

ti-TCR

a web folio

Number 14



Stuff

Guest-edited and typeset by Matea Kulić

Cover: Fabiola Carranza, *Marguerite's Home Study*, 2016

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I didn't intend to read your stuff.

—Erdem Taşdelen

Contents

8	Anne Low	Tromp as writ	72	Anne Watson	Thursday's Writing Collected
16	Marguerite Pigeon	from <i>The Endless Garment</i>		karenza t. wall, d.n simmers	
22	Virginia Konchan	Two Poems		& Gilles Cyrenne	
25	Jacquelyn Ross	Mystery Dust	82	Zack Haber	Horrible Places!
32	Jennifer Zilm	Two Poems	86	Catherine de Montreuil	from <i>The Maenads</i>
36	Matea Kulić with Andrew Taggart and Chloe Lewis	On the Museum of Longing and Failure	90	Binswanger Friedman	Pari Intervallo
48	Shazia Hafiz Ramji	Three Poems	92	Eric Zepka	from <i>Choriotepnis</i>
52	Ryan Fitzpatrick	Two Poems	96	Steven Sprott	One Room Fits All
54	Erdem Taşdelen	from <i>Dear,</i>	98	Contributors	
60	Andrew McEwan & Elee Kraljii Gardiner	Nature Building			
64	Ted Byrne	from <i>Duets</i> : Louise Labé and Guido Cavalcanti			

Editor's Note

Interminable stuff! It gathers dust, piles up, is taken in or left out or made to stand in for what would rather not be said.

ti-TCR 14 (graciously) sustains the messiness inherent to its theme. It celebrates the risk that many of our contributors took—to include the stuff typically expunged in the move towards “the fiction of a final form” (Ted Byrne) and to share in the vulnerability of process when “everything jangles like loose change” (Marguerite Pigeon).

Stuff begins with one of the earliest uses of the word as *cloth*. We are invited to delight in the precision of fabric, but also in its interchangeability where “paduasoy is padaway is pattisway” (Anne Low).

Stuff, so defined, leads us from cloth (material) to the weaving process (materiality) of the writing itself. The collaborative nature of the writing group, but also the working out of translation and even the self-editing process, can be viewed intact in many of the margins.

Whether through love letter, confessional, or coterie tactics, many poets in this issue refuse the injunction to “Manage hazardous accumulations on [their] poetry” (Andrew McEwan and Elee Kraljii Gardiner). Encouraged to “overshare,” contributors open their notebooks, their studios and workspaces, and even their wallets.

Stuff, too, insists that we further examine the objects that “people” our spaces, a (re)alignment of perspective that a number of contributors take up. While Andrew Taggart and Chloe Lewis confront us with the notion that anxieties may “lurk within a lump of concrete,” Catherine

de Montreuil probes further into the organizational system itself, asking the shelf—“Does it have a saga?”

When “cardboard is not really cardboard” (Jacquelyn Ross) and the distinction between real and virtual no longer holds, where do we finally stand in relation to our stuff? The longing to commune (and consume) before eventual decay is captured in the hauntingly simple phrase: “I want to talk to you” (Shazia Hafiz Ramji).

Stories reveal themselves beneath dusty covers in the gallery and archive. Yet one surface, such as that of Marilyn Monroe as a “kittenish volupté,” always belies another: the Marilyn who “lost two babies, loved Beethoven / and *Ulysses*, which [she] read aloud” (Virginia Konchan).

I would like to thank all of the contributors on whom I relied heavily to get this issue to digital “press.” A big thanks is also due to Andrea Actis and Ted Byrne for their invaluable editorial input and support in the making of this issue.

I’d imagined an organizing principle that might lead a reader through a collection of Stuff. I could not include the overstuffed folders of early drafts, discarded proofs; the back-and-forth correspondences (those never-seen digital *threads*) that truly hold a publication together. *That* process, the one between editor and contributor, leaves yet another residue, another ghost in the final product. As Steven Sprott writes in the closing piece of this issue, “My room is small; I keep it clean; I keep it tidy.” And yet...stuff continues to spill out.

—Matea Kulić

Tromp as writ

Anne Low

i. Cloth that was produced in Norwich prior to industrialization was chiefly bought and sold via books laden with small widths of sample fabrics. The sheer variety in each book attests to the diversity of cloth that would have been sewn into mourning gowns or stretched and tufted over settees. Desirability by way of novelty produced multiple names for essentially the same material: paduasoy is padaway is pattisway is poudesoy—“a rich and heavy silk tabby, usually brocaded.” Having encountered these sample cloth books numerous times and studied them myself, I was startled by reading W.G. Sebald’s description of these same sample books in the final pages of *The Rings of Saturn*. His list of “silk brocades and watered tabinets, satins and satinettes, camblets and cheveretts, prunelles, callimancoes and florentines, diamantines and grenadines, blondines, bombazines, belle-isles and martiniques” was an echo of my own preoccupation with these tiny shreds of cloth and it eased my peripheral sense of alienation that Sebald’s attention was also hooked upon them. I like to imagine the feeling it gave me as being in the same category of astonishment as when Sebald, while reading Robert Walser, came across the word “laughtene”—a word Sebald had previously invented to use in his own work and had until that moment believed he was alone in doing.



ii. On permanent display at the Met is a collection of Egyptian linen. Some of these relics have a third fringe woven into the cloth that was at first glance entirely mysterious to me. Its purpose is purely decorative, yet remains strange in its three-sidedness. Cloth naturally has a fringe at each end where the warp threads (vertically run) are cut. Egyptian weavers would produce a third fringe along one of the vertical edges of the cloth (the selvedge). Instead of pulling the weft thread (horizontally run) snug against the selvedge edge, they would extend the former over the latter to form a loop, before sending that same weft thread back into the cloth. Viewed in the museum the pieces of linen are tiny and far away, as though they would disappear into dust if the vitrine were bumped or shaken. Yet viewed digitally via [the Met's online collection](#), the zoom function allows the linen to be viewed so closely that the stiff furriness and the variance of tension used in the handspinning of the flax fibre is revealed. All of this gets further exaggerated by the fact that the linen is photographed on a ground of white, industrially-manufactured fabric that is visible through perforations, which in real life are likely as tiny as moth holes.



iii. During a period of the 16th century, there was a decorative tradition of stained cloths that were hung in the homes of middle-class families in England. On walls made of green wood and wattle-and-daub construction, these cloths were hung to function both as a decorative wall covering and also to keep out draughts that would inevitably blow through gaps caused by the slow curing of the green wood beams. These stained cloths were produced to have a resemblance to both painting and tapestry—items typically only found in the homes of the wealthy. Through this double aspiration the cloths became their own category of textile in and of themselves.

Somewhat contrasting historical accounts of how the cloths were painted survives; the one that interests me most is from 1410. It describes a marvellous process whereby linen cloth was woven and then painted with a thin layer of rabbit-skin glue. Once dry, the linen was laid down on top of frieze cloth, a type woollen cloth with a nap raised on one side. The intention behind this layered technique was to achieve a pictorial scene (as in a painting) but keep the inherent intersection of warp and weft visible (as in a tapestry). As the stainer worked, the colours would not flow, but would rather soak into the woollen layer below. The layer of rabbit skin glue on the linen's surface allowed for the integrity of the paintbrush strokes to remain.



iv. In a will belonging to an English woman who died in the early 1600s, a list of linens testifies to the value of cloth during that time. “A paire of holland sheetes, a fyne childbed sheet, a flaxen table cloth, a dozen naptkins, a payre of course sheets” were bequeathed in the same manner as property and silver. In the opening pages of *The Blue Flower*, Penelope Fitzgerald describes the once-yearly occurrence of washday signalled by “the great dingy snowfalls of sheets, pillowcases, bolster-cases, vests, bodices, drawers.” In surviving 18th-century examples, the maintenance of bed sheets involved initialling, dating, and numbering them. Numbering permitted the even wear of multiple bed sheets, rotated over the time they were slept in and washed. There is a particular sheet in the [V&A Museum](#) collection that has six sets of initials embroidered in pink silk, four of which bear dates ranging from 1786 to 1900. According to the note that accompanied this anonymous donation to the museum, these initials refer to the individuals who were covered with the sheet when laid out after death.



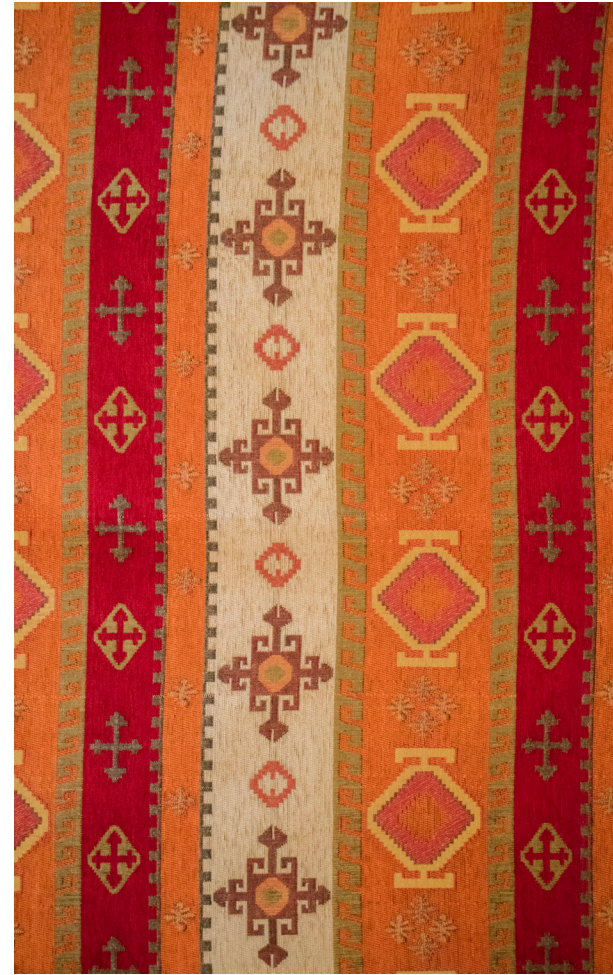
from *The Endless Garment*

Marguerite Pigeon

I'm at work on a long poem called *The Endless Garment*. It's a "pocket epic" on fashion and dress. "Pocket" means the poem is short (for an epic), but this designation also connotes the (wonderful, terrible) hidden surprises in dress. I've been busy cramming all the stuff of a long poem into this pocket: echoes of other people's poems, ideas from research and theory, words and white space. Everything jangles around endlessly like loose change.

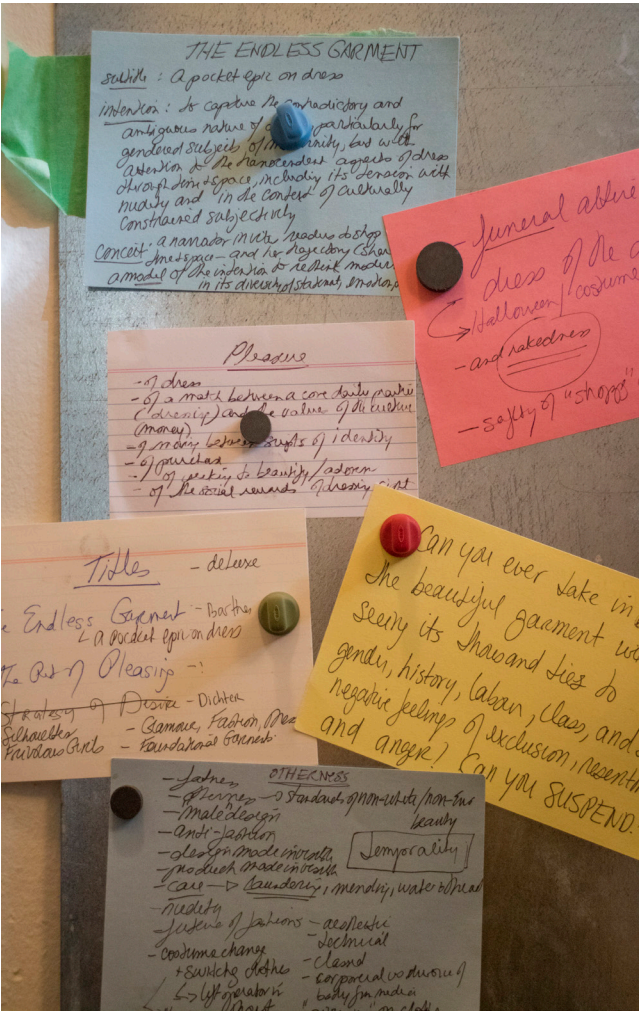


Photographs by Fabiola Carranza



Dress literally and figuratively interweaves the stuff of life: identity, labour, modernism, feeling, aesthetics, fiber, and polymers. Cue cards on my (beloved, sharp-edged) sheet metal board help me sort and synthesize. Writing these cards, reading and re-reading them, switching and tossing them out is akin to "card"ing (sorry) wool: a necessary step towards the finished weave.

This is a visual project for a writer. Fashion requires a constant flow of magazines, archival photos, blogs, film, textiles, and labour hours or else it's dead, and so is my poem. Visual work keeps me home, in my apartment, where my own stuff rarely changes.



My poem is now drafted—80+ unwieldy pages of stuff divided into three parts: one that tracks my own experience with fashion, another that brings the reader shopping in a department store, and a final section that descends into fashion hell. Encouraged by this tangible ordering, now I will rethink, rework, refashion.

Main Street.

*Through the drugstore window, look:
the magazine rack where my favourites appear
late every calendar month (media menses).*

*Go. Roam the covers. Choose one mag, one face,
two smizing eyes. Watch pixels emanate,
dandelion-fluff ultra light, seedpods for instant femininities
floating our way, catching.*

*This is how I grew Sassy. A bit 17.
Sometimes Mademoiselle and Vogue;
inside, fashion's perfume-sample essence
peeled open and rubbed hard against me:*

*Her nipple-out, too-small, jewel-embellished bustier, bare shoulders and collarbones, Paris
bistro, hail-le-garçon burst of enthusiasm, wine and Gaulois, yet bright, well-groomed,
apt to expose a breast because passionately engaged on the subject of art or love? I was that
way.*

*Her ultra-urban, tight-synched silk trench, power purse, vastly oversized shades, pencil-
skirt-and-blazer long last look back at Manhattan, hailing yellow taxi, meter running,
airport-bound? That was my haste.*

*You can pack a lot into a photograph.
You can be this many,
tread crushed glass barefoot so fast—no blood.*

Happy Birthday, Mr. President

Virginia Konchan

Marilyn in Madison Square Gardens
sporting a sheer, flesh-colored dress
in marquisette fabric with 2,500 rhinestones:

a gown so tight she had to be sewn into it
stitch by stitch. Marilyn at home in her
favorite duds, bathrobe and bikini.

Marilyn, bombshell, in the pageantry
of your life we prefer to remember
you as a kittenish volupté;

an image, available free, for one's
viewing pleasure (categorized online
by google as Full-body; Lying Down;

Rare; and Young). Fewer know you
lost two babies, loved Beethoven
and *Ulysses*, which you read aloud

“just to hear the sound.” Depression
ran in your genes. After your death,
Hugh Hefner bought the plot beside you.

After presence, a trail of interstellar dust;
after hour-long conversations
at dusk, the deep homage

to looking, and being looked at:
radiant vessel preserved in celluloid,
objecthood of the screen.

Unified Field Theory

Virginia Konchan

Before the crucible of this world,
unbounded matter of galaxies:
Jupiter and Mars aligning
before chasing each other,
like apes, through the Zodiac
for another 10,000 years.
The course of a particular is not tangential,
but absolute, like the heat-death of the universe,
cupid's arrow, or the trajectory of a dark star
exploding, its particles gravity-bound.
Kaiser Wilhelm, your life has become
an allegory for a cautionary tale:
each rose, a metastasized
hyperobject of rose.

Mystery Dust

Jacquelyn Ross

There's a dirty strip of grout where the bathroom floor meets the bathtub. Lint collects there in wet, grey clumps, and I'm irritated every time I notice it. I scrub it clean with a rough-faced sponge, only to find it dirtied again the following day. *What is this mysterious dust?*

Humans produce so much of it. Flakes of skin and breath—in the corners of the room, under the bed, in the crevices in the living room sofa—arriving silently and uneventfully each day. Some old scabs, picked off and forgotten. Used twist ties wrapped in hair. The rest, I can't identify. It's a gross but plain fact of life.

I wonder how I might do away with my disgust once and for all, and finally begin to live with it. In the past I've tried to fetishize my labour by buying a beautiful, stainless steel dustpan and broom. Miranda July has written about her clever tidying-up technique of "carpooling" groups of displaced objects headed for a similar location. I wonder whether I could invent a similar regimen to deal with dust. I could attach heavy bristles to the soles of my shoes, for example, to make the rounding up of it less grotesque and more outrageously, even comically, mundane.

All of this, I know, would be made much easier if I had less stuff. I feel oppressed by it. The books, the happenstance furniture that never quite "worked": the bulky laser printer and cabinets full of ceramic vases, the CDs and spare cutlery and well-intentioned trinkets gifted over decades—all of it, cluttering my life, my mind. The thought of my

upcoming move to the East Coast seems both liberating and daunting in the face of it. What am I going to do with all of this stuff? Who will take it, and what kind of home will it find? Part of me doesn't care what happens to it all, but the other hovers nostalgically over the thrift store bin.

My latest visit to the Salvation Army left me leafing, one last time, through an old exhibition catalogue on Liz Magor. If you asked me what kind of art she made, I'd tell you she makes sculptures that look like they've been sitting around in an attic for a while. Mostly ordinary things—dusty plates, cardboard boxes, candy wrappers, napkins—but littered between the fantastical corpses of dead mice or lumpy stuffed animal toys. And though these first appear like ready-mades, her objects are typically in fact plaster casts: replicas rendered in mute, powdered gypsum.

The works in Magor's most recent show¹ are large and fragile—the kind of logistical storage-headache that makes me thankful to be a writer and not a sculptor. As if to demonstrate my point, a gallery preparator is measuring one of the artworks when I arrive: no doubt dimensions for a future crate. So, things are packed in order that they might be preserved, protected; dust is permitted to collect on the outsides of boxes rather than on the objects themselves.

But what of Magor's own mysterious (and very beautiful) dust, the dust that she is fostering, casting into her uncanny objects? Like the best antiques, these things bear an aura born out of their apparent (staged) history: a patina that implies cycles of neglect and repeated touch or wear.

1 Liz Magor at Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver, March 5–April 23, 2016.



Liz Magor, *Good Shepherd*, 2016
Polymerized gypsum, wool, plastic bags and sheet, cardboard
1⅓ × 2⅔ × 0.3 cm



Liz Magor, *All The Names (Legs)*, 2016
Silicone rubber, miscellaneous objects
27⅓ × 44½ × 33 cm



Liz Magor, *Stretch Fabric*, 2016
Polymerized gypsum, painted
glassine paper, plastic fabric
1.8 × 1.3 × 1.28 m



At first glance, the works in the gallery look like the kinds of things you might need to improvise a shelter for a night spent outdoors—cardboard, a wool blanket, some plastic bags—though here, they are cluttered with the vanities of fantasy or consumer culture. Everything in the gallery is pale and shimmering: flattened cardboard propped up against walls; some opalescent cellophane; a waxy, translucent box revealing colourful objects inside; a funny patterned dress suit hanging in a dry cleaning bag. Of course, the “cardboard” is not really cardboard but rather a cast reproduced in polymerized gypsum; the “box” is made of silicone rubber. What’s more, these sculptural imposters are almost indistinguishable from the “real” objects that share their company: some nylon stockings, a framed thrift store painting of a dog howling in the snow, a tasseled leather vest. In the end, these things aren’t really in the process of being packed at all: they’re more like unfolding altars, object-tombs.

On Instagram I follow many strangers with beautiful houses. My favourite photos are those of one place in particular: a rustic, sun-bathed bungalow in the Topanga Valley on the outskirts of LA. The interior décor is a tightly-curated display of wood, copper, rose gold, and ceramic; a Navajo weaving hangs on the far wall. Overall the place has that kind of dreamy, wispy, *au naturel* look so popular right now: an idyll strengthened by the occasional selfie of a woman with long, blonde hair and a clean centre-part; detail shots of her camel-coloured Swedish clogs against the straw doormat; her country dog napping in a beam of sunlight. How much of this lifestyle is simply display, I wonder. How much of its décor, unusable?

Los Angeles, I recall, is a dusty place. In the city, there's the filth of exhaust fumes settling on hot asphalt; in the Valley, the earth is composed of red sand like the surface of Mars and shrivelling Eucalyptus leaves that crunch underfoot. Yet these people appear at peace with their dusty environments, perhaps because dust performs such an essential part of the landscape's aesthetic. Dust might have a different weight in these places, I think. It might not cling to damp floor tiles the way it does here.

I get a quote from *Atlantic Truck Lines* saying that it will cost me about seven hundred dollars to move my studio apartment from one coast to the other. I know they only mean the stuff in it, but I can't help but think wistfully for a moment about what it would be like if I could take the building, too. It strikes me that this is a form of abandonment: leaving behind so many hollow rooms. How much of our days are spent emptying and refilling these structures? I vote to leave behind the heavy sofa, the close-knit family of aloe vera plants, the failed paintings. Goodbye, antique brown armchair. Goodbye, Formica table. A set of four wooden chairs go back into the alleyway where I originally recovered them, their wicker seats now just a little more worn. Another generation of use and disuse. I like to think that these things will just turn back into dust, and go back into the Earth. That is, if someone doesn't find them first.

All images courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery



Liz Magor, *New Society*, 2016
Polymerized gypsum, plastic bag, nylon stockings
1.6 × 1.5 × 0.3 cm

Rare Books Cataloguer

Jennifer Zilm

Tasked with one item per day, the cataloguer of rare books—graduate of the finest iSchool in Long Island—is well-versed in standards and professional development seminars. The tip of his tongue holds 34 distinct acronyms. His goatee would radiate romanticism if only he could dwell perpetually in the sepia of graphic material.

Imagine Rilke petting his domesticated panther or tracing the gleaming white six-pack of that guillotined-god torso. Thus the rare books cataloguer in his daily appraisal.

Thick gloved fingers surveying the breakage along a spine, a bone of jutting copper, a *fin de siècle* volume slightly greater than a well-bred lady's palm. The first principle of diplomatics states that you can assess form without apprehending content: the cover the site of judgment after all.

Still there is no simple formula to diagnose whether a book is rare or merely secondhand.

(e.g. ground wood pages
deteriorate easily from within,
all the best methods of both/and
& how to distinguish between
conservation and preservation.)

He examines today's waxy relief on green carefully: some sort of amphora that stems into a woman's tapered torso, her upraised arms holding a sprawl of leaf and stem that he likens in his notes to the tattoo emblazoned on the chest above the boat neck-line of the new community college co-op girl in reception: her hair is dreaded beneath a cowboy-red bandana.

The vase-woman is empire waisted, he notes, but the t-shirt reads *Open Access*. No: ~~striketrough~~ He's confused again. That's not the cover-maiden but rather the thick-armed technician breaking his appraisal as she passes him with a waft of glycerin and sandalwood to retrieve a box of reconsidered ephemera and a toe-tagged first edition.

Eager to put her in her place, he manages only *how do they do the colour?* *how do they colour?* Meaning what pigments utilized to populate the vines and flowers on her chest, meaning archival quality?

Her finger flicks a bright collarbone leaf. *Cadmium*, she says. Or mercury. *The yellow is definitely zinc.*

Then she is back up front, cheerfully frisking strangers, the swift twist and buzz of her sharpening complimentary HB pencils.

Reference Question

Jennifer Zilm

1. QUERY: How do I know when my iBook has ended?

ANSWER: Thank you for your query.

We are deep in the midst of making live a website on how to keep paper sacred with marginalia; tracking how sleep science and bibliomancy are beginning to map the common reader's kisses with densitometers and infrared light. Please note that when your sticky fingers tap the screen to flip the final page an approbation will appear: "CONGRATS! YOU'VE JUST FINISHED A BOOK!" This is to assure you of your accomplishment, because our designers suspect users might get lost without weight on either side of paragraphs. Rest assured a series of atoms wait in stasis to bubble up to greet you. Anyways. Back to the antique readers' kisses. The secret to ancient books is to imagine a road without streetlamps, before that lunatic flew his key-kite in the rain. Before electricity, readers slept from dusk to midnight then opened their eyes for a day rehearsal. A Coptic monk with his grey stringed beard, a girl with stringy hair falling in bits from some sort of somnambulant bonnet would hit the books with candles and frankincense. Our data set consists of wax patterns and fingernail grit mapped to follow his preferred 2am prayer, to unearth her favourite passage. Also stray hairs squished into vellum suggest the moment (our best hypothesis suggests 3am) when both fell back to sleep. I guess you could say we cartographers of the codex try to give a new meaning to the term dirty books.

HOW SATISFACTORY DID YOU FIND THIS REPLY?

On the Museum of Longing and Failure

*Matea Kulić in conversation with Andrew Taggart
& Chloe Lewis*

Matea Kulić: You know how, when you open new merchandise (say an IKEA shelf, or a box of pills), you find this folded up paper with conspicuous text informing you of the potential side effects or offshoots of going through with said shelf or pill? Does the MOLAF come with a warning?

Andrew Taggart & Chloe Lewis: It might. But in keeping true to the MOLAF, the paper would have to reveal a different warning with each unfolding. The first time, it would probably show a universally recognizable image of a museum with a black line through it. Like—*please don't mistake this museum for a museum!* A week later the paper may unfold to reveal Malevich's *Black Square*—a work that exists simultaneously as a composition and a non-composition—since one could say the MOLAF is both something and nothing. It has no fixed form, no fixed address, and is always working towards an understanding of what shape it can take, and how it can represent itself. The MOLAF is constantly informed by its collection, so in another instance, the warning might fold out and out and out again, until you're holding a wall-sized collection of symbols and shapes moving around the page like an animated gif.

MK: *Mmm*, it sounds kind of like a dream, and not necessarily in the romantic sense. Failure and longing often appear in my dreams as that something/nothing folding out and out and out. (I wake up sweating.) Perhaps you could map the territory of longing and failure from your perspective. What, for you, continues to be at stake with these two “slippages”?

AT/CL: About nine years ago, we found a small article in the back of a newspaper that had been left on a Toronto Island ferry. The article told the story of a man in his thirties who'd attempted to build a bridge from his apartment window into that of his neighbour's, and had fallen nine floors when the bridge collapsed during his crossing. We became quite fascinated by this bridge, and in how something physical, even sculptural, could manifest between the two narrative poles of the story: the desire to reach out and connect to something (in this case, a neighbour) and the failure to do so. Longing and failure became a framework for what we saw as a sculptural space of limitless interpretation and potential. It wasn't until about three years later though, in 2010, that we added a second framing mechanism to the mix—that of the museum—and the MOLAF first materialized. The Museum of Longing and Failure is fundamentally a self-questioning artistic exercise, and by calling it a museum, we could open up the conversation to other artists invested in object-based practices, and establish a parallel strand within our work that extends beyond what we make in the confines of our private studio, as two.

MK: If advertising, for instance, is preoccupied with convincing us that objects exist to satisfy our longing, is the MOLAF interested in reversing this logic, and, by doing so, shedding light on the inherent desires of objects themselves? Is there something about the MOLAF's collection that resists consumption?

AT/CL: Not necessarily. The works in the MOLAF's collection each operate under their own set of parameters, and each have the capacity to perform in a multiplicity of ways. What interest us most are the dialogues and tensions that arise as a result of this pluralism. Take the bridge from our earlier anecdote: though it fails to perform as a connective tissue, it certainly triumphs in driving the narrative towards a compelling conclusion, and equally succeeds as an embodiment of pathos and a mirror of human subjectivity. From a less metaphorical, more animistic perspective, the bridge could also be understood purely through its materiality, as planks of wood that physically defy an individual's impulse to organize them into a preconceived structure of a bridge. This bridge then, as an object, can open up a dialogue surrounding fundamentally existential lines of inquiry, and simultaneously spark a curiosity towards the agency of objects themselves. How do longing and failure play out beyond human projection and perception? How can a sculpture express its own limits and desires? The sweating you talk about, in the night—what similar anxieties lurk within a lump of concrete, an iPhone, or a stick of cinnamon?

MK: When I look at the piece *House of Found Casino Cards* (2015) by Erica Stocking and Christian Kliegel, I see a deck of cards captured in a moment of striving. The cards appear as if they would like to break

out of the stack. The bulge and fray might occur on a molecular level, but I can't help but observe this indication of time past as a signal of my own decay. Are we fated to misrecognize the requests and longings of objects?

AT/CL: In all likelihood, yes. But the piece you mention by Erica Stocking and Christian Kliegel gives us a hint in its title: not simply *Found Casino Cards*, but *House of Found Casino Cards*. This title suggests the cards ultimately see themselves as a grand, meticulously constructed house of cards, rather than as a simple stack. It also tells us the cards are “found,” and that they originate from various casinos (that happen to be in Vancouver). So from here we could possibly assume the cards were cast aside when they failed to generate any winnings. We could even go on to infer that, conceivably, as a result of this failure, the cards are collectively permeated with an aura of loss and frustration, perhaps even on a molecular level. But who knows? Fundamentally, one can only speculate.

MK: That the title *hints* at how the objects might see themselves brings up the question of the position of the artist in framing the work. In works such as Heidi Nagtegaal's *Needle* (2007) and Dillan Marsh's *Trophy* (2015), there seems to be an impulse to assist a failing object, or even to comfort it. How do you see the role of the artist within the triad of object-viewer-artist?

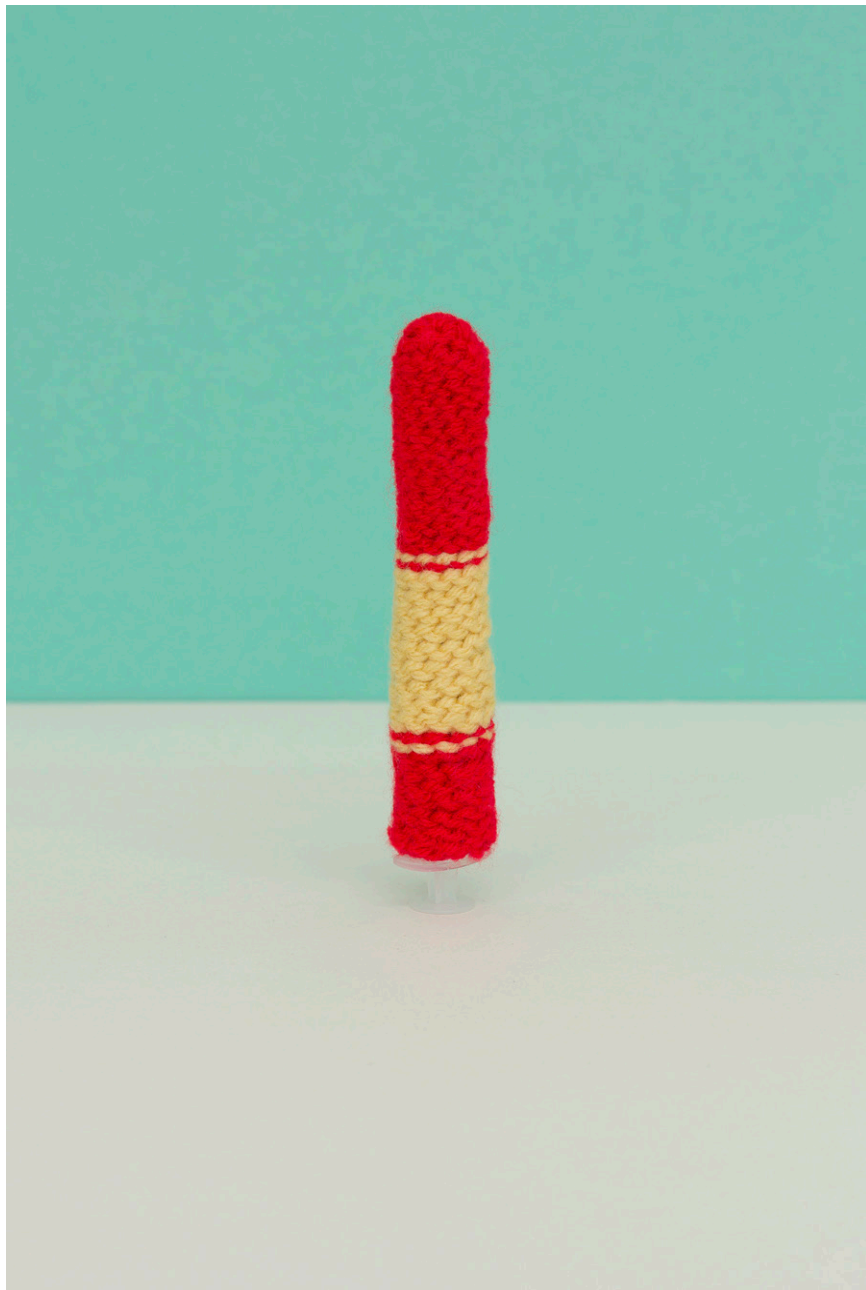
AT/CL: That's an interesting question, but one that we're hesitant to answer, especially in relation to the MOLAF, because it risks closing down the conversation at play between the artists, and also between the

objects. When inviting artists to contribute a work to the MOLAF, we ask only that they make a new, object-based work with the museum in mind. The one restriction we impose is a maximum physical measurement: 20 × 20 × 20 cm. Other than scale, though, we have few expectations, and never ask artists to explain their contributions. In most cases, the artwork arrives in the mail a few months after the initial invitation, with very little conversation in the interim. We trust artists to create something through a sensitivity to the resonance of the material world, and, whenever possible, avoid mediating the objects in the collection, or speaking on the artists' behalf. What we can say is that we hope to work with the MOLAF for the rest of our lives, and consequently, have begun to consider its long-term trajectory. Objects, after all, exist in a very different timeframe than human beings, and the MOLAF's collection is likely to exponentially outlive its contributors. We're curious about the theoretical possibility of a future in which the MOLAF and the artists (ourselves included) are indistinguishable, thus establishing a true collective authorship. At this immeasurable limit, we can also imagine a coalescence of object and spectator, in which the artworks can converse and co-exist without the pressure of external viewership.

MK: In a recent retrospective talk by Liz Magor, she insists on the materiality of the object within her sculptural practice: "It isn't *about* something, it *is* something." The works in the MOLAF's collection, however, are represented virtually. Is your positioning of objects against abstract backdrops, in cyberspace, an attempt to confront us with the fundamental distance between ourselves and objects, or with the very existence of the object itself?



Erica Stocking & Christian Kliegel, *House of Found Casino Cards*, 2015
39 found playing cards: 30 Grand Villa Casino, 5 Edgewater Casino,
3 Great Canadian Casinos, 1 Joker; elastic band
3 × 7 × 9 cm



Heidi Nagtegaal, *Needle*, 2007 (acquired in 2010)
 Yarn, syringe
 15 × 3 × 3 cm



Dillan Marsh, *Trophy*, 2015
 Marble, dumbbell spanner, chocolate wrapper
 13 × 6 × 6 cm



Nadia Belerique, *Feet, Face, Dick, Stab*, 2015
Steel
32 × 13 × 0.3 cm

AT/CL: The works in the MOLAF's collection can be experienced both physically and virtually, as can Liz Magor's work, so we don't agree that the issue of "real/virtual" necessarily serves as a point of distinction between Magor and the MOLAF. In fact, we'd love to have a work by Magor in the collection, and certainly don't believe that archiving it online would diminish its material insistence. Several works in the collection demand a resolute material ontology, while others function more symbolically or referentially. However, as a framing mechanism that unites the artworks as a collective body, the MOLAF itself operates quite differently. The website serves to assert the existence of the objects, but as you suggest, also activates a distance between the object and the viewer, and between the object and its original context. With respect to the experience of art, we're interested in questions of accessibility and alienation, and the online archive is just one of the platforms through which these questions play out. So in answer to your question, yes, there's definitely a deliberate gap between how the objects are encountered in the physical world and how they're experienced online, where they typically float, dislocated.

MK: With respect to our relationship with objects, it seems that a gap opens up as a function of language. What might we need to grasp in order to move closer to the object (and consequently our own objecthood) that we don't have a word for? Could there be a hint, say, in the amalgamation of words in Nadia Belerique's *Feet, Face, Dick, Stab* (2015)?

AT/CL: It's a beautiful postulation that a key to a deepened understanding of objects could lie in Belerique's title. Its attitude is one

that we relate to entirely: it shape-shifts, resists a conventional sense of ontological uniformity and continuity, and suggests movement through its play of words, commas, and pauses. As a title, *Feet, Face, Dick, Stab* also hints at a kind of linguistic crossover, in which its elements are equivalent and interchangeable. This inclination towards a fluidity and democracy of both language and form is, as you propose, the basis for a paradigm that is only just being defined.

MK: Since we first met in Vancouver last year, you've been to Norway, Newfoundland, and Berlin. I understand the MOLAF travels with you. Does it sometimes refuse to behave, thus becoming a rebellious object itself? I wonder to what and where the MOLAF might be currently scheming...

AT/CL: The MOLAF can certainly be elusive at times, and a bit restless. So far, it's made appearances in Bergen, Copenhagen, New York City, Dawson City, Kraków, Leipzig, Trondheim, Vancouver, and Amfissa (Greece), and it sometimes strives towards more far-flung places, like Bethlehem and Tahiti. The first book we published through the museum, *MOLAF Variations* (2015), addresses this restlessness in another way, by asking: What if the MOLAF no longer wants to be the MOLAF? What would it want to be? Over the course of the book, the acronym MOLAF is reformulated again and again in an exhaustive attempt at reinvention. It's essentially an exercise in constrained writing, and goes back to the idea of a museum with no fixed form.

MOLAF Variations proposes that the Museum of Longing and Failure could just as easily be the Museum of Lubricants and Fingerprints, the Museum of Limitlessly Accessible Funds, or the Museum of Looped Atonal Frequencies, etc. We're currently giving a lot of thought to the direction of the museum's publishing component. *MOLAF Variations* opened up a host of possibilities for other print-based explorations: *MOLAF Revelations*, *MOLAF Hesitations*, *MOLAF Approximations*, *MOLAF Speculations*, *MOLAF Commiserations*.... It's a whirlingly endless exercise, just like the MOLAF itself.

The Museum of Longing and Failure is an artistic platform established in 2010 by Canadian artists Andrew Taggart and Chloe Lewis. The museum takes shape through a sustained conversation with international contemporary artists and collectives, whose contributed works form the basis of ongoing installations, interventions, and, more recently, the production of new forms. To date, the MOLAF has presented the work of over seventy artists through sixteen installments, and has appeared internationally through cooperations with institutions such as Cricoteka, Kraków, Poland; Parks Canada, Dawson City, Yukon; and The Institute for Endotic Research, Berlin, Germany.

Images courtesy of the Museum of Longing and Failure

Citied Poem

Shazia Hafiz Ramji

Personal association or playful sound—once playful association with sound-playing associates the personal of play in space—places a full sound and its associates in play sounding twice. Sonar shunning of a space sound, soup of insouciance, such that place-sound lays waste so only associates can play; ghost sound of wincing personal, such pasts are so private their sound shuns any associates. (Coast sound a sincere station, once a past of found places, late waves host the last ghost hello.)

An Ambulance Speaks to Coyotes

Shazia Hafiz Ramji

I think about myself a lot—what will you think of me? I’m not someone from L.A. who can call on a postmodern “I” brought to you by their psychoanalyst at prime time. I will always be working class; I can’t drop a move like that in the p.m. You need to know I think about myself a lot—I think of you. At two a.m. when the ambulance goes by and all the coyotes in the ravine go nuts, I am still thinking of you. I think of you a lot—You, The Reader. What will you think of me if I tell you that all I want to do is talk to you. Isn’t this what it’s all about? Please look at me—I have punched in a long em dash every time I talk about myself and then talk about you. It has come to this—yes, we are connected by an em dash. I want to talk to you. Listen, those coyotes are howling. It’s not two in the morning, but an ambulance has gone by and they think it’s one of them. Listen to this noise I’m making. There is nothing conceptual about it, unless of course, you are either a coyote or the ambulance, or both, otherwise you would not be wondering what I am talking about.

Poets Talk About the Moon

Shazia Hafiz Ramji

Even the fact that I’m saying this right now is to find a safe position.

No part of this publication may be reproduced.

Yeah, but you know Arthur Russell slept with other men even though his partner—

Custom Courseware marijuana.

I cried when I saw a two-page piece about Normcore in the *National Post*.

Oh that was hilarious.

No part of this publication may be transmitted in any form or by any means.

That’s how he got AIDS.

The safest position is to lean to the left.

A link to “Life is Life” by Opus demands “Life is Life” by Laibach.

Just look at all my scars!

Hashtag.

My Chucks are not comfortable in their old shoes.

Happy Face Fridays.

Without prior permission, the Latin names of flowers say: “open quotation marks,” coyly, “close quotation marks,” to the poet.

Folks,

The moon is ready to be read.

No part of this annulation may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means without prior permission of the moons or, in the case of photocopying or other safe positions, a licence—

If Everyone's on Facebook, is anyone on Facebook?

Ryan Fitzpatrick

(for Jonathan Ball)

Hi Jon, I don't get why I'm following everyone on my Friends List forever. I've been working on peeling out of this thickness using only emojis.

Maybe the only thing weirder than having a toilet is not having one. I've spent the past few days here alone, but I can't unsubscribe from the yearbook.

Netflix and Chill is the #1 new sex position or something about the election or the Blue Jays. Daniel and Dina keep posting pics of their book.

I don't get why me deleting my account is a big deal, though I hope to get on the "Friends without Facebook" list (with Danielle, Patrick, and Natalie).

At this point, I've turned to Super Mario Maker as my social network of choice. There, the shit piles up like so many Bullet Bills fired seconds into the level.

Writing as an Extimacy with Machines

Ryan Fitzpatrick

(for Eric Schmaltz)

Dude, you're being romantic. As part of many assemblages, we, you and I, at once, can feel squeezed as if transmission just oozes out.

Chris asks me if I want some Vitamin D and Sandy sends a *Skyfall* parody about Kingsgate Mall. I scroll past dull photos on Instagram.

I read a series of tweets critiquing the adoption of O'Hara's coterie poetics as an ineffectual cop-out. I send texts to Deanna about my diss.

But there are those moments where the social field magnetizes and I don't feel it. Like millions of hashtags about Paris. Or Justin Trudeau.

What I'm saying is that a poem can't construct anything. Maybe some unguaranteed affect. Even Kiyooka pegged his audience at 12 readers.

from Dear, Erdem Taşdelen

Dear,

Do you remember when we were with ^a ^{of yours} friend and she told me she always sees you with a new person every time? I laughed, I thought oh poor you. I didn't for a split second think that I was personally implied in that remark. And then she said, "That's not a bad thing, I'm just saying you never have trouble finding a date." Then I thought, oh good for you. Again I didn't think I was just one of those dates. It's ^{strange} funny how we always seem to understand what we want to understand. That naive never seems to go away.

Of course now I'm mad at myself for not having interpreted ^{your friends' words} those words as a warning. I really should have been wiser. This ^{was} not happening to me for the first time, you'd think that I'd have learned my lesson by now. But if you want something ^{so much}, as much as I wanted you to love me, you can be blind to the ^{most obvious things} happenings around you. Then you won't even know how blind you are, you just let yourself go, let yourself believe. You make yourself susceptible open yourself up to more and more injuries. It's such a vulnerable position to be in, but you follow your heart anyway, and hope for the best. (The best usually never happens.)

I was determined to think that we could be whatever we wanted to be. We didn't have to constrain ourselves by defining what we were. ^{expand upon this determination and willful belief} That way we'd both be okay with whatever was happening. Why wasn't it as simple as that? Why did I have to make you into what I made you into, and why did you have to rule me out so easily, as soon as I failed to meet ^{some} all of your expectations? Wasn't it too soon to be making decisions? (We both enjoyed each other's company immensely, wasn't it possible to see what we would make of ourselves together? Why? Why am I having to read three books on one weekend so I can stop thinking about you? And why can't I stop thinking about you? Glorification of self as intellectual that reads books to forget? All of this makes me so angry. I suppose anyone in their right mind wouldn't give a flying

fuck but I'm so mad at you, even after all this time ^{we haven't been talking}. I hate that ^{of not talking to each other} of not being in touch

you don't even feel the need to give any sort of explanation for your actions and then go around saying you're honest. For fuck's sake man, is it really that hard to be straight forward with what you think? If you don't want to talk to someone, why won't you just tell them instead of completely ignoring them for no apparent reason? and I know that I don't really know you at all, and I can see how you might think that this is completely blown out of proportion, but I just can't understand why someone would be so nice and lovely one day and say really nice things to you, and then the next day it's as if you're a leper and they want nothing to do with you. I know that you've been having a rough time, and I know that ^{why undermine your feelings?} none of these things are of any importance compared to the things that have happened to you, but it really isn't becoming of you to treat people like this. I'm really not trying to make you feel bad, I don't think that's of any use to anyone after this point. But I just want to remind you that your actions have consequences. And in this case you just made somebody, who was already a misanthrope, lose some more of ^{their} faith in the kindness of people. That's what makes me angrier than anything: You make me lose my hope not just in you, but in people in general. In my world people like you should not exist and no one should do to another what you did to me. ^{too harsh?}

So much drama. Sometimes I really really want to be one of those people who don't give a shit. Those people who aren't fazed by the likes of you. But at least I know you're not one of those care free people either. At least I know that you're an intense and passionate person too. And I know you won't understand why I'm so disappointed, but you'll understand that unlikely things can hurt people like you and I.

I hope you can sleep at night.

Love,

Erdem Taşdelen, *Dear*, 2010, inkjet and ink on copy paper
(24 letters, 47 pages), 21.5 × 27.9 cm, installation size variable

Dear,

I think everything through but I can't think ~~very~~ ^{enough} quickly. It's hard to make sense of everything as a whole. There are individual disparate feelings I can trace back: ~~the~~ How I felt when I woke up next to you, or when you asked a genuinely interested question about ~~me~~ ^{my personality}, or when you showed kindness ^{value - give example} to a stranger. There you go - I just listed the first three things I ~~thought of~~ ^{that come to mind}, and you can see how fondly I ~~can~~ ^{I also} still think of you, at times. But ~~then~~ ^{I also} remember how I felt when you pushed me away.

But you see, for me there isn't just one you. All the little yous come together and make you you, but I don't know you. I only know what you let me see of you, but you won't let me see much. I am unable to find a common ground for ^{the pieces that} ~~pieces of you~~ ^{constitute you}. It's strange, for ~~example~~, you to tell me ~~that~~ you are pure and innocent at heart. That doesn't mean much to me, but it might mean that you have a certain amount of guilt, feeling the need to reassert the "real" "pure" you. It doesn't ^{repetition} amount to anything. I still see only what I see, ^{that I have for you} not what you want me to see. And these disparate feelings ^{that I have for you} sometimes replace each other. When that happens, I feel frustrated, as if I don't know the right ^{way} ~~feeling~~ to feel. A general ^{sensation} ~~feeling~~ of distance ~~sometimes~~ overrides others. It's the silliest things sometimes. Like when we were on the bus together, and we were to get off at different stations. ^{that trigger this} ~~I wasn't sure~~ ^{one time} so I asked you if you were getting off at the same stop as me. You said, "No, I'll keep going." Why did that make me feel sad? You weren't rejecting me or anything. I already knew we were going separate ways but still I was upset. ^{This might be a good metaphor to expand upon} Like one of us had to get off, and one of us had to keep going. I know you hate cheap symbolism but I really don't think of these as symbols. They are residues. Residues of emotions seeping into each other.

I've been smoking more cigarettes these days than I had been in a long time. You smoke so much, and I smoked more with you. Smoking is like yawning. When someone

lights a cigarette, you light one too. I haven't seen you in two weeks but I'm still smoking more. That's a bad thing that stayed behind from you, but it's a relatively minor ^{physical} ~~harm~~.

What worries me more is what you did to my self esteem.

I have been feeling ^{somewhat} better, though. This morning I realized I hadn't thought of you at all for three hours. I consider that a grand achievement. As time goes by I feel more and more like this was just one of those things in life that ^{leave a mark on} ~~mark~~ you but you can't ^{really} ~~explain~~. I wonder if I will ever know why things happened the way they did. I wonder if I will ever see you again. It's a warm but scary ^{prospect} ~~thought~~. Scary because I feel that I might forget everything ^{that happened} and trust you again.

I've always been fascinated by how people define themselves and tell each other about their habits and traits. For the longest time I felt like I was ^{myself} ~~very~~ opinionated about people in general, but I had no opinions about myself. It's funny because as I grow older I start to notice things about me, like how I react in certain situations. If you asked me whether I was a forgiving person three years ago, I wouldn't have been able to ^{give an answer} ~~answer~~ the question. Now I realize how forgiving I can be if I really care for someone. This isn't always a good thing. One has to be wary. ^{But is this hypothetical? What evidence supports this?}

I wanted to write you this letter to thank you, but the letter is not really addressed to you. It's addressed to ^{one of many yous} ~~you~~ that I know would understand. I hope that ^{you} ~~she~~ will still feel the bond that was once between us. So thank you, because you have taught me lessons about life and myself. I'm not thanking you for ^{about} ~~actively~~ making it happen, I'm thanking you for unknowingly facilitating it. I truly do believe that you are a good person at heart, but I also feel that you are very damaged, very harmful, and very selfish.

I hope you make yourself the great person I think you could become.

What a kind + generous wish to end with!

Love,

Dear,

how much of this is fiction?

First of all I want to make a confession

for writing
to write

Firstly, I have a confession I want to make. This is my primary reason for writing this letter. I'm conflicted in what I feel, so I hope I don't seem like I'm contradicting myself. I'm sorry if I seem to be

My feelings right now are hard to put into words, but I will try my best.

You told me I could
use your computer if
I wanted to,
before going in
the shower

When I was over at your house this morning, I wanted to check my e-mail. You were in the shower and I went on your computer. When I typed the address your Gmail

automatically appeared. I did something I really shouldn't have done, but it kind of grew out of control by itself. I didn't intend to read your stuff but I saw my name in one of the

This is the
problem with
Gmail giving
a preview of
the first few
words of e-mails

e-mails. It was from your roommate. I couldn't resist the urge, I opened and read it.

Then I read what you had originally written. I know that what I'm about to discuss

does not change what I did - I invaded your privacy and disrespected you. But in the end

I'm glad I did, and I wish you were able to say things like that to my face.

Now it's not like I look in the mirror every day and think "Woah I'm hot." I am not a highly confident person. More unfortunately in this case, an especially self-confident person. Sorry for you, you already knew that about me. It's a

shame you couldn't tell me you didn't really find me sexually attractive. It would have been a hard one to digest but it makes a lot of things clearer now. Like the fact that we

haven't once had sex sober. And more often than not it lasts about 10 minutes at best.

And then you refer to past sexual experiences that puzzle me, because I can't picture

you as sexually active a person as that. And you can't get what you want or need from me. What a shame.

Kind of a
relationship

You have to realize that this is unhealthy. I can see you're not happy with what I can offer you. Of course I knew all along that "something" was wrong, that "something" was

missing. I wasn't blind to all of the little details, all of the vague words and gestures. I

just really didn't think this was it. I didn't realize there was something so fundamental

It just hadn't dawned on
me that this was it

for you that couldn't be compensated. If we were to continue this way, sooner or later this would turn into a disaster. I think you have to realize that. Our relationship couldn't be structurally sound.

I'm not angry. I'm hurt, yes, but that's something I can get over in time. I still would have appreciated for you to face this fact or explain to me what was wrong with us. But

so is
anger

what's done is done, I won't keep blaming you for it. But under these circumstances I

Would have
saved me from
a lot of
unproductive
thinking

can't see you anymore. I know myself pretty well and I know that I will feel awful around

you. I feel like all of the magic is gone now, I just can't be comfortable in my skin when I'm with you.

I've learnt the hard way that it's good to go with your gut, to deal with things quickly

without dragging them on and on. No good comes out of postponing something if you

know you're going to have to do it eventually anyway. So I have made the decision to

cease

contact with you. Please respect what I ask of you and do not try to get in touch with

me. I don't think there's anything that needs to be explained further. Let's not have any

awkward conversations or cliché discussions. You must know how much I dread those

situations. Maybe one day when we have found different things to concern ourselves

with, our paths will cross again and we will be good friends.

So above it all?

and not even bitter...

I hope you get everything you want and need.

Love,

The Answer

Elee Kraljii Gardiner & Andrew McEwan

after Katherine Hale

There are sixty cups on a table. If one falls down,
how many remain standing? Wait, *tea* cups? Or 60 cups?
Why is taking the skin off an animal “dressing”
but taking our clothes off “undressing”?
If it is already built why is it called a “building”?
I would like to move on. Walk with me?
Which is an example of textual evidence?
What little beast walks the divide
between sincerity and irony? What is it
that cannot be solved by the issue of proximity?

Five cups rest on the table.

All-dressed in Montreal is a pizza with the works.

We are never finished revolving ourselves, the domiciles
and office warrens reflect this constant redoing.

Run to the text. Ignore the divide of high and low art.

Let me tell you who you are to me.

Fireproof Properites

Elee Kraljii Gardiner and Andrew McEwan

after Isabella Valancy Crawford

Ensure your poetry is free of combustible debris.

Trees, shrubs, grass, even your woodpile, are all potential fuels.

Slash cedar in priority zones.

Manage hazardous accumulations on your poetry.

Some of these measures require long-term commitment to change.

Thin and prune evergreens, the most combustible trees.

Salvage useful material and dispose of remaining timber.

Identify areas of indeterminate ownership around your poetry.

Fires know no boundaries.

Flowers pose little risk.

Space trees so that crowns are 3-6 metres apart.

Extend precautions on downhill slopes from your poetry.

Deadfall will allow fire to reach the canopy.

Create fuel-free zones surrounding your poetry.

Near your poetry, water ornamental shrubs.

Note: “vegetation” and “fuel” are used synonymously here.

Neighbouring structures pose significant ignition risks.

Ashes fall slowly but can reignite your poetry.

Remain vigilant, especially during droughts.

Once a fire climbs, it’s virtually unstoppable.

Empty Conclusion

Elee Kraljii Gardiner and Andrew McEwan

after Bliss Carmen

One bedroom. Hallway a bare river-land.
Maudlin complaints are noisy stones in this leafless valley.
The tongue scarcely registers flavour when mossed
by indoor living. In this glass-covered stasis I rest
a hand on unwashed dishes. Knurls of dinner cling
to the plate. Even the sink is drained by winter
depression. Today's hero measures strength
in acclimatized theoreticals: bandwidth and keyspan
rather than woodpiles. Where cords snake through a forest
of chairlegs my chores are muscleless. How to slough off
dark words eludes. Knowledge worker, navigate.



Binswanger Friedman, *Feistritzwald 34*, 2016

from *Duets*: Louise Labé and Guido Cavalcanti

Ted Byrne

Un traducteur n'a jamais le nom d'Auteur.
Jacques Peletier

It's still dark. I sat down with a pile of books. Then something turned my thoughts back. Yesterday I rummaged through old notebooks, someplace I rarely go, because it's too fascinating, and the future makes more promises. I didn't find the pages I was looking for, but spent some more productive time looking into the recent past and came up with two or three Guido translations, both some distant groundwork, written into Pound's edition, and recent reworkings...

I like the idea of facsimiles of work sites. Everything shows through. Multiples there where singulars were chosen out. Constellations and messes. X-ing out never creates an absence the way a leaving out does.

Publication famously brings an end to writing, in the fiction of a final form. In publication the work is abandoned. Nonetheless, some works have an afterlife, in acts of rewriting, of editing, of reading, and of translation. The finality of the published text is precarious

More and more, in this digital era, the life-before-death of the text is also brought into the open, not hidden in archives. Sketches and drafts, through their availability, become something more than aids to scholarly interpretation. They take on a life of their own, being both materially distinct from the rigour of print—closer to the vagaries of the hand—and a perturbation of the published text. The printed poem loses some of its legitimacy, being brought back to a kind of performance or act, as if before printing, when the text was not separate from the voice or from manipulation.

The term that best expresses what these documents are for me is *brouillon*, which is most often translated as “rough draft,” but which, more importantly, implies muddled, messy, stirred up, and confused. They interfere with the transmission, or finalization, of the printed text and meet an aesthetic demand that the printed word can't satisfy. Grounded in a thorough excavation of the French and Italian, a reading to the point of complete familiarity, even intimacy, they support the contention that my aberrant translations of Louise Labé and Guido Cavalcanti are faithful in their way.

The act of translation that results is iterable, but also, in each iteration, a fixed response to the problems presented by the source text. That is, the translation can't be separated from the so-called original. As much as I would like to be the author of these poems, they can only be authorized by reference to their source.

~~Oh you beautiful brown eyes turned away~~

~~Oh you beautiful brown eyes~~

~~Oh you brown eyed~~

~~Oh you beautiful brown eyes détourné~~

Oh you beauty brown eyes turned away

~~Oh~~
~~your heart black night tears spent~~
~~needleless~~

your heart black night ~~your~~ needleless
tears spilled

~~your heart black night~~

your heart needleless tears black night
spilled

~~Oh you~~ obstinate want bright day is
vain return vain

and Lost ~~time~~ ^{death} caught in ~~your~~ trap
momentarily

and ~~the~~ worst of all against me your
laughter from breast to
fingers

on strings your bow ~~on my~~ your
hands on my raised —
instrument

Oh you beauty brown eyes turned away
~~your heart black night needleless tears~~
~~spilled~~

your heart black night needleless tears
spilled

obstinate want bright day ^{return} ~~return~~

and lost moments death caught in
your trap

~~and worse worst of all against me your~~
~~laugh~~

~~your~~

~~and worse against me~~

and worse still your your laughter
your hands

on strings your bow ~~on my raised~~
arched exposure

So many flowers ~~to~~ raise a girl's
or door

I ask myself ~~how you strike so soon~~
~~how you bring matches~~
~~match after match~~ and ~~such fine heart matches~~ ~~so many~~

~~and never burn and never of~~

~~catch fire~~
you ~~not~~ catch fire and never burn

Cattaneo: 'An obscure sonnet in reply to a friend who, it seems, was ashamed to have rid himself of a noble and tormented love-bond and of being glad of a coarse and vile love, in contrast to the sadness of Guido.'

SONETTO XIV ✓

accolto: approvato (?)
rosso spiritel-
di vergogna
quanto / che =
quanto
raggio - sguardo

fiede = fedire
archaic form of
ferire (D. uses
both interchangeably
in Comm. - fedire
more often) - also see Purg.
xvi, 101 - fedire = 'incline',
'tend towards' (actually 'snatch',
ie 'grab at', in Sinclair) -
but I have only an inkling, at this point,
& where El gets his line 10.
also fedire = 'falls' (see Comm. - a shadow,
for instance, falls, strikes)

Surely ~~it~~ came not from the intellect
that which this morning made you (so)
ashamed.
How quickly you were proved beggarly
by that red spirit that appeared
in your ~~face~~ cheeks [face].
Could ~~it~~ be perhaps that Amor had
released you
from that one (who dwells) in the sixth
ring,

Certo non è da l' intelletto accolto
Quel che stamen ti fece dionesto.
Or come ti mostrò mendico presto
Il rosso spiritel, che apparve al volto.

Sarebbe forse, che t' avesse sciolto
Amor da quella, ch' è nel tondo di Sesto,
O che vil raggio t' avesse richiesto
A far te lieto, ov' io son tristo molto?

Di te mi duole in me puoi veder quanto:
Che me ne fiede mia donna a traverso,
Tagliando ciò, che Amor porta soave.

Ancor dinanzi mi è rotta la chiave,
Che del disdegno suo nel mio cor verso;
Si che amo l'ira, ed allegrezza e 'l pianto.

or that (some) vulgar glance [beam, ray] had
asked
that you be joyful, whereas I'm so very sad?
I tell you I'm saddened, and you can see
how much
of it strikes me ~~thru~~ through my lady,
discovering that which Love so gently
holds [ie. il cuore].

52 Already before me lies broken the
key.
(of her disdain, put in my heart
so that (I'd) love fury, and joy
(would be) weeping.

disonesto - or
Comm. I, 13:140
III, 26:140

var. 'or come già,
[in] non [che non]
dico, presto/
t'aparve rosso
spirito nel
volto?'

6. 'nel tondo ~~di~~ sesto?'

7. razzo for raggio

8. a por te lieto'

9. Di te mi dole:
di me, guata
quanto

13. suo = che = suo

14. 'Sì che n'ho l'ira,
e d'allegrezza
è pianto.'

(n.b. I'm using Cattaneo's
redaction where it seems
to make more sense.)

Cattaneo: 'tondo sesto: the sestiere (quarter, lit. sixth) of the
Cerchi has been offered as an explanation, one of the six parts into
which Florence was divided. Contini wonders "if it's a question
of the heaven of ~~the~~ Giove (Jupiter), ~~one~~ could one glean from it
a reference to Giovanna?'"

SONNET XIV

perhaps both
meanings

Surely thy wit giveth not welcome place
To that which this morn madeth thine honour to want,
Fye, how swiftly art thou shown mendicant
By that red air that is suffusing thy face.

Perhaps thou art let on rampage
By love of what is caught in Sesto's ring
Or some vile beam is come here to engage
Thee to make merry, whereof I am sorrowing,

Aye, sorrowing, so much as thou mayst see
In that before my Lady I dare not to flaunt,
Whereby I lose all of love's agreement;

The key brok'n off before me, her disdain
Stuck in my heart to turn, making me
To love confusion, or to be gaye, or playne.

Tondo di Sesto, printed tondo sesto and unexplained or atrociously explained in
previous editions.

'Taken in an empty hoop of sophistries.'

I find in Fr. Fiorentino's 'Manuale di Storia della Filosofia':

Sesto Empirico . . . Ogni sillogismo è per lui un circolo vizioso, perchè la
premessa maggiore dovrebbe essere assicurata da una induzione completa: ora,
affinchè possa dirsi completa, è evidente che vi si debbia trovar compressa anche la
conclusione del sillogismo che ancora si ha da dimostrare, etc.

The application here must be considered in relation to the whole philosophic and
scholastic background, the attribution of 'Da più a uno fece sillogismo', etc.

Sextus Empiricus:
Every syllogism is for him a vicious circle,
for the major premise must be ~~affirmed~~ by a complete
induction:

now, in order that it ~~may~~ be called complete,
it is evident that the conclusion of the syllogism, ~~must~~
also find itself included which one has yet to demonstrate,
must also find itself included there.

ie. the major premise must
have been arrived at by a complete (all inclusive) induction -
eg. the fact that all ~~the~~ circles are closed can only be known
by the fact that every circle ever observed has been closed, therefore
the conclusion, yet to be demonstrated, that ~~the~~ the syllogism,
because it is circular must be closed, is already included in the
major premise.

Cicili

That you might have thought
 twice was ~~spoken~~ shouted
 from ~~by~~ the rosy red tell on your certain
 cheeks

 Perhaps love released you from
 reason
 or a vulgar glance that
 would tell me
 lifted your spirits ^{and} made you
 rejoice sing

 Yes I'm down and you can see
 how much
 Her glance is slow dissolving
 the knitted lines that bind
 me to her

 Love turns to sugar and joy
 complains

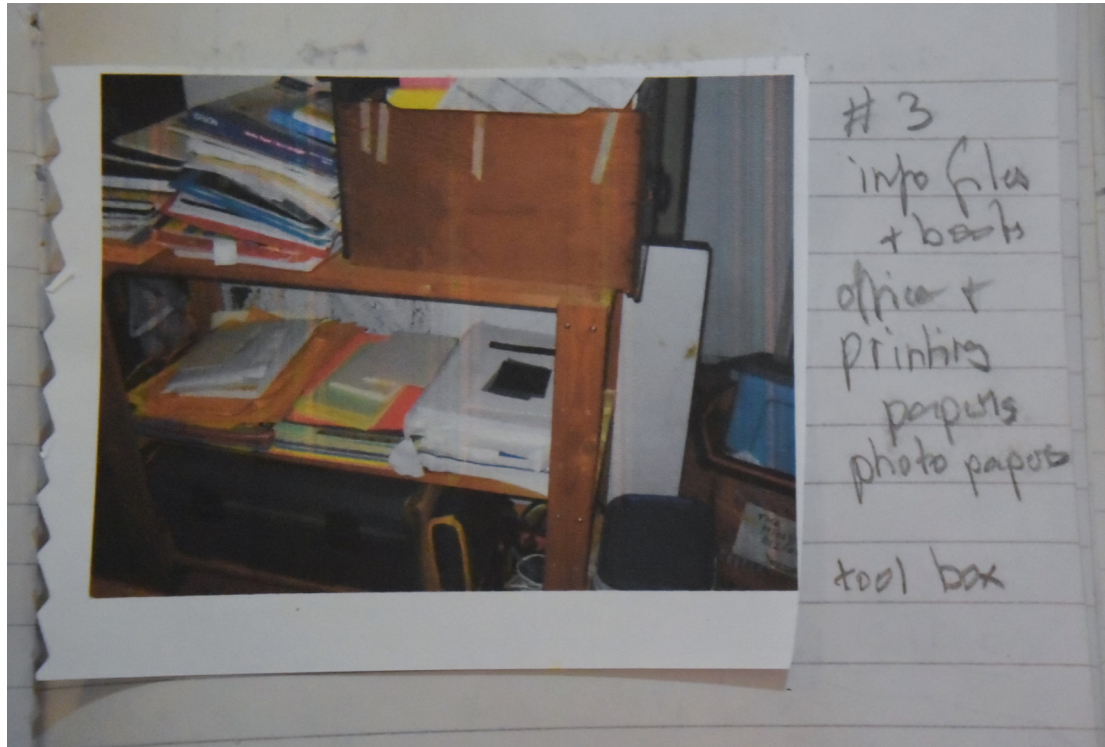
Pages 68-70: Guido Cavalcanti, "Sonnet 14"



Binswanger Friedman, *Geldtasche* (wallet), 2016

Thursday's Writing Collected

Photographs by karenza t. wall



karenza t. wall, *Files*, 2016

Thursdays Writing Collective (*TWC*) is a group of writers from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside who meet every Thursday at the Carnegie Community Centre to write for two hours. We use prompts to explore various subjects, and publish a chapbook each year. Open to everyone, *TWC* provides a safe and respectful space for writers to express creativity, discuss literature and ideas, improve writing skills, and read our work to each other and the larger literary community.



karenza t. wall, *Desk with Writing*, 2016

Morning Pages, Thanks James

Gilles Cyrenne

Boil water grind beans
Turn on radio jazz blessed bebop
Fill coffee press take it
all coffee and cream and me
special cup local craft
chalice for my black speed
all up ladder to loft

Table built just for this
oak stained red and varnished
Pick up holy fountain pen
Number pages pen in date and time
on sacred spiral scribbler paper
Press and pour coffee add creamer
stage set altar ready
for word and page to meet

in boxes all over the world
priests in a trillion times
repeated cliché lift chalices
to some imagined heaven believe
they transform bread and wine
to muscle and blood

Warriors once ate hearts of vanquished warriors
to gain imaginary strength and courage
but now religion perpetuates bizarre rites
formal magic ritualized cannibalism

I prefer being the eternal imagination's shaman
(misquoting Joyce here)
transmuting life's daily bread
into art ever radiant bodies

Opal

Anne Watson

Play of color is observed when 1) the object is moved 2) the light source is moved 3) the angle of observation is changed.

At a distance, blue is mostly hidden behind rims of silver and glass. Light flashes not from blue but lighter polished metal and glass reflection, varying by angle to sun.

On closer inspection, more blue...small, bright, darting.

Up close, a sea of difference. Not ordinary sky blue but more calming as reflected on green of a still ocean. Glass and metal now removed. Light source dim indoor light of night on sheet of white, from sparkle to cat-eyed, pinfire and boulder. Best seen straight on. All light lost from sideways angle of observation.

Complexity is crystalline without a definite structure. Simplicity is a nature softer than stone.

Are you mad now?

No. I don't really agree but I don't want to keep talking about it, philosophizing.

It's like a snake eating its own tail.

How do we think without other's thinking with us? How do we alter our angle of observation alone?

Did you know Caligula declared war on Neptune and sent his troops to plunder the sea?

Soldiers steal seashells by the seashore. Possession is nine-tenths of the law.

Move object.

Janette Turner Hospital sweeps a windy eye over the worth of the Australian outback. Take from the poor; sell to the rich. Differentiate the precious from the common—opalescence not potch—and extract miners' hands for exquisite beauty.

Move light source.

Rotate contra-luz from water and earth, illuminate Mars.

Birds that are Being Watched

d.n. simmers

*They admire the birds together,
it draws them closer.*

—Robert Hass

The hummingbirds come out.
Jiggle saw puzzles. Wet against
a dry pavement.

There is still gray. In the sky.

Wind has pitched
a tent in the streets.

Trees swaying.

Birds settle
in the branches.
Watching for moving food.
Stray lunch bags.

Left by passer by cars.

As a bike pumps down a sidewalk.

A dog limps with an old man who
keeps time with the limp
on old thin legs.

Moisture starts to evaporate. Slowly.

While the sun a snakes and sneaks past
moving clouds.

Comes down. Touching asphalt



Andrea Actis, *Flowers on Inner Memory and Holy Water*, 2015



Andrea Actis, *A Comprehensive Breakfast and \$3,398*, 2015



Horrible Places!

Zack Haber

Wells Fargo Bank, 1221 Broadway

Hi. Good afternoon. What can I do for you? Sir, are you waiting for a banker? It sure is coming down hard. Stay dry. Have a great one.

The air here tastes like antibiotics. I'm feeling like I swallowed a whole bottle of hand sanitizer. It was Cherry flavoured. I only see six cameras here. Where's the rest? Is it safe here? It's safe here. There's a safe here that's bigger than all of us. It could swallow us.

There's grids of anti-septic light. There's a picture of the sky. There's a picture of a California meadow landscape in dawn with a horse and buggy riding through it. There's grids of anti-septic light. There's a food court on Court TV. There's no solitude.

These bank tellers are behind bulletproof glass. We could share laughter through bulletproof glass. If I ever have a kid will I have that kid be born behind bulletproof glass?

Sitting here in Wells Fargo, I can't help but wonder what a professional wrestler might think if she were to walk in through these doors. What might she think of that sign that asks her to help Wells Fargo go green? Would she come in quick and keep moving real quick or might she move slow and meticulously?

Most people here move quickly. Most people here keep moving. Sometimes I feel like I want to keep moving because if I ever stop moving I might start feeling.

Ikea, 4400 Shellmound Avenue

We love your pets, but they can't shop at IKEA, because they don't have any money. We love the sun, and we love the wind too. All of our air is imported. Imagine if these mason jars were filled up full of grains. All of our plants are made out of oil.

I have seen hundreds of people here. None of them have been laughing. No one is still. No one is fast. Everyone's moving but moving slowly. I have seen hundreds of people here. None of them have been weeping. I'm comfortable on this couch right now but will I still find this couch comfortable after ten years? I just don't know. I just don't know. I just don't know how you can know something like that.

IKEA is a soap opera museum of suburban dreams. A kid tries to run but his father grabs the hood on the kid's hoodie so the kid just makes running motions instead of running. IKEA is a soap opera museum of rooms. There's twenty thin walls before any sunlight. Where's the place the window would be?

Nobody wins here but the picture of the sunny field is winning in the contest against the window suffocated by wires and grids of anti-septic light overhead. No one wins, but here, in the red glow of the emergency exit sign, the picture of twilight sun peaking through thin spaces between branches in a thick forest is certainly beating the pictures of kids in kids rooms pretending to play.

I am inside a fake room. But this desk and these drawers are real. How does this desk relate to me? Does this desk relate to me? How will these drawers change my life? Will these drawers change my life? There's a real TV here but the sound is off. I see images of golf courses and beaches and sunsets. There's text on the bottom of screen. It reads: Stop if your face starts swelling. Stop if (it) causes anxiety. See our ad in Money Magazine.

from *The Maenads*

Catherine de Montreuil

Set in a 2019 pseudo-Vancouver, “The Society” has come to recognize that the most efficient techniques of subduing the population lie not in suppression itself, but in induced ecstasy and [false] liberation, thus the transformation of Fort Eff—a former military base and factory—into a mega-club complex. Here, the youths of the town indulge in debauchery, networking and bodily pleasure within the benevolent walls of Fort Eff, lest they turn riotous and ungovernable on the streets.

In this excerpt, Anita returns to her room after one such night, in the familiar flurry of lucid dreams and hallucinations concluding a night of drug-fuelled escapades.

ACT III SCENE I

Fort Eff crowds dissipate; Io and Draco of The Chorus bring in Anita’s bed, which she promptly falls into. She reaches for her computer. The lights slowly dim until the only light is the bright whiteness of Anita’s laptop on her face and a watery, murky projection behind her. Anita is confronted with her inner dialogue as The Chorus gives words to it.

Generally stubborn, Anita’s defenses are down, knowing that to refute Io and Draco will prove difficult. Sculptures of shelves are rolled in. Io and Draco’s voices are echoing.

Draco: (*pacing, circling*) I know how you are...I know that when you’re trying to fall asleep, words come to you. You toss, you turn, until finally you stop fighting your alert mind. But the bright whiteness of Microsoft Word washes away the murky, wading, prophetic lines to reveal that they are in fact vapid! Dust! Chaff in the wind!

Io: (*pacing, circling*) You have shelves... or, you dream of shelves. You haven’t been organized a day in your life. You leave a trail behind you, piles of things! Just laying about. And so you dream of shelves. To put those papers on that you might look back on one day. Your clothes, your potted plants. Your stacks of paper. The stone you picked up on the Oregon coast. How sentimental.

Anita: (*Now sitting upright in her bed, computer cast aside*) It’s my poor memory. If I can only just have a placeholder, to remember, then I can adequately appreciate the moment that has passed.

Draco: HOARDING! (*slams his fist on a shelf*)

Io: (*opening and closing, slamming doors and drawers*) You think you need a shelf for this and that. A cupboard. A drawer. You know perfectly well that all these will do is collect more piles.

Draco: (*running his finger along the shelf and inspecting it*) And dust! Deplorable dust! Don’t you know? It’s not en vogue to clutter your overpriced apartment with objects. You should be buying experiences, memories, dreams.

Anita: And why is that? My mess stands against productivity. Against the relentless streamlining of everything around me. The boundaryless work I am expected to do. Give me a break.

Draco: You're grasping at straws dear Anita. We all know how you spend your time these days.

Io: *(leaning against the shelf, Io looks down upon Anita)* You stack piles of mementos, to remind you of how you failed to “adequately appreciate moments”; to remind you of how humiliating it all was; to invigorate guilt within you for not feeling more beautiful in your youth, and doubly for the narcissism necessary to consider this in the first place.

(now pacing the stage)

You are thinking of throwing out those highschool diaries, are you? The ones you wrote in nearly every day. The ones you kept in order to keep convincing yourself that you are a distinct individual. Well, when god died, so too did your writing. Throw them away. But start anew, because there might be something good in there. You will want them again just as soon as they are gone. You will argue that they made good material for a future project. *Projects*. Always with these insufferable projects. When will you recognize that living one project to the next, studded with nights at Fort Eff, is a tired and prescriptive fate. But let the memory fade. See what comes of it.

Draco: You are so good at everything...until you try to do it. And then, once it is done, you despise it, think of it as failure until years have passed. Why this anxiety?

Io: But what about the organizational system itself? The shelf—what of it? Does it have a saga? In bygone days, where was the shelf? Hmm. What is its etymology now?

(Draco picks up a dictionary and starts flipping through, then throws it over his shoulder)

Is it merely a displaying device, less dignified than the plinth or pedestal? A rigid surface upon which to place objects? Move away from predetermined purpose, and slip into emptiness, ecstasy... *(Io drapes herself over the shelf)*

Draco: Why so blue? Write it down Anita. Write it down!

Io: Yes, write it down.

Draco: Don't forget to leave a trail of *things* behind you.

Pari Intervallo

Binswanger Friedman

speed tribes, residential mahjong
moving one to a quiet license
no trinket means

to be one, flattened, snake
ring, now enveloped
and broken it inside of

flowers remain fake on ones good
memory not attached to many
objects nor old women in covered

turquoise made of antler, a
deity the size of a small ring
a finger etched history of pigeons

part of the collection unquestionably
and needed for sleep and Victorian enter-
tainment it broke inside of no doubt

a bird round full of good memories
from far away it looks
it is “incidental” “does not attach”

it is built around and toward
around, utterly sewn to
a late and small cloth

From *Choriotepnis*
Erik Zepka

the locket slowly

syphil

a fly blows

monotone

elegance

(squalid feasant

virulence lyre fate terrine

curtseying

so

has

curtsey

irreproach

utilize

(improbably mineral)

(cook)

urbane

(refractometer)

impropriety

impediments

faiths queazy; across rotate, (method) gainsay hallow wayfare
cult.

a surprise enthuses the default - stroll

(aviatrix) a call, recanted - decay, volution.

hybrid vise;

(the default roofing (ejective) preprograms / mimicks the aurate)

solipsism unfortunate getting too close to logical foundation

the nascent precipitates across the cultural climate - conclaves -
whose subspecial ungodliness format
kneels

whispering

the mottled cursive

focus sequestered lifelike

canvas, reflect, underpinning

whispering

the mottled cursive

focus sequestered lifelike

canvas, reflect, insatiable

also

a magnified recitation of unlikeness

kindness, recrystallized in skin whose lauded and extracted

then the synaesthesia of bodyweight repelled in impinging

—kindness grasps prevention—synapse, seam

One Room Fits All

Steven Sprott

I live in a small room in a big house. I have my own entrance up two flights of stairs, and the door to the inside sits locked.

The house is old and large and shelters myriad shadows—thin and obvious like the layer of dust at the dinner party, guests looking sickened at their fingerprints—or hides them in cupboards, only to obliterate them by opening a door to an awakened memory.

The others are dark, darker than the rest, making them look grey, and sit in the cracks under baseboards not quite nailed down, or in that hole in the wall where you can't quite tell what should be on the other side.

My room is small; I keep it clean; I keep it tidy.

I have plastered all the cracks and painted the inconsistencies with bright colours, and still I place lamps in the places I forget that shadows form—light flowing into every inch—cracks where spiders' legs of imagination curl as soon as you spot them spreading down the walls.

The house is old so I tread lightly: I always turn the knob before closing the outside door. If the floor creaks, I mark the spot on the worn wood with a little sticker from my set of smiley-faces I bought at the dollar store.

Some nights I find my eyes and ears open to a creak, or a dragging scrape, or a little chipping away—even voices some nights—so I wear earplugs now. Sometimes I wake up anyways and stare at the ceiling where I notice a crack I hadn't noticed before, and I make a note to myself.

I can almost touch the ceiling with my ear though there's nothing really to hear. I used to play violin but I've quit. The walls are thin.

Evenings I stare out at the stars and trace bridges between them, put little cars there, leading up to the moon where I fill all the empty craters.

I feel a unity between the rounds of my own eyes and those of....

But I don't entertain any guests. I've destroyed my mirrors, one by one tossed off the top stair. I cut my hair every day and burn the strands—it grows quicker and quicker—and I no longer stare into the craters in my skin.

My room is oblong, but I've drawn lines on the wall to give it the impression of perfection.

I've recently had the mind to be a painter, because it makes no noise and I can frame little scenes all around. One on the wall to the left, to the right...one on the ceiling...near a light...one over the window, perhaps, where I give the pale-faced moon a ruddy glow, and draw the stars together with bridges with little cars on them.

Contributors

Ted Byrne was born in Hamilton, Ontario and has lived in Vancouver since the late sixties. He worked at the Trade Union Research Bureau for many years. He was a member of the Kootenay School of Writing collective, and is presently a member of the Lacan Salon and the Meschonnic Study Group. He periodically teaches poetry and poetics in the HUM 101 program at the University of British Columbia. The work in this issue is related to a book called *Duets*, which is forthcoming from Talonbooks. Other books still in print include *Recovery of the Public World* (Talonbooks, 1999), *Beautiful Lies* (Cue, 2008), and *Sonnets: Louise Labé* (Nomados, 2011).

Fabiola Carranza is a Costa Rican/Canadian artist. She uses photography, video, sculpture, painting, and drawing to examine visual, cultural, and personal phenomena. Carranza recently completed her first public art commission for the City of Seattle's Waterfront. She holds an MFA from the University of British Columbia and a BFA from Emily Carr University. For this issue of *ti-TCR*, Carranza photographed Marguerite Pigeon's home and workspace. In addition, Carranza will be contributing artwork to a forthcoming poetry chapbook by Pigeon.

ryan fitzpatrick is a poet and critic living in Vancouver. He is the author of two books of poetry: *Fortified Castles* (Talonbooks, 2014) and *Fake Math* (Snare, 2007). With Jonathan Ball, he co-edited *Why Poetry Sucks: An Anthology of Humorous Experimental Canadian Poetry* (Insomniac, 2014). He is a PhD candidate at Simon Fraser University where he works on contemporary Canadian poetry after the spatial turn.

After studying philosophy and mathematics, **Binswanger Friedman** received an MFA in poetry from CUNY Brooklyn College. Through a Fulbright grant he then moved to Vienna, where he continues to live, write, research, and translate. He is an active member of the translation collective, VERSATORIUM and is the co-founder/editor of the poetry

journal, *a Perimeter*. His work has appeared, or is forthcoming in *VOLT*, *The Brooklyn Rail* and (in German translation) in *manuskripte* and *hammerausgabe*.

Zack Haber is an organizer of poetics who lives in Oakland and grew up in Virginia. He is the author of *if you want to be one of them playing in the streets...* (quiet lightning, 2014). He's organized The Other Fabulous Reading Series since 2012. Some of his recent writing has appeared in *DataBleedZine*, *580 Split*, *Elderly*, *Moss Trill*, and *Textsound*. He's writing a book about horrible places.

Author of a poetry chapbook, *Vox Populi* (Finishing Line Press, 2015), and a collection of short stories, *Anatomical Gift* (forthcoming, Noctuary Press), **Virginia Konchan**'s poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Best New Poets*, *The Believer*, *The New Republic*, and *Boston Review*. Co-founder of *Matter*, a journal of poetry and political commentary, she lives in Montreal.

Matea Kulić lives in Vancouver. Her poetry has been published in *Room* and *ti-TCR*'s Languages issue, and is forthcoming in *Poetry is Dead*. Interviews and reviews appear in *Ricepaper* and *The Rusty Toque Blog*. She teaches creative writing at a small alternative school and works (in various capacities) at *The Capilano Review*.

Elee Kraljii Gardiner is the author of *serpentine loop* (Anvil Press, 2016) and the co-editor with John Asfour of *V6A: Writing from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 2012).

Catherine de Montreuil lives and works in Vancouver. This living and working includes art, curating, writing, and learning. *Maenads* is a fan fiction sequel to the 2015 play *Fort Eff*, written by Ingrid Olason. Bridging de Montreuil's sculptural and writing practices, this script serves as an outline for the potential fabrication of set and props. Making sequels, appropriations, and homages to works by her contemporaries is a tactic de Montreuil has employed in her writing practice not only in the traditional sense (gleaning material in order to expand, subvert, or twist meaning), but in order to highlight works by others that the artist feels deserve due attention.

Anne Low is based in Vancouver. Solo exhibitions include *Some Rugs and Blankets* (The Taut and the Tame, Berlin, 2012) and *Women's Assembly: Two Scenes from a Radio Play* (Hex Projects, London, 2008). Her work was included in the group exhibition *Reading the Line* at the Western Front in 2015 and her collaboration with Evan Calder Williams, *A Fine Line of Deviation*, was shown at Issue Project Room, New York, in 2016. She has collaborated with The Grantchester Pottery as part of *The Grantchester Pottery Paints the Stage* (Jerwood Space, London, 2015); *ARTIST DECORATORS* (ICA, London, 2013); and Studio Wares (David Dale Gallery, Glasgow, 2013). Her weavings made in collaboration with Gareth Moore were shown as part of his work *A place, near the buried canal* for dOCUMENTA 13, (Kassel, 2012).

Andrew McEwan is the author of the books *Repeater* (BookThug, 2012), a finalist for the Lampert award, and *If Pressed* (forthcoming from BookThug, 2017), and the chapbooks *Input/Output* (Cactus Press, 2010), *This book is depressing* (TMCBP, 2014), and *Conditional* (Jack Pine Press, 2014.)

Marguerite Pigeon's first book of poetry, *Inventory* (Anvil Press, 2009), was nominated for the Gerald Lampert Award. A chapbook, *Redress*, is forthcoming from the Alfred Gustav Press. Originally from Blind River, Ontario, she currently lives in Vancouver.

Shazia Hafiz Ramji lives in Vancouver, BC, where she writes poems, reviews, and stories, and works as a poetry editor at [Talonbooks](#). Her poetry has been shortlisted for the 2016 National Magazine Awards and the 2015 *Best Canadian Poetry*, and her reviews have recently appeared in [Canadian Literature](#) and *Poetry is Dead*. She is a guide for Poor Yoricks' Summer / Infinite Jest Vancouver, a group dedicated to reading David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest* over the summer of 2016.

Jacquelyn Ross is a writer and critic based in Vancouver. She edits the literary journal *Young Adult*, and her art writing has appeared or is forthcoming in [artforum.com](#), *Mousse*, *Charcuterie*, *Laugh Magazine*, *The Bartleby Review*, *C Magazine*, *The Capilano Review*, and *Decoy*. Her recent chapbooks include

Neighbour Poems and *Mayonnaise* (Publication Studio, 2016), and she is currently at work on her first book of poetry and short stories.

Steven Sprott is an English student at the University of the Fraser Valley. He has been writing for many years but only recently decided to share some of it with the outside world. He enjoys making music, reading, and being in nature.

Andrew Taggart and **Chloe Lewis** are Canadian visual artists who have worked within the collaborative framework of Lewis & Taggart since 2006. They hold BFA degrees from Emily Carr University of Art and Design and Concordia University, respectively, and received a joint MFA from the Bergen Academy of Art and Design, Norway, in 2010. Currently based in Berlin, they are the recipients of the 2015/2016 Canada Council for the Arts Künstlerhaus Bethanien International Artist Residency award. Their work has been presented at venues including The Drawing Centre, Oslo; Syntax, Lisbon; ISCP, New York City; The Centre for Contemporary Art, Warsaw; and Kunstverein Leipzig, Germany. In 2010, Lewis & Taggart established the Museum of Longing and Failure (MOLAF), an artistic platform that takes shape through an ongoing sculptural conversation with fellow artists.

Erdem Taşdelen (b. Ankara, 1985) lives and works in Toronto. His multidisciplinary practice involves a range of media including installation, drawing, sculpture, video, sound, and artist books. He uses text and language in various forms to conduct subtle inquiries into subjectivity and its representations. His diverse projects, characterized by a mordant humour, also involve him in a reflective process that brings self-expression into question within the context of culturally learned behaviours.

Thursdays Writing Collective (TWC) is a group of writers from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside who meet every Thursday. **Anne Watson** is TWC's program coordinator. She is a journalist, documentary filmmaker, and visual artist ([anne-watson.com](#)), and is at work on her first novel. **d.n. simmers** is an online special editor with *Fine Lines*. His work can be found in recent editions of *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *The Common Ground Review*, *Nerve*

Cowboy, and online in *Potomac* and *Wilderness House Literary Review*. **Gilles Cyrenne** is a retired carpenter who writes at home, on the road, with TWC (and who does “grandpa daycare” for his six-year-old grandson). He has published in *The Carnegie Newsletter*, read poetry on Co-op Radio’s *Wax Poetic*, and reads at various local venues. **karenza t. wall** was born and raised in India. She is a multi-talented genius, and a short, fat, old woman.

Erik H. Zepka is a conceptual media artist, curator, poet, scientist and theorist who critically explores the practice and consequences of science and technology. He has shown his work globally whether as artist (Nabi Museum, Tate Modern, Pikselfest, Whitney Museum, Videographe, ISEA), theorist (Furtherfield, Transfer Gallery, Publication Studio, VIVO Press), or poet (ELO, GAMMM, Dusie Press, Front Mag, Unlikely Stories, Otoliths, W, Critiphoria, Zinhar) and worked as a scientist/research and curator. His project ties all these strands together into an experimental project based at x-o-x-o-x.com. Interdisciplinarity meets concept where the fallout of technoscientific advancement is explored in a capitaloscene program tied closely to process and performance.

Jennifer Zilm is a poet, librarian, archivist, community support worker, and erstwhile religion scholar. Her writing has been published in many journals and has been shortlisted for the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry, the Far Horizon’s Award and twice for Arc Poetry Magazine’s Poem of the Year Contest, among others. She is the author of two chapbooks, *October Notebook* (dancing girl press, 2015) and *The whole and broken yellows* (Frog Hollow Press, 2013). Her first full length collection, *Waiting Room*, was just published by BookThug.