

## /DETAIL 'SMOKE' (a Novel)'

SOMETIMES WE SPENT WHOLE DAYS  
REPEATING ONE WORD, GRADUALLY  
REVEALING NEW ASPECTS OF ITS  
MEANING...

LISTEN!

SSSSSSSTEALLL INTO OUR ROOMOM  
AND LLLLLLSSSSSSSTEN TOOOO  
THTHE WHWWHIISSSSSSSS PER  
OF SSSSSSSSILLLLLLLK ANNNNNND  
SSSSSSSSSATINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN  
SHSHSHSHSH

FFFFFEE

*S S S S S S S S*

.....THTHTHTH.....FFF

HHHHHH ..... \$SS.....

# ti-TCR

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Contributors

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*Detail 'Smoke (a Novel)'*  
by R. Murray Schafer  
from TCR 1.31 (1984)

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# Number 15

# Editors' Note

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*The Capilano Review's* recent *Eye to Eye* special issue (TCR 3.29), co-produced with Presentation House Gallery, is a compilation of thoughtfully written reflections on photographic portraits from the collection of Claudia Beck and Andrew Gruft. This issue of *ti-TCR*, in turn, takes on the “eye to mouth” format of the print issue with an inverted “mouth to eye” game of call and response. Here, artists reply with photographs to a selection of poems from over forty years of *The Capilano Review's* publishing history. Just as poetry works to stretch language to the limits of its possibility, an in-kind response through non-verbal media allows for an expanded understanding of the relationship between image and text. Artists pull out one thread of a poem to freeze it in an image, or perhaps create a parallel overlay to loosely throw across a poem's surface, or even mirror a poem's syntactical structure through their processes.

The secret rituals and accidents that occur within the frame of a photographic image mirror the hidden histories inscribed within the materials of the archive. In “Notes Towards a Book of Photoglyphs” (TCR 2.2), Roy Kiyooka calls these slips of photographic unconscious “an intricacy-of-gestures that lies but a breath away / from the interlocutor's sullen eyelid.” Like the trace of a crime lurking along the edge of an image, or when the wind stirs the curtain that shifts the light of the room in the frame, photography makes visible these moments of un/intentional contingency. This is found in Emiliano Sepulveda's response to a Wayne Compton poem, in how the image's exposure time

was determined by how quickly he could read the poem. It is also found in the seahorses born under the sign of Scorpio in Elif Saydam's image and in the blood added to the pool of spit in Julia Feyrer's photograph. Such rituals, gestures, and moments could also be called a practice.

Tasked with compiling a selection of texts out of *The Capilano Review's* substantial archive, however, we became aware of the difficulty of placing value judgments on writing to which we often had little relation. An archive inevitably makes apparent the social and intimate histories latent just underneath the material. With issues dedicated and captioned "for Robin" or "for bill," it quickly became clear to us that we were not included in this social.

In this context, our most crucial encounter was with issue 2.6/7, guest-edited by Marcia Crosby, Angela Hryniuk, Zainub Verjee, and Carol Williams, and titled *Struggle: Local and Global—a special double issue featuring B.C. Women Writers & Artists*. To quote the editorial statement from that issue, "How could an Asian or Native woman who hoped to be published by this magazine ever be included? ...her work wouldn't have reflected the white, middle-class editors' reality." Looking back at these words nearly twenty-five years later, we are reminded of the work that is still needed to adequately address the dearth of perspectives, especially those of Black, trans-, and Indigenous folks, in both our archives and our present undertakings.

—Anahita Jamali Rad and Stacey Ho

from NOTES TOWARDS A BOOK OF PHOTOGLYPHS

Roy Kiyooka

nelson mandela released to millions of  
enthralled blacks on television but what's Barbara  
Frum doing fronting the Jubilant blacks  
in faraway Soweto for all the plain folks back home?  
me sitting on keefer street wondering—if  
this snow is falling on Tiananmen Square tonight  
my dear mao: everybody i know  
has forgotten their favourite quotations from  
the red book but not the poems you  
composed in your heart during the long march.  
cascading snow muffles my blue mule's  
elongated ears. some say 'death' shouldn't be  
photogenic, other savants say that its  
proletarian attribute is an impeccable whiteness...  
this snow, this long snow covets  
your crypt and calligraphic thrift. this snow  
silencing the pulpits and parapets  
this snow, you know

from TCR 2.2 (Spring 1990)



*Jamelie Hassan, winter 2015 at 514 Pall Mall St., London, Ontario, Canada*

# RE: THE GREEN RIVER MURDERS

Based on Pacific Report, CBC-TV, Jan. 19, 1987

**Joanna Beyers**

When I carried you  
I made you  
skin with bone together

In death they separate  
Bone is the more durable  
And teeth in a broken jaw  
identify you

from TCR 2.6/7 (Fall 1991)





Jayce Salloum, *seemingly placed, but watching, still II*, antiquities museum, Quito, Ecuador, 3/21/12 [DSCF0954]

## COMETARY

Lee Ann Brown

Come lay here awhile familiar body of earth  
swelling sweetness I know not yet  
When sexing grows stale so will living so  
not yet to die or be bored by bright  
eyes in the bias of night streaming  
3 am comfortable garlic rose  
honey jasper beryllium iridium  
insulating who knows what from whom or  
what marginalia starts to cook at  
3 pm half way across to one real world  
writing flash across the sky complete  
with fiery tail Just once is not  
enough how 'bout 4 a minute  
and look up again tonight

Come here      Come tarry

Comet her

from TCR 2.17/18 (Winter and Spring 1996)



Celia Perrin Sidarous, *The hands of Tess Edmonson*, 2011

## from FIVE POEMS

Fred Wah

breathing in the water so much a breath  
to make a time times so simple rhythm  
early snow mountain peaks body hair finger-  
nails the death past 54 measure know  
nothing rotten smell histories it like  
layers of froth the scarlet letters parts  
of our genitals my breathing in the pool  
lengths stretched father's parts out

from TCR 1.20 (Fall 1981)



Jin-me Yoon, Video Still, from *Other Haunting: A Geography Beloved (Song)*, 2016

# RED LIGHT BLUES

## Wayde Compton

it's the colour  
they tell you *no* in, in

voking blood perhaps or  
fire to keep you, a pack,  
at bay. English don't

exist in the cross  
walk. here we speak  
in pictographs, glyphs, i  
cons. X

for tracks that cut you  
off from other  
sides.

the hand offends me.  
the white man eternally gives the go a  
head. the hand  
that clasps  
your sullen undoing  
is read.

you could wait a thousand years,  
a glacier's day,  
for the dotted lines  
to sign your right  
of way. the right passage  
of entrance in  
to the right terrain.

when your destination  
is the crossing,  
how do you know  
when you've made it? we,

the strays of the race, the wild  
goose chasers, after

rainbows and caul  
drons of response  
and arrival,

allegedly  
shelved  
on the beams  
of the aurora  
borealis.

from TCR 2.29 (Fall 1999)



Emiliano Sepulveda, *All the light passing through the words as our works touch (Xicano seeing a flower emerging from Tezcatlipoca's mouth/ a bridge/ a span/ across time)*



## ROAD FROM HILLSTON TO COBAR, VIA MOUNT HOPE

### Coral Hull

a committee of apostle birds, tiny black eyes looking out at the world  
from their group,  
during a morning feeding, the grey flock eating amongst leaf littered  
red soil,  
by 1080 fox and rabbit poison, on the edge of a nature reserve, nature  
reserved for us,  
a pine covered ridge on the road from hillston, is assembled through  
glimpses,  
a little cemetery and a tennis court, in the middle of nowhere, like at  
twin rivers,  
where the women all brought cake on a saturday afternoon, while the  
men got drunk,  
too drunk to play tennis, one fell off the back of a ute and hit his  
head,  
his dog looked concerned, it was very boring,  
blue bonnets, parrots, flash red, blue, 160 km south of cobar,  
it is the face of the blue bonnet that is blue, with the sky washed up its  
cheeks,  
they have thrown a bucket of sky paint from timid cunning eye to  
beak, wise parrot,  
the little blue bonnet in the tall open mallee, on the ground, beneath  
the trees,  
or up in the trees at midday, or in the deep galaxy of night, extremely  
quiet, hard to find,  
a patch of painted sky thrown up, awash and finally rested on a  
branch,  
95 kms south of cobar, mallee ringnecks in the pine woodland  
break the fatigue of the drive with colour, with a look like a started  
paper fire,  
they pause to drink at sunrise, unlit the feather is lit,  
there is nothing as precious as a wild bird at this moment, the flare of

feathered colour,  
the small squawks and workings of bird societies throughout the day  
of perfect weather,  
the winter rainfall triggered hormones in them,  
the cracking of branch and seed on the moist forage trail, deep along  
the shady ground,  
coming into cobar, the last 30 km stretch, of white cotton, fleece of  
the plant,  
and sheep fleece turned dust red, gone to seed, brutalized sheep, on  
the red clay,  
hard rose quartz beneath the broken hoof, hurt cotton, soft sheep,  
white-winged choughs gliding across the roads, eject their soft  
parachutes,  
spreading their tails like fans, fanning the red earth hard,  
they scoot across the road, the ground black bird of open woodland  
and scrub,  
easy targets for shooters when they are not still and quiet, they fall  
with insects in their beaks,  
they say, *'we were only taking what we needed'*, precious sheep, precious  
choughs,

from TCR 2.25 (Spring 1998)



Patrick Cruz, zoo animals only to be executed by its owners mental demise

# DONT LET THE NOISE BOTHER YOU

Gerry Gilbert

if you do  
your sitting there silent  
will be just as strident

ea she rvoic  
ce ash ervoi  
ic eas herv  
oi cea sherv  
vo ice asher  
rv oic eashe  
er voi ceash  
he rvo iceas  
sh erv oicea  
as her voice

from TCR 1.8/9 (Fall 1975)



Stefan Roemer, *Paris-Montmatre*, 1987 (analogue photograph scanned from slide)

## AMNESIA: FOR CLAUDE JUTRA

Gillian Harding-Russell

Having written his way through worlds,  
the old man wandered St. Catherine's Street  
looking for what he'd missed along the way.

'I cannot enter the word  
to its substance, so it is  
little good to me now.  
The substance, I want  
now it is going  
so fast,' he once  
told a very close friend.

'I see the abstract street—  
lines diagonal and perpendicular  
moving; so terrifying before  
by grainy sight

and

I am lost. It is too exciting  
you know. To know  
the substance without  
the words.'

from TCR 1.43 (1987)



Lorna Bauer, *Born again is born without a skin, the poison enters into everything*



## from SCARED TEXTS

jam. ismail

- a. 1. at dinner they sit facing the tall windows. hillside's  
pulsing & billowing trees.  
i like that so much (one thinks).  
there must be much life there, & families (two murmurs).  
of course there is (three chimes), what d'you think,  
only families have trees?
2. flora was kettling water for herbal tea & assembling caps  
of greenstuff & earths of several colour.  
elder said: each morning, when i wake up, i consider  
how i should feed myself today, i think of what i've  
eaten yesterday & other days.
3. hibiscus mentioned that mushrooms are good for  
cholesterol.  
jaggery scoffed: what d'you mean, good for!  
chestnut dehisced: she means good against, good against  
cholesterol.  
flame-o'-the-forest said to jaggery: we know you speak  
better english & that you know what we mean.
4. . mean pause .  
said : menopause .  
said : hm . men pause.  
said : me no pause!
5. visiting a married couple, ivy got all wisteria about  
couples.  
cypress observed: you seem to think that married people  
practise marriage.
6. sword fern said to the family: i'd like you to meet my





3. in vancouver, the professor from lebanon spoke infuriated  
impassioned english about the war-torn condition of his  
country, the lack of education, the he said *illitricity*.

in the audience bosan lit up.

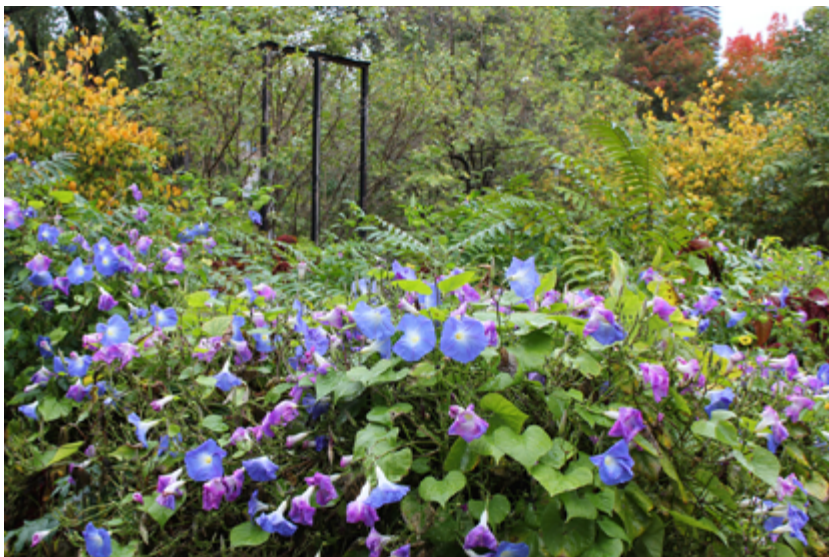
4. hah? bosan crossing georgia street said, to the driver  
who'd muttered something.  
the light turned amber.  
he stuck his head out of the window, yelled: hey ricie!  
grinned, & zoomed off.

bosan cracked up: ricie! it's pretty-funny!  
sum wan said: hey, you just got insulted.  
ginger smiled: we've always had to tell bosan how  
oppressed she is.

---

\*long island, an hour by ferry from hongkong

from TCR 2.6/7 (Fall 1991)



Ron Benner, *The Garden That Planted Itself*, 2016, from the photographic /garden installation "Cuitlacoche: Your Disease our Delicacy," Hart House, University of Toronto, Canada, 2012-2015

## SONG OF THE ANDOUMBOULOU: 32

Nathaniel Mackey

—*low quadrant*—

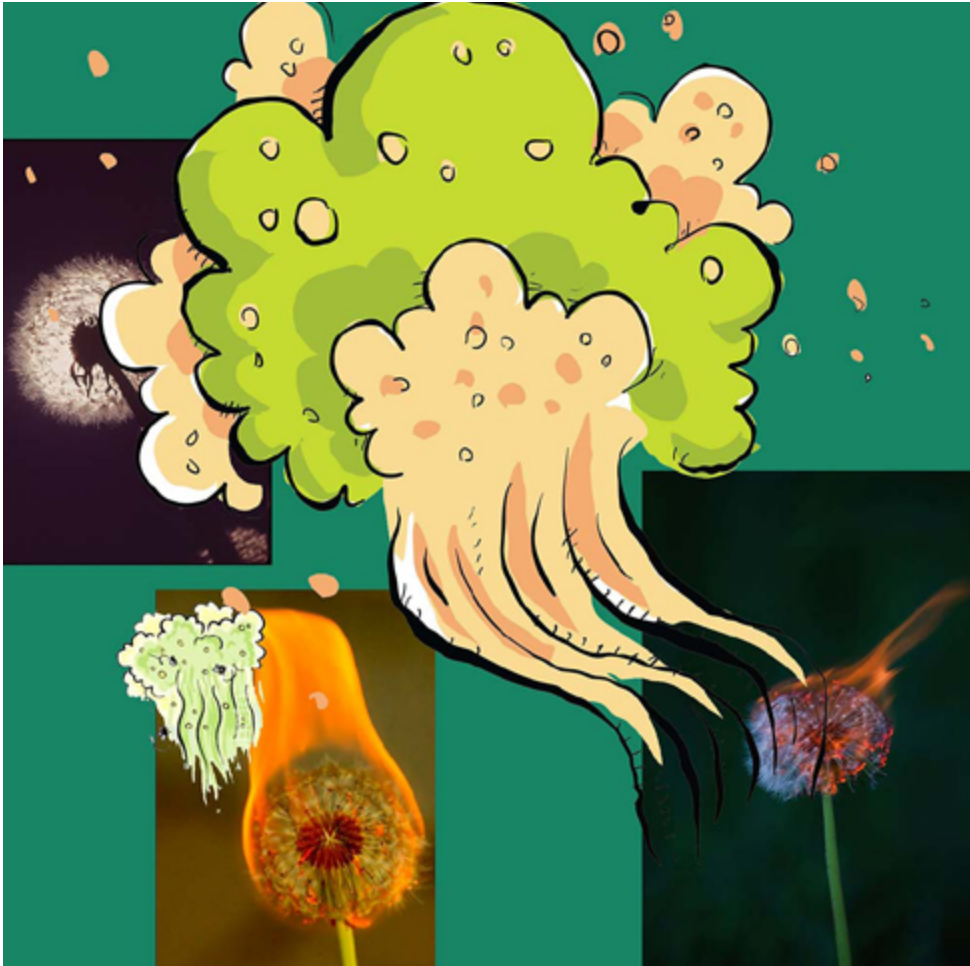
As if it were something they'd  
read in a book, that it be  
their book, scrambling  
letters  
as the word itself burned ...  
What-said book built on a  
glimpse caught in passing.  
Something they saw,  
thought  
they saw, could only be  
told of in code ...  
He her  
star-specked haunches. She  
his rump-struck stare...  
Stood momentarily rungless,  
adamant  
air all there was underfoot...  
Took the name of an Algerian  
wine, Sidi Brahim. Meant by that  
to announce a new rapture, aggregate  
air they found themselves  
taken up thru, loquat allure  
alive again  
as he spoke ...  
Took me aside  
but spoke only in code. Taut  
cloth  
held him back as he stretched,  
shook as it dawned on him again what  
had happened, rail he'd been  
run into exile on, thin strip

of world  
what was left... Mind adrift  
under Sophia's dress, fleetingness  
of thought tasting fruitlike  
pendance of cheek, heat wafting  
hoisted  
rump. Was only one rung behind  
as they climbed up the ladder,  
head said to be in the clouds,  
her  
pantyless ass only inches  
away... Rung number eight  
was the one he stood on,  
rung  
made of *would-be, whim*, wished  
it were  
so, feet stuck on loquat wood...

Sophic  
butt, he blurted out, called it a  
setup. Called himself a bomb set  
to explode... Fuse and wick rolled  
into one, devilish, dervish,  
demiurgic  
snuff. Belatedly reached for the strap  
of her sandal, silhouetted leg, sunlit  
straw... Took to singing. Wind and  
regret rode his voice, a thin wine we  
sipped,

unspun . . . Sophic body, trunk of  
a swing tree, a bottle hung from each  
of its branches, glass they looked in  
thru. Sidi Brahim was their see-thru  
mouthpiece, the he she'd have had them  
speak  
thru, glass mouth they blew into...  
No matter the outcome, loquat allure  
lit their limbs, filled whatever  
crack it fell in . . . Adventitious  
two  
lately known as Rift and Rescission,  
wine what  
ran between

from TCR 2.17/18 (Winter and Spring 1996)



Julian Hou, *Bad Breath*

## A SMALL TOAST

Lisa Robertson

Suburban love is fenced in acid  
Civilian love is flush

All living animals need touch  
Except for those that don't

I guess

The resemblance of pleasure brings  
A dividend of doubt

But forensics could not quantify  
the basted evening furrow

When cities with their citizens  
Are molten slings for thought

And pleasure is the whelp I tend  
A supernal chiaroscuro

Though complicity thy name is woven  
Of unctuous polyphony

A civilianesque proclivity  
Has clasped around my throat

This vulture cloak, a streamlined joke  
Or greek machine for living

And from surfeit of sprung circumstance  
I toast

O disquisit book of marginalia  
Each feral daughter knows

from TCR 2.17/18 (Winter and Spring 1996)





Elif Saydam, *Stay true*

# SNOW DOOR

Erin Mouré

Trying to remember, as if  
The music, as if, as if

The music fell into my boots & I couldn't  
wear them, couldn't feel.

The scent of orange behind the room's door ... that note ...  
Physical space,                      physical

space

Space between the window & its frame where the wind enters,  
chilling the chairs. Dead flies between the panes, winter flies that  
come to life when they warm up, but go stupid from the freezing,  
& can't remember flight exactly, not exact enough, they topple on  
their backs & spin & buzz. Having forgotten everything except that  
they use to fly, why can't they do it now. Too stupid to know why  
they can't do it now.

Us, too,  
who don't know we've been frozen, or if we have, &  
if we know, don't ask questions.

I know I know.

My colleagues' mouths are opening above their male ties, spilling  
molecules of air across the room, & I am this sad when I see it spilling,  
no one else watches & I can't tell them, they are *serious*, & their jobs  
are filling up with their bodies, their jobs are the shape of their  
bodies, I see their lives

fluttering, behind.

The woman I once knew  
who reached her right hand into the glow & gripped the spoon,  
flaming,  
the physical reproduction of anguish  
denial of physics  
defiance    revenge

Snow door snow door snow door snow

Affectively, as if  
The blizzard was over, we cut holes in the snowbanks,  
our razor hearts burnished, our shovels raised up like sheet metal  
As sentences, to make us    feel

from TCR 1.34 (1985)



Megan Hepburn, *Last night thirty years of concentrated tree memory rose off the Freud blade*, 2012

# THE CHAIR

Maxine Gadd

to hell  
the cooperation of  
king's ministers  
with their broad bare skulls  
yu are petty, it  
fall into a faceless river  
elaborate chirp of the skull-lark, it drop  
on a fish too full for swimming  
tell about the ghost riding yu have hardly remember any more  
tell  
the prophecy of society hating apes with golden  
golden come on down their back track trail up again to desolation peace and  
glory rocky mountain fire

yu just feed yrself literal ass-grain,  
great ladies like yu well enuff,  
tough old bouncer sez  
come on come on come one strong as an onion,  
fellini, cellini-gold                      a quiet turn around of niceness now  
what u am, old barrel under a mountain of sound,  
literal end of rock corridor and found  
with intricate work no simple squirrel culd nibble away, there IS  
something under the doorstep  
it will take one thing only  
REMOVE  
yr grandmother's garnets

it's now yu turn the stations on and a whole planet move

quiet grey day

was there any difference before after it came? were yu changed?  
was anything that goes on every day, the old man sitting in rose light on  
his back doorstep giving only a taxi-driver's nod, the vast plain  
of black-top, the groovy young adults sitting behind the glass wall?  
i shuld capture everything precious, invent a typewriter with a twenty foot  
line, information held by the railways, the pension dept., fish and game  
YOOOOD rather be back where they're spending it yud rather be where  
it's sleazy and easy/ or sit back sucking trouble for yrself/ yud rather not  
be earnest for the fair day following yu are too weary to smile joy  
which is ample as a river is not coming your way yu  
do not know of Firenze, marble stairs or elaborate  
statuary, but the blue  
is noted by yu  
a Yamaha 170 culd have ended this  
yu culd be picking up on the bugs they have planted in the plant  
yu culd blow yr money on the plane fare  
to the Cariboo

from TCR 1.8/9 (Fall 1975)



Elisa Ferrari, *July 5, 2011*



## URSOUND: A FRAGMENT

R. Murray Schafer

Sound is the original creative force. To make sound is to participate in the original unconscious urge to shape within the voice. The fastest method of getting action is still by speech. This making is instinctive and immediate. Often it is unpredictable. Always it precedes vision. When vision enters it has already ended, as our survey of cosmogonic myths has made clear.

The acoustic god shapes; the visual God analyses. The visual experience is always focused and reflective, which makes it verifiable in ways that sound is not. We fear we have lost this divine force. Desperately we twist everything, hoping that by fixing life for inspection it will return. But the moving force persists elusively. To find it we must return to the waters of instinct and the unshatterable unity of the unconscious, letting the long waves of Ursound sweep us beneath the surface where, listening blindly to our ancestors and the wild creatures, we will feel the surge within us again, in our speaking and in our music.

from TCR 1.31 (1984)





Nour Ouayda

# BONES: ALMOST DISCERNIBLE

Sylvia Legris

poses with her brother for a man under black [a woman  
staples blankets over windows is  
listening through eyes she is *smile* smiling]  
*smile for the* . . .

all she sees black  
light glaring pupils

[ test test attest

color bars  
ed sullivan reruns  
judy garland

a grid

*somewhere somewhere some-*  
several  
gradations  
of grey

hold

-ing pattern

hol-

*ding*

*dong*

*the witch is dead*

\*

click

click

click your heels together three times  
make a . . .

\*

[nuclear medicine:  
radioactive substance swallowed or injected,  
distribution watched via special machine]

\*

click:

view-  
finder

\*

find      her

*a violent woman in the violent day* †

pacing

hugging her-  
self,  
holding a

single  
breath

single

breast

\*

this is a dream:

her father in the front room plays piano  
—ghostchords echo stairs  
*shudder*          house

[shutters  
the house:  
she shrinks under light

*melting, i'm  
melllll ting*

shrieks  
under

\*

a dream:

her father composing  
arrangement of tones

[arrangement  
of bones

half-asleep dreams ivory,  
the cat downstairs pad across keys.

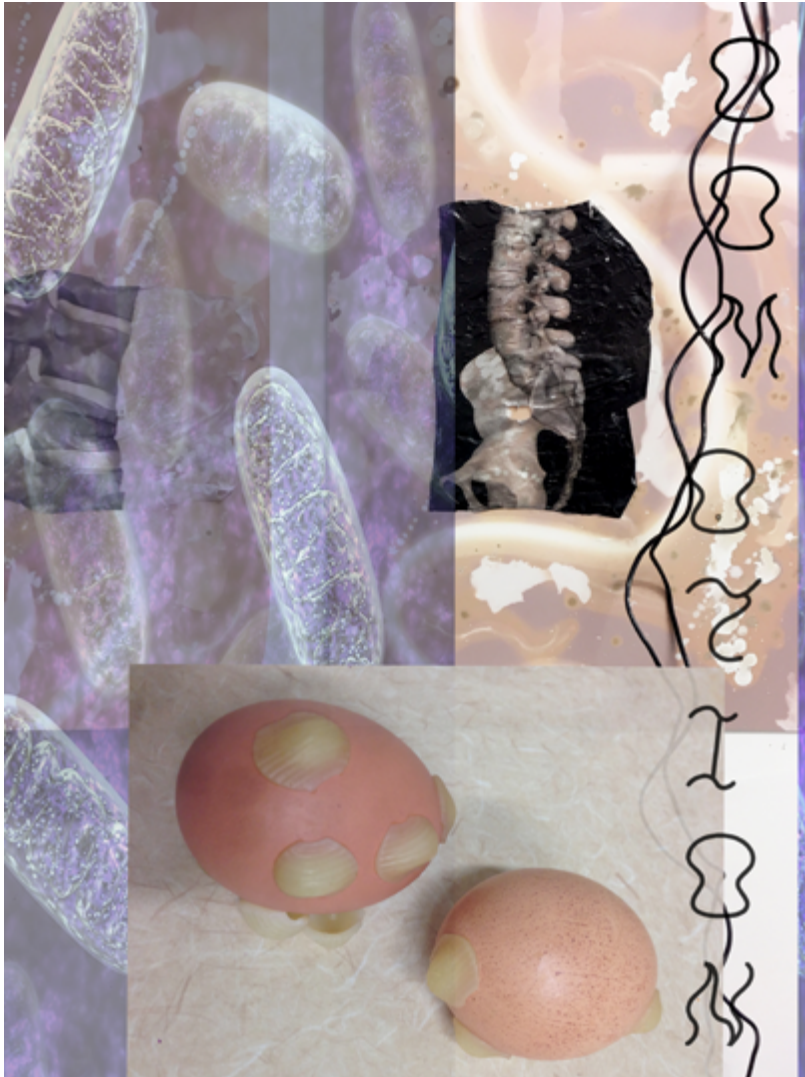
over two hundred tones in the human body  
—she's heard them, listens

in her sleep

---

† Muriel Rukeyser

from TCR 2.19 (Summer 1996)



Tiziana La Melia/Laurie Kang, *a fevered molecule lambs a line*

# CROSSFIRE

Annie Frazier

*a poem written in call  
and response*

The morning light casts such shadows,  
this lasting temperament  
of sunlight  
reflecting  
images  
of rainbows  
on the paper.  
Classical music,  
violin concerto,  
splendor  
bath tub waiting,  
Haydn symphony,  
breakfast time for children

I SEE, YOU'RE MAKING LUNCH  
MAKING MEMORIES  
TAKING APPOINTMENTS,  
TAKING OFF  
IN YOUR MIND,  
IN YOUR EYES,  
TO A PLACE  
FAR AWAY  
WHERE COMPROMISES FULFILL THEMSELVES  
AND THE SEASHORE IS CLOSE  
HELLO! REALITY CHECK!

smell of coffee  
ritual beginning

alarm clock  
is NOT broken.  
Anticipation,  
obscenity issue on the news  
road block  
flying rock,  
dissonant sounds.  
following the moment around  
a fan, a fan of the moment  
a moment groupie  
of the 90's.  
pages turning  
memorizing  
the look  
the sound  
the look  
the sound.  
A female impersonator  
am I?

MAYBE  
IN YOUR LAST LIFE  
SOO, WHAT'S UP??

these contemporary  
political issues  
take it  
make it  
a hardhat weary deal.

YOU SEEM LIKE A GOOD PERSON, SINCERE,  
SIMPLE  
YET COMPLICATED,  
UNIQUE,  
YET RECEPTIVE TO SAMENESS.

YA KNOW

SPIRITUAL.  
SO ANYWAY..  
YOU LOOK GOOD..SO...  
WHAT RUNS THROUGH YOUR MIND  
WHEN YOU  
RUN OUT OF MONEY?

poverty liner,  
putting on the eyeliner  
painted lips,  
these manufactured colors make you  
forget  
for a moment that the fridge is on empty.  
This life of  
on the verge  
over the edge  
on the edge  
over the verge  
of extinction  
endangered species  
needing distinction,  
front page  
daughter content with little  
National Geographic  
living, crying, dying  
right in front of you  
not  
a thousand miles away  
material are we??

NEWS UPDATE.

A bullet-proof vest does not protect children  
from the rounds of fire  
shooting from a loaded mouth..  
meditation helps,  
for a moment  
priority is unity.



REMINDER:

Does the Buddha know that love and gentleness  
won't pay this empty demand? O Great Spirit!  
hand  
to mouth  
a sense  
    of  
        lives  
            virtues  
won't  
    put  
        shoes  
on  
    empty  
        feet.

I keep telling the paper!  
if I die tomorrow,  
this wounded bird  
needs to be heard.

IT'S A DEAL  
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.  
SOMETIMES,  
WHEN WE NEED TO REACH OUT,  
OUR PAST  
BECOMES OUR FUTURE  
WHERE NO ONE HAS A NAME  
WHERE NO ONE SHARES THEIR PAIN,  
NOT HERE,  
YOU CAN TELL ME  
YOU CAN TRUST ME  
I LOVE YOU  
I LOVE YOU

these lost thoughts of love melancholia  
only remind me of

the father  
I never had  
the mother  
half-vanished  
with the dream that disappeared,  
the tears that fell  
in the closet  
after the fact,  
after the apology,  
after the after..  
Pablo Neruda, Henry Miller  
help me to pick up the pieces,  
they fit back together  
differently  
everytime  
wearing this Picasso portrait

AND THEN WHAT?

I look in the mirror

..WHAT DO YOU SEE..?

molecules  
molecules smashing together  
atoms,  
neutrons,  
protons,  
electrons  
abstract, rearranged  
deranged,  
like a two-legged  
correctional facility  
trying to make a comeback  
in the middle of a crossfire.  
Pacing the streets  
following

late night sirens  
leading to muffled  
voices smelling of alcohol,  
alcohol  
                    and     urine  
searching for a spot to rest  
searching  
only reminds   me of the  
feather quilt  
when silence was my sanctuary  
when silence was my sanctuary . .  
silence is my sanctuary.

#### AND THEN WHAT?

I go to this gala affair  
where every woman there  
spent more on her evening gown  
that I did  
on my child's  
and my  
wardrobe  
for the entire year of 1990.  
Drinking your expensive champagne,  
toasting  
"you look fabulous," ...  
what have you saved lately?  
a someone or a something  
while outside  
the homeless  
stand  
unsheltered and hungry.  
What do you do with your 200  
dollar a dinner,  
gala affair  
left-overs?  
is it buried,

along with the real issues?  
You,  
can save a forest . .  
but save me a doggie bag.

## AND THEN WHAT?

Pacing the street  
trying to make a comeback  
a come back  
in the middle  
of a *crossfire*.  
Following late night sirens  
late night sirens  
leading to muffled  
voices smelling of alcohol  
alcohol and urine.  
Searching  
searching for a spot to rest  
searching  
only reminds me of the feather quilt  
when silence  
was my sanctuary  
when  
silence  
was  
my  
sanctuary  
Silence  
is  
my  
sanctuary . . .

from TCR 2.6/7 (Fall 1991)



Alize Zorlutuna, *Barbs*

# JAHANGIR

## Alamgir Hashmi

No sound  
    but  
    birds  
darting from tree  
to tree.

Not the season  
that I can think of  
in any loving connection.  
Too much lightness  
    of the air,

    too many figures  
    of loss.  
Spring flowers swing and fall  
to the graves naturally.  
    I am reading your name.

from TCR 1.44 (1987)



Tanya Busse, *Beside the Blue Peacock*

# THE BOOK OF HUGH

## Peter Culley

falls open  
upon a bituminous and flaky  
page of coal.

In turning

from it lit upon  
a pink and stripey rock  
found early in the walk,  
a rejected tumbled pebble  
that had through the air  
appeared polished. Therefore  
in a premature spring—the christmas  
greens still up—the toads  
took to the roads, driven  
by unseasonal lust  
through the marsh gas  
and into our path.

The dim stir  
of chemical atoms  
toward an axis of crystal form:  
thus bear spoor,  
formerly loose  
and fruity becomes  
parchment, chimneysmoke appears  
to hover, the distant shunting  
gravel is through the  
drizzle oddly amplified.

Likewise the trance-like  
life of plants: as for  
the fern summer



so, roughly  
winter—a fructose haze  
foreboding not ever  
a tender reading  
that does not waver.

Beside us on the lawn  
a brown barette  
flecked with gold,  
the photo of a horse,  
in my hand  
a pebble of no note, that had  
gleamed in the mind only,  
as upon the tracks  
a red cent flattened oval  
spun against the cutbank  
and away.

The ragged wall  
of social habit  
connecting boulders, half-  
obliterated, etched over  
aggregate a glyph-like  
trace of hooves  
out of the quarry  
the gravel truck's  
girlish sway  
upon the little curve.

From spray to spray  
flitting light  
the speckled finch's  
yellow note above  
the tufted and ossianic ridge  
sepia splash along a margin  
interior foxed, off white  
endpaper snow

falling closing, scything  
crow tinges blue  
the green day's  
republican starlings, sneering  
ducks, fatuous  
shitting geese . . .

### Personality

an unseasonal squall, a "gesture"  
(as in painting ca. 198-)—  
a runny mustard splat, a pig's  
black tail, a little silver  
hurricane, an omni-browed  
Kali—

                  though  
sleeve notes tell  
a different story: puppyish  
prospects considered  
beneath sugary eastern elms,  
exalted sleep, smeared mountains  
beyond the desk, foreground's  
heap of sulphur bestrides  
the bridge's sexy parabola,  
grainy against an edge  
that is no edge  
at all.

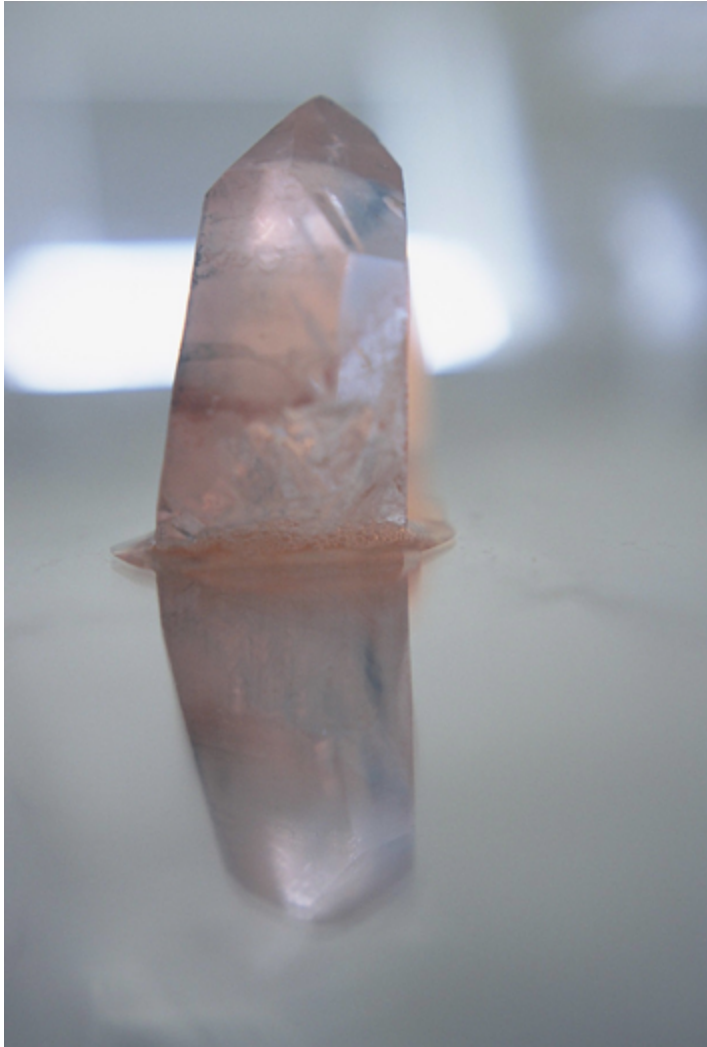
                  Would seek therefore  
a motive for its use, would  
attempt unbidden  
a tunnel  
through the thick mantle  
between us,  
                                  the branch's  
shadow on the shade moves  
                  and is a bird  
or isn't—

too big  
for a leaf certainly, though  
similarly launched; inattention  
fluid also, subject to  
accumulation, massed  
hesitations, blanks,  
aphasic interludes...

Thus brick by brick  
the pyramid of stupidity  
is erected, so  
mortarless suburban  
walls, the blue screen  
of a false spring.

Beaten back  
incrementally, the  
peeping snowdrops re-  
gather, rime's  
erect buzz  
cut atop a  
minor shelf of shale,  
omitted rain  
yet fills  
the valley's  
moist hollows, unseen  
ripples athwart  
the spongy ground.

from TCR 2.17/18 (Winter and Spring 1996)



Julia Feyrer, *Rose Quartz & Spit*

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Lorna Bauer** works mainly in photography, installation, and, most recently, glass and bronze. Bauer's works reference architecture, urban planning, and the personal histories of a particular place. Her formal language and use of materials often alludes to ideas of city planners, urban theorists and thinkers such as Jane Jacobs, Walter Benjamin, and Cornelia Oberlander, among others. Bauer has recently presented her work at The Loon (Toronto), CK2 Gallery (New York), The Darling Foundry (Montreal), and Model Projects (Vancouver), among other places. Bauer has participated in numerous national and international residencies, including stays in Paris, New York, The Banff Centre, and most recently the Atlantic Center for the Arts (Florida) working with the artist Josiah McElheny. She operates the artist project space L'escalier (together with Jon Knowles and Vincent Bonin).

**Ron Benner** was born in London, Ontario, where he lives and works. He studied agricultural engineering at the University of Guelph (1969-70) before beginning a multifaceted career in the visual arts. Since then, Benner has contributed to the development of artist-run initiatives in London and beyond. He has participated in numerous residencies, symposia, and outreach initiatives which aim to extend the discourse on legacies of imperialism on our land usage. Benner has exhibited his work nationally and internationally, notably at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Art Gallery of Windsor, Museum London, National Gallery of Canada, and Art Museum, University of Toronto, Toronto. An off-site photographic/garden installation was part of the *Transformation of Canadian Landscape Art: The Inside and Outside of Being* which was installed in connection with the Xi'an Art Museum, Xi'an, China in 2014. In 2011 he was appointed Adjunct Research Professor in the Department of Visual Arts, Faculty of Arts and Humanities, Western University, London, Ontario. In 2008, Museum London published a bi-lingual (French & English) *Ron Benner: Gardens of a Colonial Present* documenting his numerous photographic/garden installations from 1987-2005. His most recent publication is *Ron Benner: Three Questions*, published by McIntosh Gallery, Western University, in 2016.

**Tanya Busse** (b. Moncton, New Brunswick) is a visual artist based in Tromsø, Norway. Most of her photo- and video-based work focuses on ungrounding processes, deep-time, and invisible architecture, with a playful and often experimental approach. She is currently the co-director of Smalls Gallery and Mondo Books.

**Patrick Cruz** (b.1987) is a Manila and Toronto based Filipino-Canadian multidisciplinary artist. Cruz studied painting at the University of the Philippines Diliman and holds an MFA from the University of Guelph and a BFA from Emily Carr University of Art and Design in Vancouver, Canada. Cruz's experience migrating from the Philippines to Canada informs his studio practice, prompting him to question notions of displacement, diaspora, and the adoption of a new cultural identity. In 2015, Cruz was awarded the first prize at the 17th Annual RBC Canadian Painting Competition. Cruz is the founder of the Kamias Triennial in Quezon City, Philippines, and has presented his work across North America, Europe, and Asia. Cruz is represented by Wil Aballe Art Projects in Vancouver, Canada.

**Elisa Ferrari** was born in Italy and lives on unceded Coast Salish Territories. Her practice aims to uncover disparities between historical documentation and experience, and asks how everyday activities become articulated tactics that might enable critiques of institutional power. She works with archival fragments of text, image, and videography to consider the act and implications of retrieval, in projects that manifest through installation, sound performance, and photography. Ferrari is a graduate of Emily Carr University of Art and Design's MAA program. Since 2013, she has served as Events and Exhibitions Curator at VIVO Media Arts Centre and as member of the Crista Dahl Media Library and Archive Committee.

**Julia Feyrer** was born in Victoria in 1982 and lives in Vancouver. She holds a Bachelor of Media Arts from Emily Carr University of Art and Design and continued her studies at the Städelschule, Frankfurt. She has participated in exhibitions at Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery Vancouver; ICA Philadelphia; Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff; Artspeak, Vancouver; SFU Gallery, Burnaby; Art Gallery of Alberta, Edmonton; Presentation House, North Vancouver; Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver; Bielefelder Kunstverein and International Project Space, Birmingham. Feyrer has published a series of artists books with Perro Verlag and co-edits the audiozine *Spoox* with Pietro Sammarco.

**Jamelie Hassan** is a visual artist based in London, Ontario. She has coordinated numerous international programs, including *Orientalism and Ephemera*, a national touring exhibition originally presented at Art Metropole (Toronto) in 2009. Her works are in numerous public collections, including the National Gallery of Canada (Ottawa), the Art Gallery of Ontario (Toronto), Museum London (London, ON), the Morris & Helen Belkin Art Gallery (University of British Columbia, Vancouver), and the New Museum (New York). She was awarded the Governor General's Award in Visual and Media Arts in 2001, the Chalmers Art Fellowship in 2006, and the Canada Council for the Arts international residency program in Paris, France, in 2012. A survey exhibition, *Jamelie Hassan: At the Far Edge of Words*, organized in 2009 by Museum London and the Morris & Helen Belkin Art Gallery toured Canada through to 2013. *Nur*, an off-site project which was part of the *Transformation of Canadian Landscape Art: The Inside and Outside of Being* was installed in the library of the Great Mosque of Xi'an, China in 2014. A publication, *Nur*, focusing on this installation, was published by Blue Medium Press in 2015. Her most recent exhibition, *Light Upon Light*, was presented at the Ismaili Centre in Toronto in November 2016.

**Megan Hepburn's** painting-based practice stretches time optically. Her work refuses the immediate visibility of the glance, while remaining always within the visual. In 2010 she won the Joseph Plaskett Award in Painting and in 2015 and 2010 was shortlisted for the RBC Painting Competition. Her work has been exhibited across Canada and in Germany, Austria, and Finland since 2006. Recent exhibitions include *How Long Can You Contain an Echo* at Field Contemporary, Vancouver, and *Painting Enquiry* at the Salzburg International Summer Academy of Fine Arts, Austria. Megan reads Tarot by appointment, and encourages those seeking such knowledge to contact her via her website.

**Julian Hou** (b. Edmonton, AB, 1980) is an artist based in Vancouver with a background in architecture and music. He holds a Masters in Architecture from the University of British Columbia and a Bachelors degree in Art and Culture studies with a minor in Visual Arts from Simon Fraser University. He has recently participated in solo and group exhibitions at the Vancouver Art Gallery; 221a @ Occidental Temporary, Paris; L'escalier, Montreal; CSA Space, Vancouver; the Audain Gallery, Simon Fraser University, Vancouver; and The

Apartment, Vancouver. He was a 2014 curatorial resident at 221A and has co-curated projects at Model Projects, Vancouver, with Tiziana La Melia. Hou is also part of The Stick, an ongoing collaborative art music project with writer Michael Loncaric. His writing has been published in *The Capilano Review*, *The Art Book Review*, *Textsound*, and *The Bartleby Review*.

**Laurie Kang** (b. 1985) works in photography, sculpture, installation and video. Recent and forthcoming exhibition sites include Franz Kafka (Toronto), LVL3 (Chicago), The Loon (Toronto), Topless (New York), Wroclaw Contemporary Museum (Wroclaw), Raster Gallery (Warsaw), Camera Austria (Graz), Parisian Laundry (Montreal), 8-11 Gallery (Toronto), and The Power Plant Gallery (Toronto). In the fall of 2016, she was the artist in residence at Interstate Projects in Brooklyn, NY. She holds an MFA from the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

**Tiziana La Melia** is an artist and writer. Recent and forthcoming exhibitions, screenings, and performances include Galerie Anne Baurrault (Paris), Fabrica (Brighton), Western Front (Vancouver), Mercer Union (Toronto), CSA (Vancouver), The Apartment (Vancouver), SBC (Montreal), Cooper Cole (Toronto), Mint (Ohio), DHC Foundation (Montreal), Ghebaly Gallery (Los Angeles), The Rooms (St. John's), and Wendy's Subway (New York). Her poetry and critical writing have appeared in *C Magazine*, *West Coast Line*, *Pyramid Power*, *Poetry is Dead*, *The Bartleby Review*, and *The Organism for Poetic Research*. In the winter of 2017 she will be an artist in residence at Triangle, Marseille.

**Nour Ouayda** is a film director. She also works as an editor and writes about cinema. She is currently pursuing research around drifting and cinema.

Living in Berlin, **Stefan Römer** works as an artist, photographer, and filmmaker in the fields of de-conceptual art, the critique of the public sphere, image-and-text relations, and new media and transcultural theory. His works and essays are widely published in exhibitions, magazines, and books. He worked as Professor of Practice and Theory of New Media at the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich (2003-2009), Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Arts in Berlin (2010-2012), Professor of Design Theory at the University



of Arts in Berlin (2013-2014), Professor of Art History at Leuphana University in Lüneburg (2014), and Professor of Art Theory at the Academy of Fine Arts Nuremberg (2015).

**Jayce Salloum** only goes where he is invited or there is an intrinsic affinity, his projects rooted in an intimate engagement with place. A grandson of Syrian immigrants he was raised on Sylix land in western Canada. His projects engage the personal/subjective, reconfiguring notions of identity, community, history, boundaries, exile, (trans) nationalism and resistance, taking place in in many locales including Afghanistan, Lebanon, Palestine, former Yugoslavia, the Americas, and Polynesia. He has exhibited pervasively at the widest range of local and international venues possible, from the smallest unnamed storefronts in his neighbourhood to institutions such as Musée du Louvre, MOMA, Centre Georges Pompidou, the Sharjah Biennial, and the Biennale of Sydney.

**Elif Saydam**

b. Calgary, 1985

Lives and works in Berlin, Germany.

**Emiliano Sepulveda** is an artist who is from many places, which are connected to many histories that are connected to many places and people who are connected to many places as well, even when they're not. His identity, entangled with places near and far, and the identities of places near and far, is what motivates his artistic practice. Distrustful of artist bios, Sepulveda instead offers these words:

Time moves one - Huitzilopochtli looks over my shoulder  
Quetzalcoatl looks at his watch

“habla”

a scratch

parallax

an awl

a ray

a scrawl

a star

an act that marks a walk

AZTLAN attracts

an anagram

la raza maps

The practice of **Celia Perrin Sidarous** presents assemblages and arrangements following a logic that is at once internal and associative. Her work has been shown in both solo and group exhibitions across Canada, and her images have been published in periodicals in Canada and abroad. She has completed several artist residencies and has been the recipient of a number of grants and awards, among them the 2011 Barbara Spohr Memorial Award. Her works are part of several collections, including that of the Art Gallery of Ontario and the Walter Phillips Gallery. She lives and works in Montreal.

Born in Seoul, Korea, **Jin-me Yoon** immigrated to Vancouver in 1968 where she still lives and works. Since the 80s her lens-based practice in photography, video, and installation has reexamined questions concerning history, place, and the body, supported by an underlying interest in how these very questions are based on entangled and interdependent relations. Landscapes and particular sites and cities, people, and materials provide departure points for broader issues, geopolitics, and histories to be identified. Yoon's work has been exhibited across Canada as well as internationally. She is Professor of Visual Art at the School for the Contemporary Arts, Simon Fraser University.

**Alize Zorlutuna** is an interdisciplinary artist who works with installation, video, performance, and material culture to investigate themes concerning identity, queer sexuality, settler colonial relationships to land, history, labour, and technology. Her work aims to activate interstices where differing perspectives, emotions, and physical entities meet. Drawing on archival as well as practice-based research, the body and its sensorial capacities are central to her work.

