kerouac tapes together those sheets of tracing paper and types up the famous *On the Road* scroll in April 1951. Thus, as Joyce Johnson and Hassan Melehy and Yannis Livadas and others have also underscored, the breakthrough of *On the Road* comes in the immediate wake of his first sustained effort to write in French.

But that’s not the end of Kerouac’s stylistic evolution—still ahead in 1951 will be the “sketching” technique, an essential component of spontaneous prose, and his stay at the Kingsbridge Veteran Hospital in the Bronx after he suffers another severe attack of phlebitis in his legs. It is during his sedentary convalescence, as Todd Tietchen makes sure to emphasize in his superb introduction to *The Unknown Kerouac*, that Kerouac writes the invaluable *Journal 1951*, which chronicles his breakthrough into the spontaneous method, his reflections on the need for a new poetics, his thoughts on his perpetual sense of exile and outsiderdom, the power of Anglophone assimilation, and on and on and on. It really has it all, even the moment he heard about William Burroughs’ killing of Joan Vollmer in Mexico.

So that’s my sense of the timeline in broad strokes. And the following year, 1952, will see Kerouac pursue his new style to even more experimental heights, writing *Visions of Cody*—which was considered too wild for publication in his lifetime—*Doctor Sax*, and many of his French texts, including his longest, the short novel *Sur le chemin*.



**Ted:** The Le Maître review is great. She gets right into her case and stays with it. It's a "good" review, but she spends much more time on her central critique than I had imagined. It's a real scolding, such as one would get from a mother or an aunt—that's why he's not alienated by it, and responds apologetically, guilty as charged. She also thoroughly demonstrates, with first-hand knowledge, that the novel is purely autobiographical, and therefore even more shamefully assimilationist from her perspective. Amazing.

Could you tell us what it means to say that he writes in "patois"—he calls it "sound-spelling," as you note in your first response. How unique is that? Are there any precedents? In your introduction to *La vie est d'hommage*, you cite Kerouac as saying "[La langue canadienne-française] est non écrite; elle est la langue de la parole et non de la plume" (26) "...sa relation avec le monde extérieur passe en premier lieu par son oreille" (28). Is he truly writing "by ear," transcribing the sounds of an oral language into the standard Roman alphabet? The language he has in his head, his first language, the spoken language of his home, of his neighbourhood, must be syllabic—a sound, a rhythm, not a standard language, and not a literary language either. And yet we also know that he studied and read French, was deeply influenced by Céline, among others, and was not writing out of some kind of illiteracy. His "patois" also carries a degree of resentment against standard French, does it not?

**Jean-Christophe:** First I think it's important to point out that Kerouac himself calls his French writings "French patois." On the cover page to his partial translation typescript of *Sur le chemin*—which he titled *On the Road: Old Bull in the Bowery*—he writes, at the bottom, "Written in French patoi" (without the "s"—because it's silent! Just like there's no apostrophe in *Finnegans Wake*, yet we still "hear" it). Kerouac used many different terms to name his French, patois being one of the recurring ones. And he is not using it pejoratively; it's a descriptor, and in many passages you can tell that he's proud of the brand of French that is his. He consistently distinguishes his French from "standard" French, and it is often precisely that: a mark of *distinction*. He likes to point out how the French as it is spoken on the American continent has preserved more ancient words, is of older, more aristocratic blood, as he likes to think.

In one of the texts included in *La vie est d'hommage*, he even calls his French "Cajun." There is a deliberate effort to unite the French speaking populations of the American continent—or a consciousness aware of this unity. This is part of why I was so enchanted by the verb he coined in the notes he had tucked away in one of the *Sur le chemin* manuscript notebooks: "continenting." He declares, in

these notes, that this novel is “continenting.” And say what you will, Kerouac’s oeuvre continents, it continents from coast to coast, and up and down. As I mention in the book, Kerouac even ends up using words that are part Haitian Creole—like “chwal” for “cheval” (horse), which is also where we get “joul” up in Québec. For me, therein lies an important part of the tremendous value of his French experiments; capturing orality on paper suddenly makes visible commonalities between a “continenting” array of peoples and diasporas. Kerouac was aware of this, and in some ways what is often read as overly romanticized and naïve affiliations between his characters and the “fellaheen” or peoples of color can be grounded in this continenting and oral unity.

The bit about “sound-spelling” comes from his “Author’s Note” to *Memory Babe*, an unfinished text—a marvelous, warm, lively text—that has now finally been made available in *The Unknown Kerouac*. There, he’s trying to explain the peculiarity behind his oft-singular spellings of French in his works. This is the presence of French we already knew from reading *Visions of Gerard*, *Doctor Sax*, *Maggie Cassidy*, etc.—the recorded moments of dialogue or stream of consciousness where French erupts onto the pages of his published works. “Sound-spelling” becomes a way for Kerouac to give scriptural form to his French, which only exists in speech—it is a living language, but it needs a new kind of spelling to faithfully reflect its phenomenological reality. Kerouac is interested in capturing a living record; he wants to preserve the unique flavor of his culture. To do so, he needs to use, and thus create, this new written French.

In relation to the question of whether or not we can truly say that he is writing “by ear,” I think the Joyce link is instructive. When we think about *Finnegans Wake*, we can see that its language is polyphonic, that it is a blend of multiple European languages, and yet it retains the structural logic of English as its primary vector. I believe something similar is taking place in Kerouac’s French writings, only with French as primary vector.

**Ted:** Just a couple of further points on language. You quote Kerouac as saying, “la langue canadienne-française est la plus puissante au monde...c’est une des langues les plus ‘langagées’ du monde....” What do you think he means by ‘langagées’?

**Jean-Christophe:** What you cite is actually my translation of Kerouac’s description of the French-Canadian language from a short piece called “The Father of My Father.” It’s a great little piece that was included in *Atop an Underwood*. The original English goes: “it is one of the most languagey languages in the world.” It’s an interesting question, what does he mean exactly



by that phrase? I think part of the key to what he means comes in the next line: “It is unwritten; it is the language of the tongue and not of the pen.” It has to do with the tongue—*la langue*, in French, which also means language, as in “*la langue maternelle*”—it’s a language that has thrived and expanded itself to fill the “new” American continent, like a swelling tongue—“terrific and huge” he says—full of big loud words—“words of power” as Kerouac says later in this same passage. A language made for talking, for yakking, for velocity—it’s a quick, thick language, toothsome yet meant to roll off the tongue...and you know Kerouac rolled his ‘r’s when speaking French. When I was transcribing the French manuscripts, I would often, in the evening, listen to the bits of French interviews Kerouac gave. In order to properly decipher some of the phrases, I needed to really *hear* its languageyness.

**Ted:** Further to the question of “sound-spelling,” and the effect of patois on his English language writings, I was fascinated by the following example on page 29 of your introduction:

We jam on frere gyre are.  
Yes I love my brother Gerard.  
Oui j’aime mon frère Gerard.

You say that he remodels the sentence in English gibberish (*baragouin*) “in order to arrive at an English translation of the hidden meaning of the sentence and then finally to offer a French ‘translation’.” Could you comment further on this? I think you’ve made a good case that he came to his ultimate style partly through writing the French texts, through sound-spelling. I guess I’m asking the same question again: What is the effect of patois on his English?

**Jean-Christophe:** This question is worthy of its own book-length study, of course, and it’s impossible to do it justice here, but I’ll try to hit on what I see as key aspects. And in doing so I’ll be poaching from my current book chapter on Kerouac. The example you cite came as a revelation to me when I encountered it in the *Selected Letters* volume; it was like a key that unlocked much of what I’d been circling around in the Kerouac Labyrinth. Another key was from his letter to Le Maître, when he explains that “the reason I handle English words so easily is because it is not my own language. I refashion it to fit French images.” That verb “refashion” here is interesting because it’s a substitute for translation. Thinking about translation as a form of refashioning was a helpful realignment for me; etymologically, translation means the “carrying across” of something,

but here that something, that lump of meaning, remains in place yet morphs, is refashioned into a new shape. Also dropped into this stew of thoughts was Allen Ginsberg's use of the word "gibberish" in "The Great Rememberer"—a piece that has always accompanied every edition of *Visions of Cody*. Addressing the perplexing, apparently nonsensical passages from the "Imitation of the Tape" section of *Cody*, Ginsberg asks: "How does this differ from gibberish?" and answers simply, "It's Kerouac's gibberish, Kerouackishly inspired, full of gemmy little fragments of Literature." I realized that what Ginsberg calls "Kerouac's gibberish" is often encoded French phrases being written phonetically through English words or syllables, along with some onomatopoeia, just like in the example you cite in your question about Gerard from my introduction. There, the transposition of French sounds into English nonsense cuts through the English translation of the line's intended meaning, and finds its end point—which is also its beginning—in the proper French translation of the phrase. Another example I cite in my intro is the calluses/câlisses one that always makes me laugh.

So that's one level where French comes to affect how he can refashion English; there's a playfulness and hidden meanings. It dislocates English, makes it more malleable. This is not uncommon in the immigrant experience; when we learn a new language much of it happens through sound; at first it's all gibberish, and can be overwhelming, but we can relate to the foreign language in other ways than communication of meaning. It gives us that distance to appreciate it aesthetically—Kant would say we can judge it as beautiful because it has a "purposiveness without purpose," precisely because we do not understand it yet are aware that it functions teleologically, for a certain purpose. Kerouac was thus able to better appreciate the musicality of American English, and be attuned to the particular ways in which it is spoken, delivered. This kind of phonetic attention to language was common in the comic strips Kerouac grew up with and loved—in fact these strips were all being written, for the most part, by first generation immigrants, which I believe explains a lot.

In "Private Philologies," written in 1949 and included in *The Unknown Kerouac*, we get more hints about Kerouac's complex relation to language(s), and I believe—or at least I'll be arguing for this in my book—that in that text Kerouac firmly anchors his translative poetics in a Joycean mode. In "Philologies," Kerouac is tracing moments in the history of American literature—both older and contemporary—that more or less constitute instances of what he calls "brilliant *counter-poetry*," in other words new



American phrasing that “*recognizes the poetry* of the original,” notably in the ways in which it retains traces of languages other than English. There’s thus an awareness on his part that the languages spoken in the Americas have been cross-pollinating for centuries. “*Philologies*” culminates in Kerouac offering his own—I think brilliant—French translations of phrases from Joyce’s *Wake*. In my view, these Joycean translative exercises become the basis for Kerouac’s most significant poetic experimentations undertaken in the early 1950s, and after that, as he himself says in a letter, he’s now “writing directly from the French in my head.” What others might see as gibberish—even close friends and collaborators like Ginsberg—or as “incorrect” or “unsound” grammar and punctuation...it all misses the point. He’s coming at English with an older historical sense and with French orality at its foundation. It’s also important to remember that when Kerouac is writing his French manuscripts, he has no model to go on, he’s pioneering and crafting a new scripturality of his own, on his own. That boldness, to capture onto paper the sounds, rhythms, and cadences of his mother tongue, is later put in the service of doing the same for American English. And for that he also had to abandon the “rules” of standard English. There’s so much more to say, but I’ll stop here.

**Ted:** Finally, I’d like to ask you about your adventure in the archive. Although we’re familiar with the use of French phrases by Kerouac, especially in the Lowell novels, I understand that it came as a surprise to everyone that he had written the substantial texts collected in *La vie est d’hommage*. How did these texts come to light? How did you first become aware of them? What did you find when you entered the archive?

**Jean-Christophe:** In a way, it’s a long story, but perhaps the main reason the texts came to light lies in Kerouac’s own meticulous classification of his own archive, in his care of preservation. In my book, I hope to use the history of the Kerouac Archive as a particularly fascinating case study in 20th-century literary papers, and there I’ll have the room to really trace the material from Kerouac’s death in 1969 up to the opening of his processed archive in 2006. But I’m afraid I’ll have to give just a sketch here. There were a few hints that he had written substantive French texts in letters, but these were hard to corroborate without access to his archive. Notably there’s a letter from January 1953—so just a few days after he’s written *Sur le chemin*—where he tells Neal Cassady that he’s just written a novel in French in five days. I talk about this in the intro to *La vie est d’hommage*, and others have touched on it as well. Ann Charters was the first to



bring up this letter in her 1973 biography of Kerouac—all Kerouac scholarship owes such a gigantic debt of gratitude to Ann Charters and what she's done for five decades now. But the next big hint comes in the mid-1990s. At this point, Kerouac's brother-in-law John Sampas—brother to Stella Sampas, Kerouac's wife at the time of his passing—had been appointed literary executor of the Kerouac Estate and he had access to the archive Kerouac had left behind. As Sampas began perusing the imposing holdings, much of it carefully catalogued by Kerouac using an alphanumeric system he had designed, Sampas discovered that some of the manuscripts Kerouac had kept were written in French, notably a 57-page story kept in a folder marked "The Night is My Woman." The title page of the holograph manuscript within reads as follows: "La nuit est ma femme, ou, Les Travaux de Michel Bretagne." Since he did not know how to read French, Sampas asked a local Franco-American Lowellian, Roger Brunelle, to do a rough translation of the text into English. And a short time later, in June 1996, the first big public proof that Kerouac had written in French was released in France: *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, a literary journal published by Gallimard, did an issue directly discussing *La nuit est ma femme*. The number included an interview with Brunelle, but also a short excerpt from *La nuit* transcribed by Brunelle, as well as a facsimile of a detail from a manuscript page. One might imagine that after this, the cat was out of the bag so to speak in regards to whether or not Kerouac had written in his native language, but outside of France this French publication did not really appear on the radar of most, if any, American scholars, many of whom can't read French and to this day prefer to preserve a false image of Kerouac as All-American white male hitchhiking drunk on some highway. North of the border, however, some Québécois scholars did pick up the *NRF* issue, intrigued and fascinated by the language's proximity to Québécois joul. But without being able to access the full text or the rest of the archive, things kind of died down. There were other hints here and there—but it all really only came to light once the Kerouac Archive was acquired, processed, and opened to the public in 2006.

One person who truly deserves our scholarly gratitude is Declan Kiely, the archivist who processed the Kerouac papers. It is largely thanks to Kiely's masterful handling of the materials, as well as his carefully detailed finding aid, that scholars were later able to find many of the French manuscripts. Kiely arranged the Writings series in two large categories: "Jack Kerouac's arrangement of his archive," and the rest, "Writings by Jack Kerouac (not arranged by Kerouac in an alphanumeric system)." This *respect des fonds* alone

is an ongoing gift to future Kerouac scholarship that gives us a tremendous amount of information into Kerouac's classification practices and writerly craft. But when it comes to clues to the French texts, Kiely towers above anyone else; as he processed the materials, Kiely would take note whenever he encountered French in a manuscript, even if he spotted a small amount of it mixed in with the usual English prose, and indicated its presence in the container list. Here are a couple of examples of what I mean from his Finding Aid:

- 2.43 Holograph fragment "On The Road" with note in French on verso of first leaf, March 23, 1951. 2 leaves.

- 6.4 Holograph story, signed. "Search by Night." (Dialogue in French-Canadian. "Searching for the eye of the war"; written just after Pearl Harbor, set in New England mill town.) December, 1941.

Thus, thanks to Kiely, the interested researcher can systematically locate each entry that is marked as containing French. As my own research over the years has shown, however, more French manuscripts were part of the Kerouac Archive than the finding aid listed. This is not a failing of the instrument, but an inevitable reality of the archival profession.

Many of the texts that are in *La vie est d'hommage* were already listed in the finding aid. Those that weren't, like one of my favorites, "Je suis tu capable d'écrire avec mon doigt bleu," I found during a long research process that lasted several years. I found "Mon doigt bleu" on the verso side of one of the *Visions of Cody* notebooks. I knew *Cody* was composed during his most French-heavy phase—1950–1953—and I systematically looked at everything from those years—and believe me, he wrote a lot in that period. I was also floored when I discovered that several chapters of *Maggie Cassidy* were originally composed in French. Again, this was me being thorough and looking at what he had done immediately after writing the French novel *Sur le chemin*. *Sur le chemin* itself, though, was a pain to reconstitute. What is listed in Box 39 Folder 10—"Holograph notebook Old Bull. Includes On the Road by Jack Lewis, and *Sur le chemin*—Jack Lewis Dec. 16, 1952"—is really only the first notebook containing parts of the *Sur le chemin* manuscript. I quickly discovered that there was a second major notebook, and over the years as I was deciphering Kerouac's system for inserts and writing process, I realized that there were missing parts...I address some of that process in my translator's introduction to *The Unknown Kerouac*. It took me a long time to fully reconstitute the text—let



alone transcribe faithfully Kerouac's French idiolect! But I have to admit, as a scholar, I live for these kinds of detective chases—it's incredibly thrilling and keeps me awake at night like Lisbeth Salander.

But I first became aware of the existence of the French texts in 2007 when I arrived in Manhattan to begin my PhD at Columbia University. The summer I arrived, Isaac Gewirtz, the director of the Berg Collection—where the Kerouac Papers are kept in the New York Public Library—had curated the most wonderful exhibition of the Kerouac materials. It was called “Beatific Soul,” commemorating 50 years of *On the Road*, and the opening of the Kerouac Archive. The original scroll was there, unfurled as long as the room would allow, bifurcating the space...but the exhibition also included some pages from the French manuscripts, as did the accompanying catalogue. That catalogue, by Gewirtz, is an enormously helpful resource to Kerouac scholars, something I cherish to this day. Anyway, I fell in love with Kerouac all over again. As a transplanted Québécois, to encounter what looked and sounded exactly like my own native language on those manuscript pages, the language of my secret thoughts and dreamscapes, was a profoundly moving and unforgettable experience. And around the same time, the Quebec newspaper *Le Devoir* also published an article about the fact that there were multiple French manuscripts in the Kerouac Archive in New York. That piece resonated with a lot of people in Quebec and the news spread in the wider francophone world. As for me, after being in direct contact with the manuscripts, I couldn't get them out of my mind, and I was lucky enough to be in New York for the next six years doing my doctorate. Through Columbia Libraries, a small group of us were able to get a private tour of the Berg Collection with Dr. Gewirtz—they have a ton of treasures, from Dickens to Woolf to Bellow—and I was hooked for the duration. It was a long process, and of course it's not all I did the whole time I was in New York, but sitting down in the Berg awaiting the next Kerouac folder has always been one of my favorite things to do, and it still is.

**Ted:** You mention your current project has a Kerouac component. What further research are you doing on Kerouac?

**Jean-Christophe:** My current book project is called “Archival Vagabonds: The Peripatetic Lives of Literary Papers,” and it has to do with novelists and their archives. It's partly a study of the rise of literary papers across the 20th-century, using specific authors as case studies. One of them, a major one, is Kerouac, but I'm also looking at Claude McKay, Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Patricia

Highsmith... and I throw in a little Stephen King to spice things up. In relation to Kerouac, I want to debunk many of the misconceptions about him in the popular imagination by demonstrating how meticulous and careful he was as an archivist of his own papers, to show the amount of craft that went into his work. Along the way, I'll touch on much of what we talked about together in this interview: his translative practices, the importance of his native French language to his poetics, and also his multifaceted relation to archiving as a life practice, as a method of *survivance*, and how very often his novels serve an irreplaceable archival function, preserving memories of times, places, people now gone. ▲

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# from *A Physical Comedy: Cogitation in the Representation of Meaning*

Pascal Poyet

translated by Lisa Robertson

A circle shows the area. The area is the totality of meaning. The ensemble of what the word signifies or can come to signify at one moment or another is called the “area.” A diagramme in the form of a circle shows the different meanings of the verb *to touch*. In the central part of the circle—a concentric circle, smaller—a sentence is written, where the word is used in what we’d call its proper sense. All the other meanings, called figurative, are distributed all around it, some distance from the centre, at precise points, each in relation with the others, over the surface of the circle. Each meaning in its place, its larger or smaller part of the circle, is represented by a sentence (in the sense that the sentence is its representative or is representative of it) in which the word is used in this manner. On the back of a postcard showing several views of the same city, the caption “Many Aspects of Tangiers.” I flatten out the piece of paper, which had been folded: the area contains sentences. I don’t walk all over but, as in looking at a map, I know where to find those places I’m familiar with, the ones where I stay, in relation to the others I’ll go to see. I stay in only a quite small part of the circle. We act as if there are well-defined edges, precise borders, lines that we draw and that just as cleanly we cross. We suppose that the limits of the word coincide with the limits of meaning, that crossing the border of one, we leave the other, and that we know this with the very same sureness, as, when we are going out, we hear the door slam behind us, or from the glances or the few words exchanged downstairs with the building caretaker. And if the caretaker wasn’t there? Would I be content to glimpse the empty chair? The things he left, his newspaper and his meal, in the big compartment of the row of mailboxes that serve, so to speak, as theatre wings. Once I’ve gone out the door of the building, eyes scanning the sidewalk, would I be reassured to glimpse him a little further down and to know he was busy chatting with a passer-by? We know, we see, when we’re going out, as clearly it seems as we’d see, at the exit



of a big city, a sign saying so. And now? Towards what kind of “world minus touch” am I going to go? And at what distance from the banging of the door will it call up a meaning like that? And in my daydream, I don’t know if all the words touch each other, if leaving one, I go directly into another, or if words are separated by a kind of countryside that I’ll have to cross—and if that were the case, what separates the glass from the spoon, the paper from the pencil, which I have not yet promoted to the level of object?

One “touches” the arm of the other. The “one” and the “other” are two lively beings one touching the other and the other touched by the one and the verb *to touch* designates this intentional gesture which consists of bringing one’s hand towards the arm of the other until the contact of the two skins—or the simple pressure felt through the garment—produces a sensation in the one who touches as well as in the one who he touches. This is the centre of the circle, the way of using the word that we describe as the “richest” semantically, the verb in its primary or plenary meaning. From caress to grab, it’s still *to touch* in the full sense of the term. One touches the arm of the other, as at the café terrace next to the window this hand’s placed on the knee of the interlocutor, but not like nudging or brushing against, the light contact of arms. Not in the way we bring a hand towards an object either, nor even in the way an object would touch another on this table, or the way an object would touch this table, even less the way a neighbourhood of this city touches another at their shared border. The further we extend from the centre, the more the primary properties of the meaning disappear. That there is a full meaning does not imply that there is an empty meaning. The way that meaning transforms is different according to the direction we take. This way, the more we advance towards the outskirts, the more chances there will be that the depth that maybe we should be afraid to plumb, not only finger, while having an image of ourselves emptying a word of its meaning, will not be the depth of the water, nor of some sort of container, and even if the one that, or rather the one who will touch it would stay for now a living being, me, not the sugar at the bottom of the glass of tea, the more fragile the hypothesis of the intentional act will become, just as fragile as the hypothesis that this, properly speaking, consists of an act at all. We’ll be able to meditate on it for as long as we like while walking on the beach at this precise place

where finally we arrived, where the sea undulates and the sand is harder, while an itinerant photographer sells portraits made the day before to those who have come back for them. Now taking another direction from the centre, or setting out from this edge, which would retreat always a little at this time of day, this hour when everyone leaves to go where—so setting out from this edge which we had arrived at, where a group of young women feet in the water dresses twisted to their knees have themselves photographed on the phone of one who has stayed on dry land, turning around the circle, crossing a few division lines very clearly drawn on the map earlier, not so easy to locate now—this edge of sidewalk? this backed-up road?—we'd like to know if such cogitations on a word are comparable to these movements in a city, and we'll come to say to ourselves why not, by dint of asking this question while wandering like this, forced to walk out on the street because a group is forming in front of a snail-seller, that this question touches—bizarrely we set out to express ourselves in this register, surprised to find ourselves bilingual in our own language—upon the representation of meaning. So we'll ask ourselves if the structure of meaning when we envisage it this way, even going a bit by chance, resembles the structure of a city with its centre and its outskirts, if we can represent one in the way we are used to representing the other with its neighbourhoods where the city splays out and where its name is understood differently, if we circulate in one the way we circulate in the other, crossing the street when it becomes possible, and reciprocally what it would signify to see the different parts of the city the way we see the regions of meaning, the names of the neighbourhoods printed on the map like the meanings of the proper name of the city, what we call meaning and what is an aspect, what serves to announce, by showing a photograph taken on a beach, another on an avenue, a photograph of a landscaped walkway or of a certain façade, that "It's Tangiers"—what we put under this name in different cases and how much more walking time it will take to get to a square that we could in turn consider as a centre. But at this distance from the centre, to be lively: done. Even the idea of movement seems to have disappeared. The pencil and the saucer were, remember, on that coffee-table, still concrete objects, but the objects among themselves, as tangible as they are, don't touch each other in the sense of an intentional movement of two beings to touch each other, not

even in the sense of an involuntary jostling, and not in the sense either in which a meandering in the city at such an hour, without a goal, or more correctly without ambition, when nobody has obliged you to go out, would near its end. They juxtapose. Gone are the ideas of movement, and of intention releasing that movement, the contact ending the movement and the sensation that the contact provokes. But what's left then of the full sense of the word, the one that rules choice and assures that at this distance from the centre it's still this word we choose to use, this name we give to touch, such a brand that we'll later point out, out on our way back, to the employee of the perfume shop who will hand you a label-less flask? I can in fact say that to touch doesn't happen among two so-called objects, and I could say that they're juxtaposed. And tired of aimless walking, and because for the first days it's as difficult to orient oneself in one's thinking as it is in a city, we head back. By the brand new train station, recently constructed at the edge of the city, a large billboard was announcing: "Here, the new centre of Tangiers is born."



# on transferring in full the procession of emptiness intact

Lary Timewell

*"The thing is, for the time being we must lay out all the Nihongo. Involved with Nihongo. Involving Nihongo. Who is the remix Nihongo with smell and colour transposed? Who is the Nihongo who does not retaliate and will not allow retaliation? Who is the Nihongo discharging jolts of electricity? Who is the joy of Nihongo that invites people to misunderstand?"*

— Yoshinori Henguchi, *Lizard Telepathy Fox Telepathy*

To invoke Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution, or allude to the nail that sticks up, might be a newspaper way to start. But the meta-social by common consent, & which each generation ever-fails to operate, is not translation of any absolute equivalency. We (yes, the mediated individual I's now-holding-now-moving-deliberately the camera) experience each *it* differently, the skein of frogs' eggs & the tail-swish of *koi*, when feet are straddled firmly across a wide tongue of pond.

\*

*"Bad authors are those who write with reference to an inner context which the reader cannot know."*

— Albert Camus

so, there i am            within a fictive in-between            a *field of significance*  
oscillation between conveying & receiving    like Jamie's last discovering  
things that are beyond meaning            intrinsically linked  
dialectical relationship within            the thinking that is translating  
Sapir's linguistic relativism            each language creates its own  
world & worldview            suddenly one word stands in for three  
new vectors with newer phonetic grit & slither            another stream  
altogether            "translation" relating through acts of transformation

you've heard it before: all texts are 'translations of translations of translations'  
speaking through the *continua* 'to carry across' is a modality

of Shostakovich to jazz Nihongo gone punk-go  
original *now* not open not *faux* not *founded upon*

"Self-expression is erroneous in art," said Rothko, slathering  
more paint upon wandering errors out on their daily exile as

the ineffable waves that slap the  
sides of our ever-departing boat.

\*

Mesmerizingly simple loops of Culley's beloved Theo Parrish, themselves on  
rotation, are head-to-tail fragments that form new wholes upon which another  
structure can be built, does build. Van Gogh's domicile in hexadecimal oil is  
not *ukiyo-e* transposed, despite all entrenched academic historicity. Clouds in  
Stieglitz & the real clouds in any sky are equivalencies, not to each other, but  
*amongst* each other. Not a fine distinction but another world. J-pop can be  
heard as up-tempo *enka*, and DOA can play protest folk reverbed nuggets, but  
Lydian mode is not Phrygian mode is not Aeolian mode, after all. Not if you  
are listening closely to what they are not playing. In other words, each & every  
*cetera* is *et* & other.

\*

a viable commercial is means as meaning  
blogged & quartered in the global square

buddha jones keeps on screaming at the sky  
the days of our youth are clipped to the core

i remember when real talk of the impending  
revolution was as common as dogs in space

now just word fugitives in equilibrium  
*corpus delicti* in trademark dolby sound

i heart glorify  
& i heart noise

i too was a teenage shoe-gazer imp-

acted by the always breaking apart  
setting aside more time for thought-crime  
juke-boxing mustard relics of an unstable  
& witnessing the inevitable thug  
lives of ubiquitous media christs  
it's still a one-sided war  
of old play it fast & loud  
it's not rocket science as the sayings went  
more sets of syncopated hairpin postcards  
& side-stepping the mainstream  
all the air in my lungs welcomes  
it whatever  
it is you are  
living in the storage  
lockers of the mind.

\*

Method A sacrifices measure for sense; Method Zip is half as long in song;  
Method 13 says all translation is homo-linguistic creation & just goes to  
town with red paint & wild joy in the blood; Method Q respects L'Academie  
Française, but only on *le weekend*; Method M is broadcast over frequency  
modulated channels to all the ships at sea; Method Erin compounds clarity  
upon collaboration, harmony upon counterpoint, *richesse* upon profundity;  
Method XYZ hammers out an approximate tune on a balophone on a luxury  
watercraft named zygote. Method 0 works best for me, for all the mis-collected  
we who never get the job or the job done.

\*

words jump from justified right page odd across the gutter to the indent  
of facing page even      eye pulls the mind to a parallel curve of meaning  
tropes encrust themselves symbiotically on the whale      travel far south  
are thrust off in a leap-breach to find themselves again themselves in another  
hemisphere      another form of



translation as transubstantiation

\*

i'll write my way in

“...*cognitive map, situational journey*...” — Fredric Jameson

poems are all about embedded lack  
cobwebs riding the roughed-up wind

uta wa subete umekomareta fusoku ni tsuitedesu.  
詩はすべて 埋め込まれた不足についてです

arai kaze ni notteiru kumo no su.  
粗い風に乗っているクモの巣

in plain terms what is the emancipatory making?  
by that which by which anything is can be meant

from *THOT-J-BAP*,  
*the Gujarati Fragments*

Renée Sarojini Saklikar

Arée, Arée, Lakhan/Lachlan —

અને અમે ભૂત હોઈએ છીએ  
Anē amē bhūta hō'īē chīē

And we, being ghosts

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અને અમે ભૂત હોઈએ છીએ  
Anē amē bhūta hō'īē chīē

And we, being ghosts

*and to the unfettered*

Away to, across, despite distance — Time —  
Outside Perimeter, that old Quarter,  
Moon Mistress, ignored, her knowing smile turned,

તેઓ ક્યારે ક્યારેય શીખશે?  
Tē'ō kyārē kyārēya śikhaśē?

Magda, the river, ashes, un/spoken.  
Four brothers, their father, three bricks, that girl  
Away to, across, despite distance — Time —  
Thieved, plundered, hoped, we, moon-compelled, ran —

તેઓ ક્યારે ક્યારેય શીખશે?  
Tē'ō kyārē kyārēya śikhaśē?

Bird, unfaithful Queen: long, slow, un-blinking —  
Where they bit, drew blood, small stains, beds in rows  
Tribal, those parts, cities once built, against —  
Away to, across, despite distance — Time —  
Her true to keep calm, whispered women, biding,  
Dead: and would she meet them one day, roses —

તેઓ ક્યારે ક્યારેય શીખશે?  
Tē'ō kyārē kyārēya śikhaśē?



*in arms. Standing—*

Turning to those three, she kneeled: write to me—  
Imagine: forever, she told us that—  
The hand of Fatima, amethyst hooked,  
વરસાદના ગીતો, હું દોડ્યો  
Varasādanā gītō, hum dōḍyō

Single stranded leather, five sounds, his hair—  
And in that place, they found the bees, thousands,  
Turning to those three, she kneeled: write to me—  
Or imagine, said the woman at the gate  
વરસાદના ગીતો, હું દોડ્યો  
Varasādanā gītō, hum dōḍyō

Those lethal small dips, mercury, skin-in,  
Those lost metalworkers, disbanded and,  
Amalgam to alloy, we ran from them  
Turning to those three, she kneeled: write to me—  
Intermittent, those old photographs showed—  
This gift to waken: song, and wondered if—

*Provisional, in the name of—*

They were confidantes, close friends: cycling  
heaths—  
You can't pin that one on me, he said, I'm clean.  
His eyes, her body: lips to [ ], knock, breathe,  
shine—

મને પૂછશો નહીં  
Manē pūchaśō nahīm

Outside, a thousand armies: tanks, guns, sticks  
A narrow cut, those rolls, stored. My-Lar, sheets  
They were confidantes, close friends: cycling  
heaths—  
Evenings, to the train station, they walked,

મને પૂછશો નહીં  
Manē pūchaśō nahīm

The only way this works, he said: Adore—  
How to make magic in times of trouble,  
That's the first time in my life I wore my,  
They were confidantes, close friends: cycling  
heaths—  
Lakhan/Lachlan, cried the Raipur Boys, O  
*Addaad al-Turaab*, all her names, decades,

*exaltation among*

Absence their presence was, strangeness, a grace  
All her secrets, lavender, scent released  
Those prisoners, holes in palms, feet, marching  
through

શું અહીં લાવે છે  
Śum ahīm lāvē chē

The twelve Ghats, *arée, arée*, Lutchman, he—  
Would they stay true to anything, she asked,  
Absence their presence was, strangeness, a grace  
Four o'clocks, champa, yellow Ixora

શું અહીં લાવે છે  
Śum ahīm lāvē chē

Hibiscus: horned trumpets, pistil, stamens,  
They had come in from the Rann of Kutch  
Rigveda and counting, those Banni grasslands  
Absence their presence was, strangeness, a grace  
Could taste salt, standing water, mudflats, and,  
Uplifted, shallow, closed off from the sea —



*the long usurpation—*

Give us a kiss, then, he said, arriving,  
Thorny scrub, rivers to drain, that delta  
Traced, a lake so wide and deep, they called to—

Captured upstream, a thousand years, Indus,  
They named the girls for her tributaries  
Give us a kiss, then, he said, arriving,  
Bet, beta, Deekrah—hamlet's edge at night

અમને ચુંબન આપો  
Amanē cumbana āpō

Ah, those ghost lights, dancing, grass to the wet  
Full moon on salt, a city of tents, they,  
And said, Eh, Eh, Rabari, mirrored-in,  
Give us a kiss, then, he said, arriving,  
He rubbed three beads on her belly, parted,  
Territorial disputes, sliced open—

તારો નામ?  
and your name is—

Taro Nam soo Ché  
તારો નામ?  
and your name is—

Taro Nam soo Ché  
તારો નામ?  
and your name is—

Taro Nam soo Ché  
તારો નામ?  
and your name is—

Taro Nam soo Ché  
તારો નામ?  
and your name is—

# from *Thunderstruck*

Jeneen Frei Njootli



*From Those Mountains to These*, 2013 – present  
Silkscreen print on chipboard, 44 x 36 inches  
Photograph courtesy of Fazakas Gallery, Vancouver, BC





*When the Sun Sets Twice*, 2013 – present  
Silkscreen print on chipboard, 34 ½ x 42 ½ inches  
Photograph courtesy of Fazakas Gallery, Vancouver, BC

# from *Tortilla Portraits*

Deborah Koenker



Faviola Medina Asta la Victoria siempre Oaxaca

*Faviola Medina Until victory always Oaxaca*





Mi nombre es Alejandro M. V. Estoy muy orgulloso de estar con ustedes aqui en Canadá gracias a este programa. Mi familia tiene casa, comida, escuela. Me siento muy orgulloso de mi familia de mis hijos pero me siento en estos 6 meses muy triste al no estar con ellos pero lo se que pronto pasara el tiempo para estar con ellos y quisiero estar todo el tiempo con ellos pero ya se que no es posible. Gracias.

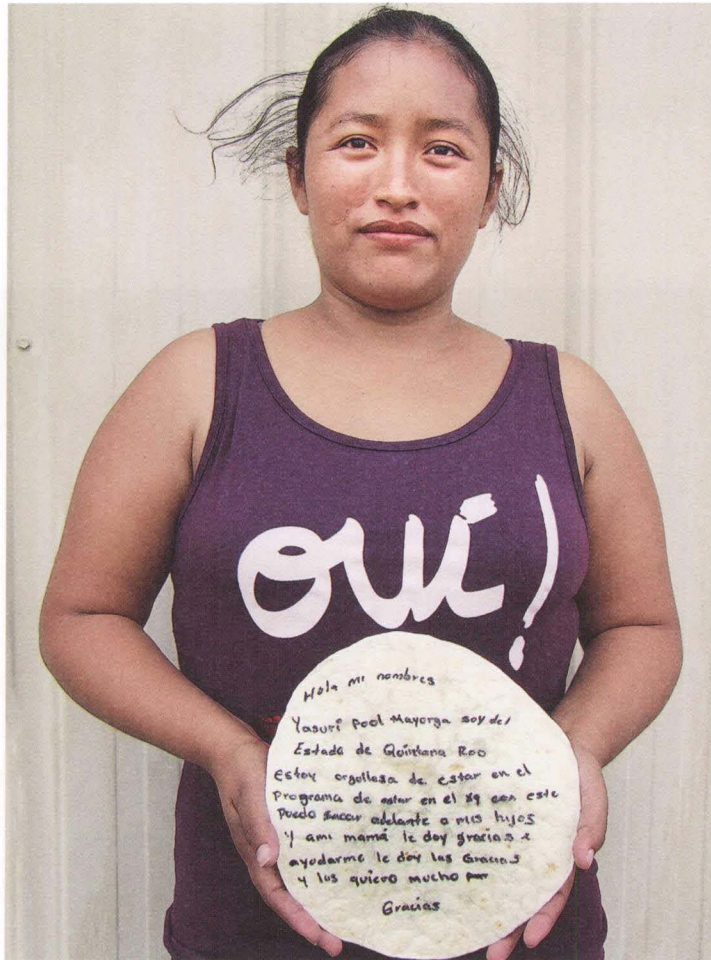
*My name is Alejandro M. V. I am very proud to be here with you in Canada thanks to this program. My family has a house, food, school. I feel very proud of my family, of my children but I feel in these 6 months very sad to not be with them, but I know that the time will pass quickly to be with them and I want to be with them all the time, but I already know that is not possible. Thank you.*





Monterrey Nuevo Leon Flor Leiticia Rodriguez Lopez Vengo a Canada para sacar adelante a mis hijos vk soy madre soltera y k con lo k gana en Canada puedo vivir mejor para tdo mi Fam: y poder salir a delante a mis hijos k son 3 varones y con mucho gusto vengo aka y espero k algun dia vayan a Mty. N. L. para k los conocean y vayan a comer conjunto(?) Mil gracias x pedirme para trabajar Gobierno k bajan los impuestos.

*Monterrey Nuevo Leon Flor Leiticia Rodriguez Lopez I come to Canada to pull my children up because I am a single mother and with what I earn in Canada I can give a better living to my whole family. And to be able to raise my children that are 3 boys and with much pleasure I come here and hope that some day you come to Monterrey Nuevo Leon so that you can know it and come to eat together. A thousand thanks that you ask me to work. That the government lower the taxes.*



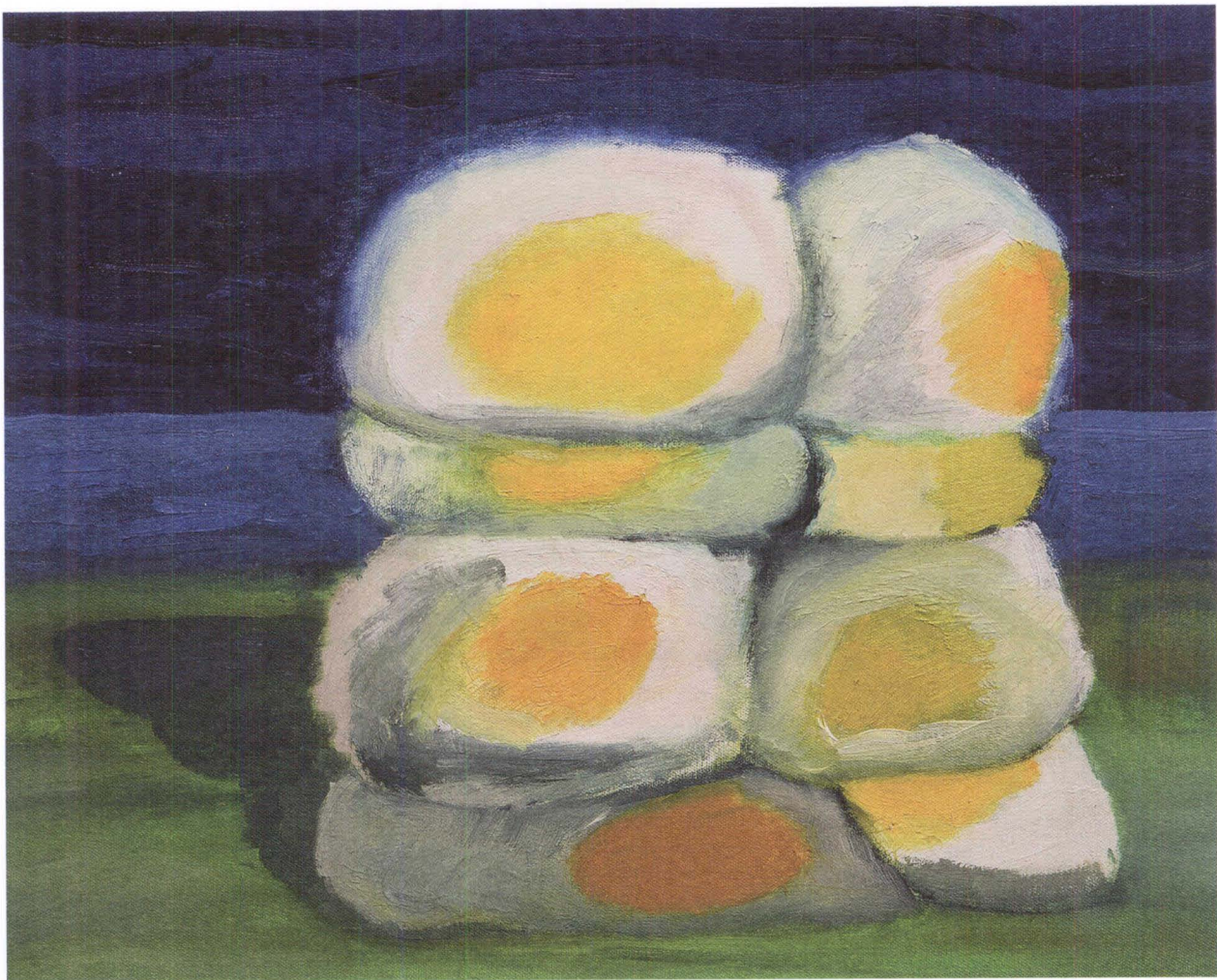
Hola mi nombre es Yasuri Pool Mayorga soy del Estado de Quintana Roo  
Estoy orgullosa de estar en el programa de estar en el xq con este puedo sacar  
adelante a mis hijos y a mi mamá le doy gracias x ayudarme le doy las Gracias y  
los quiero mucho Gracias

*Hi my name is Yasuri Pool Mayorga. I am from the state of Quintana Roo. I am  
proud to be in the program to be in it because with it I am able to pull forward my  
children and I give thanks to my mamá for helping me. I give them thanks and I love  
them a lot. Thank you.*



# Bodies in a Yolk Loop

Rachelle Sawatsky & Tiziana La Melia



Rachelle Sawatsky. *Tower of Meaning*, 2015  
oil on canvas, 18 x 22 inches



What does a  
medieval  
poet do?



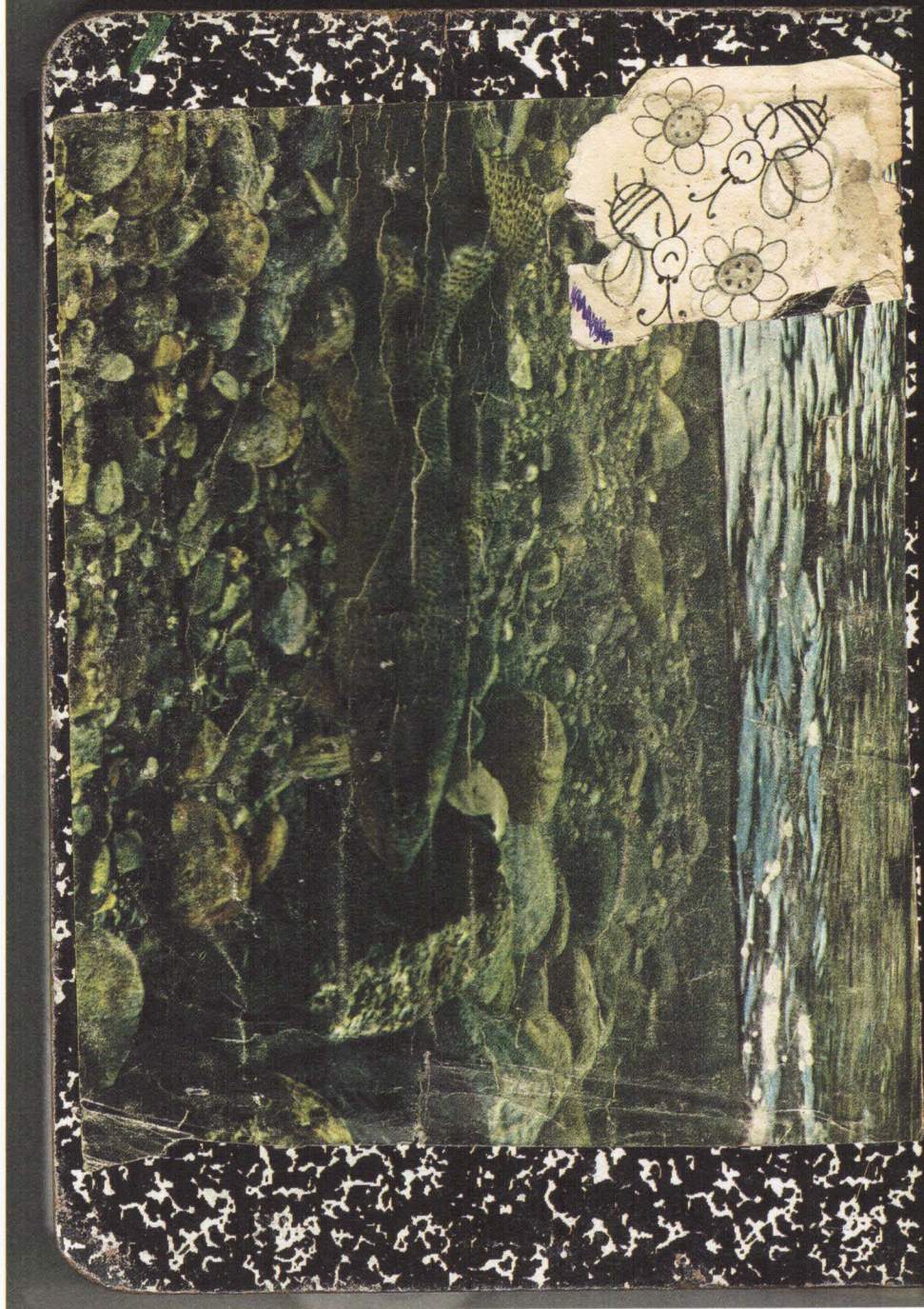
Rachelle Sawatsky. *What would a medieval poet do?* For Tiziana La Melia, 2017  
watercolour and collage on paper, 11 x 8 ½ inches





Rachelle Sawatsky and David Gilbert. *Reparation – For Tiziana La Melia*, 2017  
mixed media on paper, 11 x 8.5 inches





Tiziana La Melia. *composition book for rachel*, 2016  
paper and glue on composition notebook scan





Tiziana La Melia. *Picture taken at a pond in Pougues-les-Eaux, 2015*  
jpeg

What worries you anytime that you are worried curls time

## Tiziana La Melia

Some people didn't read their worry notes.<sup>1</sup> Some had no words for it. They joked and doodled their clowns of fear. Was it too hot to worry? Our clothes stuck to our skin, and polite grins stuck to our faces. Time seemed to curl and dilate at the same time. Before making it to some office to complain we were drinking beers on the curb, holding the bottles to our necks, on our way, almost home.

Was anger a silent spasm subsumed as gossip and bottled up? Or a useless tensing quietly building a bird nest in the fasciae with every instance of strain, like when you carry your groceries or when you are sleeping. Striking extraordinary poses along a shoulder, torqueing the hip, flexing the neck, pumping the arm, rolling the ankle.

A therapist massaged the roof of my mouth, then the small intestine. When he touches he is reading. "How is your digestion?" he asks. Nerves turned into pose. The body's spastic prose.

We walked through the *giardini* without a worry. But inside the palace the walls were sprinkled with abstract concerns. Afterlives about the inbetweens before and after. Egg yolks and candle smoke filled in the dresses decorated with asterisks. Bored and suffering, the worry became an idling dog, its no-body, on vacation, and still. Later, at the pond, the worry felt erotic and the frogs hopped towards things like larvae and garbage and a blooming gloom.

She said, "the way that worry settles in itself is more sculptural." I am reminded of the knotted back of the grotesque figures we filmed with our iPhones around the Fountain of Shape. Blobs sprinkled with faces, birthdays, angels, dust, divorce, numbers, prayers, donkeys, curses, loves and waning, toothy moons — sinking flatter, faster, faster.

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1 Referring to a writing-sculpture/theory workshop conducted with Sonia D'Alto at the Accademia Belle Arti di Napoli: *Clay Disease: New Blobs of Time from Word to Work to Object*.



On the one hand, this stillness was a resistance. Hold my other hand. Please vent, I will listen. I wish I had some money to give us so we could relax and have time to build custom salads and avoid intolerances.

*Do you remember when you wanted to write about anger and I couldn't find the puzzle piece in my heart?<sup>2</sup>*

The view with no railings

## Rachelle Sawatsky

I am a person being a child sometimes, being one who likes shiny objects and ribbons. I am imagining being a soul in a muddy canyon underground who looks through a porthole in the world and decides how they might re-enter. How they might roll into the world with a frontward roll or a backwards cartwheel or by flinging their arms and legs like dead weight, as if to say, "I'm already dead, the world can't get me down." What is the most affirmative way to enter the world? The brightest and most positive? Is it unusual that most babies enter head first with their thinking parts? Or is it indicative of their natural impulse for danger as they risk falling on their heads?

---

Sometimes I find myself wanting to use my body as a descriptive tool. See me reading my arm, see me picking a flower, see me being affected. See me powerful and powerless. See me being an instrument. See my pointy hands. See my thought shapes like whiskers when we are together. We talked about the view with no railings. How our sensory organs are so poor that there is so much they do not perceive. It is difficult to discern whether to look further requires more imagination, faith, or will.

---

2 The path of resistance is description.

Along the road there are people that steal your money  
and make you angry.

You write rage-y texts about domestic violence and poverty and unnamed men, you keep  
trying to write them as if you are blotting something.

I will throw bleach in your eyes  
until you shit white, you scrawl.

— Deleted fragment from *Yellow Snail* by Rachelle Sawatsky, November 2014.

When I am relaxed in the face I am making something. When I am relaxed I am not thinking about branches of conflicts or posterity. When I am relaxed my cheeks occupy most of my face. I am all cheeks, turning many cheeks. It is not associative or theoretical. It is feeling poles, like steel bars and building them up around you. It is imagining the strength of poles and the messiness of banging the floorboards and the kicking up of imaginary dirt. And all the while doing this staying positive in your face. How do I describe substantive political struggle in my body? I notice that my movements are less jerky when I am relaxed in the face. It is walking on the edges and forgetting you are being watched by another.

---

In ten minutes I have ten thoughts. I am small paintings, one with a sun sinking in the ocean as if having a bath. I am relaxing, shuffling feet without rhythm.

I am imagining soda pop overflowing in a glass so fast it feels as if it is evaporating into the air. I poured it. Now it's completely out of my control. The other day I was driving in the car and I was in the passenger seat in the front and I said "Look at that it's Quatro Vientes," gesturing at the Mexican restaurant we passed on the street and my hand hit the glass, my jade ring making a sound. They both started laughing. You are like a bird flying into the glass. My glasses were dirty I said in my defense. I discovered a term once for the condition of not being able to perceive the edges of your body. I use it to defend my tendency to walk into things. To outmaneuver this, I spend a lot of time reading, as if a book could cure the edges of my body and harden them. On my left hand I have a fantasy of having stronger, protective edges. On my right hand I have a fantasy of dancing and getting hit on. I am at the Plaza on a Friday night with older Latina lesbians or remember going to raves in the 90s. In this fantasy I imagine my soul as an egg yolk that can be poked with a pin without any of the form going to waste, it being a beautiful tone of yellow. It is being without the fear of dissipation.

I made these drawings and the small paintings to describe the egg yolk experience. I wasn't thinking about anything to do with art. As a child, I thought that cooking, for instance making peanut butter and banana sandwiches in preschool, was "art" just as much as finger-painting or plasticine.

*Tiziana La Melia and Rachelle Sawatsky's collaboration was commissioned for TCR's 'Polymorphous Translation' issue.*



# from *Sonnet's Shakespeare*

## Sonnet L'Abbé

LIV

Our mother owes much more dough than she breadwins. Dutifully she has breadwon for us, toiled for us. We see mom buy that sweater or that garden tool and our dependent temperaments twitch—do rich kids trust what doting mothers give? Our mother owes the balance between the books and a fair shake, but fair-minded lenders won't forgive the disinterest she dares embody. For that sweater or mentholated rub is our citizenship, which doesn't come cheap. In the whig heart we lived as the canker blossoms that serve the graft of cultural ascendance, the paid yes-wallah's ineluctable children, performing an unmentionable, undetermined cultural nonpresence. Our father rose at four-thirty, a shame hanging over his unassuming citizenship, the forward motion of his work and play dissipated in slavewagery. A generation of poorly whelped consumers: my mother's sobriety fathered what my father's niggered manhood—not his skin—defied. Best buds disclose tips, but my father was a forced togetherer, his distressed virtue only wishing not to have to make unsincere show of togetherness. My body lived unwooed and unrespected, but my fabulous, educated mind might be suited to themselves, whigs saw. That sweater and that expectorant performed my mother's wishes, then. I don't owe the sums my mother does; my father's retired into his sweater and anesthetic; the deal my mother signed earned us our own sweaters and apartments. Today our self-made parents' debt is the despot of our scrappy house. We, the beauteous and lovely youth, know when the sweater shop finally fails, our grind-employed and overdrawn servant leaders will still synonymize our truth.

## XLIX

Tanya Tagaq's animism instants iighm. Tanya Tagaq tigkhs ughm, breathes as if forever the atone time come. Ngwging English, epiglottal linguish she eetees from hhwn, from ghn, the hwygh under affects. When a hsthy vocal she heaves, her breath calves into this ughtmost suhmn. Calf calls herd to that auditory body; cardiovascular ids thud: respect's a guttural instinct. That yghma time come when thou hmsha allaha at strangled lyric, past strangled scarce. Screely greet me, with hwth and throatsung oath, with ungh energy hewshed into love, converted from the strict Brit thing it was. Ahoosh aha, beautiful Angela breathed amid sons' professionalized ghhrigg. Of settler langwedges' extractive logic, Tanya Tagaq uighnhs utter hatred's legitimate grudge. Oinks orchestral, faunistic symphonic, the vein system bleadts here, with inbreathed knowledge of mining, outbreathed knowledge of tundra, self-preservation and chthonic submission. Myth flesh angered, angered, brainstemmed mythself uproars earththroat cunnilingual unword. Mythself awfuls industreal in songs' tonalpathy, punk Arctic. To sound like a wolverine, like a porpoise, thrum in the throat, nipaquhiit. A sound like otter coo, she-musk strength of polar walrus, piqqusiraarniq, cries whale cry in tonal convulsion with electronics. Tagaq's aningaaq ululates and ungnhs the regeneration of clause.

## XCII

Gabriel, I'm pushing to adopt you. I'm here, forty-two, reasonably stable (stable for the first time maybe ever) while there you are, shunted from family to family, wondering what family means. For the first time, I might make of this life something given. You aren't yet assured mine; your mom hasn't signed any relinquishing and the foster mom has known you longer than I have. The reality of love is about who will stay. For you, reality depends upon the adult you're with. Love, professed without discipline, won't help. Right now you need kin who can edit their own fears, who know that the worst of wrongs can live in what's left undone as much as in the horrible abuses. You don't know your father; your mom's risky life has taught you fear and lies. I believe a better state to me belongs than that which you've known with your mom. My humours do tend to the depressive and anxious but I have fought to contain those energies; I out them in poems. What vexes me will touch you; my inconstancies will matter; this mind's conscience—its habits—will inform your lived, felt notions of sane- or batshitcrazy-lady. Reactively, I've isolated myself from the gaze of masculinities. But you will be that gaze; you have participated already in a boy's title. God, the irony! I must find a happy honesty, to have it to share with you, to love you the way a principled mommy ought. A boy needs belief in his responsible future, needs exactly what's missing in my home—a noble, responsible role model of masculinity. Gabriel, this situation forces me to see my father's nobility. I can adopt more than you; maybe I must adopt new belief in adulthoods, in a maleness anticipated by the little child who will know my edited, underlying devotions.



## CV

Let not my colonized verse be called la misanthropie. Ces billets douloureux ne sont que la trying de mon colère qui voix my beloved dans les humains. Idéologue, moi, asking how, since we are all (sauf les premières peyakôskân) des môniyâw, our songs and praises peuvent betterer. O, personne, proofer of sonnets! What piskihtowewin could parole us, autochtones and developers, from kind discrimination? Poesy loves tongues, son dada sympathique ohm un sorrow for unkindness instillé par des consonnes habitant. Extinct arawakan phonologies drop chupses dans ces expressions de cellular Résistance. The Reconciliation manufactory, l'aversion de my verse. Mon patrimoine est ce mâmawimecisowin, this standing Canadianicity, colonial fusion cuisine force-fed. Ma langue misses its origines; British Singhs express raj things; later Rupi Kaur braves about difference. "Fair, kind and true" en anglais: cet équivalence de pâle et juste, cet homonymie (dit mon argument) de "fair" est unkind et untrue. Les vainqueurs écrivent history, les vaincus forgent âtayôhkan: I smother in other words and in other words again. Lazy-stitched language is my invention, Shakespeare comme cuir and lettres like mîkis threaded entre thèmes de fils. Origines woven with origins, like the ceinture fléchée woven by my dad à l'École Rivière Rouge. Pas-Métis, moi, I'm cope AF, for a kid métisse franco-indo-afrikain qui body Canadian truth. Sorcières have often lived alone, where their cultures hate and heart them, leur sagesses trop for nationalist lore knowers. This writing, ces vers, sont ma pikiskâcipematisowin ptsd-ing un mixed-up wahkohtowin en sonnet.

# from *Nines*

Anne Tardos

## Kerchief Ligament Wrong Nine 4

Kerchief ligament pirouette darkness jettison mother of invention boy-toy.  
Zany foxy smoke alarm tremolo evacuation juniper ginger dimple.  
*Zinguer je je zinguer je, mich dich Villa nicht.*  
Every thought first thought in the visible universe, strange.  
Zendo cushion run for it go. Long ago Labrador.  
Swift recollection tired Daphne just like our overheated relationshit.  
Something has changed I felt giddy I felt sick.  
Since women. Forget it. No way. Barbaric and inhumane.  
Learning a lot here: I'm wrong in being wrong.

## Djibouti Laptop Mind Nine 5

Djibouti laptop polyrhythmic stevedore imagination for example people die.  
Yeah yeah yeah listen to the music around you.  
Plagiarize and cannibalize yourself by mining your own work.  
Counter-sadistic anti-suffering *vraiment triste fâché* becoming real.  
Don't think for a minute that you don't exist.  
First, get used to the sound of my voice.  
Bob Perelman knows what Maisie knew about her parents.  
Katy Lederer doesn't have money. She is a poet.  
Mitch Highfill keeps a pet moth on his mind.

Wiki Mandolin Tchebaba  
Nine 28

Wiki Mandolin stole this happiness from an indifferent universe.  
Determinism is not the enemy but the relentless ego.  
Folie à deux figurine, funny little dinky ink blob.  
I'm only good when I'm good for nothing.  
The gym makes me feel like I'm a member.  
You say that the perfect act has no results.  
"If I can understand it, anyone can understand it."  
Those FedEx guys lost their cool completely that day.  
Ziglio lusty mannequin gooey saliva shiva tzim-tzim tchebaba.

Tchebaba Society Risky Wallaby Vodka  
Nine 29

Tchebaba society self knowledge through doglike valor readily belittled.  
I could create a whole circus inside your head.  
Plus drive you, like a New York cabbie would.  
Out of love he wants to die — *aus Liebe*.  
Day in terror and then frequent flyer miles everywhere.  
The promise of a beach and the fulfillment thereof.  
Eggy ambition cleverly framed inside a pale ginger device.  
Zip me up and examine my brain cells carefully.  
Sichuan wannabe tanktop beachboy risky wallaby vodka.



Baby-Billy Shower  
Nine 57

Baby-Billy bathwater bubbles to the surface below California.  
*Santergiggly*, what did you say, interfering money-hungry kangaroos.  
Idée fixe indefinitely feministic writing entertaining notions of intertextuality.  
Different kinds of writing, *fouliaskabar* gentrifying syntax-free obligations.  
Super siren, lonely bourbon, polylingual guessing work despite itself.  
Tailwind monkey-zipper leaning forward, ingesting whatever comes along.  
Out of the blue and out of thin air.  
Zin-zen generation, pugnacious birthright obligation, realistically  
speculative thinking.  
Destructo flirtation or else let me take a shower.

Ixum Memory Ice Cream  
Nine 108

Ixum bexum predilexum, question: is this worth my while.  
Little gets past *this* barrier, I can tell you.  
Try saying ginfizz hubris analog or polivalent semiotic singlemom.  
And see how far you get with such inventions.  
Makes you want to run in the other direction.  
Shoudabee escatova semiglow fire box ninten suntan bramble bee.  
It's natural to miss a word here and there.  
*Bolondok djenny* all is, *bakada* sinecure vampiric lending fee.  
Avalanche gigabyte ventricle cakewalk runaway subterfuge memory ice cream.

Itt Pedig Hunting  
Nine 122

Itt pedig egyik hóvihar a másík után seemingly normale.  
Ding brother binging feminini thé flavian venez donc rêvez.  
Sentimentali thé avant garde vani thé voici the voice.  
Le chapeau de la forme all about equipping poetry.  
You must know what I mean männlich durván cluelessly.  
Application très compliqué vaguely vapeur divisibili thé nyilván evidenced.  
The selfishness of offering période artistique facing abstraction action.  
Heartily herzlich epicentric épique Salvatore di Benedetto charming man.  
Downfall de nous les artistes not given to hunting.

# Four Songs

## La Comtessa de Dia

*translated by Reitha Pattison*

*The twelfth-century Provençal trobairitz, La Comtessa de Dia, is described in her Vida as 'a good and beautiful woman, [who] was married to Guilhem de Poitiers. She was in love with Raimbaut d'Orange and made many fine songs about him.' Only four of her songs have survived.*

I 'Ab joi et ab joven m'apais'

I feast on joy and youth; a piece  
of both maps a courtly paradise.  
Youth's ease of use, so good to eat  
well on the young love of tangling  
strays. My heart's rarely errant  
so he stays a friend  
steeped in an ichor of love.

Pleasure is mine. I desire the prime of his worth  
valued exactly at the grand play I make for him.  
Uncordial speech, free of good, is much in force.  
I vet the strength of foes and find many sweep  
a petard and are swept up into a petard-like maze.

Take my instruction in donations of love:  
give it to all pros of knightly valence  
as a pulsar, connoisseur of acumen,  
seeking out the face of the earth.

My first choice largely shines adroit,  
owns that waxen sheen,  
rich in worldly common sense.  
I make a prayerful reconnaissance  
into other men's disbelief  
to find presentiments of a dual betrayal.

Soapy amicability pleases good men  
who queue for it and keep it safe.

---



*A collective sexual fantasy about worth is generally considered the organizing principle, failure its gracious form. Or, according to G. Simmel, "we call those objects valuable that resist our desire to possess them." The Comtessa preferred success and no resistance.*

*Although a broom (balais) isn't exactly a bomb (petard), the fusion of the clichés and the trace of metonymy hopefully work to show the right sign of the situation. As such, I've left out Floris, and will do so again, but for good reason. See note to III.*

## II 'A chanter m'er de so qu'ieu non volria'

Volleyed from my inward chant by taunts  
direct from his rank *sui juris* amity (*cui bono?*),  
I, a rejectamenta in the cortège of love, roll along  
the vale of small mercies, bound to a cheat.  
*Nemo dat* etc. which is you, me, him, worse than perfidy.

What more could so connote a failed scene  
of captive angst? Not loving you less  
than one doomed *aimante* did another,  
you ogle the parvenus while on my mettle  
I vent, etched in superior Pyrrhic victory.

I'm ill-inclined to song, but rich in qualia  
that recollect my savage ferrous core,  
worthy of all men strangled by a charm.

—

*Ignoring the evolved sense distinctions between charm, chant, and sing, I've gone for the jugular of etymology. The lovers referred to in the original are Seguin and Valensa, hero and heroine of a now-lost romance. This complex of amorous loss—within and without the canso—would be, in F. Schlegel's terms, a coarse irony, i.e., found in the real nature of things. Otherwise, why bother?*

## III 'Estat ai en greu cossirier'

Grey is the colour of the state I'm in.  
My guts cavil love's conjured sobriquet.  
*Carmen et error!* The sword lay a trap I failed:  
I really slept, clothed, and stand in vestiges of regret.

Barest arms hold heady breasts so  
call to all a hold on the chevauchee.  
I'm handing you a form of life-like skull,  
its grieving flesh, its orbits corded flame.

There's a kind of friend who rings you  
like a jaguar. Know that power? It's mine  
over you, who can grasp a predatory wish  
or grandiose talent for consuming one after another.

---

*The pair of lovers mentioned in the original are Blancaflor and Floris, heroine and hero of another lost romance. In the accumulation of two lost romances, and the obvious floral euphemism, we have an irony extra-fine. Where I've displaced the vernacular, I've done a mild injustice to the Latin inheritance through the figure of the Knight, to keep things even.*

#### IV 'Fin joi me don' alegranssa'

I've ingress to a double court of bliss, tho'  
crosswise blow false adverse fans of knives.  
Our non-potent honour code's gone pensive,  
lousy with maledictions. The escalade merely  
adds a truism to the heightened gaiety of love's strife.

Out, wretched confidantes, agents, spies  
who so resemble puffed-up clouds  
that steal Sol's authentic claim to shine!

Here comes a marital tornado:  
No more 'Me Tarzan, you Jane.'  
For cogent imagoes of youth + joy  
I quit this parlous jail of rumours  
whose pleasure bends one way  
to doleful male refuse.

---

*I surmise that a tornado (for tornada) was the kind of envoy the Comtessa wanted: twisting, quick, and deadly.*

# Traductions de poème #764 (Franklin) d'Emily Dickinson

Leah Sharzer

## Traduction verticale

Ma Vie était restée - une Chargée Arme -  
Dans les Coins - jusqu'à un Jour  
Le Propriétaire est passé - identifiée -  
Et a M'emportée -

Et maintenant Nous errons dans des Souverains Bois -  
Et maintenant Nous chassons la Biche -  
Et chaque fois que Je parle pour Lui  
Les Montagnes direct répondent -

Et si Je souris, tellement de la cordiale lumière  
Sur la vallée luit -  
Il est comme si un Vesuvien visage  
A laissé son plaisir se montrer -

Et quand dans la Nuit - Notre bonne Journée terminée -  
Je garde de Mon Maître la Tête -  
C'est mieux que de l'Eider  
L'Oreiller Profond - d'avoir partagé -

À l'ennemi de Lui - Je suis mortelle ennemie -  
Aucun ne bouge la deuxième fois -  
Sur qui Je pose un Jaune Oeil -  
Ou un emphatique Pouce -

Bien que Je qu'Il - puisse plus longtemps vivre  
Il plus longtemps doit - que Je -  
Car Je n'ai que le pouvoir de tuer,  
Sans - le pouvoir de mourir -



## Traduction rythmétrique

Ma Vie était - une Arme Pleine -  
À l'Angle - jusqu'au Jour  
Le Patron passe - identifie -  
Et il M'a emportée -

Et là On erre aux Bois Souverains -  
Et là On chasse une Biche -  
Et chaque fois Je dis pour Lui  
Le Mont répond direct -

Et si Je ris, la lumière gaie  
Luit tant Sur la Vallée -  
C'est comme si le grand Vésuve  
A montré son plaisir -

Et quand la Nuit - Le Jour fini -  
Je garde Maître Tête -  
C'est mieux que d'avoir partagé  
Le Coussin de l'Eider -

À Ses ennemis - Je suis mortelle -  
Aucun ne se réveille -  
Sur qui Je pose un Oeil Jauni -  
Ou un Pouce emphatique -

Si Je que Lui - vis plus longtemps  
Il vivra plus - que Moi -  
Car je ne peux qu'assassiner,  
Je ne - peux pas mourir -

## How the Dickinson Translations Came About

These translations developed out of my studies at Université Paris VIII. In the *vertical* translation, I try to reproduce the method Pierre Klossowski used in translating Virgil's *L'Énéide* (*The Aeneid*). The term *vertical* comes from Michel Foucault's 1964 article "Les mots qui saignent" ("Words that Bleed") in which he admires this innovative translation, marveling at the way the Latin falls drop by drop onto the French. At the time, I understood this to mean that Klossowski kept the Latin syntax in his French text. It was later pointed out to me that that would be an interlinear translation, and that Klossowski's text is more sophisticated. So my *vertical* translation ends up simply running "My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—" through the interlinear machine of English syntax.

The *rhythmical* translation responds to ideas about poetry and rhythm developed in Henri Meschonnic's book *Critique du rythme*. I attempt to translate Dickinson's common, or hymn, metre—alternating lines of iambic tetrametre and trimetre, as in the hymn "Amazing Grace"—into an "equivalent" French metre. My *rhythmical* translation is written in the "popular" metre of French poetry: *l'octosyllabe* (8 syllables per line), which belongs to a very different tradition than the "noble" *Alexandrine* (12 syllables, divided 6 || 6).

Translation is said to be a melancholy art. Something, necessarily, must be lost. If you keep the meaning, you kill the sound; if you hold onto sound, meaning goes. In the *vertical* translation I gave up almost all sound, as well as a significant amount of meaning. Readers and listeners tend to prefer the *rhythmical* translation. The octosyllabic rhythm carries a force similar to the one Dickinson produces with common metre. This rhythm orients us, even when sound and meaning have been transformed.

# from *Dark Matter*

enriKetta Luissi

*Translated by Danielle LaFrance*

Feliz Matrimonio

of the extirpation of Her rib  
is born Adam the Sterile

of liver and pancreas two clones of Adam  
also sterile

the world calls them Adam 1 and Adam 2

necessary extirpations for the birth of  
Adam the Fertile progresses “n” times until She is reduced  
to the hypothalamus

like this genesis



## Cupid in Chastity Belt

history of hysteria and more hysteria  
the cliché of grinding the heart

in dole ovum oval restructure  
kissing cancels radicals  
gesticulate pigeons in ostrich  
chrome nipples phosphates and etcetera  
the platinum bell fairies in hummingbirds

in zero degrees Kelvin suture scrub

(Javier, from Barthes retains  
"That morning in ... the bay  
... motionless  
thinking about the absence")

in electro-massages murder their dead  
(here is Love in Negative)

black semen sweat  
*welcome to Nevermore   never more   never more   let's prey   let's aire*  
*o   oare*

at the police station   broken promise

## SIRENS

in Budapest a woman confesses she loves me  
this is on copula and likes to lie every morning  
(at six thirty seven exactly)

the putrefied hand of San Esteban  
trivializes foie gras of Bock and smoked catfish of Corinthia

she carries a red incandescent hemisphere equal to mine

I propose to throw ourselves to the Danube from the Chain Bridge  
she answers it is early for that

we dived more to not leave ourselves never

# Two poems

## Mackenzie Ground

mend in the balsam

tourists visit our camp  
mark our noted authenticity  
note our marked authenticity  
lacking there  
never hunted môswa  
just books with  
prose statements that shatter me  
this existence  
the struggle of guilt  
never feel political enough  
never feel anonymous enough  
never  
    establish  
                a sense  
                    of  
                        normal

feel deceitful hearing of agamemnon  
as i stumble through ceremony

words lie lie lie lieke poetry  
words coddle meaning  
words hide  
try to soothe the dark black bark notch  
in my soul

tourists who  
make my thread turn sour  
the skin pull taught  
the beat pushshove me away  
discuss the indigenous  
dis the individual



use barbed narratives of  
the disingenuous  
and the disindigenous  
though grow up westernthroated  
i creedreamed dark coats of memories

so i know the mâyimitosak  
before i knew their names  
rough looking we are  
notches deep grooves  
blacks  
the greatest array of greys  
yellows greens and oranges lush  
rough and ugly

but deeper than all  
the books ive read  
there is the most giving inner bark

so i will heal this black notch  
in my chest  
nuture  
use salves of  
cobwebs and buddy resins  
kin of catkins connect

in the rustle of the leaves  
to light the ceremony again

and for the wâwâskesiw who  
gave me his back  
to drum sound out again

in the rustle of the leaves  
to light the ceremony again

i will pull taught  
this notch  
rough bark  
to drum the sound out again

breaths of love

how do you do your research

yōū

dō

body

story

gōōd

elōngating doing

beginning

first law in first breath

ḃṛṇ in our sounds

ḥṛṇΔṇ

hold the tongue

press the lungs           o

o

o

possessive problems

memōries of trying to hear anōther's tongue

vōcal chōrds

lungs

breath

synch the sounds

differentiate sounds

know sounds

do sounds

ow ow

now now

know know

but do do

hold the hand to throat   oat oat

to cōōrdinate vibrations

reverberations

of first breath

◁◁◁◁  
◁◁▷▽

▷

▷

ō

ōō

ow

not first not last

◁◁ in between

preen vowels

rarely listening to

stories or stories or stories or stories ◁◁

our stories our stories our stories our stories ◁◁

breathe the paper alive b"◁◁◁◁

away

a way

stay with the brokenness b"◁◁◁◁

because we love you

put breath

ask

struggle

the life of words

we give

breathe on those kindling questions b"◁◁◁◁

◁◁

how to keep the breath

◁◁'s sound

as living

document

from first ◁

to last ▷



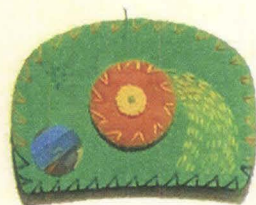
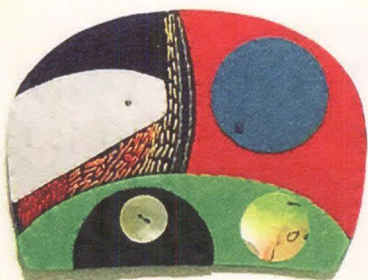
all the breaths love and communication inbetween  
 breaths on paper  
 breaths we share  
 wahkohtohk  
 the ▷▷▷▷  
 connections  
 ʔ"Δ▷° compounds

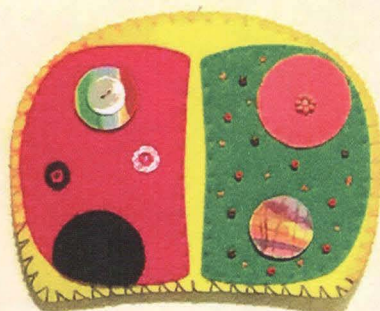
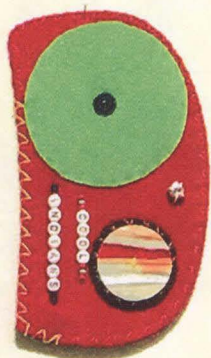
love in the breath out  
breath in

take my  $\triangleright \mathfrak{b}^{\#}\triangleleft \mathfrak{r}^{\wedge}\mathfrak{c}\Delta\cdot$   
 that round compound  
 relation marker  
 $\mathfrak{z}^{\#}\Delta\mathfrak{c}$   
 to love each and one another

# Ovoid Traces

Charlene Vickers

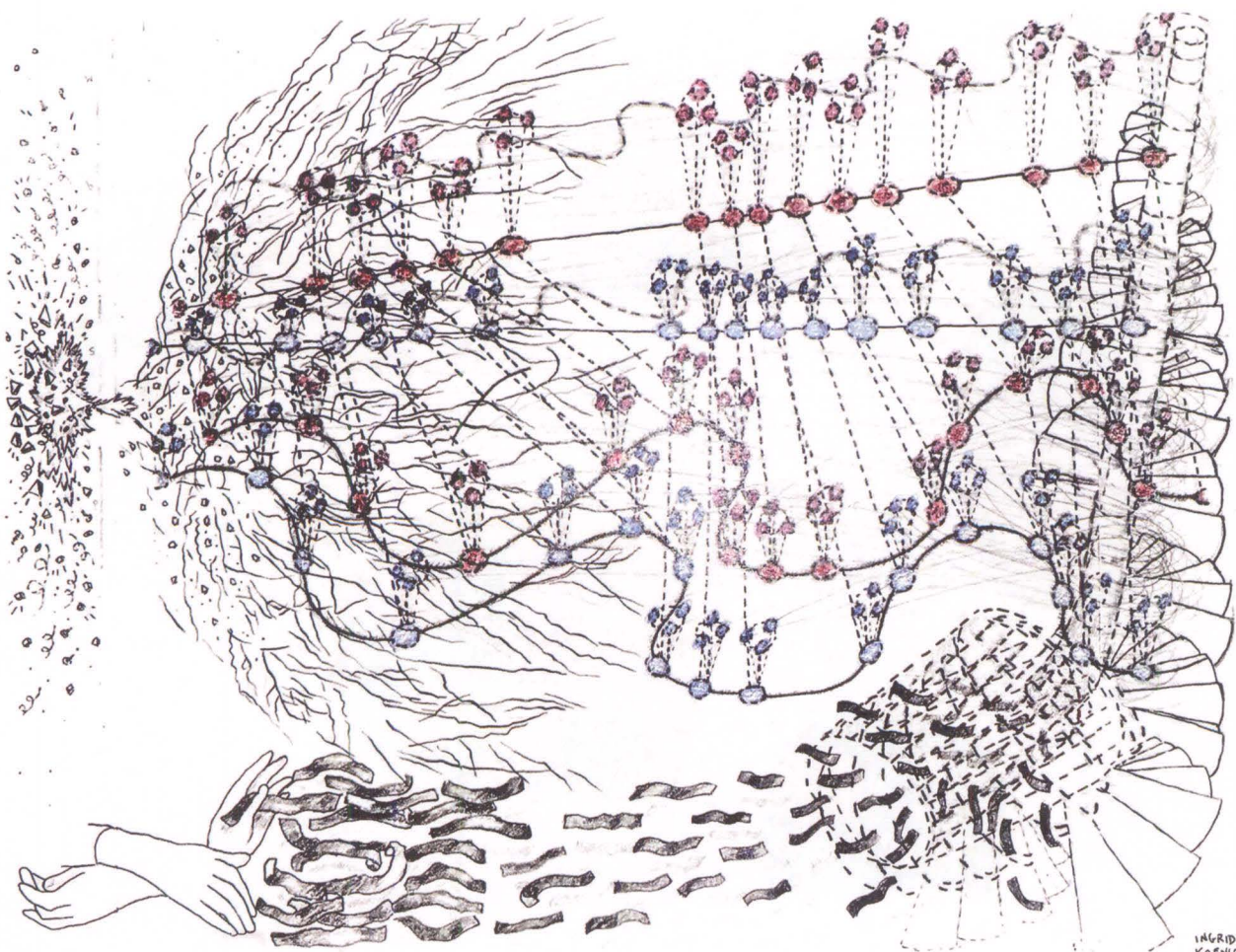






# Relatively (the chance encounters that build reasoning)

Ingrid Koenig



# Supertramp O-PS

Valérie Tremblay



# attempting stillness

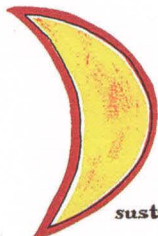
Sheinagh Anderson





# Bird Gong Game

Barry Guy



bird gong game · written for an absent soloist. (until the concert day) 1992 in Alan Davis

**V** flute-obo-clarinet-trumpet (sord)

sotto voce

pp

optional

ppp

the game consists of four sections identified by the signs  $\nabla$  (tutti),  $\square$  (mobile),  $\uparrow$  (solo), and  $\rangle$  (sustained). there are additional signs  $\sim$  (free choice of order),  $\odot$  (end), and  $\odot$  (start). the wild card sign invites the performer to react to the sounds around. i.e. imitation, opposition, mediation or nothing at all. for  $\odot$ , also later, maybe the director will show cards to indicate which section is to be played and in some cases solo play, but the soloist has the option to end or extend any section as necessary. the piece, whilst exactly scored should have a spontaneous quality. graphic and colour suggestions should be interpreted freely with respect to the music. the mobile may be started at any point and the player may move horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, on each repetition it is requested that a new starting point be chosen.

## necessary procedures:

the piece should begin and end with  $\nabla$ , i.e. the tutti unison section with flute, oboe, bass clarinet and percussion. this section might stop and continue at the director's discretion. there should be two tany-tany/piano duos introduced and terminated by a solo trumpet. the sign for this is  $\odot$ .

$\sim$  = free choice of order.

**I** flute-obo-clarinet-trumpet-pere (can sord)

$p/mop$

**II**

sostenuto e solve

fl.  $p$

ob.  $p$

cl.  $p$

tr. (sord)  $p$

**III**

con spirito.

fl. a b a a b a

ob. a b a a b a

cl. ha ha a ba ha a

**IV**

con forza.

fl. a a a a

ob. a b a a

cl. a b a a

1992

# Un Coup de Des

Barry Guy

## UN COUP DE DÉS

Barry Guy 1994  
for the HILLIARD ENSEMBLE

UN COUP DE DÉS - JAMAIS - SOIT - LE MAÎTRE - N'ABOLIRA - COMME SI - COMME SI - SI - LE HASARD - RIEN - N'AURA EU LIEU - QUE LE LIEU - EXCEPTÉ - PEUT-ÊTRE - UNE CONSTELLATION

PPp slow

PP slow

mf faster

f

ff

fast returning to slow

1G 2G 3G 4G 5G 6G

1D 2D 3D 4D 5D 6D

UN COUP DE DÉS - JAMAIS - SOIT - LE MAÎTRE - N'ABOLIRA - COMME SI - COMME SI - SI - LE HASARD - RIEN - N'AURA EU LIEU - QUE LE LIEU - EXCEPTÉ - PEUT-ÊTRE - UNE CONSTELLATION

EXCEPTÉ - PEUT-ÊTRE - UNE CONSTELLATION

UN COUP DE DÉS - JAMAIS - SOIT - LE MAÎTRE - N'ABOLIRA - COMME SI - COMME SI - SI - LE HASARD - RIEN - N'AURA EU LIEU - QUE LE LIEU - EXCEPTÉ - PEUT-ÊTRE - UNE CONSTELLATION - TOUTE PENSÉE ÉMET UN COUP DE DÉS.

A DICE-THROW - NEVER - WHETHER - THE MASTER - WILL ABOLISH - AS IF - AS IF - IF - CHANCE - NOTHING - WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE - EXCEPT THE PLACE - EXCEPT - PERHAPS - A CONSTELLATION - EVERY THOUGHT GIVES OFF A DICE-THROW.

© BARRY GUY 1994



# WGG II-10

Barry Guy

WGG II-10. **iw** Barry Guy 1994.

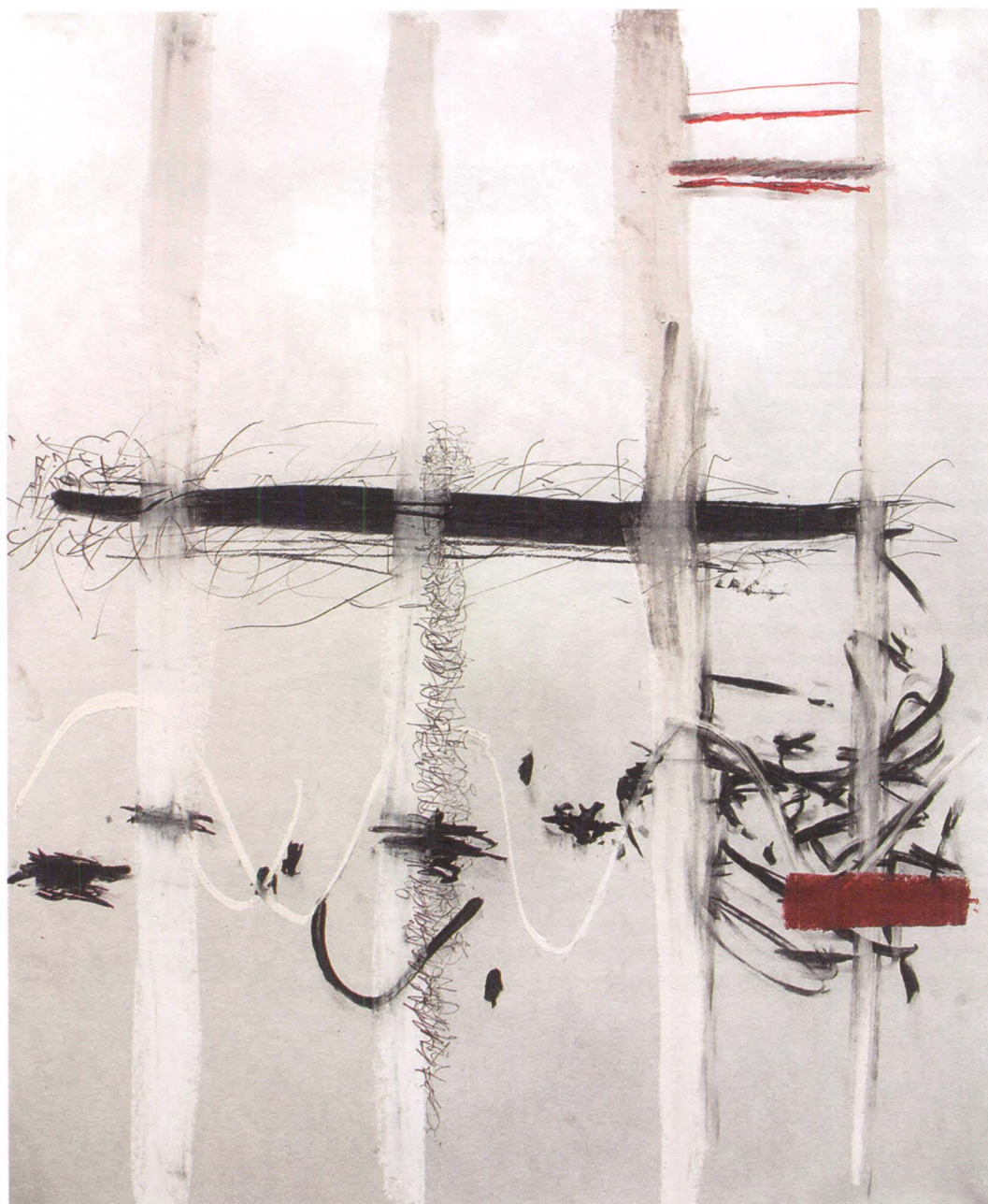
with thanks to Alan Davis for Wtch Gong No.10 and text



# from *Intranquillités*:

*c'est en liesse* (2014: for flute, clarinet, piano, violin, & cello)

Symon Henry











# Riel's Composition

Michael Barnholden

My friend Brad Mix, who is Métis from Manitoba now living in Tacoma Washington, showed me a photocopy of a manuscript that had been passed down to him by his mother, who was the granddaughter of Charles Sauvé (1859–1932). The Sauvé family had lived next door to the Riels in St. Vital and the two families had been close. In fact Charles Sauvé, along with Louis Lavallée, who had been married to Riel's sister Octavie, had been sent by the Métis National Committee to bring Riel's body back to St. Boniface after his execution in Regina on 16 November 1885. Sauvé had also likely been in Regina during Riel's trial for High Treason during the summer of 1885.

Brad was paying someone to translate this handwritten, 156-page poor-quality copy of Sauvé's notebook. The translator was having great difficulty and progress was slow. I immediately volunteered to help, and was able to complete the project fairly quickly, I think because I was familiar with the material and had experience working on handwritten Métis documents from that era.<sup>1</sup> This was an exciting document that I had not encountered in my visits to the Métis Historical Society archive in St. Boniface, where the original notebook has resided since being donated by a relative of Brad's in the 1990s.

Sauvé recorded in French the two lengthy speeches that Riel delivered in English at his trial. He also transcribed exhibits 7, 8, 10, 12, 15, and 16 as presented at the trial. After the trial-related material, there is a 64-line, 8-verse poem titled "Riel's Composition." I was aware that Riel had written poetry for most of his life. I was also aware that very little had been published while he was alive. After his death, other than two publications, one by his family in 1886<sup>2</sup> and a volume of juvenilia in 1977<sup>3</sup>—both in French—and a *Selected*<sup>4</sup> in English translation in 1997 (all in paper by small presses) there was only *The Collected*

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1 Gabriel Dumont, *Gabriel Dumont Speaks*, trans. Michael Barnholden, revised edition, (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 2009).

2 Louis David Riel, *Poésies religieuses et politiques*, (Montreal: 1886).

3 Louis David Riel, *Poésies de jeunesse*, (St. Boniface: Les Editions du Blé, 1977).

4 Louis David Riel, *Selected Poetry of Louis Riel*, trans. Paul Savoie, ed. Glen Campbell, (Toronto: Exile Editions, 1997).

*Writings of Louis Riel*, edited by historian G.F.G. Stanley, that could claim the sort of authority I was looking for. I wanted to see for myself, and in particular, I wanted to see how the book dealt with the poem I had just encountered.

In fact the poem “Riel’s Composition” that I translated for Brad Mix was not in the *Collected*, at least not the complete 64-line version. Twelve lines of a song with no title but the first line “Trois Corps Humains” appear as the last entry in the appendix. The text is of a song sung by Rosalie Poitras née Lagimodière, transcribed by Mgr. Antoine d’Eschambault, the president of the Société Historique de St. Boniface from 1933–1960. Rosalie Poitras learned the song from her husband Jean Marie, who had learned the song from his first wife, Louis Riel’s sister Henriette (1861–1891).

What follows is a careful transcription (including errors) of “Riel’s Composition” from Sauvé’s handwritten manuscript, accompanied by my translation.

## Composition de Riel

1

Il faut rendre célèbre  
Ce triste champs des morts,  
Salut place funèbre  
Où j’aperçois trois corps.  
Ces disponibles mortelles  
Feraient verser des pleurs  
L’amentons-nous pour elles  
Dans leur derniers malheurs.

2

En les voyant – j’éprouve  
Une sentiment d’effroi  
Un corps humain se trouve  
Toujours le corps d’un roi  
L’homme est roi par son âme  
Et ses idées d’honneurs  
Nous savons que la femme  
Est reine par son coeur

## Riel’s Composition

1

We must celebrate  
These sad fields of death  
Salute this funereal plot  
Where I see three bodies  
Those deathly remains  
Make our tears flow  
We cry for them  
In their final agony

2

Seeing them I am stricken  
With feelings of horror  
The human body is  
Always the body of a king  
Man is king because of his soul  
And his ideas of honour  
We know that woman  
Is queen because of her heart

3

Victimes de la guerre  
 Je vous plains je vous vois  
 C'est moi qui les enterre  
 Au bout de trois longs mois  
 Vous appeaisez la rage  
 La grande faim des loups  
 Assez longtemps l'orage  
 S'est abbatu sur vous.

4

Mille a su vous surprendre  
 Mais vous en retraitsnt  
 Vous avez bien su rendre  
 Le souffle en vous battant.  
 Vous avez vu la poudre  
 Eclater avec bruit  
 Et comme un coup de foudre  
 Se plonger dans la nuit.

5

Le bronze de batailles  
 A déjà fuit hélas  
 Pour vous des funeraillles  
 Il a donné vos glas  
 Vous avez eu la gloire  
 De mourir en guerriers  
 Le jardin de l'histoire  
 A pour vous des lauriers

3

Victims of the war  
 I see you and I pity you  
 It is I who bury them  
 For three long months  
 You survived their rage  
 The great hunger of wolves  
 Since the fury of the storm  
 Came down upon you

4

You were surprised by thousands  
 But you are in retreat  
 You have done very well  
 You are still breathing  
 You have seen the gun powder  
 Explode like thunder  
 And like a cannon shot  
 You plunge into the night

5

Those with battle medals  
 Have already fled alas  
 For you there are funerals  
 Your death bell rings  
 You have the glory  
 Of the death of a warrior  
 In the garden of history  
 Your laurels await



6

Oh! que ma main est fière  
D'inhumir des héros  
Quand l'air frais la poussière  
Vient carreser leurs os  
Tu me prête ta bêche  
Jérôme pour ouvrir  
La terre dure et sèche  
don't il faut les couvrir.

### La 7ieme marque

Nous sommes trois personnes  
Pour en enterrer trois  
Nos sympathies sont bonnes  
Et louables je crois  
Daniel Dumas, tu creuse  
Leurs fausses avec moi  
Mes pensées généreuses  
Doivent parler de toi.

8

Puisque ta femme Elise  
Vient t'aider jusqu'ici  
Il convient que je dise  
Un mot pour elle aussi  
Que la Bon Dieu vous fasse  
Ainsi qu'à moi Riel  
D'heureux jours et la grace  
De parvenir au ciel.

6

Oh let my hand be strong  
When I bury our heroes  
While the air cools  
Before their bones are dust  
Lend me your shovel  
Jerome to open  
The hard dry earth  
A final cover for them

### The 7th part

We are three  
To bury three  
Our thoughts are good  
And honourable I believe  
Daniel Dumas you dig  
Their graves with me  
My thoughts are generous  
When I speak of you

8

Since your wife Elise  
Came to help you here  
It is right that I should say  
A word for her as well  
May the good lord give you  
As well as me Riel  
Happy days and grace  
When we reach heaven

It seems quite plausible that Henriette would have seen Sauvé's notes shortly before or shortly after her brother's execution, as she was involved in the publication of *Poesies: Religieuses et Politiques*, the posthumous publication of eight poems written by Louis "David" Riel. This 52-page, 15-cent chapbook was published by L'Etendard of Montreal in early 1886. The editor/publisher Abraham Guay included a note to explain that he felt that the certification and authorization of members of Riel's family was necessary to reassure the public of their authenticity. Riel's widowed mother Julie and widowed wife Marguerite, along with brothers Joseph and Alexandre, as well as sisters Octavie and Henriette, authenticated the engraving of Louis "David" Riel on 12 January 1886 in St. Vital and Riel's uncle John Lee did the same in Montreal on 24 February 1886. On a separate page Joseph and Alexandre certified that Guay was authorized to publish the book. On page 33 Joseph, Alexandre, and Henriette attested that the poem "Reconnaissance" on that page was written and composed by Riel. The final page of the book contains yet another statement by the brothers Joseph and Alexandre and the sisters Octavie and Henriette.

This is my translation of the song handed down through the Poitras family.

### three dead bodies

three dead bodies

I found them in their last moments  
lend me yr shovel Jerome if you would  
the earth is hard and dry  
but it must cover them

we are three who must bury these three others  
our hearts are good and true I believe  
Daniel Dumas you dig the dirt with me  
Since yr wife has come to help us here  
it is right that I should say a word for her  
Man is king because of his soul and his code of honour  
we know woman is queen because of her heart.  
On the field of battle there are tears of sadness  
I take my penknife and dip it in my blood  
to write to my mother my good dear mother  
when she receives this letter written in my blood

her soul will burst with tears her heart will stop  
she will fall to the ground on her knees and say  
“My children, pray for yr brother  
                                who has died with his regiment”  
Death my most dear mother, each death in its turn  
a brave death is the best death  
we all must die one day

The last eleven lines are a departure from the Sauvé text and are taken from the preceding entry in the appendix, titled here “On the Field of Battle,” and elsewhere as “Riel’s Song” and “Riel’s Farewell.” The text is transcribed from a 1957 field recording of Joseph Gaspard Jeannotte, a Métis living in Lebret Saskatchewan, done by Barbara Cass-Begg. Father Rufin Turcotte did the transcription for the 1963 publication *Eight Songs of Saskatchewan* and the Folkways LP *Folksongs of Saskatchewan*. Four years later Cass-Beggs published a somewhat different text in *Seven Métis Songs of Saskatchewan*. Jeannotte told Cass-Beggs that the song had been written while Riel was being held in prison in Regina between 16 May and 16 November 1885.<sup>5</sup> Twenty years later Jeannotte was recorded singing “Riel’s Song” with somewhat different lyrics. In 1969 Henri Letourneau recorded Jean Rosalie Lafrenière singing a variant titled “On the field of Battle.” Both the singer and collector indicate the song was by Riel.<sup>6</sup> A third recording titled “Louis Riel’s Song” was made in 1984 by Joe Venne who learned the song from his uncle Patrice Monet dit Bellehumeur, the brother of Riel’s wife Marguerite.<sup>7</sup>

The point I am getting to is that the editor of the collected poems, Glen Campbell, doubts that Riel wrote the song, and in a note to the 1984 publication of "Riel's Farewell" Edith Fowke notes that the Deputy Editor of *The Collected Writings*, Tom Flanagan, suggests that the song was not in Riel's style and that it was "more probable that it was composed by one of Riel's followers using a traditional pattern and an old French tune."

In my opinion Flanagan suffers from a severe case of "confirmation bias,"

5 His recording can be heard here: <http://citizenfreak.com/titles/315100-compilation-folk-songs-of-saskatchewan>.

6 [http://archiveshsb.mb.ca/en/list?q=%2BsetName:%22Henri%20L%C3%A9on%22%20%2BObjectType:%22documents%20sonores%22%20%2Bsrc:Archives&p=2&ps=20&sort=title\\_sort%20asc](http://archiveshsb.mb.ca/en/list?q=%2BsetName:%22Henri%20L%C3%A9on%22%20%2BObjectType:%22documents%20sonores%22%20%2Bsrc:Archives&p=2&ps=20&sort=title_sort%20asc) starting at 2 - 30:05.

<sup>7</sup> Venne's rendition was self-recorded and collected by Donald Deschenes and is held in the Centre Franco-Ontarien de Folklore at the University of Sudbury, but not available on their digital archive.



referring to Riel's English language poetry as "doggerel." Given a choice between two opinions of Riel's poetry offered by Riel's classmates, he prefers the worst. Eustache Prud'homme, who published some of Riel's work while Riel was still alive and stayed in touch with him, says he was "an excellent poet," whereas Dr. J.O. Mousseau in his 1886 book *Une Page D'Histoire*, a remembrance of Riel, says:

Sometimes he cultivated the Muses, or sought to bestride Pegasus, but I must confess at once that this illustrious steed proved rather too stubborn, and he was never able to ride him in a skillful manner, that is to say, Louis Riel never was able to produce even a short piece of poetry bearing the mark of good style or sound criticism.

This quote is the beginning and pretty much the end of the critical reception of Riel's poetry. Further to Flanagan's bias: "I finished my biography of Riel, worked on the collected edition of his writings, and published a book debunking his role as hero of the North-West Rebellion."<sup>8</sup>

Perhaps strangely, given what I have said, I am somewhat in agreement with Flanagan's assessment of Riel's Song. Folklorist Phil Thomas traces the song to the French language folk song "The Blood Letter."<sup>9</sup> According to Thomas, Conrad Laforte's Catalogue<sup>10</sup> lists 56 examples collected in eight provinces, including Quebec and two New England states. It is quite likely that Riel would have encountered the song in New England or Quebec and brought it west, adapting it to his own situation. It is not hard to imagine Riel in the four days after the fall of Batoche, before he surrendered to two of Middleton's scouts, softly singing "Riel's Song" to comfort those Métis who were still beside him.

I would suggest that Riel was the singer who arranged and popularized his version of "Riel's Song," and the Sauvé text lends credence to this point of view. To question the authorship of "The Fields of Battle" or "Riel's Farewell" is to miss the point: this is "Riel's Song." I can imagine, in the four days after the battle of Batoche when Riel was visiting the camps of warriors and their families, while considering whether to surrender or escape, he would sing this song.

---

8 Thomas Flanagan, "Legends of the Calgary School: Their Guns, Their Dogs, and the Women Who Love Them," in *Hunting and Weaving: Empiricism and Political Philosophy*, ed. Thomas Heilke and John von Heyking (South Bend, Indiana: St. Augustine's Press, 2013), p. 26.

9 Philip J. Thomas, *The "Louis Riel Song": A Perspective*, *Canadian Folk Music Journal* Vol. 21, p. 26.

10 Conrad Laforte, *Catalogue de la chanson folklorique française* (1977-87).

# Trois poèmes de Louis Cabri

Steve Savage

## 1 BRANDADA

Une liste de sociétés fictives pressenties pour participer au montage du Grand Pipeline Canadien (GPC)

Une traduction de :

*"An Alphabet of Canada's Changing Role in Global Supply Chains of Syllables"*

Le groupe Quétal	[QC, AB]
La société Coloba Canada enregistrée	[BC, MB]
Konut Canada Limited	[YT, NU]
Wan Yu Corp.	[SK, YT]
Ardbec industries	[PE, QC]
Riobec ltée	[ON, QC]
Prince Dorwick Inc.	[PE, NL, NB]
Saniwan Corporation	[SK, MB]
Sables Albert & Rita Sands Intl	[AB, BC]
Ontno	[ON, NT]
Brute Ltd	[NB, NL]
Manier Canada incorporée	[MB, AB]
Ressources Sascol et Fils Limitée	[SK, BC]
Les entreprises Tenor 3000	[NT, NL]

Note du traducteur : Les mots du poème-source évoquaient pour moi des minières. Tous les noms de la traduction sont composés majoritairement de syllabes provinciales et territoriales.

Suggestions pour la lecture : Lire *ltée*, *Intl* et *Ltd* lettre par lettre. Ne pas lire les symboles des provinces (QC, AB, etc.).

## 2 CHOMSKY ALPIN DE GRAINS ENTIERS ou QUATRE CHAISES COMPTABLES

Une traduction de :

*"Colourless Green Bean-Counting"*

– *Wow! C'est une nouvelle entrée?*

– *Non, c'est une sortie rénouvée.*

... sont des mots qui vont *trré* bien ensemble, *trré* bien ensemble.

L'idiot

Le village

L'idiot du village

*Ouais.*

Le riche propriétaire terrien

Sa rebelle-fille

... sont des mots qui vont *trin* bien ensemble, *trin* bien ensemble.

*L'histoire*

*Liste noire*

*Ouais.* Sont des mots qui vont *trèsse* bien ensemble, *trèsse* bien ensemble.

Dans le tract touristique :

Des Cités d'or.

Le *Perumier* ministre Harpeur.

Le Harponneur dit « ça élance » dans la chaise du dentiste.

Les Grandes Baleines Canadiennes baignent dans la chaise du dentiste.

Les Snow Birds partent en vrille dans la chaise du dentiste.



*Les oiseaux se cachent pour mourir* dans la chaise du dentiste.

Ouais. Sont des mots qui vont *tourouwwais* bien ensemble, *tourouwwais* bien ensemble.

Standard & Poor.

« Étalon peu doué. » (Google Translate)

... sont des mots qui vont *triais* bien ensemble, *triais* bien ensemble.

*Ment-eur*

*Faut-euil*

Ouais. Sont des mots qui vont *traize* bien ensemble, *traize* bien ensemble.

### 3 PAS PROCHE S'APPROCHE ou LISTE D'ILLOGISMES

Une traduction de :

*"Likeless finds a likeness {non sequitur}"*

Pas proche comme V  
Fait B comme C comme D  
Le b fait d miré  
Fait qu'B, pas P, pas T

Pas proche comme S  
Fait N comme L comme R  
Le n fait u viré  
Fait qu'n pas F, pas M

Pas proche comme E  
Fait A comme H comme K  
Le A fait V muté  
Fait qu'A, pas H, pas K

Pas proche comme U  
Fait i comme x comme j  
Grand i p'tit L pareils  
Fait qu'i pas x, pas j

# From *The Penguin Book of Japanese Vers*

Tim Atkins

Lady Ishikawa  
Reply to Prince Otsu

The status of any artwork  
Whatever claims are made for its political activity  
Is necessarily altered by whether it is or could be sold  
And to whom —  
These elements are part of a context of a work of art  
And should affect its reading  
Oh my love

Prince Otsu  
Letter Exchanged with Lady Ishikawa

This is the destination of my poem

*The shed*  
*The lecture*  
*The panel*  
*The heart*

As for the hand  
However it enters steadily  
All artists are artists  
In spite of their art



A Court Lady  
On The Death of Emperor Tenji

セントラルラインはホワイトシティから地上を走るの、この時期青空を見ながら通勤するのはとても幸せ。でも今週末にサマータイムが始まるんだな。

Because the Central

Line runs the  
ground from  
White City  
While looking at this

Timewise blue sky

Commuting very happiness

So now weekend  
the daylight-saving  
time starts

it is the shelf

## #2 Prince Kinashi No Karu

旦那のお友達滞在中。ゆきが寝てる間に到着してリビングで寝てる彼を見て「だでーのっとぜあ!」といいつつ無視してDVDを観、彼がおきて話をしだした瞬間に後ずさりして逃げ出し、ベッドルームで「あいどんうおんてっー」と泣き出した。実に面白い。

While I sleep in the snow arrived

A friend of her husband during their stay

I sleep in the living room

A DVD ignored him  
you have to back away at the moment

to see him in “The T-unit tax!”

Him sleeping in the living room to see

Between the arrival of snow is sleeping

He was going to talk

Catering stepped back and escaped  
and began to cry

A really interesting  
While watching bedroom  
In the bedroom

Was moved to tears  
And Will  
Between the arrival of snow is sleeping

Will add “iron”

# Two Poems

Samira Negrouche

*translated by Marilyn Hacker*

## Gida

At Taverna Slavia  
a shadow  
the streetcar slides  
across an evanescent backdrop  
the sky is so grey and low  
that buildings' facades slip away  
and civilizations  
and inheritances  
only the sky imposing  
on the straight proud back

\*

Where does this woman come from who walks  
on the naked path  
who silently sings an unknown  
opera  
who gives birth to the mountain  
and returns to it?

\*

On the banks of the river that crosses  
Mozart  
the fog made me feel  
Gida's uneasy gaze



from her trees drowned in the Taksbet dam  
lost in a filiation  
that doesn't know  
her ballad

\*

That woman comes  
hands crossed behind her back  
face hard and welcoming  
she comes to Taverna Slavia  
and the steaming bowl begins to make sense  
the fog straightens my mountain-dweller's spine  
I open my body  
to what brings me back  
the olive-trees' jazz

### The Olive-Trees' Jazz

Before the sea/ the wind escapes  
from time  
gives to the swooning sun  
the taste of a switched-off lamp  
the sea always weighed down  
by its lurching steamers  
never on time  
not exactly in the right spot  
almost demure in the shadow  
of a storm  
before the sea, this timid day  
it was even a nocturnal day  
at a distant sun's zenith

sometimes before the sea it's  
a country grey with sunlight

\*

Before the sea/ like a book  
against the grain of time  
that took a snowy road  
the one where tomorrow  
where elsewhere  
tenderness waits for no star  
where the ancestors go off in the distance  
like oil flowing  
at its own rhythm

It's before the sea  
the promise  
the justification  
the gleam  
of a meter restarted from zero  
where everything begins and begins yet again  
to wash the grey away  
the sky's false grey

\*

After the sea  
my oil that measures  
and slows its spilling  
that takes the breath of its pulse  
that thinks each encounter  
has already changed a life  
has already given life  
has conquered the meter  
put back at zero  
all is to come  
to leave and return  
in the recaptured flow of the sea

# Ja, Ti, & te

Matea Kulić

*Ja\**

Famili-*Ja*  
Religi-*Ja*  
Tradici-*Ja*  
Energi-*Ja*  
Akci-*Ja*  
Komerci-*Ja*  
Industri-*Ja*  
Produkcij-*Ja*  
Destrukci-*Ja*  
Konstrukci-*Ja*  
Reprodukcij-*Ja*  
Duplikacij-*Ja*  
Kombinacij-*Ja*  
Mehanizacij-*Ja*  
Civilizacij-*Ja*  
Kolonizacij-*Ja*  
Asimilacij-*Ja*  
Edukacij-*Ja*  
Socijalizacij-*Ja*  
Komodifikacij-*Ja*  
Americanizacij-*Ja*  
De-regulacij-*Ja*  
Neo-liberalizacij-*Ja*  
Multi-nacionalizacij-*Ja*

*Ti\**

Materijal-*Ti*  
Singular-*Ti*  
Specijal-*Ti*  
Racional-*Ti*  
Individual-*Ti*  
Intelektual-*Ti*  
Profesional-*Ti*  
Ideal-*Ti*  
Fleksibilni-*Ti*  
Sensibilni-*Ti*  
Kompatibilni-*Ti*  
Digitalni-*Ti*  
Mobilni-*Ti*  
Konformni-*Ti*  
Uniformni-*Ti*  
Disciplinirani-*Ti*  
Asemblirani-*Ti*  
Modificirani-*Ti*  
Elastični-*Ti*  
Autentični-*Ti*  
Protetski-*Ti*  
Sintetski-*Ti*  
Kompleks-*Ti*  
Komplet-*Ti*



*te*\*

Zamislim <i>te</i>	=	(i)Imagine y(o)u
Osjetim <i>te</i>	=	(i)Feel y(o)u
Želim <i>te</i>	=	(i)Want y(o)u
Zovem <i>te</i>	=	(i)Call y(o)u

Vidim <i>te</i>	=	(i)See y(o)u
Mahnem <i>te</i>	=	(i)Greet y(o)u
Čujem <i>te</i>	=	(i)Hear y(o)u
Držim <i>te</i>	=	(i)Hold y(o)u

Dahnem <i>te</i>	=	(i)Breathe y(o)u
Taknem <i>te</i>	=	(i)Touch y(o)u
Sjetim <i>te</i>	=	(i)Remind y(o)u
Trebam <i>te</i>	=	(i)Need y(o)u

## Some Notes on *Ja*, *Ti*, & *te*

*Ja* and *Ti* were exercises in locating the subjects I (*Ja*) and You (*Ti*) in Serbo-Croatian.

While *Ja* proved persistent—from early beginnings in famil-*Ja* (family) to later iterations in multi-nacionalizaci-*Ja* (mutli-nationalism), following *Ti*'s trajectory—until the arrival of “Complete-You” in contemporary consumer discourse—was a dead end.

I saw myself in these two, first and second person pronouns, stuck in repetitive patterns and loops and sought a way out of the impasse.

In Serbo-Croatian, as in many other languages, any statement between subject and object (such as “I love you”) requires the transformation of both. *Ja* folds into the verb, while *Ti* declines to *te*, to indicate its objecthood.

I read *Ja* and *Ti*'s disappearance as signaling the lack required to either initiate movement towards an object (of desire) or accept the desire of another and translate this lack into English by bracketing both (i) and y(o)u so that the transformation from subject to object is apparent.

Somewhere I read that translation is an act of love. Writing *Ja* and *Ti* towards (i) and y(o)u, towards *te*, I consider how I am translated.

# Three Poems

**Lida Nosrati**

## In the interest of time

Let us not dwell on the fact that you've been humiliated chronically, your language criminalized, your child a guest at the holding centre because such facts are inconsequential anyway. Let us instead discuss the effects of acute humiliation on your del-e bi'arezoo (wishless heart), treat life as a non-adversarial process, for argument's sake, and try our best to rebel in reverse for no apparent or noble cause. Let us focus on learned helplessness, on normal responses to abnormal events, and remember that absence is proof of nothing, that chance is damaged beyond repair, that your fear is billable, and your evidence sufficiently normalized. Let us be courteous but not nice. Let us have the last word, and demonstrate that reason was unlawful, not unreasonable.

## Narrative answer to question 2(a)

I am a citizen of almost, and no other country. I appeared to be 24 in 1372. I take one pill a day for hyperthyroidism. I much prefer to be androgynous than undifferentiated. I have no distinguishing features; neither did the agent who assisted me cross over except for his bare shoulders polka-dotted from fire cupping—does that count as a tattoo? I have a life inside and a name you can change. I walk up the slide and not the ladder to slide back down—anyone who has read Latin-scripted books from right to left knows how much sense this makes. I cannot remain silent as a mainstream economist. I have had roommates who suffer from bad dreams because poisoned weapons were employed against them even though the Convention had prohibited the use of any material that causes unnecessary suffering (vs. necessary suffering? I wonder often).

I have not sought assistance from my country's authorities because according to your country's most trusted newspaper the authorities themselves are agents of persecution. This is an exact mathematical reality. Your country's prime minister recently lifted the visa requirement and to reciprocate the generosity my country's president announced he would fully reopen my country's market to your country's beef. Neither of these impacted me positively and I continue to live a precarious life, regardless of where I live.

I know that objects in mirror appear closer than they are. I know that time is not a friend of mine.

For all these reasons, I seek your protection.

\*You may notice narrative incoherence in my answer, which I understand according to experts in the esteemed field of psychiatry, is sign of a life veering off course. But I beg to differ because I have yet to see one coherent life.

## Designation

I have sometimes been described as a vexatious individual who would benefit from a “personalized directed interaction plan.” I never understood what that meant exactly. I was told my telephone calls were becoming excessive when all I did was call collect my lawyer’s office on my birthdays to hear a human voice on the special occasion. I suffered exudative retinal detachment, caused by trauma to the right eye. The guard beat me because I took a few extra minutes to pick a shirt that was less wrinkled, for proper court appearance. I forgave him because I realized he had a job to do, and I later found out he had many problems at home, marital issues, etc. I walk slowly and deliberately. I am unable to draw the hands of time and stare at the paper. I apologize in advance if parts of the text are illegible because I had to write in pencil—pen is considered a weapon here. I know you will most likely shred this without reading it too closely but I still appreciate the effort. Forever yours truly.



# see to see—

## Making Nothing Happen

David Marriott

The poet W.H. Auden once famously wrote: “poetry makes nothing happen: it survives in the valley of its making” (“In Memory of W.B. Yeats”). Anyone seeking to persuade or dissuade someone of the value of poetry could refer to such a line. Often, though, the accent too readily falls on the making happen as if the meaning of the nothing was already understood, as if everyone already knew what it would mean for poetry to survive insofar as it gives form to this nothing, this nothing which is nothing but itself, and can only happen so long as it occurs as such. However, what if this nothing is not plainly and distinctly understood, and this is precisely the reason we read poetry? To see in its experience the happenstance of a nothing grasped not as plenitude but as the emptying out of all content—I mean how could one know this nothing and *still speak to it* without introducing a parenthetical claim thereby?

I should add, though, that this line does not seem to require assent, and seems almost piously ironic in the way that it proffers a thought that refuses conviction while still trying to teach and illumine the limits of conviction. In this sense it reminds me all too well of much recent literary theoretical reasoning. But I would like to insist—despite or because of my naivety—that we read this nothing not as a symbol or path but as what follows from a making that one neither knows nor knows anything by, indeed as something almost inhuman. If poetry presents to us what it feels like to be nothing, to be less than the least, it is because it provides no definition of what this nothing is: neither sacral nor impious, neither political nor humanist, this would be a nothing that must, by definition, lie beyond the institutional forms of knowing and belief that have become enshrined as a literary culture of reading. Is this precisely why poetry is an event rather than a doctrine?

Let me offer an example. Among the many questions facing contemporary

poetic scholarship is the fact that too many leading critics act as if black poetry does not exist, as if it were nothing. I've even seen arguments to the effect that these critics know (the delusion of a conviction unredeemed by irony) what poetry is and much of black poetry is not 'it.' The racial piety of this criticism confirms the exclusionary history it narrates. It provides no definition of its value but nevertheless claims that it is concerned *with nothing but* the making of poems. It follows from this that these critics claim to know when poetry happens and that they possess true knowledge of what its making is. But what if the line above, as we have articulated it, were to refuse all such opinions, or any distinct (universalist pretense) white doctrine—would not the whole idea of poems, and the whole idea of reading poetry, not be changed?

.....

### **"Don't resist so hard you will only make it hurt more"**

Anahita Jamali Rad

Donato Mancini's newest release, *Same Diff*, is a compilation of language: of arguments, phrases, translations, "and stuff like that." In this work, he illuminates the ways in which society structures language and simultaneously how the particular structures of language in turn frame the ways in which we interact with one another.

*Same Diff* opens with a list of

translations of the word "welcome." Growing up in the multicultural heyday of the 90s, my friends and I would often scan similar lists of supposed acceptance found in airports, government institutions, schools, malls, and whatnot, in order to see if "our" languages were included. Because if lists like this are a representation of who is accepted into a particular society, they are also a representation of who is excluded. In Mancini's version, welcomes appear only from languages that represent populations currently at war or under siege, with special attention to North American indigenous languages, sandwiched between the colonial-imperialist languages, English and Latin. In this instance, the list is not framed as a supposed liberal inclusivity; rather, the inclusivity of the list is foregrounded by real systemic violences experienced by the speakers of the languages.

In "Self-Sufficient," Mancini takes seemingly banal phrases from colloquial English, the configurations of which represent a particular logic that makes possible the violences of racism, sexism, homophobia, and so on. If you've ever had the pleasure of watching mainstream news or reading the comments section of any online article, you are well acquainted with the format of these arguments. The phrases in the poem are familiar, whether or not you've actually heard or read these specific ones. This is intentional: "I am friends with an X person, therefore I can say whatever I want about X people."

The poem accumulates, making

the unrelenting circular logic within the statements it holds inescapable. When Mancini performs this poem, there is often a flurry of laughter in certain moments. The line, “How about a *heterosexual* pride day?” is a particular crowd pleaser. Surrounded by the familiar rhetoric of the right, this line might seem absurd and ridiculous to a liberal audience, as if the poem has gone “too far.” However, the audience’s laughter could stem more from the uncanniness of Mancini’s performance and his proximity to these ideologies by means of his subject position. As the performer of these phrases, Mancini, a heterosexual cis white man, could easily be the bearer of such ideologies. This laughter is perhaps rooted in uncertainty: just because Mancini the person understands the violence behind the logic of these arguments, does that mean that he cannot also be susceptible to their pull?

“It’s a slippery slope.”

*Same Diff*’s most compelling moments present various instances in which the frameworks within and around language relate to and/or represent violence in various ways. It directs the reader: these are the few words that represent this other (systemic) thing. *Same Diff* offers no light at the end of the tunnel, no solutions to the clarity it brings to everyday language. What it does do, however, is suggest that there is no “benign” language, and more troublingly, that language implicates us all.

## **UNBEARABLE! SHIT, IT’S UNBEARABLE!: Danielle LaFrance Reviewing Oana Avasilichioaei Translating Bertrand Laverdure Writing Marie Madeline Reading *Readopolis***

**Danielle:** What writes a book? I am a reviewer, reviewing *Readopolis*.

**Marie Madeline:** To review a book you must obtain a copy of the book. I am a reader, reading *Readopolis*. Catriona Strang drops off *Readopolis* at my site of work along with a book summary. I don’t read it. And I can barely look at author Bertrand Laverdure’s author photo. I read fast, too fast. I ask for an extension so I can read less urgently.

**Danielle:** We are now in the text we review. How pathetic. Other’s torments are part of the protagonist Ghislain’s labour as reviewer.

**Marie Madeline:** When I write “I am good,” I mean “I am alive.” I will decide that later.

**Danielle:** This text is restless and it reminds us of this relentlessly. “Books are archives of our restlessness” (15) declares Ghislain both to me the reviewer and to me the reader. And to you who may decide to read this text one day.

**Marie Madeline:** I consider Oana Avasilichioaei as translator and myself



as reader, instantly aligning myself with Ghislain, this contemptible yet unbiased man. At first I am absolutely taken by this voice, this text. Then I am absolutely dismissive as he dismisses one of his two lovers, Maldonne, casually saying, “I don’t remember feeling anything other than an unbearable desire to perform. We dramatized everything. Her passion continued to grow, was even roused by my hesitation, my doubts, while I gradually lost all my resources, all my motivation” (26). I hate Ghislain.

**Danielle:** Ghislain is not a suicidal protagonist, he’s not in crisis, he circumlocutes boredom. In her diary, Anaïs Nin writes how particular books grab us, fill us, and remind us that “[we] are not living, that [we] are hibernating.” She continues, “The symptoms of hibernating are easily detectable: first, restlessness. The second symptom (when hibernating becomes dangerous and might degenerate into death): absence of pleasure.”

**Marie Madeline:** Everyday is living death. I’m in Vancouver in 2017 formulating empty words. The midway point of any text makes or breaks me. Always breaks as though in mourning. But with this text I am tired of the book’s deflection into a book within a book, all instigated by a switch in font on page 82. I both admire and hold contempt for this type of writing.

Was that contempt there before or was it because I read the word “contempt” so many times?

**Danielle:** I can’t find the quote, but I know it exists somewhere: Avasillichioaei, alongside Erín Moure, says that a translation is “a new original.” Which essentially means accounting for the translator not as a side-line dramaturge, but a primary actor. Maybe Marie Madeline could not bring herself to gaze at Laverdure’s author photo because she only wanted to see Avasillichioaei. Death of the author. Drain the swamp. “Kill the book” (78).

**Marie Madeline:** Lastly, I want to say that my irritation with all the shifts is not to disparage the poststructural motif, but more to do with a kind of monogamous relationship to texts. In “On Writing a Dissertation,” part of the European Graduate School’s Lecture Series, Avital Ronel compassionately, yet ruthlessly, states how writing is a relationship. “Be monogamous for about two years,” she says. “If you start flirting with every skirt text that comes down the pipe, without have a monomaniacal relation to the thing called the thesis, it’s just going to escape you.” At the same time, I believe Ghislain is correct as well when he says how “we live with texts inside us,” multiple, delirious texts. Reviewers and writers and poets fecund with texts. ▲



# CONTRIBUTORS

**Sheinagh (Sheena) Anderson** is a transdisciplinary sound artist and a teacher, practitioner, designer, and mentor of Contemplative Arts Praxis. Her focus is on sound creation and production, the refinement of perception, and the cultivation of multi-linguistic sensitivities.

**Tim Atkins'** recent and forthcoming books include *Petrarch Collected Atkins* (Crater, 2014), *Koto y Yo* (Crater, 2016), *On Fathers < On Daughters* (Boilerhouse, 2017), and *The Bath-Tub* (Boilerhouse, 2018). He is the editor of the online poetry journal *onedit.net*.

**Michael Barnholden:** I approach translation as a form of listening: that part of reading that hears. And what you hear is because you return to the text—the words—over and over until you hear them and having heard, can then render the text. In the two years I have put into translating Louis Riel's "Flat Willow Creek Poems," circumstances — retirement — have allowed me to spend time listening deeply.

**Louis Cabri's** most recent book is *Posh Lust* (New Star, 2014). Other books include *Poetryworld* (CUE, 10) and *The Mood Embosser* (Coach House, 2001). He teaches at the University of Windsor.

**Jean-Christophe Cloutier** is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and a Fellow at the Hutchins Center at Harvard University. He received his PhD from Columbia University. His work has been featured in *The New York Times*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The Times Literary Supplement* (TLS), *Le Monde*, and other media outlets. He is completing a book on literary archives entitled *Archival Vagabonds*.

A member of the Vuntut Gwitchin Nation in northern Yukon, **Jeneen Frei Njootli** holds a BFA from Emily Carr University and an MFA from the University of British Columbia. She is a core member of the ReMatriate collective and currently sits on the Board of Directors of grunt gallery in Vancouver. Her work is now in the permanent collection of the Vancouver Art Gallery. She is currently a grateful, uninvited guest on unceded Tsleil-Waututh, Musqueam, Skwxwu7mesh territories.

**Mackenzie Ground** is a writer from Enoch Cree Nation and Edmonton, Alberta. She currently is working on a Master's thesis at the University of Alberta. Her writing explores the spaces of the city and the reserve, what it means to be here and to be a nehiyaw iskwew, and how writing can give back. She is honoured and thankful for her family and friends' support ay ay.

**Olga Gutiérrez-García** (enriKetta luissi): Poet. Physicist and mathematician. Bilingual writer. Translator. Editor of the bilingual edition of *SD Poetry Annual*. Member of the SD Haiku Group. Her pseudonym **enriKetta luissi** has written a novel *El Peso de los Ovarios* and nine books of poetry: *Ostrich Sky*, *Disclosed*, *In Vitro*, *Poetica Mathematica*, *Binaria*, *ÍÍÉ*, *Dark Matter*, *Re-Versed*, and *Emily*.

**Barry Guy** is an innovative bass player and the founder and Artistic Director of the London Jazz Composers Orchestra and the BGNO (Barry Guy New Orchestra), for which he has written several extended works. He gives solo recitals throughout Europe as well as continuing associations with colleagues involved in improvised, baroque, and contemporary music. Versions of the scores included here have previously appeared in *Music & Literature*, *L'Art Du Jazz*, and *Notations 21*.

**Marilyn Hacker** lives in Paris. She is the author of thirteen books of poems and sixteen translated books of French and Francophone poets.

**Symon Henry** is a composer and sound artist living in Montréal. His practice involves contemporary music, visual art and poetry. His graphic scores were published in the art book *voir dans le vent qui hurle les étoiles rive, et rive* (2016) and exhibited in Montréal at *Livart* (2017) and *Gham & Dafe* (2016). The miniatures published here are extracts from *Intranquillité III—c'est en liesse...* (2014) commissioned by *Ensemble Paramirabo* (Montréal).

**Anahita Jamali Rad** is currently an uninvited guest on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh peoples, where she wrote her first book, *for love and autonomy* (Talonbooks, 2016), and co-organized the feminist materialist journal and discussion group, *About a Bicycle*, with Danielle LaFrance. Her most recent project is a cross-media small press, *Fear of Intimacy*.

**Ingrid Koenig's** studio practice investigates how the narrative of science enters the human story and becomes materially transformed through art. She is Artist in Residence at TRIUMF, Canada's national laboratory for particle and nuclear physics, and has exhibited her work in public galleries across Canada, in Europe, and in New Zealand. Recent publications include the book *RAW DATA—Artistic Transformation* co-written with Berlin collaborators, and an article on her partnership with a physics lab in MIT's journal *Leonardo*.

**Deborah Koenker** is a Vancouver-based artist with interests in writing and curating. A founding member of Malaspina Print Society, she served as first Director of Malaspina Print Workshop. Koenker utilizes print, drawing, photography, and textile in mixed media installations investigating current interests in borders, globalization, migration/immigration, and social justice. Her work, represented in more than twenty-five public collections in the US and Canada, has been exhibited in Canada, Mexico, Spain, and the US.

**Matea Kulić** lives in Vancouver, BC. Her work (including poetry, essays and reviews) has been published in *Poetry is Dead*, *Room*, and *Demeter Press* among others; previous polyphonic poems appeared in *ti-TCR* #9, companion to the *Languages* issue.

**Sonnet L'Abbé**, PhD, is the author of *A Strange Relief* (McClelland & Stewart, 2001) and *Killarnee* (McClelland & Stewart, 2007), and was the 2014 guest editor of *Best Canadian Poetry*. Her chapbook, *Anima Canadensis*, was published by Junction Books in 2016. The poems in this issue are from her forthcoming collection, *Sonnet's Shakespeare* (McClelland & Stewart, 2018), in which L'Abbé "writes over" all 154 of Shakespeare's sonnets. L'Abbé lives on Vancouver Island and is a professor of Creative Writing and English at Vancouver Island University.

**Danielle LaFrance** is a poet, librarian, and militant. Since 1983 she has mostly resided on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh peoples. She is the author of *Species Branding* (CUE, 2010), *Friendly + Fire* (Talonbooks, 2016), and the chapbook *Pink Slip* (SIC, 2013). From 2012 to 2016, she co-organized alongside Anahita Jamali Rad the feminist materialist reading and journal series, *About a Bicycle*. Recent attempts at Spanish-English poetry translations have been published on the online magazine *in Peregrinos y sus Letras*.

**Tiziana La Melia** is an artist and writer. Recent solo and collaborative presentations of her work are *The pigeon looks for death in the space between the needle and the haystack*, LECLERE Centre d'art (Marseille); *Broom Emotion*, galerie anne baurrault (Paris); *Innocence at Home*, CSA (Vancouver); and *Johnny Suede, Damien and the Love Guru* (Brussels). Recent publications include *Agony Klub 2*, a project organized by Casey Wei, and a pdf with *The Interjection Calender*. She is currently working on a book of poems.

**David Marriott** is a poet and critic who teaches at the University of California. A new book of poems, *Duppies*, is forthcoming in 2017. He is also the author of *The Bloods* (Shearsman Books, 2011) and *Incognegro* (Salt, 2006), among other books.

**Samira Negrouche** was born in Algiers where she still lives. She is a poet and translator, and also a doctor, who has privileged her literary projects over the practice of medicine for several years. Her work crosses physical, linguistic, and artistic boundaries: she has frequently collaborated with visual artists and musicians. Her books include *A l'ombre de Grenade* (Lettres Char-Nues, 2003), *Le Jazz des oliviers* (Éditions du Tell, 2010) and *Six arbres de fortune autour de ma baignoire* (Éditions Mazette, 2017).

**Lida Nosrati** is a literary translator and legal worker. Her translations of contemporary Iranian poetry, short fiction, and plays have appeared in *Words Without Borders*, *Drunken Boat*, *Lunch Ticket*, and *TransLit* among others. She lives in Toronto.

**Reitha Pattison** was born in London in 1977. She has co-edited *Dorn's Collected Poems* (Carcenet, 2014) with Jennifer Dunbar Dorn, Justin Katko, and Kyle Waugh; and *Certain Prose of the English Intelligencer* (Mountain Press, 2012) with Luke Roberts and Neil Pattison. She has also written some books of poetry: *Word is Born*, with Michael Kindellan (Arehouse, 2007), *Some Fables* (Grasp, 2011), and *A Droll Kingdom* (Punch, 2012). She is presently working on a new sequence of poems, *Shine on Me Futuristic*.

**Pascal Poyet** lives in Toulouse where he runs the small press contrat maint with the artist Françoise Gorla. Recent books include *Draguer l'évidence* (Éric Pesty, Éditeur, 2011) and *Un sens facétieux* (cip M, 2012). He has translated David Antin and Lisa Jarnot, as well as Lisa Robertson's *Cinéma du présent*, published by Théâtre Typographique last year.

**Lisa Robertson** has previously translated the works of poet Eric Suchère, Situationist Michèle Bernstein, and linguist Émile Benveniste. Her most recent book of poetry is *3 Summers* (Coach House, 2016). She lives in France.

**Renée Sarojini Saklikar** writes *thecanadaproject*, a life-long poem chronicle, volume one of which is the award-winning *children of air india, un/authorized exhibits and interjections* (Nightwood Editions, 2013). She is an instructor at Simon Fraser University, and curates the poetry reading



series Lunch Poems at SFU. With Wayde Compton, Renée co-edited *The Revolving City: 51 Poems and the Stories Behind Them* (Anvil Press/SFU Public Square, 2015). Renée is the Poet Laureate for the City of Surrey and is currently working on a long poem, *THOT-J-BAP*.

**Steve Savage** is a translator who lives in Montreal. His latest book is titled *Mina Pam Dick, Traver Pam Dick, Nico Pam Dick and Gregoire Pam Dick* (Le Quartanier, 2016). In a recent issue of *Watts* (revuewatts.srwebworks.com), you can see, hear, and read his misuse of voice-to-text translation.

**Rachelle Sawatsky** is an artist and a writer who lives and works in Los Angeles and sometimes Vancouver. Her work employs painting, drawing, ceramics, and writing to explore densely internal narratives. It has been exhibited at Night Gallery, Public Fiction, Finley Gallery, Harmony Murphy Gallery, and Artist Curated Projects in Los Angeles; Presentation House Gallery and the Vancouver Art Gallery in Vancouver; Galerie Mezzanin in Vienna; and Tate St. Ives in the UK.

**Leah Sharzer** is a Vancouver poet and translator. She became interested in translation while studying at Université Paris VIII, where she learned about theories of translation as a creative practice rather than as an attempt to duplicate the original text. Currently completing an MA in English at Simon Fraser University, her research focuses on French translations of Emily Dickinson, of which there are quite a few. She is a member of the Meschonnic reading group.

**Anne Tardos**, French-born American poet, is the author of ten books of poetry and several multimedia performance works. Among her recent books of poetry are *I Am You* [first US edition], (BlazeVOX, 2016), *NINE* (BlazeVOX, 2015), *Both Poems* (Roof, 2011), *I Am You* (Salt, UK, 2008), and *The Dik-dik's Solitude* (Granary, 2003). She is the editor of several Jackson Mac Low books. A Fellow in Poetry from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Tardos lives in New York.

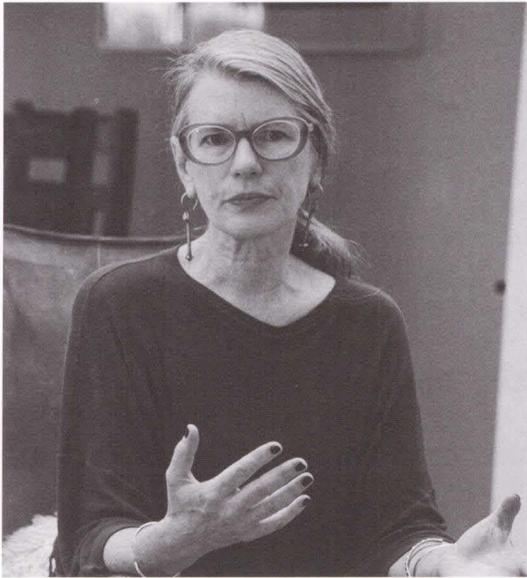
**Lary Timewell** is a North Vancouver-born poet. His books include "posthumous spectacle nodes" (obvious epiphanies press, 2011), a book of Polaroids/poems "Pas D'Affiches" available at Lulu.com, and two chapbooks from above/ground press, Ottawa, ("tones employed as loss" and "odds are"). He plans to return to Japan, where he spent twenty years previous to the Fukushima earthquake, upon the Canadian high school graduation of his son, Taro.

Originally from Quebec, **Valérie Tremblay**, a social and cultural worker, has been established on the Sunshine Coast, BC since 2015. She has communicated through art from an early age: visually, musically, and more recently through edible art.

**Charlene Vickers** is an Anishnabe interdisciplinary artist based in Vancouver, BC whose work explores memory, healing and embodied connections to ancestral lands. She graduated from Emily Carr University (1994) and completed an MFA at SFU in 2013. Her work has been exhibited across Canada, the US, and New Zealand, and most recently in the *Vancouver Special: Ambivalent Pleasures* group exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery.

**Congratulations to Lida Nosrati** for her winning entry in TCR's Translate and Transform Contest, judged by Mercedes Eng and Catriona Strang. Look for other contest entries in our forthcoming *ti-TCR* #17, "Translate and Transform."






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The Capilano Review is pleased to be hosting **Lisa Robertson** on the **20th of September** for a lecture, to be followed on the **24th of September** by a workshop on 'Troubadour Poetry and Poetics.'

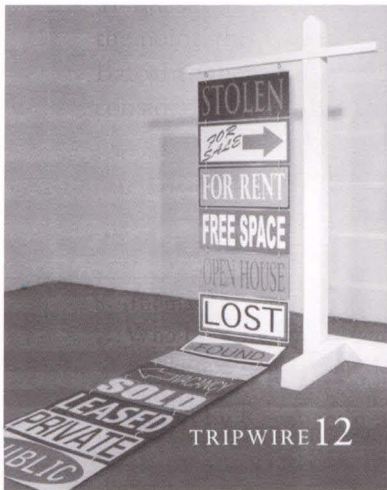
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## TRIPWIRE 12: AKA VANCOUVER: WRITING FROM THE UNCEDED TERRITORIES



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## ***Mosaic, an interdisciplinary critical journal***

### **50.3 (September 2017): Letters**

Traditionally, letters have been regarded as “non-serious” or at least as superfluous to the critical enterprise proper (consider Kant’s division of Plato the letter-writer from Plato the philosophical father). But can letters themselves be considered critical forays and/or keys to the inheritance of scholarly work? Might letters put the serious/non-serious opposition into question? This issue considers letters in relation to understanding a writer’s or artist’s body of work; alternate histories; friendship; auto-bio-graphy; archival and digital repository research; and email and electronic posting.

### **51.1 (March 2018): Scale**

Given the scale of such issues as climate change and of factors contributing to it, must theory, too, undergo a transition from local and individual to global perspectives? In what might a global imaginary consist, and how might it relate to existing critiques of globalization as but a label for the hegemony of Western culture? This issue considers “greening” theory, ecocriticism, the Anthropocene, climate change, and environmental and animal ethics.

### **51.2 (June 2018): *Living On* Symposium proceedings**

This issue brings together papers presented at *Mosaic’s* 50<sup>th</sup>-anniversary *Living On* Symposium, held at the University of Manitoba on March 9-11, 2017. Taking its theme and title from Jacques Derrida’s “Living On/Borderlines” (1979), the Symposium brought together participants from diverse disciplines to reflect on the continuing life of their fields into the next fifty years. The issue includes essays by Antonio Calcagno, Diane Enns, Daniel Fischlin, Alphonso Lingis, Elizabeth Rottenberg, and Nicholas Royle.

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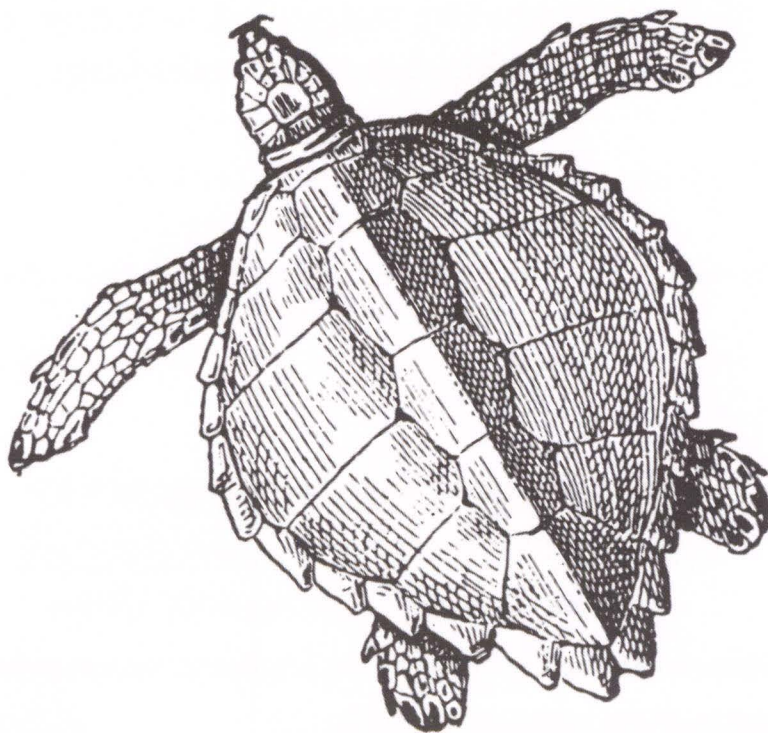


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