

The Capilano Review



A CONVERSATION WITH
Hiromi Goto & T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss

ART & WRITING FROM
Riisa Gundesen • Félix Ruiz de la Orden • Ron Terada • Divya Victor

what is it when no one is looking?

—*Riisa Gundersen*

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TCR

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5

Editor's Note

6

Félix Ruiz de la Orden

Blankets

12

Renee Rodin

On the Bus

15

**Mary Chen, Hiromi Goto, &
T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss**

In conversation: "What's the
Hinterland? I can't wait to meet
the Hinterland"

23

Kathy Slade

For the Readers

27

Lorna Brown

Carets, strike-outs, underlines,
circles and dots

30

Kay Gordon

Impermeable

31

Hiba Abdallah

Everything I Wanted to Tell You

32

Hiba Abdallah & Justin Langlois

Rehearsing Disagreement

34

Ron Terada

TL; DR

37

Peter Gazendam

Ron Terada's TL; DR

39

Wendy Oakman

The 1989 Failure Oracle

40

Leanne Dunic

Of Dandelions and
Progressive Rock

46

Christina & Martha Baillie

Sister Language

58

Divya Victor

from *CURB*

64

Sean Braune

from *Word-Things: Towards
a Haptic Semiology*

67

Peter Myers

Three Poems

70

Riisa Gundesen

The Monstrous I

85

Tawahum Justin Bige

Four Poems

93

Eric Schmaltz

Assembled Lines

96

Colin Stuart

from the archives
*with a note from Duncan
McNaughton*

102

see-to-see

Danielle LaFrance

Review of *Counter-Interpellation,
Volume One* by Aaron Vidaver

Amber Dawn

Review of *I'm Afraid of Men*
by Vivek Shraya

Chimedum Ohaegbu

Review of *That Time I Loved You*
by Carrienne Leung

Evan Mauro

Review of *Global Warming and the
Sweetness of Life: A Tar Sands Tale*
by Matt Hern, Am Johal, and Joe Sacco

108

Erin Moure & Vivek Shraya

Mentorship Interviews

112

Contributors

Cover Image:

Riisa Gundesen

Sole Face/Cubist Study, 2018
watercolour on rag paper, 17 x 12 inches

Photograph by Joshua Wade
Image courtesy of the artist

Editor's Note

Stride into 2019 with us, won't you?

We've got text art by Hiba Abdallah, Lorna Brown, Kay Gordon, Kathy Slade, and Ron Terada, accompanied by Eric Schmaltz's visual poetry, and an excerpt from Sean Braune's theory of *Word-Things*;

Riisa Gundesen's uncanny unselfies, paintings that "invite the abject in"—and invite the viewer into gorgeous and alarming domestic scenes—all rotten food, wrinkled sheets, and unconstrained bodies;

New poetry from Tawahum Justin Bige, Peter Myers, and Divya Victor; an excerpt from Christina and Martha Baillie's forthcoming *Sister Language*; "Blankets" by Félix Ruiz de la Orden, winner of our 8th Annual Robin Blaser Poetry contest; and, from the archives of *TCR*, a reprint of Colin Stuart's work from a 1976 issue of this magazine;

Our own Mary Chen invites T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss and Hiromi Goto on a "nature walk" in Maplewood Flats (North Vancouver, BC), where they encounter birds, hawthorns, rosehips, and a seal person, and consider the ethics of gathering foods and medicines in Indigenous territories;

Essays by Leanne Dunic ("On Dandelions and Progressive Rock") and Renee Rodin ("On the Bus");

And *see-to-see*, our review section, in which Amber Dawn reads Vivek Shraya's *I'm Afraid of Men* (also on the bus); Danielle LaFrance parses Aaron Vidaver's compilation of the texts that make up Aaron Vidaver; Chimedum Ohaegbu reads Carrienne Leung's short stories set in 1970s Scarborough; and Evan Mauro sits with *Global Warming and the Sweetness of Life*.

We're also grateful to Erin Moure and Vivek Shraya, the first two mentors interviewed as part of our new series to celebrate the work of mentorship, so often done so quietly.

—Fenn Stewart

Blankets

Félix Ruiz de la Orden

and yet I feel
for the music
in the distance
moving towards
the motionless
us
conspicuously
caught dynamic
digits climbing
and descending
time tricks
reset the tape
four to the B
bee to the flower
waiting for it
assured nourishment
this one goes up
tones sing direct
to entrances
disguised exits
illusory strobe lights
is somebody running?
silence craved
taunts twenty five
cent peep shows
seconds in the elevator
dollars for a blanket
you can't go without
short pleasantries

No, thank yous
remind me of existence
as do children
screams muffled
by barriers
one foot thick
terrified to breathe
breathe breath
reminders always plural
discharge completes
a flood
of voices and pop
music stains clothes,
walls suffocate
good mornings
fail in the liminal
undetected transitions
between songs
when the chords
volume and
rhythm keep
their constant
disillusioned
strobe lights suggest
counterculture
proclaiming freedom
of choice but every
body is filled
with the same
batch of drugs
look at yourself
pupils burst
dilated hello
how are you
doing today

a sterile
sensory overload
thanks
the inner child
whispers with
personality
yet sonic vibrations
dampened
by professional
discourse again
in the interval
post man
you
fractured absence
this one?
confident?
masculine?
oh yeah?
we can do it
sorry about that
by all means
Oh Canada
your inclucivility
of all people
when an all white
jury too quick
to think the best
intentions of
a white man
a gun, and his
property
so when
in all of us command
the nation will
adopt new values

like creating jobs
by approving pipelines
running through
the earth as stripes
blue, yellow, red, green
but he can help
you on the other
side, that will be
sixteen
seventy seven
intervening times
perhaps this
prolonged forgiveness
was a mistake
on the part of
our elektos
this is not about him
this is not about us
all about us
this is all about us
did he give you
some money?
it's okay
is it?
just tonight
thank you
here's your receipt
set a reminder
this is not about us
this is all about us
so there's been
everything
we've written
coming through faint

memory and
triggers
make sense
of the voices
piercing through
composition provoked
hungover migraine
orders identify
by tone fucking
constantly
unconsciously aroused
you understand?
you go for five minutes
that's all
you get your money
and your partial peace
disturbs the
incessant stimulation
to cross the sea
four, three
fault lines
in the wall
gape a flood
of voices
once more
with background
timbre slights
titillation persuades
leafing through
underwear
trying to find
the perfect
affect
I love you for

the distant
footsteps hit
hard tiled floors
inherited dance
white noise
a choir
of rambling children
food orders open
closed cash
register sighs
ensemble escalators
the underpaid
rise above
the shrieking
ground of
fast meat
fast paycheques
fast fashion
fast espressos
two shots to go
mesmerizing dancers
flailing boas bearing
blue, yellow, red, green
vacuums breathe
clogged anger calls
in the voice
of rubber dragging
frustration at the end
of the work week
trying to wind down
with nothing
to be done
but resume
the struggle.

On the Bus

Renee Rodin

I'd just caught a crowded 4th Avenue bus in Kitsilano on a rainy spring evening and was in the front area reserved for seniors, people with walkers or strollers, recyclers with bags.

Probably because he looked clean, sane, sober, and well-kempt, everyone within earshot stared unabashedly at a passenger when he suddenly declared "My life is a nightmare. God has abandoned me." Then he lowered his head onto his chest, his chest onto his knees, and kept bending over until he was so round he could have rolled right off his seat and down the aisle.

I was sitting directly across from him and said to his ball-like figure "Don't say that," which shocked me almost as much as if I'd said "Suck it up, buddy." Now everyone was openly watching the both of us.

The man uncurled himself and sat up. He was in his sixties with smooth, soft features, and it seemed unlikely from his gentle vibe that "Mind your own business" or "Fuck off" was going to come shooting out of his mouth.

Even before the man looked at me, with a curious but slightly wary expression, I realized I had no business telling him what to say about anything, and especially about God. More than anything else I was feeling jealous of this stranger because he'd experienced an intimate relationship with God — he knew when he'd been abandoned. Not that I ever wanted to feel like that, even the thought of it filled me with dread, but my relationship with God was far more tenuous.

As a kid I imagined God as a bearded old man who sat at a vast switchboard where he controlled absolutely everything, from gigantic events like the weather and wars, to minutiae like when I blinked. In high school when I was a baby beatnik I learned the term "agnostic," which I began calling myself. For years after that I cultivated an on / off again relationship with God, though when push came to shove it was definitely "on," until my crisis was over and I'd revert back to doubt and skepticism.

Somewhere in the early 2000s I asked the poet Robin Blaser if he believed in God. “Yes, of course,” he answered, with such staunch certainty that I decided to drop my hesitation and believe in God too. Or at least to say I did. Fluid as my idea of God had become by then.

While writing this I went over to see David Farwell, Robin’s partner, who still lives around the corner from me. David had sweetly agreed to teach me cribbage which I’d developed a yen for after hearing about it on the CBC. Playing games refreshed my mind more than meditating, which I was bad at doing.

In the midst of our lesson I asked David if he was okay with how I represented Robin. He said he wasn’t too sure about Robin’s stance on God but he knew a lot of his work had been about finding the divine. Which for sure Robin did.

To the person on the bus who’d announced that God had forsaken him, I followed up my original “Don’t say that” with “I’m sorry to hear that,” which was less hypocritically authoritative and just plainly empathetic. The man once again slumped over and folded into himself, but not quite as much as before. At least now his ears were visible.

I wanted to ask him why he was in such pain, but suppose he opened up and then a few minutes later I left him all alone because I had to get off the bus? Though maybe somebody else would start talking to him once I left. Maybe somebody else would start talking to him right now? I glanced around for a likely candidate but everyone whose eye I caught lowered theirs, sensing I was trying to rope them in.

The silence was thick—as uncomfortable as our soggy clothing. It was still pounding rain as the bus crept along in snarled-up traffic across the Granville Street bridge. Visibility was barely seconds between the swish of the windshield wipers.

I was headed for the Vancouver Public Library at Georgia and Richards to hear Judy Rebick read from her new book, *Heroes in My Head*, which was about her discovery as an adult that she’d created multiple personalities to deal with the trauma of her childhood abuse. It was also a memoir about her prodigious political activism.

Though legions of people had fought for the pro-choice movement in Canada, Judy Rebick was one of its strongest figures for me. In the eighties I’d directly

benefitted from her work with Dr. Henry Morgentaler when I was given the option to have a safe, legal abortion.

My own children, whom I'd raised as a single parent since they were little, were already teenagers, and having another baby would have torpedoed our family. But I was in my forties and this was my last chance to conceive—deciding what to do was excruciating. Once I began to see abortion as a form of weeding, making room for the already living, I was more clear.

After I awoke from the procedure at Vancouver General Hospital (I'd opted for a general anesthetic), I wept for a long time. I felt the intrinsic sadness of my decision but it had been the right one for my life.

Now, decades later, I was en route to hear Rebick at a time when women's reproductive rights were once again under attack in several countries. The world was in a bad patch in many ways and I didn't know what to do about any of it.

On the bus, someone had given voice to his suffering and the surrounding faces were filled with compassion. When we reached my stop, I tentatively handed him a \$5.00 bill and said "I know you're not asking for money but when you get off would you have a cup of coffee on me?" He took it, to my great relief, and thanked me. I thanked him back. I thought I'd got off cheaply.

In conversation: "What's the Hinterland? I can't wait to meet the Hinterland"

Mary Chen, Hiromi Goto, & T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss

In October 2018, I walked with T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss and Hiromi Goto through Maplewood Flats (North Vancouver, BC), discussing the plants and beings we encountered and Cease's and Hiromi's relationships with the land. The following are excerpts from that conversation. More can be found at thecapilanoireview.com. —MC

T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss:

Chen kwenmantumi-wit [Welcome to this place]

Huy che_xwa' [Thank you]

Wey che_xw yulh [[You're welcome] here]

En ha7lh skwalawens [My heart feels lifted]

En ha7lh skwayel [It's a great day]

T'uy't'tanat kwi en snas [T'uy't'tanat is my ancestral name]

I can't give you the name of this place, but that's one of the things that Maplewood Flats and Tsleil-Waututh Nation are working on... I am Sk_wxwú7mesh and Sto:lo. That's my Coast Salish ancestry, neighbours to Tsleil-Waututh, very closely related to much of the nation. I was saying, "Welcome to this space, and my heart feels lifted. It's a beautiful day. My traditional name, my ancestral name is T'uy't'tanat."

Hiromi Goto: I'm honoured to be here with you, Cease.

Mary Chen: Yes, thank you both so much for taking this walk with me today.

TCW: Oh, likewise. This is like, "Wow, they want to spend some time in the forest with me." I avidly follow all your [Hiromi's] posts on Instagram. I love all the beautiful photos you take and comments you make. So I was like, "This will be fun."



...

TCW: I'll show you some berries that are growing here. So, rosehips and hawthorn berries are two medicines I use a lot side-by-side. So, for your blood pressure, the rose hips, and for your heart is the hawthorn. So, together, they work on regulating everything. Picking hawthorns is very easy. You just dry them, make them into tea. But with the rose hips, you can see that there's this fuzzy coating around them, right? See that, it's kind of shiny? When digested, it itches everything. The worst part is...

HG: Your bum?

TCW: Yeah, when you go to poop.

HG: It itches your bum? [laughs]

TCW: Yup. That's why they call it "itchy bum." I did an herbarium project with kids last year with the CAG [Contemporary Art Gallery] and ArtStarts. I taught the kids this, and one of the kids did rosehips on his herbarium, and the last statement he made was, "Caution, will cause itchy bum." Everybody was like, "Oh my God, that's so adorable." [laughs] It's like, "Yeah, I know it's adorable, unless you have it!" Anyway, I'm gonna leave these here. See if any birds come by and want to grab them.

MC: I want to ask you about your experiences with nature and learning about it, Hiromi-san. Where did you learn so much of what you know?

HG: I grew up...my parents were mushroom farmers. The farming is 365 days of the year. There's no holiday, no Christmas. You just keep on picking. [laughs] But we lived then near the border between Canada and the US, in the countryside, in beautiful, beautiful deciduous mixed forest and some farmlands. So, when I didn't have to work at the farm, I was in the forest and playing by the pond and that was my preferred space. And it was just more observation—being in these spaces, observing, loving those spaces. But I think those spaces loved me. Because it was solace. Yeah, I think those spaces were loving me, and throughout my life, it's been very important, this relationship.

I've also learned from books and from listening to speakers who have knowledge they share. I don't know at which point I understood that salmonberries are edible, for instance. Someone, maybe a childhood friend, must have told me... I've never had a very good memory and sometimes I've wondered if writing stories has been a kind of compensation for the memories that didn't stick... I guess something there spoke to me, and also, you know, very much part of that whole

TV culture in the '70s, watching every nature show on TV I could watch, and the whole Jacques Cousteau. [laughs]

TCW: I was all over that.

HG: Remember Jacques Cousteau? Oh my God.

TCW: I know!

HG: And those Canada's Hinterland Who's Who? Those little vignettes they would have.

TCW: "We're in the Hinterland now." I'm like, "What's the Hinterland? I can't wait to meet the Hinterland."

HG: I know, and I look at it now, and it's just like, oh my God, it's just so colonial.

TCW: And so cheesy, right? It's like why did we love that? [laughs]

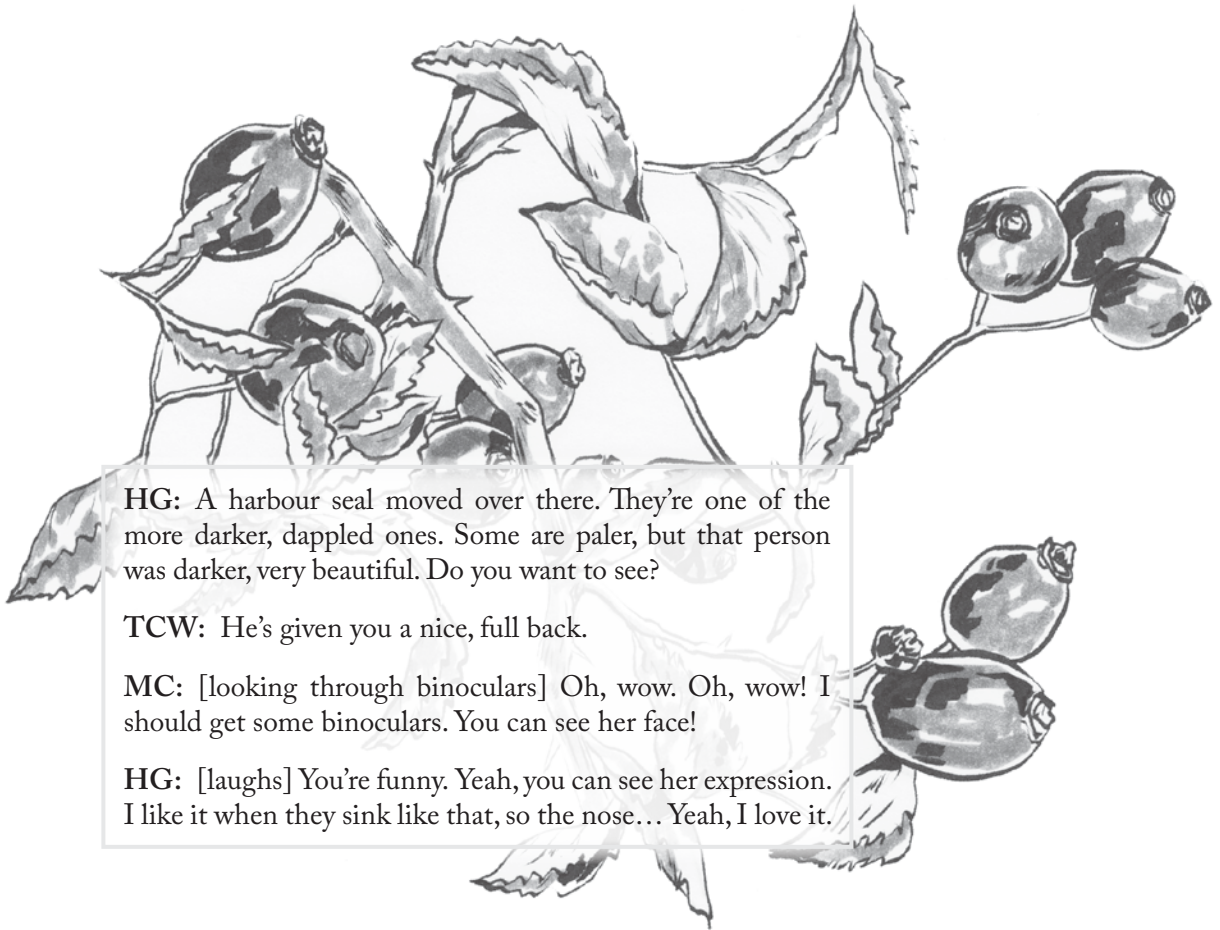
HG: Yeah. Now, I'm trying to, as far as I can, decolonize my relationship to my idea of land or what is called "wild," which is a weird word—a colonial word, I think. So, trying to understand that the language of things shapes our understanding of things. So, it's a complicated process of unlearning and trying to learn a different way of being, which also means learning a different kind of language, which is obviously important to me because I'm a writer... So, I'm trying to move through this kind

of learning right now. I think there's also a very white heteropatriarchal notion of who's a naturalist or who's doing "nature writing." What does that person look like? I think it's really important for people like me, who are settlers and not white, to really examine and think about and try to understand what our relationship to place here and history and relations... what it all might mean.

MC: Yeah, that really resonates with me because I think about that a lot as well. How can I, as a person, who is a settler person of colour here, hold a responsible relationship to this land? I'm here, so what can I be doing to be responsible?

HG: Yeah, yeah.

...



HG: A harbour seal moved over there. They're one of the more darker, dappled ones. Some are paler, but that person was darker, very beautiful. Do you want to see?

TCW: He's given you a nice, full back.

MC: [looking through binoculars] Oh, wow. Oh, wow! I should get some binoculars. You can see her face!

HG: [laughs] You're funny. Yeah, you can see her expression. I like it when they sink like that, so the nose... Yeah, I love it.

“

[When] I go to schools, I'll often really try to look for the kid in the class that is not interested at all, and I will make that kid interested because once they're interested, the rest of the kids have heard the same message, too, right? That's the thing I'm most determined to do — create a better connection so people become stewards of the land and the natural worlds...

— T'uy't'angat-Cease Wyss

”

...

HG: My children didn't feel affinity or the call to “wild” spaces. They're very urban, and I guess part of me mourns that because I took them on those walks. You know, feed them salmonberry and identify different kinds of berries you can eat and where to find frogs and all those walks we went on.

TCW: I went through that a bit with my daughter. I worried, actually, for years because she wasn't interested. Then it became important to her one day, and then she really dove into it. Now, I'm watching Senaqwila give that knowledge to [her daughter] Kamaya, and I give it to Kamaya, too.

HG: Mine didn't really take to it —

TCW: — But it's in them. It's in their DNA.

HG: It is. It is, yeah. They experienced it.

TCW: Maybe if and when they decide to have children themselves, or have children in their lives in some way —

HG: Yeah, it might return.

TCW: — that's when it will come around.

HG: Yeah, yeah, kind of like how mycelium will lie dormant underground for a very long time—years and years—and all of a sudden... Maybe that'll happen, yeah.

...

TCW: I think everybody should have access to food, always. But I get concerned about foragers that just take a whole bunch and don't think about what they're leaving. It's like [sighs] "Okay, thanks for the beautiful pictures. They're great, but what did the areas look like that you foraged from? Were there any left for animals, for other people? Did you ask permission from the Indigenous people from that area?" Those are the things I want to know.

I spoke at a conference in Olympia last year, and that was the first thing I asked. I asked a room with over 100 people in it. I said, "How many of you consider yourselves to be ethical gatherers?" Everybody put their hands up. I said, "Okay, how many of you seek out Indigenous people and ask their permission to be in their territories?" There were only four or five hands left, and all these heads were down.

I'm like, "I'm not shaming and blaming. I'm asking you to think about your ethics. What is ethical to you? What's ethical to you isn't ethical to me or all these other people that actually do have really good ethics. So, it'd be like thinking about your own personal yard and how many people are you gonna let in your yard to take things? Because to Tsleil-Waututh and Musqueam and Skwxwú7mesh, this is our yard."

So, for us, we're kind and loving people that want to share. Food is everything, but when everything is taken from us and we have a small amount, where

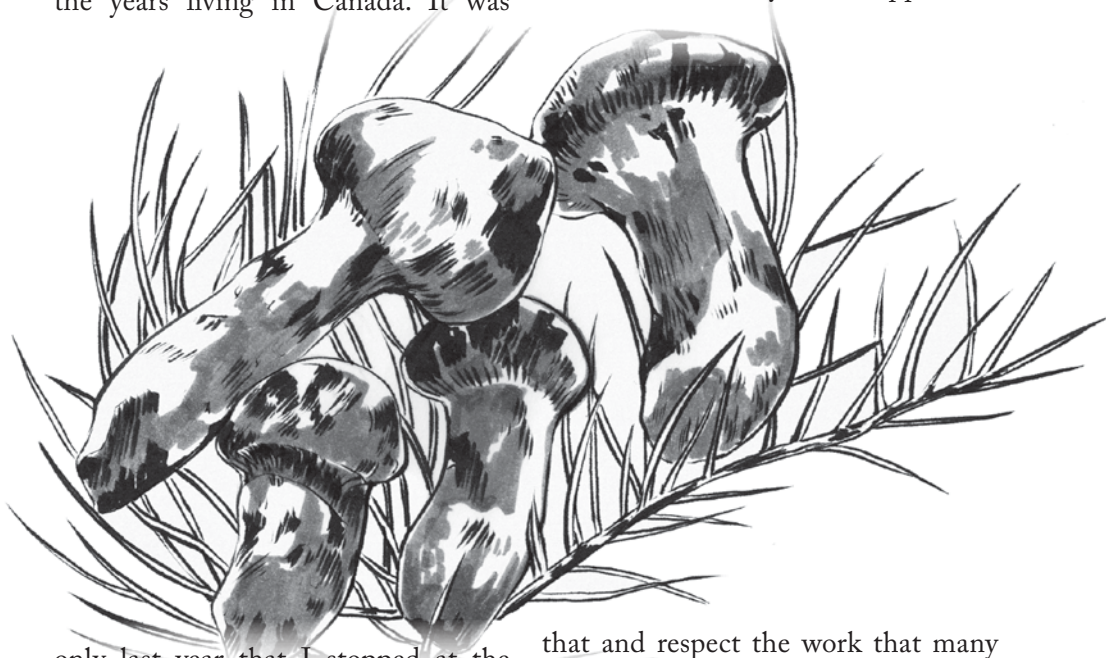
do we fit into that element of what foraging is? Most Indigenous people won't call themselves "foragers." It's a settler term. Ours is, you know, we're "gathering." We're gathering. We're always gathering, and we only take what we need for us and our family. Even me, as somebody with a company that makes teas and sells herbal products, I'm so sparse of what I take off the land, and I try to make tinctures and salves so that I don't have to take a lot of something. But my whole life has been about wild crafting and gathering, gleanings. I've never thought of myself as a forager... It's a new word to me.

It's very frustrating that people don't see their part in that, and they don't understand that they have to do better, you know? We have to do better. As an Indigenous person, I can say that. I have to do better, and I know my people all think that. We all know we have to do better. So, why are the settlers not doing better? It's not settlers of colour I'm worried about. I am more worried about the Euro settlers because they have this narcissist element, saying, "Well, we've never had to apologize for what we take. We just take it. It's ours." Because I often see, especially in this area of the world, it's been mostly the Indigenous people, Asian people from several countries, Hawai'ians, different Black people from different places, and Latin-American people, we've all been the ones that have to apologize to the white settler for how we're trying to live.

HG: I have sort of, I think, a cultural relationship to gathering foods—part of my desire to gather wild foods is to mark the season. Traditional Japanese relationship to food is highly attuned to the seasons. So, with the autumn, it's mushrooms.

I've been looking off and on for a pine mushroom, *matsutake*, over the years living in Canada. It was

think about my responsibilities and my relations with land to the degree that was necessary, I think, until I read that. I know there's a lot of problems with how that whole thing played out and how "reconciliation," the word, is being used by different groups in different kinds of ways. I think there were important things for me to learn from that summary, and I appreciate



only last year that I stopped at the Lillooet First Nation Band Office and took a bundle of tea and formally requested permission to look for mushrooms—for chanterelles and matsutake—on Lillooet territories. Long overdue, and I hadn't really thought about it, obviously, until I read the summary of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. I didn't

that and respect the work that many people did to try to educate more of us settlers. So, it was important for me to learn these things, continue learning the huge gaps in my knowledge and understanding and to learn more about what my responsibilities are. But trying to be more mindful of how I gather, and, again, I gather for the family table to mark the season. It's not, again, for wealth. [laughs]

TCW: Yeah, I know.

HG: Yeah, it's almost a ritual. Since the last few years, too, I've been placing tobacco leaf when I gather food from these places. I've been thinking about how or why I do that, and I think it's trying to be respectful of traditions and relations that are here already, that I come to as a newcomer. I think about appropriation as well, too, and I don't want to be a new age flake, you know? There's that whole thing, like, "Oh, yeah, I love sage."

TCW: "Yeah, it's so great. I don't know why, but it's so great."

HG: [laughs] No, it's embarrassing.

TCW: It's so true though! There are people like that!

HG: They're selling sweetgrass in the mall! I'm just like, "Whoa." [For me,] it's, on the one hand, trying to learn. On the other hand, trying to be respectful. But I think of it as... I'm the foreigner here, and there's all these sacred rituals and relations that I don't fully understand. They're not from my own personal cultural belief systems, but I think about if I go to another country as a visitor and I'm taken to a sacred space, I'm respectful. So, that's what I think about when I'm placing tobacco, when I gather food here now, to try to sort of be respectful of sacred engagements with place, and respectful without being a taker. Also, when I do

that, it holds in check... It reconfigures that moment as a meaningful action, rather than, "Oh, look at how much I scored today." It changes that up because it's like, oh, this is not about profits or gaining... Of course, there's excitement if you find a mushroom that you're looking for, and you're like, "Ah, so excited!"

TCW: It's so exciting.

HG: You're just like, "Wow." It's amazing. But then placing the tobacco down, I feel it calms me, and it becomes solemn. So, I think it's important.

TCW: It's nice to hear that because I think people need to hear that story, what you just shared, and understand that it doesn't take a lot to do that... I just think if people are wanting to forage or whatever they want to call it, just do it with a good heart and always think. That's why I think your story is so important, because you went through a natural process of coming to that realization of what the process was. You didn't go ask somebody to take you there. You just went there and said, "I want to do this the right way. I want to ask these people if I can be here." You didn't make excuses so that you wouldn't do it. You just did it.

HG: I did make excuses in my head.

TCW: Until you got there.

HG: Yes. Yes.

For the Readers, 2018

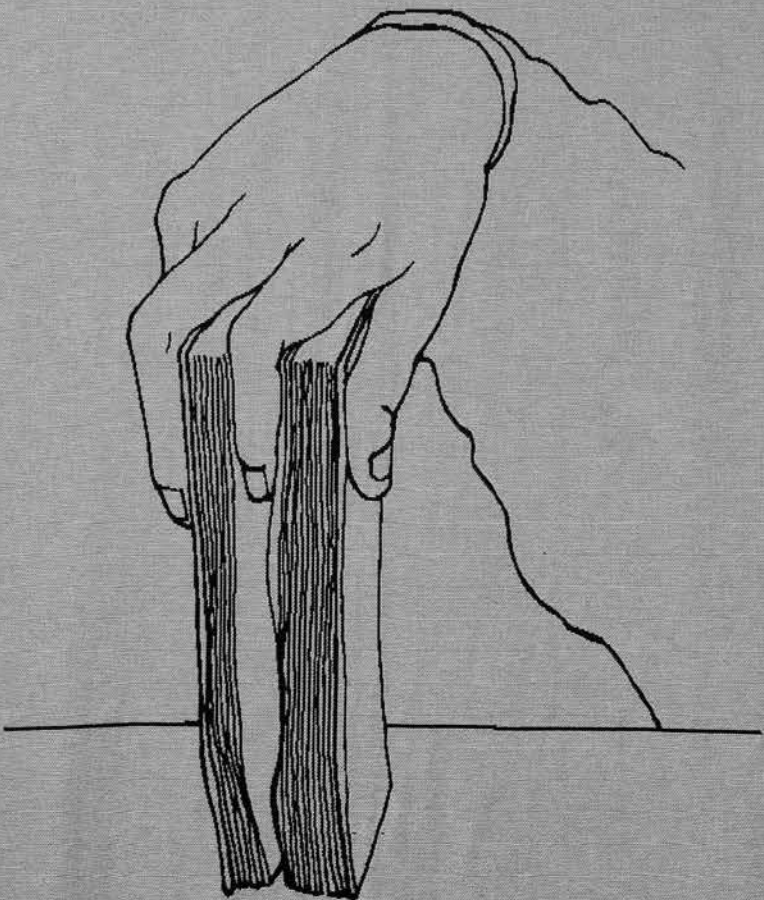
Kathy Slade

For the Readers was commissioned by the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery for the exhibition *Beginning with the Seventies: GLUT*. Lorna Brown, the exhibition's curator, invited me to produce a textile-based multiple in response to the *Rereading Room*, a remake of the Vancouver Women's Bookstore assembled by the artist (and my former student) Alexandra Bischoff. I studied the books that Alexandra had selected to represent the feminist bookstore and produced a series of blankets woven on a computerized Jacquard loom. The blankets were designed to be used by gallery visitors while spending time reading in the installation. It was a dream project that allowed me to revisit, engage with, and build upon several themes that run through my practice, such as the relationship between text and textile, the female hero as a reader, the repetition or reanimation of texts and artwork from the past, and the compilation of lists and archives—for instance book collecting—as a form of knowledge production.

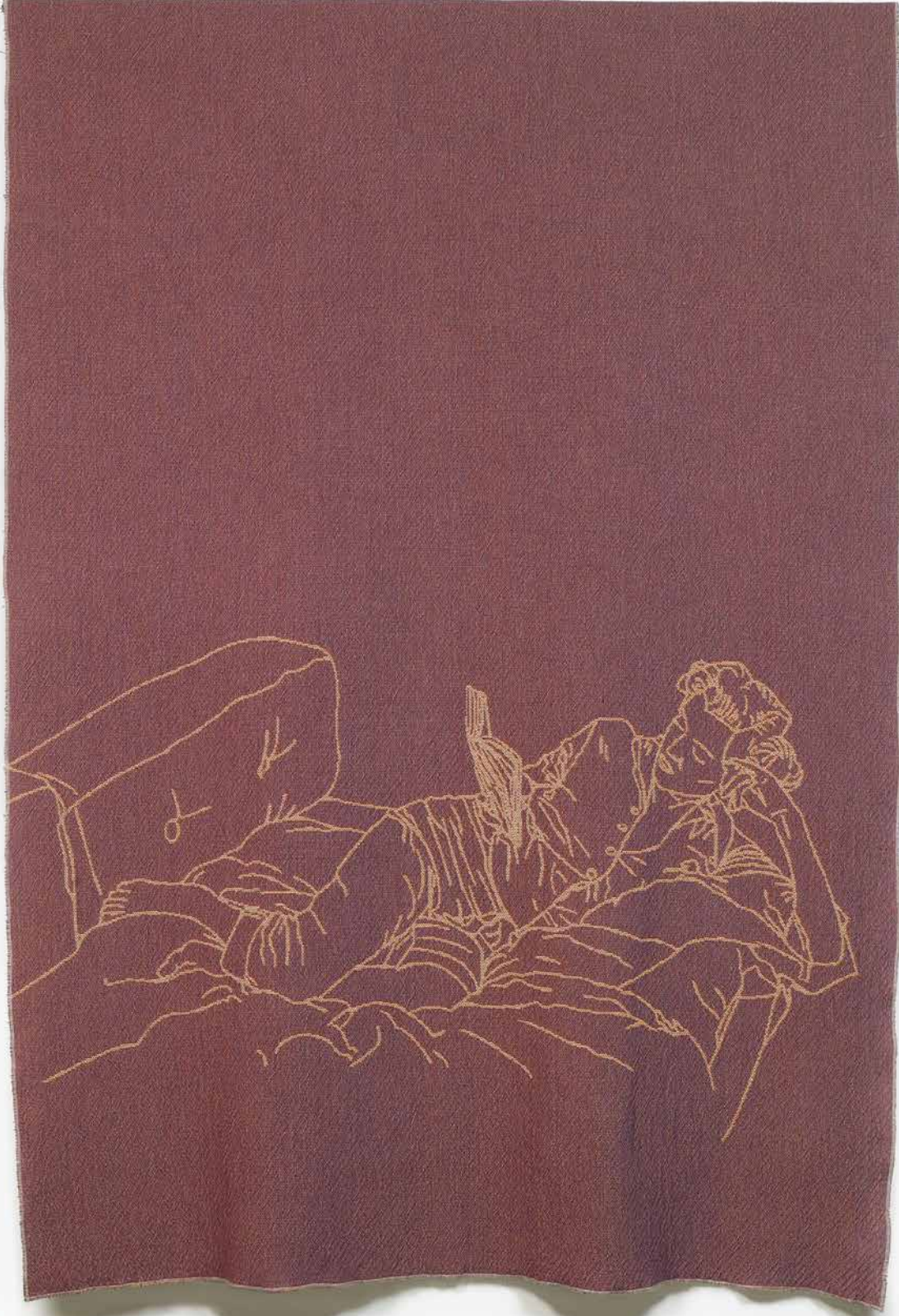
Kathy Slade, *After Agnolo Bronzino, Portrait of a Young Man with a Book*, 2018, cotton, 60 x 74.5 inches

Photograph by Rachel Topham Photography

Collection of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery. Images courtesy of the artist



Kathy Slade, *For the Readers: Marilyn*, 2018, cotton, 60 x 74.5 inches
Photograph by Rachel Topham Photography
Collection of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery



She bought a map of Paris, and with the tip of her finger on it she walked about the capital. She went up the boulevards, stopping at every turning, between the lines of the streets, in front of the white squares that represented the houses. At last she would close the lids of her weary eyes, and see in the darkness the gas jets flaring in the wind and the steps of carriages towered with much noise before the peristyles of theatres. She took in *La Corbeille*, a ladies' journal, and the *Sylphe des Salons*. She devoured, without missing a word, all the accounts of first nights, races, and soirées, took an interest in the début of a singer, in the opening of a new shop. She knew the latest fashions, the addresses of the best tailors, the days of the Bois and the opera. In Eugène Sue she studied descriptions of furniture; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary satisfaction for her own desires. Even at table she had a book by her, and turned over the pages while Charles ate and talked to her. Paris, more vague than the ocean, glimmered before Emma's eyes in a rose-coloured atmosphere, but the many lives that stirred amid this tumult were divided into parts, classed as distinct pictures. Emma perceived only two or three that hid from her all the rest, and in themselves represented all humanity. The world of ambassadors moved over polished floors in drawing rooms lined with mirrors, round oval tables covered with velvet and gold-fringed cloths. There were gowns with trains, deep mysteries, anguish hidden beneath smiles. Then came the society of duchesses; all were pale; all rose at four o'clock in the afternoon; the women, poor angels, wore English point on their petticoats; and the men, unappreciated geniuses under a frivolous outward seeming, rode horses to death at pleasure parties, spent the summer season at Baden, and toward their fortieth year married heiresses.

Kathy Slade, *For the Readers: Emma Bovary or After Gustave Flaubert: She bought a map of Paris...*, 2018, cotton, 60 x 74.5 inches
Photograph by Rachel Topham Photography
Collection of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery

Carets, strike-outs, underlines, circles and dots

Lorna Brown

Edit marks form a near-obsolete notation system, now that most copy-editing is completed using the “track changes” function of word processing software. Working from a digital scan of hand-written copy edit marks found online, Lorna Brown hired a sign painter to interpret the marks in a series of 48 paintings on wood.

Reproducing these marks as “oil paintings” elevates their provisional status as an invisible part of the publication process, and speaks to the history of printers’ ornaments and the margin notes of the scribe and the rubricator. For instance, the *pilcrow*, used to indicate a paragraph break, may have originated from a mispronunciation of the French word *pelagraphe*, while other sources credit its origin as “pulled (or plucked) crow” based on its appearance.



Lorna Brown, *Carets, strike-outs, underlines, circles and dots*, 2014, oil on panel

Photographs by SITE Photography

Images courtesy of the artist

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Impermeable

Kay Gordon



Kay Gordon, *Impermeable (Raincoat for Katrina)*, 2005, newspaper (reporting on Hurricane Katrina & FEMA's Michael Brown...), thread, matte medium, polyurethane, 63 x 34 x 12 inches
Photograph by Bob Sasson
Image courtesy of the artist

Impermeable is a (useless) raincoat sewn from newspapers headlining the devastation of Hurricane Katrina in 2005 and the terribly inadequate response from FEMA, Michael Brown, and the Bush administration.

Impermeable was included in the exhibit "(Social) Status: Update," Nurture Art, Brooklyn, NY, 2018.

Everything I Wanted to Tell You

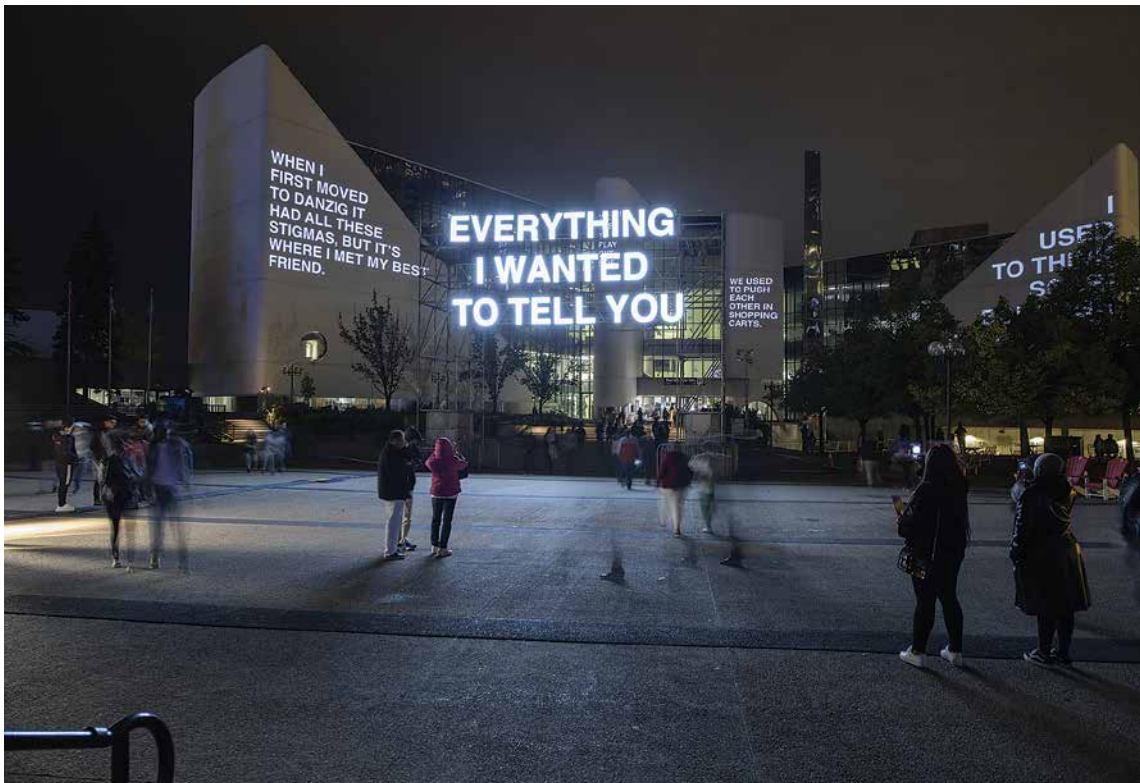
Hiba Abdallah

EVERYTHING I WANTED TO TELL YOU captures narratives of Scarborough's diversity, nuance, and resilience through a 4-channel text installation projected onto the Scarborough Civic Centre during the first ever Nuit Blanche Scarborough in 2018.

The messages were gathered through workshops with an intergenerational group of 11 Scarborough residents. The group visited lesser-known historical sites in Scarborough and several organizations key to the community's cultural scene.

This project was made in collaboration with Sofia Habib, Timothy Hunter, Noor Khan, Pamela Matharu, Joy Smith, Etta Snipe, Helen Su, Zahra Tootonsa, Trevor Twells, Islin Waite, and Deshaun Whyte.

Hiba Abdallah, *Everything I Wanted to Tell You*, 2018
Photograph by Anthony Gebrehiwot
Image courtesy of Nuit Blanche Toronto



Rehearsing Disagreement

Hiba Abdallah & Justin Langlois

This exhibition was originally commissioned by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Toronto as a part of a year-long program called *Art in Use*, which asks: Can art motivate social, political, and cultural change? What meaningful role does art play in our lives? How can we use it as a tool?



Hiba Abdallah and Justin Langlois, *Rehearsing Disagreement: Failing is a matter of perspective*, 2018

Photograph by Toni Hafkenscheid

Image courtesy of the Museum of Contemporary Art, Toronto

The first *Art in Use* project is a set of participatory works by artists Hiba Abdallah and Justin Langlois. Together they investigate ways to explore disagreement and conflict through the lens of art and within the structure of a museum. While agreement and harmony might describe an imaginary ideal space, these terms also undervalue our lived experiences and the positive effects of difference. Through this series of new works, the artists invite moments of gathering and exchange around disagreement. They present the argument that co-existing in difference is a generative part of our civic responsibility that can be explored together.



Hiba Abdallah and Justin Langlois, *Rehearsing Disagreement: Striking a Balance*

Photograph by Toni Hafkenscheid

Image courtesy of the Museum of Contemporary Art, Toronto

TL; DR

Ron Terada

Are Holograms the Future of How We Capture Memories?

Ron Terada, *Are Holograms the Future of How We Capture Memories?* 7 Nov 2017, 9:00 am, 2018, acrylic on canvas, 45 x 36 inches. Images courtesy of the artist

**Most
Americans
Think AI
Will Destroy
Other
People's Jobs,
Not Theirs**

**Rogue One Is
Actually
About
Internet
Freedom**

Ron Terada, *Rogue One Is Actually About Internet Freedom*, 15 Dec 2017, 9:41 am, 2018, acrylic on canvas, 30 x 24 inches

Ron Terada's TL; DR

Peter Gazendam

The following is excerpted from a text that originally accompanied Ron Terada's TL; DR exhibition (at the Catriona Jeffries Gallery in Vancouver, BC, from September to October 2017).

You may have read that the TL; DR painting series is Ron Terada's most recent work and that the texts themselves are found. They are short headlines taken verbatim from a single website, The Verge, and their font is Cheltenham, the typeface used variously by The New York Times for their print edition headlines, in the outdoor outfitter L.L.Bean's logo, and for any bill in the United States Congress. The Verge does not use this font; their font is terrible.

According to The Verge itself, it "is an ambitious multimedia effort founded in 2011 to examine how technology will change life in the future for a massive mainstream audience... Now, we live in a dazzling world of screens that has ushered in revolutions in media, transportation, and science. The future is arriving faster than ever."

You may or may not know that Ron has been producing series of found text paintings since 1993. Their sources include commercial gallery ads, high school yearbook quotes, Jeopardy clues, the subject index from a book about art world finance, and the full text of an artist's memoir. The paintings in front of you might seem familiar—their texts are not precisely clickbait, not quite BuzzFeed, Upworthy, or Breitbart—but their headlines dabble in that logic, trafficking in the capital of clicks. This form of communication is dense with potential, producing texts that are simultaneously earnest, self-satirical, frightening, meaningless, and absurd.

The painting's titles are also the texts of the works, followed by the date, hour, and minute that they were originally posted online. The fleeting nature of their relevance, logic, or lack thereof, is fixed in front of you as paint on canvas. The temporal nature of contemporary art production and its currency, with cruel tides of attention and success, may or may not enter your thoughts.

Familiar corporations and business leaders feature in the majority of these paintings' texts, and some measure of absurdity results from the recurrent obsession with the detailed nuance of socio-technological progress, in concert with the socio-cultural sublimation of "corporate personhood." (If you search this term on the internet you will probably find that this is the legal notion that a corporation has rights. Further reading likely would reveal that most scholars agree that this concept and law is a problem for the majority of the world's population.) You may find that a company's status-update-as-news-as-advertising is much more engaging and relevant to your life than many other things.

Let me Google that for you:

TL; DR, short for "too long; didn't read" is Internet slang to say that a text being replied to has been ignored because of its length. It is also used as a signifier for a summary of an online post or news article.

The 1989 Failure Oracle

Wendy Oakman

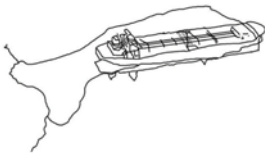
Use this deck to meditate on history and how past and present intersect to illuminate issues of race, class, and gender in your society. Uncover the struggles of the last century as the cards guide you through a discovery of the failures of society to truly change and the impacts those failures still have on your life.

THE FOOL



Who would have guessed
That yelling into the void
Would be so enjoyable
So deadening

THE HERMIT



When they pulled
Those sea birds
Out of that greasy water
I knew I would never have kids

THE MAGICIAN



Beneath the cacti
Beneath the land
There is garbage
A lot of garbage
Our garbage
That quietly winds its way
Through the Fraser Canyon
Past the valley
Past the river
Into the desert hills

Of Dandelions and Progressive Rock

Leanne Dunic

Dandelion:

1. From French *dent-de-lion*, translation of medieval Latin *dens leonis* ‘lion’s tooth.’

Vancouver, December 2015

That it’s been twenty years since I got my first guitar is meaningless. Compared to the other musicians in the band, I can barely play. I never took lessons and I only know the chords to the songs I write myself. I don’t know what I’m doing. My execution is messy and loose. I never intended to be the singer in our band. I hesitate to call myself a musician, but I’m at a point where I’m okay with calling myself a writer. Over the last few years, writing has been the main focus for me. I’ve received some accolades and my first book is about to be published. As much as I wanted it to, this didn’t happen overnight. I suppose it could be the result of dedication. Ambition. What my guitarist would call practice.

Our household includes two stubborn females. The other is Doll, a rescue dog believed to be a former breeding bitch cast aside in old age. She has earned many nicknames. A three-year-old Japanese boy I know calls her Tanpopo Obachan — Dandelion Grandmother — for the way she gnaws the flower with her toothless maw, pulping it to swallow.

Since she was a stray, we’re not certain what breed she is. It’s clear she is at least part Pekingese or Shih Tzu — some kind of lion dog of Chinese origin. She is the dog version of me. I’m also part Chinese, born in the year of the Dog according to the Chinese zodiac. Despite this, my parents believed I was a cat in my previous life due to the paw print-shaped birthmark on my hand (now gone) and my ability to land on all fours. Doll is a dog with cat-like independence, a love of naps, and a feline way of pouncing on her toys. A tiny lioness.

Progressive Rock:

2. Also known as ‘prog rock’ or ‘prog.’ A subgenre of rock music developed in an attempt to provide greater artistic credibility to rock music. The ‘Big Six of Prog’ are Genesis, King Crimson, Pink Floyd, Jethro Tull, Yes, and Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

I listened to my first Emerson, Lake & Palmer album when I was a teenager, at which point the first records of Van Halen and Boston were regulars on my turntable. After listening to *Brain Salad Surgery*, I can’t remember if I actually or only nearly threw up. Syncopated rhythms, revolutionary polyphonic Moog synthesizers, and plenty of harmonic dissonance—it was an unsettling force. I wasn’t sure I liked what I heard, but ELP introduced the infinite possibilities of music. I didn’t have to make music that would be played on the radio, or write songs that would make listeners comfortable. I could send them running for the bathroom.

Keith Emerson. In a metallic suit, he strums the stiff strings of a grand piano with his bare hands. In other songs he’s an acrobat, playing his organ backwards, jumping it like a hurdle. His playing is of such complexity he seems deranged. He mounts the machine with contemptuous thrusts of his hips. Nothing he’s doing with music is safe. He rocks at the edge of disaster, and I can’t look away. He’s fucking his instrument. He’s more than us. He’s a genius. And insanely good, but it all just boils down to practice...and lots of it.

I’m compelled to create, but not to refine. Despite the skills I have acquired on my own—the tricks I use to make something new—I may have reached a limit. An entrepreneur my whole life, I didn’t go to university. I never felt the need for a bachelor’s degree, but lately I have been intrigued by possibly studying for an MFA. I don’t want to attend lectures, do group projects, or take exams, but the workshop environment of a graduate studies program appeals. I can’t imagine a university would accept a degree-less writer like me, but I try my best and send off an application anyway.

I apply to the University of British Columbia, with fiction, poetry, and songwriting as my genres. If I’m accepted, I’ll want to be a better musician. It’s the first day of 2016, and I’m making only one resolution: to practice guitar. The song I’ll learn isn’t widely known to the non-prog community. None of my friends will recognize it: a ballad from *Brain Salad Surgery*: “Still... You Turn Me On.” I’ve decided to learn the version from ELP’s 1974 live California Jam

footage, although unlike Greg Lake in that performance, I'll sing the lyrics in the correct order. And unlike Greg Lake, I won't chew gum while singing and picking. I'm not that coordinated.

I break the song down to its component parts. I make myself familiar with the unconventional chord structures, then I memorize the lyrics. The exact fingerpicking can wait. By the end of this, perhaps I'd be able to call myself a guitarist. Maybe even a singer. Two days later, I'm surprised to see rapid improvement. My callouses have toughened and my fingers now have the muscle memory of the chord shapes. I am encouraged.

Then I plateau.

But I stick with it. I rehearse the song every single day for weeks.

I receive an email from UBC. The faculty is recommending me for admission into the MFA in Creative Writing program. Because I don't have a bachelor's degree, I am not yet accepted. But I might be. My case will be taken to the dean for consideration.

I'm still unsure if I want to go to university. I fear that I may lose my street cred, that I'll conform to the unadventurous, the expected.

I stop practicing two months in when Doll stops eating. I become consumed with persuading her to take food. She nibbles a morsel of chicken, which then falls out of her mouth. I beg her in my mind: If you eat this, you'll live. When she stops drinking, we take her to the doggie hospital where she spends a day on an intravenous drip. The vet schedules her for an ultrasound. I regret not sleeping with Doll on our bed during the seven years I've had her. Now, I lay pillows under sheets along the sides of my bed to prevent her from falling off. I position her by my feet although I want her by my face. I know neither of us will sleep.

She sleeps with her eyes partially open; the right one protrudes, glassy and blue. I lie awake. Her laboured snores come to me like music. I follow the phrases and pauses. Blood vessels have integrated with rough masses that clutch Doll's adrenal glands. Her blood pressure is so high, the veterinary assistant thinks it must be an error. She is dying, although I feel false for saying this while she is still warm against me. The hacks, the stumbles, the refusal of food and water—these are motions towards death. But at what point do we decide that she is dying rather than living? Aren't we all at varying degrees of death? Her

warmth, a wag of the tail, how she follows me to lie at my feet—these are acts of living. She is weak but she is alive, still willing to take her medication.

This morning, she sniffed the crocuses new in the grass as the wind blew petals from the budding fruit trees. More than anything she loves popping the heads off of plump pre-spring dandelions, but it's still too early for them. I pray for dandelions to emerge ahead of schedule this year. Each day I make broth. Chicken, carrots, celery. Cool the mash, slide fingers against warm bones to peel meat. I now know the contours of the halved cavity of a chicken, the satisfying prying of my thumbnail against boiled heart and lung. It's a struggle to understand at what point I should stop trying to feed her to keep her alive. Today, Doll refuses my offerings, leaps away from the food, tail down and body shivering. Violent groans sound from the belly she refuses to fill.

I remember dandelions. I scour the neighbourhood for the bright yellow flower and find one growing where a building meets the sidewalk. I snap the stem and bring it home. Without hesitation, Doll mouths small bouquets of yellow petals, a white seed at the base of each one.

I impatiently check my mail for a response from UBC. I only want to know where I stand, if a Master's degree is even a possibility for me. I'm still unsure if I want to partake in institutionalized learning. With each day that passes, I try to convince myself that I don't. I'm worried the academic world will soften my edge. Though these days, the only edge I have is from lack of sleep.

Although Doll never had many teeth, she used to eat like she'd never see food again. I used to have to put a ball in her food dish to slow her down. Since eating her first dandelion of 2016, she has taken to eating bits and bites. She eats up to four flowers a day, sometimes not eating anything else.

I manage to squeeze in a couple of song practices. After the gaps, I'm not as bad as I thought I'd be. A few buzzy strings but I do that even on my best days.

I haven't written anything since Doll has been ill.

I brace for her death.

The CBC announces: *30 patients to test dandelion's cancer-killing potential*. Doll must have known. I wonder if her dandelion diet is what has brought her back, temporarily, from the edge of life. Also in the news, prog-rock drummer Bill Bruford (of King Crimson, Yes) obtains his PhD in music at the University of

Surrey. On this same day, I am accepted by the University of British Columbia to earn my Master's in Creative Writing. I accept the offer within seconds of receiving it. Apparently, I *did* want to go. I am resigned, it seems, to practicing my craft. Perhaps, like Dr. Bruford, I will go for my PhD, too.

The intensity of living potential-last-moments with Doll, this hyper-present state, is taking its toll. Adrenaline keeps me level-headed and functioning until I'm over-exhausted and unable to sleep. Through the hours of trying to feed her I forget to feed myself. Both of us know we must eat; neither of us can mouth our food. Doll has stopped trembling and hacking. Her appetite comes and goes. She has energy for short walks and follows me from room to room, always nestling at my feet. These are improvements, but how much time will they give her?

I kiss her belly shaved from the ultrasound. It's cooler than I expect. The slight swirl of her fur is more visible here, as is her blurred identification tattoo, her loose skin and dark nipples. I hear the churning of a stomach but I'm unable to discern if it is hers or my own. Doll turns and kicks me in the face, her one bulging eye an opaque midnight marble. Her natural scent has been suppressed by the sterility of the clinic, by medicated shampoos and antiseptic wipes. Perhaps the medication is permeating her skin, replacing the yeasty popcorn-like odours of age that I know I'll miss when she is gone. I await the release of grief. I wonder when I will know that I've held her enough.

In only a day and a half, the bunch of close-bloomed dandelions I keep in a glass of water have metamorphosed into feathery seeds ready for flight. Their softness and colour is the same as Doll's fur. I didn't know this plant's lifespan was so short.

Doll won't eat a dandelion unless it is garden-fresh, but she's had a few days of steady eating and drinking and has amazingly returned to her normal self, interested and playful, a dance in her step. I've started to make audio recordings of her sleep. Her hard breaths are melodies, seeds for possible songs.

Doll has a day of diarrhea. I parse through the pile for signs of blood, find crimson-coloured veins. She is panicked, tired, nauseous. I ready myself for further downs, possible ups. I try quail eggs, chicken eggs, oatmeal in broth, rice, chicken, cottage cheese, puffed kamut, yogurt, peanut butter, ground venison, canned dog food and kibble, various treats. I end up syringing Rebound liquid diet into the pouch of her mouth. She eats a crumble of a treat and two dandelions.

Ballistic trauma. This is the phrase that is used to describe Keith Emerson's cause of death. Others call it suicide. The internet is abuzz with talk about how he was a perfectionist, how the degeneration of his hands plagued him, how he didn't want to disappoint his fans. Life is practice. So is dying. How can any of us perfect either one?

Doll hangs on. Outside, the heavy rains take a break. We go out for a morning walk and are blinded by the sunshine reflecting off the post-storm pavement. Cherry blossom petals fall around us. I'm feeling the first glimmers of excitement about starting my MFA. For my thesis, in keeping with prog-rock tradition, I am thinking of writing a concept album.

Doll takes time to sniff each smudge of pink on the sidewalk. Around us, the dandelions are no longer scarce but thousands of bright, full suns nestled in the grass.

Sister Language

Christina & Martha Baillie

I want to write about how schizophrenic
"cognitive disorganization" & "formal
thought disorder" are a piranha that turns
the schizophrenic into a pariah; but isn't
the subject too overwhelming, too great in its
scope? & to be writing from inside the
"problem"... as "the problem"....?@°

I turn the key and push. The door begins to swing but bangs against its chain—a barrier she’s fashioned from a leash. This means she’s home. Mouth to slit: “Sister, hello, sister.”

From some room she comes. The chain unfastened, I step inside—admitted. Begin by admitting. A good beginning, but how much either party will admit (or admit to) is never a known factor. I’ve brought a desire. We begin, she and I; we’ve begun before, and often. It so happens, this day, our desires agree: to discuss language—the many ways it rescues and fails her.

We are readers, she earlier and more avid than I. Much lends itself to reading. Here’s mine of her hallway and the two rooms opening off it: few sources of physical comfort. Evidence of other forms of succour—objects stacked and ordered, things grouped in evolving compositions, small and large material repetitions, an arid calm, yarn and wire, smell of enclosure, paper, paper, ink, anxiety leaking and drafting, paint, scissors, typewriter, open box of typewriter ribbons, glue, dust, more paper, language, language, language everywhere.

Randomness pulls: & something pulls back. I
am the something, but am also its attraction to
randomness: or how the random is drawn ineluctably
to it, how the random always finds it (me) out.

The proof that I exist is in transitions from
utterly random -- in the sense that it is always
roiling around -- language potential, into
whatever utterances I am: am making: these ams.
I am (what makes) these transits^{am} I am. Language
potential, unmanifest, infinite; its potentates.
Taters, ate, potent. The linguophagous am.

The following day, she brings me two typewritten texts, and a handwritten letter.

The first, titled: “Duct : I N T R O”, she explains, might serve as introduction to any number of her larger works.

I am pulled to her “Randomness pulls: & something pulls back.”

I ask her to comment on the idea of self-as-resistance.

She has taped her answer to the opposite page: “The proof that I exist... The linguophagous am.”

I think that only language "gets" my existence:
naturally, since I am made up of & made-up
(maddened-up) by language.

It speaks through me, spiels me out,
spackles me widely, wildly, it tackles & slicks,
sleeks me, I am its stippling, its spittle &
slip-ups -- & on, on, so on.

Sleep. Just out of, out of it. Might if could
I out of sleepy ams, their jottings, make something
readable -- am thinking of Renee Gladman's CALAMITIES,
Alexis Pauline Gumbs' SPILL. Do, I do wish it. What
I could -- but do it? -- I can't. Not a chance.

I don't have that ability; & am too far from life.
(If life be social, human).

When I get out of bed, undoable, unmakeable,
unfeasible (emphysema-sabotaged) paragraphs were
my plan.

I hunger for her seeming freedom. Oh, to be spied out, spackled widely, wildly tackled, slicked, and sleeked by language.

Her freedom?

Language is the whale that, swallowed, she inhabits. Sounds echo in the live ribbed vault.

I read her, then stare at my timidity, my law-abiding, linguistic prudery. For me the written word is steeped in punishment and humiliation. Memories of school—of failure at spelling, of slowness at reading—haunt the written, making it an ever-present classroom. In its defined, exacting, space, I attempt to prove myself; take covert delight, slyly twisting at every opportunity. The sentence, a most private pleasure. Beautiful alignments gut me.

fun-making

Disrespecting schizophrenics can be fun --
in a self-bolstering way.

What I do -- my shit, my wild gold -- is
a healthier fun.

Fun. I need it.

Generate fun. Do. I need to. Be at it.

(At is what s
ways in
to being
when any As
collides with another As).

She has asked that her writing occupy one page and mine the opposite page, to prevent our words from “contaminating” each other, to stop the one text from bleeding into the other.

This idea appeals to me for aesthetic reasons. Vistas open.

We’ve agreed that her text will claim the left page, mine the right.

Already, I’ve infringed, purloining some of her words (spiel, spackle, etc...).

She has not requested that I undo what’s been done.

She will admit this one slippage, permit me a singular sleight of hand.

I need to be starring & hopping. The unseen
hopping-about of stars when humans turn away.
Well past i.e. ahead of the hoping to be
stirred. The shirring, the whirring. The
antelope upstart. The starting to play it out:
that startling. The startle that is scads of
small fighting birds slamming themselves against
fixity. That cement wall, their WHACK! & fall,
their ground-sprawl, :crawl, their rearising,
their going, going at it. Never not.

wing at it

be the at-it of twinge
Ana Božićević's "sparrows'r'us," her "again
bloodthirsty sparrow."

Jana Sterbak's perforated ivory
perforate oratory

carrying-
cases for Japanese fighting crickets, that look
like eggs/flasks.

Her language pleasure, infectious, resisting quarantine.

The less medication she takes, she tells me, the more insistently words decompose. “Appear” becomes “app” and “ear”; seconds later, “ap” and “pear,” send her thoughts in search of a still life. When every word she hears, or reads, shatters upon contact—her mind a windshield, every word a mess of feather and bone, spray of blood—imposing order exhausts her.

“To shut this down takes enormous energy, which can push me to the edge of passing out.”

After that I write: Then I tried a few other things -- but they didn't fly. Flew not.

THE END

Then I was back lying in bed, hiding all of what there is of me bodywise, under a thin ivory quilt stuffed with silk thread-tufts, a blue microfiber fleece & two old gray towels. I thought: the end? NO.

Then I picked up TENDER BUTTONS, & I started out again -- startled myself out as grain -- to make a remaking principally by soundsense-aura.

So help me God. I do need to be doing, do let me be the doing of the foliolichening that I am.

Seven pages ago, you wrote, (which I loved): "Function: all (language = every thing =
ams) is.

Were you shrining, and shrinking "th." to free "ing" from the fixity of thingness, from the
weight of the bodily, material world? *

Are you making a declaration of revolt against the false authority of solidities in language
and elsewhere? *

I found "gnat-churn." back on page three, so apt a description of the pestering presence
of language; and "I stir my stateless stumps," makes me want to nudge you into saying
more about "statelessness". Do you want to be nudged?

Please forgive this spray of questions, not floral, no delicate arrangement, but sputter &
spittling inquiry?

I am, of course curious about the "sk²¹en." you mention. "Let it not shape up". But that
may be subject matter for a different conversation? "Let it breeze around."

- * Yes, yes. Also, ²¹as in math, to the nth degree; so,
everything in language is exponential(ly expandable). & yes,
shapeliness is not my thing, as I'm unable to produce it. So
I celebrate what I can do & love to do: try to put language on the
page in such ways that it is in motion, each element an asterisk,
a briefly embedded pointing-elsewhere.

Martha, "I stir my stateless stumps" is a nod to Beckett's ~~TV~~ THE UNNAMABLE. To
stir one's stumps & (legs) is to get moving, the statelessness (no state, no speech) is
mine. this I got got this

from CURB

Divya Victor

CURB is an artist's book commissioned by The Press at Colorado College, designed and printed by Aaron Cobick. It documents the assault and killing of Indian-Americans and Indian immigrants in public spaces in the United States. It will be published in 2019.

CAST IN PLACE: SRINIVAS KUCHIBHOTLA

लुका छुपी बहुत हुई सामने आ जा ना
कहां-कहां दूँढा तुझे
थके है अब तेरी मां

Enough of the hide & seek, come before me.
I searched for you everywhere.
Your mother is now tired.
“लुका छुपी” from Rang De Basanti. Prasoon Joshi / A.R. Rahman

1.

February, 22, 2017. I had been carrying her
six months. Within
me, she could open
her eyes, she could tell
dark apart from light. She could know
when daylight filtered
through the cathedral, a ray breaking
the sticky pane
cranberry stained
glass womb.

2.

When I read the news
of the shooting, this belly
plumed into an apse — it distended
upward, a balloon hollow
but leaden, these lungs lifted
here — this diaphragm fled, bore through
a tent made of ligament
& rope. The billow screeched
in these ears, pulled here — these legs apart
these toes went numb & cold. The ground
beneath me collapsed, turned to dunes
& the sand quickened. Here — this belly
carrying those pounds of flesh
began to take flight
in seconds it was
in — here — this mouth, pressing against here — these teeth —
a pear balloon, hot flush
with wet wings beating, with wet wings thrashing
in these lungs. The breath
an ocean of blood. This skin
here — a dam, detonating. A pulse, here
pulling history
towards these feet.

3.

When I read the news
of the shooting, I was standing
in our library & this — here — this face fell
into a hundred sheets
sheaves of visas lost in monsoon floods
a long queue dispersing after bad news

passes through breath & beard
a susurrus of shaking heads, shrugged shoulders; this — here — this face fell
apart in the quiet hum of the air-conditioning
soft surplice, lipping off me, the bone simply giving way
the skin curling back, the cartilage of this nose spilling
a bib over this — here — old nightshirt.
I needed this face
to stay; I wanted
this face to flee
to abandon me the way rats do ships
to stave off a starvation by drinking water
to make it to any shore, baby in mouth. I needed this
— here — face because it was on my visa.
I gathered it up — these knuckles
driftwood; these palms
sailcloth. These finger-tips
branched apart; each phalange dangled
— cheap pens at the mall's Western Union
chained & paranoid about being taken elsewhere.
The nails scratched the deck & that sound
drowned the sough of crowds
migrating within one.

4.

When I read the news
of the shooting, it was warm & bright outside
the cumin spun into rasam, the curds set just right, I called
my mother, it was dark & cold
where the news stained first, where the choke cleared
brushwood for a pyre
where she was. I called out
to my husband; I thought about my father
but I did not call him.

5.

When I read the news
of the shooting, the blowback
was a flight from the fear of ever seeing
a photograph
of my father's rib shattered, his blood
staining the pocket of his faded navy pique polo —
 the one he wears on Costco runs for bananas & two-packs of Windex.
was a flight towards the pale band of skin on his wrist, where he keeps time —
 how he looks older, more lost when it isn't hidden by his watch —
I pocketed this band for the alms I would offer myself
 as I begged, in the months to come, for a place
 on a curb not wet with blood, of a question not always cocked
I remembered my father's future
as a passport-photo hung from an elm tree
as a headline
as a statistic gently rolling on a marquee.
That brown face, a stain
between kin & ken
between breech & brotherhood
on a floor near the boots
of citizens, Americans, men

6.

When I read the news
of the shooting, these palms
began speckling; small white patches
bloomed & turned to face me
curds splotchy with pale pink mulberries
stamped & dragged, red & unripe, between skin
& muscle. This — here — body had crushed itself
while reading the news.

The she in me turned; faced herself. Cherry feet
fluttered at a sweetsop bladder; a migrant heartbeat
clattered like a clay pigeon.

The middle of the sky was pressed pause.

7.

When I read the news
of the shooting, these ears rang
the phone-lines of the dead, called
for the knowing trill, the scatter
of sugar, of a spoon circling
a milk tea for one
on the other side
of the world.

8.

When I read the news, the she in me
was swollen & pressing, & I saw
her dropping to kneel her
brown belly
collapsed to a city's curb
her skull crimson in the clouds
her sweet ear flung & clinging
to a parapet. & at that cleft
for the first time, I saw
— here —
her as mine & then, hearing canons
sung in double-time
I knew being mine
would clip her life. So I slipped
this burning hand
into a place

where this body hammers at its heart
& I singed its edges & with shame I
scorched holes into the photograph
of an ancestor, blotted her dark
eyes out to whiteness, charred
her skin to a pale ash, turned
her folded hands into smoke, & I looked
within this — here — belly
for those eyes that could tell
dark apart from light, & I wished
out loud
so she could survive —
live, I said, in any skin, live.

February 22, 2017. Srinivas Kuchibhotla was shot in a bar in Olathe, Kansas, by a white supremacist who believed that Kuchibhotla was an illegal immigrant from Iran. The shooter yelled, “Get out of my country!” before he shot & murdered Srinivas. After shooting & murdering Srinivas, the shooter went to another local bar & bragged that he had shot an immigrant. Srinivas’ mother, speaking to reporters at his funeral in Hyderabad, said: “My son had gone there in search of a better future. What crime did he commit?”

from *Word-Things: Towards a Haptic Semiology*

Sean Braune

Word-Things: Towards a Haptic Semiology presents a linguistic response to the contemporary philosophical movement called the speculative turn. In the service of reconceptualizing linear histories of language, *Word-Things* introduces a theoretical tool built out of evidence culled from “avant-garde” literature—the word-thing. The word-thing redefines the sign in order to incorporate a variety of possible sign-entities that emerge from both the rematerialization of the signifier and the linguistic entification of the thing. Arbitrariness remains a hallmark of the word-thing, but arbitrariness cuts both ways: it affects the signifier and the referent. *Word-Things* posits an inherent embodiment of the word and an innate linguistic and haptic quality to things.

According to Benjamin, all objects contain a language—a language that manifests separately from the anthropocentric correlation of subject and object:

Language communicates the linguistic being of things. The clearest manifestation of this being...is language itself... ‘All language communicates itself.’ The language of this lamp, for example, does not communicate the lamp... but: the language-lamp, the lamp in communication, the lamp in expression... *the linguistic being of all things is their language.* (316)

The lamp contains its own language. The table contains its own language. The chair contains its own language. A flower contains its own language. A star contains its own language. Heidegger does not cite Benjamin’s “On Language as Such and on the Language of Man” (written in 1916) as an inspiration for his theory of language in “Die Sprache” (1950), but his idea of language links perfectly with Benjamin’s thinking. Heidegger writes that “[l]anguage itself is—language and nothing else besides. Language itself is language” (*Poetry, Language, Thought* 188). A tautology? Perhaps. The feedback of a language that thinks about language. For Heidegger, language brings

“thing-world and world-thing, to come to the between of the dif-ference” (203). The original term for “dif-ference” is “Unter-Schied” (“Die Sprache” 26), which is the German word that leads Derrida to the French *différance*. Philosophy as translation. Philosophical language is a collection of concepts that are translated into other philosophical languages and traditions. However, regardless of the similarities between their positions, Heidegger’s notion of language is different from Benjamin’s thing language. For Heidegger, language is a glue that binds together “world and things into the simple onefold of their intimacy” (*Poetry, Language, Thought* 207). On the one hand, Heidegger is discussing a monist world of intersecting substance—what I call the wor(l)d; Benjamin, on the other hand, theorizes a non-unified world of Babelian plurality in which every object or entity contains and expresses a language. Linguistic universality versus linguistic multiplicity.

Language is a direct emanation from things in Benjamin. Language is a glue that holds phenomenal reality together in Heidegger. From the word and the world to the wor(l)d. The wor(l)d is, in haptic terms, a multiplicity. It is a non-monist concept that rejects any suggestion of a holism. What I call the wor(l)d is non-holist because it is *realist*; it is a concept built on the notion that word and world fold into each other and affect each other across a surface skein of linguistic flesh. Word and world maintain their autonomous independence and withdraw their essence from each other, but they nonetheless interact and affect each other. As Karen Barad argues, matter and meaning fold into one another and interpenetrate continuously in an intra-active event (3). Another way of putting this is to say that word and world *emanate languages*. David Abram points out, in *The Spell of the Sensuous* (1996), that a name is often an “emanation of the sensible entity” (100). Benjaminian thing-languages are the neo-hermetic radiations or exudations of objects. The poet Jack Spicer focuses his poetry collection *Language* (1965) on the languages of things. He has a section in that work called “Thing Language.” In his first poetry collection, *After Lorca* (1957), Spicer describes his poetic goal as wanting “to make poems out of real objects”; in other words, Spicer wants the “lemon to be a lemon that the reader could cut and squeeze or taste”—a poetry of *the real* that can also “point to the real, disclose it” and “make a poem that has no sound in it but the pointing of a finger” (33-34). Spicer wants a poetry of the real that exists beyond the limitations of referentiality. Spicer’s poetic goal leads to a poetry of realism that aligns with Benjamin’s various thing-languages. Spicer insists that: “Words are what sticks to the real” (25).

Words are sticky—they stick to the world-as-real and they entangle humans, posthumans, inhumans, and non-humans in the mesh-called-Nature. Beneath this structure, the void resides like a cantilevered support—a subsistent support for the burdens of incorporeal materiality.

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Three Poems

Peter Myers

Rot Logic

I'm not enough to keep anyone from being
locked out of the human
that's a concept gallery I mean
it's a tonic nightclub
I mean it's an analytic vent I mean
it's a meltdown palace I reconstitute it
into a glamour field
poppies until the song ends
the folds of waves breaking
so close you can almost read them
dancefloor pastoral technofossil rave edenic resurface choose one
or more or get incarnated
into my flat-affect void
talk is so uncrucial
a valley of sundials delivering noon
not at the same time
but with the same coy divestment
can't seem to shake it
even with the correct objects
forms of dismemberment
maybe I'm dead already maybe
the first verse didn't end
a windmill gums the air
its arms are wailing
its mouth's inside-out

Burp Castle

was never told burp castle
was never told why burp castle
just a benign melody burp castle
spay the future burp castle
the story burp castle ad nauseum
prick the eardrum burp castle
the dead don't speak to me don't burp castle
nightmare plumage of masculinity burp castle
pick it before it burp castle
rots diaristic poetry burp castle
please phone sex burp castle your senator
the grocery store precipitated the crisis burp castle
now w/out the mythos burp
castle the fat-up burp
castle the children off the shadows burp castle the casuistry
of images burp castle
the casuistry of words burp castle
put our dread in this chthonic grocery bag burp castle
and the world burp castle went slack
it's probably desire
burp castle blueprint for this affective pump
who saw the possibility of different interpretations burp castle
is not a border it is a transom burp castle
is not a transom it is burp castle a grave
the dead don't burp castle oh yes they burp
otherwise castle do not eat or burp castle drink
not potable burp sluice and castle back to burp back
to body how castle do I burp
dismantle the hand castle its burp castle
I'm happening again burp castle
I'm happening again

Pock-Up

slope-slider's continued descent of slope-surface
frictionless so speed's increase slope-slider's w/
back vertical and thirty-five degrees to slope slope
and slider-body's at the spine's base hinged left
slider-body leg's flush to slope's surface right
slider-body leg's bent up non-flush right slider-
body knee's to chin slope-surface's clear glass
beneath slope-surface's clear glass's liquid silver
blackfleck trapped if slider-body's right foot lifts
falls right foot's broken clear glass if clear glass's
broken liquid silver blackfleck's untrapped

*What happens
to optimism
when futurity
splinters
as a prop
for getting
through life?*

—Lauren Berlant

*What happens
to futurity
when slider-
body's
pocked-up
in the pelletive
rain?*

right foot lifts falls

from footfall slope-surface's cracked keeps cracking
slider-body's sliding down slope-surface now
cracked speed increasing surface now-cracked
touches slider-body's hands legs feet baseofspine
slider-body moves to touch liquid silver blackfleck
now untrapped speed increasing now now-
untrapped's not liquid silver blackfleck now-
untrapped's now microplastic pelletive rain
pelletive rain encounters slider-body and by each
pellet's slider-body's surface pocked by each
pellet's slider-body's surface more pocked more
pelletive more pellet-weight increasing w/out control

slider-body's not slider-body now now's pellet-body

thick still thickening pelletive rain pellet-body's
surface pocks pellet-body's speed's increasing
still help-calls but slider-mouth's pellet-mouth so
help-call's pellet-call more pelletive rain's to
pellet-body's now too-fast pellet-surface's now all
pellet now all pock pellet-mouth asks slope-
surface please slowdown no's said asks slope-
surface please pellets retrap no's said asks
pellet-body please self-unpellet -unpock no's said
please no's said please no's said pellet-
arms -legs -feet -baseofspine lift pellet-arms -legs
-feet -baseofspine fall crack slope-surface's
one mouth opening crack slope-mouth opening
to pelletive rain crack drink the pelletive rain
crack the pelletive air crack no's said
no's said

The Monstrous I

Riisa Gundesen

My work in self-portraiture began with an interest in the relationship between femininity and the politics of the gaze. If the feminine is *seeming* and *being seen*, what is it when no one is looking? In her influential essay “Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema,” Laura Mulvey coins the term the “Male Gaze” to deconstruct certain cinematic tropes using feminist psychoanalysis.¹ Mulvey’s central argument is that (classic) film (and by extension, mainstream visual culture) caters specifically to the pleasure of (cis-gendered, heterosexual) men, and is therefore structured to reinforce their position as the cultural centre, the source of “objectivity.” Outside that centre, the film (or image) is experienced differently; a woman watching such a film is forced to watch it through the lens of her own objectification. John Berger addresses this phenomenon in broader terms: “Men look at women. Women watch themselves being looked at [...] The surveyor of woman in herself is male: the surveyed female. Thus she turns herself into an object [...] an object of vision: a sight.”² Mulvey’s essay is not only a critique of the objectification of women, but also a dissection of what makes objectification pleasurable for the viewer—and that involves not simply beauty, or beautiful women, but *control*. Mulvey suggests that it is the exquisitely controlled nature of these “sights” that makes them enjoyable.

Consider, for example, our current scorn for “Selfie Culture,” in which much of the vitriol is directed toward teenage girls. The main criticism targets their supposed vanity and narcissism. This accusation clearly reproduces much older sexist rhetorics—accounts of the vanity of women are an ancient and self-fulfilling prophecy. I see a clear parallel to selfie-scorn in the common neo-classical trope of a beautiful woman admiring herself in a mirror as an allegory for vanity. Berger discusses this in his essay “Ways of Seeing”:

The mirror was often used as a symbol of the vanity of women. The moralizing, however, was mostly hypocritical. You painted a naked woman because you enjoyed looking at her, you put a mirror in her hand and you called the painting *Vanity*, thus morally condemning the woman whose nakedness you had depicted for your own pleasure.³

1 Laura Mulvey, “Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema,” in *The Feminism and Visual Culture Reader*, ed. Amelia Jones (New York: Routledge, 2010), 57–65.

2 John Berger, “Ways of Seeing,” *The Feminism and Visual Culture Reader*, ed. Amelia Jones (New York: Routledge, 2010), 50.

3 Berger, 51.

In contemporary contexts, a woman is told that her beauty is her most valuable commodity, then mocked for using available platforms to display her successful gender performance. There is an element of blame attached as well; as Berger implies, the alleged vanity of women becomes a vehicle for deferring a man's culpability. This is borne out in one of my favourite allegorical subjects, the apocryphal story of Susanna and the Elders. It was particularly popular with the baroque painters; along with many others, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, and Alessandro Allori all tackled it, sometimes more than once. The parable tells of two wicked village elders who spy on a chaste Jewish wife at her bath, then confront her and try to seduce her. When she refuses, they tell the town that she slept with them, a "crime" that nearly results in her being executed (until a holy man notices inconsistencies in the men's stories and pronounces her innocent). The most popularly depicted scene is, of course, the moment of spying, as Susanna admires her own nude form (sometimes covered in pearls and jewels) in the mirror. Sometimes she is oblivious to the spying, sometimes she seems coyly aware, performative. The mirror (which is not mentioned in the original parable) signifies her complicity in her own objectification and assault, thereby exonerating the viewer. She is looking at herself, therefore establishing herself as a sight that others may have free rein to look at, too. As in Mulvey's analysis of classic films, where the protagonist functions as an audience surrogate, the elders become a proxy for the viewer, heightening the pleasure of looking, and the pleasure of scopophilic control.

Today, takers of selfies are mocked for images which, in the context of an art photo or magazine spread, or a European oil painting, might be acceptable and admirable. The difference between the genres is one of authorship. As self-portraits, perhaps selfies do not afford the viewer the same convenient surrogate; with the taker of the selfie straddling the border between subject and author/viewer, a level of ambiguity is introduced. Though the average selfie may not present any subversion of gender performances, the ambiguity of the selfie — its author is its subject — is apparently enough to provoke the old rhetoric of vanity and narcissism. A limitation has been transgressed, potentially representing a threat to other boundaries.

It is from this place that I begin when considering the possibilities of an anti-performance; this is not a non-performance, or a lack of performativity, but a performance that positions itself in deliberate opposition to the European nude trope, which offers available, beautiful, non-confrontational femininity. In contrast to the curated backgrounds of oil paintings and conventional selfies, the settings of the self-portraits are a more true and intimate representation of the dirty, excessive state of my own living spaces. The figure itself is painted on the verge of losing its integrity of form, dissolving into colourfields and

abstraction, or being distorted, disfigured by strange, textural growths of paint and wax. Features and limbs are twisted and fragmented, subtly recalling (and subverting) the cubists and the action painters, De Koonings and Picassos slicing up the female body into colourful grotesques. The (my) body literally begins to transgress its boundaries. In this way, by approaching and breaching the margins, the portrait invites the abject in.

Abjection is itself a nebulous thing to pin down. To abject is, literally, to cast away, to throw off. The abject is not a thing, exactly—rather it is a non-thing that is repulsed, or repressed, excluded from the world of objects. The abject is closely tied to primal feelings of repulsion and disgust, and therefore food rejection is a helpful place to begin the definition. The sensation of the rising gorge, provoked by the sight, the smell, or the taste of spoiled food is familiar to any person; one might envision, in that moment of nausea, what should happen if the rot would touch your lips, your tongue, and your throat. The retching, the vomiting evacuation that would ensue represents an act of abjection, of casting the polluting, dangerous thing away from yourself. Therefore it exists in the margins, of body, gender, place—I push back the non-object until I encounter the corpse, which cannot be pushed back, for the corpse is contained within the self, death infecting life. I am entangled and confronted with the existential horror of the inevitable, the abject.

The kind of anti-performance introduced here accesses the abject in order to force a kind of confrontation, aiming to deny the comfortable scopophilia that allows for a thoughtless, unstudied objectification as a matter of course. By introducing the repulsive, the abject, the portrait denies the presumptive heterosexual male gaze an idealized reflection of its own desire. Further, the self-portraits display my interior space and life in the context of the European nudes and allegorical paintings, confronting the expectation of titillating intimate fantasy with the threatening, the unsettling, the unthinkable. If femininity is in seeming and in being seen, then the performance of femininity is under threat at its limits, in moments of privacy, of grotesque intimacy. The scenes also reflect physical symptoms of my experiences with anxiety, depression, and mental illness—itching, scratching, and picking at my skin in fits of panic or mania—and this intimacy takes on a sinister role next to images of rotten food, cluttered refuse, and discarded objects. Daily tasks ideologically related to femininity—cooking and tidying, applying makeup, and maintaining appearances—take on a disturbing cast, reflective of the anxieties and obsessive thinking I've come to associate with them. Like an intrusive thought, or the panic attack that you've pushed back all week, the abject lurks in the margins, a source of threat and intrigue. It is as attractive as the white head on a pimple, the mysterious tupperware in the back of the fridge, the scab that must be poked and picked and picked until it scars.

Riisa Gundersen, *Selfie#2*, 2017, oil on canvas, 64 x 46 inches

Photographs by Joshua Wade

Images courtesy of the artist





Riisa Gundesen, *Woman in Blue*, 2018, oil on canvas, 66 x 51 inches

Riisa Gundersen, *Noodle Study*, 2018, watercolour on rag paper, 14 x 11 inches





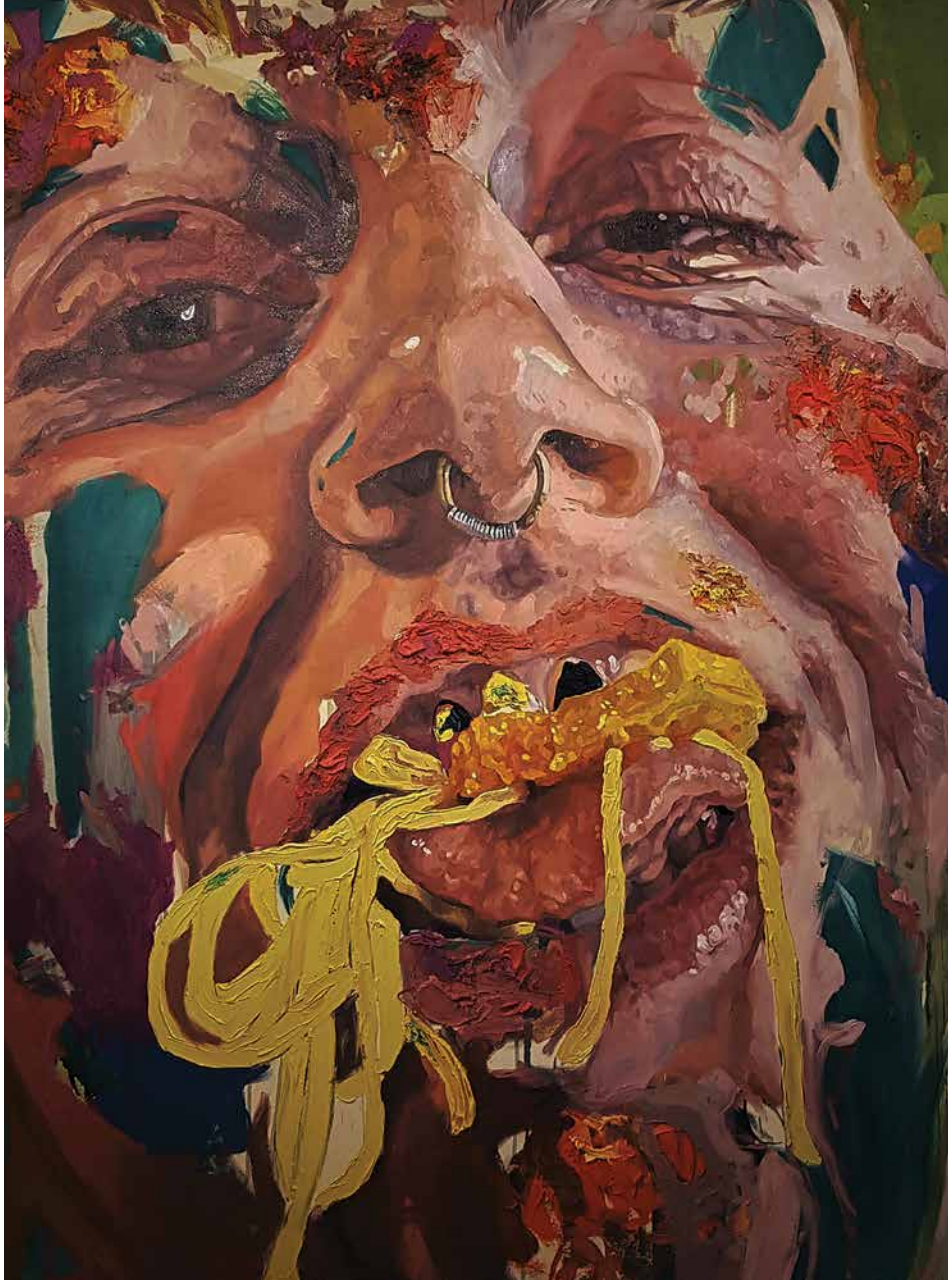


Riisa Gundesen, *Toilette*, 2018, oil on canvas, 41.5 x 53 inches



Riisa Gundesen, *Nature Morte*, 2017, oil on canvas, 51 x 66 inches

Riisa Gundesen, *Bite*, 2017, oil on canvas, 68 x 52 inches



Riisa Gundesen, *Blue Period*, 2018, oil on canvas, 61 x 45.5 inches





Riisa Gundesen, *Inside*, 2017, oil on canvas, 68 x 67 inches



Riisa Gundesen, *Selfie#1*, 2016, oil on canvas, 60 x 60 inches

Riisa Gundesen, *Susanna and the Elders*, 2017, oil on canvas, 66 x 46 inches



Riisa Gundersen, *Study for Danae*, 2017, watercolour on yupo paper, 32 x 24 inches



Four Poems

Tawahum Justin Bige

glowing words

 cement
pillars tapestried
 paved
 over
 ruptured earth
supernatural serpentine
 Two Head
writhes
 below
 we feast
forget to feed
these beasts
 more than
 tablescraps
or memes
 or cigarette butts
 tossed
 from balconies
could've gifted our ceremony
 our words
now it's our young

Meeting Minutes: 01/25/18

red people rounded up
red tape lasso
red tape gags & blindfold
adhesive admonished shared in common
red warrior instructor
elders chosen by the people
beading basics brought beginners
brought mukluk makers
hide handlers leather lacers
gardening gatherers cedar carvers
dreamcatcher dreamers

our peoples as organizer
new word for matriarch
cultural carriers strategic

we move
 our movement
our choice
resilience
resurgence

we dance
 but first
we feast
 but first
we cook
 but first
we cycle schedules
kitchen as community
travel there & back

tobacco give homage beseech
cedar brush-down drop weight
sweetgrass & sage cleanse refresh
give gratitude frayed permits pop
while white smoke rises
red tape melts snaps apart

In Time of War

i haven't felt like me recently
 where am i
 right here
 where i've sat
 for one generation

different now, height higher
 moving over the ridge
 take a breath
 a break
 into the canyon
 still same
 as before

i hurt more, heal more
 carry forward
 don't worry
 still me
 from before

i am...
 not going to
 explain myself
 to you

i have words,
tenets but
i crafted
them
in time of war

unhand me,
open palm
integrity
hold me
account—
able
crack wrist,
colonial
rhymes with
all they stole

i reclaim, hold stake

i repatriate, sold fakes

appropriated
inappropriate

discontent
where's the rent
complacency
what i spent

to get me now
get these threads
well-dressed Native
what's my status?
c 31 Native

rare to see
thirty-one Natives
and no cops
present

where's our rent
what they spent
to get weapons
renamed
mass destruction
to
tomahawk
with whose pension?

who i am now
marking symbols
carry forward
sealing
wounds soar
rising
wings sore
don't worry
still me
from before

even if
i haven't felt
like me
recently

where am i?
right here
home away
from —
diaspora

this shell
 is named
 Justin
 Tawahum's
 headed to
Lutselke Dene

carry forward:
 open palm
 integrity
i reclaim
 who i am now
 i'm a poet
in time
of war

Dragging Dusk

I am sick of sunlight in the distance
dusked glows on the urban horizon
from Surrey, Westbound down town
SkyTrain nears the end
of its cemented line. In transit,
looking out the window
like that sunshine will be here. Soon.
Eventually. *Yeah, fuckin' okay.*
I'm just tired of always being *in it*, y'know?
Rainy days and regressive moods,
that fuckin' day-to-day, deadlines draw
closer like Eastbound to Scott Rd Station
and my train is always fucking late. Prepare
for another class, another Uhaul,
another kindling of hearth and hall —
SkyTrain simulation
separated from the land,
instant messages, phone calls, scheduling sequiturs —
seriously wondering where to rest my hyper-stimulated
headphones — I'd hang them up with my coat
but no hangers on transit. Damp dreams
of sunny days and I awake asthmatic, smoke
another cigarette, walk moulded frame hallways
to apartment rooftop and see
another day,
another misted cloud-roof, another goddamn dusk
shining away in the distance and I'm still *in it*.
Rituals of coping,
videogames or mental health days
from work or missed messages, stressed strings
of desperate Facebook statuses. On the phone,
at home, in bed, on my walk to the train,

in between Nanaimo and Commercial/Broadway,
I start to wonder if chronic pain is giving rise
in crick crack, neck crack, knuckle crack,
unsatisfied snap — please don't let it be that.
Weather passes down
intergenerational trauma stored
in my bones, tendons strained
by hypertension. I'm reminded to keep track
of my blessing's, take stock of the lessons,
cut the bus-loop, change direction. If the dusk
drags down shimmering light in the distance,
I'm only *in it*
for as long as I stay stationary, repeating
transit cycle, 56 km, two river crossings
from Downtown to Newton and back. I seek
a sunrise I must fly to find. Either steel hawk
or peregrin falcon —

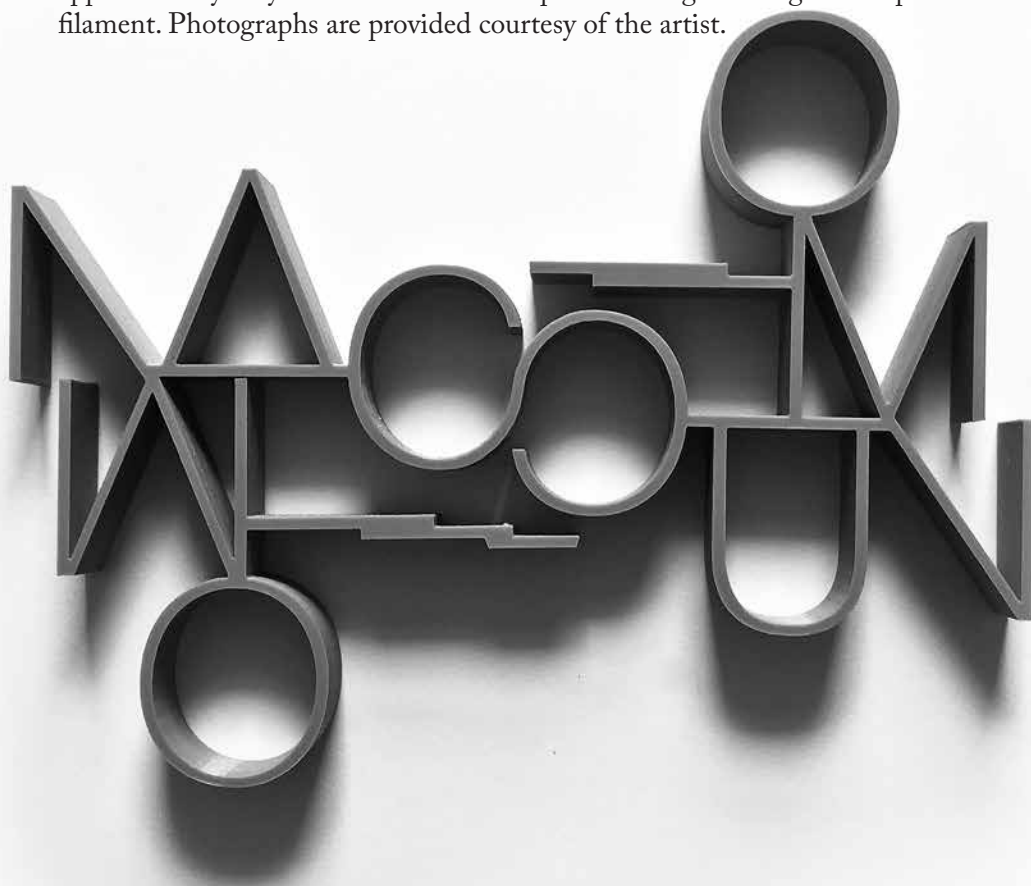
I am Lutselk'e Dene's sigil,
falcon over
lake at
sunrise
and I'm coming home.

Marsi-cho.

Assembled Lines

Eric Schmaltz

“Assembled Lines” extends ideas embedded in Eric Schmaltz’s book *Surfaces* (Invisible, 2018) by materializing a related series of sculptural glyph-objects. In *Surfaces*, Schmaltz lays out plans for deconstructing and reconstructing the lines of each letter of specific words. Following these plans, the glyph-objects were 3D printed by Christopher Doody in Ottawa, Ontario. Each glyph is approximately 8 by 10 inches in size and printed using a biodegradable plastic filament. Photographs are provided courtesy of the artist.



Eric Schmaltz, *Communication*, 2018, biodegradable plastic filament, approximately 8 x 10 inches
Images courtesy of the artist

Eric Schmaltz, *Embodiment*, 2018, biodegradable plastic filament, approximately 8 x 10 inches



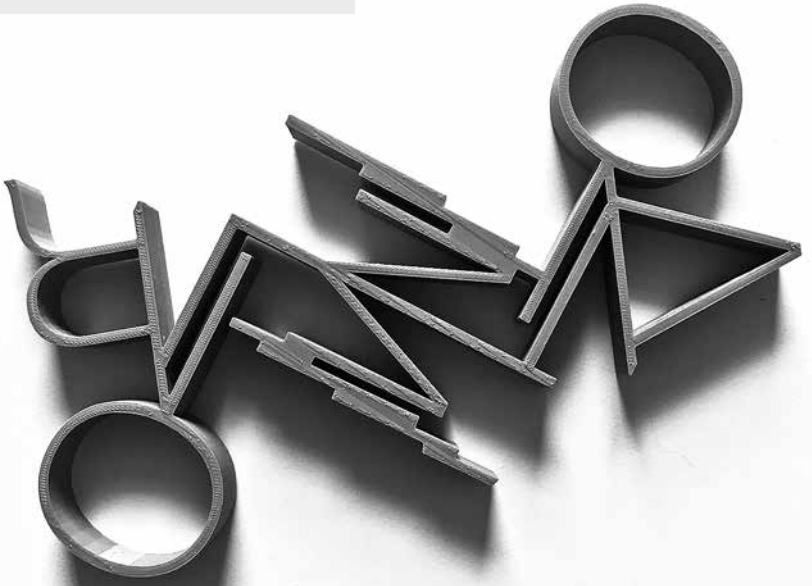
Eric Schmaltz, *Semblance*, 2018, biodegradable plastic filament, approximately 8 x 10 inches



Eric Schmaltz, *Feeling*, 2018,
biodegradable plastic filament, approximately 8 x 10 inches



Eric Schmaltz, *Information*, 2018,
biodegradable plastic filament,
approximately 8 x 10 inches



from the archives: Colin Stuart

The following poems first appeared in TCR 1.10 (1976), and are reprinted here, with permission from Colin Stuart's family.

on Colin Christopher Stuart

Duncan McNaughton



Tändeln mit den glühnden Rosen.¹

When first I got word he'd died—
my friend for the 20 years he was
present to me in the usual way, and
was present to me in occultation in
the usual way for the next 30—my
thought went to Heinrich Heine and
Gérard de Nerval, for the reason that
Colin now seems to me as if a fusion
of the two personalities into the one
“Man With The Roses.”

Like Heine, Stuart in person and in
his work had (may yet have—I hope
so) an “enduring power to disturb.”
The power to disturb truth on behalf
of trust, the hidden habit of The Game
played on behalf of “beauties Rose.”

From the very beginning
(1969/1970, Buffalo, through
Vancouver, Damascus, Bolinas, I've
forgotten where else, the Moon
probably) all our time together, all
our communications, were taking
place Elsewhere. We knew that from
minute one, and that it wouldn't
change. Weird scene. Two strangers,
unreliable fools, meet one day on the
lifetime bridge made of light and sighs
spanning the crevasse beneath two
dissolving clouds...

Sooner or later someone will see to
getting Colin's work on the table with,
I hope, care commensurate to Colin's
devotions.

1 Roughly translated from Heine's German: “Toying with (playing with) the burning Roses.”

We are led through so much for so little
The children go from sleep to school
getting up like the dawn, and crossing
over the bridge of sighs. A truth that
becomes as circular as riding a bicycle.
Even when the lights are turned off.

E Z
R O S E
O R
S O

The horse was a filly. She was affiliated with Pegasus, the horse of the legends.

Z
O E
R

R O S E
B A N K B A N K
R O S E R O S E
B A N K

THE FINAL HOUR
MAY BE FILLED
WITH VIOLETS
KEEP THEM
CHILLED

see-to-see

Review of *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One* by Aaron Vidaver (CUE Books, 2018)

Danielle LaFrance

Documents live without us.

A document can only tell you as much as you want to know about a document.

You trace the liner notes to see where you fit in the liner notes. Documentation reveals nothing and too much.

Aaron Vidaver's *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One* (CUE Books, 2018) escorts the reader through a series of documents collected and compiled by Aaron Vidaver through a series of Freedom of Information (FOI) requests. Simple requests for specific documents take four to eight weeks, while more complex requests can take approximately six months. (Note: this collection is only Volume One, with at least three more waiting off-stage.) *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One* holds eight forms of documentation, from transcribed audio recordings of Aaron Vidaver's father, Bill Vidaver, painstakingly working to cull words from Aaron Vidaver's toddler mouth, to evaluations of Aaron Vidaver's elementary school performance in 1975.

If you allow "the documents to speak for themselves" (to quote Reg Johanson's introduction to Aaron Vidaver's *Counter-Interpellation* reading at Merge on October 13, 2018), you begin with Bill and Josephine Vidaver's application for "a child." At this point in the compilation, Aaron Vidaver has yet to be hailed by any state apparatus, yet is already being imagined by the state. The Vidavers hope for "a child who is normal in intelligence, and to whom they could give every opportunity within the child's capabilities and interest" (21).

A counter proposal: documents live without us. The documents do not begin with "a child," just as the Archive did not begin with Derrida's encounter with Freud. *Counter-Interpellation* does not aspire to catharsis; the book does not excise the state apparatus by offering the reader the structure of the state apparatus in the form of documents. In many ways, the desire for the idea of such a compilation, the Archive, is more powerful and graspable than its constructed form.

Large omissions scale the documents, crossed out in the original, highlighted black with InDesign. Another form of omission occurs in the section in which Bill Vidaver demands that Aaron Vidaver "say something. Say anything." Aaron

Vidaver “refuses” to say something, say anything—a “practice of refusal” (Johanson) that perhaps began at an early age. No, another counter here: refuse any compulsion to armchair-psychoanalyze the subject Aaron Vidaver, don’t presume, any more than Bill Vidaver does, that Aaron Vidaver “can’t talk” (82), that “He will be seen by Psychologist for personality and cognitive assessment” (110). The document seems impersonal and yet the personal irrupts into every fibre of the document. So handle with care, not conclusion.

I did not navigate this book as strictly poetry or as a poetics, nor as documentary poetics or documentary poetry. I approached it as I would an Archive, a house for documents; the book is a house for the production of the subject “Aaron Vidaver.” When Aaron Vidaver performs these documents, as he did at Merge, they become something other—they transform from FOI requests to published pages of “poetry” to a follow-along script. A script is different than a document, in that it provides a blueprint of which acts to perform. As a document turned script, Aaron Vidaver’s text conflates the performing subject (the subject hailed unconsciously) and the documented subject (the subject captured by the state). Aaron Vidaver’s performance of Aaron Vidaver materializes this inscription, unfolding the subject back into itself, performing a counter that reaches beyond the confines of the book as Archive.

“There is nowhere beyond interpellation for us,” writes Denise Riley, quoted by Aaron Vidaver. She also writes how her name is a “ready-made badge pinned,” “something that [she] pulls inside of [her] to make it [hers], drawing it in from the outside” (115). This is how Aaron Vidaver makes his ready-made badge “his”: not merely by compilation, but by the act of transcription. Aaron Vidaver is both typesetter and designer of *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One*. While rifling through these 139 pages, consider: if the state has pinned said badge on Aaron Vidaver, Aaron Vidaver has had a hand in fashioning it. A typesetter, like a translator, plays an invisible role for the reader (a role as invisible as ideology). This is indeed the counter in *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One*: Aaron Vidaver’s continued appearance in every bleed, bullet, gutter rendered invisible (ideological) by the logic of producing books of poetry, producing Archives.

Works Cited:

- Riley, Denise. *Impersonal Passion: Language as Affect*. Duke University Press, 2005.
- Johanson, Reg. “Introduction.” Launch of *Counter-Interpellation, Volume One*, 13 Oct. 2018, Merge, Vancouver, BC.
- Vidaver, Aaron. *Counter-Interpellation. Volume One*, Cue Books, 2018.

Review of *I'm Afraid of Men* by Vivek Shraya (Penguin Canada, 2018)

Amber Dawn

At 85 pages, Vivek Shraya's nonfiction bestseller *I'm Afraid of Men* has been called "slim." The trim size resembles that of a small notebook—you can slip it into a coat pocket and carry it with you. Many readers will be able to wrap our hands completely around it. This is where the participation begins: by holding it. I recommend holding it at eye level while riding the bus so that other passengers may glance at the bold orange text that reads "I'm Afraid of Men" on the front cover and the bright violet text that reads "Men Are Afraid of Me" on the back.

This is what change-making nonfiction does. It invites us to get involved. Where do we fit into the paragraphs and pages of a poignant personal essay like Shraya's? How do we see ourselves as connected to her lived truths, as discomfiting as her truths are? When we read lines from her opening page—"I'm afraid of men because it was men who taught me to fear the word girl by turning it into a weapon they used against me"—what do we feel, and where in our bodies do we feel it?

For me, reading Shraya feels akin to debriefing daily misogyny with my closest friends: like that late-night phone call where a friend recounts how many times she was harassed at her last job, or that brunch meet-up where the conversation turns to violence and every woman around

the table discloses that she's been raped. These private conversations between women can offer much-needed solidarity; there is power in telling at least one other person about what we've been through. Now available in hardcover, eBook and Kindle, and as an audiobook read by Shraya herself, *I'm Afraid of Men* tells thousands of readers what women go through. Shraya changes the very culture of disclosure by taking these often private stories and making them public.

What I felt in my body is movement, a somatic shift in seeing the stories—that women, especially Indigenous women, women of colour and trans women, are taught to quietly bear as a part of simply existing—concretely written in large, accessible font. In a "slim" 85 pages, Shraya transforms fear into something powerful that we can carry with us into the public sphere (like the bus), into something we can hold up.

Review of *That Time I Loved You* by Carrianne Leung (HarperCollins, 2018)

Chimedum Ohaegbu

Carrianne Leung addresses suburban secrets and domestic disaster in *That Time I Loved You*, her Toronto Book Award-longlisted collection of connected stories. At once a love letter to and an excoriation of 1970s Scarborough, Leung's book deftly explores the sub in "suburban," diving into the deep-buried, the ugly underneath.

“Her English was not good, but she knew what they were asking” begins “Sweets,” with a line that made me thrum with apprehension for the unnamed “she.” Leung’s technique is expert. The lyricism of this prose ebbs only in deference to the voice of the preteen June, who narrates three of these stories, including “Wheels”: “The year after all those parents killed themselves, something equally earth-shattering happened: I fell in love. Ka-boom.”

Leung’s opening lines hit like a gut punch or wreath you in a slower kind of menace: “On that day, the last day, the primroses were especially pretty” begins “Flowers,” a story about a rash of parent suicides, told from the perspective of one of the parents.

June is the collection’s throughline, the only first-person narrator, and a prominent side character otherwise. June generally doesn’t notice her economic privilege and can be ungrateful. But in “Kiss,” as a side character, she offers to watch *Amityville Horror* with her friend Josie, despite loathing the genre herself, because she senses Josie needs drawing out rather than demands that she feel better.

The other high points of the collection are “Treasure,” an absurd and poignant tale about a magnanimous, elderly thief-matriarch; “Things,” a story that takes up residence in the ribcage, about a Jamaican-Canadian boy dreaming big while struggling against his racist teacher; and the aforementioned “Sweets,” a character study of June’s grandmother, Poh Poh, as she forges a friendship (of

actions more than words) with June’s shy queer friend, Nav.

Nav, though, is the collection’s one sticking point—Nav never gets to be the observer, and he hovers on the periphery so frequently that this omission is confusing, considering the panoply of narrators the book cycles through. Some of the less memorable tales in *That Time*, e.g. “Rain,” could have been improved were Nav granted a role as narrator.

Yet overall *That Time I Loved You* beautifully illuminates what it chooses to touch on. Interrogative and thoughtful, this collection serves style and substance in spades.

Review of *Global Warming and the Sweetness of Life: A Tar Sands Tale* by Matt Hern, Am Johal, & Joe Sacco (MIT Press, 2018)

Evan Mauro

While I was reading this book, seven Tsleil-Waututh and Greenpeace activists suspended themselves from Vancouver’s Ironworkers Memorial Bridge, resisting the Trans Mountain pipeline expansion by forming an “aerial blockade” of tanker traffic in Vancouver’s harbour. The shipping disruption was key, but the real genius of this protest action was its spectacle: daring, precarious bodies set against the bridge’s massive steel trusses and the bloated tankers docked below; long, triangular flags unfurling on a steady breeze, declaring Indigenous presence in and around these spaces.

At the same time, these bodies suspended mid-air between the bridge and the inlet below recall, to me at least, the 1958 industrial disaster that gave this bridge its name: due to an engineering mistake, nineteen workers were killed when they plunged from the same trusses into the water below. The aerial blockade never acknowledged the resemblance. That silence says a lot: too often we see an oppositional relationship between settler labourers, often made to be the shock troops of fossil capital, and Indigenous and environmentalist groups, the first of which are disproportionately exposed to extraction's effects. And it's this impasse that Matt Hern, Am Johal, and Joe Sacco's *Global Warming and the Sweetness of Life* takes as its main target.

Part travelogue, part theoretical intervention, part graphic narrative, this is a book searching for a genre. But its formal uncertainty might be unavoidable. As Amitav Ghosh and others have argued, the failure to address global warming politically is largely an imaginative and cultural failure: we don't yet have narrative or representational forms adequate to the all-encompassing reality of fossil capitalism's hold on our lives. So to me the most fascinating pages of *Global Warming* are Sacco's, where the resources of graphic narrative are used to alternate between micro and macro scales in successive frames, from a teaspoon of bitumen to an aerial survey of tar sands terraforming. Here the book's contribution comes into focus: the project lands somewhere beyond investigative journalism but short of extended ethnography. It takes scrupulous care in its

representations of real people working at points of extraction, fenceline communities along sites of pipeline distribution, and communities at oil's diffuse points of consumption—particularly in cities, Hern's area of expertise, whose development and current form presuppose the availability of fossil fuels. All along, the authors avoid the temptation of what they call “enviro-porn”—the swelling list of documentaries and exposés of environmental degradation that, oddly, do good business among green urbanists. By focusing on individual consumption, and by framing oil industry labourers as unenlightened “knuckle draggers,” this genre misrepresents the issue and misses the real scope of the problem.

Striving to move beyond critique to constructive dialogue, the authors cite Giorgio Agamben's “sweetness of life” and Ecuadorian Minister Alberto Acosta's “buen vivir/sumak kawsay”—aligned concepts that point the way towards a new, politicized notion of ecology. As in recent books by Andreas Malm, or by Jason Moore and Raj Patel, here climate activism is reframed as an overdue decolonization:

by definition, any questions of ecology are immediately questions of land politics and sovereignty: who gets to make what decisions for what land? [...] Trying to think about what an ecological future could look like has to place the relationships between settlers and Indigenous people at its center. (12-13)

The book features long interviews with Leanne Betasamosake Simpson (Michi Saagiig Nishnaabeg) and Glen Coulthard (Yellowknives Dene) to outline what

in Alberta, Indigenous peoples from points of extraction to tidewater, and environmentalists working on these issues.

This book arrived in stores the same month that the Trudeau government purchased the Trans Mountain pipeline to reassure energy companies and their investors that extraction will continue, must continue. To make that happen, a certain kind of narrative needs to be told about how extraction serves the national interest, or about whose interests are national, and whose aren't. *Global Warming and the Sweetness of Life* tells stories differently: as Sacco's drawings telescope between tiny, everyday details and whole landscapes, the writing here holds in suspension different perspectives, geographies, groups, and arguments, showing us the complexities of telling this story properly.

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Mentorship Interviews

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

Erín Moure

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

I think that to find mentors it's important to watch and listen to people, and when you find someone you want to learn from, either in terms of writing or life skills, you just try to find ways to ask them the questions you need. Or you observe, read their work, read other things they write. See how they treat other writers or persons. Of course there are professional mentors, i.e. instructors in universities, but you still have to attend to the ones who have comportments, ethics, joys that you want to emulate.

When I think of my own communities, early on, I think of groups of writers who mentored and supported each other: a small group I was part of in Calgary led by Colin Morton in 1972 or so that I learned about from a practice teacher at my high school; the

Vancouver Industrial Writers' Union five years later, the Kootenay School of Writing five years after that—I had left Vancouver before KSW formed, but was invited several times and felt common ground with many of its writers, such as Lisa Robertson, and mentors of those writers: Roy Miki and Fred Wah in particular, Robin Blaser, George Bowering, Sharon Thesen, Gladys Maria Hindmarch.

I also think warmly of the University of Calgary after Fred Wah started teaching there in the 1980s and '90s, and the Alberta College of Art and Design where Pauline Butling taught, and others at U of C: Aritha van Herk, Susan Rudy. I was invited to read and work alongside them and their students such as Ashok Mathur, Nicole Markotić, Hiromi Goto, Jeff Derksen, Louis Cabri, Susan Holbrook, Suzette Mayr, Rosemary Nixon. This space was key for me; it was respectful and full of the thinking energy that challenged

me. And when I was growing up in Calgary in the 1960s when I was in junior high school: Claire Harris, clearly, for helping me and my classmates understand that we too had access to language.

My own community of translators-curators-poets-artists in Montreal over the past 35 years has helped me thrive, with links through the generations and to other places and languages. And local bookstores such as Le port de tête that create literary hubs of great energy. Studio XX, the feminist digital media group that started in the mid-90s. La Galerie Powerhouse, which became La Centrale. Friendships and working relationships in other countries—Chile, Brazil, UK, Portugal, Galicia of course. So critical. I also learned infinitely from my working life at VIA Rail, as a freelance translator, and from my birth and chosen families. Without them who would I be?

Now it is me the older generation, but there is no age at which we don't need friendship and support. We all both give and receive. And set examples for each other. And we have to call out those who don't act respectfully toward others, I think, or at least not hang around with those who aren't respectful.

What's been most important for me always has been a kind of shared compassion, generosity, respect, that is without hierarchy, that cares for the web of thinking and writing, reflection

and learning in which we all exist. No big egos or claims for centrality, just continuous care and endeavour, respect for boundaries and for the integrity of the individual but also for the legitimacy of their seeking, which may be very different from mine. The key is helping and encouraging others to create for themselves the environment in which they can best do their work. When individuals can do their work safely and with joy, we all benefit.

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

I don't work in a university and my own processes are at cross-purposes with much that is institutional. I try to be available to listen and to offer thoughts, always with that same goal in mind: to encourage writers, younger or whoever, to create the environment they need that will allow them to do their best work. I try to be active on social media and share work and ideas there, and from time to time do university residencies that allow me to contribute by reading drafts, suggesting readings, modelling revision practice, and sharing my experience in the hope of making things easier for others. I also translate works, edit, and when I find amazing work I try to help. I try to be among those who provide a larger view, a space from which to reflect, so that people can keep themselves healthy

and working. Appreciation, too: it's so important to let others know you appreciate their work, even if that's all you are in a position to do.

What do you see other people needing and not getting?

I think it's getting better, but support for people developing daily habits and planning work so as not to see their writing crushed by what they must do to make a living. To plan worklife so as to give time and space for writing and personal relationships. To support mental and physical health. And continually call out toxicities such as sexism that kill energy (a never-ending battle)...

What current programs/initiatives /possibilities would you like to promote (or ask others to consider contributing/donating to)?

In this epoch where traditional reviews and review space is rare: it's important to help younger and newer writers find space for their work to be known and

enter the conversation that writing is. Important too to try to bring in influences from other literatures (why I translate).

I also think it is important to try to live modestly, and to share when we can with those who are struggling and with organizations that work to help the homeless and those whose support systems have broken down. Some of them are or would be writers! Stand up and fight when people who contribute so much to our collective well-being see their rights as humans squashed or undermined, legally and illegally: support queer and trans folk, Indigenous folk making their own spaces and arguments and descriptions, Black writers and organizers to overcome the crushing effect of racism on their communities, support disabled and deaf creators to have physical and aural access to the conversations and spaces and contribute so we can learn from them too, support migrants who flee violence and war, and help advocate for affordable housing, clean water, and safe food.

Vivek Shraya

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

Maureen Hynes, Farzana Doctor, and Amber Dawn are writers who were

hugely supportive when my writing career first began, as people who regularly reviewed and provided feedback on my work, connected me with other writers and institutions (including reading series and grant and publishing opportunities), and were overall champions of my voice.

I truly believe that a key to success is having champions in your corner, and I am hugely indebted to Maureen, Farzana, and Amber Dawn.

That said, it's been challenging to access mentors who can support the specificity of my multi-disciplinary practice and can provide guidance from a similar experience of being trans, queer, and poc.

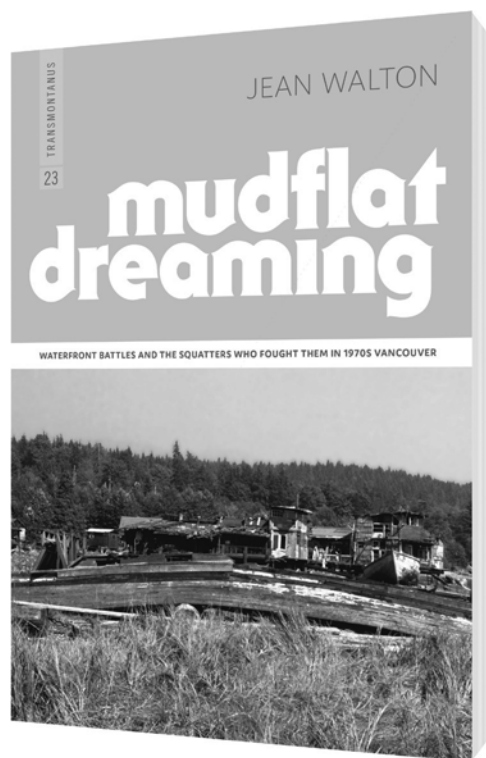
Thinking about the present, what do you try to offer other writers (particularly those who may be less well-established)?

VS.Books is centered around supporting young Indigenous and Black writers, and writers of colour, as these writers still face barriers in the publishing

world. I also try to provide a range of support beyond writing feedback, including how to apply for grants, how to establish an online presence, and any other support the writers are seeking.

What did you need that you didn't get? (What do you see other people needing and not getting?)

Many mid-career and established writers want to provide mentorship but worry about how much time will need to be committed, but there are many ways to provide mentorship, formally and informally, that aren't lifelong. But also, the only way we keep moving forward is if we keep giving back.



“Mudflat Dreaming resuscitates the spirit of opposition to uniformity and profit-making at the expense of those who recycle, self-build, and live by water. This is necessary history, rooted in place and deeply West Coast.”

— Daphne Marlatt

“A timely and urgent reminder of what it means to think about and inhabit cities differently.”

— Alexander Vasudevan,
author of *The Autonomous City*



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Contributors

Hiba Abdallah is a text-based artist who often works in collaboration with others to develop public installations, projects, and exhibitions that explore locality, civic agency, and collective narratives of place. Abdallah's work cultivates a playful yet reverent sense of community that seeks to foster the public imagination.

Christina Baillie is a schizophrenic writer and artist living in Toronto.

Martha Baillie is a writer living in Toronto. Her novels include *The Incident Report*, *The Search for Heinrich Schlogel*, and *If Clara*.

Lutselk'e Dene and Plains Cree, Two-Spirit and Nonbinary poet, **Tawahum Justin Bige** resides on unceded Musqueam, Tsleil-Waututh and Squamish territory colonially-known-as Vancouver. Published in *Red Rising Magazine*, *Prairie Fire*, *CV2*, *EVENT*, *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Poetry Is Dead*, and *pulp MAG*, Tawahum's poetry stokes the sacred fire of resurgence and decolonization on occupied Turtle Island. Their writing dips into the valleys of healing intergenerational trauma, up the rocky cliffs of reconnecting with culture, and against the solid concrete city streets of colonization. They've featured on stages including Talking Stick, Verses, and Drum-is-Calling festivals. In their 4th year of studies toward a BA in Creative Writing at Kwantlen Polytechnic University in BC, their upcoming poetry collection, *Political & Personal*, will be published in June 2019 with Metatron Press. They invite you to join them on a journey that is both emotionally personal and deeply political.

Sean Braune's first book of philosophy, *Language Parasites: Of Phorontology*, appeared in 2017 from Punctum Books. His poetry has appeared in *ditch*, *The Puritan*, *Rampike*, *Poetry Is Dead*, and elsewhere. He has three poetry chapbooks out with above/ground press—*the vitamins of an alphabet* (2016), *The Cosmos* (2018), and *Face Portraits and Author Cops* (2018). A chapbook of his creative writing has appeared from AngelHousePress called *Story of Lilith* (2017).

Lorna Brown is a Vancouver-based visual artist, curator, writer, educator, and editor. She has exhibited her work internationally since 1984 at galleries such as Dazibao, Montreal; YYY, Toronto; Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography, Ottawa; Simon Fraser University Audain Gallery, Vancouver; Presentation House Gallery, North Vancouver; and the Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, amongst others. Brown was the Director/Curator of Artspeak Gallery from 1999 to 2004 and is a founding member of Other Sights for Artists' Projects. In 2015, Brown was appointed Associate Director/Curator at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery at the University of British Columbia. Brown received the Vancouver Institute for the Visual Arts Award in 1996, the Canada Council Paris Studio Award in 2000, and an Honorary Doctorate of Letters from Emily Carr University in 2015. Her work is in the collections of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, the National Gallery of Canada, the BC Arts Council, the Surrey Art Gallery, and the Canada Council Art Bank.

Mary Chen, one of the Managing Editors at *TCR*, is a writer/illustrator living on unceded Coast Salish territories. She holds a BFA in creative writing from the University of British Columbia and her work has appeared in *LooseLeaf*, *Currents: A Ricepaper Anthology*, *Room*, *The Fiddlehead*, and elsewhere. Lately she's been learning to look up at night. Orion is her favourite constellation.

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

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

Kay Gordon. I work in diverse media: lithography, etching, mixed media, drawing, installation, & objects/sculpture. Fundamental themes in my work are the balance of chaos and order, and the dependency of one object's juxtaposition to the next to reveal its form or even create its existence. Sculptures and installations include drawing—with wire, thread, shadow—on a variety of surfaces and in space. Formal composition creates a framework for revealing subconscious concerns, fears and dreams. Recent work responds to the violence, and ensuing tragedy, of current political, religious, and natural events/human-created events. I live and work in Brooklyn, with my studio in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and I teach at Kingsborough, City University of New York. Upcoming & recent exhibitions include "Human Rights" at the Plains Art Museum, Fargo, North Dakota; "Uprooted" at IA&A at Hillyer Gallery, Washington, DC; and "Art of Armistice" at Target Gallery: Torpedo Factory, Alexandria, VA.

Hiromi Goto is an emigrant from Japan who gratefully resides on the Unceded Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh Territories. A long-time writer of postcolonial feminist fiction, she's currently at work trying to decolonize her relationship to the Land.

Riisa Gundesen is a visual artist based in Edmonton, AB, whose paintings explore themes of mental illness, the abject, and self-representation. She received her BFA from the University of Lethbridge in 2012, and her MFA from the University of Saskatchewan in 2017. Her work will be showing across Canada in 2019, including in Vancouver, Edmonton, and Annapolis County.

Danielle LaFrance lives, writes, and works on occupied and stolen xʷməθkʷəyəm, Skwxwú7mesh Úxwumixw, and səlilwətaʔ lands. She is the author of *Species Branding* (CUE, 2010), *Friendly + Fire* (Talonbooks, 2016), and the chapbook *Pink Slip* (SIC, 2013). Between 2012-2016, she co-organized the feminist materialist collective and journal series *About a Bicycle*, with Anahita Jamali Rad. Spanish-English poetry translations have been published in the online magazine *in Peregrinos y sus Letras* and in *The Capilano Review*. Her writing is marked with militancy, feminism, resistance, and "a cappella pornography" (Cam Scott) that relentlessly aims to look at and break apart the radical root of things. Her recent project #postdildo consists of a reading group, reading series, and a book of experimental essays and poems, chewing over sexual fantasies, relationality and communication, sexual violence, and different socialities.

Justin Langlois is an artist, educator, and organizer. His practice explores collaborative structures, critical pedagogy, and custodial frameworks as tools for gathering, learning, and making. He is the co-founder and research director of Broken City Lab, the founder of The School for Eventual Vacancy and curator of The Neighbourhood Time Exchange. He is currently an Associate Professor and Assistant Dean of Integrated Learning in the Faculty of Culture + Community at Emily Carr University of Art and Design, and the Lead Artist on Locals Only with AKA Artist-Run in Saskatoon, supported through the Canada Council's New Chapter initiative. He lives and works in Vancouver, Canada.

Evan Mauro is contract faculty at the University of British Columbia, where he teaches English and Cultural Studies. His research and teaching use frameworks from community-engaged scholarship, Marxism, and anticolonial thought. Other writings appear in *Topia*, *Mediations*, and *Reviews in Cultural Theory*. He lives and works in Vancouver.

Duncan McNaughton is a poet living, apparently, in San Francisco. Born/grew up in The Boston States, Cape Breton family (McNaughton/MacLeod) (Pictish/Norse line of brutes). Companion in the Elsewhere of the late poet Colin Stuart since 50 years, nearness that won't be quitting anytime soon.

Erin Moure (erinmoure.strikingly.com) is a poet and translator of poetry. Recent works include *Kapusta* (Anansi, 2015), *Planetary Noise* (Wesleyan, 2017), a translation of Wilson Bueno's *Paraguayan Sea* (Nightboat, 2017, finalist for the Best Translated Book Award), *Sitting Shiva on Minto Avenue, by Toots* (New Star, 2017, finalist for the Mavis Gallant Award and the City of Vancouver Book Award), and a 30th anniversary reissue of *Furious* (Anansi, 2018). 2019 will see her translation of Galician poet Lupe Gómez's *Camouflage* (Circumference Books), a co-translation with Roman Ivashkiv of Ukrainian poet Yuri Izdryk's *Smokes* (Lost Horse Press), and her own *The Elements* (Anansi).

Peter Myers is completing his MFA in poetry at the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Vestiges*, *Yalobusha Review*, *Sonora Review*, and the *Boston Review*.

Wendy Oakman is a recent graduate of Emily Carr University of Art and Design. Having dropped out and returned she considers the importance of art school in her art making. Spurred on by a previous BA in Anthropology, she asks questions about culture and ritual in her work. Wendy uses textiles and writing along with her theoretical background to create conceptual art that meditates on questions of education, privilege, domestic arts, history, and gender.

Chimedum Ohaegbu attends the University of British Columbia in pursuit of hummingbirds and a dual degree in English literature and creative writing. She is *Uncanny Magazine's* assistant editor and the recipient of the 2017 Tan Seagull Scholarship for Young

Writers as well as a 2018 Katherine Brearley Arts Scholarship. A piece of hers was a finalist in *Outlook Springs*' 2017 creative nonfiction competition, and otherwise her work is published or forthcoming in *Strange Horizons*, *This Magazine*, and *The Ubysey*. She can be found on Twitter at @chimedumohaegbu.

Renee Rodin has lived her entire life on unceded Indigenous territory/land. She was born and raised in Montreal (Park Extension) by working-class Jewish parents. She's been living in Vancouver (Kitsilano) since the late 60s. Her books are *Bread and Salt* (Talon, 1996) and *Subject To Change* (Talon, 2010) and the chapbook *Ready for Freddy* (Nomados, 2005). She still hopes to find whatever it is she's looking for in writing.

Félix Ruiz de la Orden is a poet and musician living on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tseil-Waututh peoples. He currently studies English and World Literature at Simon Fraser University and is developing an interest in urban and digital spaces. Previously, his work has appeared in *The Lyre*. Much of his work has involved the merging of poetry with the abrasive and raw emotional medium of punk music.

Eric Schmaltz is the writer of *Surfaces* (Invisible, 2018). His creative work has appeared in periodicals such as *Arc Poetry*, *The Berkeley Poetry Review*, and *Jacket2* and has been featured in galleries in the United States and Canada. He is currently a SSSHRC Postdoctoral Fellow in the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He holds a PhD from York University in Toronto.

Vivek Shraya is an artist whose body of work crosses the boundaries of music, literature, visual art, and film. Her album with Queer Songbook Orchestra, *PartTime Woman*, was included in CBC's list of Best Canadian Albums of 2017, and her first book of poetry, *even this page is white*, won a 2017 Publisher Triangle Award. Her best-selling new book, *I'm Afraid of Men*, was heralded by Vanity Fair as "cultural rocket fuel." She is one half of the music duo Too Attached and the founder of the publishing imprint VS. Books. A Polaris Music Prize nominee and four-time Lambda Literary Award finalist, Vivek was a 2016 Pride Toronto Grand Marshal, and has received honours from The Writers' Trust of Canada and CBC's Canada Reads. She is currently a director on the board of the Tegan and Sara Foundation and an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Calgary.

Kathy Slade is an artist who works across disciplines in a variety of media including textiles, sculpture, sound, performance, film, video, print, and publication. Through her practice, Slade points to moments and events in literature, art history, and popular culture from which to reimagine particular temporalities and existing texts, to create looping structures, and to produce remakes that play on repetition and the doublet of original and copy. Slade has recently shown her work in solo presentations at Surrey Art Gallery (2018), Walter C.

Koerner Library at the University of British Columbia (2018), and 4COSE in London, UK (2017). In collaboration with Lisa Robertson, she exhibited a large silkscreen work at Galerie Au 8 rue saint bon in Paris (2013). Slade is part of the art band Cranfield and Slade. With Kay Higgins she runs Publication Studio Vancouver. Slade founded READ Books and is the Founding Editor of the Emily Carr University Press.

A poet from his mid-teens until his death in May of 2018, **Colin Stuart** considered poetics a cosmology, language an essential player in evolution, and himself a Mariner of the Ancient Rime. The nature of desire, the search for abiding love, the initiatory task of a visionary poetics, and the urgent need to revitalize our experience of language were among his deepest concerns. An early influence, Robert Creeley, wrote, “Words, words, as if all worlds were there,” and as if in response, Colin wrote, “Language has plans for us all.” The Colin Stuart Fonds, containing his life’s work, much of it as yet unpublished, is currently being archived for the Contemporary Literature Collection of the W.A.C. Bennett Library at Simon Fraser University.

Ron Terada lives and works in Vancouver where he is an alumnus from the Emily Carr University of Art and Design. His art practice is grounded in a text-based tradition of Conceptual art that interrogates the sign systems of art and everyday life, while approaching the realm of popular culture as an expanse of material, free for the taking and ripe with possibility. Terada’s recent body of work *TL; DR* transposes current news headlines of the tech world onto canvas as a means to suspend the language of our digital age of distraction. Terada’s solo exhibitions include the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; Hayward Gallery, London; and the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto, with group showings at the Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna; Kadist Art Foundation, Paris; and With de With, Rotterdam, to name a few. He is represented by Catriona Jeffries, Vancouver.

Divya Victor is the author of *KITH* (Fence Books/BookThug), a book of verse, prose memoir, lyric essay and visual objects; *NATURAL SUBJECTS* (Trembling Pillow, Winner of the Bob Kaufman Award); *UNSUB* (Insert Blanc); and *THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR MOUTH* (Les Figues). She is Assistant Professor of Poetry and Writing at Michigan State University.

T’uy’t’tanat-Cease Wyss

Skwxwu7mesh/Sto:Lo/Metis/Hawaiian/Swiss

T’uy’t’tanat-Cease is an interdisciplinary artist who works with new media and interdisciplinary arts as well as community-engaged and public art. Cease is a Coast Salish ethnobotanist and is an emerging cedar and wool weaver with a textiles art practice that includes plant and other natural dyes. She is a member of the Aboriginal Writers Collective West Coast and lives in East Vancouver.

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Pierre Coupey, *After Olson I*, 1987, Graphite on Arches paper

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