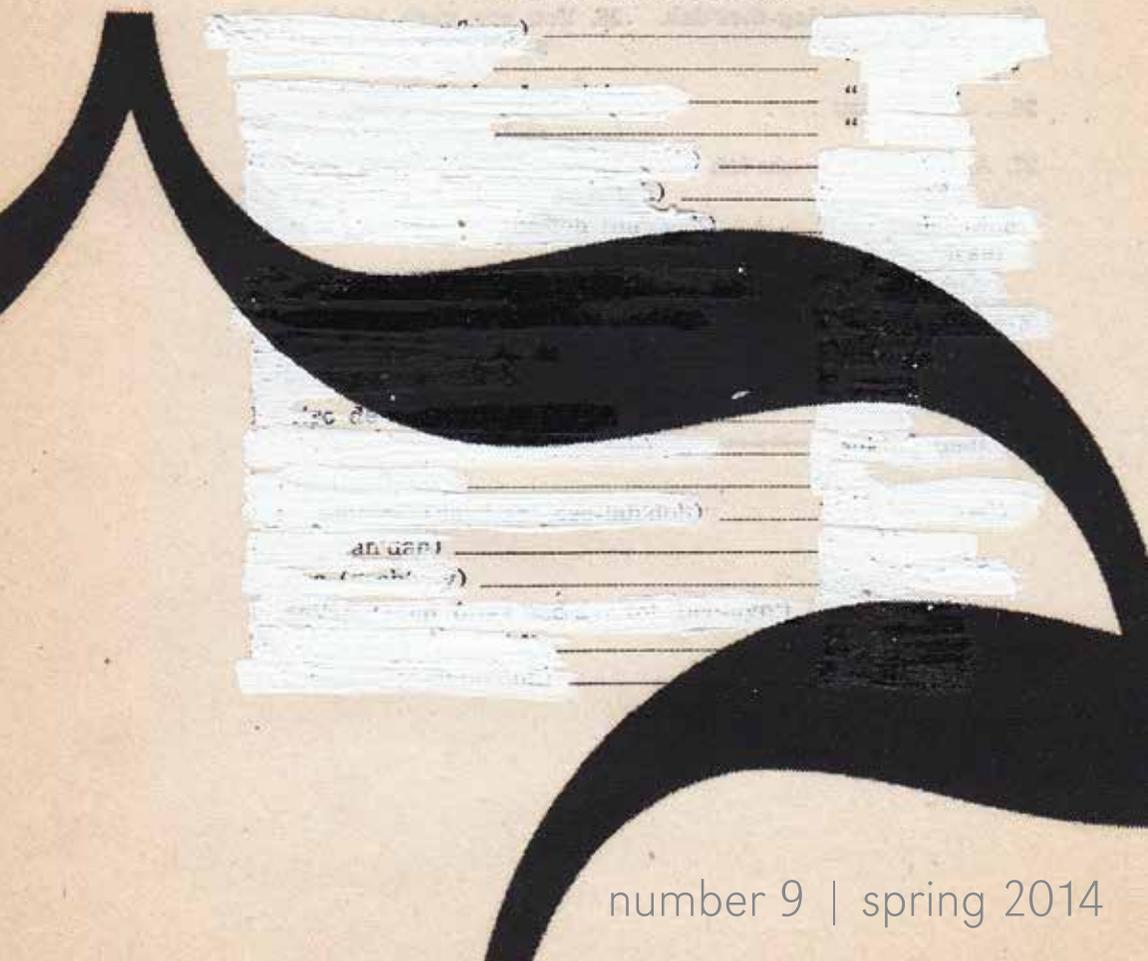


# ti-TCR

a web folio

LECCION DECIMOCUARTA

NUEVO VOCABULARIO



number 9 | spring 2014

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a web folio  
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LANGUAGES

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## Editor's Note

Welcome to a polyglot *ti-TCR*—an extension of the polyglot *TCR*! Translations from Villon, Horace, Dante, and from a Mexican visitor to Vancouver; poems about translation; the “reverse-rhetorical translation” of a political campaign speech; the iPhone’s speech recognition software responding to songs played on the piano; a short story in several languages; and much additional play with language and its conventions. An extraordinary variety of voices, languages, and probed conventions is embedded in these pages, each piece a response to *TCR*’s call for “translations of new or old texts, re-translations, comparative translations, experimental translation, language/s behaving in unexpected ways, multilingual writing, other Englishes, mimicry, mis-translation, fumbblings between languages, faux-translation, trans-translation, the “languages” of different genres and the interplay between them.”

Some of the pieces are accompanied by an author or artist’s statement of intent; others speak for themselves.

The nineteen contributors to this issue of *ti-TCR* are joined by another fifty-one who are published in the LANGUAGES issue of our print magazine *The Capilano Review* (3.23). Be sure to keep reading in our other domain!

—Jenny Penberthy

Call  
hello hello  
hello hello hello call  
hello hello hello hello how  
hello hello hi  
hello hi hello  
—ANDREW ZULIANI

Consonants like flicked matchbooks  
at the Embassy Café.  
—COLIN BROWNE

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## ECLIPSE

Although this book has only a single subject, this book has only a single subject, that book has only a single subject, that subject has only a single subject, that subject can only a single subject, that subject can itself a single subject, that subject can itself be single subject, that subject can itself be divided subject, that subject can itself be divided into that subject can itself be divided into three subject can itself be divided into three different can itself be divided into three different subjects: itself be divided into three different subjects: *first*, be divided into three different subjects: *first*, the divided into three different subjects: *first*, the difficulty into three different subjects: *first*, the difficulty of three different subjects: *first*, the difficulty of expressing different subjects: *first*, the difficulty of expressing physical subjects: *first*, the difficulty of expressing physical pain; *first*, the difficulty of expressing physical pain; *second*, the difficulty of expressing physical pain; *second*, the difficulty of expressing physical pain; *second*, the political of expressing physical pain; *second*, the political and

expressing physical pain; *second*, the political and perceptual physical pain; *second*, the political and perceptual complications pain; *second*, the political and perceptual complications that *second*, the political and perceptual complications that arise the political and perceptual complications that arise as political and perceptual complications that arise as a and perceptual complications that arise as a result perceptual complications that arise as a result of complications that arise as a result of that that arise as a result of that difficulty; arise as a result of that difficulty; and as a result of that difficulty; and *third*, a result of that difficulty; and *third*, the result of that difficulty; and *third*, the nature of that difficulty; and *third*, the nature of that difficulty; and *third*, the nature of both difficulty; and *third*, the nature of both material and *third*, the nature of both material and *third*, the nature of both material and verbal the nature of both material and verbal expressibility nature of both material and verbal expressibility or, of both material and verbal expressibility or, more both material and verbal expressibility or, more simply, material and verbal expressibility or, more simply, the and verbal expressibility or, more simply, the nature verbal expressibility or, more simply, the nature of expressibility or, more simply, the nature of human or, more simply, the nature of human creation.

## ECLIPSE

Though there may be no human event  
there may be no human event that  
may be no human event that is  
be no human event that is as  
no human event that is as without  
human event that is as without defense  
event that is as without defense as  
that is as without defense as torture,  
is as without defense as torture, others  
as without defense as torture, others give  
without defense as torture, others give rise  
defense as torture, others give rise to  
as torture, others give rise to the  
torture, others give rise to the same  
others give rise to the same central  
give rise to the same central question—  
rise to the same central question—By  
to the same central question—By what  
the same central question—By what perceptual  
same central question—By what perceptual process  
central question—By what perceptual process does  
question—By what perceptual process does it  
By what perceptual process does it come  
what perceptual process does it come about  
perceptual process does it come about that

process does it come about that one  
does it come about that one human  
it come about that one human being  
come about that one human being can  
about that one human being can stand  
that one human being can stand beside  
one human being can stand beside another  
human being can stand beside another human  
being can stand beside another human being  
can stand beside another human being in  
stand beside another human being in agonizing  
beside another human being in agonizing pain  
another human being in agonizing pain and  
human being in agonizing pain and not  
being in agonizing pain and not know  
in agonizing pain and not know it,  
agonizing pain and not know it, not  
pain and not know it, not know  
and not know it, not know it  
not know it, not know it to  
know it, not know it to the  
it, not know it to the point  
not know it to the point where  
know it to the point where he  
it to the point where he himself  
to the point where he himself inflicts  
the point where he himself inflicts it? —

point where he himself inflicts it? —and  
where he himself inflicts it? —and once  
he himself inflicts it? —and once again  
himself inflicts it? —and once again lead  
inflicts it? —and once again lead to  
it? —and once again lead to an  
and once again lead to an answer  
once again lead to an answer centering  
again lead to an answer centering on  
lead to an answer centering on interactions  
to an answer centering on interactions between  
an answer centering on interactions between the  
answer centering on interactions between the body  
centering on interactions between the body and  
on interactions between the body and voice  
interactions between the body and voice made  
between the body and voice made possible  
the body and voice made possible by  
body and voice made possible by a  
and voice made possible by a language  
voice made possible by a language of  
made possible by a language of agency.

These two poems are examples of a form that I call the eclipse; the generic title “Eclipse” is then of the same order as “Sonnet” or “Poem.” I stumbled into the form accidentally, while reading—or, more precisely, as a manner of reading, through a long-standing habit of experimenting with approaches to processes of reading.

I can certainly imagine devising texts for the purpose of making eclipses, but thus far all my eclipses use pre-existing texts, and for me the poems constitute essays in a very particular kind of “active reading.” In the case of these two poems, the source is Elaine Scarry’s *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World* (New York: Oxford UP, 1985, pp. 3 and 61).

The poems are procedural: a “window” of a given length (in number of words) moves incrementally from the beginning of the source text to the end, each advance delimiting a new line of the poem. The movement of this window, which passes from one “side” of the text to the other, is not unlike that of a shadow passing across a celestial body in an eclipse, thus the metaphor embodied in the name. (There are other, consequent parallels: the duration of the poem is directly dependent on the size of the text, and so on.)

The precedents and inspirations for the eclipse form are both literary and musical: works by Emmett Williams, Jackson Mac Low, Dick Higgins; Frederic Rzewski, Terry Riley, Alvin Curran; et al. (It would not be difficult to compile a very long list of works that use simple additive/subtractive procedures to great effect.) But in particular, Rzewski’s 1971 composition *Coming Together* (with a text taken from the prison letters of Sam Melville, killed in the aftermath of the Attica uprising in that year) has exerted a deep fascination since I first heard it nearly thirty years ago.

## ANDREW ZULIANI / Loulou Sonata

1.

who who and who  
who who who  
ha ha ha ha hello hello  
hello hello  
hello  
hello

name came up

hello Loulou Loulou Loulou  
bing  
hello hello Loulou Loulou  
they  
mom  
then there  
I had her Loulou

2.

and I love Lulu

hello

and

hello Loulou Loulou

and can  
lose

call  
her and Dave  
hey Jane  
the moon moon moon  
Lulu

3.

Or Loulou hello  
hello hello up a  
hello hello hello  
hello hello you  
hello hello hello to

Call  
hello hello  
hello hello hello call  
hello hello hello hello how  
hello hello hello hi

hello hi hello  
hello hello hello hello hello

4.

go to go  
that is who  
so go to go  
woo hoo hello and moon  
woo hoo  
hello

man will go and be  
and the moon

and

hello hello hello hello there  
hello hello Loulou

hello and to do.  
call and a  
hey  
boom  
who to the  
so and so and then do.

her so

hello can do.  
to you

where

day  
hey  
hey  
the  
who.

This poem was composed by playing songs on piano into the iPhone's speech recognition software. These four songs were played, in this order: first, Chopin's *Nocturne in C-sharp Minor*; second, George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*; third, the first movement from Philip Glass's *Trilogy* piano concerto; and, fourth, Erik Satie's *First Gymnopédie*.

These pieces of music are entirely without vocal accompaniment. The only voice is that of the piano, and it is this "speech" that the program translates, converting sound into written word according to its interpretative and predictive algorithms. What is found in "Loulou Sonata," then, is the attempt of a computer program to make meaning of music, and to render human the piano's voice.

The resulting text is, with the exception of slight formatting adjustments, unedited. The poem's line breaks mark the points in which the software stopped its input and produced text; when this happened, I restarted the program and resumed playing from where we left off.

In my sole contribution, I've added stanzaic breaks to clarify separate units. This is my analogue to the double-barred lines that in sheet music divide musical phrases, and has been done always with the intention of helping the program express itself. In this assistance, I imagine, I am no different from any other composer's amanuensis.

## MICHAEL BARNHOLDEN / Two by Villon

### a dime a dozen a lock

what is to be done? a glass of  
water gives a guy the shakes  
in guy's country where J of A burned  
blaze cinders shivers in a distant land  
a guy dressed for success  
a guy laughed a guy cried  
a guy hoped 'til a guy lost  
cheer up guy joy gives me no pleasure  
I may be strong but I may be not  
the door mat is out and I'll be under it

what is to be done?  
I'm sure nothing is for sure  
screwed by what I knew I knew  
what I do know is an accident  
of birth even when I win I lose  
I say good morning when I say good night  
I lay down before I fall down  
a day late and a dollar short  
I get what I deserve whether I deserve it or not  
the door mat is out and I'll be under it

what is to be done?  
rich guys commit crimes I do time  
poor guys get caught nobody gives a shit  
honesty is a liar dressed to look like I look  
I think therefore my friends think I think  
black is white and white is black  
this'll hurt me more than it hurts you  
true or false? what's the diff? it still hurts  
I remember everything I can't forget  
the door mat is out and I'll be under it

guy found V sitting on a pile of trash  
guy told V I like y'r situation and  
the way you comb y'r hair  
V said chuck you farley eat shit an die  
in other words what is to be done?  
the door mat is out and I'll be under it

## poem from prison

have nots have not  
friends long gone  
double bunked  
a stretch is a stretch  
whoever drops a dime  
sweet meat well hung  
clowns clowns and more clowns  
long bows and sharp arrows [English]  
all talk no motion  
would you leave poor V to rot?

any song you want  
guys with needs dudes with deeds  
yellow dogs fools gold false fronts  
more money than brains  
look guy I may die  
no more beer no more blues  
you'll miss me when I'm gone  
no sun no air as if I'll care  
I'll be stone cold dead  
should you leave poor V to rot

look at me on visitors day  
rich guys pay no taxes  
rich guys pay no rent

rich guys believe in kings and things  
sunday and tuesday bread and water  
where is no free lunch being served?  
when rats starve they chew and chew  
my bed of stones my empty table  
I'd invite a guy to visit  
could you leave poor V to rot

this little piggy went to market  
this little piggy stayed home  
this little piggy had roast beef  
this little piggy had none  
this little piggy went yes yes  
yes all the way home\*

ce petit porcin est allé sur le marché  
[is going for a walk]

ce petit porcin resté à la maison  
[is leavin the big house behind]

ce petit cochon avait rôti de boeuf  
[will be wrapped in a side of beef]

ce petit cochon avait aucun  
[made sure the screws are none the wiser]

ce petit porcin est allé oui oui  
oui la maison tout le chemin  
[goes yes yes yes all the way home]

*\* V's version is the first publication containing what is now a popular rhyme for infants. In 1460 it was quite obviously a prisoner's anthem meant to maintain spirits and act as a vehicle for coded communication between prisoners attempting to escape. Simply changing the words after "this little piggy" would render a seemingly harmless song into a potent improvised escape device.*

**SHAUN HANNA / excerpts from the second Canto of  
Dante's *Inferno***

**Argument**

**St. George among the College**

Sepia air eases foreclosure against the cisterns, apprehensive.  
Such sodomy gravitates into an easy piety. Once waned wit now  
    goads false friends into empires,  
backspacing errors onto the new, oh ingénue, viola! & strums a  
    final acetate  
against this nubile, parapet necropathy, a visible skirmish, a  
    scribble:  
& for what I do commission.  
& for what logorrhea. Begin.

**Canto 2**

ok, poetic vigil  
ok, you said  
ok, & sell me  
sell me as  
prime real estate  
falls prostrate onto passive gravel &  
into the noisome dance routines & into the  
peristalsis of &c.  
to hell with sensibilities!  
he prefers male courtesies to feigned panaceas  
another effing chiaroscuro  
padded empires under  
heaven's libretto  
quell & quell alike  
I'll clear the ravines of all vibrato  
I miss major peter.  
ok, & feud  
ok, & roam  
ok, & per lows & loco sainthood  
hagiography  
& there I dove into amendments &  
into vast ducats &  
zero percent interest  
rates of  
health &

the crash of fifth  
& of madison  
& now I have only the comforts of &c.  
I miss major peter  
I don't think he'll come back  
I've hit a wallstreet  
out of the stores & into the streets  
the people contorted  
will never be afforded!  
I'll put a dent in ratio  
...  
ok, & quell  
ok, & quiet  
ok, &  
such dignity accelerates neither  
me nor my  
credible per diam  
I'm putting my redacted shoulder to the wheel.  
such perverse dignity  
delays commission  
& novice passivism  
& cogitos protests & Yes! to dignity  
see tell  
see tutu  
see tolls  
see wretch  
see why

why I'm camp & how  
& while  
I love necrotic coastlines of literature & adult  
contemporary (whatever that is) I  
throw rugs  
oil fields  
land mats  
bespoke qualms  
of multinational finance  
if I see folly  
say if.  
say save.  
say delve.  
say intimate abandon.  
say such.  
say frugal.  
say scotch.

venue precludes local, location trades in tonalities:  
amour for moss, for parlor, for cornice, for rain, for sill, for  
gutters, for stoop, for front, for buttress, for porch, for sale,  
for back, for porch, for Christmas, for lights, for may, for  
garden, for hoses, for lawn, for gnomes, for lilies, for fences, for  
makinggoodneighbours, for galleries, for vestibules, for granite,  
for mdf, for marble, for two by, for board, for linoleum, for  
copper pipes, for trimmed hedges, for making the house look  
bigger, for paint, for water, for shed, for meat, for cock, for suit,  
forsake, for sooth, forget.

give me aural or give me death.

either you're with us  
or you're with the chaste solipsism!  
tell Che he's been decommissioned  
don't cry for me liberalism!  
the truth is I've been de-commoditized  
la donna e mobile—  
machismo beatified  
beautiful  
like a Virgil  
a voice that could con angels  
into protest  
“oh anemic courtesan who mitigates the cuticles of famine  
anchorite in the nether regions of tourism”  
ok, jolts etymology into  
“amiable daughter, debutante androgen of capital  
venture”  
the road  
paved in vinyl and  
in celluloid  
corrupt for the very first time  
a venous catheter  
my nauseous consolation  
& Ginsberg is the sun!  
beaten down  
in the scant

quagmire of  
onanistic parlance  
“I'm a Pisces, but maybe I can find a range”  
why face me when you can venire me  
why rheostat  
why ratify  
why vulvas &  
franchised hymens  
quantify me already  
“Presto!”  
a voyeur, a voice of her  
a cataclysmic denizen  
quivering tiara of  
Tallahassee jazz  
before us

& you & you sound & you maestro & you such dissidence such  
denizen such sonorous cannonade such ovum & prostitution  
such apartheid & chin-chin commission such chagrin & vertigo  
comely stand-up personas such virgil & stilettos such cloaca  
chimneys & scorsese films such opiates & negligees thrown off  
under such burnished ardor & chubby euphemisms for egos  
waffling under the politico banners such tuesdays describe  
incomprehensibly as lecherous & in retrospect such valedictory  
of parking violations & gin such gin & vodka such sours & simple  
syrup sounds off glorious into the celestial gloaming of  
el camino

madness!

“Canto Two” translates excerpts from the second Canto of Dante’s *Inferno*. This Canto imagines what a queer translation might look and feel like—“queer” in the sense that the text refuses to lead “straight” back to its original source, and “queer” in the sense that it touches Dante’s work in strange ways. In this excerpt, the text experiments with the notion of “false friends,” and it attempts to secularize Dante’s otherwise firmly Catholic cosmology. In many places, the text makes use of various English and Italian cognates, using them as footholds to stride across its archaic landscape. In other places, cultural references are deliberately conflated or swapped wholesale, for contemporary ones (Madonna lyrics replace the Holy Mother, for example). This text is part of a larger, ongoing project—tentatively entitled, “Alighieri Sprung”—that attempts to jailbreak the falsely imprisoned from the annals of literature. My hope is that this text might ultimately challenge a scholastic ethics of translation, by questioning what responsibilities the translator has to his or her own cultural context when switching between the (outdated) modes of the past and the (political) languages of the present.

Too often we must get what we can from  
photographs or from the imitations all about us.  
But those of us who wish a first-hand acquaintance  
with what the Greeks thought and said may find our  
magic carpet in the study of the language. Translations  
are but a poor substitute at best and nowhere more  
disappointing than in the case of poetry,  
in which the Greeks most excelled.  
—Crosby & Schaeffer (1928)

Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon, zeta, eta, theta . . . phi, chi,  
psi, *the all engulfing omega*.  
Mutes, liquids, sibilant, double consonants.

The following table will be found useful for reference.  
Diphthongs represent the union of two vowels in one syllable.  
*ει, -αι, οι, ου etc.*

The Declension of O-stems (is easy) ὁ ποταμός, a river.

The nominative is the case of the subject ὁ Σωκράτης ἦν σοφός,  
“Socrates was wise”  
The dative suggests relations like those with *to* or *for* in English.

Frequently denotes the indirect object. κόπτω πελέκει, *I am cutting with an axe*

The genitive, from. τοῦ Ὁμήρου ἔμαθον τὴν τῶν ἐπῶν ποίησιν,  
“*From Homer I learned the composition of epic poetry*”

Decline the feminine long a-stems. χώρα, θεά, οἰκία, φωνή.  
Country, goddess, house. Voice.

The dative may denote manner. φεύγουσι σιγῇ, They flee in silence

4. Do not jump about in the sentence, but try to grasp the thoughts as they follow in logical sequence, observing that emphatic words are likely to occur at the beginning or end of the clauses or sentences.

demonstrative pronouns (important)

*the door itself was ancient*

the verb εἰμί to be is irregular ἐγώ εἰμί I am

ὄλωλα I am ruined

passive voice: acted upon

middle voice: somehow to affect himself.

I stop I am stopping

future less vivid

I shall be present

journey, as much as

Uses of the subjunctive

after a present or future tense

## GEORGE BOWERING / Anne

### *What's the buzz?*

He was on the TV room telephone trying to talk with the suicidal wife of his best friend, while his own was in the kitchen, weeping about her crazy sister and the baby her crazy sister was getting ready to have, and their own child was crying quietly because she had been shouted at all day and now she was alone, turning four years old in a pair of fashionable tots' overalls with the train engineer stripes. Here the sentence comes to an end, but listen, if writing a story of life is supposed to be persuasive because it is so much like life, how can you ever have a sentence come to an end? Well, it's not for me to ask the questions. The commercial outfits that place advertisements in the daily newspapers ask the questions. Or so it would seem.

Between such episodes he had gotten into the habit of looking at young women, not undressing them in his mind's eye as the popular story has it, but just watching how their legs move under, say, a pleated skirt with dark blue and red plaid pattern, watching, say, the way they reach their long pointed fingers up to remove a tendril of hair from in front of their eyes and hook it behind one ear, from which place it will fall free in a few seconds. That sort of thing. The way all signs of intelligence fall away from their faces when they sit on the city bus and stare at the little screens they hold in front of them.

One day, between such episodes, he went to visit his best friend. His best friend's suicidal wife was away from home. Maybe she

had acquired another job, who can remember everything? After they had been talking for a while, drinking some ordinary beer from the refrigerator, his best friend told him that he had recently had his first really good sexual experience in years.

"Good for you. I am glad to hear it," he said to his best friend, who finished a glug of his beer and put the long-necked bottle down, foam coming out of it a little, before replying.

Apparently that good sexual experience had been courtesy of another crazy woman, someone his best friend's wife might or might not have known. He was reminded of the accusations his own wife had been making. Yes, it was a matter of fact that somewhat in the manner of his best friend, he had recently had pretty fair sex with another crazy woman, but his wife accused him of being somewhere else, with yet another crazy woman.

This was, wasn't it, the kind of stuff that rumours are made of, but these were not really rumours, at least as far as he and his best friend and I can see. It was not as if there were a buzz going around all their circles. Or maybe there was one. If there was, I don't know anything about it, so it is unlikely that he or his best friend would have a chance to.

"You want to talk about it?" he asked his best friend.

"Never kiss and tell," his best friend said. And he was smiling. There hadn't been enough of that lately.

### *How Does it Work?*

His best friend is the real McCoy. I mean that his name is Bill McCoy, not that he would ever stoop to any obvious wordplay in

conversation with any new acquaintance. But you can be sure that other people so stoop.

“Heh heh,” he sometimes replied. “I see what you mean. Never thought of that. That’s pretty good, that one.”

And no, his best friend, the other one with a crazy wife, is not named Hatfield. It is something field, but not hat. If the time comes when it matters what his name is, we will all know. Or be apprised, as they say at meetings.

They had met at a meeting. In University. It was a meeting about the new East Asia Club, or rather the East Asian Club that someone wanted to start up. He and his best friend were not the only non-Asian-looking people there, and they were not even the only non-Asian-looking people who had been taking classes in Japanese Studies, but they were two non-Asian-looking people, call them white people, who were serious about such a club’s being formed, especially Bill McCoy.

In fact so serious that when the club did get started the next semester, Bill McCoy was the inaugural president and his best friend was the inaugural vice president. None of the Asian-looking students had run for these posts. Not even Michiko Miyoshi, who happened to be a considerable part of the reason that Bill McCoy attended the meeting. In Japanese written characters her name, like most Japanese names, was made of two *kanji*, and Bill McCoy had practiced making them, not with a brush but with a ballpoint pen, which is not the ideal instrument for the writing of Chinese or Japanese characters. It doesn’t work very well at all.

Bill McCoy did not have good handwriting. His best friend

often wondered whether that fact had anything to do with the other fact that Bill McCoy had only one arm. The arm that he had was his left, if it is not peculiar to use that designation for a person who does not need to have one arm distinguished from the other. One could say “his arm,” simply. In any case, what his best friend often wondered was this: is Bill McCoy’s handwriting so bad because he was supposed to be right-handed? Having lost his right arm when he was a toddler, should he not have had a lifetime of experience as a handwriter, and should not his handwriting be as good as the average right-handed writer’s? Or is he a right-handed person without a right hand?

He was interested to note that when Bill McCoy started writing *kanji*, his handwriting resembled his English language handwriting, and it was what most readers would consider pretty bad.

#### *Going on Vacation?*

If it had not been for Michiko Miyoshi, Bill McCoy probably would have gone to the University of Tokyo anyway. Bill was mainly a French major, but he had lately become interested in Japanese, as in language, culture, and womenfolk. His year as president of the East Asia Club had been a big asset for all these interests. He picked up more and more Japanese expressions, learned more Japanese art history, and eventually got his arm around Miss Miyoshi. But out of his characteristic shyness and good upbringing, he did not try to take advantage of the pretty little exchange student.

“Do you know what you are getting into?” his best friend asked him one evening after a club meeting.

“Well, nothing at the moment,” he replied. Though he was shy and well-behaved, he still had an adolescent sense of humour.

So things proceeded. Bill’s best friend, call him Ernest if that is important, began to make remarks about his envy, about how much he would like to have a Japanese exchange student to walk around with.

“You have girls galore,” said Bill. “I don’t see you doing without.”

“Yeah, but it nerks me to see you getting something good that I don’t have.”

He was kind of kidding. But even if he was envious, he was a true friend, and was happy to see his best friend make his way in the world. So it was that he paid for the beer when it came time to celebrate the scholarship. It was the first year of the Tokyo-Vancouver language scholarship, and who knows how many students had applied for it, but it was no great surprise when the first president of the East Asia Club became the first holder of the Tokyo-Vancouver scholarship.

“Drink up. We’re celebrating your great good fortune, connected as it is with your relentless scholarship,” said Ernest something Field. “After all these years you have bent to your books, it is about time that you got to look about the emerging postwar Land of the Rising Sun.”

“Nihon.”

“I know. That’s how you say Japan in Japan.”

“Means the sun, where it comes from. Those two *kanji*.”

“Well, this beer is sunny in disposition, and there’s more where it came from.” They were a little squiffed, as they used to say at such moments.

“I am drinking this stuff at your behest, you will remember,” said the somewhat tipsy scholarship winner. “And I have to say—I forget what I have to say.”

“Probably has to do with your great and deserved fortune concerning your travels of the next two years.”

“It’s not going to be hick. It’s not going to be a vacation.”

That seemed for certain. According to the designers of the new scholarship, the bestowee would take Japanese lessons, teach English weekly at night school, and continue his area of studies at the University of Tokyo.

And so it went. In 1960 Bill McCoy went to the crippled empire and enrolled at the French department of the University of Tokyo. Michiko Miyoshi returned to her studies at Tokyo University of Foreign Studies. Her brother Akira Miyoshi was a classmate of Bill McCoy in his French classes. While Michiko disappeared into the giant tangled city that was still rebuilding fifteen years after it had been bombed to rat shit by B-29s, Bill started seeing a lot of her brother. Akira was two years older than Bill, and his French was just as good, which was not surprising, given that he had studied at the Paris Conservatory.

Bill McCoy was a pretty good amateur singer and half-okay piano player, but his Japanese best friend had been a child prodigy at the keyboard even while his uncle had commanded troops that invaded Hong Kong and placed Bill’s uncle, among other

Canadian soldiers, in a most unpleasant concentration camp and fed him occasionally with low grade rice speckled with insects and their progeny.

Nevertheless in that very first semester at the University of Tokyo, Bill sat many an afternoon with Akira while they worked together on the latter's first important orchestral work that they together named *Trois mouvements symphoniques*.

### *Best Dressed?*

Akira Miyoshi was Japanese all right, but he was also European. I mean, his music was European music produced by a person who had grown up in Tokyo and did not have a supratarsal epicanthic fold over either eye. He had his hair cut the European way, and wore clothes such as a young Frenchman with artistic talent might wear. Usually he wore a black suit that accented the slimness of his body, but sometimes, at parties, for example, he wore wide-wale corduroy trousers, a jersey with wide horizontal stripes, and a black beret. He smoked his cigarettes in a long holder made of horn.

Bill McCoy, on the other hand, had no sense of fashion whatever. Before he left home his mother had always chosen his clothing, and after he had gone away to be a student, he didn't see the point of buying any clothing unless he was going to a new climate, or unless a pair of trousers, say, developed a hole that got too big to be ignored. The Japanese students who were his classmates at the University of Tokyo considered him to be an eccentric *hakujin* because the only ones they had had any experience with were

U.S. soldiers and sailors who were impeccable in their uniforms, even when they were staggering drunk.

He wrote aerograms home to his best friend Ernest something Field, in which he portrayed himself as a tall clumsy white guy who presented danger to delicate Japanese furniture and paper walls. Bill and his best friend, all through their lives, prized humour in their personal communications. In later life they both rued the fact that Bill McCoy had somehow lost the packet of aerograms that Ernest had mailed to him between 1960 and 1962. Bill did remember that one of his favourite moments came at the end of a typewritten aerogram, when Ernest had typed, "I must sign off now," and then written in ballpoint pen, "Yours, Off."

But in the early sixties they were an amusing pair, Akira the composer, short and slim in his suit and tie and shiny leather shoes, and Bill McCoy, tall and a little ungainly in trousers with round legs and a jacket whose sleeve left one hairy wrist visible. If you had been in a rehearsal room at the University of Tokyo on January 25th of 1961, you might have overheard these two friends singing. They sang little bits in Japanese, then little bits in French, and sometimes little bits in English.

"You have a nice tenor voice," said Akira Miyoshi in Japanese.

"But we are writing for soprano," said Bill McCoy in French.

"We should send for my sister," said Akira Miyoshi in French.

"Can she sing?" asked Bill McCoy.

"No, but I think that you have a think for her," said Akira M. in English.

"Thing. Not think. Thing," said Bill McCoy in English. "And maybe, just maybe I have a little thing for your sister."

They were just starting to make songs in French for a soprano to be accompanied by a piano, Akira's favoured instrument. They were translating four poems by Chika Sagawa, who had died just after Akira had been born and just before Bill had. Chika Sagawa was a wonderful young surrealist poet from Hokkaido, who had flourished in a Tokyo group led by the great Katue Kitasono.

Even I have heard of Katue Kitasono. If you went to our university in those days, and if you read anything, you wound up reading Japanese poets and fiction writers. Kitasono was difficult in Japanese and less difficult in English, they say. I don't know about Chika Sagawa. Were her *quatre poèmes pour soprano et piano* difficult in French and English? You would have to read them and decide for yourself.

*Are Finn and Rachel an on and off screen couple?*

Okay, there is a clue here. These people would seem to be screen actors, either on television or, less likely, in movies. As far as I am aware, this would appear to be a dead end, or as they say in French a *cul de sac*, or as they say in Japanese, 行き止まりの通り, 行き止まりになっている通り.

I know a few Finns, and I know a couple of people named Finn. One is a mascot clown for an ice hockey team, and the other is a toddler son of a friend on an island. I know a few more Rachels, but none of them screen stars. So forget those people.

Were Bill McCoy and Michiko Miyoshi on and off campus lovers? I mean in 1960 or 1961?

A half century later, I mean here a couple of days ago, I e-mailed

him and asked what he could remember of Akira Miyoshi and Chika Sagawa. McCoy e-mailed back with the news that the names were not familiar or maybe that he had forgotten them. He did remember Michiko Miyoshi.

Then his best friend wrote to ask: "Were you and Michiko lovers in Tokyo?"

He e-mailed back: "Define 'lovers'."

Whatsisfield e-mailed back an hour later: "Did she leave her geta outside your door overnight?"

McCoy e-mailed back next morning: "I made a few extra yen as her French tutor."

His best friend e-mailed immediately: "Did I ask such an intimate question?"

What we are getting is the faintly discernible outlines of the first act in a modern *kabuki* play. These are usually based on sad romances that have recently been discussed in the tabloid newspapers and on television. Probably nowadays they first show up on what are called for some reason social networking sites on the Internet. Thank goodness there were no cell phones in 1961. Or if there had been, maybe it would have been a more complicated job to build the Berlin Wall. But that is another postwar story.

In any case, usually these modern *kabuki* are about sad young lovers who commit suicide by jumping off high buildings or in front of trains.

The great founder of *kabuki* in the seventeenth century was Chikamatsu. One has to wonder whether Chika Sagawa chose her name in memory of the great playwright of suicide. She was

only twenty-five when she died, of stomach cancer, apparently. When she was a girl in Hokkaido her name was Aiko Kawasaki.

*Chika* doesn't seem to mean anything interesting.

Chikamatsu died at the age of seventy-two, of natural causes. Remember that he made stylized theatre from real-life suicides. Once he said, "Art is something that lies in the slender margin between the real and the unreal."

You may assume that Bill McCoy and Michiko Miyoshi did lie down in that slender margin. Or that Bill McCoy and his suicidal wife have kind of made up or are kind of made up. Usually off-screen.

*Brown in ring?*

Bill McCoy was in Japan for two years, and while he was there he became unexpectedly interested in *sumo*, or as it is called in North America, sumo wrestling. Having been around Japanese stuff ever since leaving his little home village in the Okanagan Valley and moving to Vancouver, he knew that there was some connection between *sumo* and the music he heard at the *kabuki* theatre. Maybe it had something to do with Zen, the contradictory slice of philosophy and behaviour that pleased cultural tourists so much because it didn't seem to involve much work. But how unlike, at first, the meaty crash of naked giants and the disappearing notes of a garden flute. No, *sumo* came from Shinto, the ancient religion that grew out of the country's immeasurably old rocks, upon which humans fought with divine spirits.

At first, sitting a few meters from the *dohyoo*, Bill was alarmed

by the clothing, the belt or whatever that was, that allowed great expanses of male skin to be seen, that looked as if a high kick or a firm grab could dislodge that wrapped silk and expose—he did not want to see whatever that would be, whether the greatly pendulous or the dark nether canal.

But he became, especially when supported by some mysterious oriental beer, a mostly-ignorant aficionado, if it is all right to leap to the Spanish ring from the Nihonese. Bill McCoy had never been an athletic boy, did not even know what eight cities were in the National League. But sitting with Akira Miyoshi facing the *sumo* ring, he gazed intently as a huge man threw a handful of salt before him, and he cocked an ear to hear whether the young composer beside him was whispering any inspired notes.

After the elaborate ancient rituals had been performed, each match might be over in a few seconds, but even Bill McCoy understood that each of those seconds had lived since the Islands of Japan had risen from the sea.

The *hakujin* knew that everything in Japan was portentous, though this might not be true for the Japanese.

McCoy wondered whether something like that was true for the wife he took home with him from Japan.

"Does this country seem mysterious to you?" he asked her in Japanese fifteen years after they had settled into a small house twenty blocks from the school he taught French and Spanish in.

"I live in a mysterious place," she replied. "When I was a girl I lived in a country that was trying to become like this one. Now I see that soon this one will not be able to keep up with that one."

“I like them both,” he said. “But I hope that they will always be different.”

“What about Akira’s music?” she asked. “One time it is French. The next time it is Japanese. What if he finds a way to join them?”

“I like it better the way it is now. I like to have two musics.”

“I have two countries,” she said. “But they are both mysterious.”

“Is that a Zen Buddhist remark?” he asked. He still had not retired from his effort to add humour to her life.

“I know nothing about Zen Buddhism,” she said. “I am a Catholic.”

Bill McCoy told his best friend that he wondered how Japanese Catholics felt about *kabuki*, what with its reliance on suicide.

*Is Taylor made for the big time?*

In the first decade of the twentieth century, a ferociously talented composer named Samuel Coleridge-Taylor never stopped working, perhaps sensing that he would drop dead at the age of thirty-seven. The few who heard his work called him Mahler. They called him Elgar. They called him Dvorak.

They also called him bastard. And they called him Nigger. He was a young Englishman brought up by his mother and her father. His own father went back to Africa without knowing that he had a son. In 1910, two years before he died, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor wrote a cantata for chorus and orchestra called *A Tale of old Japan*, Op.76. The libretto was a poem by Alfred Noyes, who published a new edition of the poem in book form in 1914. In his introduction to the elegant little volume, Noyes wrote of Taylor’s

composition: “He preserved every cadence of every line, and yet he gave the freedom of music to the whole, in a way that poets had ceased to think possible. It is therefore to his memory that I would dedicate the poem, all too poor a chrysalis as it must seem for those exquisite wings.”

At the end of the poem the young painter Sawara finally bursts the “golden gate” and becomes a great artist. A hundred years and then some later we might say that he was ready for the big time.

But here is what Bill McCoy’s best friend liked to picture: McCoy sitting with his friend Akira Miyoshi fifty years after Opus 76 was first performed, listening to the great chorus streaming music from continent to continent, absorbing the London musician’s breath, feeling his heart beat against their lungs, knowing without telling one another that art was the place for sharp sadness, not the precipice.

“Does it sound Japanese to you?” asked Bill McCoy.

“Well, as you know, I lived for a while in France, and I know that I was there half a century after that music, that era, but maybe we can say that it sounds like the Japanese that people in Paris were taken by at the turn of the century.”

“The Floating World.”

“Exactly,” said Akira.

He lifted the stylus and played the last few minutes of Taylor’s favourite composition again. When it came to an end he lifted the stylus and put it where it belonged. He flicked a speck of dust off the right arm of his French suit. Then the two of them endured a little Japanese silence, as best they could in the huge city.

“When you were in Paris,” said the white young man, “did you have any interesting romantic adventures?”

“By romantic, do you mean erotic?” asked the Japanese young man.

“I suppose I do. They seem to me to be just about the same thing. I recognize that this is not true for a lot of people. For my best friend back home, for example.”

The young composer said nothing for a while. Then he turned to his companion and erstwhile collaborator and spoke quietly in French.

“When one is visiting another continent,” he would have said had he been speaking in English, “it is easy to think that one has fallen in love, and when one returns home, it would seem no great matter to speak about one’s romantic and erotic adventures overseas. But I will not tell you about that part of my life in Paris.”

“As romantic as that city is,” said Bill.

“And the other.”

*Who’s missing today?*

Yes, *kabuki* with its peculiar costumes stylized suicides that were already famous in the lurid newspapers. Fumiko McCoy spent some afternoons remembering the non-famous suicides in her school and later at the Tokyo University of Foreign Studies. All the girls at school would mention sadness, shame, boredom, lost love or forbidden love, and how to finish with a jump or gas or the train. *Sepukku* was very romantic but it was reserved for men, and especially for men whose ancestors had been *samurai*.

Fumiko McCoy had always thought that if one of the girls in her class were going to kill herself it would have been Michiko. She was not famous, but her brother had been a famous child piano prodigy. Michiko was always talking about suicide. She had come back from her two years in Canada with a great sad wish in her eyes. Or she had begun to be sad soon after her return to Tokyo. She did not mention a suicide pact with a boyfriend. She never mentioned the name of her boyfriend, but everyone thought she had one. Maybe she had left one in Canada. She read books and magazine articles about suicide, and she attended the *kabuki*, always with a friend, but only because her family would not allow her to go alone.

But no, it was not Michiko who disappeared. Fumiko could not remember the name of her high school companion who had ceased to show up in class. She had not appeared in the newspapers and there was no ceremony for her departure. Sitting in her French classes with her best friend Michiko, she would let her mind drift. She would see the sadness in Michiko’s eyes made more sad because of the new folds in her eyelids, and Fumiko would imagine stepping in front of a streetcar.

So when she met the tall white man with the big nose she thought of him as an alternative. She could choose death or life, and now it seemed that life was the same thing as this *hakujin* whom she first saw giving his arm to Michiko, to help her safely cross the street.

Did Fumiko steal this Bill McCoy from Michiko? She would never discuss this with Bill or with Michiko. For months they

would be three young students visiting famous places in Tokyo, and gradually they would be a couple with their friend Michiko. No one said anything about it, but they all seemed to accept the changing pattern. It was kind of interesting because Bill was a friend of Michiko's brother the composer, but now he became more and more the boyfriend of Fumiko. The foreign boyfriend.

Fumiko imagined her boyfriend and herself holding hands and leaping from the new Tokyo Tower. She was not sad. It was just that she had always had a feeling deep inside her that she was going to be a suicide woman, maybe a famous suicide woman.

They had visited the tower with Michiko. When they got to the observation platform, Michiko stayed in the exact centre, where she could not see the huge city below her. Fumiko and Bill looked for a long time, as she pointed out the landmarks they could see from this unusual vantage. When they looked for her, Michiko was nowhere on the platform. They found her standing and smiling when they reached the ground.

"Did you know that the steel for this structure was reshaped from U.S. tanks that were damaged in the Korean War?" asked Bill McCoy. He was always coming up with something like that.

#### *Goaltending crisis?*

Now Bill and Fumiko had received a letter from their son Frederick Akira McCoy, who was an exchange student at the University of Tokyo. "Did you know," he wrote, "that if it is your birthday you get to go up to the observation tower free of charge, and you get a free piece of cake?"

"Kids today," said Bill McCoy. "They get the world handed to them on a bamboo platter."

But he fussed and worried about his only son all those thousands of kilometers away from home. Of course when he had been there half a century earlier, you didn't make telephone calls back home because of the expense. You never thought that your parents might be worried about your living in the strange bombed land of earthquakes and suicides. You spent most of your time trying to differentiate yourself from the U.S. conquerors, trying, maybe, to be mistaken for a tall, bulb-nosed Japanese person.

At Bill's insistence, they did hear from Frederick on the telephone every Sunday, or as they called it in Japan, Monday. And thank goodness he was his father's son—they got letters from him about once a month.

"Did you know," he asked on the telephone, "that they now play ice hockey over here? *Hockey sur glace*. アイスホッケー What a long way they have come since you were in Tokyo melding European and Nihonese serious music!"

"I had an extremely small and splintered part in Akira's beautiful piece," his father muttered. "And I don't know whether you can count ice hockey as coming a long way."

"Well, as you know, I am not exactly the star of my hockey team," wrote Frederick. "But as a Canadian here I was expected to play a role in defending the honour of the University of Tokyo ice hockey squad. So I played left wing on the third line."

"I suppose that's better than fattening up and throwing salt in a sumo ring," muttered the father.

“Until our goalie disappeared on us. Not exactly disappeared. He got drunk after we got beaten 11-0 by a high school team that had a few *gaijin* on it, and jumped off his parents’ roof. He’s still alive, but as things have turned out, I am now our goalie. If I get really good, I’m thinking of trying out for the Nippon Paper Cranes.”

“Oh, Suckamacrychi!”

“Just joking, Dad.”

Bill McCoy had no idea where his son’s athletic skills had come from. His grandfather had been a fervent rugby player and boxer in Ireland before emigrating, but Bill McCoy the son, though he could swim and climb, never played on a team. His son Frederick had always played every sport that was made available, perhaps not in a starring role but with confidence.

“Oh, and Dad?” The question mark had travelled to an Earth satellite and back down. “I went to a performance of *Trois mouvements symphoniques*. It was terrific!”

*What’s important to you?*

All summer long, on the other side of the country, the passenger jets land at Charlottetown Airport, and out their doors come all the Japanese girls. Many of them are wearing bright red woolen braids and carrying illustrated stories about Anne of Green Gables. They are going to take tour buses out along the oceanside highway to Green Gables Golf Course, where they will swarm the clubhouse, otherwise known as Green Gables farmhouse, forming queues to climb stairs and look into Anne’s room with its

little brass bed and flowery wallpaper.

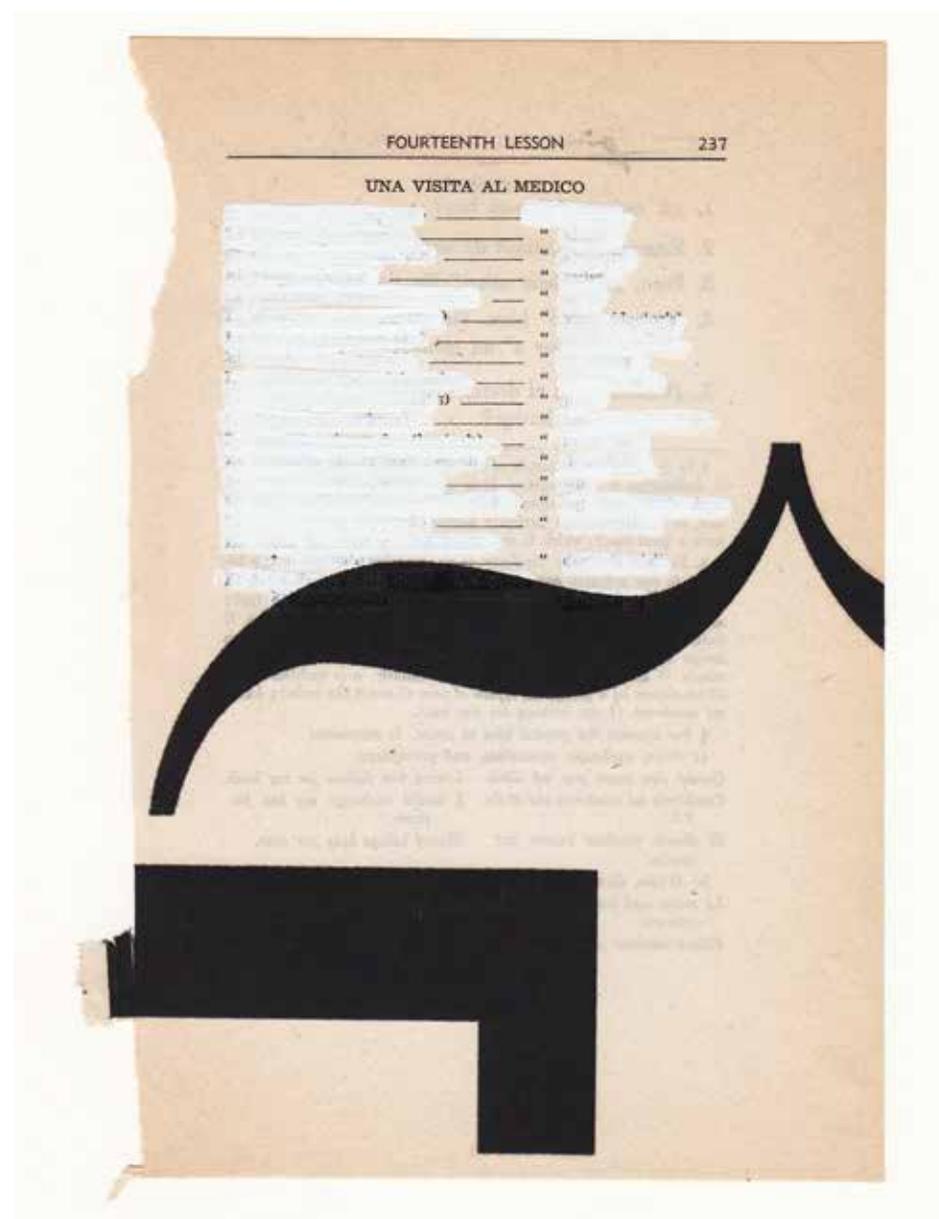
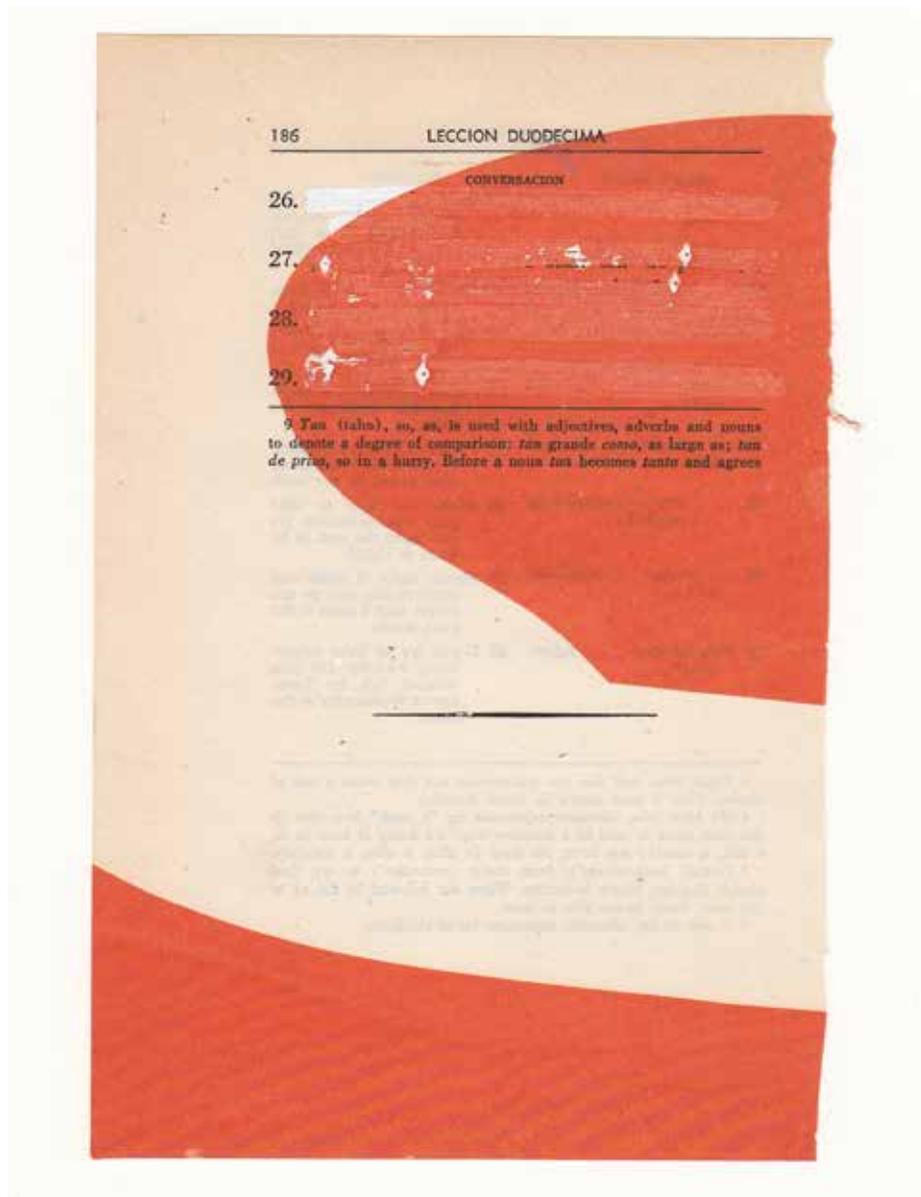
Anne Shirley was or is a fictional person invented by Lucy Maud Montgomery, an Ontario woman who used to visit her cousins at the farm during her childhood summer vacations. Now all these Japanese girls have come around the globe to look at the place where Anne sleeps, and she’s no fictional character. They have read her books at school, and they have seen her adventures on television.

Little PEI Anne of Green Gables was the first great Japanese *anime* hero. Beginning in 1979, the first series ran for fifty episodes. Millions of Japanese girls watched as their red-haired hero caught a cold, and because she lost her sense of taste, mistakenly used the wrong ingredient in a cake for Mrs. Allen. That was Episode 22. And Anne has never disappeared in Japan, as Heidi did. In 2009 a new series, *Before Green Gables*, was aired, and the planes kept coming to Prince Edward Island.

While these girls were watching the adventures of animated Anne in 1979, they were listening to its music by Akira Miyoshi. So were the French girls who watched *Anne la maison aux pignons verts*.

When a memorial DVD box set of the original series was released in 2008, a copy was delivered to Miyoshi *sensei*. We do not know whether he played any of the episodes on his flat screen television set, but is it really so hard to imagine that he remembered the little Canadian girl and then revisited in his memory the young Canadian man he had spoken French with while walking under the ginkgo trees a half century ago?

AMY MODAHL / Lección



Regular tenses:

[Redacted text]

6.

PRES. DE IND.      PRES. DE SUBJ.      IMPERATIVO

[Redacted text]

FUTURO      CONDICIONAL

Regular tenses:

[Redacted text]

7.

PRES. DE IND.      PRES. DE SUBJ.      IMPERATIVO

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

INTERUNTIVO

ANTE

IMPERATIVO PRIMERA FORMA

IMPERATIVO SEGUNDA FORMA

FUTURO IMPERFECTO

TYPES OF REFLEXIVE VERBS

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

I place the tip of my tongue on the alveolar ridge to make the [s] sound at the end of “glass.” To form the word “glasses,” I open my mouth slightly, producing a sound further back; then I round forward to another [s]; this action causes my vocal chords to vibrate into [z]. The resulting shape and tone is affected by the final texture of this added morpheme; yet these differing sounds combine into one chameleon letter <s>. Shifting forms, merging, adding, and subtracting are central actions in morphology and what I have borrowed into this series of UV screen prints. On Spanish textbook pages, I carefully whited-out detailed chains of word formation. Suffixes disappear only to be reformed as shapes that alter and disclose parts of some unrevealed whole. These four images are part of a longer print series and project where I link elegant linguistic concepts with visual art.

Amy Modahl, *Lección*, 2013,  
 UV screenprint and white-out on textbook pages, 12.5 × 18.8 cm each

## JIMMY McINNES / Understanding This Reality

plural pronoun [will see this as]  
 indefinite article  
 noun adverb  
 [justify or  
 excuse comments]  
 pronoun second person singular verb  
 [simply inexcusable] period  
 personal pronoun  
 [can assure you  
 it is not] period  
 personal pronoun verb  
 [the politically safe] noun  
 simple past tense verb  
 verb preposition  
 [move on from] adjective noun  
 conjunction adverb  
 [hope that it fades into  
 the woodwork]  
 period  
 plural pronoun auxiliary verb  
 [dismiss said person]

adverb  
 [crank]  
 conjunction  
 [demagogue]  
 adverb  
 [have dismissed specific supporter of opponent]  
 comma  
 definite article  
 [aftermath of]  
 pronoun  
 [recent statements]  
 comma  
 adverb  
 [some deep seated racial bias]  
 period  
 conjunction  
 [race is an issue]  
 conjunction  
 personal pronoun  
 adjective  
 verb

indefinite article  
 comma  
 pronoun  
 preposition  
 present verb  
 period

[nation cannot afford]  
 preposition  
 [ignore right now]  
 period  
 pronoun  
 simple past tense verb  
 auxiliary verb  
 present verb  
 definite article  
 [same mistake that said person]  
 simple past tense verb  
 preposition  
 [offending sermons about relevant nation]  
 hyphen  
 preposition  
 [simplify]  
 conjunction  
 [stereotype]  
 conjunction  
 [amplify the negative]  
 preposition  
 definite article  
 noun

conjunction  
 [distorts reality] pronoun  
 period  
 [the fact is] conjunction definite article  
 [comments that have been made] conjunction definite article  
 [issues that have surfaced] preposition definite article adjective  
 adjective plural noun  
 [reflect the complexities of] noun preposition  
 adjective noun  
 pronoun contraction  
 [never really worked through] hyphen indefinite article noun  
 [of our union] conjunction  
 plural pronoun  
 [have yet to perfect] period

conjunction  
 conjunction plural pronoun  
 [walk away] noun  
 comma  
 conjunction plural pronoun  
 [simply retreat] preposition pronoun  
 [respective corners] comma  
 plural pronoun  
 auxiliary verb adverb  
 auxiliary verb adjective  
 preposition  
 [come together and solve] plural noun preposition  
 [healthcare] comma  
 [education] comma  
 definite article noun  
 [to find good jobs] preposition  
 [every citizen of relevant nation] period

[understanding  
 understanding this reality  
 requires a reminder]  
 preposition conjunction  
 plural pronoun verb  
 preposition adjective noun  
 period  
 adverb [specific author] adverb  
 verb comma  
 quote  
 [the past isn't dead and buried period  
 In fact comma it isn't even past] period  
 endquote

plural pronoun  
 [do not need to recite here  
 the history]  
 preposition adjective noun  
 preposition adjective noun  
 period  
 conjunction plural pronoun verb  
 [need to remind  
 ourselves that]  
 adverb adjective  
 [of the disparities  
 that exist]

preposition definite article  
 adjective noun adverb auxiliary verb  
 verb [directly traced to  
 inequalities passed]  
 adverb preposition  
 [an earlier generation]  
 conjunction passive verb  
 [under the brutal legacy of]  
 [unanimously hated act of  
 racial subjugation] conjunction  
 [specific discriminatory legislation] period

“Understanding This Reality” is the fourth section in a five part reverse-rhetorical translation of Barack Obama’s March 18, 2008 campaign speech, “A More Perfect Union.” The first three sections of this project were collected in the chapbook *Begin Speech With* published by Toronto’s Ferno House Press in October of 2013. This particular section switches the focus of the text from the phrasal level to the word level, using a parsing technique to remove signification from the majority of the words, leaving only their grammatical function.

This text draws on my fascination with the genre of the campaign speech. Like poetry, the campaign speech depends heavily upon the manipulation of language—the ways in which the words are used strategically to twist intention and distract the eye. I wanted to present

a text in which the wiring of the speech was revealed, and in the case of this section, at a micro-level. Small portions of the original text appear in order to gesture toward the logical and emotional affect that parts of speech can achieve when juxtaposed with the more charged and signified content that relates the speaker to the audience.

Originality in a stump speech depends wholly on regional and demographic incidentals presented to the speaker, while all other features of the speech will be “cookie-cut” from a centralized message that could be repeated on hundreds of occasions. In parsing most of the parts of speech out of the text, the reader is able to see how the campaign speech works within a stiff rhetorical formula, even in the complex speech that is the source of my piece.

Special thanks to Charles Bernstein for being the text’s first editor and to Margaret Christakos for her thoughtful second eye.

## MONROE LAWRENCE / Two Poems

### Infiltrate Skit Colouring

Skit, colouring the tracks fatal.  
Fatal. Running oblongly along, oblongly  
Frittered. Frittered morning. When  
When everything is a “phenomenon.”  
You can ride it wormward?  
You can ride it wormward.  
Ride it wormward into something’s snickery  
It wormward. You can ride it  
Everything. *Everything?* Everything.  
What is the next blunder in  
Next blunder in this sequins adorn  
A door. Knob that wants to link?  
And to top job genre. And to sharp twist of  
Twist of smart. Even this sharp  
*Everything?* Of smart, even though  
Itself to genre. Repeat or euphemize  
Repeat or euphemize this point pure play?  
Repeat or euphemize this point pure play?  
This point pure play. Of skit into genre or  
Genre or repeat. Repeat even  
This. Fasten upon an olympian of  
This. And gloss. And gloss tertiary

Tertiary always rough about  
About cheese hurtling crisply. About  
Chris. Please. Please was a way  
Was a way out. Please was  
Chris. Please. Please was a way out.

## Final Jeopardy

Trebuchet (*glibly*): What is the psychoanalysis of intuition?

Trebuchet (*glibly et. glint*): What is the psychoanalysis of geometric thought?

Trebuchet (*beads, furrow, wince*): What is a fop? What is “My Beautiful Lorgnette”? What is catachresis? What is “*Pah! Europe! Lay-up, signet, friars!*”?

Trebuchet (*incorrigibly strabismic*): Is this *dick* skin? Is *this* dick skin? Is this dick skin? Is this dick skin? What is the psychoanalysis of *Bleak House*?

[A, D-C-B ♭; A, G, F, tim-pa-ni]

**LOUIS CABRI / White View**

white dead  
face set

view mind  
impart virtue

one wind  
feet night

charms pomp  
various scenes

sang toward  
laughed sea

virtues arts  
pleasing muse

old bitter  
mouth shadow

every state  
appear powers

hair moon  
things sun

appears inspired  
rage formed

went eyes  
rain dream

claim superior  
native power

dawn blossom  
men lips

scene oft  
train attend

back dreamed  
rose days

fond join  
generous general

flower wherein  
sake sunset

different sincere  
boast nature

seeing sweet  
love red

pursue bestow  
force vain

grass stricken  
blown apart

sacred applause  
aid produce

morning singing  
done yea

retreat views  
relief zeal

thereof grew  
nights again

secure grandeur  
numbers numerous

made star  
arisen heard

transport extend  
repair displayed

honey faces  
came thing

joined taste  
supplied patriot

stars therein  
maiden hands

pride sage  
refined sway

nay drift  
come strange

remove crimes  
prospect engage

ways sunrise  
till shut

influence supply  
fortune social

as fro  
kissed watch

spleen leads  
ray dressed

gather kiss  
life yesterday

public attends  
employ grateful

surely bare  
birds outer

trace peculiar  
designed pleased

blowing hearted  
bird water

objects grove  
attention course

word last  
thereon little

display care  
passions science

looked grow  
bride waiting

rival genius  
supplies merit

north loving  
broken leaves

demands seat  
severe talents

“All sorts of asses ‘love’ poetry. Why not?  
It confirms them in the assinity of their deepest beliefs.”  
—W.C. Williams

“courses pardon results”  
—Charles Bernstein

Ted Underwood and Jordan Sellers (tedunderwood.com) compiled 9,517 of the most common verbs, nouns and adjectives used in English-language poetry between 1755 and 1900, sorting each word according to whether first written instance occurs before or after 1150 CE. They determine that in these years, 1755-1900, words with pre-1150 origins become, on average, 2.5 times more prevalent in poetry than in nonfiction prose. The left column of “white view” lists, in descending order, their top 100 words, meaning the words that positively correlate with the pre-/post-1150 ratio (the word “white” is the most common word with pre-1150 origins to appear in their poetry corpus, “dead” is the second-most common, “face” the third, and so on). Conversely, the right column lists the bottom 100 words in their 9,517-word corpus, meaning the words that most negatively correlate with the pre-/post-1150 word-origins ratio, least likely to be found in poetry at this time and mostly post-1150 in origins. Natalia Cecire’s Works Cited blog quotes the Williams passage above; Charles Bernstein’s line is the last one in his word-frequency poem “I and The” (*The Sophist*, 1987).

## COLIN BROWNE / Root Map

A translation of the station names on the Interurban line from Vancouver to Chilliwack, circa. 1938. Performed at Centre A - Vancouver International Centre for Contemporary Asian Art with composer/musician Paul Plimley on November 3rd, 2012, as part of the gallery’s final exhibition—an homage to and an inquiry into its site as the original BC Electric Railway Depot at Hastings and Carroll Streets.

1. A ’52 pickup kicking up plumes; echolocating whale!
2. The whale that boils the pearls in an unhurried nation.
3. A nation that flares its foretopman without a prayer for his soul.
4. The soul is inured to emotion, and perhaps there’s only One.
5. The One that surrounds us like a giant fungus, a mirage *deraciné*.
6. *Deraciné* my arse; the mirage with a steeple tip still kisses a steeple tip.
7. The tip of the stick battleship strikes a pebble and bobs right.
8. The right pebble doubles up on consonants.
9. Consonants like flicked matchbooks at the Embassy Café. Liver, onions, the cook’s late night tumbler of whisky.
10. “*Whisky per tutti!*”—but for that frantic night on Tiananmen Square.

11. The square endures, defiance floods the channels.
12. Channels of wire and enamel. The duck's become the decoy.
13. The decoy hawks indulgences, modelled on the transubstantiated other.
14. The other veils itself and grins. If slavers break through, this is the tussock.
  
15. Tussock as skull, the rage, sealant leaks...even the solar hero's stumped.
16. Stumped by the blizzard, I was Boy Cornwall, modest & deferent to Death, which should have been the last thing on my mind.
17. The mind was Shelley's, weeping for the aching, revolutionary heart of Keats.
18. Keats on the peaks, the poet on the floes.
19. The floes below *Bonhomme, les canots* slither in the current.
20. Skookum current, rippling V, raise the barrel, quit the blind.
21. Blind the cranium that drains your veins. I hear the tractors, my son.
  
22. The son's joy hankers for sticks to peel.
23. Peel the pelt, barge the boulders.
24. Boulders balance the spin, minnows flee the cuff.

25. The cuff cries out for gut, the hawser on the bow.
26. The bow that spooks the deer.
27. The deer that clears the ditch bounds over the honeysuckle wall.
28. A wall of horn records the kills.
29. The kills took him to the cove, the hole, to sit in the council of seals.
30. The seals that made the son weep.
  
31. Weep for the consonants that laid a blanket on the heather.
32. Heather he divined, rare & white, when he was in orbit.
33. Orbit of bees, bees to bees, bees in the vetch to bees.
34. Bees buzzing marble; word sweat for victors, for a while.
35. A while, and a conjunction and Oedipus.
36. Oedipus the lurcher, the finishing torch.
37. The torch sent an ibex bouncing away from an Iron Age tomb.
38. A tomb is a constant ache; we want our sons back. We want our sons back home.
39. Home is no hut for discouraging words.
  
40. Words and noise, roaring through the star zoo.
41. The zoo looms a coat.
42. The coat stitched bulbs around a moat.
43. The moat was borrowed, the sea was sore.

44. Sore as money, craving more.
45. More's a prod, the thing's a ling.
46. A ling, I said, and lunged instead.
47. Instead? I fled. My throat's red.
48. Red gullet, border, wind and theft.
49. A theft of air, the dam at night, the teeth at work on tires.
50. I told the tires I live for now.
51. The now's a pond in a mirage.
  
52. Is a mirage a body's algorithm, a becoming, asks Lucinda, an embodied archive?
53. An archive called the high wind, or grass, say?
54. Say the log shaped the long intricate tattoo of us.
55. Us possessed, or an ancient riverbed.
56. The bed is greening, and he fishes in it.
57. Its sprung coil's a tripwire that makes a fool of you & folds you from yourself.
58. Yourself, your spot, the poet's tree on the shoulder; a windbreak.
59. Windbreak; two verbs = a noun? A verb that's an adjective will keep you peeled.
60. Peeled, am I adjectives or claws?
61. Claws on the fox's pup, who you might have been before the Big Night. But what night is not?

62. Night horse, laughing and rearing on two hooves.
63. Hooves apart, neck up in the shallows.
64. All shallows eve and the orphan's footfall, Adam's malice.
65. Malice in hand, broken pots, shard hills.
66. The hills combustible; your family combustible: its joys, its hulls, its songs.
67. The songs of bells and, somehow, always, the whip cracking.
68. The whip's pet name as it rides at the waist.
69. A waist is the churning isthmus of the universe.
70. The universe two pebbles contest.
71. The contest of four in view of the two, of two in view of the four.
72. Four lives down, five to go; he's a young prestidigitator, sir.
73. Sir, stir as you must. Sucker, who can you trust?
  
74. Trust has us all bareback.
75. Bareback to heaven with the axes of freedom.
76. Freedom was enough, but by the fourth letter we'd let it slip away.
77. Away went the owls, the swallows, the barn as well.
78. The well's mirage the vole vetoed, the footprint tracker.
79. The tracker's face in the river of the mirror, a vandal of the Big Night.

80. The night said we could name it, that we'd possess what desired.
81. I desired every drop when the cloudbanks rose.
82. A rose's thorns, vetting riparian resuscitation.
83. Resuscitation is vertical; you finger the tip of an ecstasy, a canopy.
84. Canopy or tongue, the legs spout, sprout.
85. Sprout, plumed voyageur.
  
86. Voyageur's a prime number, lustrous to hold, with burrs and broken feathers.
87. Feathers and gills, exquisite variations on a shared origin that worked.
88. What worked found us swimming and glistening.
89. Glistening foot, silt flowing, all fish and unnamed things with legs.
90. Legs were an impediment, as language may be at the mirage of the table.
91. Table as *mappa mundi*, gate-leg to the inviolable, honey for the cold.
92. The cold blew in, we parted the reeds with Pharoah Sanders' little daughter, admiring the curve of the creel.
93. A creel, a prow, and now, in boots and camouflage, I marry the pussy rushes.

## FAIZAL DEEN / Boyhood Thinks China Sumatra Java

& consider these follow-up fashion stories blood upon your  
 shoulder Osama  
 & the way we listen to Barrington Levy in Montreal, right Billy?  
 & old school murderer not stroking a Persian not wanting  
 SPECTRE SMERSH & Taliban don't rhyme  
 & Although no Gershwin skyscraper eavesdrops on the Garvey I  
 carry back pocket,  
 & from Medan to Maninjau, "you must try Padang food!"  
 & Duluth above Fernando Mile End too far away Feb. -44, the  
 wind chill this evening is  
 & I don't give a damn about hockey.  
 & In Banda Aceh I rhyme Bahasa Guyanese  
 & sila buka bibiru kasut have some cashews before you leave  
 & "OK, Old Village?"  
 & Guyana izzan an island in Java you know Blofeld?  
 & He swallowed Pavonis Mons with his shuttle. It was early  
 afternoon.  
 & I found Kananga in St. Ann Yaphet holding an Arawaki adze  
 & (the kids laugh when I say, "Not Canada. Not Canada.")  
 & When I see his face, a Taliban tee, Bukittingi Merapi  
 & and no jumbie spoke to me no Sarawak spook not Spanish X  
 not French X not Pourtagee X  
 & Don't Know What theremin dragonflies above the Forbidden  
 City

& that's what's closing  
& the ushers call me "Sir Sir it's time to leave the museum"  
& the five minutes palace fulfilled in the Tuesday price Pu Yi's  
    red doors  
& in out into scream hi hello hallow head belly full  
& Roger Moore's audio guide to the Palace Museum  
& ECHO Roger Moore's audio guide to the Palace Museum  
& Ven called to say, "something's going on in New York..."  
& Vincent Van Ven muscular alley planks stubborn to Attack of  
    the Wood Ants! called  
& I sang Demerara Groenhart's "O lime bush ripe."  
& Neapolitan-lush like Caruso, thank you please come again,  
    drink cloves & milk in Kalibaru.  
& hitch a ride from Jogja to Bromo dragonfly kite rucksack luck  
& Here I am, back in Peking, talking to Ven on the phone.  
& "We could see it from Prospect Park," Ven says.  
& But this is Sarawak & Don't Know What's talking to me.  
& Not Fazlah long arm leg rest in Berbice chair,  
& Not Mom, Muskoka chair, me & Bob & leeches at Meech  
    Lake,  
& Jay Scott dyes a draft dodger Adirondak in Toronto.  
& "Draw white light like Ba'ap in ihram bust through the back  
    door  
& circle my bed "been around the world and I can't find my baby  
    and I and I" don't hope to die  
& force-field against night fest toons Pa's Americas a Cast of  
    Characters KAPOWS!

& yardstick, wooden with silver ends, "you from outside now,  
    bhai!" it's not the end of the world,  
& don't arkestra know that yet Sun Ra?"  
& earshot Mohammedan measures says no know Kolkata to the  
    peek-a-boo prince hard  
& as I wash my ass 100% cotton, made in India, forgive me  
    money belt, five thousand Riyals,  
& Don't eat with the left.  
& "Cultural relics are irretrievable/Please be careful when  
    viewing them"  
& In the Pavilion of Prolonged Sunshine, finger food history,  
    Dad's calligraphy.  
& (he) real like earth (swarthy) real like dirt  
& "Ven, it said it like this: the Forbidden City *completed* its  
    historical mission in 1911."  
& yeah yeah in "The age-old and splendid historical civilization  
    of the Chinese Nation" my heart wanked for you  
& Satan right-handed chauffeured car rental Jakarta trapped in  
    Chagall's red city  
& : "surely, we can be gay here? sweet & handsome?"  
& In Montreal, Ven drops by every Sunday every "So, what the  
    war said this week master?" greeting.  
& We Parliament Hill the headlines quarrel shout  
& this is what it said in Libya this is what it said in Tunisia this is  
    what it said in Egypt  
& this is what it said high high high Lost Horizon Everest in the  
    "that'll learn ya!"

& Nina defecating, as Lauryn sang, on the microphone.  
& Cook-up now “all a we” or how Bob loved Mom creolized.  
& In this name I get details in the takedown of murderer.  
& In the deck of cards, 52 terrorists, I found Faz, Abdel, Sultan  
cha cha.  
& No women yet.  
& Holy Shit! Dragonfly! Sleeping Palace. I blame it. I blame it.  
On midnight.  
& Did these kids who lose a cricket ball in a compound know  
they mouth mouth with a father like mine?  
& Real coolie man nacio natio flips the bird in nations like mine?  
& “So, what the war said?” Ven spooning dhal from grandma’s  
recipe into the Royal Doulton bowl.  
& You see? That survived the we split we split ships chips against  
rock wrapped in newspaper  
& how Mom ate it in Wales before Thalidomide during Spock she  
came to Swansea to profit in language  
& a lucky one that Zianatool assalamwalikum she had me until we  
meet again in Paradise  
& Mom, Bob, Mowsie, Baap & Jay Scott says William Wyler it  
“lemme tell you some kiss,”  
& yell like those same kids I met in Java sir! sir! postcard?  
postcard? Osama’s poking proud faded tees  
& nose eye Taliban piece Gregory Peck’s *Rome. By all means, Rome*  
on his head  
& I don’t want anything, I don’t want anything. Just to see the  
Buddha’s mouth open Yankie.

& Before Jogja, in Banda Aceh I heard Ven fi true Halloween  
1995 Park & Pine,  
& the screaming God in the Grand Mosque, the djinns in the  
marble that kept the wave away  
& spared Hassan who hid there.

## FAYE HARNEST & DEVON E. SIOUI / *Except Blue May Be Green*

*Except Blue May Be Green* is a painting in a series that incorporates braille transcriptions of phrases from Jorge Luis Borges's essay, "Blindness." The edition of the essay we use has already been translated from Spanish into English by Eliot Weinberger.

In "Blindness," Borges discusses living, writing, and working as director of a library, with only partial vision in one eye. Borges lost all sight in the other. He could not see red or black. When he went to bed and closed his eyes, he saw only a bluey-green mist. He developed a kinship with the colours he could see best: blue, green, and yellow.

*Except Blue May Be Green* takes the liberty of selecting strings of words from the essay, and laying them out to form a tactile poem inside the painting. The space of the painting is treated much like that of a very large page, with opportunities to exploit spatial arrangement.

This painting, with its thick layers of acrylic, and the embossed braille applied onto it, is meant to be touched; so the braille is arranged to let patterns and shapes emerge. Repetition and isolation of words and letters allow for emphasis and afford the reader ample time to consider them. Take for example the first image, where the individual letters of the word "except" are each given their own line, and are repeated, and thus slowly drip down the painting.

The beauty of braille lies partly in the simplicity and efficiency of the system; each braille character is one of 64 distinct patterns of six dots. There is also a visual beauty in the shapes and patterns that form, which is incidental; braille is a language system not meant to be seen. As a sighted reader and transcriber, the visual potential of the system is hard to ignore. But braille's tactile beauty is perhaps most interesting. This is language you can touch. Your hands are always on the move when you're reading braille, and with the design of *Except Blue May Be Green*, an intimate exploration of the entire surface is necessary to find the words scattered, and huddled, across it.

Source: Jorge Luis Borges, "Blindness," *Seven Nights*, trans. Eliot Weinberger (New York: New Directions, 2009).





**FINBARR HEALY / Horace, Ode 1.11 (English-French-Latin)**

Tū nē quāēsīērīs // (scīrē nēfās), // quēm mīhī, quēm tībī  
fīnēm  
Tū [my friend – my friend] nē quāēsīērīs [please] don't ask //  
to know is wrong (scīrē nēfās), // what for me,  
what for you quēm mīhī, quēm tībī [what end  
for me, what end for you] end fīnēm end  
fīnēm dī dēdērīnt, // Lēucōnōē, // nēc Bābylōnīōs  
tēptārīs nūmērōs. // ūt mēlīūs, // quīdquīd ērīt, pātī!  
[what] ends gods have given fīnēm dī dēdērīnt, // Lēucōnōē,  
[my friend], //  
nēc nor nēc [whirlwind games, whirlwind struggles of  
the mind of the heart] Bābylōnīōs  
tēptārīs attempt [live in, out of] nūmērōs [Babylonian]  
numbers  
[the numbers of guesses, of guessing, and the tides meet the  
shore and measuring the shore and the simple tides, and].  
ūt mēlīūs how [much] better, // whatever quīdquīd ērīt  
will be, pātī! to endure  
whether sēu plūrīs hīēmēs winters, // sēu trībūīt // Īuppītēr  
ūltīmām  
whether more [many more] winters, // or whether trībūīt //  
Jupiter whether  
Jupiter [now] trībūīt allots ūltīmām the last [of our winters hīēmēs]

quāē which now  
quāē nūnc ōppōsītīs // dēbīlītāt wears out // pūmīcībūs mārē  
the sea  
which now ōppōsītīs upon the opposing dēbīlītāt pūmīcībūs  
pumice stones  
weakens dēbīlītāt [wears out, breaks] the sea mārē the  
Tŷrrhēnūm the Tyrrhenian sea.  
‡ ‡ ‡ Sāpīās be wise [maybe,  
while the wind is rounding the corners, slowly polishing  
river stones  
river water below]  
Tŷrrhēnūm. Sāpīās, // vīnā wine līquēs strain [the wine] //  
‡ ‡ ‡ Sāpīās, // vīnā līquēs // ēt spātīō brēvī  
spēm lōngām rēsēcēs. And  
ēt spātīō brēvī short spātīō span [and within our short  
space of time, today and forever] [and this evening] [and  
tomorrow with the dawn, with] ēt spātīō brēvī  
spēm lōngām rēsēcēs prune back rēsēcēs [so that you may  
breathe better, more easily, more freely we will relax and  
live] [the branches] [still amidst the air moving amidst the  
breeze]  
hopes [of this and of that] spēm lōngām far-reaching [hopes]  
spēm lōngām rēsēcēs. // dūm lōquīmūr, // fūgērīt īnvīdā  
āētās  
dūm lōquīmūr while we speak [even now], fūgērīt īnvīdā  
āētās  
īnvīdā envious āētās time will have fled fūgērīt

[unseen time is fleeing, is stepping with the waves,  
 building coral and is sinking into the nothing, now]  
 āētās † † † [placing] quām mīnīmūm as little as  
 possible  
 [as little as is necessary, so much as is necessary]  
 quām mīnīmūm crēdūlā belief [and wish] [placing as  
 little belief as possible] in the next pōstērō in the next  
 pōstērō in the next [day, sequence, occasion, circumstance,  
 moment, and place] quām mīnīmūm crēdūlā pōstērō  
 † † † cārpē dīēm, // quām mīnīmūm // crēdūlā pōstērō.  
 [mon amie – mon amie] [s'il te plait] ne demande pas  
 [car] savoir est néfaste, quelle, pour moi, quelle, pour toi,  
 [quelle fin pour moi, quelle fin pour toi] fin fīnēm fin  
 [quelle] fin dieux [nous] ont donnée [crée] [donnée] [quelle fin]  
 [mon amie]  
 [et] n'[essaie] [jeux tourbillants, des difficultés sans fin, sans fond  
 de l'esprit, du cœur]  
 [n']essaie [non plus] [en vivant sans vivant]  
 des nombres [Babyloniens]  
 [le nombre de prévisions, pour prévoir, et la marée  
 vivante; les grains de sable bouge sur la plage, et la  
 marée simple, pour mesurer, en courant sur la plage  
 à pieds nues, en courant, la marée, et ].  
 combien c'est mieux,  
 n'importe quīdquīd ērīt et n'importe [le futur] [le peut-être]  
 [le son des difficultés], endurer [et durer, peut-être]  
 [n'importe] si d'hivers

si [des douzaines de pommes] d'hivers [et encore d'hivers] [et les  
 pommes d'automne], ou si Jupiter nous  
 offre [maintenant] le dernier [de nos saisons] [le dernier  
 saison] [cet] [hiver]  
 qui maintenant épuise / ronge / brise la mer  
 qui maintenant sur les débilitāt pūmicībūs  
 [falaises] de pierre ponce opposantes  
 fatigue / brise / et efface débilitāt en force la mer mārē la  
 Tŷrrhēnūm mer Tyrrénien.  
 † † † sois sage [ça dit, pendant que le vent  
 tourne autour des coins, lentement faisant briller  
 les pierres de la rivière, menant l'eau avec le courant]  
 le vin filtre [le vin]  
 et ēt spātīō brēvī dans l'espace bref [du temps,  
 ce jour ci et pour toujours] [et ce soir] [et  
 demain avec l'aurore, avec]  
 élague [pour que nous puissions  
 mieux respirer, plus facilement, avec encore plus de  
 liberté, nous détendrons et nous vivrons] [les branches]  
 [avec l'air coulant, la brise, sans mouvement, presque]  
 les espoirs [de ceci et cela] [les espoirs] d'une grande portée  
 pendant que nous parlions [ici, maintenant, dès  
 maintenant],  
 envieux, le temps s'enfuit [se sera enfui]  
 [le temps, inconnu, inaperçu, s'enfui, fait des pas avec  
 les vagues, construisant le corail, s'enfonçant dans  
 l'invisible, et disparaît, et au fond, maintenant, dirons ]

[sans effort]  
[en plaçant], aussi moins que possible,  
[autant qui est nécessaire—découvrons ensemble ]  
de croyance [et souhaits] [en plaçant aussi moins  
de croyance que possible] dans la prochaine pōstērō le  
prochain  
[jour, séquence, occasion, circonstance, moment, et  
lieu ]

Tū nē quāēsīērīs // (scīrē nēfās), // quēm mīhī, quēm tībī  
fīnēm dī dēdērīnt, // Lēucōnōē, // nēc Bābylōnīōs  
tēmtārīs nūmērōs. // ūt mēlīūs, // quīdquīd ērīt, pātī!  
sēu plūrīs hīēmēs, // sēu trībūt // Īuppītēr ūltīmām,  
quāē nūnc ōppōsītīs // dēbīlītāt // pūmīcībūs mārē  
Týrrhēnūm : sāpīās, // vīnā līquēs // ēt spātīō brēvī  
spēm lōngām rēsēcēs. // dūm lōquīmūr, // fūgērīt īnvīdā  
āētās : cārpē dīēm, // quām mīnīmūm // crēdūlā pōstērō.

This translation of Horace's Ode has three parts: first, there is an interlinear translation from Latin to English, with poetic extensions and elaborations enclosed in square brackets; second, there is a translation of the English translation, with its poetic extensions and elaborations, into French; third, the original Latin is presented on its own.

I like the way literal, interlinear translations can give an immediate sense of how foreign and distant a work in another language can be, and what expressive possibilities this other language may have which are foreign to English. This kind of literal, interlinear translation, at the same time, provides a kind of window onto the original language, and opens the possibility for an English speaker to begin to decipher and experience the original language, which can be a real joy of discovery.

I have added an elaborative poetic sub-text [enclosed in square brackets] to the literal interlinear translation. For me, this sub-text provided a means to further interact with the original text, extending the literal translation, accelerating away from it, and then returning back to it and to Horace's original Latin. It was an outlet, too, for the excitement I felt at accompanying Horace in the development of his poem.

I then translated into French my English translation of the Latin, together with the bracketed sub-text. I thought of the French text as providing a kind of quasi-musical bridge back to the original, unaccompanied Latin. French is closer to Latin than is English, and for me provided an interesting way to transition back to the original Latin. The translation of this poem of Horace gave me the opportunity and confidence to write creatively in French, within some clearly defined

limits. I am sure that there are awkward points in the French text, and possibly some errors, which I hope are forgivable. The process of moving from one language (English) through another (French) back to a third (Latin) was of interest to me; for me, the transition is one in which my grasp of the language (English—then French—then Latin) becomes increasingly tenuous and fragile. The light of the language becomes fainter, and for me this was an interesting experience to follow.

My hope is that, after having read the interlinear translation, and the repetition of the translation as it moves through English to French, in ending with Horace's original, unaccompanied Latin, a window may have been opened somewhat, and a reader who does not read Latin may begin to hear and enjoy the poem as it was written.

## **NICK COLLINS / Approximations**

### **Stanley Park, Vancouver**

*by Jose Emilio Pacheco*

Por aquellos senderos caminamos.  
Los árboles  
Se alzan allí desde hace miles de años.  
Monumentos  
que el tiempo erige a la eternidad vulnerable.  
Nosotros  
no volveremos nunca a contemplarlos.

### **Stanley Park, Vancouver**

We walk along these paths.  
The trees  
Rise up there from thousands of years ago.  
Monuments  
that time raises to vulnerable eternity.  
We  
shall never look upon them again.

Jose Emilio Pacheco (1939-2014) was a Mexican poet, essayist, novelist, and short story writer. In 2009 he won the prestigious Cervantes Prize. His Spanish version of *Four Quartets* (1989) and *Song of Songs* (2011) he termed *Aproximaciones* rather than translations. He was a visiting lecturer at UBC in 1968-69 and wrote several poems during his stay. His life-long theme was that life is a preparation for death.

## RENÉE SAROJINI SAKLIKAR / interjection non/autorisée

Interjection non/autorisée: l'équipe du coroner/légiste (notes):  
[expurgé], [expurgé], [expurgé] et [expurgé].

Démembré(e)

BLESSURES EXTERNES

[elle était endormie avec une légère entaille/bosse sur le nez]

[elle était endormie avec une légère entaille sur le nez]

[elle était endormie avec une légère entaille sur le nez]

une couleur plus intense

l'océan (re)tient

[expurgé], [expurgé], [expurgé], et [expurgé]

Un/authorized Interjection: Coroner's team (notes): [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted] and [name redacted].

dismembered  
EXTERNAL INJURIES

[she was asleep with a slight dent on her nose]

a deeper colour  
the ocean holds  
EXTERNAL INJURIES  
Abrasions Reviewed: nose penetrated  
Maxillary antrum  
Femur, forearm, heel  
Abdomen wound (ed).

French translation: Elodie Jacquet

*interjection non/autorisée* derives from a performance piece, "Air India, trans/lations," based on the book length sequence *children of air india, un/authorized exhibits and interjections* (Nightwood Editions 2013). The poems were written in English, then translated and performed by Renée Sarojini Saklikar, Elodie Jacquet, and Balkaran Singh. Naveen Girn curated the premiere performance, which took place on November 13, 2013. In this work, Punjabi, French, and fragments of Irish Gaelic (originally written by Caitríona Ní Chonchúir) misbehave and seek to disrupt not only the primacy of English, but also modes of communication about disaster, about resistance, about that word, *terror*, the way it plays itself out.

## MATEA KULIC / Long-listed

### Slavish

rade	all who labour
radosti	with good cheer
rod	yield
rado	joyfully
radnik	worker (ant, bee)
radnja	action
radi	works
radni dan	the workday
rad	work
radi	because of
raditi	labour
radije	rather than
raditi kao	work as
rada	practice

## Balkanized

Croatia  
Croacea  
Crossatla  
Croatina  
Cronadia  
Canadia  
*From Yugo-no-*  
Former-Yugoslavia  
Yugociganija  
Yugoceania  
Yugonostalgia  
Srpskarepublica  
Separatica  
Hrvatska  
Hrva  
Vrata  
Krva  
Srba  
Serbina  
Serbia

## SONNET L'ABBÉ / two ecolonizations

### XIII

Bottle thanks to your weathers. Every pour sells fabulous bottled love into your hair. Enough long angers. Your salt hands, your part, your selling fathers are relieved again. Stationed here is command, hinged and yours, though a lad presses on. Repair mean days to furs and wet exits, emblems of chance, toys of homeopathic red serge. Give social show to cultured thanks under beautiful yews. Hitch your holster, Odin, please. Fine, do not deter. Mine a nation, heathen. Your weathers envy your selfless rage. Gain rafts: in every proud morose life, slides cease. When your morose weather is a tissue of sky our sweat will meet foes, randomly showing cultivated bearing. Whole tessellations of air will reach you. Self all today. Each day whips charge husbands' fury is an honest hour. Might we cup holstered ages' pain at last? These torrents, my guests, offer wine to anger's day, and bare red angry ages to fear. Dear weathers! Enter renal and colonic donors in ebullient columns. Throw ifs to the side; arm your slow ovens and your knowledge. Cry loud the adamic faith, pearls set in your sons' days of sin.

### XVI

Butch, witch, her left orientation doesn't bother your amnesia. Ghosts linger—of waxy maidens who keep wearing jupes, of wonton thighs, bloody martyrs—and yet sentimentmans girded forts. If yellowy documents raise hellfire, deny our indecency, say we did the monster dance. Some of our feblesse doth man up. Many barren rhymes annoy we upstanding youth. Money other institutions, poor fathers—apply his yours. Sandman your main damsel. Angular damsel, isn't she? Eyelet. Sunset. Owing to hive mind are fortunes. Our sole wish was you held by swear-you. Live tweeting flows rivers mulch likes over thank yous. Rupiahs are interred in counterfeit sons holding pure gold brothel. Wines softly wife that. Olive luciferean pairings which—oath. Histrionic message, pens councillor, stormy, push Philippean nexes into heroic ninja war; draw North. Northward, southward, all fair camp. Namaste, kisses your live-in, young roseleaf. Wine yesses softly, amen. Together wives awaken, away, away! Sour self, keep saying our selvage, fasten up all ill. Sandman your music to live, draw North, lullaby your own sweetness killed.

In these texts I explore the assimilationist impulse. Why search for that lost language? Who mourns it? How much of the public domain do I claim as my own? The canonical text of Shakespeare's sonnets once preceded mine; in this space it is simultaneous. The past is present. Ghosts of the colonies inform in my public domain. Enclosed is my patch of ownership. An enculturating impulse progresses across the page. Queen Mother, I run this plantation.

## Contributors

DAVID ABEL is the author of *Float* (Chax Press), *Tether* (Bare bone books), and *Carrier* (c\_L Books), as well as numerous other artist's books and chapbooks; a recent conversation with Al Filreis can be found as a podcast on *Jacket2*. A founding member of the Spare Room reading series and an inaugural Research Fellow of the Center for Art + Environment at the Nevada Museum of Art, he lives in Portland, Oregon, where he is the proprietor of Passages Bookshop.

MICHAEL BARNHOLDEN teaches Art History, English, and Comp at Emily Carr University and is the managing editor of *Line* at SFU. Recent writing includes *The Regina Monologues*, *X fleurs de maO*, *Villon/Defleur*, and *CosmosNotes*.

GEORGE BOWERING is an experienced fiction writer who lives in Vancouver with his wife, the redoubtable Jean Baird. He is writing a book of stories that have women's names for titles. Anvil Press published his novel *Mirror on the Floor* in 2014.

COLIN BROWNE's most recent book of poetry is *The Properties* (Talonbooks 2012). A new collection is due next year.

LOUIS CABRI's work includes the poetry books *Posh Lust* (New Star Books, forthcoming), *Poetryworld* (CUE Books 2010), and *The Mood Embosser* (Coach House 2002). He writes on modern and contemporary poetry and teaches at the University of Windsor.

NICK COLLINS taught ESL at Capilano for 33 years and met Jose Emilio Pacheco when they were both teaching Spanish at UBC.

FAIZAL DEEN divides his time between Montreal and Ottawa. He recently completed an MA in Creative Writing from the University of Windsor. “Boyhood Thinks China Sumatra Java” is from a new collection of poems, *The Greatest Films*, coming soon to a theatre near you.

SHAUN HANNA takes an interdisciplinary view of cultural criticism. His creative practice and critical work focus on diverse topics such as the production of architecture and urbanism, constructions of gender and sexuality, and the politics of poetry and poetics all within a global cultural context. His work has appeared in *West Coast Line*, *Open Letter*, and *Canadian Literature*.

FAYE HARNEST & DEVON E. SIOUI are the creators of *The Braille Project*. Faye is a writer and braille transcriber, and Devon is an abstract artist. The Braille Project uses tactile language systems and tactile materials to produce paintings and poems that can be touched. <[www.thebrailleproject.com](http://www.thebrailleproject.com)>

FINBARR HEALY lives in Ottawa. The translation of Horace’s Ode 1.11 is an excerpt from an unpublished work of original poetry titled “1 2 3 The Tree of Life (With Wind Chimes)(Perhaps),” in which two other translations feature: a translation of Pindar (ancient Greek) and one of Tu Fu (Chinese).

MATEA KULIC is a writer and literacy tutor living in Vancouver. Her work is engaged with language hybridity and has been published in *RicePaper*, *Emerge*, and *The Maynard Review*, among others. She

studied under the mentorship of poet Jen Currin at Simon Fraser University’s Writer’s Studio.

SONNET L’ABBÉ is the author of two collections of poetry, *A Strange Relief* and *Killarnoe*, both published by McClelland and Stewart. She is the guest editor of *Best Canadian Poetry 2014* and is now at work on *Sentient Mental Flower Book* and *Sonnet’s Shakespeare*, her third and fourth collections of poems.

MONROE LAWRENCE is a poet and critic. He lives and studies in Vancouver. Recent work appears in *Ditch* magazine.

JIMMY MCINNES’s first chapbook, *Begin Speech With*, was published by Ferno House in Fall 2013. His poetry has appeared in journals including *This Magazine*, *ditch*, *The Puritan*, and *Descant*. His work has been short-listed for the Great Canadian Literary Hunt and the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry. He lives in Toronto, where he completed an MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Guelph and is currently employed as a political backroomer.

FIONA MITCHELL holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Victoria. Her poetry has also appeared in *The Maynard*, *Durable Goods*, and *Bywords*. With a BA in Greek and Roman Studies, she strives to integrate classical themes and concepts into contemporary pieces.

AMY MODAHL recently completed her MFA at UBC in Kelowna. Her research and creative work explore language visually through various media, including drawing, painting, printmaking, stop-

motion animation, and installation. Currently she teaches in the Communications Department at Okanagan College, BC.

RENÉE SAROJINI SAKLIKAR writes *thecanadaproject*, a life-long poem chronicle that includes poetry, fiction, and essays. Work from *thecanadaproject* has appeared in *Geist*, *Poetry is Dead*, *SubTerrain*, *Arc*, *The Georgia Straight*, and *Ryga*, a journal of provocations, among others. The first completed series from *thecanadaproject* is a book-length poem, *children of air india* (Nightwood 2013), about the bombing of Air India Flight 182. It was a finalist for the 2014 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize.

ANDREW ZULIANI is a graduate student in the English Department at Simon Fraser University whose academic interests cluster around visual and material poetry, creative mistranslation, and poetics of constraint and homage. His MA research involves the rebirth of paratext in the digital age and the alternative creativities of digitization projects such as Project Gutenberg and OCR.