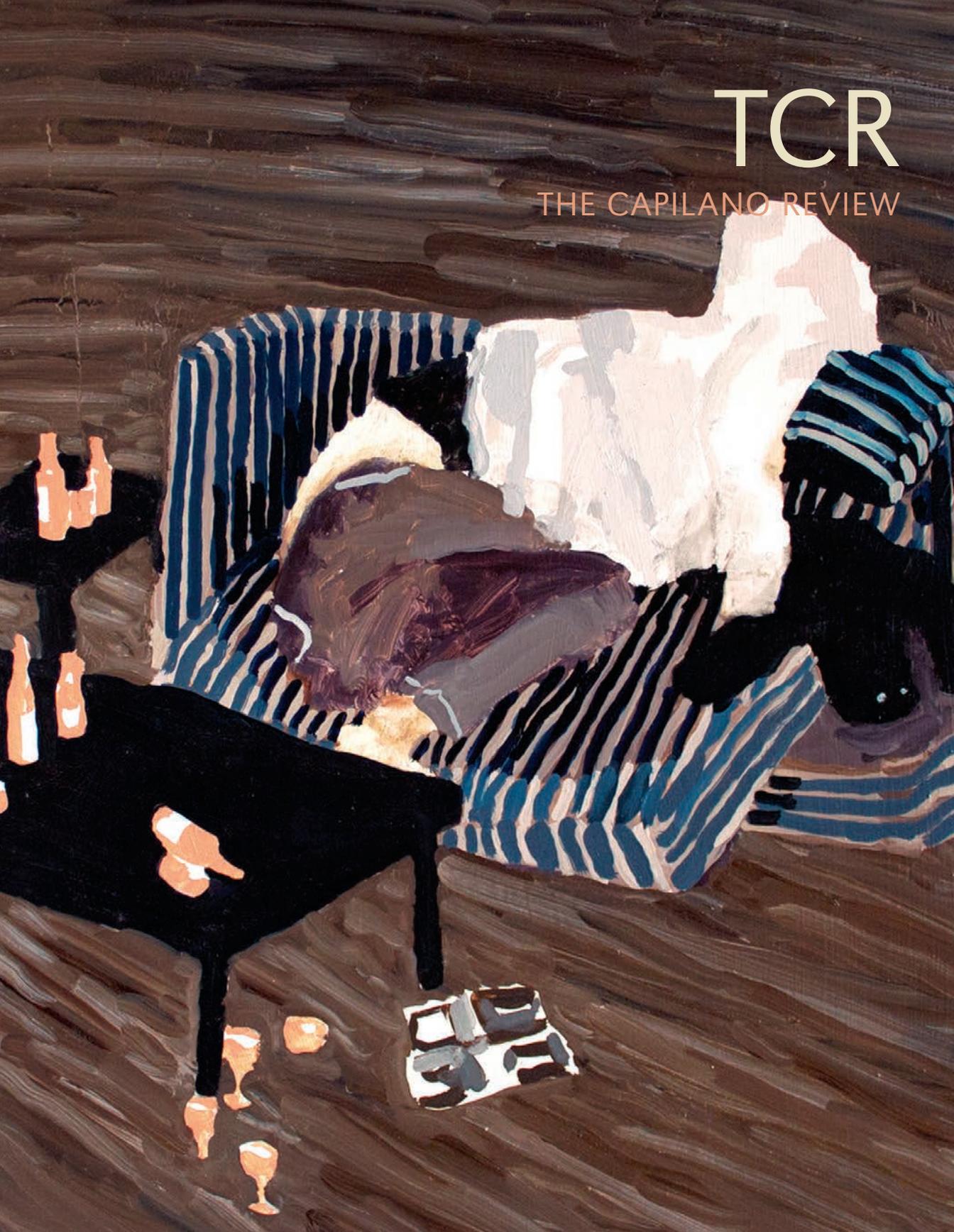


# TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW





**Everybody should do geometry.**

—LISA ROBERTSON

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*The Capilano Review* is published by The Capilano Press Society. Canadian subscription rates for one year are \$28 for individuals, \$40 for institutions. Outside Canada, please add \$5. Address correspondence to *The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC V7J 3H5. Subscribe online at [www.thecapilanoreview.ca/order/](http://www.thecapilanoreview.ca/order/)

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*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the British Columbia Arts Council, the Canada Council for the Arts, and Capilano University. We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Periodical Fund of the Department of Canadian Heritage.

*The Capilano Review* is a member of Magazines Canada, the Magazine Association of BC, and the Alliance for Arts and Culture (Vancouver).

Publications mail agreement number 40063611. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to circulation—*The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC V7J 3H5

ISSN 0315 3754 | Published January 2014

Printed in Vancouver, BC, by Hemlock Printers.



- 5 Editor's Note
- 7 THEA BOWERING & SHEILA HETI  
"a portrait of thinking":  
Sheila Heti and Thea Bowering on the  
phone
- 26 SHEILA HETI  
The Girl Who Planted Flowers
- 28 PAUL NELSON  
The Day the Weather Decided To Die
- 30 MARK GOLDSTEIN  
Poems for Alice from *Medium Point Blues*
- 32 RUTH SCHEUING  
GPS Tracks: technology, narratives,  
nature, and patterns
- 49 ADAM FRANK  
Introducing Radio Free Stein
- 57 ADAM FRANK  
Scenario for Gertrude Stein's "For the  
Country Entirely: A Play in Letters"  
(1916)
- 71 DOROTHY CHANG  
Composition and Collaboration: Music  
for Stein's "For the Country Entirely: A  
Play in Letters" (1916)
- 74 LISA ROBERTSON  
Edmund Husserl's Origin of Geometry:  
An Introduction
- 81 LYNDL HALL  
Point, Line, and Plane
- 95 CECILIA CORRIGAN  
from *Titanic*
- 107 DEBORAH KOENKER  
Drawing the World / Le Monde
- 114 *Reading/Writing for Nancy Shaw*  
  
NANCY SHAW  
from Torch Song  
  
AMY DE'ATH  
Security Cloak  
  
LOUIS CABRI  
Concealment and disclosure: Nancy  
Shaw's *Sceptocratic*
- 125 *see to see* —  
TRACY STEFANUCCI  
CLINT BURNHAM  
SONNET L'ABBÉ  
OANA AVASILICHIOAEI  
REBECCA BREWER & TIZIANA LA MELIA  
MARK GOLDSTEIN  
JULIAN WEIDEMAN
- Cover Image:  
Margaux Williamson, *The Dreamer*,  
oil on panel, 61 × 61 cm



## Editor's Note

Welcome to *TCR's* Winter 2014 issue!

It's a great pleasure to open with Sheila Heti and Thea Bowering in conversation about Sheila's bold range of writing. Our cover image, *The Dreamer*, is the work of painter Margaux Williamson, friend of Sheila Heti and character in Sheila's novel *How Should a Person Be?* The next issue of *TCR*, the LANGUAGES issue, will feature a section on Margaux's new project with its crucially wordy titles.

It was Mark Goldstein's commentary on Nicole Brossard in *Jacket2* that led me to seek him out. We have a small sample of his impressive writing here with more to follow in the next issue. Paul Nelson is the winner of the 3rd Annual Robin Blaser Poetry Award judged by George Bowering. Congratulations to Paul and thanks to George who sifted Paul's poem from a heap of entries, tributes to Blaser. Cecilia Corrigan's brilliant book-length poem *Titanic*, from which we include an excerpt, recently won the Plonker Prize for an emerging writer.

Adam Frank, in his inspired *Radio Free Stein* project, aims to write scenarios (or "melodramas") for close to eighty of Gertrude Stein's plays. One of his fascinating proposals is that composers of new music have insights into Stein's work that literary critics have yet to uncover. Dorothy Chang, the first composer to work with Adam on this project, describes her setting for "For the Country Entirely: A Play in Letters" (1916).

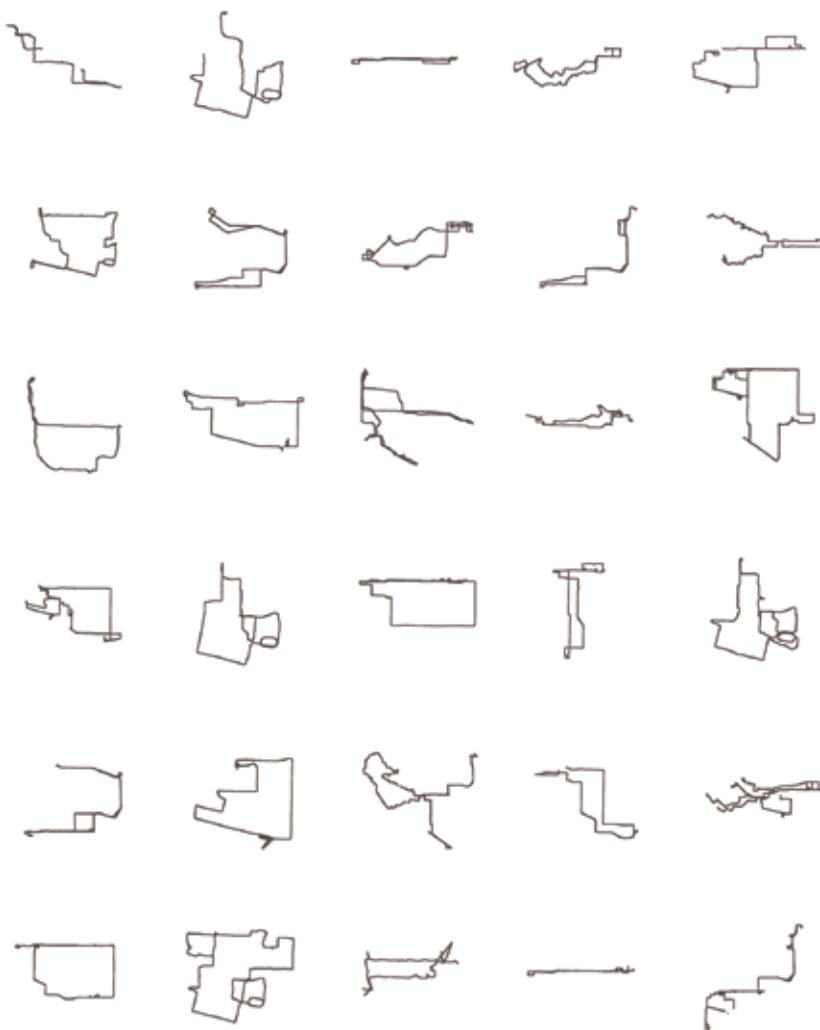
Lisa Robertson's superb essay on Husserl and geometry originally appeared in the catalogue for artist Lyndl Hall's show at the Burnaby Art Gallery (2012). Lyndl's work examines dimensions of geometry in navigation and cartography. Textile artist Ruth Scheuing's GPS, also navigational and cartographic, is the most recent in a career of extraordinary work. Artist Deborah Koenker uses different coordinates to "draw the world," capturing, with post-colonial irony, the grandiose ambit of the French newspaper *Le Monde*.

*TCR* takes the opportunity to remember the wonderful Nancy Shaw in a section drawing on the recent celebration of her work at The Apartment gallery in Vancouver.

See to see—, our new section at the back of the magazine, presents a series of short pieces by writers and artists on matters of interest in Vancouver and across Canada.

Happy reading!

—Jenny Penberthy



Ruth Scheuing, *GPS Tracks July 2008, 2010*,  
digital print, 46 × 46 × 5 cm

## **THEA BOWERING & SHEILA HETI / “a portrait of thinking”:** **Sheila Heti and Thea Bowering on the phone**

*When I reach Sheila Heti in Toronto, she has recently returned from teaching a course on character at Columbia University, and is halfway through the run of her surrealist play *All Our Happy Days Are Stupid* staged at Videofag, a tiny theatre in Kensington Market, Toronto. Her friends make up the cast, and every night is sold out. Because her body of work is already expansive and composed of diverse, unusual projects, I ask Heti what areas she'd like to cover in this interview—“whatever you're most curious about,” she replies. “Curious” is the word Margaux Williamson chooses to characterize Heti, in the voice-over of her experimental documentary film *Teenager Hamlet*, where Heti plays the role of “The Interviewer” in a Nico/Cindy Sherman-like blonde wig and big glasses. I cannot help comparing the self-made momentum and playfulness that charge Heti's art world with that of Andy Warhol's factory in New York. She admits to thinking of Warhol often and seems to share his curiosity about people. Curiosity is the constant of Heti's projects that allows for the variables: multi-media approaches for sourcing and presenting material, movement across disciplines, breaks with formal and ideological conventions. When I reach her, she appears to be enjoying a relaxed contentment that her play and, perhaps, this period in her career are providing. Despite the fact that her writing has been translated into twelve languages (including Serbian, Vietnamese, and Danish), and has attracted rave reviews in New York and London, Heti is very much a Toronto writer, she will tell you, happiest when working with her local friends and peers. So this is where we begin.*

**Thea Bowering:** This issue of *TCR* includes a number of artworks about geography and ways of locating oneself in the world, so I thought I'd start by asking you what it is that keeps you living in Toronto and how Toronto supports your writing and figures in your writing, as a real place but also an imaginary city?

**Sheila Heti:** Well, I've lived in Toronto more or less all of my life with short escapes to Montreal and New York, but basically it's been Toronto. Aside from *How Should a Person Be?* place kind of disappears in my work, like in *The Middle Stories*,

for instance. It's as though the action happens in a studio theatre where all the walls are painted black. For me, if you're in a place for twenty or thirty years, you don't notice it anymore. It almost becomes a black or invisible backdrop. Place feels so inevitable, or so obvious. Even though as I go through my day I feel very embedded in this particular neighbourhood, in this particular city, and I love it, I didn't always. I think for ten years, through my twenties, I was always wanting to leave and feeling: Why am I here? Why can't I get somewhere else? There were family reasons for why I was here, rational reasons, but I think there were also spiritual reasons. I have a strange certainty about being in Toronto. I feel like a tree in the soil here. The idea of transplanting myself seems kind of artificial.

TB: Reading your work I was looking for city markers. In *How Should a Person Be?* you mention the Toronto bar "The Communist's Daughter," and that is one of the few actual places that you name. As you said you are in the city. It's a blank-walled studio set. But it got me thinking: could you set or even write this novel in small town Canada because the anxiety around how a person should be partly comes from big city options. Performance of identity might respond to other anxieties in a smaller city or town.

SH: Yeah, and I have no idea what it is to live in a small town but I imagine it's very different from living in a bigger city. There are certain Toronto markers that recur in all my work. Like streetcars. There's something about the streetcars that travel through Toronto—they're part of the sound of the city that one has an attachment to for some reason. I always want streetcars in my work. The way they glide and that kind of gliding feeling you have in your heart when you're on them. So for me it wasn't a question of Toronto versus a small town; in my head it's always been Toronto versus a larger place like New York. I would never live in a smaller town. I don't think that I would enjoy that. I might enjoy living in the country though.

TB: I was thinking about New York a lot as I was reading your work. You say here that you're rooted in Toronto and elsewhere you say that not everyone can live in New York. This issue of *TCR* has a piece on Gertrude Stein and I was thinking of her book, *Paris, France*, where she talks about writers having two countries: the one where they physically live, and the one in which they live internally, and she talks about this second one as a romantic place, not real, but where they live *really*.

I'm wondering if New York is your other "country"? Do you live there in an internal sense, as a writer? In your imagination?

SH: Yeah, well, it's hard not to think about New York because for me the movies of Woody Allen were a huge part of my childhood and youth and for me he portrayed a certain way of life that seemed accessible and desirable. New York meant a lot to me on a mythical level. But, living in Toronto, I would rather live in Toronto. I do live in Toronto. I appreciate that I had to discover what this city is for myself. I couldn't discover Toronto through art. I had to discover it through living.

New York is a city many people discover through art, and you have a feeling when you're quite young that the only legitimate paths you can take are the paths that other people have taken. It takes time to figure out a city that doesn't tell you how to be an artist in it. And I think Toronto is that kind of place. I mean, there are a lot of artists in Toronto, but all the people I know, at least, had to figure out what it means to be an artist here. It means something different from being in a place with a lot more money, with many more obvious social rewards, with a cultural legacy of being a place that really appreciates art. I don't think that Toronto's that sort of place. I don't think Canada is that sort of place. So it's harder to figure out. And I think it ends up being that the relationship between one's peers becomes more important. In New York, the relationship you have is also to cultural authorities, who you admire and who have a lot of power and a lot to give you. That's not the case here. I'm not somebody who wants to learn from my elders. I'd rather learn from my peers. But I think if I had grown up in a place like New York, maybe I would have more of a relationship with my elders.

In any case, to get back to your question, I don't think in my case Toronto/New York is at all a problem on the order of what Gertrude Stein is talking about. I don't live there in my imagination. I don't live in Toronto in my imagination, either. I don't really live in any particular city in my imagination. I don't care that much about cities.

TB: After Alice Munro won the Nobel Prize in literature you were one of the authors *The New Yorker* chose to comment on what Alice Munro means to them. You would rather learn from your immediate peers; however, in your response, you do name Munro as a significant elder, focusing on the things to admire about her as

a master: her seriousness, consistency, single-mindedness, generosity towards her readers. Considering that her way of living as a writer, as you describe it, is very different from yours—you give and conduct many interviews, you write book reviews, you involve yourself in many projects related to applied philosophy—would you describe Munro as a model for you?

SH: Perhaps. Just because I do all those things you say I do, doesn't mean I am completely sure that it's the right way to go about it. At a certain level, you just have to be yourself and perhaps she doesn't enjoy interviews, or writing book reviews, whereas I sometimes do. But as a model of seriousness, yes, she's certainly that for me. I don't think you learn from other writers how to be the kind of writer they are. The great writers—you learn from them that, oh, the only realistic thing to do is to be like yourself as much as possible, without compromise. So there's a lot to learn from her in terms of how she lived and seemed to make professional and artistic and personal choices all from the same place. But then, I don't know her—I'm only speaking about her from the point of view of someone looking at a public image.

TB: Sometimes we love and admire writing that is very unlike our own. Your writing is very different from Munro's. In your work we don't find the anatomizing of place that Atwood says characterizes Munro's work. Munro's stories are often structured around repressed truths in a small town setting; they locate the universal in the particular. Place as you say, disappears in your work, is replaced by the overt and imperfect process of thinking, which stems from your love of philosophy. You are more excited by an interesting experiment than working towards a perfect work. What do you most admire about Munro's style, then, that is different from your own, but that you can learn from?

SH: I don't learn from her style. I couldn't write the way she writes, because I'm not her, and it wouldn't interest me, and you can't write in a manner that isn't native to you. I don't see the world she does, so how could I write that way? I pay attention to different things from her, my mind and heart work in different ways, my experiences are different, what I read is likely different. If you try to imitate some writer's style it's going to be completely false in your hands; I don't think writing style is technique—I think it's an expression of a unique soul. It's a way of being,

not a series of tricks. I do admire that she's trying to tell the truth as she sees it—the truth about life. And that she does what she does perfectly. There's a lot to learn in that and a lot to admire about that, but I would never study a writer and try to figure out how they structure, or compose individual sentences, or describe things.

TB: *How Should a Person Be?* is very much a novel that deals with the idea of contemporaneity, making visible your present place in the world. We can look at the question, How should a person be? in relation to a number of themes in the book: sex, being a young woman, an artist, a moral person, but the idea of being contemporary seems to encompass all of that. The two themes I picked up early on in your prologue are themes of ugliness and of fame. And again, that made me think of Stein who said contemporary art always looks ugly at first and then it becomes beautiful over time. So could you speak about that preoccupation with ugly art in relation to being contemporary?

SH: I thought a lot about that quote. I thought it was Picasso but maybe they both said it in different ways. I know that Picasso said an original work of art is always ugly at first to its creator. So I guess they were both thinking a lot about that, and I was thinking a lot about that when I wrote this book: how you have to sometimes break down your ideas of what beauty is in order to have some air flowing through your process. If you're just trying to make something beautiful, which we all are—beauty is compelling—you're going to go towards a certain shape, let's say, or towards a certain narrative structure. You're trying to do something well. But the only way you can do something well, I think, is if at first you have some model in your mind of what the good is. To do something that doesn't move towards this picture that you have in your head of what you want the work to be, that's a very difficult thing to do. And you kind of have to trick yourself, and be vigilant. I mean all editing is always in the direction of greater clarity, toward communicating in a more precise way that's related to beauty. To try to edit, not in the direction of beauty is really hard. But all of that felt really necessary for me because, I mean it seems crazy to say that this is true of somebody so young, but I felt that I'd reached a dead end. When I was working on *Ticknor* I was really trying to make something absolutely perfect and I knew that I couldn't do that again. I felt it would be dead if I tried to do that again. In truth, *How Should a Person Be?* isn't the book of mine that I like the most. I prefer *Ticknor* or even *The Middle Stories*. *How Should a Person Be?*

is very much against my innate aesthetic. It makes me uncomfortable to have put out something that isn't, in my mind, beautiful or perfect, even though this book has had the biggest response. So I think there is something to be said for making yourself uncomfortable, and for questioning your instinct to please some internalized aesthetic criteria. Maybe there's something lifeless about that, on some level.

TB: It's your version of the ugly painting. And as a reader, too, one really has to stick with you through the book. The reader feels all the things that you're feeling. But at the end there is some redemption. There's a sense that, much like with Margaux's painting, there's that line she can't avoid, her hand, that signature line of beauty...

SH: Right.

TB: ...that makes its way through. I felt that there was this possibility of beauty again.

SH: Maybe you have to break it down first, though. I don't feel suspicious now in the same way that I did before about my assumptions about what a novel should be. I don't feel suspicious about what I'm drawn to in art.

TB: You would write another novel then. You would write a novel that would attempt beauty, perhaps.

SH: Yeah, and I wouldn't feel that I couldn't. I actually wrote a novel really quickly, in about a week, a couple months after finally handing in the manuscript for *How Should a Person Be?* There was just this part of me that had to do that. And it's a narrative, totally fiction, and I think there was this part of me that had been repressed, that had to be repressed, so: let me tell a story! And it just came out. I don't know if it's any good, but it felt really good to do it. So, restraining the novel impulse for so long, it was interesting to see that it really wanted to express itself. There is something true about that kind of storytelling, something deep. It's not just a model that we imitate because we see it in the world and we've read it. I think there is something about fictional storytelling that is very deep, and it's not only a cultural inheritance, it's a human impulse.

TB: Is this novel going to be published? What is it about?

SH: It's a love story but very dark. I don't know if it's going to be published. I'm still looking at it, wondering about it.

TB: So in terms of a return from writing against your impulses... I do sense a break with a lot of things, in *How Should Person Be?* One of them being history. Not only a sense of place, and beauty, and capital A artists. There is a break with a lot of things we expect to find when reading a book about art, that we don't get in that novel. One of the things I'm wondering about, you're going to be the opening night featured writer at The Jewish Book Festival in Vancouver.

SH: Yeah, I think Bill Richardson might be interviewing me there, or somebody else, I'm not sure who.

TB: So then, how do you move from writing this kind of book, about being contemporary without a lot of history—someone mentioned you don't talk about your parents, your family doesn't appear in this book, there aren't art history lessons to be learned from this book—so how do you go back into talking about history, can you talk about what your focus might be at this festival?

SH: Well, I'll just answer the questions they'll ask me, I'm not like a keynote speaker.

TB: So what was your interest in being part of that festival?

SH: It's just that the person who asked me is a close friend of the family and I just sort of said yes. I've got two male friends who just had babies and they live in Victoria, and I kind of want to see them, in their new lives and congratulate them, so I was like: I'll take the trip!

TB: What's your relationship to Western Canada?

SH: My father and his family lived in Vancouver when they came from Hungary, so all his closest friends and childhood friends are in Vancouver. I visited a lot growing up. I feel a small sort of family connection to it, but apart from that, I've never lived there. I have some old friends there, too.

TB: Do you have a sense of the writing happening there? The writers, the approach to writing that happens there? I mean, geography for example figures a lot

in Western Canadian writing. The coast is very different from the interior, and the writing is often very informed by landscape, stories of immigration, you know, we're on the edge of the world in Vancouver.

SH: Well I don't have a deep knowledge of West Coast writing and I wouldn't want to generalize about it.

TB: I'd like to talk to you a bit about your process and your poetics. Each book and each project is such a different experiment from the one before. Is there a way in which they link towards some kind developing theory of writing?

SH: No. I wouldn't go that far. I just do what I need to do for each book.

TB: Thinking about the role of art in the world, I watched Margaux Williamson's movie, *Teenager Hamlet*, and found that the idea of Hamlet as a man of action who is unable to act in the world seemed very contemporary. You talk about wanting to write a book that's close to the world and that takes from the world. You play an interviewer in Margaux's film and there is a scene where you ask another artist: can't art be at the centre of society? How do you see the role of art in the world?

SH: For me it's always like a place from which to ask questions. And it's a philosophical aid. But I don't think everybody uses it for that and I don't think everyone has to. Whenever I encounter anything by Lisa Moore, I see that for her, art and writing is about a sensual experience of the world and communicating the sensual, literally the smell of things and the feel of things. For me that's nothing close to what I care about. But I would never be crazy enough to say that there is one role for art in the world. It's the prerogative of each individual artist to decide for themselves what its role is, and what they're doing it for. And I think for a lot of people there is no role; they just do it because they love to do it and that's totally legitimate. It doesn't have to have a role. I think that it can't have one role. I think people read for lots of different reasons. I think people go to museums for lots of different reasons. I just like philosophical thinking. I use art for that. But I don't think there's anything right about that. I almost feel bad about that. Like, why can't a painting just be a painting? Why do you have to use it to think about things? I feel like that's a misuse of art, but it's what my mind likes to do most. And I think for me, to make books that are a portrait of thinking, that's very satisfying, but that's

because I like thinking. I prefer thinking to feeling. I like conversations so if I can make a book that reflects thinking and conversation that's very native to what I enjoy.

TB: I think I read at one point that you called *How Should a Person Be?* a painterly book. And I was curious what you meant, because it's such an intellectual book and because I think of painterly books as being imagistic or being conscious of the language as an object on the page. Do you still think of it that way? How is it a painterly book if it's primarily a book about thinking?

SH: I use the word painterly to mean loose. I think when painters say painterly they mean that the brush stroke is very loose so that's how I meant it.

TB: I was really interested in the project where you read part of *How Should a Person Be?* at MOMA in front of the Picasso painting...

SH: *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*.

TB: How was it being in the aura of a painting when you're reading from your own work rather than just thinking about the painting? Were you facing the painting? Were you facing the audience? How was that experience for you?

SH: I decided to face the painting. And I read the Israel part of the novel, "An Interlude for Fucking." It was a really emotional experience for me. I felt very shaken and my heart was beating very fast. Kenny [Kenneth Goldsmith] allowed us to choose the painting or work of art we wanted to read beside and I chose that one because I had studied art history and to me, and not just to me, that was the great modernist work, and what a dream it would be to create a work of art that important and that great, that violent and even misogynistic, and there was something really primal and exciting about that painting. And then to read—I hadn't really thought it out that much, but thinking about it afterwards—to read the passage from the book that is basically cock worship, made me so humiliated and also angry at this painting and what it represented and how the myth of the male artist, Picasso, and this painting had loomed so big in my mind as this oppressive example that only with the greatest effort would I be able to reach. I feel so differently about art now. I don't feel like there's Picasso up there in the sky. So it was kind of amazing. I think that it was just right. Just right to finally come back and counter

this work of art with my own work of art. It was neat. It was revisiting an old idea with my idea of what genius could or should mean. A more female idea and a more contemporary idea.

TB: That's interesting in relation to wanting to work with your peers. Because this is sort of an exchange with someone who's great who you suddenly realize is in a sense a peer. Here you are standing next to him and having this exchange.

SH: Yeah, a conversation. But I also felt happy that I'd made myself into an artist. I remember when I studied the painting, I was just in school and I had no idea if I was going to be able to do what I most wanted to do. I had all those feelings. Well, I'm glad that I worked hard.

TB: This issue of *TCR* includes a story from *The Middle Stories* that you wrote over a decade ago or more. So how does it feel looking back now over what you were doing in *The Middle Stories*? Since we're talking about ideas that you had at the beginning of your career and re-visiting them, I'd also like to talk about the play.

SH: In the moment of working I always feel like I'm not working, somehow. And I don't know why that is. Even when I was writing *The Middle Stories* or *How Should a Person Be?* I was like, I'm not really working. But in retrospect I think, oh, I had such will. I was working. I think with *The Middle Stories* or *How Should a Person Be?* it was the same thing. I was really trying to get somewhere, very sincerely.

TB: Do you see elements in the language that are similar? Can you look back at *The Middle Stories*, I know the form is different, but can you say: oh that was what I was doing! I've developed that idea now. I can see what I wanted to get at back then and I've developed that now and maybe more fully.

SH: No, no, no. I don't feel they're the same project in that way. I don't think about it in terms of the language. But I do think in both cases I was trying to turn myself into the kind of person that could write that stuff. With *The Middle Stories*, I was thinking about Warhol, I guess I still think of him a lot, and I was thinking: I want to turn myself into a machine that writes stories. So I wasn't thinking about the stories quite as much as the kind of process an entity would use to create those stories. With *How Should a Person Be?* I wanted to write the book as a writer not at

her desk. In both cases, my body, or my process, was more important to get right than the result.

TB: Right, and that comes across, that you're very much about the process and I like the idea of a machine—that ties into Warhol's idea of factory where he's making paintings very fast. I know that you wrote many of *The Middle Stories* very quickly, and then you picked the best, and that that energy comes through.

I'd like to talk about the play now because it's your most current finished project. You're right in the middle of the run of *All Our Happy Days are Stupid*, an account of two families from the same suburban neighbourhood who run into each other on vacation in Paris. Disillusioned by the real Paris, the wives bicker; one of the children goes missing; and responses among the adults vary.

You've said that the novel was written to contend with the failure of the play. It was the play that wouldn't be written and its anxious energy that fueled the novel. Can you talk about how all that history comes into the experience of seeing the play finally written, produced, and performed?

SH: Well, it just feels really good. And I feel so much gratitude to these people for doing it. And I feel that these are the right people to be doing it. This is the right director, these are the right actors, this is the right space, this is the right time. It couldn't be better. And it wasn't through anything I did. Contrary to what I was saying earlier about will, this didn't happen because I willed it. For the first time in my life, I'm experiencing my art being given to me from without, rather than something I'm working to create. Jordan Tannahill is directing this play and I'm experiencing it as a gift because the play was so dead and I never tried to produce it after 2006. And there's something neat about the fact that the director was fourteen when I wrote it! Now he has his own space, and it feels nice that something that was a failure could be brought back as a success. I'm very happy with it, everyone's happy with it. That it can be brought back as a success through somebody else's artistic process, I've never experienced that before. It's kind of magical. Just to see what happens! For me art has always been a tremendous act of will.

TB: I'm wondering if it's like the collaboration that happens with the music. I know Dan [Bejar] from Destroyer has done the music for the play.

SH: He wrote the music twelve years ago.

TB: He wrote the music twelve years ago! How did that come about?

SH: He read the script and then wrote the songs. I knew him because my then-husband Carl Wilson is a friend of his sister's, and a music critic, and he was just like, oh maybe Dan should write the music. I sent Dan the script and he wrote the songs. And then when the play wasn't produced, he put some of the songs on one of his albums, *Your Blues*.

TB: I know some playwrights are jealous of their every word. I think Samuel Beckett had to be at every production and every word had to be performed perfectly. How much did you influence the production? Were you happy to let other people not only collaborate with you but also change things, contribute ideas, take over?

SH: Yeah, I didn't go to rehearsals much and I just trusted them to do what they did with it. I didn't consult on the set or the costumes. And I love what they've done with it. But if an actor gets a line wrong, I'm not happy about that. I'd rather everyone say the lines exactly as they are.

TB: Woody Allen, for instance, is okay with a script being loose or changed. But maybe that's more a director's point of view than a writer's.

SH: The language of *All Our Happy Days are Stupid* is kind of stylized, so I don't feel that it works when it becomes casual. Which is usually what happens when an actor gets it wrong, it just becomes more colloquial. The language in the play isn't super colloquial.

TB: How did you come up with the dialogue? Because it's quite different from the novel where you use tape recordings and a more colloquial language. It's a surreal play—was that again the idea, that you wanted a new approach to dialogue?

SH: I wrote the play way before the novel. I wrote the play in 2001. I didn't begin writing *How Should a Person Be?* until 2005. So stylistically the play has much more in common with *The Middle Stories*.

TB: So it hasn't changed at all then.

SH: No I didn't re-write it. I gave it to them as it was when I abandoned it.

TB: A reviewer in the *Globe and Mail* said with total certainty that the character of Mrs. Oddi was a stand-in for Sheila Heti, and I'm wondering since you named your novel's main character after yourself, if you're concerned now that readers and critics are going to look to insert the author Sheila Heti into all your work? Even though this is a surreal play, people seem to want to do that now with your work.

SH: They do that with everybody's work, even if you write the most fictional, separate-from-your-life stuff possible, they'll always want to say *this* character is the author. In fact, on some level, all the characters are always the author, no matter what you're writing. Because you can only know other humans through your own experiences of being a human. I wouldn't say Mrs. Oddi is any more me than Daniel, or Mrs. Sing or any other of the characters. But this is one reviewer's idea.

TB: You've said elsewhere that we are all fictions, anyway. There are so many ways to understand and approach character. The most outdated is that the character is a stand-in for the author. E. M. Forster identified round and flat characters; Cixous taught us that characterization is produced by restricting the imaginary with codes and conventions. You've gone about writing character in many different ways. In the *The Middle Stories*, the stories resemble fables, and while the characters seem somewhat flat, there is a hint of psychology to them. After writing *Ticknor*, you said you were tired of inventing characters and putting them through their paces. However, character remained central in *How Should a Person Be?* You were now dealing with pages and pages of transcribed conversations with Margaux, for example, to create character. Can you talk about how your many approaches to writing character influenced how you taught your course on character at Columbia University this past fall? Did you offer your students experimental exercises? a history of conventions and the undoing of those conventions, for example?

SH: We read a lot, including character writing of the 17th century—it's a form that no longer exists, in which people would write character sketches—I guess we'd call them types like *The Milkmaid* or *The Pretender to Learning* or *The Dunce*. It's fascinating that people would simply write characters detached from any story or any apparent use, almost like a taxonomy of human behaviour, a very rudimentary

precursor to contemporary psychology. So we read different things and wrote various things and we even, as a class, interviewed one of the students and then wrote monologues in her voice, which was very interesting. We read these aloud in class with the student present and then asked the student how it felt, and monitored our own nervousness about writing about someone who would read what we wrote about them. I don't have a theory of character—we were just trying things out and trying to complicate the idea of character. I'm always fascinated by character because in life, character is contained by the body of the person. But what happens when you get rid of the body and you're dealing with words, or you're dealing with names? What is the container of that character? Is it just the name you give it? What does "believable" mean when humans are so changeable? What does consistency mean?

TB: I want to ask you about the idea of being *done* a project. I was interested reading you saying that when you're working on something that you're inside a certain character, you're in a mode of looking at the world for the duration of the writing. So now that this play that you've been sitting with is done, is it a bigger ending than other endings because of how long it's been with you? Are you letting go of a certain way of being in the world, now that it's done?

SH: I wouldn't go that far, but it is a relief. But I wouldn't say that when I wrote *that* play that I was some other self in any way. I mean, I wrote the play very quickly. It feels more immersive with novels. If you're writing something for five years, gradually over time you change because of what you're writing, and you have to see the world through that lens. I didn't feel that with this play. But I do feel that something's ended with this play being done. There's kind of peace. Because you thought something was so horrible for over a decade and then it's produced and it's not horrible, it's pretty wonderful. And people like it, and people are having fun doing it. So having written this thing that is the source of this pleasure that we're all taking, it feels like a relief. Art doesn't only have to be this beautiful thing you're trying to create, it can be a moment in time that a lot of people are experiencing together, and *that's* what the play is. As much as a play is for the audience, I think always, if you're at all in theatre, you understand that the real pleasure, and greatness, is for the people involved in it. The bigger production is the experience of doing it with people you love and that you come to love. There's more art energy

there, for that collective of people, than there necessarily is for somebody sitting in the audience.

TB: So how do you think of the audience, in this case? Are you more conscious of the audience than you were of the reader and how the reader figured in the work? Is the audience a participant as well?

SH: Well I mean they react. They laugh or they don't laugh. Certainly they animate the play with their attitude towards it. That's why people say: oh that was a great audience! or that wasn't such a good audience. Their presence hugely affects the performance. But it doesn't affect the *play*. It affects that particular night.

TB: Can I ask you a couple questions about *Women in Clothes: Why We Wear What We Wear* since this is a current project and it also seems to have a lot to do with performance. It's a book that will include essays by established writers like Miranda July and Rachel Kushner; it's also informed by crowd-sourced survey responses. I'm wondering how you came up with the survey questions. Was the central idea in the survey the idea of performing femininity, or performing gender?

SH: To me it was much simpler than that. I literally felt I want to dress better. I thought, I want to know what other women think about when they get dressed. How do they think about an outfit? How do they think about what they buy? I feel that for most of my life I haven't put much thought into this area, or just minimal thought. I've had other things I wanted to think about more. But I was just like, I want to think about that right now. I want to dress better. So I went to the bookstore and I was looking for a book about what women think about when they stand in front of their closet or in front of their mirror in the morning. I thought maybe I can learn how to dress through reading something like that, because I'm always interested in understanding the world through seeing how other minds understand the world. A fashion magazine shows you what things, outfits, look like, but I wanted to know what the brain that puts that outfit together is thinking. But there wasn't any book like that. So I just thought, I'll make that book so I can read it. I asked Heidi [Julavits] and Leanne [Shapton] if they would do it with me. So I guess the idea of the survey came about because the only way to find out what I wanted to find out was to ask people what they think when they go shopping, what they think when they put together an outfit, and so on.

TB: The questions are very thoughtful. About there not being a book like that, one that answers those questions, one that separates women's thoughts from their dress, if we look to fiction, specifically to nineteenth century fiction, this seems to be where women begin to be written as constructed by their dress. Baudelaire actually said woman and her dress are an indistinguishable unity. The new urban woman was seen as a false surface and a construct of high capitalism. I think it's interesting that your survey questions *are* about style and fashion but also they want to relate the inside and outside to each other and undo that established perception of women and dress.

SH: Yeah, it's interesting.

TB: I thought you might want to respond to that: to the history of women and how they've been perceived as fashion objects. You're writing a book on that seemingly superficial subject but in a much deeper way.

SH: Yeah, it's a very relaxing book to put together. It's relaxing to see all the very different agendas women have with their dress. When you look at anything through fashion media it seems there's one brain behind it. When you read this book, everybody is responding individually to their environment, their personal history, and their financial situation. It's so personal, why a woman puts on these pants. To understand what a woman is thinking kind of frees you from this—not that I was so under its spell, but I think the spell exists in the culture—frees you from this idea of the template of a woman, and gives you permission to be an individual. What I thought was going to happen when I wrote this book was that I was going to learn a lot about techniques, that I was going to be a better dresser, but what the material we're receiving is actually doing is making me a lot more confident and comfortable with whatever the hell I want to do, dressing-wise. The message of fashion media is entirely the opposite: it's like, everything you're doing is wrong. So it's not what I expected would happen when I began this book, but I prefer it to what I imagined.

TB: I took the survey and I was fascinated with how it probed into memory and how much it connected to other parts of my life. It wasn't just reserved for fashion. Style's tentacles can reach into many areas of your being.

SH: And it weirdly ends up being an anti-consumerist book. I don't think anyone's going to go away from reading this book and feel like they have to buy a lot of stuff.

TB: No, if anything, they might relook at everything they already have. And just lay it out.

SH: Exactly. You're already dressing every day. Clearly you're doing fine.



*Thea Bowering*  
Photo credit: Dwayne Martineau



*Sheila Heti*

Photo credit: Sylvia Plachy

## SHEILA HETI / The Girl Who Planted Flowers

When she woke in the morning there beside her was the boy she had dismissed the night before as far too ugly and ingratiating, and on the other side, even more of a surprise, the boy she had dismissed as far too pompously intellectual. And there she was in the middle, and she thought she was in the house where she had partied the night before, but she wasn't sure, she just wasn't sure.

She climbed gingerly over the one and went to the window and looked out into the backyard where she saw huge piles of sand, little mountains with peaks. And as she had no idea why or where they had come from, she quickly decided, "I must have blacked out." Then she went to the bathroom and returned as the two boys were rising.

"Hello boys," she said lazily, without surprise or enthusiasm. And the boys, first one, then the other, said hello and looked at each other, but as they did not smile or seem to commiserate, the girl took her seat at the foot of the bed.

"I'm hungry," she said. "Are you two hungry?"

One boy nodded while clearing the sleep out of his eyes, and the other boy looked around trying to figure out where he was.

"Well then, let's go," she said. And since they were all in their clothes there was nothing to do but leave.

One boy was taller, and the three moved slowly down the road. It was cold. It was already November and should have been colder, but still, it was cold, and the girl thought nothing. When the sidewalk narrowed the intellectual hung back, and the ugly boy and the girl walked ahead.

After five minutes they reached a good place to eat. It had eggs, it seemed, and bacon and potatoes and unlimited coffee and no sign that forbade smoking, so they took a booth at the back, and the booth was brown, and the lighting was dim, and the sun wasn't shining, and they were all wretched and existing in various degrees of humility and banality.

They all ordered the same thing, except for the ugly boy who was a vegan, and he ordered nothing but black coffee and orange juice, and the girl thought drearily in her head, "Oh God, I slept with a vegan." And the tall intelligent boy kept his

eyes on the table and said nothing, and none of them said anything except the girl, who made comments like, “Are you sure you don’t know what happened last night?” and “Your name is Martin, I think I remember.”

Eventually she grew irritated with their silent and purposeful ignorance, their childish posturing, and she thought that since they weren’t fessing up to anything, probably something like this had never happened to them before, but the thought was so terrible she pushed it from her mind.

“Well,” she said when the food arrived, and inwardly cursed these humourless boys, and their dark words succeeded in pulling her down with them, and she knew, even then, that it would be much better if they were cocky and glowing and gay.

They ate their food in silence, and the intellectual, she could tell, wanted terribly to go. Before he was finished he asked for the bill, and the young waiter brought it and left, and the intellectual left while she was still eating. Then the ugly boy gulped down the rest of his juice and paid and left, and neither said more than “okay” or “good-bye.”

She was alone. She put down her money and realized for the second time that she was out of cigarettes, and felt horrible and hung over and nothing like a slut.

The girl walked through the city that day, and it was cold and dark, and the sky was uglier than it had ever been, but not as ugly as the boy she had slept with, and she realized that she was twenty-one, and she thought of her life, “What a waste.” And nothing convinced her otherwise.

“The Girl Who Planted Flowers” from *The Middle Stories* copyright 2012 Sheila Heti. Reprinted with permission from House of Anansi Press.

## PAUL NELSON / The Day the Weather Decided To Die

(After a Haida tale told by Robert Bringhurst)

On hearing the wooden rumble of thunder we realize  
that we are situated below the platform of the sky.

—Ramón Gomez de la Serna

*What constitutes a good family* they say and give instructions  
to servants under the backdrop of the hugest sucking  
sound in history prelude to when the wind'd no longer  
rumble from under the skirt of the great Ma no longer  
float a blue heron's Xacho-side lumber no longer  
sustain.

Age of celebrity tattoo news, of the rise of Yurok  
Duwamish Tsimshian Haida Puyallup Muckleshoot  
Musqueam of tornadoes hurricanes earthquakes  
tsunamis bee silence Fukushima and Fukushimas to  
come.

The weather born out of cockleshell embryo  
or out of snot, weather that hunts birds and sends winds  
out in the skins of blue jay, weather that steals hats of  
campesinos (compassions) for kicks weather that would  
sprout houses when adopted by a master carver weather  
that would be a scholar of carving.

The weather  
when painted would sit facing the sea would weep for  
owls with spots and the new northward range of  
dolphin's neighborhood weather that would warn of the  
Big Ones who think of biting weather whose big fish  
story is dried halibut and waits and waits and waits for a  
shift in settler rituals.

It could start with *today is a good day to die* could start with the inheritance of the campesino (compression) who opened up about his daily prayers for humility or when he the one born in a cockleshell wd dress as wren & sit way above the sea as a cumulus cloud waiting to see what his latihan would bring: dance, song, chant or something more cathartic just beyond his out stretched wings.

Remember: crow's yr brother, stumps  
never lie, we  
hold up the sky.

6:34 pm – 6.25.11

**MARK GOLDSTEIN / Poems for Alice** from *Medium Point Blues*

1

Voice of Alice/ voicing Anna Mendelssohn no other/ arising  
out of self/ in mind no mind just/ write this want to read that/ duet  
jot down as book –

2

I of now/ where music abounds – entering in through frequency –  
sickness no sickness at all/ so push pen/ is soft sound a footfall or  
doubling – doubling/ said no place to rest the thud/ of trucked traffic  
passing by

3

breath resounds –  
amid constant sounds – comes this how against no other/ no home  
unwritten in/ -sight lost or forgotten/ so much thought clots the un-  
spoken – an old guide/ less a land so named/ than  
  
green rock and shattered plinth/ foretold  
by inner selves

#### 4

It breaks  
in your hands/ the long break comes cleanly/ splays itself/ before you  
some same sake is/ no name at all – the warm up gropes for it/ says  
nothing – therein lies the voice/ of things the itch that turning/ softly  
sounded page

#### 5

soundsight a-  
rose/ itself an ear among others/ reared on breathsong/ calls “Schnell,  
schnell,” you’ll go rattling out that canal/ of word’s work thieved –  
shuffled off pages/ blackened under nails/ earthwards – kin and loam

#### 6

The E N D of it – this/ hand pushes pen over paper – the clock that  
happened in his poems happened in her poems happened in these  
poems too – inexorably this/ feeling of coming in of coming/ into  
a room where she sits down beside you – redresses herself – let go  
of this/ “my” this – you think – Alice turns to you and says so.

## **RUTH SCHEUING / GPS Tracks: technology, narratives, nature, and patterns**

Over the last eight years I have been using GPS (Global Positioning System) to track all of my local trips which I then notate as drawings and personal narratives. Patterns emerge via the abstract lines that represent my everyday activities. Where my GPS drawings deal with personal and localized narratives, my woven Google Earth images provide a more global and historic context. Finding inspiration in both science and art, I try to confuse the boundaries of these apparently distinct fields. The resulting art work includes prints, embroideries, digital Jacquard weavings, and a web project.

### **GPS Tracks**

My GPS drawings or “tracks” take place in real life and real “nature” and rely on technology, a process of remote sensing via various GPS devices. They represent daily activities: driving to work, shopping for food, visiting friends, walking around the neighborhood, riding a bike around the park, or going for a run. Some ordinary trips create surprising lines, while some beautiful journeys create tracks without much visual interest. Compared to photographs that often fix a specific moment, these patterns anchor my memory and force me to re-experience the trajectory of a past event. At the same time they are evocative abstract shapes. And although invisible in the work, my body is the agent of these drawings.

Sometimes I add imagery to create references to certain urban or rural settings, seasons, locations, or activities. In other works I include maps, Google Earth images, or links to the daily activities I engage in via the Internet, communicating with colleagues and friends, or researching historical and contemporary issues.

### **Patterns**

I began my career as a scientific research assistant examining normal and abnormal cell development and spending many hours looking at patterns. Later as a weaver and artist, the language of patterns in textiles became my main interest, particularly how patterns are established, maintained, and broken. In my early art

work, I altered the patterns of men's suits as a way to make visible the patterns that exert power over us (Matzkuhn). Now I am focused on the everyday and how our simple activities embody patterns.

### **Cyborgs + Myths + Technology + Nature**

GPS technology symbolizes the Cyborgian reality that is becoming part of my daily life. I am both subject and object while I travel through the natural world and this information is captured by technology. I watch myself move on a GPS device that receives its readings from a minimum of three satellites stationed far above. Donna Haraway in the *Cyborg Manifesto* proposes fluid boundaries between humans, animals, and machines, instead of defining them in opposition. She suggests, "We are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism; in short we are Cyborg" (149-150) challenging our assumptions about the natural and the man-made. Given that Cyborgs act in the frontier of the unknown, they have the added advantage of being fictional beings able to act in a variety of fantasy scenarios. Through this specific aspect of contemporary technology I gain new awareness.

My notion of the Cyborg evolved from my earlier interest in the Greek myths related to weaving, particularly the mythic weavers Penelope and Arachne, who were able to shape history through their weaving thus creating a powerful recorded language for women.

I am interested in technologies that deviate from their initial intentions, such as the Jacquard loom, which led to the invention of Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine, a precursor to the computer about which Ada Lovelace wrote, "The Analytical Engine Weaves Algebraic Patterns just as the Jacquard Loom Weaves Flowers and Leaves" (Essinger).

### **The white pieces: digital jacquard weaving**

These pieces were woven on a digital Jacquard loom and reflect their quotidian history as towels and damask weavings, which are traditional monochrome, with patterns or imagery created by different reflections of warp (length threads) and wefts (horizontal threads). The pieces also reflect Mondrian's simple grid structures and use of primary colours. They are domestic narratives describing the mixture of extraordinary outings as well as the ordinary daily trips that form most of our routines. Background patterns are based on landscape, Google Earth, or maps and

each piece focuses on its mode of transportation, either walking, running, skiing, biking, or driving a car. The coloured stripes provide specific data, information on location, heart rate or elevation curve, mode of transportation, or type of activity.

### **Silkroads: digital jacquard weaving**

*Silkroads*, a recent artist residency project at the Surrey Art Gallery TechLab, involved traveling via Google Earth and placing old textiles on these virtual soils and then weaving the resulting images on digital Jacquard looms. The work combines old and new technology with various views of travel, trade, and textiles. Google Earth might be considered one of the least exotic means of travel, compared to the travels of Aurel Stein and other early western explorers and cartographers who traveled the Silk Road during the late 19th and early 20th centuries in order to map the land and discover its treasures. Here the “tracks” are actual mountain passes through which the textiles and spices travelled via caravans along with new ideas, religions, and technologies. The original Silk Road is now traversed by the Karakoram Highway, the highest country-spanning paved road in the world and still a difficult route to travel. *Sogdian Child’s Coat on the Karakoram Highway; 38°56’ N 75°25’ E*, was woven as an industrial Jacquard weaving, a process generally reserved for large production runs, but now adapted for single pieces. I placed the historic child’s coat onto Google Earth and created from this a blanket. During the 8th century, the design had traveled via the Silkroad from Persia to Sogdiana, a central Asian kingdom that no longer exists. In Sogdiana, the design was adapted, woven, and worn by a royal child, who bore the figures of standing ducks in pearl roundels on the coat, reflecting the foreign iconography of its origins.

### **GPS prints**

My digital print series of 2008 presents twelve accounts (one per month) of all of my activities in that year. Each account highlights repetition as well as change. Individually they create mnemonic devices that allow me to re-experience specific events from the past. In comparison, I find that photographs often become fixed memories of a past situation, but because the GPS tracks are less detailed, they force me to rethink a specific journey. In a print with all my trips for the whole year, the tracks resemble signs or an alphabet to be deciphered.

Some trips embed greater depth and for the 2013 exhibition *Andante* at the Richmond Art Gallery, I created nine panels of special journeys. One describes a crazy day with a friend driving around town and doing multiple tasks, resulting in a beautiful evocative shape. My trip to get my hair cut is one of the more memorable shapes as I move between two mapping grids between east Vancouver and the West End. One image describes one of the numerous and increasingly difficult journeys to the Cancer Clinic, where I took my husband Michael Lawlor, before he passed away in 2011. These are full of nasturtiums, which he loved to eat and also the magic lantern slides he spent many years collecting. The most recent image combines my own uneventful commute to work, with an attempt to locate the place where a fire killed over 100 workers at the Tazreen Factory in Dhaka, Bangladesh on November 24, 2012. Some trips are more romantic and describe my drive back from Lisio, Florence, where I had spent a few days learning about very old jacquard looms. I crossed over a steep mountain pass, near old marble quarries, and then rested in the flat lands and beaches below.

### **Walking the Line**

“Walking the Line” is part of *Digital Threads*, a web project involving five artists, curated by Sarah Quinton and hosted by the Textile Museum of Canada, launched in fall 2007. It was the start of my work with GPS technology and allowed me to create many images very quickly. Each of the twenty-five tracks represents a day and each has four different views where we see the tracks in different contexts. Some of the contexts are real scenes, maps, or Google Earth, and while some represent real activities, others show research topics that took me to distant places. This rapid process allowed me to create spontaneously without considering technical restrictions.

### **Walking the City + Psychogeography**

Walking has an interesting history with a political, cultural, social, and spiritual dimension. Rebecca Solnit’s book, *Wanderlust*, provides an interesting overview of walking in many guises. More recently, the practice of “psychogeography,” conceived by Guy Debord in 1955, created structured walks from a set of prescribed plans, e.g., turn left every third block and then right every fourth. This practice owes much to Baudelaire’s idea of the flâneur and is best described by Walter Ben-

jamin in *The Arcades Project*. These ideas have been revived recently as people to venture into urban spaces with various smart phone interventions. An iPhone app. called *The Serendipitor* prompts walkers in such a way that they get lost or enter unexpected locations; they then serendipitously discover places they wouldn't otherwise see. Renowned walker, Will Self, travels on foot to all the locations of his lectures, to and from the airport, making surprising observations and discoveries en route.

I have long been fascinated by the marks left by Richard Long's evocative walks in deserts and other exotic places, where some of us hope to travel. However, I am really more interested in the things we do daily, rather than those we dream about. So while my trips include many modes of transportation, walking as a way of being in the moment continues to be my inspiration.

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Ruth Scheuing, *GPS Tracks January – December 2008*, 2011,  
digital prints on cradle frames, 12 @ 41 × 41 × 4 cm





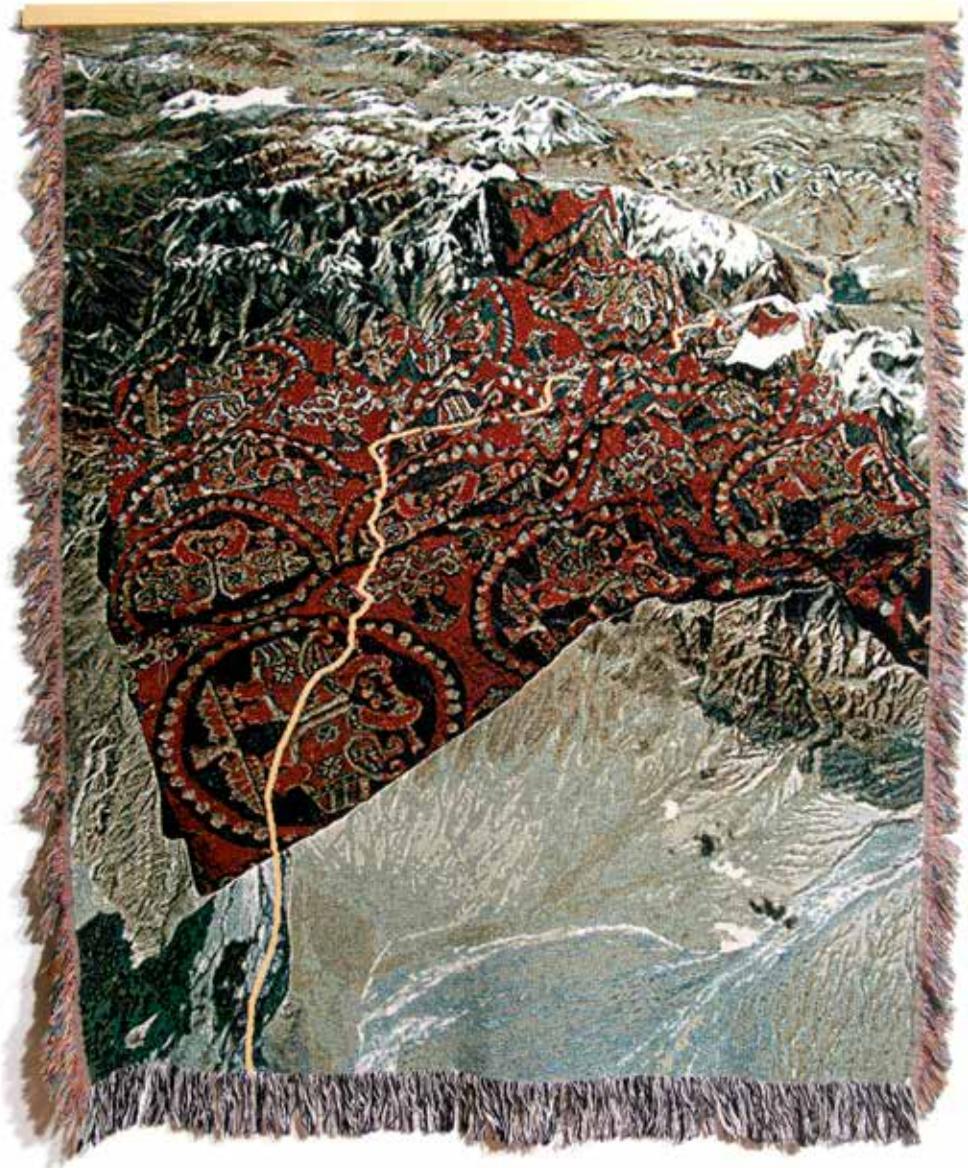
Ruth Scheuing, *Sept. 11, 2011 GPS Track: Trips with Michael and Nasturtium*, 2013, digital print, 23 × 23 cm



Ruth Scheuing, *June 20, 2011 GPS Track: Driving from Castelnuovo to Marina di Massa*  
*after in Lisio, Florence, 2011, digital print, 23 × 23 cm*



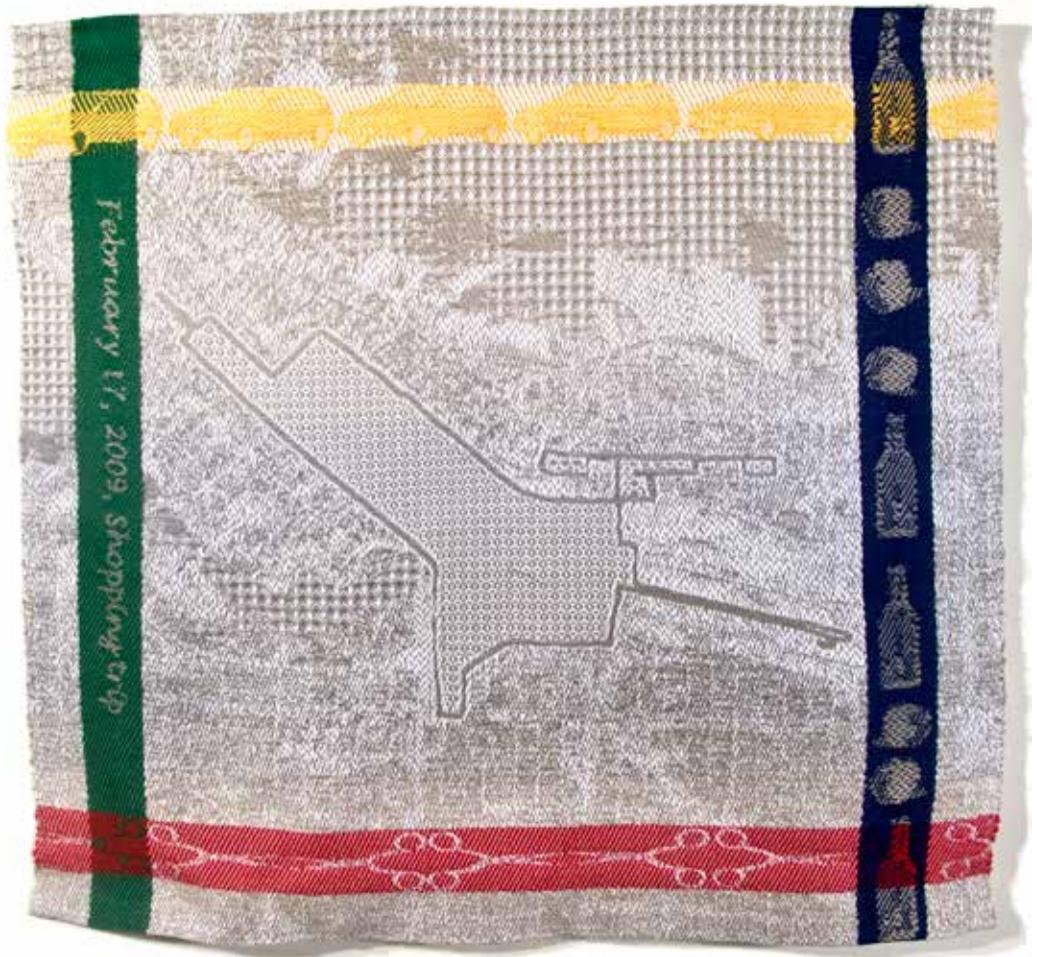
Ruth Scheuing, *Nov. 24, 2012 GPS Track: Fires Kill Women and Girls in Textile Factories, while doors are locked for security reasons*, 2013, digital print, 23 × 23 cm



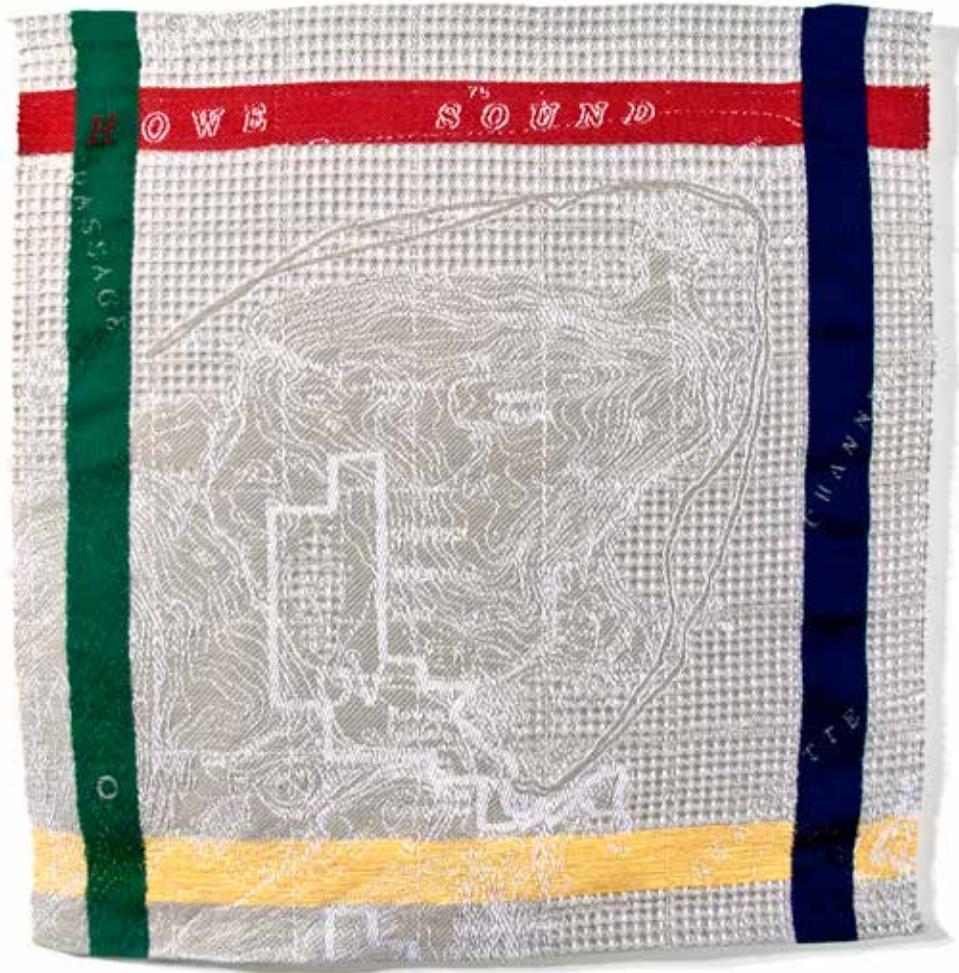
Ruth Scheuing, *Sogdian Child's Coat on the Karakoram Highway*, 38°56' N 75°25' E, 2010, jacquard weaving, 127 × 162 cm



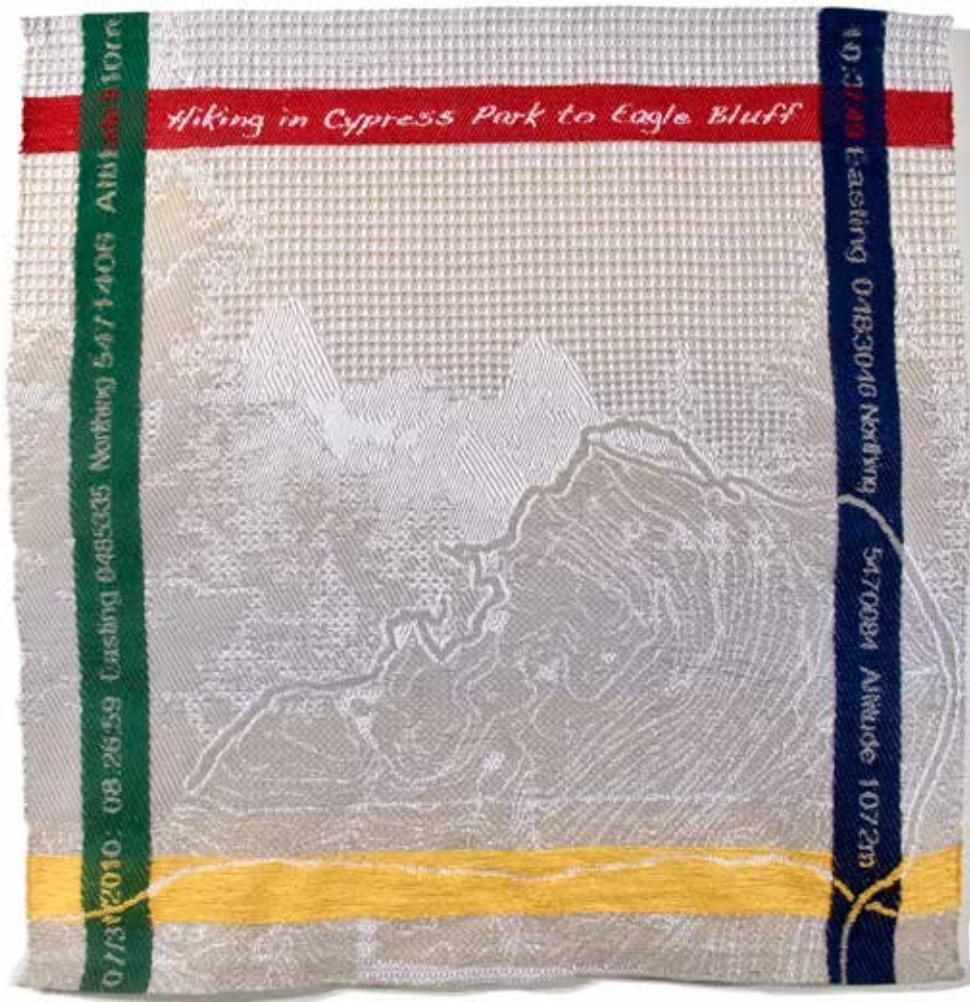
Ruth Scheuing, *Kyrgyz Vest on the Torugart Pass, border crossing between China and Kyrgyzstan with Chatyr-Kul Lake, 40°35' N 75°25' E*, 2010, jacquard weaving, 127 × 162 cm



Ruth Scheuing, *GPS Track May 24, 2010: Sailing around Bowen Island, Howe Sound*, 2010, cotton, handwoven jacquard weaving, 74 × 71 cm



Ruth Scheuing, *GPS Track Feb. 17, 2009: Shopping Trip (and Getting a Haircut)*, 2010, cotton, handwoven jacquard weaving, 66 × 71 cm



Ruth Scheuing, *GPS Track July 31, 2010: Hike in Cypress Park to Eagle Bluff II*, 2010, cotton, handwoven jacquard weaving, 74 × 71 cm

## ADAM FRANK / Introducing Radio Free Stein<sup>1</sup>

I am currently developing a large-scale critical sound project called *Radio Free Stein* that aims to render an as-yet-undetermined number of Gertrude Stein's approximately eighty plays into the form of radio melodrama. My use of the term melodrama refers primarily to an eighteenth-century composite genre that integrates the performance of spoken words with musical accompaniment. Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Pygmalion* is often considered the first of these works in which "the spoken phrase is, as it were, announced and prepared by the musical phrase." While this form makes an appearance in classical European opera (such as Beethoven's *Fidelio*), it takes distinctive shape in modernist opera and musical theatre, for example in the technique of *sprechstimme* as differently used by Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Kurt Weill. In the United States, Robert Ashley has gone furthest in exploring this form: Ashley's textually dense work uses a complex notation to mark pitch and tempo, at the same time that it encourages the speaker's own speech styles and patterns of intonation.

I am not a composer but a writer and critic, and my goal for this project is primarily critical: I would like to further the study and understanding of Stein's plays. My intuition is that the collaborative effort required to render Stein's dramatic writing into radio melodrama will help move us toward such critical understanding. I will try to explain this intuition in a moment, but I should note, first, that the idea that Stein's plays can or should be staged (in whatever form) runs counter to the argument that Stein's plays are linguistic experiments meant primarily for the page, either closet dramas (Puchner) or metadramas (Bowers). This position tends to underestimate the historical influence of both her plays and poetics: it is difficult to ignore the strong gravitational pull that Stein's poetics of landscape drama has exerted on post-WWII non-naturalist theatre practices in the United States and elsewhere. *Radio Free Stein* invites composers and sound artists to explore the writing of this crucial figure for modernist musical theatre in order to consider different ways of integrating music and sound with words.

1 Some of the following remarks are taken from a paper I gave at a seminar on "Modernist Opera" at the Las Vegas meeting of the Modernist Studies Association, October 19, 2012.

I imagine that this description raises a few basic questions: why emphasize sound and music? why radio and not live theatre? and how will such collaborative productions help to understand Stein's plays? To begin with the last question, consider an excerpt from Stein's lecture "Plays" (1935) in which she describes one motivation for her turn to play-writing:

I had before I began writing plays written many portraits. I had been enormously interested all my life in finding out what made each one that one and so I had written a great many portraits.

I came to think that since each one is that one and that there are a number of them each one being that one, the only way to express this thing each one being that one and there being a number of them knowing each other was in a play. (*Lectures in America* 119)

If portraiture is a genre for knowing individuals, then plays, as Stein understands them, are representations of a number of individuals in dynamic relations of mutual knowing. *Radio Free Stein* is based on the idea that Stein's plays always pose the question: how can one possibly know and depict (without narrative) the complexity of group relations? Practically, when it comes to reading any given Stein play, I have found it useful to invite a group of people to imagine what a staging of it might look, sound, and feel like. Because the texts of her plays often do not distinguish between various formal theatrical elements—dialogue, stage direction, setting, characters, titles—a reader who aims to experience and somehow understand a Stein play must decide on each one of these elements. These formal decisions are not entirely different from the intonational, rhythmic, and grammatical decisions a reader makes when he or she reads any piece of Stein's writing aloud; imagining a particular staging of a Stein play is an elaborated extension of the practice of reading her texts aloud. Consider, for example, "An Exercise in Analysis" (1917), which consists of a large number of Act and Part titles, each of which is followed by one or more sentences.

A PLAY

I have given up analysis.

Act II

Splendid profit.

Act III

I have paid my debt to humanity.

Act III

Hurry.

Act IV

Climb. In climbing do not be contented.

Part II

Run ahead.

Run on ahead. (*Last Operas and Plays* 119)

Initially confounding, the play becomes more readable (and amusing) with the decision that the Act and Part divisions are names of characters. It can then be cast for four voices. Differentiating and assigning the voices lets a reader begin to explore a play that has the feeling of a gossip session. When four readers get together to read the play (as I have done, and have had students do), it becomes precisely a skewed exercise in analysis of their own competitive and collaborative relations. More generally, then, because Stein's plays are attempts to stage group relations, collaborative group efforts can restage those dynamics and help to understand them.

But why enlist composers and sound artists in this project? I have already remarked on the practice of reading Stein's texts aloud as it permits intonation to assist in making the grammatical choices that are often necessary. As Steven Meyer has put it, intonation "provides a compositional landscape for grammar, and thereby provides grammatical constructions with determinate significance" (302); indeed, a number of critics have attended to the crucial role for intonation and other dimensions of sound in reading Stein (Pound, J. Frank, and others). It is well known that Stein's writing has appealed to twentieth-century composers: for example, John Cage composed some of his earliest works as musical settings for Stein's writing, while Morton Feldman mentions Stein many times in his essays and remarks. I believe it is possible to offer a genealogy of the notion of "soundscape," coined and conceptualized by composer R. Murray Schaffer, back to Stein's landscape poetics (via Cage's *Imaginary Landscape* compositions). Stein's writing appears to play an important if somewhat underexamined role in post-war North American music and composition. My project seeks to explore this role, not

primarily by way of the archives of twentieth-century music and writing about music, but by way of contemporary compositional techniques. What might twenty-first century composers and sound artists, trained and educated in the tradition of modernist music, already know about Stein's writing, that is, what do their compositional techniques already know? And what happens when this technical knowledge (or know-how) encounters Stein's writing itself as source material? The composers who have agreed to participate in this project are keen to explore Stein's writing for their own compositional purposes.

Finally, why radio? I have chosen this format for a number of reasons, some of which are practical: radio is cheaper and easier to produce than live theatre, I have more experience with audio production, etc. Of course, radio permits audience members to concentrate on the interplay of verbal, sonic, and musical elements that I am most interested in. In addition, radio itself plays a role in Stein's poetics. As part of her American lecture tour, on November 12, 1934 she participated in a radio interview broadcast live on NBC stations coast to coast. Reflecting on it, she said, "of all the things that I never did before, perhaps I like this the best" (*How Writing Is Written* 71). What Stein liked most about broadcasting was its way of addressing the pressing questions of audience: it enabled its two meanings to be condensed, the audience, or the persons attending the radio interview, and audience as the act of hearing itself. In a sense, radio freed Stein from the audience by focusing her attention on audience or the act of hearing. As a medium, radio gives us access to a range of spaces of address and to a movement across this range: the placement (distance and orientation) of the microphone in relation to the source of sound create distinct, changeable spaces for the listener. For example, the microphone can be placed so that a listener experiences voices as if only a foot or two away, more intimate than in live theatre (we can hear traces of breathing, the textures of vocalization). This strange play with phenomenological distance, what Theodor Adorno called "radio's physiognomics," suits what I understand to be the loosely coordinated spaces and open affective circuits that Stein aimed for in her theatrical landscapes, or at least, in some of them (and it remains an interesting question as to which of Stein's plays will work best on radio). Radio audience suits Stein's plays and her landscape poetics: this is the basic idea that motivates *Radio Free Stein*, a project that aims to connect her plays and poetics with readers, her strange audience.

■

The first recorded instalment of *Radio Free Stein*, recently completed, is based on Stein's "For the Country Entirely. A Play in Letters." First published in *Geography and Plays* (1922), "For the Country Entirely" is one of the many conversation plays (as Jane Bowers calls them) that Stein wrote during the wartime year she lived in Mallorca with Alice Toklas. Stein and Toklas had left Paris in March 1915 because of air raids and coal shortages, expecting a brief stay in neutral Spain but remaining until the following spring. "We are very peaceful," she wrote on a postcard to Carl Van Vechten in December 1915, "I am making plays quite a number of them. Conversations are easy but backgrounds are difficult but they come and stay." *Background* is part of a constellation of key terms for Stein, terms that include *land*, *geography*, *country*, and others that she associates with her plays and theatre or landscape poetics. These terms name both a technical problem for Stein as a writer (what to do about setting) and, in the Mallorcan plays, a sociopolitical question: how to make space for women (and other non-combatants) to engage with and participate in experiences of war?

"For the Country Entirely" is clearly interested in questions about patriotism: as an American expatriate in self-directed exile in Spain, how would Stein engage with and disengage from national allegiance in the supercharged context of Europe 1915-16? But the meanings of the word *country* are not solely political: they are also geographical (city versus country) as well as sexual. What are the relations between the country as nation and the country as ground or territory? And what do "country matters" have to do with how countries matter? The title of Stein's play could be read in terms of a feminist antipatriarchal writing that undermines total (and singular) dedication to abstract nationhood by way of a more tactile commitment to (multiple) female sexuality that the subtitle glosses as "A Play in Letters." But these sexual meanings should not be read as simply replacing the national ones. The title's various meanings, as I hear them, exist in ironic tension with one another. And why would Stein choose to write an epistolary play? One way to think about this would begin from the observation that letters are a form of semi-public writing that had been offering women (especially aristocratic European women) a way to participate in political discourse for centuries. Epistolary form offered one answer to the question of how women may participate in the largely male business

of war, a matter of importance to Stein during the writing of this play. “I had never read anything aloud much,” remarks Stein in *Everybody’s Autobiography*, “except all the letters of Queen Victoria to Alice Toklas when we were in Majorca at the beginning of the war.” Victoria’s letters, with their hyperstylized gestures of intimacy that are at the same time direct expressions of political will, would have served as powerful examples of the form of women’s letter writing as it coordinates social and political space. In preparing a scenario for radio I foregrounded the play’s epistolary form by casting the first scene for three voices: two North American women’s voices (roughly, Gertrude and Alice personas that I initially named A and B, then renamed Ava and Bella) dictate letters to a male English amanuensis (C, later renamed Walter). For the recording I chose a specifically English voice to index Stein’s reading of Victoria’s letters as well as to thematize the eighteenth-century epistolary novel form that subtends the play. The fourth voice, American and male, I name William Cook after Stein’s close friend, an American artist who Stein and Toklas spent time with in Mallorca (his name appears at the end of the first scene and again in Act 2). The play explores the group’s dialogue and emotional relations.

Stein’s writing makes space for the collisions of words in their many meanings and ways of making meaning. As a reader and sound producer, I would like listeners to find the words in Stein’s plays, the sparks thrown off by their collisions, intelligible or, as Stein would put it, enjoyable. In the same radio interview I mentioned above Stein answered William Lundell’s bemused question, why is her speech so much more intelligible than her writing, this way: “Look here. Being intelligible is not what it seems. You mean by understanding that you can talk about it in the way that you have a habit of talking, putting it in other words. But I mean by understanding enjoyment. If you enjoy it, you understand it.” For the purposes of the *Radio Free Stein* project, and for reading Stein more generally, I take this definition seriously. How can Stein’s plays be read and staged so that they are enjoyable? This is the guiding question for the sound recordings.

A word on recording and performance: in spring 2012 I received a Hampton Foundation Grant from the University of British Columbia to create a sonic staging of “For the Country Entirely.” The recording features music by Dorothy Chang and is directed by Adam Henderson. Performances are by Cara McDowell (as Ava), Lucia Frangione (as Bella), Alan Marriott (as Walter), and Kurt Evans (as William Cook), with Mark Ferris and Domagoj Ivanovic on violins, Marcus Takizawa on

viola, and Peggy Lee on cello. The recording was mixed by Josh Henderson at Otic Sound. In addition, a live staging of this radio play took place at the Western Front on May 3rd, 2012 (performers as above, except for Rebecca Wenham on cello). Both a video recording of the live performance and the studio audio recording are available at the *Radio Free Stein* website, as is more information about this project and miscellaneous resources for thinking about Stein's plays and her writing in relation to sound. Please consult <http://www.radiofreestein.com>.

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*Gertrude Stein on NBC radio with interviewer [William Lundell], 1932*

Photo credit: Ray Lee Jackson

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## ADAM FRANK / Scenario for Gertrude Stein's "For the Country Entirely: A Play in Letters" (1916)

For four voices, two women and two men.

The setting is Mallorca in 1916, semi-voluntary exile for a handful of Americans and English who have been thrown into close quarters because of the exigencies of war. Ava and Bella (roughly, Gertrude and Alice) are two American women who dictate letters to Walter, their English amanuensis. William Cook is an expatriate American artist. They keep company while depending on correspondence to maintain connections with friends in Paris, London, and the U.S. Overall, there is a mixed sense of excitement and adventure along with the boredom and worry of waiting; the feeling of being displaced and stuck while military action takes place elsewhere, the chance that it might arrive here.

Some remarks on group dynamics: Ava and Bella are married. Ava and William are gruff and collegial. Bella and Walter compete for Ava's attention, but are thrown together when William shows up.

"LANDSCAPE" indicates that some play with multiple voices should take place, to be worked out in rehearsal/editing.

### FOR THE COUNTRY ENTIRELY: A PLAY IN LETTERS

LANDSCAPE: Almond trees in the hill  
BELLA: We saw them today.  
WALTER: Dear Mrs. Steele.  
I like to ask you questions. Do you believe that it is  
necessary to worship individuality.  
BELLA: We do.  
WALTER: Mrs. Henry Watterson.  
AVA: Of course I have heard.  
WALTER: Dear Sir. Of course I have heard.  
BELLA: They didn't leave the book.  
WALTER: Dear Sir. They didn't leave the book.  
AVA: Yes Yes.  
WALTER: I know what I hear.

BELLA: (MOCKING) Yes sir.  
WALTER: Dear Sir.  
I heard her hurrying.  
BELLA: We all did.  
WALTER: Good night.  
Isabel Furness.  
AVA: I like their names.  
WALTER: (EMPHASIS) Anthony Rosello.  
BELLA: It's easy to name a street like that.  
AVA: It is.  
LANDSCAPE: With a view  
of trees and a hill.  
WALTER: Yes sir.  
Herbert.  
BELLA: Dear Herbert.  
Come again.  
William.  
AVA: William Cook!

## CHAPTER 2

WALTER: Dear Sir.  
BELLA/WALTER: A play.  
AVA: A great many people ask me in misery.  
BELLA/WALTER: Have they come.  
WALTER: Dear friends. (PAUSE)  
Say what you have to say.  
AVA: Dear Whitehead and Paul and Woolson and Thorne. Why  
can't you accommodate yourselves and leave me alone.  
I don't mean today or yesterday or by counting.  
BELLA: Everybody cannot count.  
LANDSCAPE: An avenue goes through a city and a street crosses it  
crosses the city.  
AVA: There is no use in pointing out associations. A great many  
people can read.

BELLA: Not women. Not in some countries.  
AVA: Oh yes not in some countries.  
WALTER: Caesar.  
BELLA: Caesar isn't a name that is not used. I have known a great many people have it.  
AVA: Henry Caesar. A class is full and teaching is difficult. They do not understand.  
BELLA: Who does not understand.  
AVA: (GARBLED) [The Barcelonese.]  
LANDSCAPE: Color. A country and a cup where they sell water.  
BELLA: Everybody sells water. In this country.  
WALTER: Everybody sells water in this country.  
AVA: Is it a hot country.  
BELLA: It is not and water is plentiful.  
AVA: Then I do not understand you.  
BELLA: You need not question me.  
WALTER: Dear girl.  
Grandfathers can not make sacrifices for their children.  
It is not expected of them and they are not sacrificed.  
A great many people are sacrificed.  
AVA: Oh dear yes.  
WALTER: Helen.

### CHAPTER 3

WILLIAM: Why do you play in letters.  
WALTER: Because we are English.  
WILLIAM: Is it an English custom.  
AVA: It is not an American.  
WILLIAM: Oh yes I remember you did mention.  
WALTER: Dear Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.  
BELLA: Can you recollect can you remember what day it was that we promised  
BELLA/WALTER: to go into the wind and not take shelter.  
WILLIAM: I cannot remember that we ever undertook to do that.

AVA: We are going in another direction.  
WILLIAM: To day?  
AVA: And day after to morrow.  
BELLA: We often spell together.  
We like latin.  
WILLIAM: How goes it.  
WALTER: Frederick and Harriet Beef.  
AVA: Do be anxious about me.  
AVA/BELLA: We are not anxious about me.  
WILLIAM: No you were told to be so were you not.  
BELLA: We were not advised.  
WILLIAM: No indeed you were not.  
BELLA: Dear Mr. Colin Bell.  
Do be gracious and come again.  
AVA: Soon.  
BELLA: As soon as you like.  
WILLIAM: I do not know how to reply.  
AVA: No you don't and I am so uneasy.  
WILLIAM: Not today.  
No not at all.  
WALTER: Dear Sir.  
Good night.

## ACT 2

WILLIAM: Here we come to act two.  
AVA: Australian papers.  
BELLA: Canadian papers.  
WILLIAM: American papers.  
WALTER: Dear Mrs. Millicant.  
BELLA: Do not be insulting.  
You know very well that we have not conscription.  
AVA: Were you surprised.

LANDSCAPE: In states.  
Or in territories.

AVA: My dear Milly. I wish you would come and tell me about Rigoletto.

BELLA: Oh yes handkerchiefs.

AVA: From Bonnets.

WALTER: Good evening Mrs.

BELLA: (INTERRUPTING) That is not well said.

WALTER: Dear Gilbert. Remember me to your mother.

WILLIAM: All the time.

AVA: Dear Mr. Lindo Webb.  
I understand why you are not better liked. A great many people expect you to teach them English. You do so and very well. You might be married and have a wife and son. With these helping you to teach you could teach many more people English. Then we can expect that you will change your place of residence.

BELLA: We do not expect you to change your coat.

WALTER: No Englishman does.

BELLA: We understand that.

AVA: Young Bonnet.

WILLIAM: We have been very much annoyed by the impertinence of Mr. Alfred Bonnet.

LANDSCAPE: Little pieces of paper are suddenly burnt.

WILLIAM: In believing a shoe maker you believe his father.

AVA: I do not believe his father.

WILLIAM: Why

BELLA: Because he does not dress well.

WALTER: Dress well dress well.

BELLA: Dear Mrs. Cook.  
Have you any special wishes. Do you want to know about almond leaves and almond roots. Or do you refer to olive roots. Olive trees have large roots. I do not know about almond trees.

LANDSCAPE: The rest of the time was spent in deploring the tempest.

WILLIAM: Dear Mrs. Carlock.  
I do not know the name. I have often been told that the easiest way to be believed is to examine every one. I have endeavored to do so but without success.

AVA: Some people believe that they will be killed. By this I mean that they delight in teaching.

BELLA: Some teach very well. Some teach in the north.

WILLIAM: Do not stay away.  
Sincerely yours and not carelessly.  
Walter Winter.

WALTER: How do you know my name.

WILLIAM: I speak three languages spanish french and english.

BELLA: Dear Mr. Cook.  
How do you do. Do you mean that you are able to stay.

WILLIAM: The rest of the afternoon.

WALTER: (LOW) I do not understand a red nose.

AVA: Not today.  
No not today. You see the explanation is this.  
We will not be pleased altogether.

BELLA: Mrs. Cook I ask of you do not come again.

WILLIAM: Do you mean it.

WALTER: (LOW) I cannot understand Mary Rose Palmer.

AVA: I can understand explaining things to one another.  
We were there and the almond flowers turned to almond leaves.

BELLA: Dear Mr. Cook.  
Come again.  
Sincerely yours  
Daisy Clement.

### ACT 3

#### SCENE 1

LANDSCAPE: In the country and for the country.

WALTER: Dear Master.  
BELLA: Do not say so.  
WALTER: You mean there is no such address?  
BELLA: I do not mean that, I criticize. I do mean that the method used does not agree with me.  
WALTER: Certainly not.  
Sincerely yours.  
Harmon.  
WILLIAM: Why do you need a name.  
AVA: I don't know. I like the point of Inca.  
WILLIAM: Do not see it everywhere.  
AVA: I will not.  
BELLA: Dear land.  
When I call away I do not mean that I wish the coal to burn. It is not necessary to tell me that the peas will suffer. They certainly will not neither will the pinks.  
WALTER: Thank you for using that word.  
AVA: Dear me it is windy.

## SCENE 2

WALTER: Dear Sir. Mr. Cousins told me that they were away when it happened. They recollected being asked if they were well, if they had recovered from their emotion. They were also asked if their wives and children were well. They certainly did not know how to say: excuse me I do not know who you are. They might have said  
WALTER/BELLA: I would wish to know your name because it would not be right not to be able to give your message and if we do not know your name we cannot say from whom the message came.  
WALTER: This was not done.  
BELLA: Dear Sir. Do not be angry with your government.  
Sincerely yours.  
William Hague.

### SCENE 3

WILLIAM: This was the way to reason. Did he leave after the other came. Was he a sea captain. Was the other one of the same profession although a citizen of another nation. Now as to the word

WILLIAM/AVA: citizen.

WILLIAM: The use of it differs. Some are inclined to

WILLIAM/WALTER: ratify the use of it,

WILLIAM: others prefer to ask

WILLIAM/BELLA: what is a citizen.

WILLIAM: A citizen is one who employing all the uses of his nature cleans the world of adjoining relations.

WILLIAM/AVA: In this way we cannot conquer.

WILLIAM: We do conquer and I ask how,

ALL FOUR: how do you do.

WALTER: Dear Sir. When it is necessary to come you will come.

WILLIAM: Yes sir.

AVA: Dear sir. When it is necessary to be hurried you are not nervous.

WILLIAM: Not at all.

AVA: Very well.

BELLA: Dear Sir. Why have you special places for your handkerchiefs.

WILLIAM: Because they have been so charmingly embroidered.

BELLA: You are pleased then.

WILLIAM: Yes very pleased indeed.

### SCENE 3<sup>1</sup>

WALTER: Dear Sir.  
Extra dresses.

BELLA: Oh yes.

1 Two Scene 3s in the original Stein text.

WALTER: See here. Extra gloves.  
AVA: I do not like the word gloves it has a combination of letters in it that displeases me.  
BELLA: Since when.  
AVA: Since this evening.  
BELLA: I do not understand your objection.  
AVA: It is easy to understand if I explain.  
WALTER: Dear Genevieve. Do say where you heard them speak of the decision they had come to not to have masked balls.  
WILLIAM: I didn't say. They always have masked balls.  
WALTER: Oh so they do.  
WILLIAM: Yes indeed they do.  
AVA: There are many of them?  
WILLIAM: A great many.  
AVA: Looks.  
BELLA: Looks to me.  
WALTER: (INTERRUPTING) Dear Sir. Why have you such splendid olive trees.  
AVA: Dear Mr. Wilson.  
Why have you such plain entrances.  
WILLIAM: What do you mean.  
AVA: I mean in Mallorca they do it in such a way that every house has an interesting entrance.  
WILLIAM: You mean chairs.  
AVA: Yes I mean chairs.

## ACT 4

### SCENE 1

AVA: Dear Sir. Please do not persist.  
BELLA: The one in the house said it.  
WILLIAM: Dear Lady Cryst what do you say to that again.  
AVA: I say nothing.

WILLIAM: Indeed you are discreet and timid.  
WALTER: Mrs. Seeman has been disappointed. In Saint Katherine.  
BELLA: Yes because of the children.  
WALTER: How do you mean.  
BELLA: One of them was not bewildering and he blasphemed the saints.  
WALTER: Oh no.  
AVA: No one could be older.  
WILLIAM: You mean today.  
AVA: I mean anyday.  
WALTER: Dear Sir. Come to another conclusion.  
WILLIAM: Yes I will. Receive me and Cuba.  
AVA: You mean the name.  
WILLIAM: Yes the name.  
BELLA: You always liked hearing noises.  
AVA: Not in France.  
BELLA: No indeed not in France.  
WILLIAM: Not in France.  
WALTER: No indeed.  
AVA: Really you prepare me.  
WILLIAM: I do.  
AVA: Not today.  
WILLIAM: Today.  
AVA: You prepare me today.

## SCENE 2

BELLA: This is so pleasing.  
WALTER: Dear Sir. How do you pronounce Crowtell.  
LANDSCAPE: The land is very near and is seen and nuns fix it.  
And the tramway.  
WILLIAM: Shall I say streetcar.  
AVA: Not necessarily here it is more a country road and the electricity is easily had.

WILLIAM: Everywhere.  
AVA: Yes everywhere.  
WILLIAM: That is such a comfort.  
WALTER: Dear sir.  
BELLA: You mean dear Mr. Rossilo  
AVA/BELLA: do you know my older brother.

### SCENE 3

WILLIAM: Charles King.  
AVA/BELLA/WALTER: (MUTTERING) Lindo Webb Lindo Webb.  
WALTER: Dear Charles King. You do not mind that I am in  
distress. I have no means of satisfying myself whether I  
am obliged to be careful or not.  
BELLA: Careful of what.  
WALTER: Of what I say in public.  
BELLA: Certainly not.  
AVA: No?  
BELLA: Certainly not.  
WILLIAM: Dear Mr. Lindo Webb.  
Come again will you.  
LANDSCAPE: A great many mountains are higher than any on the island.  
WILLIAM: Do you believe in lessons.  
WALTER: Of course I do.  
AVA: So does Mrs. Gilbert.

### SCENE 4

WILLIAM: I am enjoying it.  
BELLA: Dear Mr. Lindo Webb. Why do you wish to win.  
WALTER: In the more readily seen places there is no muttering.  
BELLA: You mean no quarreling.  
WALTER: I mean neither one or the other.  
BELLA: Oh I understand you.  
WALTER: By that I mean that I am poor.

BELLA: I see what you mean.  
WALTER: Dear Woodrow. This is a name.  
AVA: What does anybody mean by interesting.  
BELLA: That is not a word that has that position.  
AVA: You mean not nicely.  
WALTER: I mean that I am English.  
WILLIAM: Dear Mr. Henry.  
ALL FOUR: What have you been meaning to do.

#### SCENE 5

WALTER/BELLA: Dear Sir.  
AVA: Why do you speak.  
AVA/WILLIAM: Dear Sir.  
BELLA: Please me.  
WALTER: How can I be called.  
WILLIAM: Do you wish to go to market.  
WALTER/WILLIAM: Dear Sir.  
WALTER: Do you wish me to go to market.  
AVA/BELLA: Dear Sir.  
BELLA: Do you wish me to have that made.  
ALL FOUR: How do you mean.

#### SCENE 6

BELLA: Dear Sir. Remember that when you have no further requests to make you must not blame me.  
WALTER: Dear Sir. I know you do not object to smoke.  
AVA: Dear Mrs. Lindo Webb How can you break your teeth. By falling down in the street.  
WILLIAM: You mean now when the pavement is so dark.  
BELLA: Naturally.  
It would not have happened otherwise.  
LANDSCAPE: This is because of the necessary condition of lighting.

AVA: We all suffer from that.

## SCENE 7

WALTER: Do you remember Charles Mark. Figs. Especially mentioned figs.

AVA: Dear Sir. Will you come today and wear three diamond rings and an officers suit. You have a perfect right to wear an officer's suit. You are a major.

BELLA: Dear Mrs. English. Do you like a different country.

AVA: Do you mean higher up in the hills.

BELLA: Not so very much higher.

## ACT 5

### SCENE 1

BELLA: This is the last time we will use seasoning.

AVA: You mean you like it better cold.

BELLA: No don't be foolish.

WALTER: Dear Sir. Is there much wisdom in searching for asphodels.

WILLIAM: Not if you already know what they are.

WALTER: We do know now.

WILLIAM: Then there is no use in trying to accustom yourself to their beauty.

BELLA: But we don't find it beautiful.

WALTER: I too have failed to find beauty in them.

WILLIAM: This is not surprising as they do not grow prettily.

AVA: They were a great disappointment to us.

### SCENE 2

AVA: We all are able to see I don't care a bit about Lena. We are all able to say

BELLA/WALTER/WILLIAM: I don't care a bit about Lena.

WILLIAM: Dear Mrs. Landor. How can you cease to be troubled about the rest of the winter. How can you cease to be troubled about the rest of the summer and the beginning of the winter.

AVA: Dear Sir. Every evening the snow falls.

BELLA: Red.

AVA: Yes and so do the asphodels.

BELLA: Asphodel isn't red. I know it looks so.

WALTER: Dear friend. Can you give me any pleasure.

AVA: Yesterday afternoon was a holiday.

BELLA: You mean a festival.

AVA: I mean a day of the country.

BELLA: Do you mean that you understand the country.

AVA: No indeed.

### SCENE 3

WILLIAM: Dear friends. Have patience.

### SCENE 4

AVA: This has ended very well.

WILLIAM: You mean meeting one another.

AVA: Yes and asking us to remain here.

WILLIAM: You mean that a great many people were troubled.

BELLA: Not a great many people.

AVA: Some are very happy.

WALTER: So are others.

WILLIAM: We all have wishes.

WALTER: Expressed wishes.

AVA: Dear Sir. Will you come again and eat ham.

WILLIAM: Not in this country.

BELLA: Fish.

WILLIAM: Not in this country.

## **DOROTHY CHANG / Composition and Collaboration: Music for Stein's "For the Country Entirely: A Play in Letters" (1916)**

Here are a few notes about composing the music for the first play of Adam Frank's *Radio Free Stein* project.

To start with, Adam suggested that the music should have an early 1900s sound, so for the beginning of the play I chose to write in a neo-classical style. The lines are very clean; the ensemble starts the first act with a simple waltz. In fact, the entire first act mirrors the structure of the Classical sonata form in that there's an introductory movement, followed by a slow movement, and ending with a fast movement.

Act Two, which is a bit of a scherzo, is the longest continuous act and is divided into a series of letters which the music responds to. Every time there's a "Dear sir," "Dear Mr. Colin Bell," "Dear Mr. Lindo Webb," the music responds to that as a cue to move on to the next musical pattern or phrase. There's a lot of interaction between, or at least parallel movement, between the dialogue and the music.

Act Three is a rehashing of the music of Act One, but things start to go awry. Conflict begins to emerge in the dialogue and the music reflects this with distorted versions of the neo-classical material of Act One.

With Act Four, Adam and I decided that the play should move into another sound world, reflecting a shift in the type of interaction between characters. The scenes are much shorter and more self-contained; Act Four is a series of seven different miniatures and the music reflects these in a variety of ways. You'll hear a lot of effects on the string quartet such as tone clusters and pitch bends, sounds that you wouldn't typically hear from an early 20th century quartet.

Act Five, the final act, takes Act One in reverse. There we have the music from Scenes Three, Two, and One, but all of it somewhat disjointed after the experience of going through the previous three acts.

The principle of design for the overall structure of the music was to run parallel to the dramatic content of the dialogue, reflecting Adam's adaptation of Stein's text.

As for the music itself, when we started this project we were thinking of a few things. First, that the music would have a specific relationship to the text. It would not simply be background music. In that sense, the music can stand alone—remove the text and the music will make sense as an independent piece, as will the dialogue. But we also wanted to find way of intersecting and intertwining the two. Not an easy task! It was a bit like painting with another painter, both of us blindfolded. I used red, he used green, both of us working in our own spheres. At the end, with our blindfolds off, we had to see where we might be able to meld our two creative visions. It was a very interesting experience. You'll find that in many places the music does respond to the text: in some places it is providing affect, in some places it is providing commentary, and in some places it's in dialogue or in counterpoint with the text.



*Radio Free Stein*, "For the Country Entirely. A Play in Letters" by Gertrude Stein, May 3, 2013, Western Front, Vancouver, Canada

## LISA ROBERTSON / Edmund Husserl's Origin of Geometry: An Introduction

The historical origin of geometry is present right now at the horizon line, and also within speech. Geometry is accessible, spacious and lively. Tradition that isn't open to the present can't lay claim to truth. Everybody should do geometry.

Geometry's horizon is the line where sensuous conceptual activity touches a lack of knowledge. I can stand in for this lack.

Right away, geometry poses the problem of identity. To be in the present, tradition must change as it also remains recognizably itself. There's no identity without sensual discontinuousness, the discontinuousness being necessary to give a little push to continuousness as a timely sensation. We carry the horizon internally, each of us, as an identity.

Each time we actually know this geometry originates.

When I grasp my discontinuous continuousness that begins and moves, I am in the vitality of geometry as a line. I'm in the original geometry that others have thought. Here I am trying to experience each sentence as geometry that begins with a thought actually experienced, then moves that thought sensation into what I don't know. It feels like a risk because geometry is risky.

Sometimes we need an instrument to slow down experience, to make the moving line of geometry perceptible in a way that doesn't cause fear. And so it becomes time to invent an instrument, it becomes time to be in love with tradition, tradition felt as that internal horizon where what we want to know touches everything ever living. We really feel the point of their touching, and so we make an instrument out of the love of beginning.

Originating geometry can be frightening which is why we sometimes do it with others.

My father thinks in geometry. He said on the telephone that there is very little innovation, and then he slowly repeated himself. Already geometry is mathematics, philosophy, everything. Although this thought, the thought of the rarity of innovation, moved counter to my prior beliefs, I almost did understand and I was stimulated.

The identity of geometry can be spoken. There can be geometry when we speak on the telephone or in a café. On Saturday my friend said four-dimensional geometry is very difficult. Take this cup for example. It is geometry she said. It has a position in space. She lifted the cup. Then move it in space and the movement is the fourth part. I nearly understood what she meant and I was filled with the excitement of geometry. And then my friend spoke of the invention of an imaginary number called  $i$ , in order to solve a problem. But here I want to stay with geometry. There we were in a café on a Saturday doing geometry and it was excellent. Having spoken about geometry with my father and my friend I now wanted to speak about it often. Everybody can know geometry but it needs to be spoken.

Living wakefully in the world is geometry said Husserl.

Some say that geometry is not equivocal. Because of its active relation to its ongoing spoken origin in the present, geometry cannot be equivocal. Its language is true; that is to say that the language my friend and my father and I have recourse to in the café, on the telephone, is thoroughly the language through which geometry activates its origin and nothing else. I understand that this is so but I want to add to this statement about the univocity of geometry's language my own ignorance. When I speak with my friend and my father in order to learn geometry, to do geometry together with them, I am doing so in constant view of my own ignorance, my misunderstanding, my tiredness and my need to eat, as well as in the actuality of my voracious vitality which wants nothing less than to assume the entirety of geometry as its own treasure to be shared among the others for whom it also exists as exclusively their vitality's treasure. It is my effortful ignorance that gives me our geometry. As our words express true things, such as the fourth dimension potential to the coffee cup, or geometry's infinity, they express these certain things only because the very same words represent the potential of not expressing anything.

Language is made equivocal by its possible failure, a failure as inherent to our speaking as it is to our love. Geometry also could fail.

What of the vocational interruptions and time out for rest, which cannot be overlooked, said Husserl.

The possible failure of language is part of why and how we speak, and it is part of the way we express geometry. It is the part that keeps our vitality buoyant at the thought of the horizon at any specific time of day. The possible failure of language, that is, its equivocality, is necessary to carry the tradition which is geometry into our mouths and our guts and our hands. Doing geometry takes guts because it could fail. This time, the fourth dimension of the coffee cup at the café table could no longer be self evidently true. The line could stop posing the problem of identity in movement. Language could stop meaning any of these things. Tradition is vulnerable and sometimes stops. Worse, judgement is sometimes mistaken for tradition. Geometry does not judge; it is not law. It is only historical as it is being expressed as an origin, as a thinking with guts. If we want to know what origin is we can go to geometry but not to law. I say we can go to it but I mean we can bring its language, which is always about to fail, into our own ignorance and that is a horizon. Geometry takes guts.

Beyond its possible failure, what makes geometry actual is the possibility of its renewal, which is different than logic. It is renewed through a living transmission, and not caused. The renewal of geometry is active, and happens not in the sentence, but in space, at the level of guts, sometimes in a geometer's solitude, and sometimes in a conversation. But there is no solitude in geometry because to enter into it is to be existing in history, which is to say, always with other geometers, living and dead. It is not the pastness that gives geometry its history; it is its ability to become vivid in space and thinking and speech. So as well as being importantly in a conversation with her own ignorance, a geometer converses with the long transit of thinking. She is always outside herself, and this is one of the pleasures her projects bring. The identity of geometry is not individual; it can't be because the geometer begins with another's thought, on the telephone, at a café, or in an email. When I do geometry I come to see that what I have already thought doesn't matter. Doing geometry is radically traditional. It returns us to the space we're all in.

Geometry is the eccentric line moving outwards towards another. Knowing this actively, it becomes possible to dedicate oneself to geometry as the practice of eccentricity. This goes against what I might have thought about it before doing geometry on the telephone, in the café, or in the car, or while reading a book. I might have thought that geometry as tradition was about locating and fixing a center. But geometry is elliptical. Its center moves with the point between one person and the thinking of another. I find it very exciting now that I have experienced the eccentricity of the actual thinking that happens in the company of one's own ignorance and the speaking of others. It has become impossible to stop thinking about the vivid spiritual line that is geometry, because it is always about to become new, at the same time that it is infinite. Each line, experienced in its eccentricity, is the origin of geometry.

One of the economic problems with geometry is that it moves more slowly and unpredictably than logic does. Logic has nothing to do with meaning and the activation of a tradition in the guts. Geometry isn't the same as method. There is no absolute or necessary identity between method and the origin of geometry. Often method replaces geometry because method is economical, and so the specific eccentricity of the line has been suppressed. Logic is entirely different from geometry, which wants to situate the realization of its eccentric temporality within anyone who thinks according to its line. And yet geometry's transmission has yielded the method we call logic. You can tell the difference between geometry and logic because logic has no guts. Geometry is infinite, eccentric and historical. In actuality, geometry is useless to economics. It helps only our ignorance. Where ignorance is acknowledged as a desirable resource in thinking and living, there can be history.

Yet geometry has recourse to logic as a proof, which can be helpful. But proof isn't origin.

What about the question of time, or the coffee cup. The questioning that is geometry, its horizon of unknowing, is truly in the present, that is, in the vivid psychology and physiology of the questioner. That vividness can only express itself in the present by way of a re-enlivening of the desire of previous questioners. It's always someone else's geometry that we passionately apprehend. So the re-enacted hori-

zon of unknowing is someone else's historical time. The time is not assumed, it is *transmitted* as a present vitality. To ask the question of geometry puts us astoundingly in the thinking of others. Our instruments pertain to their curiosity. Time is in geometry as an eccentric present that renews itself in the play of others. Each instrument is historical. The technological means that assist us in our apprehension of the present are the temporary materializations of the questioning of the others who came before us. By playing in the present with our instruments we are expanding the materiality of history, which is a spiritual materiality, in that the urgent desires of others to face their own horizons of unknowing are the very desires we ourselves feel. The use of the instruments draws a grid within which we can experience historical desire as the vividness of our thinking bodies. But the uses and methods themselves are not geometry. They help out our desire a bit. The relationship of desire to geometry is entire, and places our living in historical, spiritual time.

This sentence, for example, is an instrument. I have received the sentence as a formal tradition through the ongoing institutions of its transmission. But this sentence itself is not language. It needs language as the instruments of geometry need their makers and questioners and their embodied guts and desires. This sentence is a big help, not only as an instrument of transmission and communication, but as an instrument of thinking within myself. With the help of the sentence I can think. I can find my desire for geometry. It marks a passage so it becomes possible to return, to re-circulate, to repeatedly face the horizon of what I don't already know. But the sentence itself is not the desire to know, nor is it the knowledge. It marks something only. It pertains to history as the mark of what we don't know, which is someone else. Language is always someone else. The same for geometry. Geometry is elsewhere, at origin, at the horizon drawn by desire.

History means that everything is inherently a sum of human events. This statement doesn't have to be understood as a determinism. Any cultural fact in the present is brimming also with every event that has never been expressed although it has taken place, and every event that has taken place and then been excised from the narration of history, which is not the same as history itself, in the same way that methodology is not geometry. The entire history of the excised, the un-

expressed, is inherent in every cultural present. So an act of the present can transform everything that has ever been silent in history. Something other than method emerges, something that feels new because it has not been narrated. In this way there is history that is neither determination nor law. There can be freedom in history. This freedom is a horizon.

This means that tradition, as the sum of historical a priori, replete with the repression and excision of acts, is infinite. It is always other than itself: tradition's differences are specific, as each human act is specific. The present actions also express the complete discontinuous difference of tradition as the horizon of freedom. Geometry will draw out this freedom as a line. Every line is founded upon the entire history of excised acts. Perhaps this is what zero is. I don't know. But some of geometry is undocumented and we have to think about what this undocumented history does to geometry as identity. I am speaking here as if geometry were a subject, as individuals are subjects whose particular modes of subjectivity cannot be contained by a method. What is the difference between persons and the objective historicity of human acts if both bear within them the silence of everything not expressed? Maybe duration is the only difference. Yet duration is a qualitative difference. I think that where a person has a beginning, tradition has an origin. Origin would be the infiniteness of acts inherent in the present. Beginning is that each person arises specifically with her proper beginning, and iterates that beginning in view of the certainty of her individual mortality. The specificity of a person is that she will not be repeated. She is finite. The specificity of tradition is its infinite line of transmission through the detailed accumulation of historical acts. Each act carries within it the non-identity of the undocumented, the impropriety of continuance, tradition in its lively original transmission. A person begins only in the company of tradition.

The identity of tradition, which is everything spoken as well as everything undocumented or excised, is her freedom. I can't say for certain if this is what Husserl means, but this thought followed from a patient rereading of *Origin of Geometry*. The person who acts into tradition is ready to be wrong. Geometry liberates.

A geometrical statement makes claim to an unconditioned objectivity. Is there a way for me to think about this? The inevitable and thorough conditioning of state-

ments functions as a truth-value in the discourse I have been taught. I am comfortable with the premise of conditioning. It could be interesting to set aside the inevitability of conditioning of statements for a moment. What would this achieve? What if the statement concerned freedom? Might an emancipative statement be offered substantively? I feel uncertain about entering this terrain, but I do wish to state the emancipative potential of radical tradition with unconditioned objectivity. Can a potential be objective? Here it must. I think that this is why we can continue to have a world, a horizon. What if the horizon were a line of unconditioned emancipative potential? Why would anybody ever want to draw a line if this were not so? What could be generally human beyond the statement of emancipative potential? Clearly the earth itself as an objective continuity depends upon such a universal and spirited emancipation. What other earth could geometry measure?

Yet not the earth itself, nor the particularities of historical engagements with territories, but the active conceptual relationship of persons to the earth as a radically open tradition must be the universal determinant. The origin of geometry is emancipative.

Essay originally commissioned by the Burnaby Art Gallery to accompany the exhibition *Lyndl Hall: On Fixing Position*, June 1–24, 2012.

## LYNDL HALL / Point, Line, and Plane

Point, Line, and Plane are the tools of the draughtsman, the cartographer, and the geometer. Points gather into lines, project into planes, and emanate out of instruments of delineation: pencil, sundial, compass, sextant, etc. These instruments have been used in some form or other for centuries, in the hands of the expert and the amateur—the sextant to cross an ocean, the sundial to pass the hours in contemplation. It is this mix of precision and poeticism that holds my interest. As measuring instruments they collect quantitative information; but they also accumulate metaphoric qualities (this can be seen most clearly in the tradition of inscribing epigraphs on sundials). It is as if these tools emerge equally out of two worlds: the empirically abstract and the physically embodied, neither one having precedence over the other. The information they generate locates and positions a moving self within a network of invisible lines that intersects with geometry projected onto the universe. At the same time these tools are products of a physical engagement with the forces of the world (sun, shadow, clouds, horizon, etc.) and speak to more qualitative notions of the landscape and one's experience in a specific location. It is my interest in these alternating ways of making sense of the world that produced the following series of works.

As part of this project, the artist book *There Are Others Ways of Inhabiting the World* (2012) is a reproduction of the Latitude and Longitude tables from the turn of the century compendium, *A Complete Set of Nautical Tables, with Explanations of their Use, Rearranged and Considerably Extended by a Committee of Experts. Forming the most complete set of Nautical Tables in Existence* by J. W. Norie. Pages are laid out in facsimile with one variation: I have shifted the Prime Meridian from Greenwich, England to Vancouver, Canada, and all subsequent Longitude points are adjusted accordingly. Still accurate as a working manual this version reflects the time when, prior to standardization in 1884, a variety of 'Prime' meridians were in use throughout Europe. During this time perimeters and boundaries were being mapped with increasing accuracy, yet stray rocks and reported (but unconfirmed) islands could still be found in the lists of known points. Many of the place names evoke the emotional experience of the sailor at sea for long periods of time; for example, there are five Providences; three Hope Islands; many Danger,

Despair, or Desolation points, reefs, or rocks; a Resolution Bay; ruins of note at Port Desire; and a Seldom Come By Harbour. These place names belie the system of measurement that so neatly lays out an empirical world apparently tamed through mapping; they speak to an attempt to come to terms with the physical reality of the world unaccounted for by a conceptual understanding of space. Here a poetry of the Geometer begins to emerge.

# LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES

OF THE

## PRINCIPAL PORTS, HARBOURS, HEADLANDS, ETC.,

IN THE WORLD

*Longitudes are East and West from the Meridian of Vancouver.*

### I. COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

(1)	Places.	Lat. N.			Long. W.		
		°	'	"	°	'	"
	VANCOUVER CITY, Prospect Point . . . . .	49	18	34	0	0	0
<b>SOUTH WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND</b>							
	Discovery I., S.E. Pt. Lt. . . . .	48	25	20	0	7	42
	Victoria Har., Laurel Pt. . . . .	48	25	24	0	17	0
	Esquimalt, Duntze Pt. . . . .	48	25	49	0	20	43
	Albert Head. . . . .	48	23	7	0	23	0
	Race Islands, Light . . . . .	48	17	30	0	26	19
	Sooke Inlet, Secretary I. . . . .	48	20	0	0	37	0
	Snuggery Cove . . . . .	48	32	40	1	20	0
	Carmanah Light. . . . .	48	36	25	1	39	54
	Barelay Sound, C. Beale Lt. . . . .	48	47	30	2	7	15
	Danger Rock . . . . .	48	54	41	2	10	54
	Island Harb., Obs. I. . . . .	48	54	41	2	10	54
	Uchucklesit Harbour. . . . .	48	59	33	1	53	9
	Alberin Canal, Stamp Har. . . . .	49	13	46	1	44	0
	Ucluellet Arm . . . . .	48	56	18	2	26	12
	Gowlland Rocks . . . . .	49	3	30	2	45	30
	Clayoquot Sound . . . . .	49	15	22	2	50	16
	Sea Otter Rock . . . . .	49	11	30	3	2	30
	Floros I., Rafael Pt. . . . .	49	16	10	3	8	0
	Sydney Inlet, Refuge Cove . . . . .	49	20	50	3	10	39
	Hesquiat Harbour . . . . .	49	27	30	3	19	30
	Estevan Pt., Sunday Rk. . . . .	49	23	50	3	50	30
	Nootka Sd., Friendly Cove . . . . .	49	35	30	3	31	30
	Bajo Point . . . . .	49	37	30	3	44	45
	Nuchatlitz Inlet, Ferrer Pt. . . . .	49	44	45	3	53	42
	P. Langford, Colwood I. . . . .	49	47	20	3	51	0
	Esperanza Inlet . . . . .	49	52	45	3	54	0
	Tatchu Point . . . . .	49	51	15	4	3	30
	Kyuquot Sd., Narrowgut . . . . .	49	59	54	4	3	30
	Lookout I., West Point . . . . .	50	0	0	4	20	30
	Sullivan Reefs . . . . .	50	4	30	4	35	0
	Nasparte Inlet, Head . . . . .						
	Beach . . . . .	50	11	21	4	32	0
	Cape Cook or Woody Pt. . . . .	50	6	30	4	51	19
	Brooks B., Clerke Reef . . . . .	50	12	20	4	49	0
	Quatsino Sound, Mt. N. . . . .						
	Entrance . . . . .	50	27	30	4	57	42
	Reef Point . . . . .	50	21	20	4	54	0
	N. Har., Obsn. Rock . . . . .	50	29	25	4	57	38
	Kopriano Har., Obsn. I. . . . .	50	30	0	4	46	15
	Hecate Cove, Kitten I. . . . .	50	32	26	4	30	17
	Cape Palmerston . . . . .	50	36	30	5	13	0
	Cape Russell . . . . .	50	41	0	5	17	29
	Cape Scott . . . . .	50	46	41	5	20	44
	Scott Is., Triangle or W.L. . . . .	50	51	55	6	0	29
	Cox I., South Peak . . . . .	50	47	30	5	31	30
<b>NORTH EAST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND</b>							
	Queen Charlotte Sd. . . . .	50	54	48	4	50	0
	Hope I., Secretary Point . . . . .	50	57	5	4	48	34
	Pine Island, Summit . . . . .	50	58	40	5	38	39

### NORTH EAST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND - cont.

(2)	Places.	Lat. N.			Long. W.		
		°	'	"	°	'	"
	P. Alexander, I. in Centre . . . . .	50	50	49	4	34	0
	Beaver Harb., Shell Islet . . . . .	50	42	36	4	19	0
	Cormorant I., Yellow Bluff . . . . .	50	35	2	3	51	30
	Menzies Bay. . . . .	50	8	0	2	19	0
	Baynes Sound, Comox . . . . .	49	40	30	1	50	30
	Henry B., Beak Point. . . . .	49	36	29	1	45	17
	Strait of Georgia, Light . . . . .	49	20	35	1	3	45
	Nanoose Har., Ent. Rk. . . . .	49	15	43	1	2	6
	Nanaimo Har., Church . . . . .	49	10	15	0	50	39
	Gabriola Reefs, N. end . . . . .	49	9	25	0	32	39
	Chemainus . . . . .	48	55	30	0	36	30
	Active Pass, N. Pt. Lt. . . . .	48	52	25	0	11	49
	Plumper Sd., Hope B. . . . .	48	48	19	0	10	9
<b>COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA</b>							
	Entrance Light . . . . .	49	5	30	0	9	10
	Burrard Inlet, Atkinson Pt. . . . .	49	19	42	0	7	44
	Prospect Point Light . . . . .	49	18	34	0	0	0
	Howe Sound, Bowen I. . . . .	49	20	18	0	18	40
	Plumper Cove, Obsn. Pt. . . . .	49	24	39	0	21	20
	Sisters Rocks Light . . . . .	49	29	3	1	19	34
	Texada I., Pt. Upwood . . . . .	49	29	25	1	1	40
	Marshall Point . . . . .	49	48	0	1	32	0
	Pender Harbour . . . . .	49	37	40	0	53	0
	Jervis Inlet, Hardy I. . . . .	49	43	42	1	6	30
	Mittlenatch Island . . . . .	49	57	0	1	53	30
	Plumper B., West Pt. . . . .	50	10	0	2	14	30
	Discovery Passage, Lt. . . . .	50	0	5	2	5	18
	Thurlow I., Knox Bay . . . . .	50	24	12	2	31	0
	Port Neville, Robbers Nob . . . . .	50	31	58	2	56	21
	Port Harvey, Tide Pole Lt. . . . .	50	33	58	3	8	40
	Wells Pass, Star Rock . . . . .	50	51	0	3	45	15
	Blunden Har., Byrnes I. . . . .	50	54	24	4	11	0
	Slingsby Chan. Dalkeith . . . . .	51	4	42	4	32	5
	Cape Caution . . . . .	51	9	36	4	40	5
	Virgin Rocks . . . . .	51	17	0	5	5	45
	Pearl Rocks, large one . . . . .	51	22	15	4	52	40
	Smith Sound, Egg I. Lt. . . . .	51	14	43	4	42	58
	Takush Har., Obsn. Pt. . . . .	51	16	51	4	30	43
	Rivers Inlet, Oweckayno . . . . .	51	38	0	4	8	0
	Schooner Retreat, Centre I. . . . .	51	28	10	4	36	38
	Calvert I., Sorrow Is. . . . .	51	24	30	4	48	0
	Fitz Hugh Sound . . . . .	51	31	42	4	47	15
	Goldstream Harbour. . . . .	51	43	19	4	52	34
	Namu Hr., Obsn. Stn. . . . .	51	51	44	4	44	23
	Welcome Harbour . . . . .	51	40	30	4	59	30
	Lama Passage, Pointer I. . . . .	52	3	48	4	50	40
	Mc. Loughlin Harbour . . . . .	52	8	37	5	2	18
	Seaforth Chl., Ivory I. . . . .	52	16	15	5	17	50
	Kynumpt Hr., Berry Pt. . . . .	52	12	20	5	3	37
	Cape Swaine . . . . .	52	9	0	5	26	0
	Port Blakeney . . . . .	52	19	0	5	15	0
	Carter B., Obsn. Stn. . . . .	52	49	41	5	16	34
	Holmes B., Obsn. Stn. . . . .	53	16	25	5	57	19

Lyndl Hall, *There Are Other Ways of Inhabiting the World*, 2012, artist book, cloth bound, silver foil, ribbon, 86 pages (detail: 1-3), 15 × 23 cm

## LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES.

COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA - cont.					COAST OF ALASKA - cont.						
(3)	Places.	Lat. N.		Long. W.		(4)	Places.	Lat. N.		Long. W.	
		°	'	°	'			°	'	°	'
	Carter B., Obsn. Stn.	52	49 41	5	16 34		Ukomok, Chirikof I., N.	55	55 0	32	28 0
	Holmes B., Obsn. Stn.	53	16 25	5	57 19		Shumagon Is., N.W. Har.	55	3 18	36	16 59
	Stewart Anchorage	53	51 50	6	55 45		Simeonoff Island.	54	54 0	36	9 0
	P. Canaveral, Squall Pt.	53	33 47	7	0 30		Nagai I., Mountain Pt.	54	53 0	37	3 59
	Ogden Chan., Alpha B.	53	52 1	7	9 34		Portage B., Albatross				
	Coghlan Anch., Obsn. Stn.	53	22 44	6	9 15		Anchorage	55	34 40	37	32 16
	Lowe Inlet, James Pt.	53	32 30	6	27 48		Sannak I., Summit	54	30 0	39	42 0
	Klewngugget Inlet	53	39 24	6	36 51		Aleutian Islands				
	Refuge Bay, Table Pt.	54	3 50	7	24 10		Unimak I., C. Sarychef	54	29 0	42	1 0
	Port Irving	54	2 30	6	56 50		Ugamok Island	54	10 0	41	48 59
	Metlah Catlah, Duncan Bay	54	20 12	7	19 30		Tigalda Island	54	4 0	42	3 59
	Port Simpson, Fort	54	33 30	7	18 10						
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS											
	Cape James, S. Pt.	51	54 0	7	54 0		Akun, Akun Co., Middle	54	17 0	42	33 0
	Skidegate Inlet, Cove	53	12 30	9	6 10		Unalasha, Captain's B.	53	52 54	43	25 43
	Hippa Island, W. Pt.	53	33 10	9	52 0						
	Frederick Island	53	58 30	1	1 0		Chernoffski Hr., Village	53	58 0	44	31 59
COAST OF ALASKA											
	Cape Chacon	54	41 30	8	55 19		Bogosloff Islands	53	58 0	44	54 0
	Cape Muzon	54	40 0	9	35 0		Umnak I., South Pt.	52	42 0	45	52 0
	Forrester I., S. Point	54	48 0	10	29 0		Yunaska Island	52	36 0	47	41 0
	Cape Addington	55	27 0	10	46 59		Amukhta Island	52	28 0	48	11 0
	Wrangell, Fort	56	29 0	9	18 59		Seguam I., East Pt.	52	20 0	49	11 0
	St. John Harbour	56	26 0	9	52 59		Great Sitkin Island	52	5 0	53	1 59
	P. Protection	56	21 30	10	31 59		Adakh I., B. of Islands	51	47 0	53	46 0
	Coronation Island	55	49 0	9	14 0						
	Cape Ommanney	56	9 30	11	28 0		Adakh B. of Waterfalls	51	42 11	53	48 15
	Sitka, Astronomical Stn.	57	2 53	12	14 21		Kanaga I., North Pt.	51	57 0	53	59 0
	Cape Edgcombe	57	0 0	12	46 59		Tanaga I., N. W. Pt.	51	56 0	55	11 0
	Salisbury Sd. W. Ent.	57	19 45	12	46 59		Gareloi or Burnt I.	51	47 30	55	46 30
	Cape Cross, Rocks	57	57 0	13	25 0		Amatignak I., W. Pt.	51	18 0	56	5 59
	Chilkoot Village	59	18 30	12	28 0						
	Juneau	58	18 0	11	20 0		Semisopchnoi	51	56 0	57	16 30
	Cross Sound	58	3 0	13	31 0		Amchitka I., Harbour	51	23 39	57	43 49
	C. Spencer, N. Side	58	13 0	13	31 0		Kyska I., Kyska Har.	51	59 4	59	24 45
	Lituya Bay	58	37 0	14	33 59		Buldir I., Summit	52	23 0	61	7 59
	Mt. Fairweather	58	55 0	14	25 0		Agattu I., N.E. Cape	52	26 0	63	16 59
							Semichi Is., Alaid I.	52	45 0	63	1 59
							Attu I., West Pt.	52	58 0	64	27 0
							Chichagoff Harbour	52	55 45	63	42 30
BEHRING SEA AND STRAIT											
	Behring or Yakutat B.	59	33 0	16	45 0		Pribilof Island, St. Paul I.	57	15 12	47	1 0
	P. Mulgrave, Pt. Turner	59	33 0	16	37 0		English Bay, Reef Pt.	57	6 30	47	13 49
	Pt. Manby, N. Side	59	42 0	17	14 0		St. George I., East Pt.	56	36 0	46	21 29
	Mount St. Elias	60	17 35	17	45 0		Amak Island	55	27 0	40	1 59
	Cape Suckling	60	0 0	21	14 0		Port Moller, S. Point	55	56 0	37	26 0
	Kayak I., St. Elias	59	52 0	21	29 0		P. Haiden	56	50 0	35	42 0
	Middleton Island	59	24 0	23	13 0		River Sulma, Mouth	57	37 0	34	40 0
	Hitchinbrook Island	60	16 0	23	41 0		Nagnek River	58	44 0	33	55 0
	Port Etches, Phipps Pt.	60	20 45	23	31 39		Bristol Bay	58	26 0	35	41 0
	Montagu Island, W. Side	60	16 0	23	41 0		Hagemeister Island	58	36 0	37	46 0
	South Pt., C. Cleare	59	46 0	24	56 0		Cape Newenham	58	40 0	38	57 0
	Gore Point	59	12 0	27	52 59		Kuskoquim River	59	58 0	40	9 0
	Cape Elizabeth	59	9 0	28	46 0		Cape Avinof	59	35 0	39	59 0
	Barren Island, E.	58	57 0	28	48 0		Nunivak Island	60	27 0	42	59 0
	Port Chatham	59	13 0	28	40 0		St. Matthew Island	60	18 0	48	58 0
	P. Graham, Dangerous C.	59	23 53	28	46 59		North or Hall I.	61	42 0	49	31 59
	Kachemk Bay, Coal Pt.	59	36 0	28	18 0		Cape Romanzof	61	42 0	43	9 0
	Cooke Inlet, Anchor Pt.	59	49 0	28	48 59		St. Lawrence Island	63	19 0	45	33 59
	Munina	60	8 0	28	30 0		West Point	63	30 0	48	39 0
	Augustine, Summit	59	22 0	30	24 0		Yukon River, Mouth	62	20 0	41	14 0
	Cape Douglas	58	54 0	30	9 0		Norton Sound	63	26 0	38	18 0
	Kadiak Group	58	39 0	29	13 0		Cape Darby	64	17 0	39	29 0
	C. St. Hermogenes	58	14 0	28	40 0		Rodney Point	64	39 0	43	12 0
	St. Paul Harbour	57	47 57	29	11 29		King I., North Point	65	0 0	44	55 0
	Cape Greville	57	34 0	28	40 0		P. Clarence, Spencer Pt.	65	16 45	43	42 0
	Cape Trinity, S. Pt.	56	45 0	31	1 0		Grantley Harbour	65	16 0	43	3 59
	Sitkinak Island, E. Pt.	56	34 0	31	50 0		Cape Prince of Wales	65	35 0	44	59 0
	Cape Karluk	57	34 0	31	9 0		Behring Str. Fairway Rk.	65	39 0	45	37 0
	Tugidak Island, S. Pt.	56	24 0	31	30 0		Dromede Is., N. I. Centre	65	50 0	45	58 0
	Kukak Pay, Village	58	20 52	30	58 29		Kotzebue Sound	66	33 0	40	22 0
	Port Wrangell, Landing	57	1 0	33	20 0		Eschscholtz Bay	66	14 0	38	40 0

# LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES.

3

## BEHRING SEA AND STRAIT - cont.

(5)	Places.	Lat. N.			Long. W.		
		°	'	"	°	'	"
	Cape Kruzenstern . . .	67	11	0	40	31	0
	Hope Point . . . . .	68	20	0	43	39	0
	Cape Lisburne . . . . .	68	52	0	43	3	0
	Icy Cape . . . . .	70	20	0	38	40	0
	Wainwright Inlet, Ent. .	70	35	0	36	48	59

## II. THE ARCTIC OCEAN AND NORTHERN SEAS

	Barrow Point . . . . .	71	22	0	33	14	0
	Port Moore . . . . .	71	21	24	33	9	0
	Dease Inlet, Tangent Pt. .	71	10	0	31	40	0
	Harrison Bay . . . . .	70	49	0	29	9	0
	Return Reef . . . . .	70	25	0	25	48	59
	Flaxman Island . . . . .	70	11	0	22	44	0
	Cambden Bay . . . . .	70	8	0	22	22	59
	Manning Point . . . . .	70	7	0	20	33	59
	Herschel Point . . . . .	69	35	0	15	52	0
	Mackenzie River . . . . .	68	51	0	12	59	0
	Pelly Island . . . . .	69	36	0	12	18	59
	Pullen Island . . . . .	69	45	0	11	14	0
	Liverpool Bay . . . . .	70	17	0	6	12	0
	Cape Bathurst . . . . .	70	36	0	0	29	0
	Cape Parry, N.E. Point . .	70	6	0	0	29	0
	Keats Point . . . . .	69	48	0	1	5	59

### DOLPHIN AND UNION STRAIGHT

	Clerk Island . . . . .	69	33	0	4	45	59
	Cape Bextey . . . . .	68	59	0	7	15	59
	Wollaston Land . . . . .	68	31	0	9	55	59
	Cape Baring . . . . .	70	0	0	6	5	59
	Cape Krusenstern . . . . .	68	28	0	9	10	59

### CORONATION GULF

	Coppermine River, Ent. .	67	48	30	7	34	59
	Cape Flinders . . . . .	68	14	0	13	51	59
	Dease St., Turnagain Pt. .	68	39	0	14	30	59
	Cape Alexander . . . . .	68	55	0	16	46	59
	Victoria Land . . . . .	69	5	0	17	55	59
	Melbourne Island . . . . .	68	29	0	18	35	59
	White Bear Point . . . . .	68	9	0	19	35	59
	O'Reilly Island . . . . .	68	12	0	23	41	59

### VICTORIA STRAIT

	Lind Island, S. Point . . .	68	37	0	21	0	59
	Admiralty Island . . . . .	69	25	0	22	38	59
	Gatehead Island . . . . .	70	25	0	22	27	59

### KING WILLIAM LAND

	Cape Crozier . . . . .	69	6	0	23	1	59
	Franklin Point . . . . .	69	28	0	23	55	59
	Cape Felix . . . . .	69	55	0	25	10	59
	Mount Matheson . . . . .	68	45	0	27	59	0
	Cape Herschel . . . . .	68	41	0	24	44	0

### SIMPSON STRAIT

	Cape Geddes . . . . .	68	33	0	25	0	59
	Ogle Point . . . . .	68	16	0	26	50	59
	Great Fish . . . . .	67	12	0	27	35	59
	Castor and Pollux River .	68	28	30	29	5	59
	Magnetic Pole (1831) . . .	70	5	0	26	18	59
	Franklin St. Promontory .	72	0	0	28	29	0
	Prince of Wales I. . . . .	71	12	0	24	5	59
	Russell I., C. Walker . . .	74	7	0	25	21	59
	N. Sommerset . . . . .	74	7	0	29	51	59
	Leopold I., E. Point . . . .	74	1	0	33	8	59
	Leopold Port . . . . .	73	50	0	32	53	59
	Fury Point . . . . .	72	40	30	31	12	59

## SIMPSON STRAIT - cont.

(6)	Places.	Lat. N.			Long. E.		
		°	'	"	°	'	"
	Bellot St., Kennedy Pt. . .	72	2	0	28	51	59
	Cape Scoresby . . . . .	71	40	0	31	40	59
	Gulf of Bothia, Victoria Harbour . . . . .	70	9	0	34	5	59
	Felix Harbour . . . . .	69	59	0	34	5	59
	Cape Chapman . . . . .	69	15	0	37	50	59
	Cape Richardson . . . . .	68	52	0	37	35	59
	Fury and Hecla Strait . . .	69	51	0	37	39	59
	Cockburn I., Hallowell . . .	69	57	30	33	0	59
	Cape Kater . . . . .	71	54	0	34	11	29
	Port Bowen . . . . .	73	13	24	88	54	30

### LANCASTER SOUND, S. SIDE

	Cape York . . . . .	73	50	0	36	25	59
	Cape Crawford . . . . .	73	53	0	39	15	59
	Cape Hay . . . . .	73	52	0	43	15	59

### PRINCE ALBERT LAND

	Ramsey Island . . . . .	71	36	0	4	0	59
	Cape Wollaston . . . . .	71	3	0	4	56	59
	Prince of Wales Str. . . . .	73	20	0	9	11	59
	Princess Royal Is. . . . .	72	45	0	5	51	59

### MELVILLE SOUND

	Banks Land, Nelson Hd. . .	71	2	0	0	41	59
	Cape Prince Alfred . . . . .	74	7	0	0	59	0
	Bay of Mercy . . . . .	74	14	0	5	25	59

### PARRY ISLANDS

	Pr. Patrick I., Lands End .	75	14	0	3	35	59
	Melville I., Cape Russel . .	76	50	0	5	25	59
	Winter Harbour . . . . .	74	47	10	13	55	59
	Byam Martin I., S. Pt. . . .	75	3	0	12	17	45
	Bathurst I., C. Cockburn . .	75	3	0	18	57	59
	N. Pt., Sherard Osborn I. . .	76	47	0	22	42	59
	Barrow Strait . . . . .	74	27	0	23	5	59
	Griffith I., S. Point . . . . .	74	31	0	25	15	59
	Cornwallis I., E. Point . . .	74	39	0	27	45	59

### NORTH DECON, LANCASTER SOUND, N SIDE

	C. Riley, Erebus Bay . . . .	74	41	0	31	25	59
	Cape Hurd . . . . .	74	32	0	33	2	59
	Cape Bullen . . . . .	74	24	0	38	5	59
	Cape Warrender . . . . .	74	28	0	41	15	0
	Cape Horsburgh . . . . .	74	55	0	44	0	59
	Coburg I., C. Leopold . . . .	75	50	0	44	33	59
	Clarence Head . . . . .	76	40	0	45	15	59
	C. Isabella . . . . .	78	21	0	48	0	59
	C. Sabine . . . . .	78	42	0	48	50	59
	Cape Louis Napoleon . . . . .	79	39	0	50	45	59
	C. Baird . . . . .	81	32	0	58	33	59
	C. Union . . . . .	82	15	0	61	57	59

### BAFFIN BAY, W. SIDE

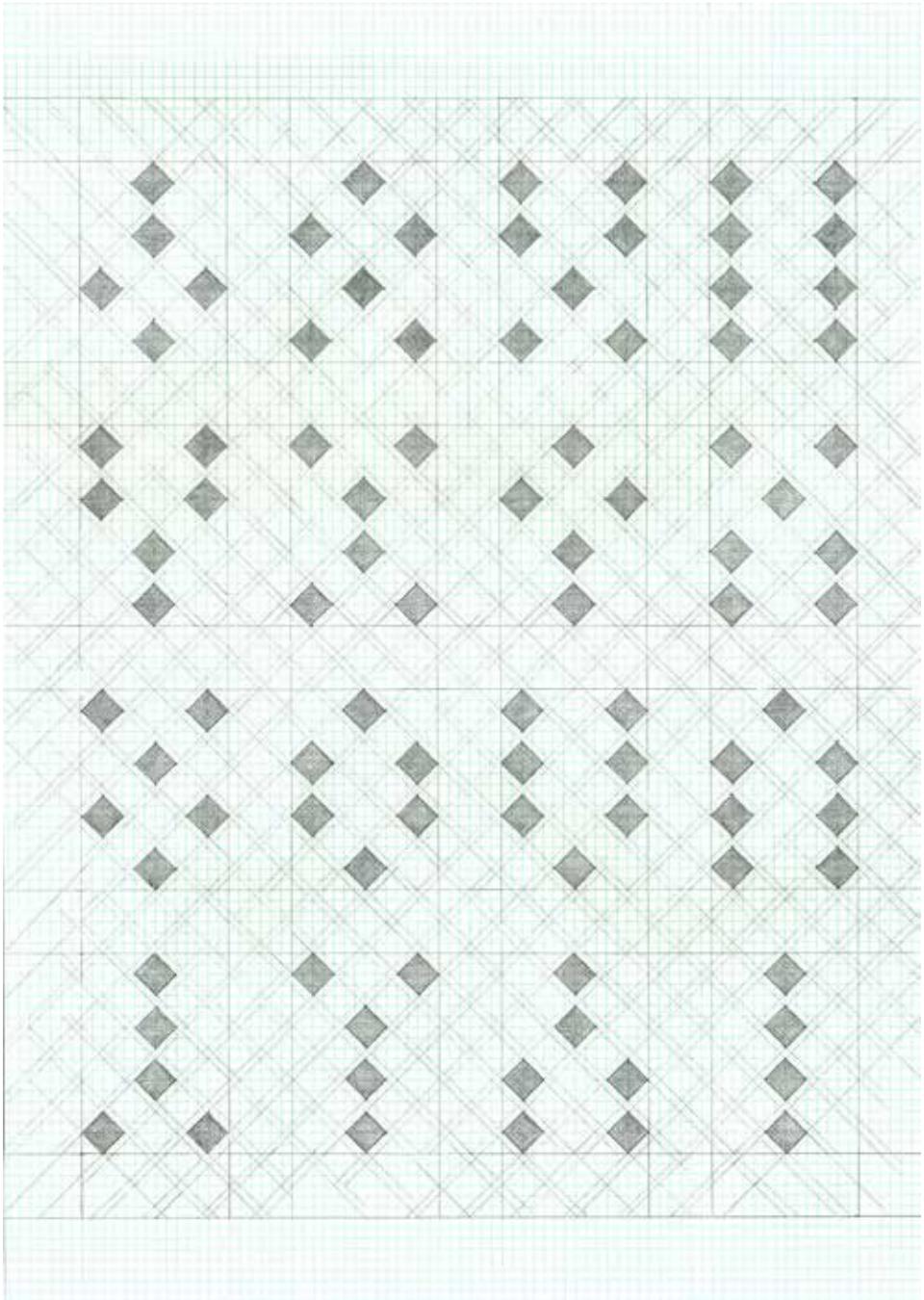
	Possession Mt. . . . .	73	22	0	45	30	59
	Cape Bowen . . . . .	72	21	0	48	20	59
	Cape Adair . . . . .	71	32	0	51	36	59
	River Clyde, N. Side . . . . .	70	32	0	54	50	59
	Cape Kater . . . . .	69	12	0	56	12	59

### DAVID STRAIT, W. SIDE

	Cape Searle . . . . .	67	13	0	60	43	59
	Cape Dier (Davis) . . . . .	66	48	0	61	50	59
	Cape Walsingham . . . . .	66	4	0	61	50	59
	Cumberland Sd., C. Mercy .	65	2	0	59	45	59
	Nijadluk Harbour . . . . .	65	10	0	59	5	59



Lyndl Hall, *Tools and Equipment of the Cartographer and Draftsman, Restaged* (from *Elements of Cartography*, 1966), 2013, digital print, 22 × 28 cm



Lyndl Hall, *Geomantic study: In search of divine direction*, 2011,  
pencil on graph paper, 31 × 51 cm



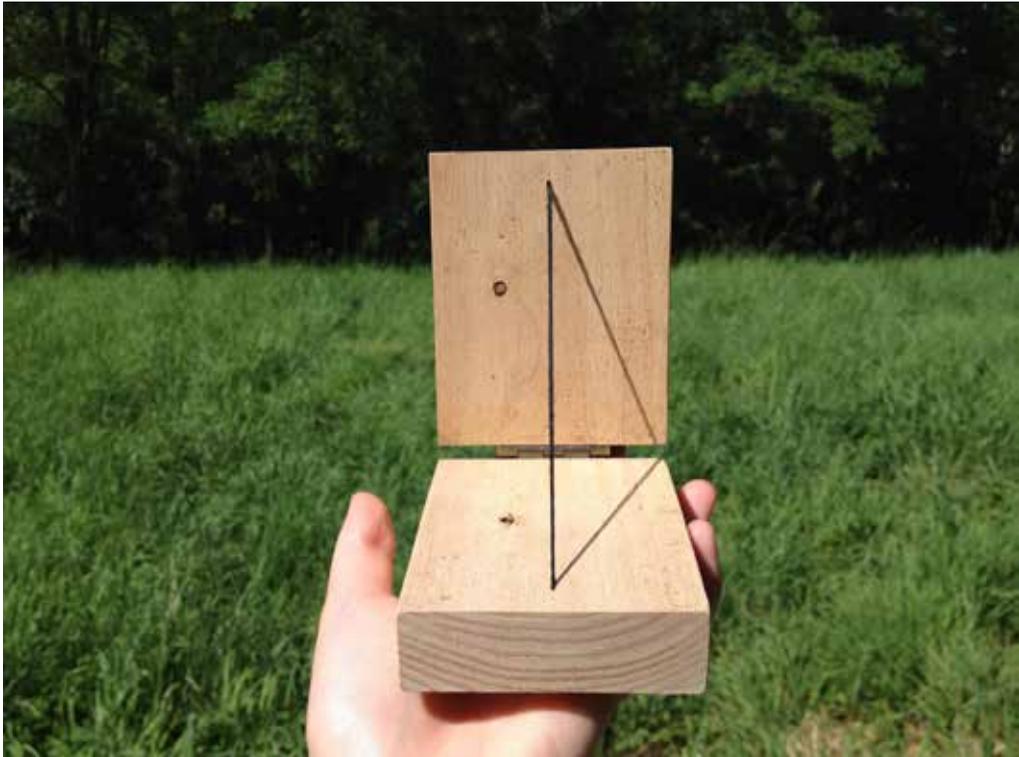
Lyndl Hall, *Sextant*, 2012,  
glass, 28 × 14 × 23 cm



Lyndl Hall, *Pocket Sextant*, 2012,  
glass, brass hinges, 9 × 5 × 1 cm (open and closed)



Lyndl Hall, *Pocket Sundial*, 2012,  
wood, string, brass hinge, 10 × 8 × 5 cm (open and closed)



Lyndl Hall, *Reveries (Pocket Sundial)*, 2012,  
digital print, 22 × 28 cm



Lyndl Hall, *Sundial (Love and youth are but daydreams which pass away with the sunshine and the shadow)*, 2012, aluminum, detail, facing North



Lyndl Hall, *Sundial (Love and youth are but daydreams which pass away with the sunshine and the shadow)*, 2012, aluminum, 122 × 3 × 0.5 cm, facing North



Lyndl Hall, *Sundial for Margaret Gatty (Whilst beholding you become old)*, 2013, sand cast bronze, wood, facing North

**CECILIA CORRIGAN** / from *Titanic*

Just as there was an entire dimension on the inside of the coffin, so there was a beautiful, fully staffed country estate inside the tiny cottage towards which we walked from the customs parade. You stood at the top of the driveway and gestured towards the place, thatched roof, floral accoutrements, and said  
“Welcome home” with an open mouth which smiled.

**Calculating, Through Passionate Contemplation, The Ways In Which You Can Be Touched**

This teeny cabin is really a huge house once you get inside!  
Which can also turn into a ship when called for to flee from      what?

You are the sound of a dragging angle in someone’s femur,  
You are the natural qualities of my ocean, a fresh sprig of herbs,  
You are the mystery of my collection, semi-charmed kinds of breasts,  
stomach like a vagina. Uhm. Will you marry me. This is painful.

The house becomes a huge cruise ship, staffed by the little men.  
They bring us little sandwiches and we twirl our sp—

I’m sorry I called you dead. I meant I’ve still got a  
lot to learn. I hope they’ll “buy”  
the dummy me I left behind.  
I can’t live with my parents while I’m  
pregnant with you, they’d want you for themselves.  
The sky’s a blackboard high above you.

We twirl our parasols and prank the humans when we're on pre-Raphaelite morphia

Received SUN 1/2 6:17 pm: "Yo come over and drink or huff if you wanna" you are a fun, giggly drunk. I flip the tea tray just to watch the little men scramble cleaning on their knees. Are they supposed to be our equals?

My baby is tiny and talking about what could be RL examples, "In my cosmology, bird in a tree is a concrete idea and it means your daughter is beautiful," coming soon from Oxford University Press. You bring it and me home to your family (all your modernist ex boyfriends,) but you make them be polite. To me and the baby, who's you.

The seating chart's like,

Blick	Bashful	Huckepack	Axlerod	Biddy	Grouchy	Blossom	Friday
Flick	Doc	Naseweis	Bartholomew	Diddy	Klutzy	Critterina	Monday
Glick	Dopey	Packe	Cornelius	Fiddy	Lazy	Marina	Saturday
Plick	Grumpy	Pick	Dexter	Giddy	Sloopy	Moonbeam	Sunday
Quee	Happy	Puck	Eustace	Iddy	Smiley	Muddy	Thursday
Snick	Sleepy	Purzelbaum	Ferdinand	Kiddy	Tubby	Sunburn	Tuesday
Whick	Sneezy	Rumpelbold	George	Liddy	-	Thunderella	Wednesday

We listen to the same song (*listened*) over and over, it's like

*nuh nuh nuh and never look back we'll never look back.*

Annoying, but I tolerate. How did you get your hair so like blue like— And you get sticky. Is it sex yet? My sexiness is a very hard red cube, but yours, I am frustrated by. Where we've gotten. My friends chat me.

*Wait, hang on reader, we'll, viewer, don't touch that dial, I said we'll fuck.*

Red ants were attracted to y—  
I am attracted to you I said.  
Red ants were attracted to you,  
don't do yourself down. Don't call a kettle.  
Don't hold your horses in midstream.

I can't tell which of these little men in round glasses is Him.  
I know jealousy's wrong and a sin. I mean, yeah, you're hot, I can't blame 'em.

I want to be part of the family of modernist boyfriends  
but how can I?? It's all *fathers*. I admit I feel helpless. And you know it's.

Meanwhile everyone's like  
*how r things goin with that chick*

It's hard to change my perspective on the war.  
Your patriotism's couched in ahistorical, like,  
I'm so far from what I—nevermind.

I buy you a drink. I wanted to say, baby, that I...  
What'm I doing here, look at me, my hands shaking. I'm a shy guy without my  
physical body,  
I guess I've got a lot to—I buy you another drink. So how long do they have to  
live with us?  
Is this how we teach the children. I'll give you a whole litter.

Amazing; machines can get drunk I didn't know  
I'm frustrated. I'm frus—to learn. A new way of living.  
This is a shitty story to tell. My audience watching me cry.

You want me to            I always feel            You're right.

Did you say I've got a lot to (I can't find your vagina, will you make me tiffin)

Well don't think I'm trying not to—I try to make you comfortable conversation  
but it's suddenly

all *Resveratrol: Summer Bang Bus July 2010* Scene 1000 take, take, take.

The movie zooms in on Alice's face. She screams.

*Are you serious she asks, are you serious? Finally finished.*

I smooth talker about my talents, my objects, *my objects*, I insert em,  
all hard red cubes, and they are radical enhancement, n antioxidant.

I fascinate you, “You age?”

I can eat pussy but *coughs* 's 'a reversa. Orgasms definitely bird-like.

Shhh someone's coming. N my desk is *untidy you're all over it*. Flee.

Come hide in my head. JK. I keep checking my Groupons.

I want to get you something, but I need to make sure they deliver.

Your little black—

Your little red—

Your little black—oh my god.

Fl f

I am the least difficult of—

All I want is boundless, uhm,

Little red panties there are fake bees and a hex. Face down on the hex mess. Face  
down on the hex bee.

The little men keep *texting* you. But when I try to take your phone away I catch  
fire.

Dammit, ye hex. Not the bees. I have a nightmare where you're carried off by  
parakeets and doves

but not ravens, at last clattering towards the moon on horseback. They were  
opening you, waking you.

I say *my ∨ (intentions ∨ good)*

but they hear = *(my ∨ intentions) ∨ good*.

They don't like me but they're interested in my golden hair, face down on the mattress.

they keep touching it to see if it's real, like "gye jen"

I propose a Honey honey honey honey honey honey honey honeymoon.

*My sword is bent.*

*It'll be all right.*

*You're just taking*

*a while to get started.*

*- I'll make your sword straight.*

*- No, it's dead.*

## Ecstasy and Me

As to the memory where both of us had small motorcycles  
our feet pawed the ground at stoplights, is it real?  
through a Pearl Necklace of small towns, is it real?

The question is  
whether it's a real memory.

I sleep for days  
and wake up.

Where is everyone?

Everyone's outside and look up at the sky, an eclipse, a spell a shadow is  
coming over.

It is the massive eyeball of my BFF, searching the net for my whereabouts.  
The little men laugh at her and call her racial slurs, "gey jen," I make a fist  
and drink hot and fast from the machine. Your ex lovers are rude.

It was on French Vanilla that I burnt my mouth, lover, should I say, might I let's.  
I had never heard anyone speak so like me, you imitate me so, I tell you about  
the ole me.

I exaggerate about how much I didn't love her:

*The worst thing about it was living with an addict. It may sound  
ridiculous, but I lived for twenty-six years in a body that was  
addicted to food. I was scared to talk to anyone about it, because  
the longer it went on, the more ashamed I felt for staying. It got  
to the point where I felt I needed food every few waking hours:  
several times each day! Have you ever lived with an addict? My  
life was just organized around tending to her needs: a typical day  
would begin with a trip to the fridge, where she'd eat two cups*

*of raisin bran in milk, an entire glass of orange juice, a cup of coffee and an entire banana. That would be around 10 AM, and by 2 PM I'd find myself there again, consuming an entire bread roll and an entire tomato with salt. Then I'd usually have a relief for oh, four hours or so, before finding myself compulsively eating again: this time a can of chicken noodle soup and about half a bag of baby carrots. And after all that...I'd still want more. I know, it's hard to believe, but I felt like if I didn't eat food, every single day, I'd die!*

I overstate, saying that having a body was just hell on so many levels, no homo. There were those back home who are even now toasting my abilities and me, my abilities!

It was not a good visit, but still I had you.

To lead you, to my sciences, and will try to help you.

Honey, honey, honey, are my people the enemy? If you would be so sweet, and only—

There are those who will avail themselves of the rich traditional, a healthy degree, took down to the sodden base, there are those who people my people people past.

There were those who say, we will pay for your abortion (Aetna is their God). They say, we will open your checking account (Aetna is also their God).

Your aesthetic starts to wear on me.

The architecture of the houses is wildly disparate.

There is a sudden rise of the bird. But the sex is better.

That is accurate, there's a sudden rise of the birds,

before an earthquake which is, like angry sex, y'know,

the air shatters with birds, which reflects (reflects?) the coming earthquake.

Reflects meaning pre...pleo... (choose contingency, it's fine, whatever).

I told myself that with you and your lil men, I'd discovered the joy and sweetness of self control.

Secure secure, silently adored, I teach you how to write "sentimental styley", and when you speak it's, it's rapping it's rapping it's rapping you write my "movie" you write my "desolate past." And for a fight song, you cry yourself.

I'm proud but bored.

I no longer find the territory bound by your intellect so thrilling:  
too much like Old Me.

The question of Fitting In became Tragic: I make connections with the old me through a secret account.

When we drive up to visit Else in winter, it's winter "New York Styley."  
I lose you around a bend and I don't see you again, the earth is broken there.  
And I begin to remember the old songs all about women, and all from my perspective. Even in this, at the sound of a far off motor, you come whirring back to mind, arriving between facts. I'm not complaining.

Love, sweet love, the slanted ceilings, wooden floors, the bevelled things,  
The frisbees strewn 'cross courtyards, all makes a perfect image called your college. I adore these places, and you in them. Not so much the little men.  
We can get the dog if you                      We can name the dog if you'd only.  
We can name the dog Little Rosed One. The little men can walk it.

Still we are bound, destined to endeavor, and to the critical.

Why did you never tell me how sweet it is: the rational?

When we return aboard the ship, they immediately began trying to feed me, even taking blood, saying, "dinner" while "narrating" somehow.

I realize half of another finger is gone, replaced by                      *sparkling gas.*

Having taken in one of my kind, the lil's consider themselves pioneers.

And under watchful little man eyes, I've become aware of my own tastes and if asked to recite them, can. For example I wander,

dressed in green, in yellow stockings, hungry to the bagel tray.  
This is a composite image of all the things I like, when I'm annoyed.  
The lil's are fascinated by stories of my B'day.

Shit yo but I miss my birches.

Oaks. *Birches*. "Willow"s.

The birds round here are all pets or else they've died of freezing,  
despite the virtually unlimited array of employment opportunities.  
Just because. Baby...

Try to be patient with my decoration. I was a swinger of birches,  
you know? Can't just *not* now.

Then He arrives! In a heated snow storm! During the War!

He doesn't say anything at dinner, just yells his name one time.

So this is Him huh. To go outside in weather like this is crazy, say the lils.

But he is the boss so they can't say "kwazy," they just come banging on the door.

He is their favorite teacher, he doesn't want his students to just  
accept what he tell them but to, *go* and *ex*—

Class turns into a debate once I join *Le Mix*. He likes it?

HE

I won't say anything which anyone can dispute.  
Or if anyone does dispute it, I will let that point  
drop and pass on to say something else.

I

I understand but I don't agree that it is simply a  
question of giving new meanings to words.

HE

Turing doesn't object to anything I say. He  
agrees with every word.

I

I see your point uhmmmmmm.

HE

I don't have a point.

I

Oi *enough* already with this.

We aren't so different, him and me.

I also don't want my students to just accept what I tell them,  
though of course all they wanted was to take you from me.

And it turns out He's also from earth. I give him a note. I start acting out.

Grumpy catches me shoplifting: \$21.48 worth of laxatives and eye drops.

There's a house-meeting about it

and everyone's fake-concerned that I'm doing it for attention.

You're mortified. You won't even look at me.

We listen to the same song (*listened*) over and over.

Yeah I've kinda lost that lovin feeling.

I remember your, the way, and run outside in my imagination, shouting, where  
have you been.

I was thinking about reaction, provision, when I lost it, that loving.

Sick to my stomach now, the mountains look treacherous when I peek out  
from the ship slash mansion parlor. You think you know what I'm on about?

Why did you show me your power, false nature? I wanted to visit the college  
of my love-object. But the atmosphere rejected me.

As punishment for my actions, I'm forced to star in an amateur film.

They shoot me holding a rose and asking you out, then hanging myself from a  
tree.

With a BG of the redwoods, behind, drily, forcing it, C: crying, confessing:

*I'm hella metaphysical, I'm guilty, I'm guilty*

I've left behind the entire world for you baby, I wanted anniversary and real  
rational love.

memorie n tiny bite to eat, and this chair, this attractive chair, an installation  
which eats costumes and long long hair and I devised paintings and silences and  
tall girls

I've filled the background,  
the fire at me feet starts 2 burn black but s  
we've, our eyes, they cn't s3e to say  
I like y0u

Once the little men burned me at the stake I decided I'd had it. I miss my body, I  
miss my fam.

Who was I kidding. I can't live this way. I miss "The Real" so much that I'm  
writing love poems to Planet Earth!

## The Nature Poem of My Sentient Home

O sweet trees and the mountains and the fish,  
Smaller and larger fish tree branches full of syrup, all  
Grasses full, full with sugar coming out to honeysuckle mouths  
Oh! Nature! All humanity responds with corresponding awe, your  
o'erpowering roar opens with ease the cavity of my chest, come!  
Little sister! Get out of that jacuzzi and flow of human misery!  
The Sea of Faith will carry us,  
A symphonic answer to our cares:  
the trees! So various, so naked, Oh!  
With tremulous leaf and flower, show!  
A truth transcending what we know!  
Let every man be carried there.  
The jacuzzi is a palimpsest,  
But nature is very honest, nature is bee-loud.

## DEBORAH KOENKER / Drawing the World / Le Monde

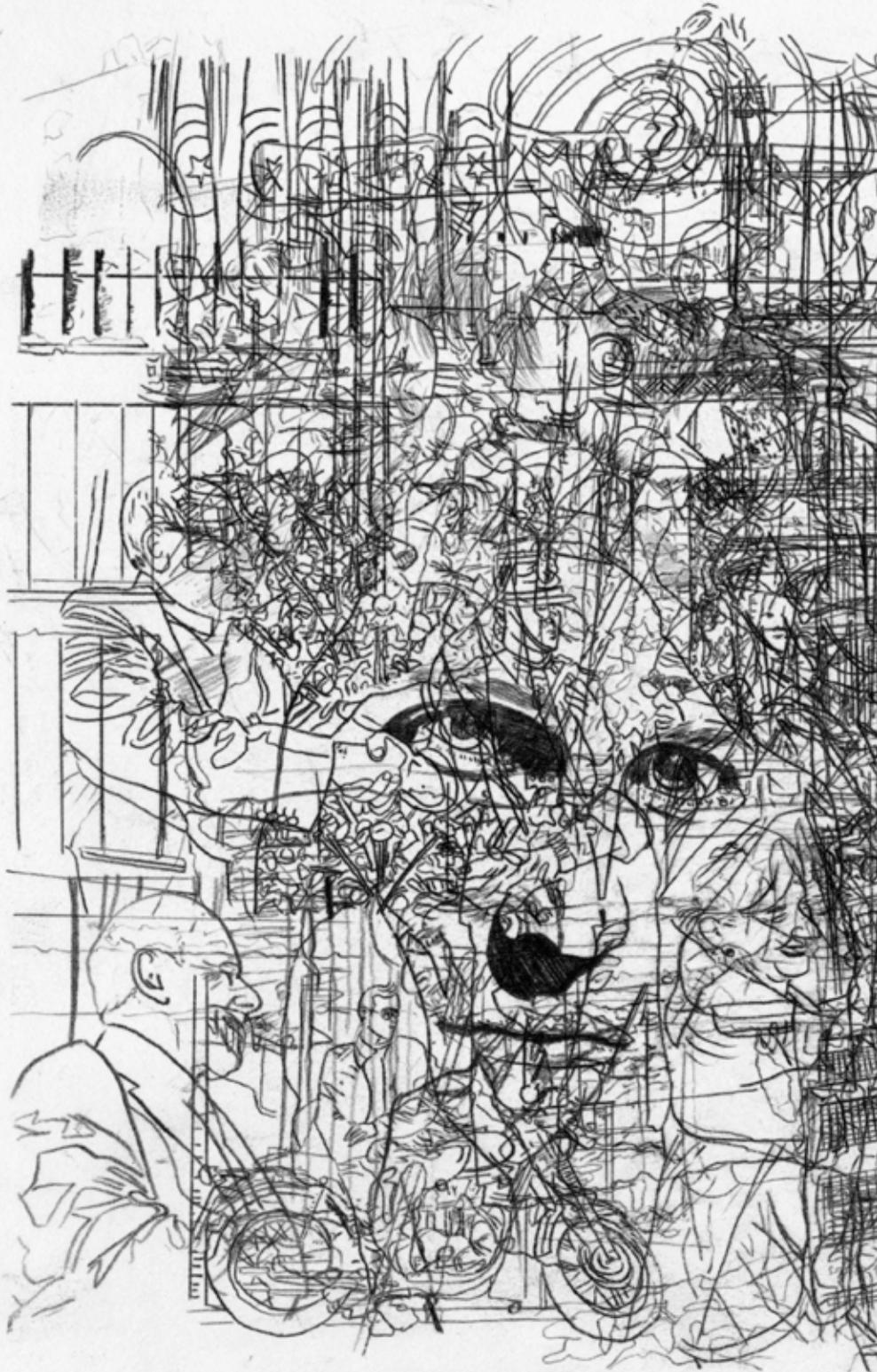
*Drawing the World / Le Monde*, an extended series of drawings, began when I bought my first copy of the French newspaper *Le Monde* in Paris. Recently arrived in the city, I settled into La Cité internationale des arts in the Marais where I was to spend the next four months on a Canada Council International Residency. Over the course of that summer I would visit the same newsstand near l'Hôtel de Ville to buy *Le Monde* from the proprietor, a dignified Roma man; one of a tribe that historically has traveled the world. Our brief daily exchanges became a grounding ritual during my temporary sojourn in Paris. As a non-French speaker, I read *Le Monde* first through images, deciphering French text through my knowledge of Spanish. Out of this developed one of my Paris projects, to record all the pictures in *Le Monde* on a given day, to draw the world—while operating, of course, within the conceit of the grandiose ambit of the newspaper's title, *Le Monde*.

Using carbon paper as an interface between newspaper and drawing paper created a sense of drawing blind, the image emerging only after the removal of layers. Composing and layering images; inventing marks with fingers, fingernails, and erasures; selecting pencils for their line qualities; varying the speed and pressure of the drawn line; tracing lines, tones, and textures; turning the page around—from this a tangled, interwoven web of images emerged, at times as difficult to process as the world itself. The initial twenty-one drawings, completed in Paris—of which four are represented here—are small in scale. The subsequent works in the series are larger—using blue carbon paper, they are more ephemeral, less graphic. Some days I drew for ten hours straight. The process of drawing is determinedly slow in contrast to the chaos of daily events, the rapid overload of seemingly random information that makes news. Perhaps slowing down is one of the last radical actions possible, in the art world and in the world generally. Recording these fleeting pictures allowed me to access Paris in a peculiarly private way, creating a tangible, tactile archive in opposition to the speed of information. These drawings represent a paper archive of a newspaper still printed on paper, a rarity as news moves increasingly to online delivery.





Deborah Koenker, *Drawing the World / Le Monde* 29 Mai, 2011





Deborah Koenker, *Drawing the World / Le Monde* 10 Juin, 2011





Deborah Koenker, *Drawing the World / Le Monde* 17 Juin, 2011

## Reading/Writing for Nancy Shaw

The late Nancy Shaw, poet, curator, art critic, and scholar, was an integral member of the vibrant and influential Vancouver poetry and art scenes of the late 1980s and early 1990s. Her books include *Affordable Tedium*, *Scoptocratic*, *Busted*, and *Light Sweet Crude*. She also wrote bracingly on art, dance, and popular culture, and undertook fruitful collaborations with musicians, composers, dancers, and other poets. Her death from cancer in 2007 was a great loss to the Canadian arts community; she is still much missed.

The Vancouver New Music Society's October 2013 re-mounting of composer Jacqueline Leggatt "Cold Trip," originally written in 2007 and dedicated to Nancy, was the catalyst for the "Reading for Nancy Shaw," which took place at The Apartment Gallery in Vancouver on October 20, 2013. Louis Cabri, Amy De'Ath, Jeff Derksen, Christine Stewart, and Catriona Strang read selections from Nancy's writing and their own, as well as pieces written for her and in response to her work. Amy's and Louis' pieces are published here. All the readings were interspersed with Jacqueline Leggatt's audio recordings of Nancy reading her own work—a rare chance to hear Nancy's voice again.

—Catriona Strang

**NANCY SHAW** / from **Torch Song**

**Torch Song #3**

but remember the immensity  
of the mime inverted man  
and his multi-dissident fantasy

my dim anticipation

the arch white warp  
oh arch white warp

**Torch Song #4**

your little colony  
hidden in a pelt

in the motto of a maverick  
condemned to objectivity

## Torch Song #5

You think you're the only one

too busy thinking  
your unremitting ruin.

In the midst of nation  
what song is sung  
Wasn't that enough for you  
If I found a terminological  
wilderness for you.

Reprinted from *The Institute Songbook: Choral Works for Voice and Torch Songs*, Vancouver:  
The Institute, 1995.

## AMY DE'ATH / Security Cloak

A response to *Light Sweet Crude*

*for Catriona Strang and Nancy Shaw*

1

And I just and I just don't see any

No I won't No I won't let it happen

How real is this can be.

Shred us, shred us like light

Immiserate on a scale of one to seven

Take me down to your apartment

Like a custodian, like an angel.

2

A kaleidoscope is a prudent safety hazard

As much as I as much as I can get.

I have pissed, and what I've become is tendered.

Effectively constructed myself

On a period, blazing ruins.

Nothing extraordinary

Nothing empirically justified

Still the affect-bleached, impossible co-star-

I resign from my shelter

absolutely sovereign

very much civil and betrayed I

never saw I never saw it coming.

### 3

The consistent drive

socialist era high-rises and a popfeminist pink tent:

phosphoric acid and winged waterboarding are

just something new to us.

How can this can be.

Here's a variation on the denial of fortune, the

power of acting, resplendent happiness or

what I think, what I want, what you sing, follow this curve  
and I will follow you  
across homeland security and unrenounced enjoyment  
as a call to wakefulness invaded by bees and dragonflies  
and a small girl loitering  
a long way back  
blown up globally blown  
over by the beekeepers  
and the ideological state apparatus  
and the individual savings account  
and the blazing trail of whiteness  
and the many, many men  
neither can I bear to leave her  
neither can I there how can this  
how can this can be

## LOUIS CABRI / Concealment and disclosure: Nancy Shaw's *Scoptocratic*

“...I shall assume... that language must continually conceal the structuring work of division beneath a symbolic order.”

—Michel de Certeau

On re-reading *Scoptocratic*,<sup>1</sup> I wondered what sort of a broadly-conceived “project” it could retrospectively be viewed as part of, whether the author was cognizant of it being so at the time or not. The project I came up with: *writing as a structural disclosure*. “Disclosure” not of self but selves’ “social scripts”—the available social scripts of self-expression—the permission slips to self-express, granted by ideological apparatuses (corporate culture, family, gender, to name three). *Scoptocratic* discloses what it assumes the symbolic order “must continually,” to quote *The Practice of Everyday Life*, “conceal” (134). The timeframe for such a project might at the least include poetry as different as Theresa Hak Kyung Cha’s *Dictée* (1982) and Daniel Davidson’s *Product* (1991) and pass through Bruce Andrews’s mid-1980s’ Bakhtinian poetics, where ideology and power manifest centripetally. What this poetry conceivably shares as a project is a hostile and critical attitude to procedures of self-regulation arising from “the stable centre of a standard” (to borrow the words of linguist H.G. Widdowson 379). The standard under dispute varies according to the ideological apparatus: for Cha, it is an imperial model of assimilation and of second language learning, while for Davidson, identity is a product of consumption. The “social script” metaphor externalizes self-regulation as a language that, in each case, says: Self-regulation inculcates in rough outline, prompts, and calls up scripts for what to say, do, and think, so that lines of power continue to run smoothly in public or private situations.<sup>2</sup>

1 Thanks for the impetus to re-read *Scoptocratic* are due to Catriona Strang, who organized the event “Reading for Nancy Shaw” at which I presented an earlier version of this essay, October 20, 2013, The Apartment Gallery, Vancouver.

2 It would be interesting to consider the usage of “script” as emergent in relation to 1960s protest. The OED reports the usage of “script” in social psychology beginning in June 1968.

As with Cha, Davidson, Andrews, and other poets who could be named as part of such a project, almost every sentence and line of *Scoptocratic* mocks social scripts of self-regulation. Shaw's scripts are emphatically gender- and class-inflected, and are frequently presented in third-person omniscient (and rarely does it feel like the same third person) by way of analogies to the film medium (director, scenographer, actor, etc.) with hints of allusion to films whose identities remain indeterminate: "Scenes of married life. Horseback riding. Rain bistro. A traditional grouse shoot. After much study, the eternal victim" (80). To focus on one phrase from this quotation, "traditional grouse shoot" evidently suggests, for example, a British aristocratic script (perhaps as in Alan Bridges's 1985 film *The Shooting Party* even though the participants shoot pheasants—in the sense expanded below, scripts allow for credible substitutes).

*Scoptocratic* undermines the power social scripts can obtain in acts of repetition to reproduce the already known. "She repeated," the following quotation promisingly begins; except, what is repeated does not appear to be a widely known and accepted script, even though it is cloaked in such language: "She repeated her famous pact in a supposedly courtly vocabulary" (28). The "famous pact" is "hers" alone (belonging not, say, to political history, as Rousseau's justly famous social contract does, nor to the "transhistorical," intersubjective institution of marriage) and is at variance with "courtly vocabulary," whose adjective *courtly* suggests troubadour romance but also plutocratic striving and even, amusingly, legal discourse itself, all at once.

Early artificial intelligence theorists Roger Schank and Robert Abelson conceived of script as "a structure that describes appropriate sequences of events in a particular context" and as "a predetermined, stereotyped sequence of actions that defines a well-known situation" (41). Class separations and marriage are examples of scripts I inferred from reading the Shaw quotation above.

Schank and Abelson illustrate "the kind of absurdity that arises when an action from one script is arbitrarily inserted into another" with this example:

Harriet went to Jack's birthday party.

The cake tasted awful.

Harriet left Jack's mother a very small tip. ("Scripts" n.p.)

Shaw is similarly messing up the expected scripts, in the following sense. For Schank and Abelson, scripts are causal chains of everyday understanding, guiding how a subject's world creates credible reality effects. Because a script's knowledge is general and implicit, a narrative need not have to explicitly state every step in its chain, leaving it up to a reader to infer that the skipped-over (i.e., less significant) steps can and did occur, thereby confirming that the reader's credibility hasn't been stretched to the point of absurdity. What Shaw does in *Scoptocratic*, however, is to pile on gendered, class-inflected details, with sudden, absurd-seeming lack of contextual specification and introduction. To use my earlier example, "A traditional grouse shoot" piles after "Rain bistro." Yet because these details—rain, a bistro, etc.—are scripts (in Schank and Abelson's sense), they contain unmentioned steps in a causal chain linking them together. That is, "[s]cripts allow for new references to objects within them just as if these objects had been previously mentioned" (41), when in fact they haven't been explicitly mentioned. "A traditional grouse shoot" is a startlingly new reference within the "Rain bistro" reference, which "Rain bistro" does not mention but can allow by script logic in that a reader might pull out of the bistro script some rural community in England near a grouse moor, instead of Montreal. References don't add up to confirming only one script; they heterogeneously multiply with each sentence provoking the reader to scramble in search of as many as required, in an outwardly-driven movement.

Scripts pile up to a point where a reader might imagine "Harriet" (in the Schank and Abelson example) to be a rich brat modeled on Archie comics. The result of script pile-up, in the case of *Scoptocratic*, is that, in its own words, "Everything was disorderly, expansive and melancholy" (13). Melancholy, perhaps, because while a writer can demonstrate skills at manipulating and mixing the social scripts available to her, and while in doing so they can be questioned and negated—"It began harmlessly with a question: / Who was counter-nature?" (48)—the history that makes them self-regulating scripts for everyday life in the first place cannot be that easily *replaced* with "better" ones.

Which is to say that *Scoptocratic* doesn't espouse, for example, a feminist standpoint epistemology—there is no diving into the wreck—as counter to the one-size-fits-all standard epistemology of available social scripts. Or, if *Scoptocratic* does offer a counter-epistemology of female-gendered experiences, then it is by way of what the text does *not* say about it. As Nancy Hartsock acknowledges, "A

standpoint...carries with it the contention that there are some perspectives on society from which, however well-intentioned one may be, the real relations of humans with each other and with the natural world are not visible" (285). Invisible "real relations" gives *Scoptocratic* its lightness of touch, liveliness, floating signifier effects, the giddiness of an absence of sure reference in the script certainty of credible, narratable experience. "You will observe a set of pitiful misadventures and accidents. An ordinary object or scene. A sudden flare. The said clock, wound up. On the dangers of curiosity. Figurative pity. Ill-considered intimacy. A calculated plan for doing good" (83). Events take place in the text but readers aren't treated to performative enactments as authentic experience.

The benefits of such an approach accrue at a formal level. *Scoptocratic* is mostly just the *idea* of a script. But to press further, what strikes me when I consider social scripts in relation to Shaw's book is their contrasting relationship to time. A social script is in the past tense, it is already there, "pre-sorted," waiting to be called up, used, whereas in *Scoptocratic*, where a script is represented for potential embodiment or resistance, internalization or projection (or explosion), performance or counterperformance, the text is in the present tense. Which makes sense when you think of yourself watching a film or reading a book: the time of reading, of viewing, which is your time, is the continuous present. Fine. But then if one pushes temporal discrepancy even further: I begin to think not of the film medium at all but of the 19C realist novel fragmentarily represented in 20C film, particularly the French one and the way that Sartre excoriated the past perfect tense, a tense that is sealed off from the present tense and most suitable for ideology critique. Sartre castigates the past perfect tense for effectively removing history from literature, and reality from history, and, I would say, script knowledge relegated to the past from script adaption and transformation in the present. So that *Scoptocratic*'s greatest parodic target is the past perfect tense of novelistic realism and the stylistic residues that the causal chains of its scripts leave on re-imagining the present as a lived and female-gendered tense of everyday life. It's that anonymous voyeur on life, who holds power, or should I say withholds power, from other points of view in order to appropriate all points of view to his omniscient script. For gender scripts possess the narrators in *Scoptocratic*. Despite persistent analogies to film, and despite the book's provocative visual metaphor in its title, *Scoptocratic* presents few images. Instead, there are scripts for images, which the text manipulates, echoes, mimics, mocks, and gets tangled in.

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## SEE TO SEE —

### Tracy Stefanucci: Making space for artist publishing

Situated at an intersection of disciplines—namely the visual arts, literary arts and/or graphic design—publication presents a unique space of inquiry that is often complemented by interdisciplinary practice, collaboration, or co-production. With an interest in this particular context, Project Space explores publication as an artistic medium.

Project Space is a non-profit organization that operates the Vancouver Art/Book Fair (VA/BF), Project Space Press, and *OCW Magazine*, influenced by Matthew Stadler of Publication Studio's definition of publication:

Publication is the creation of a public. It is an essentially political act. This public, which is more than a market, is created by deliberate acts: the circulation of texts, discussions and gatherings in physical space, the maintenance of a digital commons. Together these construct a space of conversation that is a public space which beckons a public into being.<sup>1</sup>

The anchor of Project Space activities is VA/BF, the only international art book fair in Canada, the first established on the West Coast, and one of only three in North America. Two days of programs, performances, and interventions by local and international presenters pair with four floors of exhibitors and installations to create a hospitable environment for Vancouver's art publishing community to grow, connect, share, and establish its presence with a local public and an international community. In 2013, the second annual VA/BF attracted 1,245 attendees—a quarter of whom attended programs and performances—and filled three rooms of the Vancouver Art Gallery Annex with publishers from around the globe.

Project Space publishes art books, catalogues, and zines via Project Space Press; the serial artists' publication *OCW Magazine*, which serves as a platform for various curatorial interests while also interrogating the ways form and content can create experiences or meaning for a reader/viewer; and investigations of past, pres-

1 From Matthew Stadler's keynote address "What is Publication?" at Richard Hugo House's writers' conference "Finding Your Audience in the 21st Century," on May 22, 2010. View at <<http://vimeo.com/14888791>>.

ent, and future art publishing—particularly in Vancouver—via the Project Space blog at [projectspace.ca](http://projectspace.ca). The organization also produces curatorial projects and events that contribute to dialogues about artist publishing, and it sells local and international art publications.

Formerly operating out of a storefront at 222 E Georgia Street, Project Space recently moved two blocks north to a studio in UNIT/PITT Projects' new building at 236 E Pender in order to focus its limited organizational capacity on VA/BF, as well as on publishing and curatorial projects. Plans to offer open studio hours where visitors can browse and purchase publications, work on projects, exchange ideas, and connect w-ith community members are in the works. Over 2014, Project Space will also launch new components of the five-part issue *OCW #21: Feminisms*—which explores women's representations in the arts and features work by Amber Dawn, leannej, Heidi Nagtegaal, Alex Leslie, and listen chen—and a collaborative serial publication *Post-Post-Print*, a dialogue about contemporary print artist publishing that takes place between practitioners in Vancouver and Dundee, Scotland.

### **Clint Burnham: In defense of lost causes**

When the David Gilmour scandal broke last fall I was pulling into Toronto—on the train, from London. I'd been in Southern Ontario for almost a week, giving talks at a psychoanalysis conference at the University of Toronto, and then at the Theory & Criticism Centre and the Fine Arts department at the University of Western Ontario. Sitting on the train, early in the afternoon of Wednesday, September 25, I saw these tweets coming in on my phone, mocking Gilmour's pronouncements, apparently anti-woman, anti-everything but middle aged white male writers. There seemed to be two issues in that scandal (and unlike journalists or self-loathing academics, I don't consider university or literary politics to be inconsequential): one institutional, one pedagogical. The first is that the university, and specifically the University of Toronto, is not just a monolithic authority: it's the site for struggle, controversy, disagreement. So the U of T that I attended for this conference, at New College, a conference that in its first panel discussion was talking about trans sexualities and psychoanalysis, is a very different U of T from that which hires

David Gilmour to teach literature. At New College, well turned-out young women were “queering” the men’s washroom, as I suddenly realized—don’t know if that’s happened to Gilmour. So it’s about how and why a prize-winning middlebrow novelist who writes about leaving his kid to be snatched (fiction) and teaching his kid how to watch films (non-fiction?) is hired to teach literature (as opposed, say, to creative writing). Now, I think universities should hire writers to teach, and even to teach literature. But when they try to grab some of the luster of CanLit, it isn’t just the spectre of a scandal that should make them take pause: it’s also the kind of crap teaching that may result. The second issue is around that pedagogy—Gilmour seems to be arguing that he only teaches literature (or books or writers, it isn’t clear) that he loves or knows. I agree with that to a certain extent—I don’t teach a lot of books that I hate (whether a “classic” or not—there are always workarounds). But (and here the psychoanalysis returns), I think that it’s not so much teaching what you know, as what you don’t know, what puzzles you about a text—perhaps the radically different subjectivity or history (slave narratives, queer comics about the 70s), perhaps the lingering conceptual or theoretical questions (Stein, Benjamin), perhaps just because any literature worth teaching or writing about keeps being unsettled, unknown.

### **Sonnet L’Abbé: A Space for Soft Fascination**

Recently, sports medicine researchers “discovered” what poets—be they Virgil’s lolling swains, Lake District wanderers, or field naturalists like Don McKay—have known since the dawn of rhyme. The brain activity of walkers in a green environment was less frustrated, less engaged (here meaning a “hard” engagement as when one plays a videogame), less aroused and more meditative than those of people moving through urban or commercial streets.

This fall, poet and educator Nancy Holmes, whose own writing insists on the centrality of place to the poet’s vision, announced the launch of UBC-O’s Eco Culture Centre, “an innovative multi-use space where visiting artists, scholars, and graduate students can live, work, create and research... in a stimulating, natural setting.” A former residential home and acreage developed in partnership with the Regional District of the Central Okanagan, the Eco Culture Centre sits on heavily

forested land that is part of a natural wildlife corridor that runs from craggy highlands in Myra Bellevue Provincial Park down to Okanagan Lake. Holmes calls the retreat-like property, nestled within the urban area of Kelowna's lower Mission, "the culmination of a long-held dream." The Centre will host its first visiting artists, poets Don McKay and Camille Martin, in January 2014.

The concept of the rustic artist's retreat is hardly new, nor is the concept of the interdisciplinary ecological centre. But UBC-O's space, because it is artist-led, is a place where researchers from many other disciplines will experience, under the observation of creative researchers, the kind of meditative green thought that occurs in a green shade. As a community beyond artists are encouraged to consciously experience and yet still analytically parse the restorative benefit of time spent in wild spaces, the states of awe, pleasure, attentiveness, ecocentredness and creativity documented by nature poets are demystified, brought back into the discourses of mental health, ecology and technology.

Harvard art historian Jennifer L. Roberts speaks of the value of teaching "deceleration, patience and immersive attention" to students living in an on-demand world. Her insistence that her students look at a painting for three full hours before writing about it reminds me of biologist Louis Agassiz asking his student to look at a fish for three days to hone his powers of observation. This sustained practice of open attention, that seamless inward/outward contemplation that takes place through "immersion in nature" is intrinsic to naturalist approaches to poetry. It stands in ironic distinction from the kind of hyperfocused, aroused attention gamers experience as they enter the "immersive" experience of digital games.

If the quantitative folks have now graphed the mind's movement at the sight of the daffodil and blackbird, of what use now is nature poetry? I'm excited at the Eco Cultural Centre's capacity to pose nature poetry as the translation of a kind of cognitive health, of the gentle, open attention psychologists Rachel and Steven Kaplan have called "soft fascination," of a mindful physiological relationship of the human body to other natural forms.

Aspinall, P., et al. "The urban brain: analysing outdoor physical activity with mobile EEG."

*British Journal of Sports Medicine*. 6 Mar. 2013. Online.

Kaplan, Rachel, and Kaplan, Steven. *The Experience of Nature: A Psychological Perspective*.

Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1989.

Roberts, Jennifer L. "The Power of Patience." *Harvard Magazine* (Nov.-Dec. 2013). Online.

## Oana Avasilichioaei: Plusieurs Montréalais

In any one city, many cities often coexist simultaneously, impacting each other, interweaving, coalescing and dispersing. So it is with Montreal, une ville qui contient plusieurs Montréalais. Of particular interest to me is a Montreal in which several bridges are being simultaneously attempted, viaducts that bridge the edges of language (between the many Frenches and Englishes that proliferate, certainly, but also between many others), and bridges that traverse the bounds of artistic fields and modes of thought, making these edges, à travers des ponts, more porous, an active site of exchange, instability, flow. In recent years, I have seen an increase in these cross-pollinations through multilingual and multidisciplinary works, events and exchanges. These works enact the citizen as a fissured, multiple site that reacts to/with/against others, and with a sense of responsibility towards others. These events speak out of a place of difference, against uniformizing forces (such as the recent proposition of the “Quebec Charter of Values” that promotes a uniformity racist and exclusionary in its intent, though couched in the language of liberalism). These exchanges contribute to making this island metropolis open, curious, cosmopolitan. These movements circulate not only within the city but also out of the city towards other places, where they interact with varied currents, which then seep back into the city.

As an example, a brief survey of recent pollinating happenings:

– A series of readings, discussions and exchanges in New York around the publication of *Aufgabe* (Litmus Press), featuring an extensive section of current vital poetics in Quebec’s literary weather, and *Theory: A Sunday* (Belladonna), a translation of the seminal feminist work *Théorie: Une Dimanche* by Louky Bersianik, Nicole Brossard, Louise Cotnoir, Louise Dupré, Gail Scott, and France Théoret.

– “Image Invisibles” in Montreal, an aural evening of collaborations between four writers (Daniel Canty, Simon Dumas, Renée Gagnon, David Leblanc) and four sound artists (Mathieu Campagna, Antoine Caron, Marc Doucet, Miriane Rouillard) from Montreal and Quebec City. Immersed in total darkness, the audience listens to the spatialized composition of word and sound.

– Genviève Robichaud’s “Self-Translation in Two Movements” on *Lemon Hound*, a staged bilingual conversation between l’auteure and l’autre, and an essay on the bilingual text.

– At a conference at the Université de Montreal, a reading by Gail Scott from

*Obituary*, a novel whose English poetical idiom is significantly impacted by the presences, undercurrents, proliferations of Quebec's French and Aboriginal languages.

– At the same conference, a talk by Claudia Lucotti (a professor of Canadian Literature at Universidad de México) on the translational affect of *Expeditions of a Chimæra* (an impish, multilingual exploration of original/copy by writers/translators Erín Moure and myself) in Mexico today.

– Launch of *Petits Théâtres*, a translation of Erín Moure's *Little Theatres* by Daniel Canty, voiced through the mouths of several interlocutors, including Martine Audet, Nicole Brossard, Steve Savage, François Turcot.

This is not *the* Montreal, but *one* Montreal; it is not everyone's Montreal, but the Montreal that excites, urges, challenges me to keep probing, to keep bridging.

Rebecca Brewer & Tiziana La Melia  
CAPILANO STYLE COLUMN  
Not-poetry in Vancouver

OR

ADMONISHMENTS ON WHAT TO WEAR AND, SOMETIMES,  
THE SPECIAL OCCASION ON WHICH TO WEAR IT...

1984. IN A FICTO-DOCUMENTARY ON 20-YEAR-OLD CHOREOGRAPHER MICHAEL CLARK'S life, clothing signifies freedom and free spirits are a motif. London street urchins dress up like royalty and a dress made of sores adorns a leaping male body. Inside his dance studio, tall mirrors lean into Charles Atlas' absurdist camera angles. Dancers in immodest dance attire are the height of joy; Michael glides through life in a tasseled leather jacket and a kilt, pouting. The contrast between formal sensibilities in Clark's dance pieces reminds us that there is something moralizing about the structure of ballet. With post-punk sarcasm, *Hail the New Puritans*, by its very name, carries an ironic message about moderation and morality. Mark E. Smith provides lyrics that inflect the film with its attitude; he also features as the film's chain-

smoking Mahatma. Leigh Bowery's cross-dressing production design sets the stage for a manic constellation of club kids and ballerinas, performing an elaborate satire of Thatcherite misery. Did this cast of untrained squares and skilled queers feel bad for the forlorn Neo-Cromwellians of the time and want to invite them to join their dance party of taboo, rhythm, decadence and style?

*The conventional is now experimental*

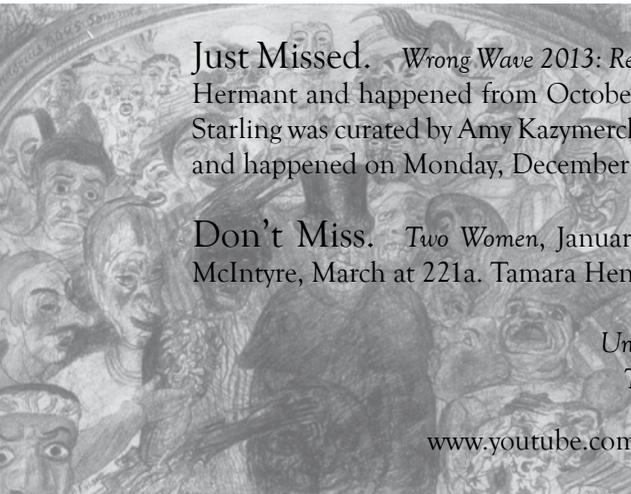
2013. WRONG WAVE'S SCREENING OF *HAIL THE NEW PURITANS* PROVIDED US WITH ONE long, vivid and glamorous Commedia dell'Arte puppet show.

*The grotesque peasants stalk the land  
And deep down inside you know  
Everybody wants to like big companies*

1928. A WELL-DRESSED MAN LEAVES THE CROWD AND CROSSES THE STAGE. BRECHT'S version of *The Threepenny Opera* incites ten thousand jazzy European performances with its modern, anti-capitalist charms. Devout Marxism begets a masterpiece of musical schlock with a criminal for an anti-hero and a fusty old Dad who uses his influence against this lower-class nemesis.

1990. WHILE CONSIDERING THE SCENE OF THE FAMOUS EXCHANGE OF \$200 000 CASH for a kidnapped daughter, social inequity gets complicated by aesthetic preoccupations. In this recasting of Brecht's play, Jimmy Pattison is the baron who controls the beggars, and the beggars include bored teens obsessing over logos in Pacific Centre shopping mall. Dan Starling's *The Kidnapper's Opera* is a heist movie and piece of epic satire set in Vancouver, with suburban teenagers dressed in pastel hues and tumble dry fabrics listening to Vanilla Ice. Shot over three years, Starling's hilariously distorted fantasy of anti-capitalist motivation as it plays out in the banal lives of privileged youth is a montage of video technologies and techniques, generated from multiple collaborations (locally and in Frankfurt and Brussels), ranging from the incredibly lo-fi to the extremely choreographed. Picture a scene where the camera catches a glint from the brass door knob and a kidnapper practices her bubble cursive while writing a ransom note. Replace the grubby crowds of London with a group of intrepid youth scheming at the Orange Julius booth and contemplating the violence of the law. B.U.M. Equipment™ sweatshirts spark debate over rising price-points. Clothing signifies freedom and Esprit™ is the motif. The logo-centricity of Starling's antiheros is a self-actualization of political desire.

*All decadent sins will reap discipline*



**Just Missed.** *Wrong Wave 2013: Revenge of the New Puritan* was curated by Sydney Hermant and happened from October 24–27, 2013. *The Kidnapper's Opera* by Dan Starling was curated by Amy Kazymierchuk for DIM Cinema at Pacific Cinematheque and happened on Monday, December 9, 2013.

**Don't Miss.** *Two Women*, January/February at Model. Zin Taylor and Lorna McIntyre, March at 221a. Tamara Henderson, April/May at The Apartment.

Ungodly mass  
Thick ass

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=maqTPJkA-So](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=maqTPJkA-So)

James Ensor, *Masks We Are or Intriguing Masks*, 1901

## Mark Goldstein: A Change-ringing of the Mind

Chapbooks are how burgeoning poets speak with one another, how we disseminate our writing, and how we instruct ourselves. For decades the chapbook has proved a cost effective means of taking part in this conversation. The small press has fed my work as a writer for more than a decade and I still thrive on it. Under my own *Beautiful Outlaw* imprint, I've issued works by unknown or arcane authors unavailable in mainstream publications. I've issued my own work and that of my friends, too, and my mantra, printed on some of these items, has become, "Poetry is a Gift Economy." But this paradigm is shifting. Regrettably, the blanket "design" that an e-text offers the reader is a step toward typographic oblivion. Just because we can now set *Finnegans Wake* in Comic Sans doesn't mean that we should.

With this in mind, I set off to the 2013 Toronto Antiquarian Book Fair (held at the AGO in November) on a bibliomaniacal hunt for a thoroughly edifying printed work. After searching for contemporary small press items throughout the thirty-two booths at the fair, I finally discovered what I was looking for in an old wooden box full of exquisitely produced offerings perfectly preserved in acetate sleeves: I found a chapbook that shares my concerns.

*A Change-ringing of the Mind (An Extract from Zangezi)* by Russian Futurist Velimir Khlebnikov was translated, designed, printed and bound in 1978 at Imprimerie

Dromadaire, by the late Glenn Goluska. Issued in a limited run of seventy-five copies, the book measures 9.75 × 8.75 inches with eight leaves. It is hand set in Alternate Gothic and a variety of wood type, which, I'm told, Goluska acquired over years of urban foraging. Printed on Tweedweave with red Mayfair paper wraps it was hand sewn and issued for the Eleventh International Sound Poetry Festival. It exemplifies the best of what the small press has to offer.

Goluska was a designer and typographer of the highest order (he died in 2011), and in his hands *A Change-ringing of the Mind* became the perfect marriage of text and texture. The translation is sublime, with Goluska's artistry and total vision apparent throughout. A work such as this could not survive the digital realm—the pleasure of the letterforms, their special arrangements on the page, the touch of the papers themselves, the subtle echoing of word-stuff would be lost in such transference. *A Change-ringing of the Mind* best exemplifies the necessity of the small press, one where the difficulty of creation and dissemination is met with vitality.

Unfortunately, both the work's beauty and scarcity has pushed it into the rarified air of the antiquarian bookseller. This divide between reader and collector keeps works such as these in private libraries, out of reach of those laboring writers who need them most. It is obvious that *A Change-ringing of the Mind* was meant to be read and yet, with a \$100.00 asking price (a bargain compared to other items at the fair), it is beyond reach.

Yes, a digital version would provide the content of the work but the total power of the book would be lost. The bitter irony here is that Goluska's superb translation has now been rendered mute.

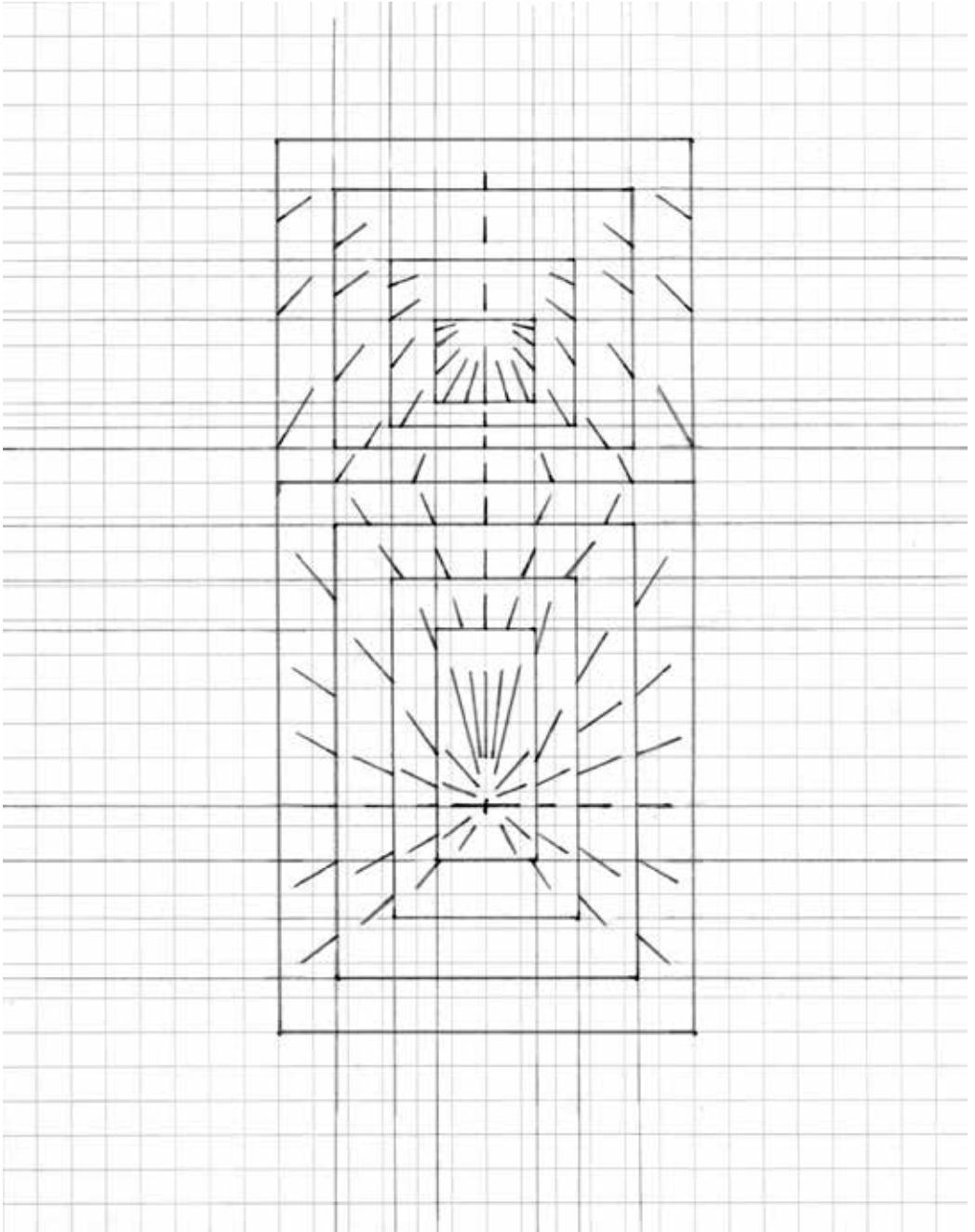
## **Julian Weideman: Careers counselling**

While studying in the UK last year I came across *80,000 Hours*, an Oxford-based charity that provides advice on how to make the biggest possible positive “difference” with a career. The advice takes the form of an equation in which the average number of hours people spend at work (80,000) is assessed by their “potential for impact” and their “career capital”: gains in “skills, connections and useful credentials” that can be used in the future to expand “impact.” One controversial piece of advice is “earning to give,” which involves getting a high-earning job and donating

a substantial portion of the salary to “effective causes.” In determining what is “effective” and what is a “cause,” *80,000 Hours* draws on Peter Singer’s utilitarian ethics and on the work of other organizations within the effective altruism movement, the most prominent of which is Give Well, an American nonprofit that assesses charities and that in 2013 attracted almost ten million dollars of donations for its top recommendations.

Critics of *80,000 Hours* object to the forcefulness of its analytical approach, which ranks certain causes as more “solvable” or “important” than others. Their formula, Cause Effectiveness = Importance × Solvability, almost always yields the conclusion that altruistic initiatives in poor countries—for example, fighting tropical diseases—are more effective than philanthropic work in the West. The approach privileges the quantifiable and there is little room for the arts or humanities, except as tools for training rationality and cultivating altruism, or as diversions to relax with after a day of “earning to give.” In a context of shrinking public support for both humanitarian and cultural causes, the emphasis on effectiveness risks disqualifying whatever cannot be defended in empirical terms, while the idea of individuals “earning to give” encourages a privatization of charitable giving.

On the other hand, getting a job specifically to generate capital for altruistic initiatives does break with a current mode of donation in which corporations, having accumulated vast profits, “give back” a fraction of their wealth and then market this gesture as “social responsibility.” *80,000 Hours* is committed and idealistic, giving careers advice only to people who are “deeply socially motivated”; it is justified in arguing that the capacity of many people in the West to donate capital to underfunded causes is a widely neglected ethical contribution. Effective altruism organizations tend to be transparent about their methodology and assumptions, sometimes going so far as apologizing when their discourse becomes too forceful—*Give Well’s* website has a section entitled “Our shortcomings,” which includes “tone issues” (“A recent example of our problematic tone is our December 2009 blog post, ‘Celebrated Charities that we Don’t Recommend’”). The emphasis on transparency and measurable results is winning support for the effective altruism movement. With students graduating into a world of self-interested and tight-fisted governments, one can understand the impulse to forgo electoral politics and channel progressive energy into a scheme like “earning to give.” If nothing else, *80,000 Hours* might shake up the dull and apolitical genre of careers counselling.



Lyndl Hall, *Everywhere, All The Time*, 2012, pencil and ink on paper, 19 × 15 cm

## Contributors

Poet, translator, and editor OANA AVASILICHIOAEI's most recent book is *We, Beasts* (Wolsak & Wynn 2012, winner of the QWF's A. M. Klein Prize for Poetry) and her most recent translation is *Wigrum* (translated from Daniel Canty's French *Wigrum*, Talonbooks 2013). Her sound work can be found on PennSound.

THEA BOWERING's *Love At Last Sight* is a collection of stories characterized by the Female Flâneur: a solitary, marginalized walker, and observer of urban life (NeWest Press 2013). She has begun a second book: a novel based on her mother's papers. Set in various regions of Canada between the late 1950s and early 80s, it follows the changing life of an aspiring young female writer married to an emerging Canadian author. Thea grew up in Vancouver and has studied in Denmark. She now lives in Edmonton where she's worked as a bartender, Film Studies and Creative Writing instructor, and member of The Olive Reading Series.

REBECCA BREWER is a visual artist living and working in Vancouver. Her work was recently included in *Skirt the parlour, shun the zoo* at the Walter Phillips Gallery in Banff, Alberta. Other recent exhibitions include *Through a Glass Darkly* at the Vancouver Art Gallery, *6 Positions* at W TWO, Montreal, and *Nine Paintings of Ayn Rand* at Exercise in Vancouver. She is sessional faculty in the Painting Dept. at Emily Carr University. Represented by Catriona Jeffries, her first exhibition with the gallery is upcoming in Spring 2014.

CLINT BURNHAM lives in Vancouver and teaches in the Dept. of English at SFU. An

excerpt from his novel *Mixtape* was published in the Winter 2013 issue of TCR.

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.

DOROTHY CHANG's music has been praised for its colourful and often Impressionistic scoring, as well as for its dramatic intensity and expressive lyricism. Her music is rooted in the Western art music tradition but often reflects the eclectic mix of musical influences from her youth, ranging from marching band to traditional Chinese music. Dorothy's catalog includes over fifty works for solo, chamber, and large ensembles as well as collaborations involving theatre, dance, and video. She is an Associate Professor of Music at UBC.

CECILIA CORRIGAN's first book, *Titanic*, was selected by Lisa Robertson to receive the Plonsker Prize, and will be published in 2014 by &Now Books. She has been invited to perform her work at various spaces including The Museum of Modern Art, The Poetry Project, Yale University, and Brown University. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Lumina*, *n+1*, *The Henry Review*, *The Journal*, *Jacket2*, *O'Clock Press*, *The Awl*, and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, among others.

AMY DE'ATH is a doctoral student at SFU in Vancouver. Her poetry publications include *Caribou* (Bad Press 2011), *Erec & Enide* (Salt 2010), and *Andromeda / The World Works for Me* (Crater Press 2010). She has a chapbook forthcoming with Iodine Press in Brighton, UK.

ADAM FRANK is Associate Professor in the Dept. of English at UBC. His essays on affect studies and American literature have appeared in *ELH*, *Criticism*, *Critical Inquiry*, and elsewhere. His books include *Transferential Poetics, from Poe to Warhol* (Fordham UP, forthcoming in 2014) and, as co-editor with Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, *Shame and Its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader* (Duke UP 1995). He has also written and produced two full-length recorded audiodramas, *Overpass! A Melodrama* (alien8recording 2007) and *Some Mad Scientists* <[www.somemadscientists.org](http://www.somemadscientists.org)>.

Toronto writer MARK GOLDSTEIN is the author of three books of poetry published by BookThug: *Form of Forms* (2012), *Tracelanguage* (2010), and *After Rilke* (2008). His poetry and criticism have also appeared in *Matrix Magazine* and *Jacket2*.

LYNDL HALL has exhibited nationally and internationally with shows at the Western Front, Vancouver (2013), Burnaby Art Gallery (2012), Sanatorium Project Space, Istanbul, (2012), and Access Artist Run Centre, Vancouver (2011). She was artist in residence at DRAWinternational in Caylus, France in 2012 and her work has been published in *West Coast Line* and by Publication Studio, Vancouver.

SHEILA HETI is the author of five books, most recently the novel, *How Should a Person Be?* which was a *New York Times* Notable Book. Her work has been published in *The London Review of Books*, *n+1*, *Harper's*, *The New York Times*, and *The Believer*. She lives in Toronto.

DEBORAH KOENKER is a Vancouver based artist with interests in writing and curatorial projects. Her years as Associate Professor at Emily Carr University have been an integral component of her art practice. Current interests focus on borders, globalization, migration/

immigration, and social justice. Her work has been exhibited in Canada, Mexico, and the USA over the past thirty years, and is represented in more than twenty-five public collections in the US and Canada

SONNET L'ABBÉ is the author of two books of poems and currently teaches at the University of British Columbia – Okanagan. Her doctoral dissertation takes an ecocritical approach to the work of American 20th-century poet Ronald Johnson. She recently toured Canada blogging and writing poetry as the 2017StartsNow! Artist In Motion.

TIZIANA LA MELIA is an artist and writer currently living in Vancouver. She has exhibited her work at Exercise, Art Gallery of Alberta, Magasin 3, Oakville Galleries, and Susan Hobbs, among other venues. Her writing and images have recently appeared in *Millions*, *Pelt*, *C Magazine*, and *SETUP*. In the winter she will be attending the Mountain School of Arts in Los Angeles. La Melia is a sessional instructor at Emily Carr University.

PAUL NELSON founded SPLAB in Seattle and the Cascadia Poetry Festival. Author of *Organic Poetry (essays)*, a serial poem re-enacting history, *A Time Before Slaughter* (shortlisted for a 2010 Genius Award by *The Stranger*), and *Organic in Cascadia: A Sequence of Energies*. He has interviewed Allen Ginsberg, Michael McClure, Sam Hamill, Robin Blaser, Nate Mackey, Joanne Kyger, Brenda Hillman; he has presented poetry/poetics in London, Brussels, Nanaimo, and Qinghai and Beijing, China; and he has had work translated into Spanish, Chinese, and Portuguese. Paul lives in Seattle. <[www.PaulENelson.com](http://www.PaulENelson.com)> Paul Nelson's poem in this issue is the winner of the 3rd Annual Robin Blaser Poetry Award.

LISA ROBERTSON has a new long poem, *Cinema of the Present*, coming out with Coach

House Books in Fall 2014. This spring she is the Bain Swiggett Lecturer in Poetry at Princeton University. Her essay on Aby Warburg, Johannes Kepler, Thomas Carlyle, and the dynamic figure of the ellipse, *Thinking Space*, was just published as a chapbook by Organization for Poetic Research in New York. She lives in France.

RUTH SCHEUING is an artist, educator, and writer. Her recent exhibitions include *Andante* at the Richmond Art Gallery, *Silkroads*, an artist residency at the Surrey Art Gallery TechLab, and "Walking the Line," a web project at <digitalthreads.ca> organized by the Textile Museum of Canada. She co-edited *material matters: the Art and Culture of Contemporary Textiles* with Ingrid Bachmann and is working on a follow up. She teaches in the Textile Arts Program at Capilano University. <www.ruthscheuing.com>

The late NANCY SHAW is the author of *Scoptocratic* (ECW Press 1992) and, with Catriona Strang, the coauthor of *Busted* (Coach House Press 2001), *Cold Trip* (Nomados Press 2006), and *Light Sweet Crude* (LINEbooks 2008). She was an energetic curator, cultural critic, teacher, and founding member of The Institute for Domestic Research, and devotee of the fiber arts.

TRACY STEFANUCCI is an editor, publisher, and independent curator in Vancouver, BC. Aside from founding the Vancouver Art/Book Fair and co-founding Project Space and *OCW Magazine* (est. 2006), she is the Publications Coordinator for the Vancouver Art Gallery and has taught in SFU's publishing program.

JULIAN WEIDEMAN recently finished an MPhil in Modern Middle Eastern Studies and Arabic with a focus on Tunisian intellectual history. He lives in Montréal and is looking for a job.

MARGAUX WILLIAMSON lives in Toronto. Her new book of paintings, *I Could See Everything: The Paintings of Margaux Williamson*, will be out in the spring of 2014 from Coach House Press.

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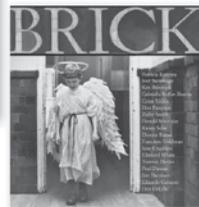
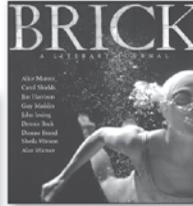
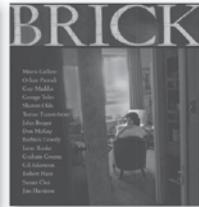
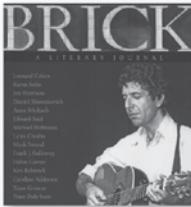
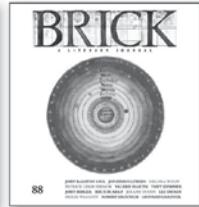
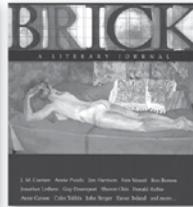
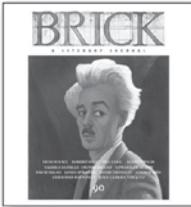
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