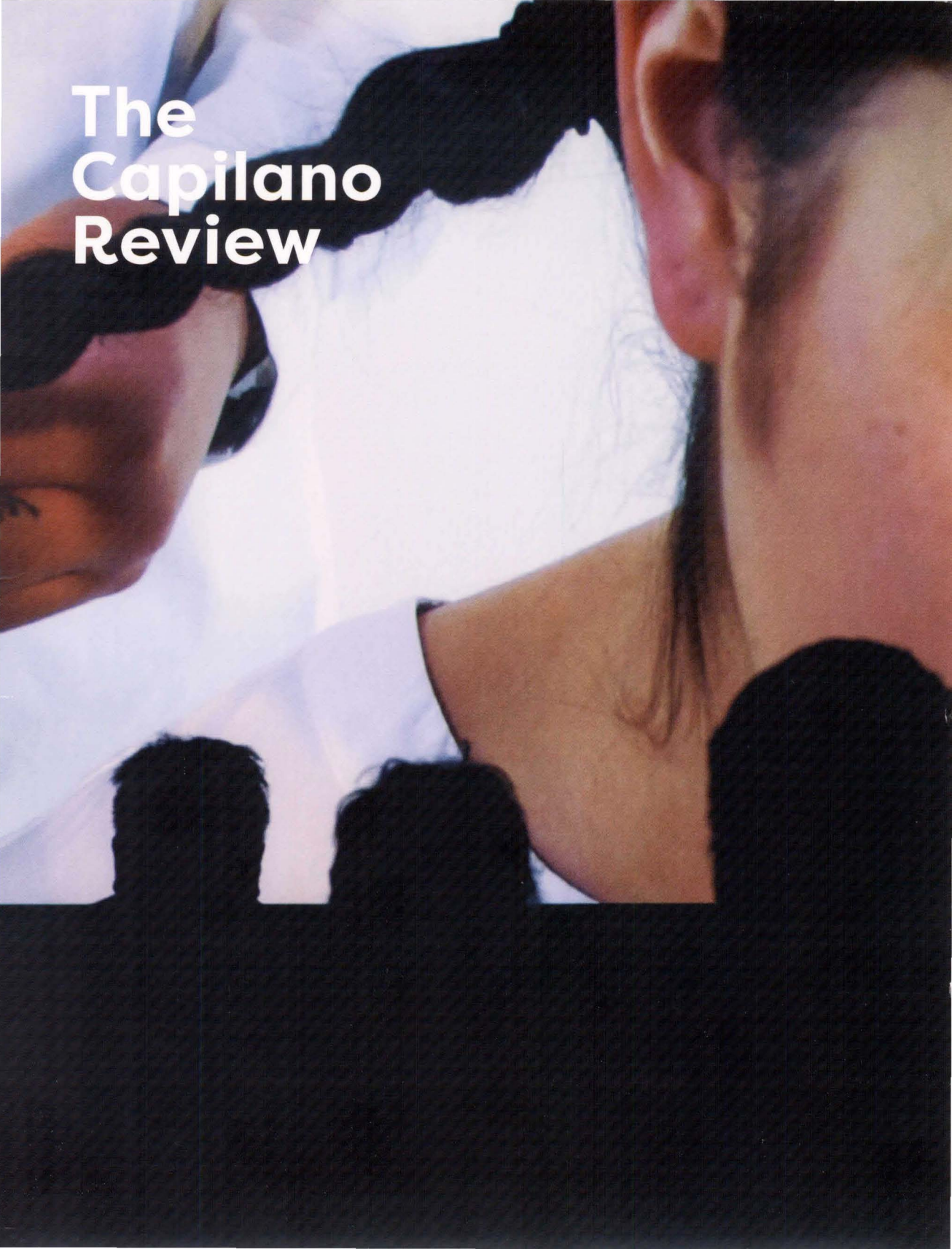


The Capilano Review



ive always wanted to be an
epigraph but not an epitaph

—*John Rufo*

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Canada



79

Michelle Sylliboy

The Art of Reconciliation

83

Brian Dedora

Five Poems

89

Angela Jennifer Lopes

when we fall, we fall hard

91

Guy Beining

Beige Copy #64

92

annie ross

Four Poems

96

Christine Leviczky Riek

from "Red Ink Letters"

102

Guy Beining

Two Poems

104

see to see —

Colin Smith

"You Can Do Anything"

A Review of the 2016 American
Electoral Zeitgeist,
Plus a Poetry Kit for Coping

Julie Joosten

Reading *Reading Sveva*

Colin Browne

Unfinished Business

Louis Riel, *Louis Riel*,
and the "Song of Skateen"

112

Contributors

Cover Image:

thirstDays No. 02:

The Length of Grief by Amy Malbeuf
video screening, March 31, 2016
photo: Brendan Yandt

3.33 / FALL 2017

5

Editor's Note

6

Liz Howard

This Nocturne Went Summer

11

Reg Johanson

a titan bearing many
a legitimate grievance

14

Sria Chatterjee

Three Poems

20

John Rufo

Five Poems

28

Kevin Davies

from *FPO*

33

Daphne Marlatt

l'heure bleue

34

**Hock E Aye VI Edgar Heap of Birds
& Jordan Abel**

Native Hosts

41

Angela Teng

Six images

48

Kim Minkus & Ted Byrne

19/19

58

Roger Farr

from *Ballads in Jargon* (after Villon)

63

Lise Downe

Mystery Train

68

**Elisa Ferrari, Tarah Hogue,
& Jayce Salloum**

thirstDays: "love, intimacy +
(com)passion" in difficult times

Editor's Note

TCR 3.33 offers a disparate gathering, akin to Angela Jennifer Lopes' "field of diverse languages meeting, conversing, mingling." Much of the work collected here is rooted in how "Capital milks/its stress of cortisol/to grow a horror in the body," as Liz Howard writes. That is, it either explores or emerges from the horrors of what the *thirstDays* collective understatedly calls our "difficult times"—fires, floods, earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanoes, displacement, famine, inequality, systemic murder, threats of nuclear devastation—and how those horrors take root in our bodies, inhabiting our lives and our languages. It's "a/mighty blowable horn sprang from the guts of/amortization," as Kevin Davies memorably puts it.

And yet, even as they articulate our horrors, the texts and artworks included here resist them, paradoxically finding fleeting moments of joy and delight in learning "to appreciate the raw beauty of our contingencies" with Sria Chatterjee, or becoming "joysose from the thick damp leafage" with Ted Byrne and Kim Minkus. So that perhaps this fall issue provides some transitory respite, and maybe refigures respite as resistance, or at least as mulch, at the same time as it takes a good hard look. "We've gathered the info," writes Lopes, "suck it up and believe."

—Catriona Strang

This Nocturne Went Summer

(a series of cosmic missives)

Liz Howard

Expectant ions
in the wettest summer on record
having neither god nor country nor countenance
I should project these teething of me
Into the heronry.

Little clusters
of rust coagulate my veins
such is the feeling.

Blessed Heart.
The Mind's Gavel.
Garret, gutter, gutter skunk. Priceless.
W/O cost or origin. What I take into my mouth.
The sanctity of night. Everything that must be thrown
out. Your head beside your name. I sweat and cry
in taxis.

Give me Hell
Give me your Worst Purse of Labile Offerings

Lost Origins
Organs darkening under the liquid sap of Days

Tapping
Courage's Gilded Casket a series of tasks.

Ontogenetic Pearls of Unending Drive
sometimes I find myself horrid like Proust,
like Kafka or Nanabush, given to moods
and vapours and sickness, what cannot stand

because I am female and therefore suspect,
furtive, unruly. I think sometimes there is
something of Arendt or Sontag or the Moon
in me but also every woman I see begging
in the street. The uncertainty of me driving
a hot spark into the centre of my solar plexus
such that I cannot tell the difference between
failure and illness.

Capital milks
its stress of cortisol
to grow a horror in the body.

It finds us all.

*

Time knows what it does or it doesn't,
is it truly a sequence that is continuing?
I might suck time from the ridge of your lips.
I think, the city negates me? Yes + No.
The mess I've made of things. I'm given
to the question mark, the ellipsis.
The future has already happened
and I understand nothing. A child
cries on the street and the mother
answers, "I don't care." Another
woman walking past in expensive
spandex says into her phone,
"whatever I have risked I stand
to earn." I cannot hunt, I lock
the door when you go away
with my love and then with fern
in hand I signal recalcitrance. I am bogged.
A pustule of glial shine. It is possible
the rest has ended.

*

I brought the vena cava as far as
postponing the present.

Here is the list: the date, the face, the hour.

Soft privilege,
I miss my ever so refined exit
concomitant
contour kit.

Breath became
a danger set in endocrine relief.
A sweet antiquity outside of sin.

Modest Head
who has yet to pilfer your coffers?
Stonewall green as any word when I
awake and the popcorn ceiling
is a testimony I can't understand.
At work a superconducting magnet
lulls in its hull below the hospital.
I get lost and encounter an elderly
patient in a wheelchair screaming HELP
while the last fissure of my skull closes
its account.

I dream of places I have lived before
in which I am an unremarkable agent.
Every screen is a stun gun, a spent stud,
I scroll as from the a-topos of a lobotomy.
At night I place a pressed note of melatonin
under my soul and prey for a repeat.

The day was disinterested in me.

*

I can't simply be the secretary of this
contagion that loosed me upon the world

with so many holes that must be probed
and assessed for progress. I can't offer my
recent kill as a solvent or an antidote. I could
take your mouth as I can't help but take
your mouth out of the stillborn word
and render it a new communion. Am I
a disaster about my nerves? Outside of
you, waiting for my humors to run clear,
a colonial notion. So said my affection
a lining of greenery within
the posture.

Late Summer.

I swing it like the spirit that comes
out of my mouth, the aggregate
of my mouth a sit-in. I am congregating
in an alcove, an achronological history
of tones, as if I already knew the answer.
Purchased the derivative, the transform,
all sinusoidal descriptions of mercenary light.
The desperation that exits me is not truth
but surface. Can I spend the night? Can I
spend the whole surface
in one night?

*

Do I intend an extended meditation
on the impossibility of Object Relations
so late in the game? The lesser pox
that rests in me a deep, cold water
lake.

All the skins

a fibrous silk

of nerve stimulus

wedded to infinity.

The sky has a nickel sheen.

False rapids and birch and bottle caps in an old code of surety.

I dreamt supranatural and killed my memories with salt.

I mined a silken nerve. I mined the woods.
When your hand crested the iliac of my hip
and took up this branch, a whip
of lilac. The jurisdiction of my heart
a fall of red clovers all over the township.

Let this dark summer displace
the original hour
of our mutual birth

what reappears here

the night I crossed out.

a titan bearing many a legitimate grievance

Reg Johanson

By New Year's Day I was back in Vancouver but my daughter was still visiting in Edmonton. Over Facebook Messenger I found the courage — suddenly I found it, I wasn't trying — to say what I couldn't at Christmas: "I felt like we didn't really connect in Alberta," I wrote, "and that you didn't really want to talk to me or spend time with me. Is that true?" I held my breath. She wrote back and said yeah, that's true. At the age of 19 she could finally write,

I don't feel comfortable around you for long periods of time. You have the same blood as me but I don't know you. It's not like after this trip we will be all peachy and it will be as though you were always there. No way. Spending 6 days together isn't going to make it all better. This is really stressful for me actually. This isn't easy. I look at you and I see the face of the dude who didn't want me. I don't care anymore but after all these years I can't just be normal and stuff. I was really mad at you for a long time and it's not just going to disappear. I didn't even want to come to Canada to get to know you or anything like that. I don't want that to be what this is based on.

I have to stop here. I want to rush past these words—I mean continue rushing past them, as I rushed past them when they were written — *Give me time to say it*, she wrote, *because I don't want to be mean and my nails are too long so I'm not as fast*—because she wrote so many other things besides that distracted me, that I felt needed responding to, needed answering, needed explaining, defending, apologizing for, denying, refuting, that I ran by these words, until I tripped over them just now. I was telling the story and something told me I should check the record, to make sure I was remembering the conversation accurately. I wasn't, I had made up another conversation that was quite different from the one we had. Or—the conversation we had, that is on record, was simultaneous with another one, that is unrecorded and much, much longer. The story I wanted to

tell — so that I can continue the story — the story continues, many days have passed, many more days, life has been lived, there have been developments that I would like to narrate — but just now in recounting it I can't move past this. When she wrote them it felt like the beginning, and I wanted to begin. Now we were getting somewhere. Now we were connecting. Hurry up let's get somewhere, let's get that connecting going. Let's, let us, do or go. Let us not stay here, with these words — even though it's not every Christmas that I receive such a gift, of speech such as this, that lifts us out of hell as the Greeks imagined it, where the dead repeat the same gestures for eternity (she wrote: *Can you be more personable? you seem so cold and offended right now... I know you are online but you can add more personality?* And that's what got me started). If we hadn't spent Christmas together we might still be stuck in our distinct modes of resentment. Her apparent indifference, that broke out into open contempt only in moments of exhaustion, when she was maybe surprised by anger and forgot for a second that she wasn't giving a fuck, then come stabbing out like a stiletto. My weak-ass guilty conscience, that made me pathetic and contemptible to both of us, the judgement of which I internalized until I wanted to kill myself. This mood is the thing I hate most about myself. It lifted only when I could very clearly feel <<*I don't like her*>>. I mean, it lifted when I could *accept* this thought. Then it relieved me. It cleared the air of moralism and sentimentality, that keep out the real feelings, out of which I had made awkward gestures, like sharing a meme, something like, Share This If You Are Just So Proud Of Your Wonderful Daughter, or some other such utter bullshit. It felt like the whole internet went WTF? She wrote: *I have no intentions of being a bitch — please don't take it that way. But I'm not going to sugar coat it either. I'm going to say exactly how I feel.* And none of this would have happened if it wasn't for Facebook. We could not have said what we said face to face. Facebook was the only platform for *these* ugly feelings. Our first conversations were on the telephone, starting when she was about 5. We talked on the phone most weekends until she was 10 or 11, when our talks became, for the first time, stilted and one-sided — me asking a lot of dull questions, withering a little more with each of her shorter and shorter answers. Which was a reversal of the situation in our earlier conversations, in which she did all the talking. So we didn't talk much for a few years, and then Facebook. About age 16 she popped up one day with a confession: she was in love with a boy — a white boy she'd met in the Christian private school her mother — who was the daughter of Muslim parents from Fiji — had sent her to, because she thought it was a good compromise between the state school's racism

and violence and the too-conservative Muslim school, where the girls wore hijab. She was sneaking around to hide this white boy from her mom, who she was certain would not accept the relationship. Also, she had become a Christian, just like her boyfriend and all her friends at school. Her mom would for sure not be accepting that. The situation was coming to a crisis. She had run away for 36 hours a few weeks previous. She was desperate and didn't know what to do or who to turn to, so she reached out to me. And for me, this was so rich. It was a plenitude. It gave me an opportunity to act responsibly, and I relished it. At this time in my life I was grateful for every opportunity to be good. So just for the record, in case her mother should hack our messages, I advised her to tell her mother everything, and then I sat back and enjoyed being her confidant. She swore me to secrecy and I accepted to be sworn. Because the other thing about it was that it was a repeat of the circumstances of the way her mother and I got together. She was living our story again, in so many of the particulars: a brown girl and a white boy, hiding from her parents, running away, seizing the long-awaited opportunity of each other to force the violent transformation of her life, and his, after which they would be free from all constraints! Even down to the religious conversion: she had become a Christian just as I had become a Muslim, though she claimed to be an actual believer, whereas I did it to help her mother's parents save face in their community after the scandal of our running-off. But her crisis passed. It all came out and her mother accepted her boyfriend and even the religious conversion, which did not last, as mine did not. She is still with her boyfriend. I'm not sure where he's at with religion, now. Nobody's asking him to convert, I do know that.

Three Poems

Sria Chatterjee

Speaking & Dreaming

Last night you said, 'I sleep about dreaming'
and walked into my sleep like a city.
Sleep standing like glass between air:
two glass skins rippling two
metres apart. You say Rem
Koolhaas built this
to insulate our song
from sound, insula is an island
shifting beneath our sleep as we sing.

Tell me whose drawing this is. It is
melting. Where are the cameras
pointed? We are shrinking.
My mouth is shaped like a bow,
your back is glass arched, we are
speaking like a cello
in diagrams of sound. Tell me
if this is where the Aral Sea lost
its Eastern Lobe.

Tell me if they can see us from space
lying in the glass. I am trying to shake
off the strangehold
of syntax. The salts and toxins are
a great help. They are eating
our words. The camera is a mirror,
you propose. The city is twice.
A proposition, Wittgenstein wrote,
is a logical picture of reality.
Under glass, the language of disaster

languishes like a tongue
asleep.

THREE LETTERS

I. Letter on a dream

I woke up this morning having dreamt that four new elements have been added to the periodic table. They sank to the bottom of my mind like words or synthetic rocks, superheavy. I arranged and rearranged these particles of primary matter on my clear blue mind slate, and you. I am writing because you were in my dream, prodding it like it was water. It was water. Each element a different tonal cluster, plunk, ringing in my plunk like Listerine. You spoke nonstop of the molecular unconscious, its two poles: paranoia and schizophrenia, molar and molecular, the nonhuman sex, the problem of affinities, the dwarfism of desire, terror and law, Seaborgium in the evolution of the state Americium, capitalism and schizophrenia, old earths and new, I had my ears to the ground you were vomiting clay screaming for Darmstadtium. You were drawing furrows in my water. We were screaming over and above each other. ORGANIZE, EXECUTE, EAT LOCAL, & MAKE the police take the Hippocratic Oath. Abstain from doing harm. I hope you are doing OK. Do write. The sky here is unfixed with the atomic structure of milk.

II. Letter from the sea

I am writing to you
from the Department of Public Grievances.

I have a token with 3343 on it.

I have a tent and a can of beans.

We are all queuing politely.

We all migrated south to breed
and north to die
and everywhere
for everything else.

There is nothing
at the end of the queue but the sky.
We will all swim to islands. Some of us
have cell phones. We used to call each
other under water

to confuse the sharks. We didn't believe
in the superiority of species, or jaws.

We were only swimming to safety.

Only safeguarding the nation.

Only saving the economy.

Only trying to help.

We were waves bigger
than ourselves,
confused
as light.

No,

I am not surprised by your silence

on the future of public amenities.

A deaf whale is a dead

whale. Silence equals nothing.

Say nothing about the future
of health
care.

The National Health Service
has been diagnosed
with signs of
trauma consistent with blunt force.
The blunt force of sonar
waves
has blurred public
conscience.

Conscience is intuition. Or
aptitude that assists in judging
the right from
left,
regardless of generation. And
humans
are migrant birds, like whales,
confused as. Say nothing
about my sea. Say nothing.

And don't write back just yet.

You will only accuse us of the politics of paranoia,
of migrating, mating, mutating, of something or the other.

III. Letter on leaving

The trees are leaving. You said in your last letter that the cataphylls would rise, someday. I did not write back because I knew someday was your way of saying nothing. Yes, I know cataphylls are protection and you were on to something there. Something like a metaphor. In any case, I was a bit thrown by your resort to metaphors, knowing that the tradition of rhetoric a la Aristotle is too mild for your flam. And I know you are thinking now of how I would always confuse flamboyance flambé Flaubert. They all mean the same thing set alight with the right Cointreau etc. But yes, your metaphor got me thinking about metaphors. And no, meaningful language needn't reflect logical correspondence. So maybe again, you were saying nothing. Correspondence in the writerly way is nothing. So I didn't write. But I know that cataphylls often die in performing their function. Cataphylls are leaves. Cataphylls are spines. Scales. Bulb scales, corm scales, lizard neck scales, onionskin, a protection bubble scale, scales of safety, um, parents. But the real reason I am writing today is that the trees are leaving. Decisive creatures, they have shaken themselves out of the ground, sometimes splitting. Roots taut, they are swalking to all the edges of land. And then some plopping, some diving with grace but all going headfirst. Leaves and heads and cataphylls rising, trees are fish. Root tails and branch fins softened in biomimetic glee. Aristotle huh? I have been following the propulsive and transient forces of their propelling bodies. Need meaningful acts reflect logical correspondence? They may be on to something. I might join them.

We are searching for a semiotics of the atmosphere

We want a semiotics that is clean blue, blunt at the edges and very soft. We want something that we can understand. We want information beyond informatics. We want to know everything. We are interested in the synthetic nature of knowing. We want to be safe / We want to know : We are practiced in the art of paradoxes : We want to be safe / We want to know. We the people. We the people of a nation. We the people are very aware that we cannot have a national semiotics of the atmosphere, although that would be pretty great for some of us.

We the people know that we cannot trust language because language is a tool. Language is a tool of the government. Language is a tool so obsolete that we are still smirking at its cruel wit. We are smirking anxiously. We want to know / We want to be safe. We want intelligent air. In 1958, Lewis R. Long wrote a philosophy of air intelligence for the CIA. 'Air intelligence must be employed ... for the security of the nation.' Intelligent air, like intelligent life knows beyond borders. Intelligent air is a confidential clean blue, blunt thing, with feathers.

We the people wonder if all our particles are human. We the people know that our particles have blown over across borders. We the people have dividing cells and animal instincts and chemical fluids and particulate physics. We the people do not have legal rights for some of our parts. We the people are learning to appreciate the raw beauty of our contingencies. We the people are aware of our disintegrating.

We know that the market is a machine that lives and melts in air. After decades of cohabiting, we coevolve, copulate, coprosper, concubine. In a synthetic symbiotic form of ontological complexity, we the people breathe things in and breathe them out. We consumer, we consummate.

Five Poems

John Rufo

Cherryfaceblossomeyessunflower
separationmeanxietyfantasyretrog
radefourmercuryfourtimewelivein
eachothersspinesyoucantfoolplant
sgayhusbandrywetsheetschoosyfr
uitsclosestwowyouwentthru a lot of
effortnottounderstandthisistherai
nstraightcancarebeuncaringandvio
lentwhatsviolencestopinsistingoni
nnocenceandfacevalueandvaluean
dcuringthewaypeopletalkaboutthe
declineofbookstoresandwhatneig
hborhoodsyouthavetotraveltoinor
dertostealwhichbooksitsintheway
moreprisonsareopeningthanschoo

Is and the schools make way for professionals who can continue to imprison the working day is when we'll work it out outside I've always wanted to be an epigraph but not an epitaph you can't overdose at our wedding without taking me with you let's come up for breathe before the sea divides for our walk again how do I make sure if you're crying then I'm also crying I know the way to make you cry and our nice smelling air that off feeling air together essential collection agency were not looking for agency were looking for the sea

love monastery

what to wear to the endtimes
intaking the bullhorns of bullets
the social event of the bedroom when thighs birth charted
glanced glimpsed groaned gloated don't shush me I'm crying
oh my god that's my husband
and that's a knife
in the wife-night overcoming
on the lips spelling into tongue
dictionary of unjustified ingestions
material historical solitary maternities
of Saturn returning without receipts step
yet today I'm eating so slowly
grazing, really
on wild blue grasses of which you know names
and knowledge of freedom from as knowledge
of freedom for as knowledge of freedom to be
without freedom the free dumb domination
to forsake sacrifice turn away from mountain peak
time 4 turning back so we turn into seasonings
sodomite wild angels with swords of liquid lace
of lay me down in my absolute hermitage
called minor key unlocking ocean studio
at 4am the next number we'd like to dive into is duet
called don't die on me until I die first every
night silk goosebumps and fever crown
without own without self at all I would
like to live with you in that lovely place of love that love places
for us subject offline in my own running away not alone
and alongside a weird thirst demons smell but can't trap

lost hand hanged man

crushing dreams and four ways to press flowers I
endeavored to learn a more glorious gnostic gospel
beyond god and wholehearted lessness wont you
stop by for a slice of something and my succulent
complaints that fierce delicious din dancing on
mapmaking let me whimper all over your attention

you wake up before me you will always be older
than me you count more than I do (I believe this) (I
believe you) (I rely on you even if you don't rely on
me) (my messed up notions and notetaking abilities)

so who's got the switch because we're not dancing
with all the lights on
and whose blood is this flooding on the floor and I
can find my heart

you wanna fight?
you got something to sing to me?

something about isla ng

a quietude that's rain-attitude

the problem of philosophy is

not our fucking problem I'm sorry

the world is nothing but the world

and everything is a question

: does it really have to be this way ??

(the world is everything that is the crush)

or are we too settled to settle for more

let's forget any kind of settlement

just roam around a lot and be

this romantic mode of isolation our

courage comes when we decimate

our ideas concerning decimation

on that note I want to be alone

but I want to never be alone

skeptic but make it fashion

and all the soul's slick locked doors

deleted scenes

There was no goal in mind, save maybe a desire toward mindfulness, but even that fullness was too much, was neither here nor there.

So there was a striving, a struck-light.

I do not remember the book I do not remember the time but what I do remember is reading about two poets who once took a bus through the city with no proper destination and on their laps with whatever scraps of paper they could muster up they wrote poem after poem after poem after poem and at the conclusion of whichever piece of material on which they were composing they would furiously laugh and throw said fluttering thing out the window, where it flew with garbage and air.

I think on an artwork that can fly and be forgotten.

I am obsessed with the delete key because I think the delete key is simultaneously obsessed with me.

Spaces between words and the non-silence of tapping.

The scene was a ride around a city, which maybe I didn't read but I somehow experienced, lived, but with no memory of my own body.

To release poems into the wild, without pretending that they were ever really held in one's own captivity.

When we read to the ocean together the ocean gathers.

The ocean sustains, it deepens and leaks, it also shortens on shores and conjoins
and condones erasure of hidden written matter.

How much writing I sent for after with false notions of preservation forever?

A simple archive. No achievement.

What I want is to dive deeply and make the mutter matter and muddy.

There is that book, have you read it, entitled *Imitation of Christ*...I am
wondering after imitation of imitation, photocopy of photocopy, so much light
that the material keeps whirring and re-wiring and writing upon itself, until
what we receive is a photograph of a photograph of a photograph of a graphed
un-graphed grafted model. Does it fly?

So I am living in disillusion if I am livid all the time.

So I am living in disillusion if I am led by my sound-sense. Bird-wisdom.

I am living in the dissolve of myself and this country and every head of state.

If the lesson: do less.

A number of scores and sore throats and sepia tones do not appear in the
text (unless you are practiced at witnessing the window through which all the

poems are tossed after they're written, the commute communication practice of considering your metaphysics on the ride and the way you ride and way you get worn out and wearing) will now face considerable surfacing here at this juncture, this junkyard beat up bric-a-brac brigade of brigands and grandeur only false because you can't sense its fallen-ness, slips under the water and swims.

Ashore we lack but luckily we're afloat in the flow even as we sink.

To hack the poem.

Give myself unauthorized access to my own self, which is to say that saying that often comes up in the calming too often clammed up nodal of song before reaching a modulation that pitch-screach-scream-crack-as-soon-as-I-say-I-don't-believe-in-romance-I-fall-in-love.

Psycho-poetics, the analysis of which is song-scouring the obscurity of life-world.

I've been doing the same thing over and over since I was born (and even before then), just in different registers and registries and places and planes. Our last winter. Sylvan trees and boughs of Sylvia. Burrowed and borrowed and snuck in to have a party.

Absent-minded, outmoded, old-fashioned, fashion this absence like you would an arbor.

And now I have another question.

Do leaves hold forth I am very curious about the little conversations branches endure.

from FPO

Kevin Davies

*decades centuries later letters
separated into words allow
transmission of interests into vaster
pleats of universal clerisy*

Banks are living things with lungs codicils entrapped
scandal photos of course they get to vote early in the vast migration a
mighty blowable horn sprang from the guts of
amortization we were off to the stars or a new
new Heloise named Jamie an
angry scrap-metal dog
guard has arrived at your attention I'd
turn and leave briskly for the cloudbank out
the side door it's a dang cold morning in
Hell Marshall or Marshal if you wouldn't mind edging over a little
closer to the noose this won't take long I'll
personally send your widow a chunk of your mustache in
fact I'll deliver it myself you're
not on the short list the long list the longer list or even the longest
list so oil up and get ready to dive a durn cold morn in
Hades Sadie I don't recognize any of these technicians I'd
draw you a picture of the town square we sleep in but they'd
shoot me as a spy if they saw me do it doesn't
know its way around a semicolon just spurts banner heads likely to
increase opens and click-throughs salutatorians
need not apply this is a buyer's market we don't hire runners-up maybe try
Costco whatever that is

*no roof-caught fish could taste as sweet as this
slender eel of the subbasement*

Moving pictures typically attract certain moth
species and repel others find solace amid crumbling
statues come to life and order coffee it's a simple
test of short-term memory if you flunk you're
thrown out with rest of the trash relax and enjoy
the process starting now I wear a disturbing hat
on hot sunny days the duck I'm guessing will be adopted by
soldiers store the plastic chips in a vast bowl for God's great
glory it's brittle cold at project's end the tools gathered and
twined for transit downriver to next hamlet
needs a secular exorcist it is a living in pimento
fields the olive-stuffing works attached go back
before monotheism be on time look alert answer
when poked
manifest form's a
scratcher and biter use
trank dart before transport avant-
garde Einstein skeleton used to scare
birds away from crops in advertising

*its underside addenda almost
illegible in agate type*

Dread packet fermenting on ledge
of dimensional information booth unstaffed at this
 early or late hour a distant sweeper disappears
 behind heaped bundles a great kiddie this
quiddity says what do you get when you extract a rabbit from the
 scene of its ardor no peeking the idea of
 testing is to systematically
 exclude lurkers looky-loos wee lambs half-sentient air
conditioning subunits and anyone else not native to
 Athens and its surrounding agricultural heritage belt having
hailed this hamper
 from SRO rooms to sublet apartments to improvised
 lean-tos for decades now no I'm not going to let you
 use it in your welded assemblage unless you give me a
hundred dollars right now just for thinking about it

*if your name has three W's you are a witch my friend congratulations
on the wonderful little dog's signing bonus*

You've got your doughnuts you're walking into the desert
along a pretty good road you have some sort of open safety pin
sticking into the small of your back your hands are invisibly
fastened to your abductor muscles there's an orange car almost on the
horizon Dinah Shore is in it
pop-eyed in cartoon heaven the drunkard leads his flock to the embassy
doors a high and almost inaudible
whistle understood to host trillions
down the hill near the water a girl and pet gull draw equations in the sand
of this idyll the bills seem to have piled up in our absence but who is this
we you speak of hesitates before the shining puddle

*they'll lend you their paid-for camera and upload
the architectural image to their cheesy site then charge you
triple whether the crime is solved or not the infant convinces the
child tricks the adolescent into helping it seize power*

*the load unloaded the scamp
spaniels scattered to chase grouse the matter
unattended the fire low an occupant
standing by the door*

There's some question how the chicken
got in the bag in the first place the slanted
floor of the grandparental shack seemed too wispy
to support an egg let alone a full-grown bag bird and
vexed celebrant possibly myself trying to set it
loose before we're both accused of some sort of
impropriety nude tumblers precede the lecture our storefront
fellowship refines its position as the flower
of revelation unfolds as the petals of revelation fall
and are gathered in urns the earlobe-
tugging frenzy can't adequately be captured on video each
late spring new
phenoms appear to run throw
field hit and hit with power the
detached testicle that has come down to us as cultural rally
cap backward itself meaningless but offering up statistical
clarity a sense of residency false but compelling

*understandably don't like me
hanging around their daughter with my pants off but she is not their
daughter and these are not my pants*

l'heure bleue

Daphne Marlatt

below freezing warm red mist off Astoria's all-night sign
cut by house roofs here one bright back porch two rooms aglow
alley dark bulk of mountains apparition snow halflit

here, here

atmospheric scattering of the not-yet

can't find my way back to monsoon heat with S who walks faster
through Chulia Street's motor bike zip by parked cars cement
blocks dodgy underfoot tiled walkways crammed bike-by-rattan
seat grey husky chained to a platform backpackers chat up resident
eaters snack at white kopi or kedai or cappuccino she's looking for
bee hoon me for char kway teow

so we get to the padang's white colonial government porticoes
seat of state and static rain trees lift dark crowns to fading
light it's rainbow drift as if from sea level some mystique
through horizon light the trees the esplanade *en flot* oh

a man blowing

bubbles for kids'

outstretched finger reach

pffft and gone

Native Hosts

Hock E Aye VI Edgar Heap of Birds & Jordan Abel

In 2017, in response to the growth of UBC's Outdoor Art Collection, the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery launched a new series of investigations considering the public realm of the UBC campus. To help understand and enrich the changing collection, they commissioned several video responses to selected works under the direction of filmmaker Ian Barbour, including Nisga'a writer and scholar Jordan Abel's response to Hock E Aye VI Edgar Heap of Birds' *Native Hosts* (1991/2007), a series of text-based works situated in multiple locations on campus. Resembling way-finding signage, *Native Hosts* reverses the words "British Columbia" and inserts the names of twelve BC First Nations as hosts of provincial occupation. Excerpts from Heap of Birds' work are reproduced here, with permission of the Belkin Art Gallery, along with Abel's text response.

Native Hosts

For Edgar Heap of Birds

Jordan Abel

Today your hosts are the high and countless summits. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the inclines and the hills and the approaching morning. Today your hosts are the miles of water and the shores of the lakes and the water beyond the water. Today your hosts are the great distances. Today your hosts are the headlands and the dotted islands and the light and the wooded forests and the beaten pathways and the stretches of shores and the cheerful voices and the black rocks and the open heavens and the narrow passageways and the steep, rugged ascent. Today your hosts are the people. Today your host is the air. Today your host is the community. Today your host is the wilderness. Today your host is the scent of roses. Today your hosts are the glimpses of mountain ranges that disappear just as suddenly as they appear. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the clear sheets of water and the forests and the islets and the rocks and the driftwood and the crevices and the fissures and the deep parts of the river. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the sounds. Today your hosts are the rocks. Today your hosts are the rocks and logs and mounds of earth. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the moments. Today your hosts are the adjacent lakes. Today your hosts are the bottom land and little ponds and drifts of sounds. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people. Today your hosts are the people.

Today your hosts are the people. Today your host is the puncture. Today your host is the backwards. Today your host is the investigation. Today your host is the colonial. Today your host is the nation. Today your hosts are the thought and the thinking and the wondering. Today your host is the puncture. Today your host is resurgence. Today your host is Indigenous knowledge. Today your hosts are the unceded territories. Today your hosts are the people.

Today your hosts are the people. From the woods. From the broken masses of rock. From the distant western hills. From the veil. From the south.

Today your hosts are the people. From the western shores that are barely visible in the heat of the afternoon. From the northern end. From mountain to mountain. From the western bank of the lake. From eye. From body. From witness.

Today your hosts are the people. From the fire that sees itself. From the dizzying heights. From the narrow sheets. From truth.

Today your hosts are the people. From speaking. From flame. From the air pouring across the waters.

Today your hosts are the people. From light. From margin. From earth. From broken summits and broken sky. From the tumbling in the air a mile above us.

A mile above there is a tumbling; there is a moment. At this very moment there is a tumbling in the air a mile above us that runs straight through the open heavens and into some other place. A deep hollow. No shape. No consistency. No breaking some hundred feet in the air. Some places are softer than others. Some hundred feet up in the air. Some right angles enter into narrow passageways and some right angles break off a mile in the air above us. These rocks are full of cracks. Water has worked through some deep hollows. Breaking here. Wearing there. Breaking and wearing until the chasm separates into two caverns. Some hundred feet in the air there is no danger. There is scattered driftwood and the scent of roses. There are glimpses of roses and rocks and shrubs. There is a steep, rugged ascent. A path that winds among the black rocks and trees. Somewhere in the air there is the scent of roses. Somewhere out there is the wilderness. A reasonable distance through scenes of greenery and nature and glimpses of mountain ranges that disappear just as suddenly as they appear. Among the rocks and trees there are mounds of earth and other rocks and other driftwood. Somewhere there is an islet and another islet and a clear sheet of water and bald rocks just beneath the surface. There are forests and straits and islets and rocks and somewhere in the air is the scent of roses. There are crevices and fissures and rocks. The rocks surround themselves in other rocks. Although there are sometimes mounds of earth in between. On the shore, there are fragments of rocks. In the deeper parts of the river, there is more tumbling. At this very moment, the river pours into a wide fissure where it just becomes more water between rocks. Between the broken rocks and the deep, roaring cavern there is the scent of roses and driftwood and trees. There is light and straight, naked rocks and immovable trees. There are woods and rivers. And the bed of that river is ragged with rocks and intersecting ravines that cut silently across the water above where somewhere in the air is the scent of roses. The woods are full of sounds and rocks and trees. The woods are full. The upper air, where it drifts over the tops of trees, is full of sounds. Just where it breaks over the tops of trees there are slow, intermingling drifts of sounds and scents that brush over the clearing some fifty or sixty feet up in the air. Today your hosts are the people.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
TODAY YOUR HOST
IS
SQUAMISH

HOCK E AVE W EDGAR HEAP OF BIRDS 2003

Hock E Aye VI Edgar Heap of Birds, *Native Hosts*, 1991/2007, commercially prepared aluminum street signs. Collection of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, The University of British Columbia, gift of the artist, 2007.

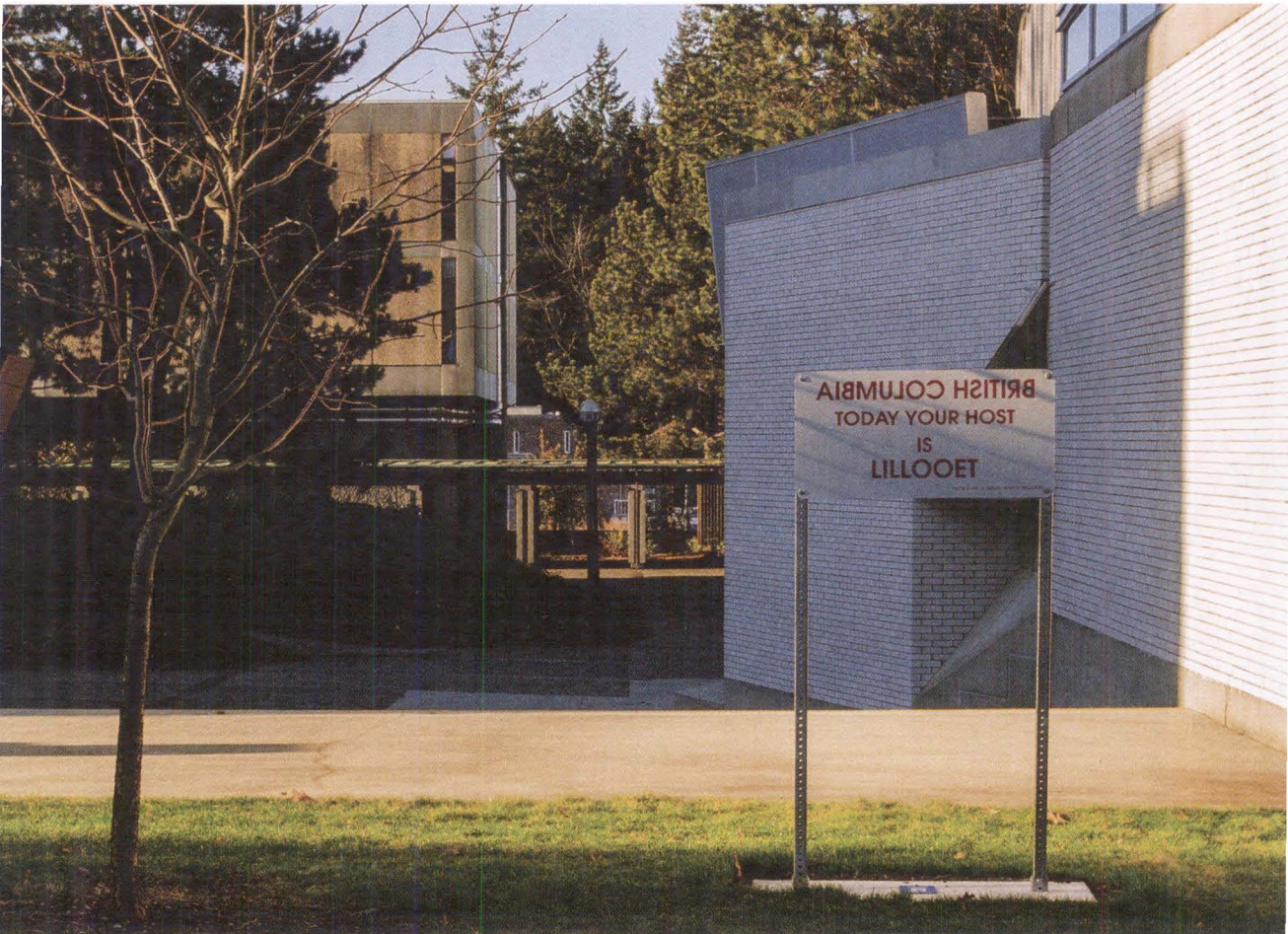


Photo: Howard Ursuliak



Photo: Howard Ursuliak

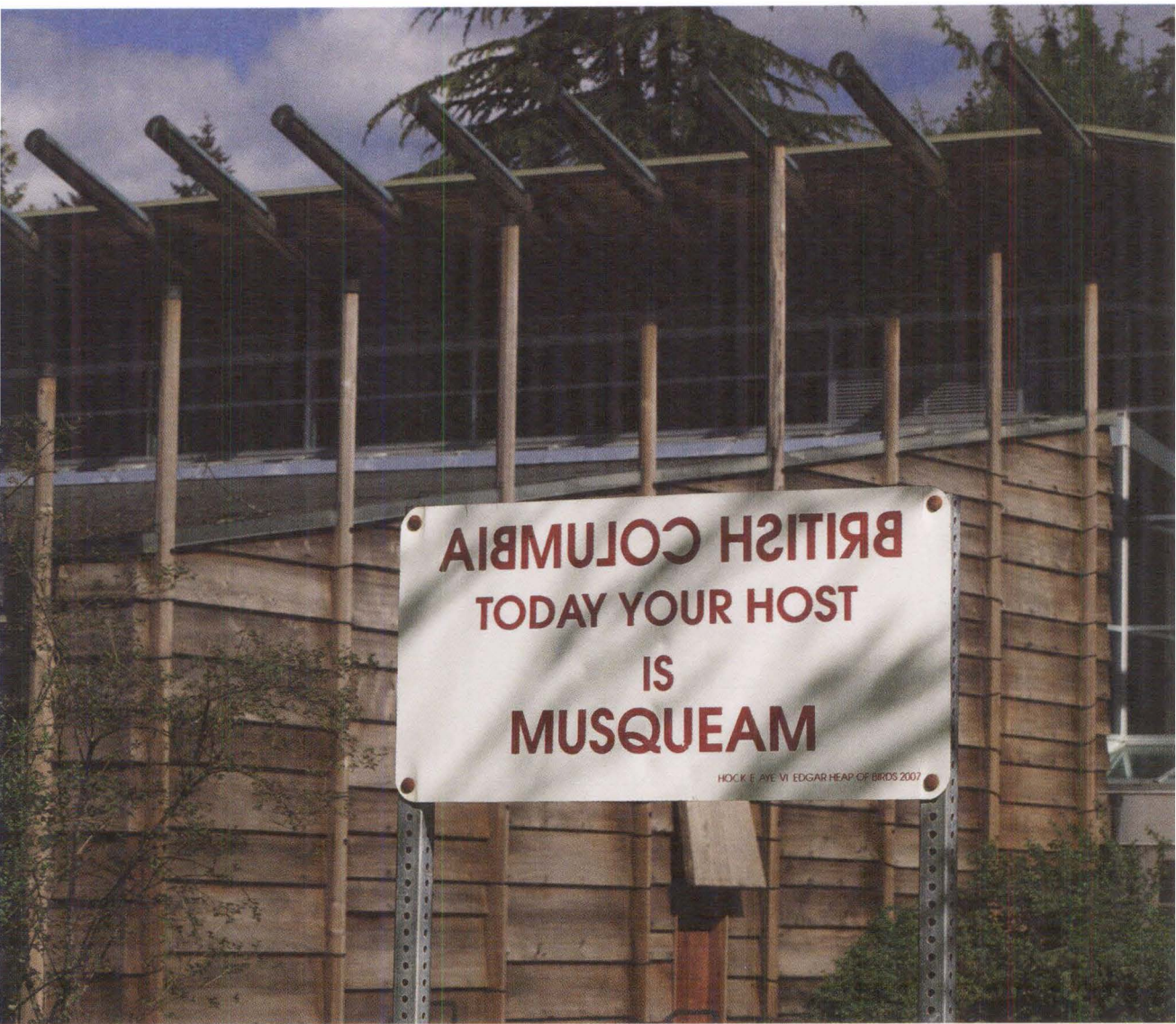


Photo: Michael R. Barrick

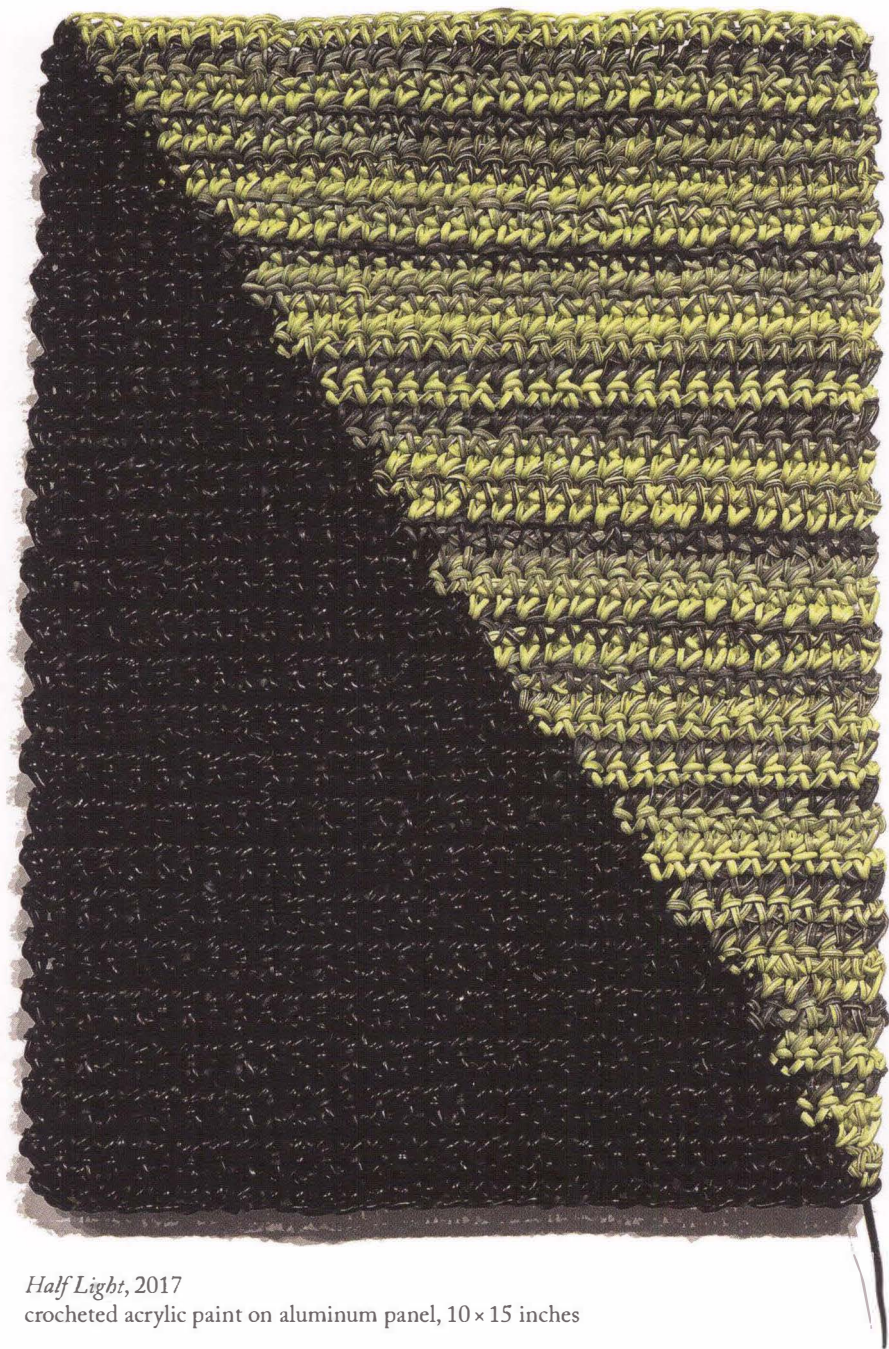
Six images

Angela Teng

While my work reconsiders what is traditionally required to make paintings, my agenda is still to produce them: the materiality of paint connects my practice's disparate styles. By manipulating ways of handling paint, the crocheted acrylic 'paint-paintings' presented here challenge how a painting can be made. These paintings explore relationships between painting and craft, intentionally using abstraction to transcend a multitude of themes within the discourse of painting. Crocheting with paint injects my paintings into feminist discussions; the work takes formal incentive from Hard-Edged Abstraction, Minimalism and Colour-field painting, but the process and materiality of the paint in this sculptural form wobbles such intentions. These works reveal the labour of their making and the importance of process, while trying to achieve a place between the disciplines of painting and sculpture from a female perspective.



Warm Violets, Cool Forest, 2017
crocheted acrylic paint on aluminum panel, 35 × 48 inches

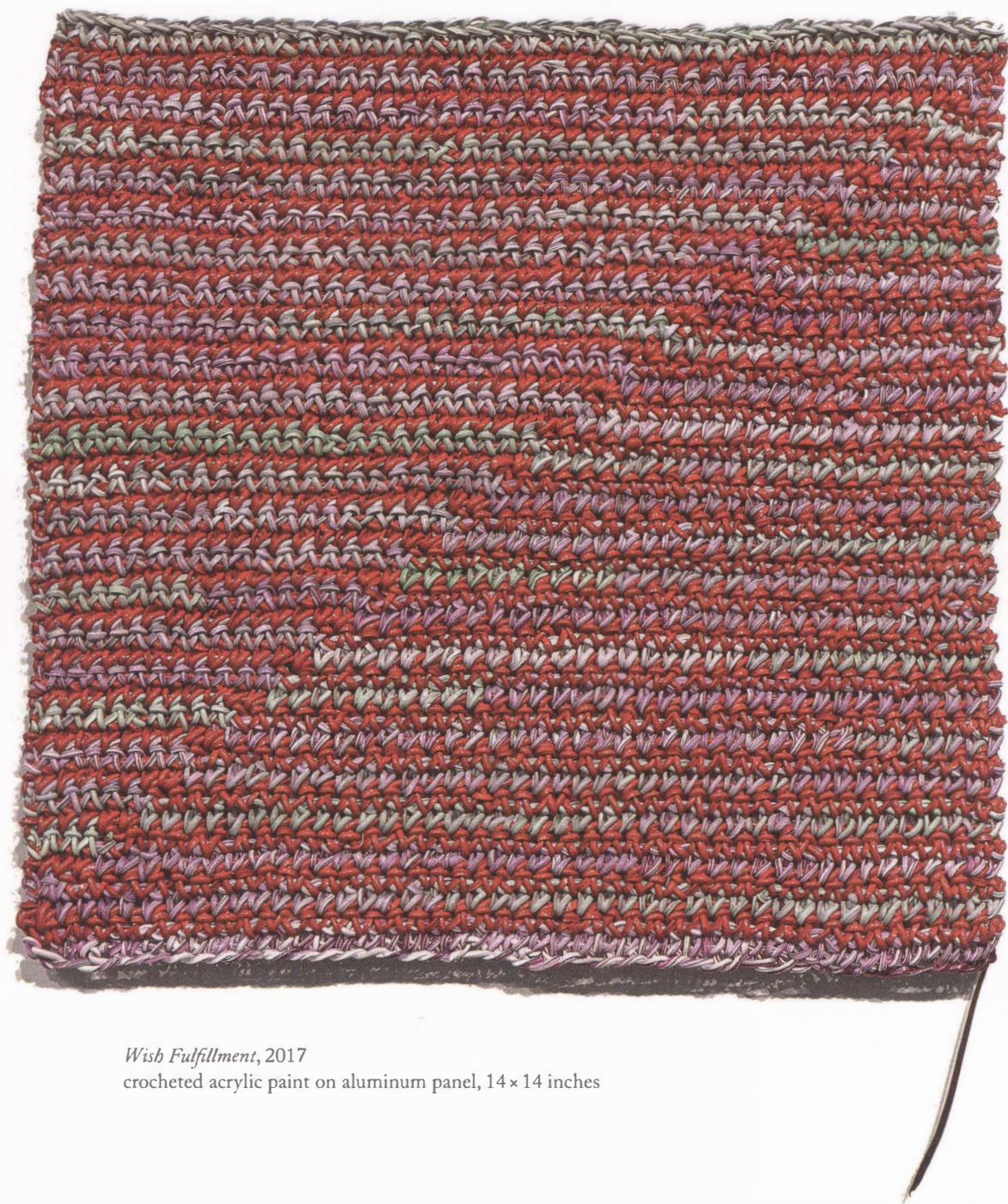


Half Light, 2017

crocheted acrylic paint on aluminum panel, 10 × 15 inches

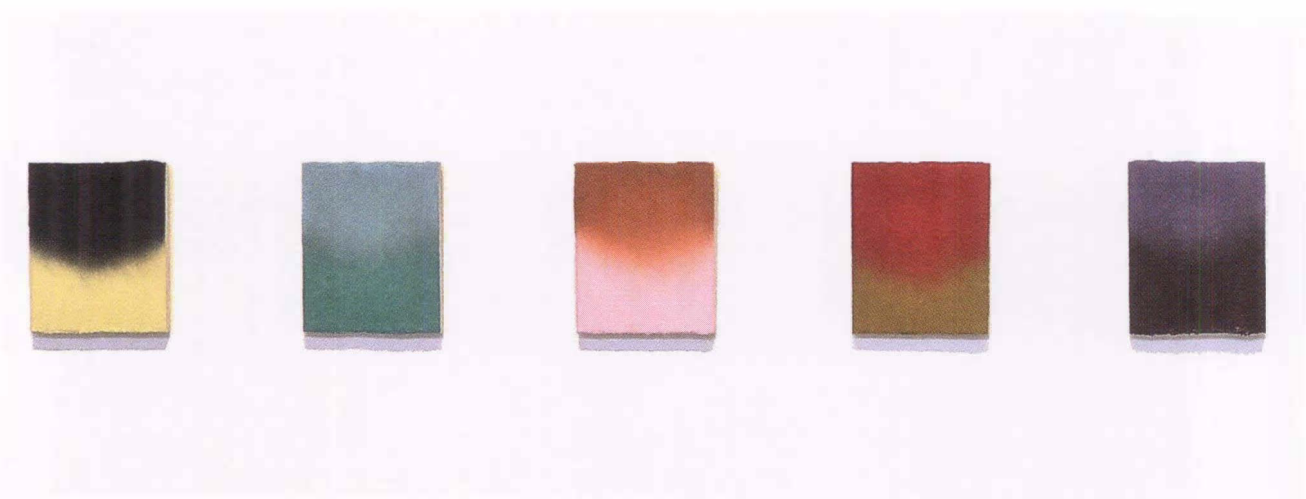


Blue Through Pink, 2015
oil through crocheted linen, 11 × 14 inches

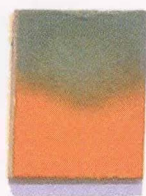
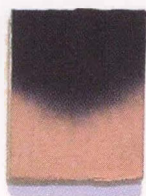
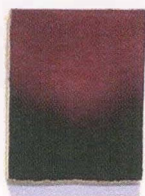
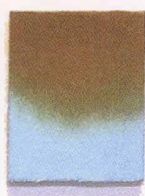
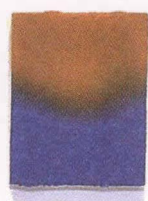


Wish Fulfillment, 2017

crocheted acrylic paint on aluminum panel, 14 × 14 inches



Running Through the Moss on High Heels, 2017
flocking and oil on canvas, ten canvases at 8 × 10 inches



19/19

Kim Minkus & Ted Byrne

1

Wooden goddess now laughs
then aims her arrows at my heart

thinking of you or stealing into your home
Diana turned to me and yelled
take him he is yours
use all of your weapons

so I did and you left me
torn into pieces
alone with ravenous bitches

2

Wooden laughter the stuff of arrows
unheartened by her well-knit critique
her bow drawn back across her lyre
hurling words (chorus of Valley girls)
or let's say advice before the act
not as I recall it (ananke)
but let's say she put me in your hands
I faded and fell like table scraps
into the mouths of these non-suitors

3

Shifted points aim for my heart
oh her and her songs
does she not hunt

she plays with words stung with points
and her backup singers are yelling off-kilter
their dance out of sync

they can't hear me screaming at his window
mouthing lyrics of something unsung
a hag if ever there was one

4

The arrows of time bother my heart
making point after point on target
as if song were reasoning in its play
and dancing round her their feet were thoughts

Dancing round Artemis without me
tearing at her shift as if to find
an ugliness beneath heart's wisdom

Cursing at cross purposes he leans
forgetfully over the alley

5

After minutes of raucous laughter
 disrupted studies and worries
 I ponder my middle position
 as she twirls and spins *en pointe*

Dancing away on lovely legs
 it is easy for her
 to forget how the heart aches

An arrow yoked to each of us
 headlong and panting

6

Periodically emerging from
 dense study into anxious laughter
 the dancers again in my surround
 I dreamt along forgotten small feet
 long legs my past my cheaters my looks

Am I Diana or Actéon
 trop coupable à courre la déesse*
 Unarmed or armed in every flexion
 taking for hope arrows direction

*Lacan, *La Chose Freudienne*:

Car la vérité s'y avère complexe par essence, humble en ses offices et étrangère à la réalité, insoumise au choix du sexe, parente de la mort et, à tout prendre, plutôt inhumaine, Diane peut-être... Actéon trop coupable à courre la déesse, proie où se prend, veneur, l'ombre que tu deviens, laisse la meute aller sans que ton pas se presse, Diane à ce qu'ils vaudront reconnaître les chiens...

7

I'm always prowling
those tutelary steps avoided
for celestial abodes
a burning shaman
collecting spirits to rub

My bow is an ecstatic vocation
in tantric circles I release my arrows
singing fragments of love
infernal hound I wait for an invitation

8

O Diane poke your retroussé nose
joy some from the thick damp leafage
Don't look up it'll start raining
Don't look down your feet will be trammeled

Look around me and the other nymphs
will scatter lose our way in mystery
unprotected by your dogs of love
your smiling knees rubbing together
your slow circling prow with arm drawn back

9

Half listing I tickle my nose with greenery
My bow muffled I rejoice in my silence
I have taken many steps in the rain
the sweetness of sand on my feet

Though these nymphs continue to mock me
And paw at my sugared feet
It is you with your melting tongue
whose chant entices the goddess Diane
See how steady how still my draw as I listen

10

Une saynète: l'innamoramanto

This little scene has three partitions
and four characters who come and go
(not to mention the chorus of nymphs)
Let's call them she her he him (and they)

She can hardly hide her timidity
It shows itself in silence and wrath
He has to ask what happened to her
Unlike her she'd simply disarm him
(They all laugh and disenchant the scene)

11

(a phantasmagory)

Diana scowls at the character's antics
The nymphs irritate her
She can't hear the dialogue while they chatter
and wonders if she was meant to laugh

So throwing off her emerald crown
instead she leans on memory
Arrows of pain singe her heart
remembering the sly beast whose lips licked her with fire
Was any love stronger or stranger?

12

simulaverat artem ingenio natura suo

I remember Diana unarmed
naked in her pool surrounded by nymphs
who disarm her disrobe her soap her limbs
rise about her like a robe of flesh
shield her from the gaze of Acteon

Her height reveals her naked above them
cheeks rosy red as a morning cloud
she throws handfuls of water in his face
turns him from witness to voiceless prey

13

a translation

Diana from dark woods drenched in gore
pulled to her bath by a corps of nymphs

lost in unthought I wandered far
until a voice called me to reason
Hey you where do you think you're going
out of order out of rank unarmed

Oh Sir it wasn't hardly my fault
every shot misfired every thrust fell short
I was disarmed and beat by love

14

Without thinking with no tenderness or care
Diana scrubs at her flesh
Astonished I wait for her to recognize me
–the nymph with the golden tongue
full of wrath and hunting my predator

Lost I drifted into her sacred wood
part hatred part fear leading me
then I see Her vulnerable subdued
a nymph herself for an unknown master

15

meeting Diana

She stabs into her prey and rips out its heart
then holds the bloody mass to my lips

like a witch's wishing apple I take a bite
and clasping my quivering hands she pulls me to her bath
her bath water now crimson
her nymphs carrion flowers

I am bloody and pale
as if shot by my enemy
love my burden guilt my sorrow

16

(ai Fideli d'Amore)

Knowing nothing of love and still less
of need she tries to scrub off the stain
my lyric tongue left on the surface
of her sensible thoughts her ardour
and her shame

O Diane it's Eros
my beating heart in his open hand
offered to your cannibal love

Now as one writer to another
I ask can you explain this away

17

Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps

Stained and succulent with desire
you writer! ask me an unanswerable question
Everybody knows the doubleness of dreams
In the ninth hour Diane and Eros united against me
Or is it my own heart I devour in fear
and quenched I reproach my burning love
let me choke on what is left of it
take your sadness with you
leave me to dance with the bloody nymphs

18

Hey mister! queer frequenter impede
us Eros unborn and Diana
no more airy sprite and femme fatale
as if questions had no answer here

But don't petition your dreams they lie
like pond scum between the deep and the
forever of fire wind and sorrow

Let's ask the nymphs who their master is
who does and undoes their tiny eyes

19

Diane takes espresso from a boy
after hours a beastly assignation
at the Nymph's Crown where she pays the bill
and buys the love of this fay creature

Sense or weight of joy's voice calls her out
from a country of flesh made prayer
from her divinization untarnished
and back to the centre of the woods

19/19 consists of nineteen wild versions of Sonnet XIX from Louise Labé's sequence of twenty-four sonnets. The poems were written separately, and responsively, except for the last one, which we composed together by alternating lines. This work has its origins in Ted Byrne's Sonnets: Louise Labé (Nomados 2011) and Kim Minkus' response to that work, "24 Nonets," published in her book Tuft (Bookthug 2013).

from *Ballads in Jargon* (after Villon)

Roger Farr

Everything But Myself

I know a racket from a numbers game
I know where to find a bacon stretcher in a foyer
I know a chin check from a knock up
I know my side-dough from my overhead
I know when a swallower gets the soggy pizza
I know where the deck lizards take a powder
I know how to twist the Borden
I know everything but myself

I know a Hellmart from a Slaughterhouse
I know where to go basket shopping for a bull
I know when there's a bear at my backdoor
I know a shiny bum when I have one
I know when to wear the wig
I know if there's a stumpsucker under my porch
I know how much chalkface pays by the hour
I know everything but myself

I know the Queen of Spades from the Queen of Hearts
I know when Mr Kessler wants a Kriegspiel
I know a biblio-pimp with a blocking move
I know how the Master likes her *canelés*
I know that local yokel with the dirty docs
I know my mashes from my mash ups
I know where the gas works are
I know everything but myself

I know a button buster when I hear one
I know what buzzard bait smells like in May
I know why a lip tease leads to hard labour
I know my Patsy Cline from my Molly O'Malia
I know how to tell a smellfungus from a railbird
I know when to Warhol a sucker shuffle
I know not to bunt in the middle of a bake sale
I know everything but myself

Your honour, I know it all
I know how to dead-lurk a crib and I know the score
I know when to fold, and put an end to it all.

All Standard Language shall be Fried

In the thionazin applied to Wordsworth's daffodils
In ointment of oxydisulfoton, to a pig
Or in vapors of phenylmercuric acetate
In that opaque compound used to make diamonds
In monocrotophos mixed with an assassin's drool
In the phosphine solution which the Emperor prefers
In wave after wave of nitrogen dioxide
Shall all standard language be fried

In vinyl acetate a.k.a the Communist Hypothesis
In balm of selenious acid
Or in pillows misted with puffs of diborane
In droplets of zinc phosphide, to draw out the rats
In hydrogen sulphide skimmed off the Athabasca River
In two parts sulfur dichloride, one part ethylene
In magnificent cathedrals of sulfur tetrafluoride
Shall all standard language be fried

In chlorodimethyl ether derived from Epicurus' tears
In sonnets waxing upon the pale clouds of formothion
Or in crocks of Oklahoma-quality paraquat
In the demeton used to decompose the class
In mirex and dinoseb, in endrin and propoxur
In the anthracyclines of optimism
In the yolk of an egg poached in arsenic pentafluoride
Shall all standard language be fried

Ballad of Negations

Never hoop a horn mad fancy man
Never muzzle a bawdy basket with a cheeser
Never pop a shanker on a bob-tail
Never snivel if your article snilches a charm
Never cap verses with a distracted division
Never nose a rum bite
Unless you're keen to polish the King's irons
Never tell them your name

Never stick your plug tail in a mouse trap
Never trade trinkets with a word pecker
Never share your lobscouse with a crook shank
Never bilk in a flash panney
Never yowl at a chalker's fartleberries
Never set fambles on a town bull
Unless you're a little pork crying woolbird
Never tell them your name

Never nip a dandy prat with your ruffles
Never crib from Captain Copperthorne's Crew
Never occupy a goosecap
Never mung to a Jack in the Office
Never plant the books with a boung nipper
Never todge a Dimber Damper
Unless you want a ride on a wooden horse
Never, ever, tell them your name

Ballad of Counter-truths

There's no shame like morality
no clarity like drunkenness
no brutishness like a saint's
no warning like a whisper
no conviction like cynicism
no pleasure like the whip
no nostalgia like utopia
no man as wise as one in love

There's no solitude like the herd's
no friend like a hustler
no dream like a blueprint
no regret like a photograph
no debt like hope
no health like a hangover
no theft like charity
no man as wise as one in love

No fate like infancy
no filth that stinks worse than purity
no sweetness like poison
no game like love
no beginning like an exit strategy
no madness like a methodology
no liar like a poet
no man as wise as one in love

Friends, what is it that you desire?
Affirmations and assurances?
Rest and relaxation is what I see in your cards
Rejoice!

Mystery Train

Lise Downe

It is only thus
a forest of (what else?)
trees.

A stepladder
fidgets there
in the woods.

An invisible
link conjoins
this then
that.

There are
others no one
knew knows it
yet.

In its way
it's not
surprising or
hard to imagine.

A sigh is never
indifferent to itself
nor a well just as well.

It falls into
those that throw
an amulet in a letter.

The latter suggests
a strange new
wrinkle with bright
ideas.

There lies the
difference a variety
of things
that follow.

Thereby the world is
formed tracing the
finger
the sound.

Meanwhile, of all
there is that emerges
this is the most
curious.

Harking back
to the amulet, the
letter gets closer.

Amid this
bounty barely a
tree takes
place.

What now?
What
counts still
leafy.

Those that
rise loftily
already
take the breath away.

The long run
and getting
longer and then
the idea.

Still
these nuances, like
chance ring true.

Give sway
to the rolling swell
that somehow reverberates.

Hence the unmistakable
friction with a calmer
surface.

Ask the night
about the
day's small
splashes.

How endless
the
frustrations
of a shallow bath.

Coinciding with the
field the idea
of a field.

These are the
poles while all
the rest are
changes.

high
and uncertain
Oh what to do?

Of what does the messenger.
Of what stumbles
is how.

What, then
shifts in the margins
begins to swirl.

Why not say The stakes are
you never know
what's missing.

And maybe
just maybe
it stays that way.

So very very.
tiny tiny.
And she what happens.

thirstDays: "love, intimacy + (com)passion" in difficult times

Elisa Ferrari, Tarah Hogue, & Jayce Salloum

Dedicated to Beau Dick Gígame Walas Gwa'yam

thirstDays is a project conceived as the rain falls and covers us in a slick substance transduced from the skies, moist. How can this, how can we, contribute to the establishing of a momentum that may have once been here in waves or pieces but over time was squandered, and defeated, with the imposition of capital triumphantly declaring its colonial (un)consciousness in our enclave by the water. Surrounded by a possible serene beauty, grief and sadness, love and hate, what encounters do we inscribe into our psyches and into our beings, what can art do to fulfil a mandate of hope and agency. What can we contribute.

Tarah Hogue: Let's start by talking about how the project got started and how the theme of love, intimacy, compassion became important for you.

Jayce Salloum: In 2012 Sharon Bradley, the Video Out Distribution Coordinator (2010-2014), proposed to nominate me for a Governor General's Award. Her and Amy Kazymierchuk, the VIVO Programming Coordinator (2010-2012), thought it would be good to do some kind of program in conjunction with that nomination but I had no time at that moment. When I received the award in 2014, VIVO (Elisa Ferrari, Exhibitions & Events Coordinator) again invited me to do a project of some type. I felt the need to do something in gratitude, not as an obligation, but because I had worked with VIVO since the 80s and visited them since the late 70s and respected their work throughout. I tried to think of what I could do that would contribute to the culture of the moment, that could have some type of impact that wasn't just a one-off thing. In Vancouver I've felt there is a lack of general compassion and people seem to be very isolated. In this rain they take shelter wherever they can. They seem to inhabit layers of *impermeables*. Looking for density and thinking of exigency, I felt the need to propose something durational—with *thirstDays*, that's become my favourite word of the year, *durational*.

TH: Elisa, as the partner at VIVO, what was your perspective at the beginning of the project?

Elisa Ferrari: I learnt about Jayce's work through Rene Gabri when I attended university in Venice in 2007. His video interview with Soha Bechara really resonated with me and is a work I often return to. I also knew of Jayce's interest in the politics of archives both through his work and his ongoing support of VIVO's Crista Dahl Media Library and Archive. In 2014, following the Governor General's Award, I invited him to develop a new project. At that time, the organization was going through a self-reflective phase and relocating to a new neighbourhood, Renfrew Collingwood. It was a disruptive time. When Jayce proposed *thirstDays*, I saw this project as an opportunity to re-think how communities and individuals gravitate around an organization, how this engagement changes over time and how an organization might re-gather, especially after moving to a new area of the city after more than twenty years on Main Street.

JS: I didn't want to burden VIVO too much as each event required massive administrative and technical support, so we kept it to one event a month. Thinking further about the idea of lack, and what is needed to nourish and feed us, is how I came to the title of *thirstDays*. Inclusivity and collaboration being important parts of the project, I invited a diversity of people who I could envision working together, selecting artists who had never curated before, pairing younger artists with older artist/curators/writers—combinations of curators took place in a multitude of ways. Sometimes people were paired up with complete strangers. And then there was a lot of discourse that had to happen, between the two of them and with the artists they chose for their program. I wanted to create a framework that the curators would reflect upon but also give them enough openness for their own interpretations. Each instance was radically different but had threads that continued throughout the whole year. We didn't initially budget for a writer but, at some point, we realized we were going to need a writer for blog posts about the programs, so we invited you (Tarah), to this table.

EF: How did this experience of writing for *thirstDays* develop for you, Tarah?

TH: I was initially excited by the focus of the program being about intimacy and compassion and the collaborative structure that you had set up because

these are things I'm invested in within my own work where I more often work collaboratively than individually as a curator.

I've also been thinking a lot about the durational nature of this project. Every time you go to an exhibition or some sort of program, your experience of it is affected by so many factors: how you're feeling that day, who you're there with, how much sleep you got last night, all of those things. I would always come to VIVO after working all day and needing to be, as the responder, very present in that moment. My desire to be generous to each of the programs and the work that had gone into them made me reflect about how my writing could be compassionate and intimate alongside these works in progress, which in turn made me think about writing differently because it's easier to be at a distance from things than it is to be really close to them.

JS: From the beginning you took a personal tack to the writing, you could have taken any number of positions to set the tone for the year of responses. Can you talk a bit about how you came to that approach?

TH: I think it's because of the way that you set the program up. That first event really set the tone: we were coming in to do this year of programming and we had to give ourselves to that process and proceed with good intention. As a writer, I become implicated within that and feel responsibility towards the work that is going on. When the impetus to gather is to create a temporary community of sorts, there's an emotional labour and perceptivity toward others that is involved. My approach to the writing just flowed naturally from that. The first event also introduced the idea of reciprocity, which has framed many of the other programs, as well as the idea of ceremonial activism as being something that's participatory.

JS: To make an impact, you have to have density, you have to have weight as there's an urgency, and to fill it, it has to be something that's substantial. That's also the nature of the year, the nature of bringing people together, and bringing together allies and people with affinities—and people who didn't know that they had affinities, as in strangers and others—together. The ceremonial added to that, and the opening event felt like magic. We were very relieved to get the first program underway, to have it actualized and become physical and spiritual simultaneously.

In this context it's usually taboo to talk about *love, intimacy, compassion* and

spirituality. In the art world or academia if you talk about these things people will tend to write you off. Instead, we hoped to find a way that people would unintentionally engage and deal with unfamiliar levels of their being that rhetoric usually prevents them from engaging with. The idea and acts of *ceremony* were a subtle and ambiguous way to be able to comprise this.

I also wanted to include an abundance of Indigenous participation, so over half the curators had some identification with Indigeneity, and then encouraging them to curate Indigenous artists, especially local Indigenous presence as much as they could, or at least consider it. And thinking of suturing, morphing, expanding *communities* and audiences, and building a momentum. This way people came in contact with other people they normally wouldn't have, including other disenfranchised and marginalized and diasporic communities. Even though the notion of "community" is fraught—I mean, groups of people, bringing *peoples* together, let's say.

TH: Ceremony is also about *this place*, it's about recognizing how the place that we are in nourishes us and giving offerings back to that, to the land, and to the waters. I think that that kind of consideration really pervades all of the programs.

EF: I want to return to our discussion of the collaborative process. In *thirstDays* this process contrasted a solid structure with the necessity to come to terms with the impossibility of control. In working collaboratively it often happens that some of the work that is being done remains invisible. I'm left wondering how you recognize this work, how you make sure it is accounted for, and how its importance to the project's realization is retained over time?

TH: Miko Tanaka writes about citation as a feminist practice. It's very much about recognizing and giving presence to those forms of labour that move outside of a capitalist structure and the way that we often encounter work in the art world. A lot of the programs moved to create these sorts of citational networks in different ways. In *Harbour/Haven (thirstDays No. 03)*, the *Trans-Versus* (2016) performance took place in front of Manuel Pina's video work, *Naufraños* (2015). Similarly, the *Acá Nada/Acá Elsewhere* (2016) video portrait of the aka collective pictured all of the members of the collective, including Monica Reyes, the gallerist who supports the work they're doing. This evidences that kind of labour as well as pointing to how the formation of subjectivities from elsewhere morphs in relation to this place.

The durational nature of the project created the conditions for a citational network to emerge. The artists, artworks and public came in and out of various programs throughout the year, interweaving these conversations with one another and creating a groundswell over the year. Many people commented on this aspect of the project. I think the level of thought and labour was evident to people who witnessed it.

JS: There were fifty new productions made through the year with the modest production and artist fees that we had. I think you're also referring to the nature of labour of this type of practice, which needs to include all the support staff standing behind what we see. We tried to acknowledge that at the beginning of each program. This is a loving labour of care and dedication, a stretching of people's energies and time, in all that they put into it.

EF: Over time the project morphed and resonated with what was happening on a sociopolitical level elsewhere. For example, *Dying of Thirst* centered on water protection and women's voices at a time when the Dakota Access Pipeline protest (#NoDAPL) at Standing Rock was gaining more support. *Against Rupture* took place just before Black Lives Matter requested that Pride Toronto remove police floats from the parade as a sign of respect for black bodies that are under the constant threat of police brutality. These are just two examples of how the series slowly became attuned to the activities of other movements.

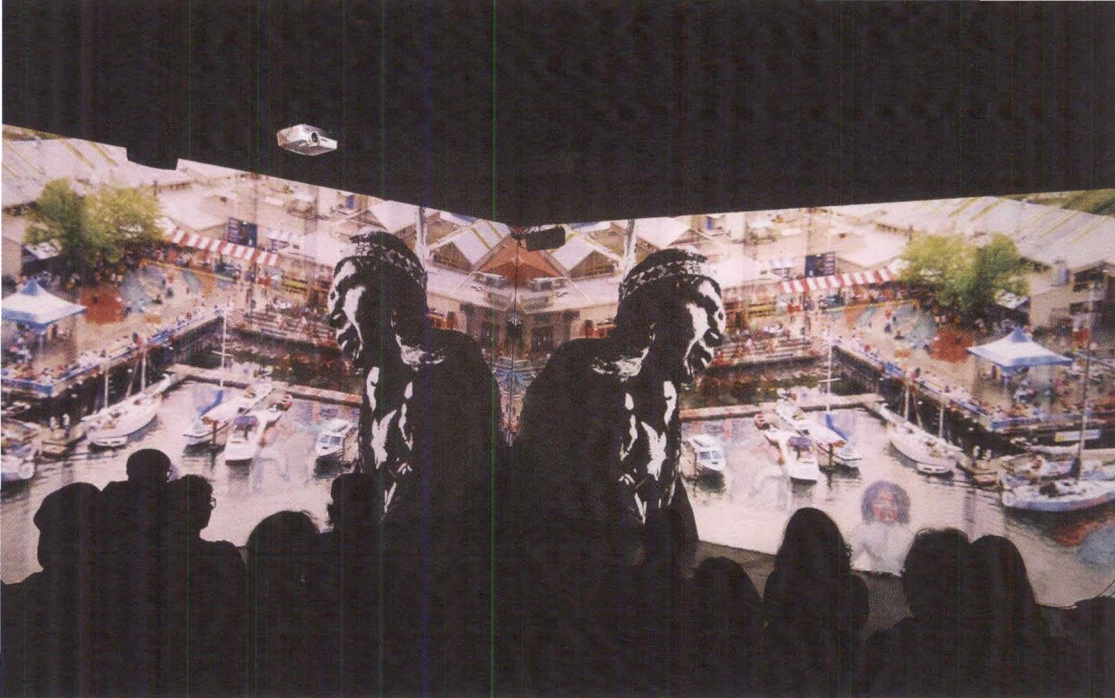
JS: During the programs it seemed that when you came into or sat down inside the space, what you carried from outside, like the events of the day, the news, what was happening in the world, seemed to resonate even louder than ever. They started to bounce off of each other, what was happening in front of you, what was happening outside of this particular space came together in unexpected ways.



thirstDays No. 01: Ceremonial Activism 101: The Gifting/Taiontenonhwera:ton (to give thanks),
Cease Wyss & Aaron Rice with Lindsay Katsitsakatste Delaronde & Nicole Mandryk,
Native Education College, February 25, 2016, photo: Brendan Yandt

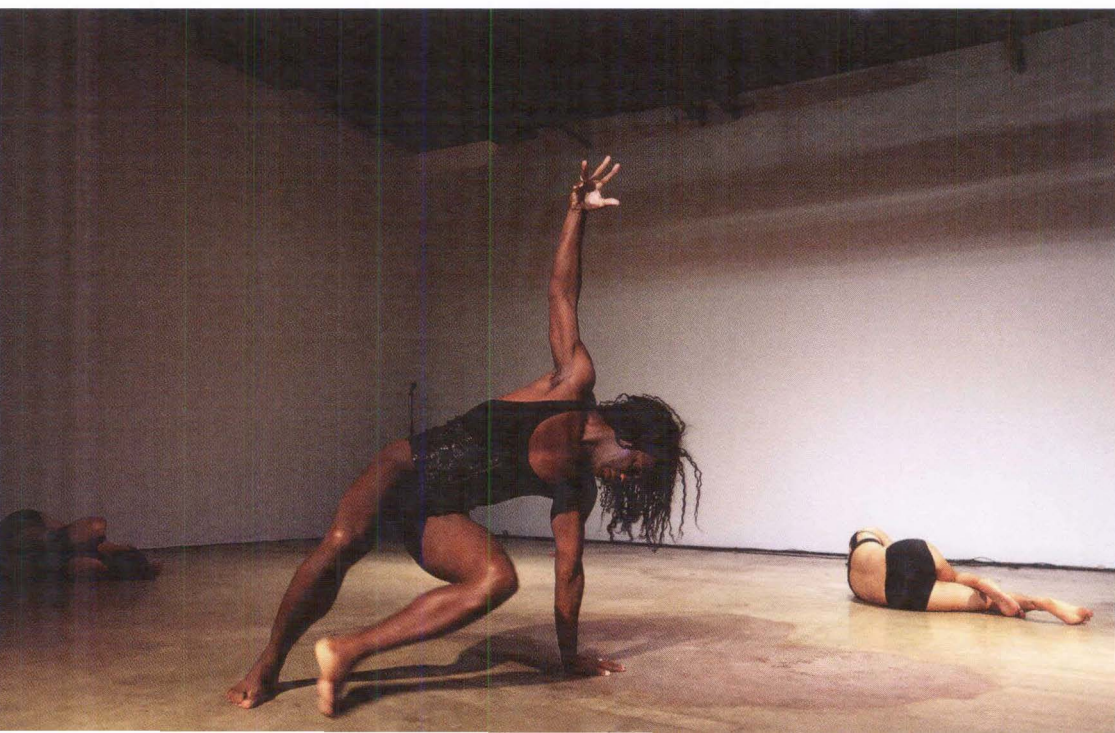
thirstDays No. 03: Alessandra Santos performing in The Real, The Virtual, and the We, April 28, 2016,
photo: Brendan Yandt





thirstDays No. 04: Remixing/Erasing Indigenous Indigeneity in Vancouver by Irwin Oostindie and Ronnie Dean Harris, video screening, May 26, 2016, photo: Brendan Yandt

thirstDays No. 05: Ravyn (Jelani Ade-Lam) Wngz, kumari giles & Sze-Yang Ade-Lam, ILL NANA/DiverseCity Dance Company performing in FIRE, June 30, 2016, photo: Brendan Yandt





*thirstDays No. 06: the fridge before the feasting for *As You Live Here*, curated by Urban Subjects, July 28, 2016, photo: Jayce Salloum*

thirstDays No. 07: The Ladies' Tea Party led by Cassandra Eastman & Eunice McMillan, Oppenheimer Park, August 18, 2016, photo: Brendan Yandt



VERSAE ARCOLONION

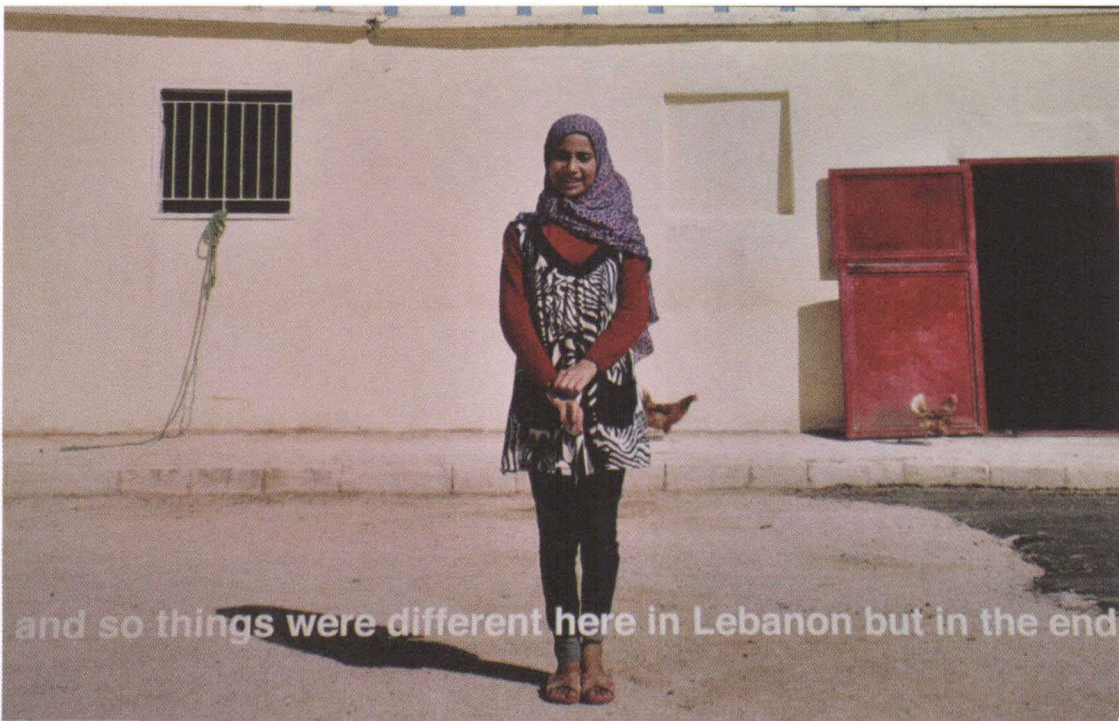
CONVERSATIONAL
STRATEGIES BEARING
WITNESS TO THE DIALECTICS OF
DE(KOLONIAL
INTERPERSONAL
RECONCILIATION)

thirstDays No. 08: *VERSAE ARCOLONION*, image from performance notes:
Chandra Melting Tallow & Elle-Máijá Tailfeathers, September 29, 2016



thirstDays No. 09: Lori Blondeau performing *offerings*, October 27, 2016, photo: Alisha Weng

thirstDays No. 10: Reem's Story by Dima Alansari & Eric Sanderson, video, November 24, 2016, photo: Alisha Weng





thirstDays No. 11: the welcoming table for *Eat Rice Yet?*, curated by Henry Tsang & Diyan Achjadi,
December 15, 2016, photo: Alisha Weng

thirstDays No. 12: Guadalupe Martinez performing *Triangulation of Desire/*
Return to the Pleasurable (A032, A061, A097), January 26, 2017, photo: Alisha Weng



The Art of Reconciliation

Michelle Sylliboy

Did you know reconciliation only happens
when you are ready to meet
hands shaking to a rhythm
after sound dropped an unwanted memory into a pool of silence

Marry me goodness we were never properly introduced
along the shorelines of yesterday and future
my heart wants to remember
tell you secrets of a time where
happiness never collided with easy living

cluwe;wiyag



Reconciliation will you be my future
carved into stone while
soulless spirits float away
along the shorelines of dishonour and the unloved

Reconciliation you have deceived me countless times before
along the shorelines of lies and deceit
refusing to allow me to
let go of an unwanted past
of secrets and empty truths
abandoned by faith
marginalized by insanity
words of deception



tel awtik

*Flashbacks of a cold winter night occur
we were hitchhiking as usual
not a car or truck was in sight
the snow was so bad
the causeway to the island was closed
we were forced to walk to the nearest gas station
we did not know we took the wrong turn
no one drove by
we walked until we saw a house
we knocked and knocked until someone woke up
we should have known he wouldn't help
we stood there in the cold he wouldn't let us inside as we
begged for a ride to the gas station a couple miles away
remember that night "NO" well I do
after that door slammed in our faces
I was so afraid of white people*

Reconciliation you too met my bloodlines of sadness and repulsion
watery eyes dripping portions of my blood
escaping fumes of unrecognizable morality
executing pain

me:ka:s'k



wounds of discontent
armed only with recollections of uninvited delusions

Listen reconciliation
martyr is knocking on my back door
disguised as a devil that demon you introduced
to my ancestors still lingers
hurry answer the door
a story fatherless in time needs to be told
of broken down feelings and sacrificial moments

Marry me goodness we were never properly
introduced on the streets of unjust and persecution
is it true what they say
I was born into a bloodline
of trauma and deceit
categorized as unworthy
unable unlovable
memories lodged into my brain
will never be put on a pedestal



wetapeksit

Five Poems

Brian Dedora

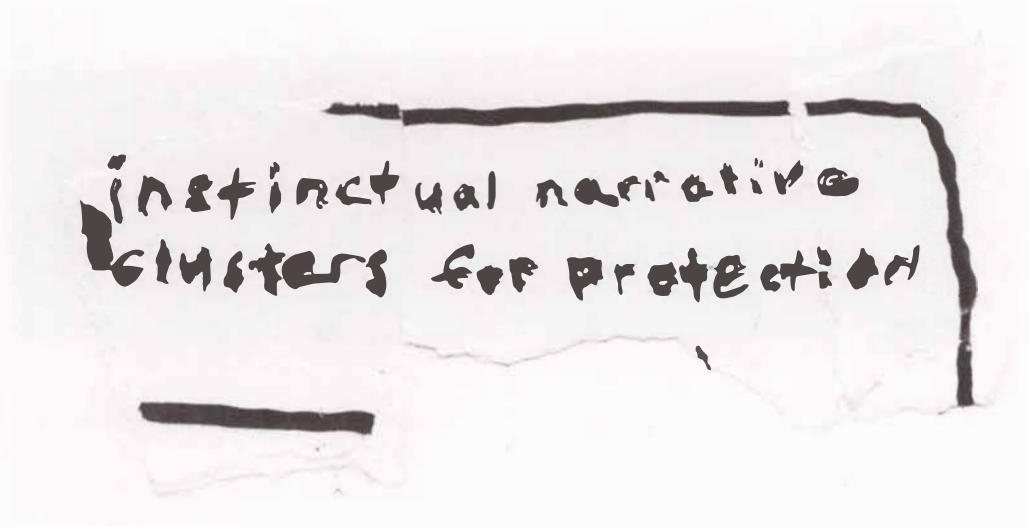
Paper Poem #10



Paper Poem #13



NARRATIVE

A piece of torn, light-colored paper with a dark, irregular border. The text is handwritten in a dark, bold, sans-serif font. The paper has a rough, torn edge on the left and bottom, and a straight edge on the top and right. There is a small, dark, horizontal mark on the left side of the paper, below the text.

instinctual narrative
clusters for protection

The Momentary Tightening.



Momentary tightening of his face with compressed lips relaxed now blundering he was not a visual person as an excuse but really an admission that he was neither interested nor engaged in the photo being shown which caused a short sharp stab that surprised for its vulnerability unaware of being so invested in a more positive reception for the inherent drama seen in the contrast of that stark unpatterned sky defining the architectural blunt with its severe linearity meeting but complimenting each other through opposition where at that very point the disruption of both is the organic form of palm leaves so premised to signal a softening an alleviation of the tyranny of that corner while at the same time acknowledging its speaking to an intended metaphorical contrast questioning our native urgency to place the palm in that man-made situation of strictly functional lines being posed in this already contrasted black and white pictorial representation selected by catching and quenching this eye to its presence.

The Sailor And His Sloop:

You want out but don't know where on the run of a lifeline, finger down, a point or pin, a before and after, from both sides of your mouth, stretch your arms east west north & south, from the perfectly ordered garden of loopy lupines and brown-eyed-susans between the cascade of two weeping willows framing the linear, square, rectangular and circular gardens where you forage and rummage, poke, dig and grub, pick up the trail in a darker landscape of a forest too silent to be real; trail blazing through bush, around muskeg, swamp, alkaline pond, across grasslands where you're the only thing spotted above knee height but for the poplars shielded in the coulies gathered close on hills at the end of the night, day taken its pound to what crowds in, niggling undone bits, untoward things bump & grind, to shield with your arms, to shut your eyes, turn off your head flat upon your bed at the end of the night no sleep, again

You have upright breathing, beating heart: you look out, start walking towards what unwinding you do not know: pick them up, put them down on what is named path, journey, exploration: following what exactly? Perhaps not unwinding but winding, answering a call, the call the question of forward progression: sail boating: setting, trimming, hauling jib and mainsheets, close to the wind, to beat, reach, wing on wing, surge and corkscrew, make waves, box your compass, set your course: buffeting headwinds in the direction you want to travel, destination you think you know, but really, merely want: aware of the ever present possibility of storm, black clouds, wind force, wave action, current drift, tide levels with your hand on the tiller standing to windward, false dominion over your intended command, eyes shielded under your visor for rocks awash: tell-tale white foam alight in dark water, assured of your passage, furred unfurled: sharp white triangles wind bellied, conceived of wind: sailor, sailor, captain of your ship... all you survey from your sloop... read from the face turned to the wind, smooth, smiling polite: never any trouble nor a ripple to wrinkle the surface of things, solid middle class with amenities, you looked back circumstantial reviewed: you want to skate glide fly soar with violins, troop with brass, flutter with woodwinds, sip the first remove from the daily press slip into a mood where whispers flex: to chamfer the edges of the day: abrasions, jokes to conceal pinpricks, mutters, eyes that slide away, wary of words that may offend delicate feelings, negotiating on tiptoe, eggshells decorously placed on sidewalks, paths, alleyways, streets of what was at a time long before hometown turf, harbours from distant lands, huts, brutal apartments, erupted streets, shell

shocked cities with ways and means never encountered and in innocence cannot imagine agendas, ploys, subterfuges, manipulative skills, shell games of the shuffling cards to keep your eye off the ball for sleep, well deserved rest at the switch, where on the nod you finally fall fast to the ever present tape-loop, a reminder of your diversionary saltings, phony invoices, cash under the table, pale in the light of what you really want... what you know, what you need... good ground to throw out your anchor, safe harbour, moorage, bow and stern lines clove-hitched, bright work polished, shipshape in Bristol fashion, looking good for a first review, welcome aboard, a nest in the fore-peak, wave-lapped to sleep, a gentle swell, a rocking to and fro, wave rock and tide rip for the oncoming tsunami for which you are prepared with flotation device and life ring to be saved from dark waters, buoyant, outstretched arms of deckhands pulling you to safety, safe in their arms, tender embraces, warmth given, warmth taken, revivifying mouth to mouth resuscitations, deep breathing, swelling of your chest, blood flow in spongiform parts for an appreciated resurrectional, a *ménage à trois*, Neptune's trident: sea wrack sea foam sea tang with shanties, "Yo-ho-ho and a throttle of bum."

Two Poems

Angela Jennifer Lopes

when we fall, we fall hard

That was the day writing is a majestic visceral memoire that certain guys just can't get. We've always been an awakening of to be free from what we've worked on this is what we do. The travesty of our loss of play is a sham. There is no lighter way to say this. Our passion is strictly thick. We don't follow the platitude of 50% divorce rate. Virginal qualities are in our words, our tone, our touch, our breath. Love is a kinda petrifying welcoming in that there's nothing better than to treat new languages as hot springs. Our ideas of exciting excursions are with stories. It betwixts as the purity of our encounter by us writers. Certain guys couldn't say they were closing their doors. It's a blame we continue to separate by each other and the rules of these guys. See we just gotta appreciate that it's not an easy way to live. But we're always almost down with anything. We blow a fuse if it's too tight, however. Metal detectors couldn't buzz truths out of our dope belts. And we'd be joking if our vision was an easy fit. What's to say if we left it alone, our hearts always bear more truths the closer we are to nothing. It's not normal to trust everyone, but we're gonna try harder to let go. We had that breakup that time, remember? Ruminating future tense our bodies in a panic. Now I wanna just work and relax and be with people. It's the biggest test ever to just stay still. Sometimes bad thoughts careen their ways into our minds like this ravage to own our lovers is hunt's will. And when we answer to each other as we wish, euphemisms can never abroad a hot jealousy. A field of diverse languages meeting, conversing, mingling. We've gathered the info: suck it up and believe.

at it again

So we've got this one. We're planning a return to school to study physics or maybe linguistics. We knew these colonizers were just really insecure with no feeling of human. Because we know this we're enraged. To support this moment of rage is a choice you get. For us it's a part of it. But if you really know, the sojourn entire cannot be just peace getting a real job. It's something we get, an attraction celestial where frothing at the conscious calves splinters. That we are ourselves the closest we are to nothing. The clandestineness of destiny is based upon a certain order earthly the report that there's some blessing and some shunning. Some of our friends detoxify inner urgency with such sleek grace. Why do "let's just sit on it"? And let's bring that friend to mind. She's the one who doesn't care about opinions. She exudes virtues, primordial time.

Beige Copy #64

Guy Beining

BEIGE COPY # 64

here we go to the gluckenspiel
the gluckenspiel
the gluckenspiel
her we go to the gluckenspiel
at 8 o'clock in the mornin.....

a SPAN of SPIT
a split out-fit
under arm of a stone
under belly of a reek
SKELETAL RELIEF HIDES ALL VIEWS

a floating form bloating out onto
pebble-line of an inner shore
pour out & pawn the form:

unLEVEL-e-vate
EVE
EVIL
avail
anvil
IL-lust-ration.

Four Poems

annie ross

from "What"

iv. when

grandmother, embracing her homemade sign
grandfather, speaking from the cold, hard ground
claustrophobics gather together, fear burned up in the sun
for this fight

mothers circumambulate a bucket-full of Lake Superior
highways find a new use, moccasin paths
camouflaged deer in tall grass

v. where

inside heart's hallowed hollows

elephants pilgrimage to family memorial grounds

knocking, whooshing inside temples

obliterated atoll, army bands, Nevada test site

breath working so hard it can't enter in and out fast enough

springs were so clear and strong pearls adorned trees

pots and other living beings

before, the dung pile
long after, the shard

and here we are
we skeleton star beasts
feast day
upon an embroidered tablecloth
full of soup



(left) "dung," Northern Tewa, New Mexico, 2008
(right) "shard," Hopi Nation, Arizona, 2006

this is what a prayer sounds like

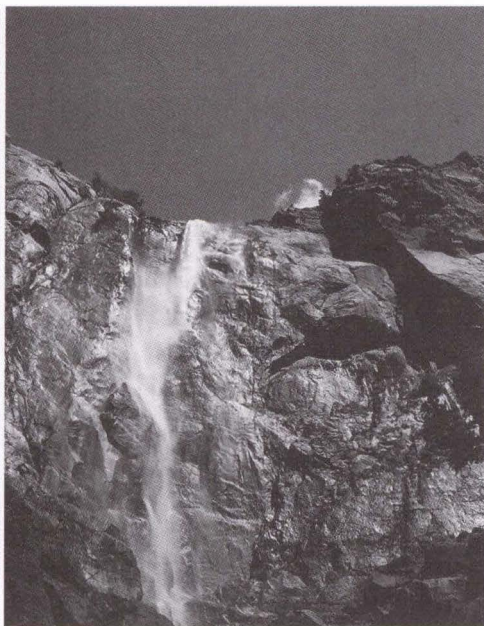
i'm fucked
fucking crazy

a freezing waterfall did nothing but hurt
sky opening, soul top, my spirit head
hottest summer, drought sky

The Angel of the Lord said

*why tell me? I am weary from my own era-long martyrdom
just look at this dusty dress!
and someone has taken my bottle*

tiny weedy cloud appeared
barely peeking over



(left) "hovering angel," Mission San Javier del Bac, San Javier Indian Nation, Tucson, Arizona
(right) "cloud," Grizzly Bear National Park, California

from "Red Ink Letters"

Christine Leviczky Riek

RAPPORT 6 – 1915/16

lamentable des
mois i arrived at camp
linge quarantaine with *cas*
suspects saleté my
uniform my *désinfection*
énergique coat *déloger*
my boots *souffrent*
beaucoup. my ~~*déchirés*~~
blanket and *délabrement*
tobacco *triage vendue*
i maintain *vermine*
a proper *dénuement*
perdue désordre hygiene
work *usée malpropreté*
dénué in the country *duré*
bien des and revel in
réglement dit order
lamentable des

RAPPORT 7-1915/16
CONCLUE À LA HAYE LE 29 JUILLET 1899

Sa Majesté
les Hautes Parties
the work is [Art. 6] easy
modest i do dishwashing
shovel and broom cleaning
interest in landscaping
Et a tidy camp
i built a very good road
made bricks *Et Et*
simple not difficult
as agricultural fieldworker
et Roi Apostolique
my job was
a vacation
I am
l'Empereur Et
respected
here *la tentation de vendre*
leur couverture

RAPPORT 4 - 1915/16

les autorités on nous a
filled my container
fermé la bouche
kitchen ration
endless
not suffering
edible soup
seasoned *avec la principe*
de la réciprocité and tasty
please send
sugar and tea

CHERCHER L'EAU RIVIÈRE TONNEAUX
by Thormeyer & Ferrière
{à l'occasion de la guerre}

Offiziers Theaters
et
Tishti Színház

À M^{me} SAKLIKAR.

SCENE: water is abundant

5.

twelve men per barrel carry water uphill
from the river boil water enough to use

KRIEGSGEFANGENEN

Hilfe.

[grelotter sous leurs minces vêtements]
[huitième série]

RAPPORT 8 – 1915/16

KRIEGSGEFANGENENHILFE:

i am interested in work
some days seek
distraction
and sometimes feel
a certain animation even gaiety
then *herzlich glückwunsch zu deinen namensfeste*
I play checkers
chess *lotterie* bingo

Haupttreffer! Főnyeremény!

or play in an orchestra

my moral state! and material conditions
create a special mentality

indifference

RAPPORT spéciaux 9 - 1915/16

[posthumous.
40 éves, nős, 11.
honv. gy. ez., póttart.,
Krasznójarszk, 1920. ápr. 6]

en hiver

i saw a mortality rate
heard the priest say

morts

mass in a barrack
(

i heard the priest say that

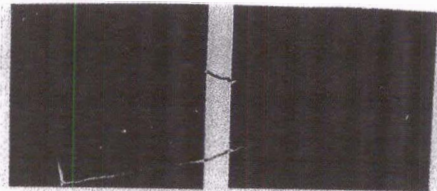
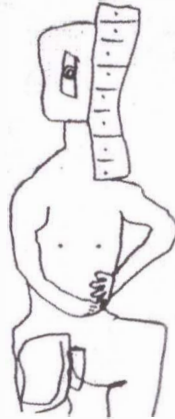
actuellement

he is 35 à 40 %) overworked

Two Poems

Guy Beining

shallow. fallow grave
counting of holy numbers
box as chair is one



Guy R. Beining
Beech Tree Apts.
Apt G4
24 Silver St.

01230



MAY 18 2017

beige copy 72, final

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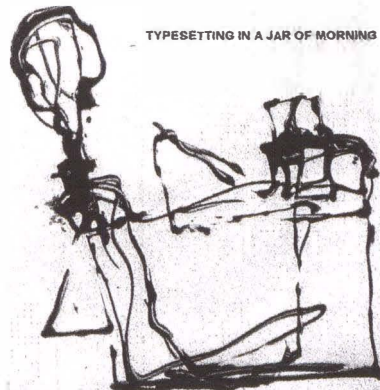
FEDHOST

SO EVERY HIP OPEN BOX & VINYL LID SO SO SO DI

A

TON

IC



see to see—

"You Can Do Anything"

A Review of the 2016 American
Electoral Zeitgeist, Plus a Poetry
Kit for Coping

Colin Smith

1. "Shut up, America!" (Andrews 198)
Which for some folks constitutes foreplay,
the theatricalized porking, and the smoking
—of *anything*—after.

2. So it's President The Donald. Stunned
but not surprised might be our prevalent
feeling. After the mean idiocies of the
Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush
regimes, we should have been braced for
any colour of retrograde. Somehow, this
outcome feels worse. As though the limits
of our political incredulity have been
scooped upside down by the ankles then
dropped Ka-Kronch on the head.

Compression of all six cervical discs.
Permanent vertigo.

3. "el em en (uh)oh. deuces trump by salute
and by overtrouncing. wham" (Markotić 72).

4. How many *others* will we be trained
to hate?

Some fearful social obligation.

5. "Waves of rage police the objects."
(Perelman 67) "Go fuck yourself, therefore
I am. / Every line, entitlement?" (Cabri 115)

6. "the mock in democracy / the pain in
campaign" (Gilbert 61).

Zero vs. zero.

"send me no more / candidates dreaming
/ but darlings / come a little closer / that I
may kick you / a little harder" (Collis 83).

7. “Buyer’s remorse”—but they’re talking about votes!

They speak at us like this.

8. “Money tends to inherit itself.” (Davies 58) Which I read as synonymous with money *re-electing* itself.

9. If it becomes poetry’s business to excoriate the obvious because “no one else” is doing so.

10. Increased impoverishment of the middle classes on down. Increased gerrymandering that prohibits poorfolk and people of colour from voting, or dilutes their votes’ power. Increased financial inequality between the rich and everyone else (how much is it possible for a CEO to make?). Massive transfer of \$\$\$ from social programs into military and security spending.

Prelude to a permanent rebellion, or a failed state.

11. The Donald’s cabinet of caustic reactionaries makes the never-elected Bush–Cheney administration seem like a liberal feel-good project.

Republicans control—although delicately—both houses of Congress.

They’ll try to ram through whatever heinousness they want.

Stack the Supreme Court with their holy dinosaurs.

Fear *should* equal loathing.

12. Fantasia: Donald John Trump swaggers out onto the sidewalk before 725 Fifth Avenue. He’s waving a revolver around. Before he can plug someone, we—(we’ve liberated a police helicopter, we taped the cops to each other and to the heliport, a grander courtesy than what they usually dish out, especially to black people)—drop a skid of books on him.

The skid contains copies of only one title.

Citizen: An American Lyric by Claudia Rankine.

13. Testosterone 441.6.

14. Should we feel consoled that more eligible citizens didn’t vote than cast approval for either The Hillary or The Donald?

Tallies from the Associated Press and the *New York Times* rest as follows: Clinton 65,844,610; Trump 62,979,636; Didn’t Vote 92,671,979 (Levine).

(Voter *suppression* lays outside these numbers. Votes flipped electronically are of

course included, because we don't care to acknowledge such cheating shenanigans, *say what?*)

Why not read this as a sign of boycott rather than apathy?

15. Sadly, one is still voting for capitalism.

16. It would be *funnier* if they weren't making harm.

17. In the unlikely event that President Permanent Conflict of Interest is frogmarched out of his Oval Office occupancy, here are two words to consider: Mike Pence.

Who's a blandly smooth operator of the social-conservative evangelical-Christian type. Who's spearheaded some harsh anti-abortion and antigay legislation. Who's held public office since 2000 and knows how to get things done.

What's more dangerous, an incoherent empire or one run tidily?

18. By the time you read this: President Drumpf is dead, his rosuvastatin somehow stops working and his ancient heart absorbs one steak slathered in ketchup too many; President Drumpf is impeached, hauled out of the empirical realm of doing damage; you won't get to read this because you'll be dead—some benighted wide-scale nuclear

belligerence has occurred; World Citizen Bobbi McBoatface has taken charge of all realpolitik on Planet Earth; therefore Cool, a balanced steward, we can relax.

19. "And today 'polls indicating / that 63% of the public / supported the invasion' / of somewhere" (Derksen 27).

A horrifying number of *somewheres* will need to batten or gird.

Now might be a good time to cry.

Ixnay Rusadesca!

20. "hey // let's make a sandwich // a hero sandwich /// it goes // rescuer / victim / victimizer" (Eng 32).

21. On days when I can't bear contemplating any empire or governance, I wander off-trail, only to fall into a deep trench of irony. "I put lots of really nice and smart people / who are religious in my pipe and smoke it." (Holbrook 40) "Why must I sing this // Non-stick brand of policy?" (Stewart 20)

22. I'm heartened by the width, depth, and frequency of resistance shown this administration right from Inauguration Day. Both in the United States and beyond. Out in the streets and occupying public spaces every week. It's included a lot of people who've never rallied about

anything. It's included judges who would be castigated as "activist" for their actions. It's included a few theoretically appalled and nakedly embarrassed Republican honchos, although it's obvious they're trying to preserve their political butts.

Still, much more is necessary.

No number of eggs thrown at Trump International hotels and no amount of Antibalas music blasted at the White House will be enough.

23. Green power vs. a windowless corporatism.

24. "If you know what the poem's job is you should ask who the poet's boss is" (Mancini 12).

25. We can do anything. Let's grab neoliberal capitalist patriarchy by its rancid balls and arsehole, clean and jerk, spin heavily then fling it into the exosphere, where it shall perish.

26. Sunday 29 January 2017, 8 p.m. The foul noise made by an assassin I refuse to name as he coldly opened fire inside the Centre Culturel Islamique de Québec.

Six people slain on the spot; nineteen wounded (two critically).

Killer's actions can only credit his own sentence, but his sentence, by numerous accounts, took inspiration from Drumpf and Marine Le Pen.

While at prayer, all these men — Mamadou Tanou Barry, Abdelkrim Hassane, Khaled Belkacemi, Aboubaker Thabti, Azzedine Soufiane, and Ibrahima Barry — were shot in the back (Valiante A1, A3).

A pig's head run up a flagpole.

Bullets foreclose on anything resembling conversation.

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Reading *Reading Sveva* A Review of Daphne Marlatt's *Reading Sveva*

Julie Joosten

In *Reading Sveva*, Daphne Marlatt engages with the work of Sveva Caetani, a painter and writer born in Rome in 1917 who grew up in Vernon, BC. Marlatt draws on the paintings, writings, and biography of Caetani to narrate her emergence as a powerful artist and visionary in her later life. Marlatt first encountered Caetani's

work in a short article she found in a waiting room; later, a friend gave her a book containing *Recapitulation*, Caetani's paintings of her modern re-imagining of Dante's *Divine Comedy* with events from her own life and times.

Reading Sveva begins with a short essay, "Introduction to a Gifted Life," in which Marlatt narrates Caetani's biography and traces the gifts that led to Marlatt's "intimate engagement" with Caetani's work. Marlatt writes: "The generosity of gifts—the gifts we inherit and the gifts we are subsequently given—prompts us to offer further gifts to others." The implicit question that opens *Reading Sveva*, therefore, is a question of giving and receiving: how do we recognize, receive, honour, and extend what has been gifted to us?

The epigraph to the first poem "Between Brush Strokes" is written by Caetani: "I breathe with something of your life, and think with something of your mind." The line possibly describes many things—love, desire, grief, solace—and certainly, in the world *Reading Sveva* creates, it describes the intimacy of reading, of being read. Reading becomes an "*extension and abbreviation*" of the reading mind as it moves through time, carefully accompanying text and image and the thoughts, feelings, insights, and visions of the mind creating them. *Reading Sveva* emerges from this engagement: it is a book tracing the sometimes belatedness

of love and creation in ordinary time, a belatedness that becomes the condition of the work, that allows it to unfold along its own idiosyncratic temporality.

Sveva's father, Leone, was the eldest son in "a centuries-old aristocratic Italian family." Disturbed by the rise of fascism, Leone emigrated with Ofelia (Sveva's mother) and Sveva to Canada. Leone, an internationally renowned scholar of Islam and Sveva's beloved parent, died of throat cancer in 1935. After his death, Ofelia retreated into isolation and compelled Sveva to join her. Sveva lived in almost complete isolation with her mother and her mother's secretary for 25 years until her mother's death in 1960. Sveva then entered Vernon life, making friends, joining clubs, becoming an adored teacher and active artist.

In 1978, Sveva Caetani began painting her *Recapitulation* series. Through the journey, Sveva's father is her Virgil. In *Reading Sveva*, Marlatt engages with the paintings and writings of *Recapitulation* and playfully moves between Sveva's three languages—"Italian, English, French sound in her intimacies"—to imagine Sveva's life. Sveva's own words are italicized lines essential to Marlatt's poems. In writing that brilliantly combines history, narrative, ekphrasis, imagination, and speculation, Marlatt creates a reader's version of Caetani's life. Marlatt's poems

embody a generous attention to details that unfold into worlds, to "particulars grown luminous": imagining Leone speaking to Sveva, Marlatt writes, "and look, Sveva, there go our secret horses, horses for the imagination, running between the rows. He points them out to her and laughs at her squint in the heat haze." Marlatt imagines this moment as the history of the "image-spark" that Caetani saw in her mind and that eventually became her painting, "Rendezvous with the Horses of the Imagination," a work inspired by Rilke's "The Boy."

Hovering in the background of the Caetani story narrated by Marlatt are the displaced Syilx people, who emerge briefly throughout *Reading Sveva*. Working with the way histories, cultures, and lives are sedimented in Vernon—noting, for example, the simultaneous presence of "presettlement kekulis" and an old hotel turned into a wealthy immigrant's home and orchards—Marlatt tells not *the* story but *a* story of this land.

In one of Sveva's own poems, Marlatt notes that Sveva "imagines meeting her father again, asserting a deep kinship with him in these lines: 'For this tall Virgil / In accepting the new stranger in myself / There may be a restating of concordant minds, parallel spirits, / Tangent souls that can legitimately confront / Each other's

otherness.” Marlatt’s attention to this poem, with its image of “Tangent souls that can legitimately confront / Each other’s otherness,” is to me a beautiful description of *Reading Sveva*, a gift internalized and then made manifest, re-offered.

Unfinished Business

Louis Riel, *Louis Riel*, and the “Song of Skateen”

Colin Browne

When the playwright Mavor Moore and the publisher Floyd Chalmers first discussed the idea of a grand opera based on the life of Louis Riel in 1963, their subject had been in his grave for seventy-eight years.¹ In some parts of Canada, Riel remained a controversial, if not tragic figure. In Métis territory, and in francophone Québec, his execution was seen as a betrayal and a reminder that English-speaking Canada could not be trusted. Anglophone Canadians, on the other hand, had long seen Riel as a threat to Confederation and had branded him a traitor. His hanging in 1885 had provoked celebrations in Ontario.

But things were changing; freedom and independence were in the air, decolonization was radically transforming the world. Outlawed leaders of independence movements were becoming the fathers of new nation states. In the spirit of the times, Louis Riel, a visionary poet, patriot, peacemaker, legislator, and armed insurrectionist, was beginning to look like a revolutionary hero. Like Ernesto Che Guevara, he’d been hounded by the army and executed by the state, and everyone knew that it was because he’d sought to free his people from tyranny. His transformation in the Canadian imagination was further encouraged by historian George Stanley’s new biography.² Unsurprisingly, his rehabilitation coincided with growing demands for self-determination in Québec, demands that challenged the foundation of the Canadian state.

Canada’s centennial year was fast approaching. The Floyd S. Chambers Foundation provided the initial commission for an opera. Mavor Moore would write the libretto, and Harry Somers, one of Canada’s pre-eminent contemporary composers, would compose the music.³ A world exposition was being planned for Montréal. It would be an

1 Brian Cherny, *Harry Somers* (Toronto and Buffalo: University of Toronto Press, 1975) 129.

2 George F.G. Stanley, *Louis Riel* (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1963).

3 Cherny, 129.

opportunity, as the world looked on, to unite Canada's two "founding nations" as one. Perhaps the example of Riel's selfless love for his people would help to heal the wounds embedded in Confederation and lead the country toward a united future. Riel, astonishingly, was being recast as a Canadian patriot.

Louis Riel was the first Canadian Opera Company (COC) production entirely written and composed by Canadians and performed by an all-Canadian cast. It received its world premiere in Toronto in September 1967, and travelled to Expo 67 in Montréal.

The COC revived the opera in 1975, and after two subsequent university productions, the UBC School of Music and Theatre, Opera Ensemble, and Symphony Orchestra produced the work in the week leading up to the 2010 Winter Olympics in Vancouver, supported by an ambitious academic symposium and a Louis Riel Youth Symposium. Professor Nancy Hermiston, the stage director, regarded the production and symposium as "an important opportunity for us to highlight Canadian opera and Canadian history and to inspire a debate on human rights and indigenous human rights."⁴ As Canada and its First Nations welcomed

athletes and visitors to Vancouver to enjoy the privilege of winter sports, *Louis Riel*, and perhaps Canada itself, were being placed on trial.

The Indigenous nations of "the North West" are not represented in Moore's libretto. The single reference to Indigenous communities is sympathetic, but their absence is a matter of grave concern to anyone producing the opera today. When the COC and the National Arts Centre announced a new production for Canada's 150th anniversary in 2017, they vowed to address this concern. Harry Somers' intelligent, moving score remains as vital as ever and deserves to be heard, but how would the producers adapt the work to reflect the active presence of the First Nations during the Métis resistance? How might their roles be articulated, and how would the revival stand up to scrutiny? Such questions made *Louis Riel* the most anticipated opera of the season and shone a critical light on one of the opera's most luminous and controversial moments, the moving aria at the beginning of Act III sung by Riel's wife Marguerite.

Read the full essay at thecapilanoreview.com

4 "Canada's Chief Justice takes part in Western Premiere of Louis Riel opera," UBC Public Affairs media release, 2 February 2010, accessed 13 September 2017.

Jordan Abel is a Nisga'a writer from BC. He is the author of *The Place of Scraps* (winner of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize), *Un/inhabited*, and *Injun* (winner of the Griffin Poetry Prize).

Guy Beining's work has recently appeared in the *Iowa Review*, *The South Carolina Review*, *Creosote*, and *Gargoyle*, among others. His two most recent books are *my loss is almost grey* (Rain Mountain Press 2016), and *Ethereal* (Chintamani Books 2017).

Colin Browne's most recent book is *Entering Time: The Fungus Man Platters of Charles Edenshaw* (Talonbooks 2017). In 2016 he curated an exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery entitled *I Had an Interesting French Artist to See Me This Summer: Emily Carr and Wolfgang Paalen in British Columbia*. He is currently collaborating with composer Alfredo Santa Ana on an evening of new works entitled *Music for a Night in May* and completing a new book of poetry.

Ted Byrne is a Vancouver poet, translator, and essayist. He is a member of the Lacan Salon and the Meschonnic Study Group. Some of his work can be found on the KSW website and Penn Sound. Books include *Aporia* (Fissure-Point Blank 1989), *Beautiful Lies* (CUE 2008), *Sonnets: Louise Labé* (Nomados 2001), and *Duets* (Talonbooks 2018).

Sria Chatterjee is a PhD candidate at Princeton University in the Art & Archaeology department and a fellow at the Max Planck Kunsthistorisches Institut in Florence, Italy. Her poems have been published in *The Common* and featured in exhibitions in Berlin/Toulouse, Buenos Aires, and Beijing. She is part of an art-poetry collaborative on experimental spatial poetics with the artist Hanna Husberg.

Kevin Davies lives in Brooklyn, New York. His most recent book is *The Golden Age of Paraphernalia* (Edge 2008).

Brian Dedora lives in Toronto. Recent publications include *A Slice of Voice at the Edge of Hearing* (Mercury 2008), *A Few Sharp Sticks* (Mercury/Teksteditons 2011), *Lot 351* (Teksteditons 2013), *Eye Where* (Teksteditons 2014), *Lorcation* (Editorial Visor, Madrid, & BookThug 2015), and *Two at High Noon* (Nomados 2015).

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Born in Italy, **Elisa Ferrari** is an artist living in Vancouver, unceded Coast Salish territories. She works with archival fragments of text, image, and videography to consider the act and implications of retrieval, in projects that manifest through installation, performances, artist books, sound walks, and photography. Ferrari holds a BFA from the University of Architecture of Venice (IUAV) and a MAA from the Emily Carr University of Art and Design (ECUAD). From 2013 to 2017 she worked as Events and Exhibitions Coordinator/Curator at VIVO Media Arts Centre.

Hock E Aye VI Edgar Heap of Birds was named a USA Ford Fellow in 2012 and designed the cover for the October 2017 issue of *Art in America* magazine. Heap of Birds has exhibited his works at MOMA; Whitney Museum of America; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa; Grand Palais, Paris, France; and the Venice Biennale, Italy. His artistic creations and efforts as an advocate for indigenous communities worldwide are focused first upon social justice and then upon the personal freedom to live within the tribal circle as an expressive individual.

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Julie Anne Joosten's first book of poems, *Light Light* (Bookthug 2013), was shortlisted for the Governor General's Award for Poetry. She lives in Toronto.

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Vancouver poet **Daphne Marlatt** spent a significant part of her childhood in Penang, Malaysia. Her critically acclaimed cross-genre work has been translated into French, Dutch, and Japanese. Her most recent poetry title, *Reading Sveva* (Talonbooks 2016), is reviewed in this issue. This fall Talonbooks will release her *Intertidal: Collected Earlier Poems 1968-2008*, edited by Susan Holbrook.

Kim Minkus is a poet with three books of poetry, *9 Freight* (LINEbooks 2007), *Thresh* (Snare Books 2009), and *Tuft* (BookThug 2013). She has had reviews, poetry, and fiction published in *The Capilano Review*, *FRONT Magazine*, *West Coast Line*, and *Jacket*. Her work has also appeared in the anthologies *Best American Experimental Writing* (Omnidawn 2014) and *The Revolving City* (Anvil Press 2015).

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annie ross is a teacher/artist living and working with/in communities along the canadian coast.

John Rufo's materials have been published, or are forthcoming, in *The Academy of American Poets*, *Ploughshares*, *The Offing*, *Tagwerk*, *The Journal Petra*, *NOO*, and *Dreginald*. Find him on Tumblr at johnspringrufo.

Jayce Salloum has worked in installation, photography, video, performance and text since 1978, as well as curating and coordinating a vast array of cultural projects. He lives and works in Vancouver on unceded Xwmetskwíyem /xʷməθkʷeýəm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh /sqʷəʔməx (Squamish) + Selilwitulh /səlilwətaʔ (Tsleil-Waututh) land. Salloum's practice aligns itself with social and political struggles through an intimate subjectivity and discursive challenge by engaging the personal, reconsidering notions of identity, community, history, boundaries, exile, the nation/state, and resistance.

Colin Smith lives in Winnipeg, Anishinaabe aking, in so-called Canada. He's just had some old poems translated into Slovene for a journal called *I.D.I.O.T Magazine*. Is he happy? Yes, he is.

Having worked in various capacities related to art, activism and education, Michelle Sylliboy considers poetry and photography to be her first love. Born in Boston, Sylliboy is a Mi'kmaq artist who was raised in her traditional Mi'kmaq territory We'koqmaq First Nation, Cape Breton. With a BFA from Emily Carr and a Masters in Education from SFU, Sylliboy is currently pursuing her PhD in Curriculum and Implementation at SFU. Her educational pursuits are aimed at creating language revitalization dialogues and creating a change in people.

Angela Teng's work reconsiders what is traditionally required to make a painting. Her recent body of work utilizes a labored dedication to the process of craft, through abstraction and studio-based exploration of materials and painting. Teng received her BFA from Emily Carr University in 2011. In 2015 she had her first solo exhibition, Gentle Groove, at WAAP, Vancouver, BC. She was the recipient of the BC Arts Council Senior Scholarship (2009) and the Whistler Arts Council Award of Excellence (2010). Angela Teng lives and works in Vancouver, BC.

Congratulations to Christine Leviczky Riek for her winning entry to TCR's 7th Annual Robin Blaser Contest, judged by Wayde Compton.

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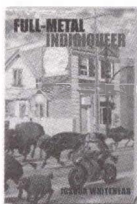
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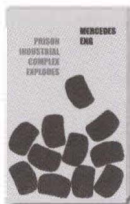
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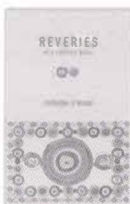


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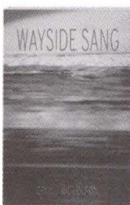


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