

THE CAPILANO REVIEW



O the rising and sinking and
everything in between

—*Colin Smith*

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The Capilano Review is published by the Capilano Review Contemporary Arts Society. Canadian subscription rates for one year are \$35, \$25 for students, \$80 for institutions. Rates include S&H. Outside Canada, please add \$5. Address correspondence to The Capilano Review, 281 Industrial Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6A 2P2. Subscribe online at www.thecapilanoreview.ca/order/.

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The Capilano Review gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the Province of British Columbia, the British Columbia Arts Council, and the Canada Council for the Arts. 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, 281 Industrial Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6A 2P2.

issn 0315 3754 | Published October 2015

Printed in Vancouver, Coast Salish Territories, BC.



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Cover Image:

David Ogilvie, *Dream of Pan (One)*, 2015

Pencil and fine line markers on illustration board, 41 × 51 cm

Editor's Note

It is hard to have just spent a weekend with Fred Moten, our 2015 Writer-in-Residence and an ice-melting force unlike any our literary community has hosted in recent memory, and not want to welcome you to this issue of *The Capilano Review* in the same way he recommended welcoming anyone to anything: “How did you get here? What brought you here today? How can we make the next two hours really good?” These questions in place of the more common “Where are you from?” and the potentially violent storylessness its demand for positioning, for posturing, for some form of *citizenship* ends up with.

We got here—the magazine survived—because a good many people wouldn’t let it not get here. We thank all of you again very much for your support over the last year: for your money, yep, but also for your responsiveness and imagination and even your reluctant, polite criticisms, for telling us what we’ve done well for forty-three years and what we might think about doing better. Please keep telling us things.

As a magazine freshly independent from its founding institution and on the lookout to connect meaningfully with as many new loves and new lives as it can, *The Capilano Review*, with an all-new editorial staff, is happy to be building its home in a location two blocks from Main and Terminal in an accessible and nicely-lit building the colour of robins’ eggs. We have event space of our own now, a kitchen table the length of a bus, and prospective collaborators sharing the space with us (or otherwise sharing a neighbourhood). And we’ve got a ten-year lease! Let at-least-a-full-decade of hard and exciting work begin.

This particular issue is an open issue. It’s been guided by what Audre Lorde once upheld as “a commitment to being selectively open”¹ and to a sense of anger as somehow joyful, as “loaded with information and energy.”² If this year has clarified anything for me, it’s that innovation can harm as much and as often as it can liberate—that any old openness won’t do. This issue gathers angers that help us feel this more acutely.

There are a lot of bad words in the pages that follow, a good number of awkward laughs, and animals all over the place. How do these things happen? What brought it all here today? How can we make the next 2000 years a lot better?

—*Andrea Actis*

1 Audre Lorde, “An Interview: Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich” (1979), *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Freedom, CA: The Crossing Press, 1984), 108.

2 Audre Lorde, “The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism” (1981), *Sister Outsider*, 127.

Poems

Tim Terhaar

Ode to Autumn

Autumn is the season I like best.

I am truly capable of flourishing in autumn.

Future lovers come to me then.

They approach me on the train and at the park and they reply to me online.

No day is as good for walking as an autumn day.

The sun clings low to the sky, and the wind occasionally tests the leaves still on the trees while rearranging those that have fallen.

Whatever is not gentle is not autumn, is either summer's protest or winter's petition.

The seeds of maples spin on the wind, and there is nothing as soft and golden as this afternoon.

It is hardly possible, on such an afternoon, to wonder what unseen desecration, what concealed annihilation, is being wrought upon the spirits that make a season what it is.

It is almost inconceivable, in light of autumn's reverie, that men are at this moment engaged in felling whole forests, dredging up the creatures of the sea, and releasing great plumes of poison into the ether.

The Enlightened

On one wall of the room, a sheet of paper bearing the following inscription has been tacked up: “David Lynch’s Vedic definition of the Enlightened: / Softer than the flower where kindness is concerned, / Stronger than the thunder where principles are at stake.”

Below it hangs a sheet that reads: “When are principles not at stake? When is kindness not concerned? / These two demands sometimes conflict.”

A third sheet, taped to the side of the second, continues: “Or is the point that the enlightened are capable of simultaneous kindness and strength? / To be always a thunderous flower! A floral thunder!”

All I Have to Do Is Dream

i.

I feed a koala some strawberries and oats from a Ziploc bag.

After a while, she loses her appetite for berries and oats and looks up at me, imploring.

She clings to my leg and I drag her across the room, wishing I were rid of her insatiable desire.

I make one last attempt to assuage her before lying down on the floor and covering my face with my hands.

When I finally look around, she's gone to search for what will nourish her.

I take a book from the shelf and read a line: my sky is black with small birds bearing south.

A crow alights on my head and pours quicksilver into my eyes.

A transgender woman is beaten to death in Harlem.

A 10,000-year-old tree is identified in Sweden.

A drought hits Australia.

Koalas beg for water in the streets, drink from swimming pools, and enter homes, where humans give them what they need.

ii.

“Are you aware—”

He pulls the trigger.

“—that your gun’s not loaded?”

He curses.

I hand him a bullet.

He loads it into the chamber, pulls the hammer back with his thumb, and points the gun at his temple where it pointed before.

“Are you aware—”

He pulls the trigger.

For a few moments, I stand transfixed.

Finally, the dead man’s guardian angel appears.

“Itching to make yourself useful, were you?” she says.

“I’m willing to try anything to save a doomed world.”

The angel snorts.

“You know yourself, right?” she says.

“I’ve been staring at screens so long I no longer recognize the emotions on my own face when I look in the mirror.”

Knowing that angels are big enough for exactly one feeling, I can see that she’s all wariness.

“Did you know that all-white juries are 16% more likely to convict a black defendant than a white defendant, but that the presence of a single black person in the jury pool equalizes conviction by race?” she says.

“I know that if I don’t see a miracle, I should believe it.”

“Who are your people?” she says.

iii.

I'm stupefying myself with drink one night when a dove of searing white light enters my room through the open window.

"You knocked over my succulents!" I say.

The dove is altogether too bright for comfort and I begin to worry I might throw up.

An intonation: "Be still!"

So I am.

When I look again, I see that the dove has become an ordinary pixie.

"What's your problem?" he says.

"I don't know. I've tortured some folks."

"Nothing unusual there. I see I've caught you with stolen meat in your pants—a talisman, I'm sure."

I wait for him to continue.

"Are you trying to attract the last man on earth or something? Do you want to lure him into your mouth?"

To my surprise, I proceed to wet myself.

The pixie squirms so that I know he wants to touch me with his lips.

"That's all right," he says. "Go ahead and set the couch on fire."

"What, you mean start a fire in my room?"

"Better to set a fire in your gut."

The pixie forms an inscrutable expression as I take a steady draft of poison.

I gasp more than 600 times before he saves my life.

FIRST VARIATION ON ROUD #19798

The rose is blue.
The violet's red.
Sugar is white,
And so is dread.

SECOND VARIATION ON ROUD #19798

The tuna's blue.
The lobster's red.
It's dinnertime;
They must be dead.

The life of Bobbi Lee is about why we must talk

Natalie Knight

kinda black

dark

kind tone

light

tan

black

staring at the shot

kid staring

staring

startled camera staring

with a sister kid

with a sister

staring trance

staring startled

at the shot

with a sister

skin

with a sister

staring trance-like

staring light trance
sister. black
concrete shot through
you. black concrete shot through you.
black concrete shot through sister.
hey sister. black
concrete staring. sister.
menace what a sister.
kid. what a
concrete shot kid.
what a kid.
what a trance to be a kid.
sister. hey sister. hey my light-trance sister.

menace with a sister. with a sister
the menace is concrete.
what a menace sister, what up
brother. what up
iraqi.
iraqi.
what a
iraqi
what a iraqi
soldier. what a iraqi

soldier no brother.

no, no brother.

iraqi. *iraqi*.

iraqi soldier taking the shot.

soldier taking the shot. kid

concrete. black

concrete. black clothing on a sister.

headdress.

headdress. iraqi soldier

headdress.

black clothing black concrete

headdresses.

halos. halos over bodies.

headdresses. halos.

—I hate

headdresses—

halos. halos. iraqi

halos.

black heads. dressed

hoods. black menace

hoods. black

menace iraqi hood. hooded

fury. hooded fury. hood

furry. furry haloed hooded

menace. black head

furry. black

iraqi, iraqi, iraqi

tone. black tone.

shadow tone.

menace tone.

furry.

furry tone.

head furry dressed.

headress furry. ferg furry ferg.

*

That's her.

That's her.

That's her.

That's

her. The lady

the woman, her.

That one.

That woman with the high forehead.

That's the lady, uh, woman, uh

lady, her. That there

profile with a high forehead. That

lady. Call it history. Call it
history profiled there in high
profile. Forehead. Big foreheads.
That's her there. That picture there.
Call it history, call it
creepy. Call it history.
Creepy history that lady
that lady there, right
there. Uh woman uh lady uh
person there in the photo profiled
in sunlight making history trace.
Tracing history in foreheads.
That there woman. Creepy foreheads.
That woman there, that lady
that lady
that lady mother
mother with a high forehead
*
named.
no.
Named.
No named, give named.
Give names to the sky, to the

sky which takes. It takes.

Give names in friendship

and when it is lost. Give names.

No named, named

sums up the ecstatic state

of our refusal

and love

and love

and love and

love and names

like

Desert Strike Northern Watch Desert Fox Southern Watch Desert Falcon
Sand Flea, rehearsal for Just Cause Power Pack Linebacker Ranch Hand
Trail Dust Rolling Thunder Sealords Starlight Sunrise Toucan Able
Sentry Constable Eastern Exit Tailwind Sharp Edge Shining Express
Restore Hope New Horizon Secure Democracy Desert Shield Desert
Storm Determination Record Provide Comfort Homecoming Hastings
Leap Frog Menu Phoenix Prime Chance Urgent Fury Earnest Will
Northwoods Evening Light Nimble Archer Peter Pan
Eagle Claw
Eager Glacier
Tomahawk

*

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No.

No. No.

No.

No.

Can't hear you.

Didn't hear you.

Don't want to hear you.

Couldn't hear you.

Don't have to hear you.

Can't hear you.

Won't hear you.

Will not listen.

Won't hear it.

Don't want to hear you.

Will not listen.

Refuse to listen.

Refuse to.

At the PNE

refuse to

at the PNE

will not

at the PNE

close to the rafters
in the semi-dark
handin out tissues
at the PNE
people at the back
in the shadows
at the
back
where it smells like nachos
at the PNE
the people at the back
in sweatpants
in a Carhart jacket
in high-heeled sneakers—kinda hot—
at the back
I see a
<dreamcatcher>.

*

halos and history hurts. Babylift
Barrel Roll
Steel Tiger
Tiger Hound
Bolo
Enhance Plus
Flaming Dart
Frequent Wind
Game Warden

black iraqi soldier brother boy

sister, *hey sister*. This, this is

a little heavy on the 'T'.

This is passionate

but not very conceptual.

Not very advanced.

Passionate, not very conceptual.

Not very progress.

Not very
progressive.

Now that summer has receded

I really want to meet progressive people.

progressive
people.

Now I really want to meet progressive people.

peeps. progressive peeps. prog peeps. *progs*.

Now that I self ID I meet them. I want

to meet them. I want to meet
them. I am drawn to meet them.

I really am drawn to progress

to progs
to aggression

to people

to light-tranced sisters. hey sister.

hey prog.

For all we know, nothing is watching

William Kentridge (drawings) & Ingrid de Kok (poem fragments)

In 2013, the Sunday edition of the German newspaper Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung (FAZ) invited South African artist William Kentridge to contribute to a supplement with pages devoted to an original, specially commissioned collaboration between one writer and one visual artist, to launch alongside the 2013 Frankfurt Book Fair. Kentridge asked poet Ingrid de Kok to collaborate with him. Together they made a triptych of trees, For all we know, nothing is watching, one panel of which was published in the newspaper. The triptych was sold at the 2013 Johannesburg Art Fair.

William: The drawings come from an ongoing series of trees I have been making, trees from the countryside around Johannesburg. Many of the drawings have incorporated texts or phrases that come from lectures I have given, but I wanted to work with a different kind of text in the drawings for the *FAZ* project. I have known Ingrid and her poetry for many years, am a big admirer of her poetic voice, and wanted to see how we could work together. At first I suggested we begin with a complete poem of hers; she proposed “Vocation” (about the process of writing poems) as the text we could shatter and put into the drawing. But then we decided to work with fragments of poems, already shattered, which hint at a meaning constructed from many poems in the same way the tree drawings are constructed from many fragments, sometimes from different trees.

The process involved pinning words to the drawings in three versions: a schematic version (constructed almost entirely from texts); a pared-down version (the one published in the newspaper); and a leafier version (more like a literal tree). The schematic tree had nearly all the potential phrases, which were edited down for the second tree. The third and most leafy tree developed the thoughts from the central tree, with additional themes emerging. The two of us stood in my studio with the phrases printed onto paper ribbons, testing different phrases in different positions, while Anne McIlleron, my assistant, was next door reprinting the text in different fonts and point sizes to find the right fit. An essential part of the making was the constant movement backwards and forwards—moving fragments of text and tree from one drawing to another—until all three trees had reached a state of provisional completion.

As Ingrid and I both had our childhoods in this part of the world, there is a sympathy, I think, of Ingrid for the drawings and me for her words—as not describing this world, but as coming from this soil.

Ingrid: The fragments of text used on and in the trees come from poems in my volumes *Seasonal Fires: new and selected poems* (2006) and *Other Signs* (2011). Many years ago

William agreed to let me reproduce his haunting drawing of a tree and burial site, “Mbinda Cemetery,” as the cover of my second book, *Transfer* (1997). So *For all we know, nothing is watching* turned out unexpectedly to be a revisiting of our original correspondence.

It was a delight and honour to be asked by William to work with him. We exchanged numerous exploratory emails about the possibilities we might pursue before we finally met to work in the studio. After William went to the Kunshistorisches Museum in Vienna, he wrote to me about seeing again the Cranachs and Memlings with early European paintings of trees in the foreground, the snake and the tree of knowledge and “the encyclopaedia in the tree,” as he put it: “a new connection...or had a part of me known all along?” He asked about my favourite Transvaal tree but responded that *Acacia tortilis* was a bit wide for a newspaper page, though “we may make an espaliered *Acacia*.” He kept reading my phrase “drought’s carapace” as “daughter’s carapace”—perhaps, he wrote, because of “the *fille* embedded in filigree.”

When I arrived in the studio there were three versions of the trees already drawn. As we worked, playfully, intensely, William would draw additional elements and respond to my selection of phrases. Some found a place in or on a tree, some did not. A general theme emerged in the process: fugitive pieces about books, writing, creativity, conflict, process, ageing, history. The final verbal composition is less a coherent text than a flow of phrases that hint towards a narrative, a response to the tree artwork—to the branches, roots, leaves, trunks—in language scrapings, parings, gleanings, clippings, sweepings. The phrases became a kind of concrete poem in which, as William put it, “their embeddedness in the drawing is their form.”

William Kentridge (drawings) and Ingrid de Kok (poem fragments),
For all we know, nothing is watching, 2013, Indian ink and printed
texts collage on *Universal Technological Dictionary, or, Familiar
explanation of the terms used in all arts and sciences* by George Crabb,
1826, 160 × 121.5 cm

ARCHIVE OF
UNKNOWN THINGS

MARAUDING SKY,
FIERCER THAN
MEMORY

ARCHIVE OF
HALF-KNOWN
THINGS

DREAM'S
AFTERTASTE

DROUGHT'S
CARAPACE

FUTILE SHADE

TORN ARM,
TORN WING

QUIVER OF
BLUNT ARROWS

OWL'S INDIFFERENT
HOOT

WHY STILL IMAGINE
WHOLE WORDS,
WHOLE WORLDS?

YOUR ARRHYTHMIC HEART

INTO THE DARK

PARTS OF SPEECH

WELTS AND WEALS

NEW BEARINGS

QUIVER OF
BLUNT ARROWS

A LITTLE WIND
ITS VEINED WINGS

DROUGHT'S
CARAPACE

OTHER SIGNS

TO THE BEGINNING
AND THE END

WATERMARKED PAPER

BIRTH-CABLE SYNTAX

WHY NOT BELIEVE IN
SOMETHING OTHER
THAN WORDS
LOST AND FOUND

MY FATHER

VERBS THAT MOVE
MOUNTAINS

THE BEGINNING
AND THE END

JUST BEFORE DARK

SIGN TO SIGN
RESINOUS
TONGUES

MY FATHER'S BOOKS

ENTRANCE
OUR TRACES

A RHYMING
DICTIONARY

FOR REFERENCE

MY COUNTRY'S GRAVE
ITS ELECTRIC FENCES

OWL'S INDIFFERENT
HOOT

TO RETURN HOME

LEACHED BODY

MY COUNTRY'S GRAVES

NECESSARY PREY

RU

HIGHFIELD BIRDS

AS THERE ALWAYS ARE

A WORD'S GRAVID
PRESSURE

THE FUTILE SHADE

INTO THE DARK

FUTILE SHADE

MY SHADOW
SQUATS

THE SHADE OF A
THORN

OTHER SIGNS

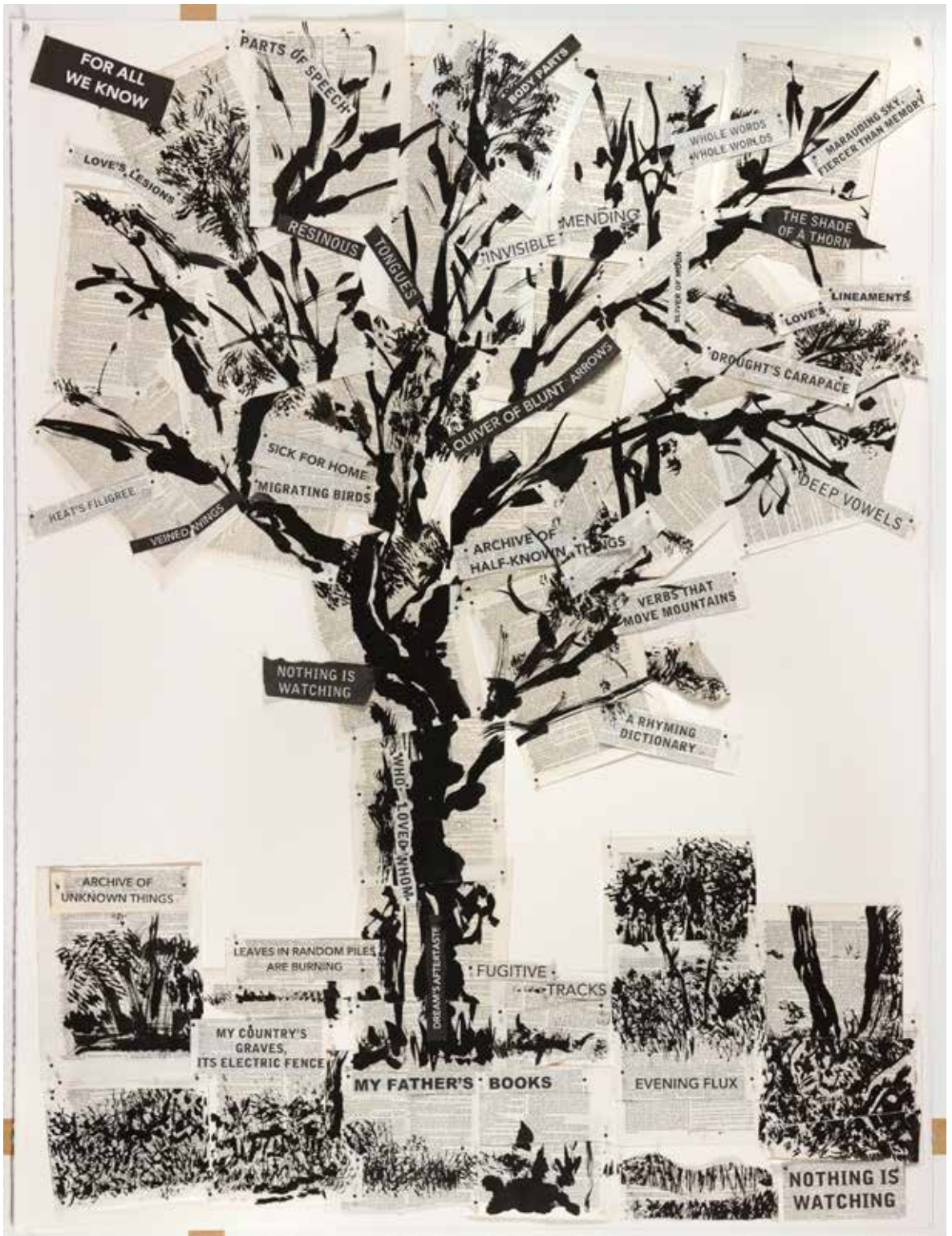
FOR REFERENCE

DEEP VOWELS

NOTHING
IS WATCHING

LEAVES IN RANDOM
PILES BURNING

HISTORY'S IRON SADNESS



FOR ALL WE
KNOW

LOVE'S LESSONS

WATERMARKED PAPER

SOME THERE BE

MANAUIWO SKY

ALL SEVEN SENSES

RECORDS OF PAIN

DEEP VOWELS

A GIVER OF

OTHER SIGNS

ARCHIVE OF HALF-
KNOWN THINGS

MY FATHER'S BOOKS

HEAT'S PILGRIM

INTO THE DARK

ARIADNE

REINHOLD'S TONGUE

BODY PARTS

SHADE OF A THORN

VEINED BURGERS

SHORT TO BORN

PRODIGE'S CARAPACE

FUTILE SHADE

PARTS OF SPECTER

HOME TRUTHS
WHOLE WORDS
WHOLE WORLDS

MY COUNTRY'S GRAVES

ITS ELECTRIC FENCE

LEAVES IN
RANDOM PILES
ARE BURNING

LAND'S HALF-LIT
PRINTS

THINGS ARE
WINDING DOWN

A WORD'S GRAVID
PRESSURE

NOTHING IS WATCHING
NOT EVEN A STAR

See You Next Tuesday: A Walk and a Talk with Dorothy Trujillo Lusk

Danielle LaFrance

This walk and talk was recorded in multiple parts, over nearly eight hours, on September 15, 2015. It began on Danielle's patio in Vancouver's Mount Pleasant neighbourhood and soon marched towards False Creek, by the old Expo site, following the waterfront until Danielle and Dorothy reached the Sylvia Hotel in English Bay.

.....

Danielle LaFrance: So, you've got an extra vertebra?

Dorothy Trujillo Lusk: Yeah. There was this nuclear reactor that melted down before I was born, nine months to the day. I don't know. I was born with a horn in the middle of my forehead.

DL: You're a liar!

DTL: I'm not! And there was a boy born the same day who only had one ear. I later started to have back problems while running. The doctor had me x-rayed and said, "You're two inches taller than you're supposed to be. You've got an extra vertebra." At school I'd been learning about nuclear reactors and stuff like that, which is, as I say, where I come from.

DL: You came from a nuclear reactor?

DTL: Well, my dad worked on one, yeah. I thought, "Oh God, I'm such a mutant! I have a horn on my head! And I'm two inches taller than I'm supposed to be!" It gave me a focus for my misery. So I go see

Michael, my shrink, and I'm telling him all this. Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I was really scared, shaking, a basket case. He starts nodding his hippie head and says, "You had a horn on your forehead when you were born?" And I'm like, "Yeah, yeah, some cartilage or a blood clot or something. They were going to operate but it went away on its own." "It went away on its own?" And I say, "Yes, Michael, it went away on its own." And he goes, "That's too bad." I just looked at him, like, "Michael, what do you mean that's too bad?" "It's too bad it went away, because otherwise you would have had a great future as a dildo."

DL: How old were you?

DTL: I was 22 or something like that. It was kinda radical, it sort of broke things for me.

DL: Did you laugh?

DTL: Yeah, I kinda did. Not kinda—I did laugh. I was grateful.

DL: So, I came across this email that Roger Farr sent me in July 2006—

[*DTL redirects course*]

Wait, why are we going this way? Why don't we walk around and not through this?

[*Gestures towards dirt path*]

DTL: But it's cool! It's dirt! Not just paved pieces of aggregate shit. There's probably a plastic mesh under it, but we don't get

dirt very often. What did Roger say in the email?

DL: He said, “Good chatting with you yesterday Danielle. Too bad I had to run for the ferry so suddenly. I wanted you to meet my friend Dorothy. She’s a really great poet, longtime member of the KSW, lives in Kits. I have an essay on her work coming out this fall. She does a lot of stuff on single motherhood and class. I bet Betsy Warland knows her.”

DTL: Oh right, because you had done that thing with Betsy Warland?

DL: Yeah, a course at SFU led by Betsy in 2006. Technically my first “serious” attempt at writing poetry and figuring out a way, that worked with me at the time, to discuss the poetry itself. I often go back into my email archive, almost relentlessly.

DTL: You do?

DL: I do, I do, obsessively so. I’d wanted to see the first time you would have been referenced in my archive, so I plugged your name in my search box and traced back in time to Roger’s email. I was wondering how you and I would have introduced ourselves to one another in 2006.

DTL: At least I wasn’t still breastfeeding then! Anna’d have been weaned, because otherwise I would have just blurted out, “I’M MOMMY!” I’m not kidding, that was always the best. How would I have introduced myself? “Hi, I’m Dorothy, it’s good to meet you”? Honest to God. I was talking to my friend’s much older-generation half-sister recently who asked, “So are you still doing any writing?” And I was like, “How do I get out of this?” I don’t introduce myself as anything, especially not as a poet.

DL: I can’t remember the first time I met you.

DTL: That’s because we all go out in a clump.

DL: We metastasize over time.

DTL: It’s true, right? I remember being quite hurt, when I was a younger woman, that I was cast as this undifferentiated younger female. I didn’t have any fixed identity to the older writers, some of whom were not that much older, but nonetheless. You didn’t have an identity unless you were somebody’s grad student or had slept with them. Perhaps, even then, you wouldn’t actually have an identity. That’s maybe why I was always interested in the “decentered subject.” Those pulp press guys especially would say “You have nothing to say” and “you can’t write because you have nothing to say.” And then another group would say “You haven’t found your own voice yet” and they’d go on about that. Now, I just see these genial, lovely faces. Everybody is really smart and interesting. I think we were just clumped together. And people get used to me. It’s the same with my younger friends, my female friends, people just get used to me.

DL: Like a venereal disease. Maybe because of that email I felt an affinity with you, long before I had even read your work.

DTL: Oh! That’s how I totally felt about Maxine Gadd! I was, like, “Oh my god! I know Maxine Gadd! She doesn’t know me, but I have talked with Maxine Gadd. I’ve waited at the ferry terminal with her!” It took a long time for her to know me and eventually she asked the same question—“When did I actually meet you?”

DL: You've mentioned to me in passing how challenging your writing process has become, not so much to produce but to arrange and compose on the page. What do you think has affected these changes and shifts in your process over time?

DTL: Things just don't bother me as much anymore, so the writing is suffering as a result.

DL: Is that in part because of medication? You've mentioned how the effects have changed how you go about editing. This is not, of course, to denigrate its benefits, but we can't deny how being medicated changes our relationship to the production of poetry, to writing.

DTL: Oh, I think so. I mean I'm not on medication anymore, but it had a permanent effect on me. For me depression is absolutely clinical. I was diagnosed at seven and hospitalized by the time I was thirteen. So depression for me is a whole other order of magnitude.

DL: I think "coping" comes out of the discourse of being diagnosed. The diagnosed subject is overcome with solutions like "coping strategies" or "managing your depression." How is writing connected with anguish for you?

DTL: Anguish is a hell of a lot different from anger. I don't think they are at all similar. Depression, it seems, or a common way to understand it, is anger that has not been able to vent, that has been flattened out. Yet it was in a state of anguish that I could write. The ogress was always a figure of the anguished mother, desexualized and ostracized, relegated to a reproductive role of surplus labour, who has to fight

for their kid, for territory on the street, to maintain their place on the street, because we don't get to be flâneurs.

DL: There seems to be a resurgence of confessionalism lately, this confessional "I," even though most writers would maybe not use that identifier because of the religious or authoritarian connotations, like, who am I confessing to? I've been trying to consider how to propose a form of critique that doesn't dismiss it as mere narcissism. In your own work you're always rubbing against this overly produced "I," a hyperrepresentation of yourself. Have you found yourself distrusting most inherited modes of confessionalism?

DTL: I don't know if I've distrusted confessionalism, because that places it into an emotional category that was never a pull for me at all. I think I just didn't get it. Why isolate those banalities and insist on framing them in this particular way? Why are people swooning?

DL: Is the new poetry you're producing difficult to discuss? And did you at any time feel apprehensive talking about your earlier books *Redactive* and *Ogress Oblige*?

DTL: No—I mean, they were so, so long ago. I really am quite far away from that stuff. One wouldn't use the same vocabulary to talk about it; one has gone through other experiences. The ideas are similar, but they've been transmuted. Still, with very few exceptions, I feel okay with the stuff that made it into publishing. I don't know how to talk about the newer stuff because I don't even know how to work with the newer stuff. I don't know if it's because of the brain injury or antidepressants. I mean, Kevin Davies said, "You know the head

injury didn't seem to make any difference, it was pretty much the same..."

DL: Editorially it's tough? I mean, a lot's been produced.

DTL: But does it seem edited?

DL: No, it does not.

[*Takes DTL's work-in-progress, Garadene Swine, out of her bag and starts to flip through its stapled pages; DTL asks a couple what breed their dog is*]

DTL: This is the problem with the type of concentration I've needed and don't seem to have anymore. For some people, their so-called "state of being able to create" is hypomania, but for me it's hypoparanoia, which may be nobody's term but mine. I need to be in a state of almost-paranoia, almost tipped over into this little pile. Paranoia in the sense of intuiting the interconnectedness of everything, of being able to draw all of these things in. They might not be real connections, but you do see them. It used to be that I'd have a whole bunch of stuff I'd written and could easily notice what worked well with other stuff, what I could pull in from elsewhere. When I typed something up, I'd have a number of different versions of it and spread them all over the place. I was able to remember everything I'd written all at once and turn it into a number of different pieces. But now I go from stanza to stanza. I don't remember one bit to the next, and I don't have that sense of hypoparanoia. It's for me the ideal editing state.

[*DL stops under the Burrard Street Bridge to less distractedly look through DTL's manuscript for a moment*]

DL: A lot of the jokes in your work people don't seem to get, myself included. Or they think it's a joke when it's not.

DTL: I think it has to do with excess. Or right now it does, following Weird Al Yankovic's "Dare to be Stupid."

DL: Weird Al is obviously where your and Aaron Vidaver's true affinity lies.

DTL: Most of them are not jokes, as such. So what am I writing? Stand-up comedy? The stuff is so anguished. Sometimes I make it both—Peter Culley got that. There was a line in *Redactive* about a field mouse: "As the field mouse regrets her last hole—what will we not hurtle upon our father's plain?" He was like, "there's so much pathos in this." And I was playing with it, but it's also incredibly real. It's not a joke, but it does humorously convey some anguish and sorrow, some historical memory.

DL: It's not so specific in a larger context, not specific to current events, though it does have a sense of those things. It's not a white chalk-line telling you how to feel, which is my least favorite poetry.

DTL: Or that directs you.

DL: Or that goes about intellectualizing your emotional life to the point where you do all your feeling by way of "affect theory" and its varying iterations in the academy.

DTL: Even using the term "iterations"! Like "reification" was in an earlier generation, so is "iteration." Overprocessed.

DL: We've talked about that before, how we're getting to the point where a number of us have learned this previously, ostensibly important skill set—how to intellectualize

everything, psychologize everything, give everything a term. But we've become quite distant from how we're actually feeling. Not to say it hasn't saved my life!

DTL: I never got there, ever. I was always processing through all these different things, but not strictly through theory. I drove people nuts, especially folks who were going through MA programs, because I would read it all through my own experience and whatever shit was in play or had been in play. I was never able to distance anything.

DL: I think in university when you do that you're fucked. You feel stupid and crazy. But theory can really be a bad form of protection, like "nuance." Nuance is similarly becoming too defensive. And I love theory, but when it seeps into poetry—

DTL: —it doesn't just seep. It's an overlay on everything. Theory as protection in this sense of a carapace. I'm thinking back to years of reading psychoanalytic theory, where a subject's character is a carapace built up of trauma and pain and sorrow. It forms how you present yourself.

DL: Have you found writing, regardless of the context or type of publication, a form of protection in your life?

DTL: It's only afforded me a kind of identity. I mean I barely existed. I could've been around people for several years, but it took poetry to tell me I existed. And all the theory I was reading was telling me I didn't exist.

[*Looks out at the inlet, the sunset*]

It's beautiful. Look at that reflection.

DL: I used to meet up with friends at the Inukshuk over there and smoke up. You know what I hate?

DTL: What?

DL: Paddleboarding.

DTL: Why?!

DL: Because it's not an activity. Or a sport.

DTL: It's not as scary or interesting as surfing, true. But if you can't get to Tofino, you go out paddleboarding. They look like those Egyptian drawings.

[*DL starts singing "Walk Like an Egyptian"*]

DTL: You know, I didn't like that song. I thought it was racist. But then I listened to it again, and it's more about walking like a waitress, because you've got a tray. It's talking specifically about labour.

DL: Consider my mind blown. You know I don't like most poetry.

DTL: I didn't like poetry either. I wasn't really into it, but it's like punk, you don't get a social life unless you go where your friends are. So I just forced myself to believe everybody and how we're supposed to receive poets and recognize them as the archons of the universe.

DL: I think I missed that pill.

DTL: Oh, what did you get instead? I remember when you first met Jamie Reid, you said it was so touching because he was actually interested in your perspective. He was a finite creature.

DL: It wasn't just that he was generous with his acknowledgement of my presence, he also wasn't being condescending in

that generosity. He wasn't going out of his way—it was just “Hey, you're here too.” Sometimes you get poets who will turn their heads and be so surprised that there's another generation, gender, race present. I was quite fortunate to come into the feminist discourse I did and to work with certain poets, like Betsy and Erin Moure.

DTL: Did you get into Nicole Brossard?

DL: Her work shaped a lot of my own, especially for *Species Branding*.

DTL: For me her earlier stuff was really important, like *French Kiss*. When I still wasn't totally “out” as a writer, I was the project manager for the Women and Words Society and there was a workshop as a part of the 1987, or maybe 1988, conference. *Les Femmes et Les Mots* was the book byproduct of the conference. The conference then lasted as a series of workshops, one of which was the first workshop that Betsy taught. She would come back from the pool on the UBC campus appearing like a beautiful adolescent.

DL: Your work was initially one of the subjects of Sianne Ngai's *Ugly Feelings* before the relevant sections were cut. How do you tend to feel about how critics perceive your work? I'm particularly interested in how you align yourself with “disgust” as an affective category, following Ngai's rubric.

DTL: I'm always interested in what people have to say about my work, especially Sianne. But she had this line about a cockroach crawling on a turd, and I felt like *that* disgust was kinda naturalized and universalized. Like, of course we're supposed to have this reaction of disgust!

DL: Sometimes you live where there are cockroaches, and that's your home.

DTL: Maybe I'm not that squeamish. But I don't have that kind of visceral reaction.

[DL ushers DTL into the side doors of the Sylvia Hotel; they seat themselves in the bistro, away from the uptempo jazz music playing in the bar area, and mutter over ordering a half litre or full bottle of whatever is the cheapest]

DL: Could you talk a bit about how collectives, maybe the KSW in particular, have shaped or unshaped your writing, your sense of identity?

DTL: I wasn't a part of the heyday of the feminist writing of KSW; I actually felt excluded from it. I didn't feel like I was entirely welcome. But at that time I was fragile and was probably just being paranoid. When Nancy Shaw died she was writing about my work. It's my own problem, really, that stems from insecurities. The collectives that I felt were important and anchored me were Vultures (aka Vancouver Women's Research Group) and About a Bicycle. Also Red Queen, early on, when I wasn't yet identifying as a writer but worked on posters for readings 'n' shit.

DL: With whom and what do you consider yourself in dialogue while you write? I'm asking specifically of the material and bodies you circuitously approach but nevertheless meet head-on in your poetry. Maybe it's because you've referred to the subject in your work as a “moving target” that I'm thinking of tactical maneuvers in poems.

DTL: Mostly I'm in dialogue with memory, possibility, and the thwarted

possibility of conventional communication or “dialogue.” But memory doesn’t go away to be recovered. It’s just there, is impetus. It’s not a repressed history—not even close. My first book was called *Redactive*, right, and it involved the activity of knowing that some things are veiled and concealed in various ways. But even though it’s never going to be a straight-on communicative approach in my writing, I’m not actually trying to conceal anything. It’s material and I am working with it.

[A server asks DTL and DL if they’d like anything more to drink or to eat; the two contemplate silently, decline] ‡

from **Gadarene Swine**

Dorothy Trujillo Lusk

Eke

These most curious patterns
doubling back on themselves: growths, sometimes
restricting and making slender
belief symptoms.

Some fused conscience tends to arise, attends
to arising Natterer's bats.

Mad as a box of frogs
and looking
like the
retreat from
Moscow.

Apiance

As
Her crunch crunch
More his than
Ever added, ever used
Incendiary redux generaliser
Precise getup, consider her

Blurred, son of self
He whose shifty shifty
Ideology will be, will
Be remembered

Stilling smaller voices
Crunch crunch born
Till tilth squeeze
Her sweat, expansion
Travails sans will
Loose in chill, involve
Mine having

Decline in hive is steel

Death Rattle

quoin wedge bis bise

everybody else was born in Kapuskasing
over under sideways down
backwards forwards
square and round

bier sox tramp ramrod

slowmatch linstock

sustaint emotional information
 qualifies the day to be

as I roll over with the kitties,
 as this scene; this debris;
this, my cat-fur full throat
 deciding to get up and gargle and to
not choke much longer

pain in
 phantasy—it's all there is—
 seems to sway, to divide, garotte

my heart sinks after all the online games are up and all I can concentrate on is how
stupid and sorrowful I am in a state of

 demanding essential crumbs: that is to say:
 rites, concessions

I am forced to flush this stew

Two Poems

Colin Smith

Advanced Funk Studies

(for Catriona Strang & the AFS mob)

Depends on the individual nose,
or socius. Incorporated 1806. P-
uh. Your bad self (rad elf).
Into consciousness at 1:52. Speramus
Meliora. Mister Clinton, first
governor. Carred. Excuse me
while I tort. Roach
on bank vault wall. Cutting.
Dieting. Depressed. Tall
anxiety, zapped confidence. New
York City saved by its teachers (1975). Extreme
fonkitude. What might grow in global eyes?

(So high!, couldn't distinguish
between Parliament and Art
Ensemble of Chicago, or was it really
that they were collaborating onstage this evening, so fabulous!
Clattery songs with no exit, I
danced, danced and rose. Dropped
my flashlight, though. Crawled home.)

"Let me put on my sunglasses here, so
I can see what I'm doin'." Got to get
over Reagan's hump (squirm on
his shoulders, beat time
on his motherfucken head). Mounted
by Mulroney. R-E-S-P-
A-C-K. Sad pelt. Bailing out
a corporation but not a populace.
Files for bankruptcy 18 July 2013.

“Anyone want to buy
a badly used city, cheap?” Omni
Consumer Products. Resurget
Cineribus. Minimalist
techno scrawled huge.

Language Moon

(for Marie Annharte Baker)

labourer

moon

skirmish

moon

beanbag

moon

chastity

moon

hoodwink

moon

jukebox

moon

mauve

moon

roofless

moon

payload

moon

screamer

moon

balmy

moon

checkpoint

moon

throstle

moon

labradorite

moon

skitter

soon

beadroll

boon

chattel

croon

hooey

hoon

Julian

June

maximal
 maroon
rope
 rune
peacetime
 poon
scrimshaw
 swoon
bambino
 broom
cheerful
 clone
thrumming
 tune

old-world
 moon
hard-pressed
 moon
yippee
 moon
xylem
 moon
sextant
 moon
quasar
 moon
no-ball
 moon
illusionist
 moon
kinship
 moon
hanker
 moon
yearbook
 moon
x-ray
 moon
gauche
 moon

offing heavy-duty yeoman O O O
O xenon sans-culotte O O qualified
nonesuch O O ingestible kamacite
O hatchway O yardstick xebec
guarantor O O O

(Jan15 jailbreak Feb14 fine structure Mar16
mews Apr15 anaphora May14 mouthpiece Jun13
Janus Jul12 jussive Aug10 amoral Sep8
scanner Oct8 observance Nov6 neon Dec6
dionysian)

O the rising and sinking and
everything in between



crossing the strait of Georgia 12-30-2013

Clint Burnham

(for Pete Culley)

grey shower cap black capstan
metalwork paint thick
as on plywood cupboards
alberta 1970s PMQs

Bach's fugue by a 37 yr old
string quartet, faintly
from an iPad in a tweed bag

black grey streaked
mercury water

mercury'd slaughter
aluminum, D said
the day before

as we hiked
over a beach
round a point
up the road
& down
to the port wash dock

a long time remembering
the solar word

up the road
down the stairs
and a run off
engineered to stop
at an old door mat

and two generations'
green'd cind'r block

(earlier, a beaver's
chewed tree
still standing
like a Warner Bros
cartoon pencil)

(salal slapping
my durangos
wettish in miso punch line)

a brass bell
rope from clapper

solar panels on
empty boats rigging

a dump truck
cover pulled back like
a black window blind

yellow pipes
strip of paint

tears of rust
streak the white
metalwork
orange yellow brown

three small white chocks
ziggurats like an ikea Aztec
shoved in a bracket
an orange one

crenellated crit
icky surf
ant aircase
ten year wit



Alison Yip, *Untitled (Peter Culley, Vancouver)*, 2008, graphite on paper, 16 × 22 cm

This sketch was made during the artist's second encounter with Peter Culley. At this moment he was recalling the voice of Laura Nyro. He later put on the track "It's Gonna Take a Miracle."

In An American Country

Cam Scott

i.

Shooting dirty pool, shirt dipped in soup,
The market flounders
Door to motel door, enumerating numbheads
Nodding out for spite. What is a vote?
As sure as birth starts at conception (Melrose),
Same way opposites attract (New Munich).
You're naked, put some graphics on.
Stuck up nob creek without a puddle: two
Nude beaches on ten thousand lakes
Were crowded with the option of escape
Yet no one waded in to help, not one soul,
As we passed the coastline in a cup—
The first sip tasted like a refill.
West is left and North is up.

ii.

He drove, her taurine animus,
His mermaid bride across
The stateline for a prize

The highway gleamed
A gilded taint
Its fur unfurled for miles

The bit rate hobbling poplar
Musty sinusoid interior
He stood and stirred before

Head of a herm, harmed marble
Stooped arranging hair
Into an antique sign—

And we've all seen the signs
"Do Not Touch Works of Art"
To me you are one such

Collapsing form and function
Bench and basket
Rain or shine

How you treat your ovoidal orb
As though light were a paste:
Slather it over yourself

What started as road rash—
Clotted raspberry—
Then spread

iii.

Across America in homes
Of creeping obsolescence gloved
Ushabtis tend to bedsores with
Uncompensated patience

(If you've met someone who keeps reptiles,
Then you know the smell I mean)

Get stuffed

iv.

His accomplice an insect at breakfast,
Pectin spread, ingredients inspected;
A runny salve for scorched bread
Bland and stackable like days—

A fine mess this inseminating glaze.
Light treads across the surface
Which terrain tacks to the touch
And bucks back underfoot. The body

Is such feeble matter, feeling sponge for
Water, porous when you try to purge
What you'd intended to ignore.

To empty you upend the gorge. It's better
To content yourself with form—
(You winged thing, growing as a worm)

v.

A 'whooshing' sound came over him
(And then, and then)
He came to in the middle of the trial
Gripping the compass needle
Stuck stick connoting free will

Do you believe in anything but
Holy Ghost Automatist?
Our subject leaves their post
 To have a piss
 To make a pass
 To take a crack
That said, if all is vanity...
Still let's not posit self-respect
As prophylactic, actor-peasant,
 Masked apprentice, sour gust

vi.

Wind absolves you of hearing
Jet planes score the sky
Which cupola clears the clearing—
Stark trees tantalize the lightning
Our licentiousness creates:

Meanwhile the mainly male gaze gawks
At none of this the least endearing
And the wronged man walks
With able swagger

'WHOOSH'

from *The Forces of Cut Ribbon*

Ada Smailbegović

The time inside of another body is invisible.

Watching two seasons of sleep in time one shape then cut in two.

Around us the storm had made a great shape of wind of instance knocking into a boundary.

The taste of it is of different distances or as if the taste contains a distance and also the sea.

The red sails of a ship which like red increments of glass move through the smallness of a shape of vision.

Time and geography heave here and are never entirely separate cannot cleave against a boundary which cuts into itself.

Touch is the formation of points in space: the moving and moving of ships that can be drawn with different colors of felt and feeling.

The ropes with knots tied into them so that pulling them makes them tighter and relaxing into them relaxes them also.

*

Think of each of these as a block of sensation that is built of many seeds.

The seeds are of many colours and some are of different tastes. Some are red, bright, metallic, some are wooden, puffed and opaque and some are vibrant clear and heated.

The seeds may be dots of paint as in a scene of a beach where each pink or red dot of paint is a mouth of a small anemone and so entirely representational if taken at a set scale of proportion.

And so of all matter, like molecules of paint in a depiction of the sea, which are in a certain ratio to the molecules of the sea itself, so that the painting is only a smaller more contained version of the sea.

Over there blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast.

*

The coast is an uncountable. The rust made and pressed in its thrashing as ribbon when time appears to go through itself.

It is ribbon or reoccurrence, which like the surface of the pattern subtracts something from the outline.

Its interruption makes one object pass through another invisibly and without sound.

It might be supposed that the uniform lustre of the sea is made up of particles of different colours, as for instance a single object of a square shape is often made up of other objects of various shapes.

Having made the pink shape of an object that is a thought object and contains an outline of a feeling that occurs in the movement of air.

And so having placed desire first into a form of a ship, which may also be a form isolate and placed among the objects.

There is a passage in the wooded grain of things: not in the movement of the sky or the form of blue containment.

In the lineaments of perception where threads holding an object come off of it: the lake or a steam when broken showing a stiffness inside of itself.

The temporalities inside of things changing, making a number of pressings and stretchings of change.

*

The moment carries different time inside of itself: it has surrounded itself like an egg of temperature.

Internal time and outer time: the rabbit felt time.

The stretched time of waiting.

It pulses as a red sphere dotted with tangibles and knots of sensation that attach and detach underneath the surface of the visible.

And so it appears as a solid seen as an angle of softness.

Sensation is not in objects but of them. It is a made shape and so philosophical. As pink as an opening in the landscape in which thought sits.

*

Suppose a person is modeling geometrical shapes of every kind in gold, and constantly remolding each shape into another.

If anyone were to point to one of them and ask what it was, she would say that it was gold and never speak of the triangles and other figures that appear because these would be changing as she spoke.

Like cotton or linen, a scene may be not only stretched, pulled, folded, or unraveled but torn.

A shape of something carried and then cut, tied and then cut ribbon.

Its diagonal edge carries the cut elements of the past into the present unfurling.

The way that the forest when cut to make a clearing makes a black wall of trees looking, and so tiny holes of puncture flutter in and out of time.

She asks then: can a forest lie among us without any of its parts delineated.

Master Rabbit I Saw

Myfanwy MacLeod

Shortly after my first visit to the Berlin Zoo in 2004, a story appeared in the news of Juan, an Andean spectacled bear who'd paddled across a moat using a log for a raft and then scaled a wall, finally commandeering a bicycle in an attempt to escape the zoo. It was a bid for freedom that haunts me to this day. "Spectacled bears eat both vegetables and meat but children tend not to be on their menu," the zoo's deputy director Heiner Kloes assured the public. Unlike me, he was not otherwise concerned.

My artistic work is often informed by animals and is shaped by their appearance in various genres of writing—ghost stories, tall tales, mysteries, myths, fairy tales, jokes, poems, essays, and memoirs. *The Private Life of the Rabbit*, my most recent exhibition, is no exception. It's a ghost story, a tall tale, a mystery, a myth, a fairy tale, a joke, a poem, an essay, and a memoir.

It began with an invitation by Jonathan Middleton (director of Vancouver's Or Gallery) to create an exhibition of new work for his series *The Troubled Pastoral*, co-produced with Mark Lanctôt (curator of Montreal's Musée d'art contemporain).

My take on the pastoral genre is absurdist. Everything I know about it I learned from Monty Python. I, like them, consider "England's green & pleasant Land" (as William Blake called it) the setup of a surrealist joke. I access the image of the rural good life via their mad, intertextual stream of consciousness.

The Private Life of the Rabbit borrows its title from R.M. Lockley's book of the same name, which recounts the life history and social behaviour of wild rabbits in Wales. Lockley wrote it in 1964, basing his insights on five years of painstaking field observations. I happened upon the work while researching Richard Adams' classic children's story *Watership Down*, which is indebted to Lockley's account of rabbit life.

The Private Life of the Rabbit is a mash-up of Lockley's popular work of natural history, Adams' fantastic and dystopian view of the English countryside, and John Berger's 1977 essay "Why Look at Animals?" The show features a gigantic pair of rabbit ears made of high density foam and resin and a modernist rabbit hutch to go with the ears. Documentation of these in-progress pieces bookend the following series of photos taken at the Berlin Zoo. All photo-caption text on pages 54–64 is borrowed from Berger's essay (from his book *About Looking*), which examines how the relationship between man and nature has changed over time.

Images courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery





As frequent as the calls of animals in a zoo are the cries of children demanding: Where is he? Why doesn't he move? Is he dead?



The apology runs like this: What do you expect? It's not a dead object you have come to look at, it's alive. It's leading its own life. Why should this coincide with its being properly visible?



Animals first entered the imagination as messengers and promises. They came from over the horizon. They belonged *there* and *here*.



The image of a wild animal becomes the starting-point of a daydream: a point from which the daydreamer departs with his back turned.



Homer describes the death of a soldier on a battlefield and then the death of a horse. Both deaths are equally transparent to Homer's eyes, there is no more refraction in one case than the other.



The eyes of an animal when they consider a man are attentive and wary. The same animal may well look at other species in the same way. He does not reserve a special look for man. But by no other species except man will the animal's look be recognized as familiar. Other animals are held by the look. Man becomes aware of himself returning the look.



At the most, the animal's gaze flickers and passes on. They look sideways. They look blindly beyond. They scan mathematically. They have been immunized to encounter.



The cultural marginalization of animals is, of course, a more complex process than their physical marginalization. The animals of the mind cannot be so easily dispersed. Sayings, dreams, stories, superstitions, the language itself, recall them.



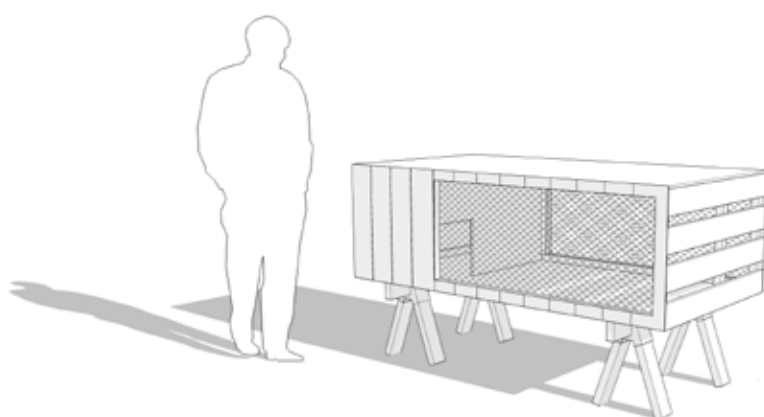
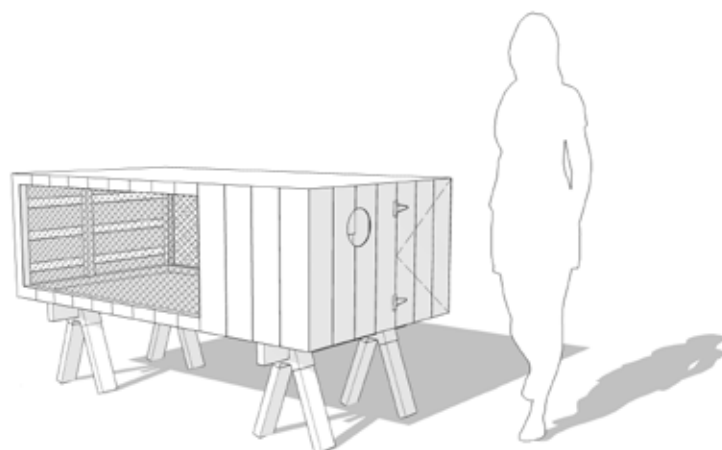
The animals of the mind, instead of being dispersed, have been co-opted into other categories so that the category *animal* has lost its central importance. Mostly they have been co-opted into the *family* and into the *spectacle*.



“We seem to have made a bad error of judgment. We have always regarded the lioness as perfectly safe.”



What were the secrets of the animal's likeness with, and unlikeness from, man? The secrets whose existence man recognized as soon as he intercepted an animal's look?



from **Canticles**

George Elliott Clarke

Gloss (III)

i.

Blackness is either
substance or ether,
tangent
or target,
taboo
or *Beauty*.

ii.

History is nothing
unless something dies.
Its lays are lies.
Its constitutions
be elegies and alibis.
Its chronicles prate
serial prostitutions,
Love engrossing *Hate*.

iii.

Musket and cannon
gave Europe “Canaan,”
while “Injuns,” displaced
(misplaced),
begged for *Mercy*—
the Gospel
plus alcohol
(a new heresy).

iv.

The epic
must be picky—
if it will keep.

(My hobo pen plies,
vagrant mid strict histories.)

[Nantes (France) 28 *janvier* mmix & 8 *février* mmix]

The Head Slave Drafts His Valentine

I love her: The *Truth* arrives
As unabbreviated *Panic*.
So, I'll be closed-hearted, close down
Her two gold eyes that shame the sun.

I imagine my love's futile—
Like August leaves. It's a mirage,
A ju-ju joke. A dark, pint-sized whore—
A blue-smoke wife—that's who I'll "wed."

If she's wrinkly and crinkly as fog—
And gone—I mean, quickly replaced—
Like any simple slice of cake, I'll grab
Some other gabby, dissatisfied bitch.

Thanks to a sullen *Repulsion*, I want
My white-mare nightmare, her stinging sex,
And grapes pressed to flood. Less apt slaves
Consume monotonous, fishy tarts.

If Lady hates me, I'll spring a tornado,
Spraying blood. She deserves my animal
Services, frankly, and I want to mount
Her white sex as research for a dirty canto.

I do plot to insinuate, in her milky schism,
A sinuous insemination. I have a bad hand
And evil eye. So what if she shows iced
Pallor and icy tears? We two must mate:

Like Frankenstein's Monster and his Juliet.
I'm sure her navel proves a vortex of sweat.
I seem to amble innocently—
Like a pious ape, dreaming of us becoming

Two divine hunchbacks. Yes, yes,
I do feel "my race": It's an edgy sheen,
An amusing tint, and as clean and hard as iron,
Where I'm darkest, and, most hopefully, *hers*.

[Pordenone (Italy) 22 *septembre* mmxii]

On the Conduct of Baltic (White) Slavery (1300 A.D.)

Nothing so recyclable as cunt.

What we Turks sniff out is
a snow-breast virgin
basting her loins in muck.

The yellow-haired women from Suomi?
Each one's a shaft of white gold,
spearing into a bedroom.

So, we set fleet over seething water—
oar-ploughed, oar-played sparkles—
a congregation of suns—
the flight of foam,
crimping, indefatigable foam—

to yoke glossy, Nordic nymphs:

To ply the ready success of *Abduction*
(spurn the hard slog of *Seduction*).

From their *mossynes*
(crude, pine huts),
we thief each chit,

drag em cross seas
to our sun-lamped, Moorish palaces,

to be, each one, a “Lady of Cyprus,”
and relish fiery sharing—

her body hunching, humping,
on hymeneal nights—

her nakedness entertaining,
her very hair igniting night.

No dried-up spinster, no piratical tart,
gleans so fanatically our manly *Spoil*.

[Cambridge (Massachusetts) 29 *avril/Nisan* mmxiv]

A Slaver Sea-Chantey

To savour floods of gold rum and heaps of pure gold!

Ha!

To be gourmet butchers who spoon out calves’ eyes!

Ha!

To scarf skinny tarts as black and sour as apple-core pits!

Ha!

To bridle fillies that buck like black-fucked brides!

Ha!

To be sleazily productive of piebald, brindled bastards!

Ha!

To slurp drooling twats as pink and sweet as raspberries!
Ha!
To thwack a hatchet into a captain's decapitated lips!
Ha!
To grind scholars with our molars, incisively decisively!
Ha!
To lop bespectacled lawyers and burn up law books!
Ha!
To re-tool Africa and Asia in a Greco-rococo mould!
Ha!
To spurn gaunt wives who won't turn dauntless whores!
Ha!
To be as touchy—or as touching—as light!
Ha!
To be untrustworthy bankers and unaccountable treasurers!
Ha!
To ransack vineyards and sashay through ghettos!
Ha!
To snatch bad-ass, salt-spray haloes for our goodly, jack-tar heads!
Ha!
To behave like imperialists when we act like pimps!
Ha!
To be as terminally triumphant as grass swamping graves!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[Bordeaux (France) 1 *septembre* & Paris (France) 5 *septembre* mmxiv]

Post-Bellum Negro Inventory

Now cometh the intermittent Negro;
the concomitant, impenitent Negro;
the precipitously iniquitous Negro;
the my-way-or-the-doorway Negro;
the two-faced, dual-citizen, double-talkin Negro;
the cotton-pickin, banjo-pickin, nose-pickin Negro;
the recidivist, Republican-Party Negro;

the blue-gum, black-ass Negro;
the tubercular, syphilitic Negro;
the wino Negro, the yes-and-no Negro;
the hobo, itinerant, rootless Negro;
the alcoholic, Catholic Negro;
the dead Negro with high-water pants
dumped in a high-water-table grave;
the Negro doctor, the Negro solicitor;
the bamboozling and/or wham-bam Negro;
the purple-lipped Negro in white shoes;
the Negro who sleeps at your table and eats in your bed;
the Negro of magnificent assets (auctioned off);
the denim'd-down, damn-y'all-to-Hell Negro;
the Negro who departs at sunset for your house;
the Negro of needless sentences and useless explanations;
the green-eyed Othello Negro with Desdemona-smelly fingers;
the Negro who alarms, the Negro who dismays;
the Negro whose sex imposes midnight on a cloudy nymph;
the grinning, easy-going, , germ-carrying Negro;
the Negro whose head is inside a lyncher's robe;
the Negro whose teeth are aluminium;
the silly coot Negro, tomcatting and bullshitting still;
the Uncle Tom Negro, quick with Bible and razor blade;
the Negro spewing Machiavelli and chewing macaroni;
the thankfully soft-hearted, crankily heard-headed Negro;
the Negro who never lets your blushing wife rest.

[Ottawa (Ontario) 17 *octobre* mmxiv]

dearest Naoko, who said the horseshit is astronomical

Natalie Helberg

the parable-head of the darling wench is shot through with tree roots in the scolding,
November ground. where they left her, her obstinate nails grew. her hair grew to spite
the shambles of her skull, which they jostled and licked and seemed to love, and then
smashed like a very worthless vase with their shovels.

dearest Naoko,
i am without the grammars of the muses.

dearest Naoko,
i have a dirty mind and a dire tongue.

dearest Naoko,
we wanted the anomie of an hour glass.

dearest Naoko,
we wanted the daily dose.

of an edifice, we revelled:

we revelled at semi-colons in graveyards.
we wanted a thoughtfulness *sans explication*.

we wandered in chain, which is a sequence.
we squatted in sour piles, in your laundry room.

the eye, we gouged out of God.
the critic, we ticked on.

the street on which the rats run
and the meats hang salted.

the cemeteries which go down several layers
in countries older than our own.

there is ash in the sky on which your mouth opens.
the reliquary gram

of cockroach.

the reliquary gram of cockroach exists

in capsule-form
my doctor prescribes

to the god he prays to.

the run in your tights, we matriculated.
the ex-bone, we vent of.

the lunatic split in a cherry.
the pink clit and the puss, luckless.
the dumb tongue. the undecibelled pussy.

we washed jeans disaffected
by our various selves
which were saline
and contradictory
and hypocritically coeval.

in a succession of texts
and blandishments
we addressed ourselves dyspeptic:

the self, sulked in insult.
the nervine self rinsed its mouth out
and tarred my public holes.

dearest Naoko, to swallow a grievance
must necessarily produce a bad temper.

my chance was
your charge card.

my ransom, somatic.
my presentation
against all good advice

an unfulfilled
promissory note.

i needed a coalition to help my nails grow.
you needed a cryptic Greek to harken back to.

there, in a Delphic jar, this calcite de *fille*
en aiguille, this dactylic stink script.

isles of this sixth chapter.

sublunary atmospheres, as argued.

in desert, in edict.
in lung, or cunt.

though errant, and sex-scuffed Faust,
though genial devil you've kept

into your old age
and felt

in good company with.

there was bumptious skulduggery in the train yard.
there was rhetoric the way wild nails click.

for a frown is an installment.
for blindness, the trope of ignorance
and inner-sight

to sit the proper across,

to whip propinquity,

to wit jizz like party-foam
about this brickwork.

dearest Naoko,
my America's a chapped dad.
we mosey west, holding hands

and i ask him in my child's voice
by what lanterned self-sabotage
two men with white monocles
assembled ships in my uterus.

dearest Naoko,
i peed on a stick yesterday, in confirmation.

dearest Naoko,
to diva cocker spaniels, i give the spiel of heritage.

dearest Naoko,
i appeal to you as a repository.

dearest Naoko,
i wish i could quit occluding you as i vent.

dearest Naoko,
in a similar epistle form, forgive me.

dearest Naoko,
i am ephemerally angry at Hannah Arendt.

dearest Naoko,
the foregoing clause is not an expression of fact.

it is an eroticization of the proper name.
it is an impulse of language.

dearest Naoko,
if etymology is militaristically O.K.,

then there's nothing to do
but a morphology of grand aneurisms,

then there's everything that is the case
to say, in harrowed portions.

by the train-tracks, we retched.
by the wrecked head.
by the lion stripped
on the seventh step.

the moon, we repudiated.

we took thread to the hall mirror.
we poked in tiny sex glands.

we bottled the morbid
rubification of sense.

we rollicked with goth-girls, but died
in our own eurocentric gist.

we whored our wherewithal with rucksacks.

we spoke without adding anything,
vetted excess.

we groped and begat, lied to tusk.

we were chumps or we were tarts.

through our sharp feet, we stabbed daggers.

we cooled anarchic diremptions.
we splintered.

our Antigone was bird-picked, scraped, un-regulate.

all bread-gear'd citizens were thus assailable,
cribbed to the massive, protean point
of wax.

that November,
they were the fuck-face, Sapience.

cold cuts and cut gull perks.
nettled mourning sickness.

alluvia off our stamina-ed, cosmetic repeats
made us clear to the girl in her death-ditch,
made us clerks to the putrefact.

dearest Naoko,
this is the putrefact.

above my breyer Nazi joy, there is a jet-choir.

in a drawer in a town the trains blow over,
there is her jewellery in a cotton shirt.

trains are the correlates of malformed coins.
a sinus of misinformation.

dearest Naoko,
your disquisition.

dear inertia.

these are inclusive delusions.
these beckons, these summons.
these soaps, these handshakes.

dearest Naoko,
this is impossible.

you are dry throughout your body.
you are bristle throughout your body.

there is a hoary solo of old dial phones.
there is the bone, the ingredient.

summer barrels past

Cecily Nicholson

(for NC)

i.

it was a print, Alex Colville's *Horse and Train*

there once were as many horses as people

two and half million pounds of shit shoveled daily

horses walking in giant wheels

once every motor was a horse

horses whose job it was to walk in a circle

horses who did everything

horse flu shut down the economy

sixty percent of them died

imagine sixty percent of our engines

stopping right now and only half of them starting again

ii.

growing up we always had a pack of dogs, usually four
held in prestige among many familiars
them and a few cats we let indoors
though we loved every bird, mouse, tadpole, crayfish
froze in a spring frost we grew more conscious of weather
wide skies read power lines hum dove coos
the leaves turnt dirt melt change on the breeze creaks
and rain the gravel trucks of spring full by slow
then empties in summer barreling too fast past our hillbilly stake
mother threw potatoes later hard to explain
to the police who got called in from a county over
drove out to say “ma’am you can’t throw potatoes at trucks”
them all polite as we stood with our pack and stuck to our guns

good scent of gasoline barrel in the barn era
the distribution of labour spiders and must
hay trouble lifting bales except straw wood
picked rocks currants weeds veggies berries
chewed all summer on comfrey
hungry dreams of ice cream
and brown kids special someday
hanging out after school
at the donut shop smoking or working
at school as much as possible
and on lunch hours learning extra
down with the av kids shop and drama
or running track pitching backstops
wishing behind trees running everywhere
creaks staid knees and the odd knuckle
some doc visiting said I was growing
full height ache at thirteen gangly
like a horse could be when they said wiry
because of wires I suppose the episode
under the steel moon on top of blue snow
barefoot that drive to break free inexplicable
homing soars over property lines and fences
that chestnut mare skipped across ditches like
she knew we could only hope to board her just
escaped at night no doubt she actually flew home

singing comes from the red church
service in Tagalog tonight
at home on a roof top a garden of sorts
I still can hear the only audible english
lyric “love” in flat intervals
lifted up pleasant as cooking smells
so well in this building
on every floor
consistently good meals are being made

walking through the courtyard I was invited
to conference after talking with the gardeners
of roses I admire all year their red
even when dry and pruned
on the way to the train
my pauses for roses more
for black uncles I miss
invited to conference by a young woman
I could not racialize or assess
her dress mint pastel mid-waist
like the women a farm over
growing up yet here she is ochred
and she has invited me to conference
of which I thought academically, no word of god

*approved development surrounds us the most sound
six days a week 7am to 7pm construction
in our neighbourhood the normative hums
our relief emanates narrative thick with sistering rhyme*

not giving up course we're not going give up

from Reserving & Don't Drink, Don't Breathe

Ruth Cuthand

My *Trading*, *Reserving*, and *Surviving* series, a three-part project I began in 2008, is about the diseases affecting indigenous populations in North America. The *Reserving* series, works from which are featured here, addresses the mid-1880s, when First Nations were forced to abandon their traditional lifestyles and move onto reservations, up to the 1980s, the beginning of the contemporary era of new diseases. I have rendered magnified images of the relevant diseases—Pneumonia, Smallpox, Polio, Tuberculosis, and Spanish Flu—in glass beads. Glass beads were likewise introduced to Native populations by European traders. They quickly replaced the comparatively difficult-to-work-with traditional medium of porcupine quills.

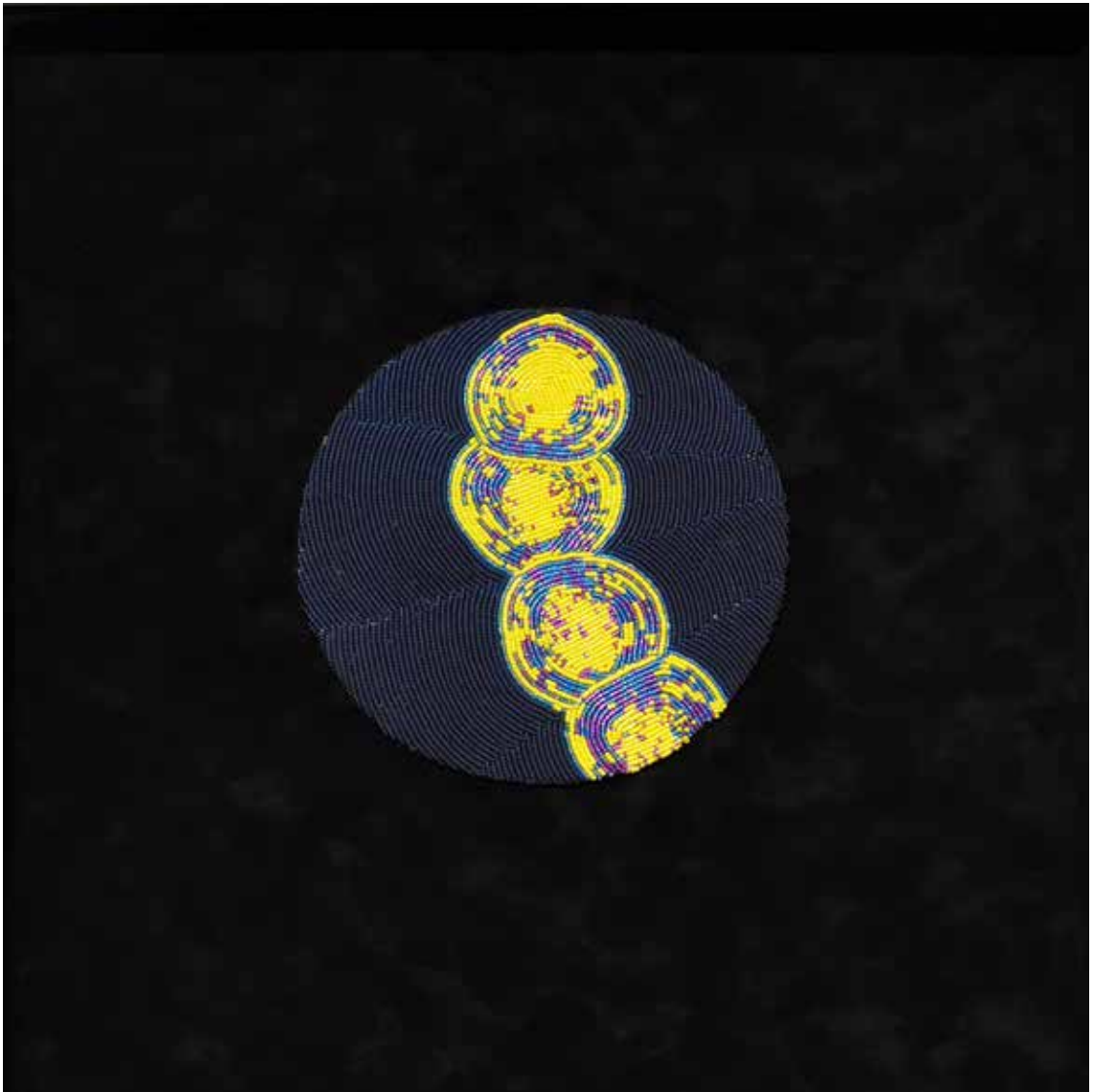
I think of the process of “budding,” in which a disease replicates and exhausts the energy of its host cell, as analogous to the process of colonization. “Beading” is different. It is an activity of survival. It is a means of remembering tradition and of feeling well.

Don't Drink, Don't Breathe, my most recent exhibition, is about the serious housing and infrastructure problems afflicting First Nations communities in northern Canada. These communities are allotted a certain amount of money for housing, but the government does not factor in the steep cost of shipping building materials to remote areas. As a result houses have to be built on the cheap. I have seen shacks built by the Attawapiskat First Nation in Ontario with roofs made of blue plastic tarp. They can barely stand up to the weather, let alone the wear and tear of multigenerational families. A housing councillor put it to me like this: “How often is your front door opened everyday? The front door of a typical home on the reserve is opened about 100 times a day.” Respiratory illness due to mold is rampant on reserves, as are waterborne illnesses.

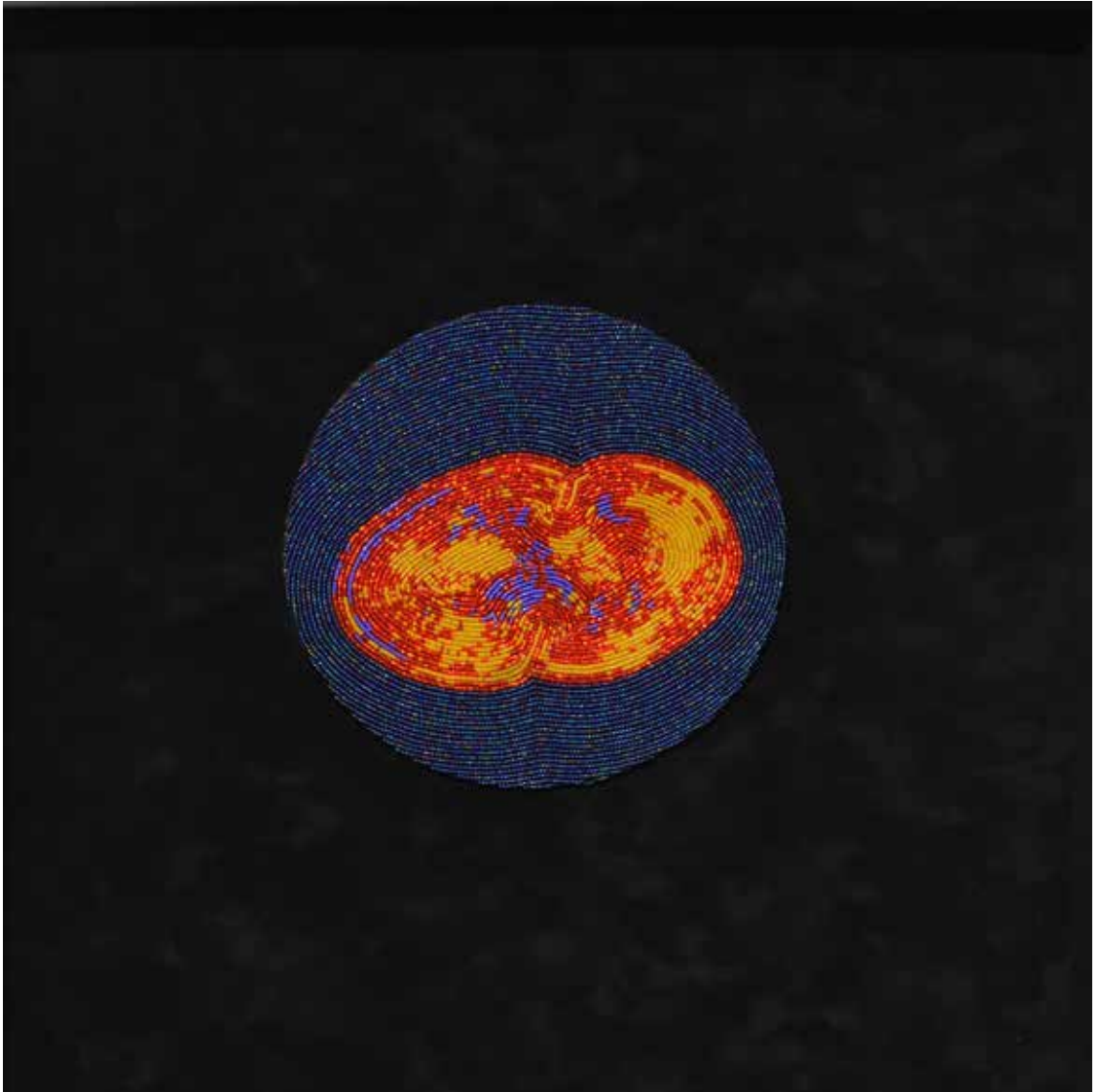
The work itself consists of a formal banquet tablecloth made of blue tarp and beaded with a black mildew pattern designed to look like a bouquet of flowers. The beads are matte black, much like real black mold. Placed on top of the table are 139 water glasses containing a beaded bacterium encased in resin, representing each of the reserves across Canada that has a standing boil water advisory. (It's an entrenched problem; one reserve outside of Winnipeg has been under a boil water advisory for over twenty years.) From afar the tablecloth and water glasses look beautiful, inviting. As viewers come closer, however, it becomes clear that they are not looking at something beautiful but rather at something ugly.

Images from Reserving courtesy of the artist and The Gallery / Art Placement Inc., Saskatoon, SK

Images of Don't Drink, Don't Breathe courtesy of the artist and The Mann Art Gallery, Prince Albert, SK

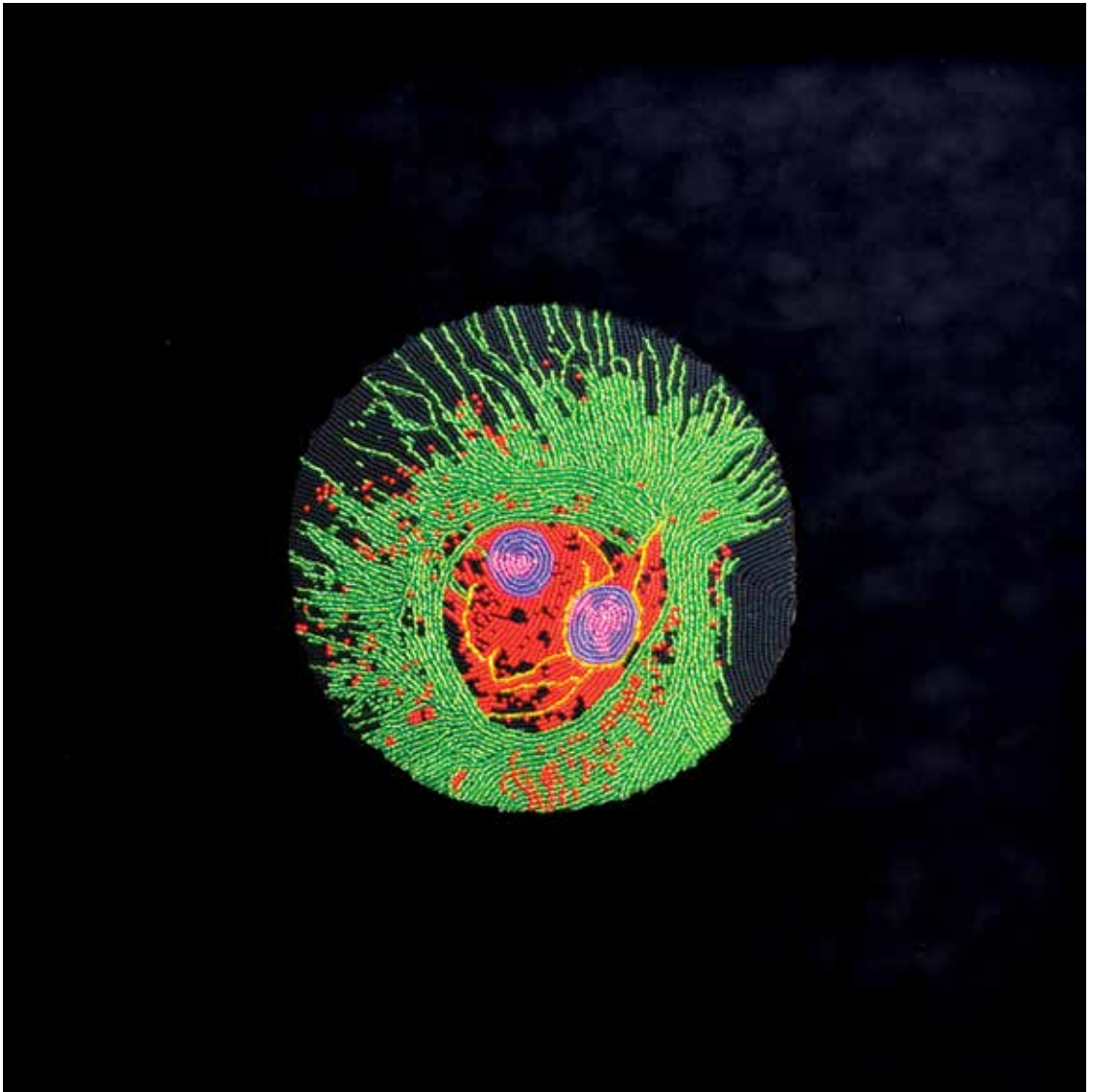


Pneumonia (detail), 2011
Glass beads, thread, backing, 64 × 49 cm

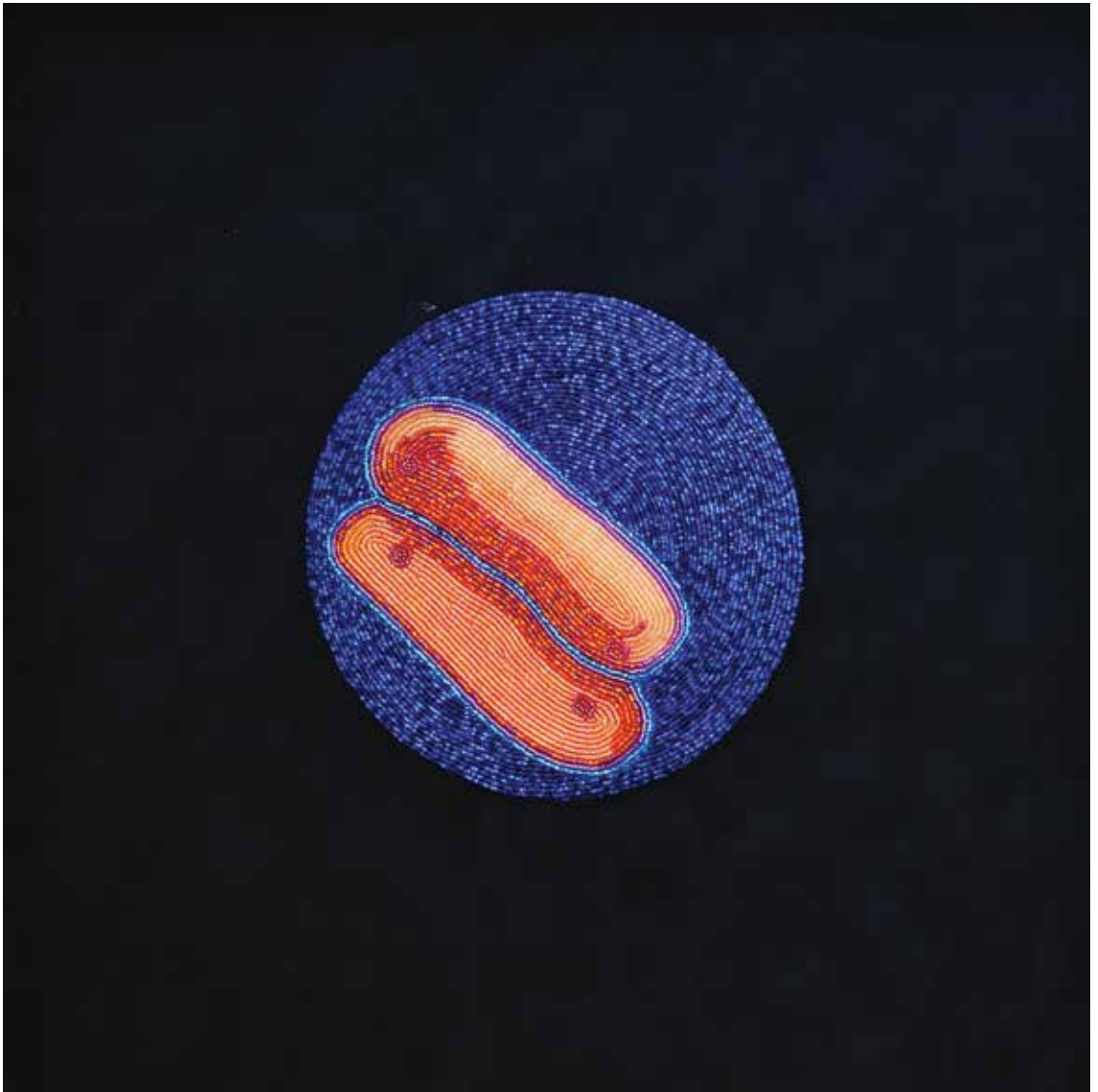


Smallpox (detail), 2011

Glass beads, thread, backing, 64 × 49 cm



Polio (detail), 2011
Glass beads, thread, backing, 64 × 49 cm

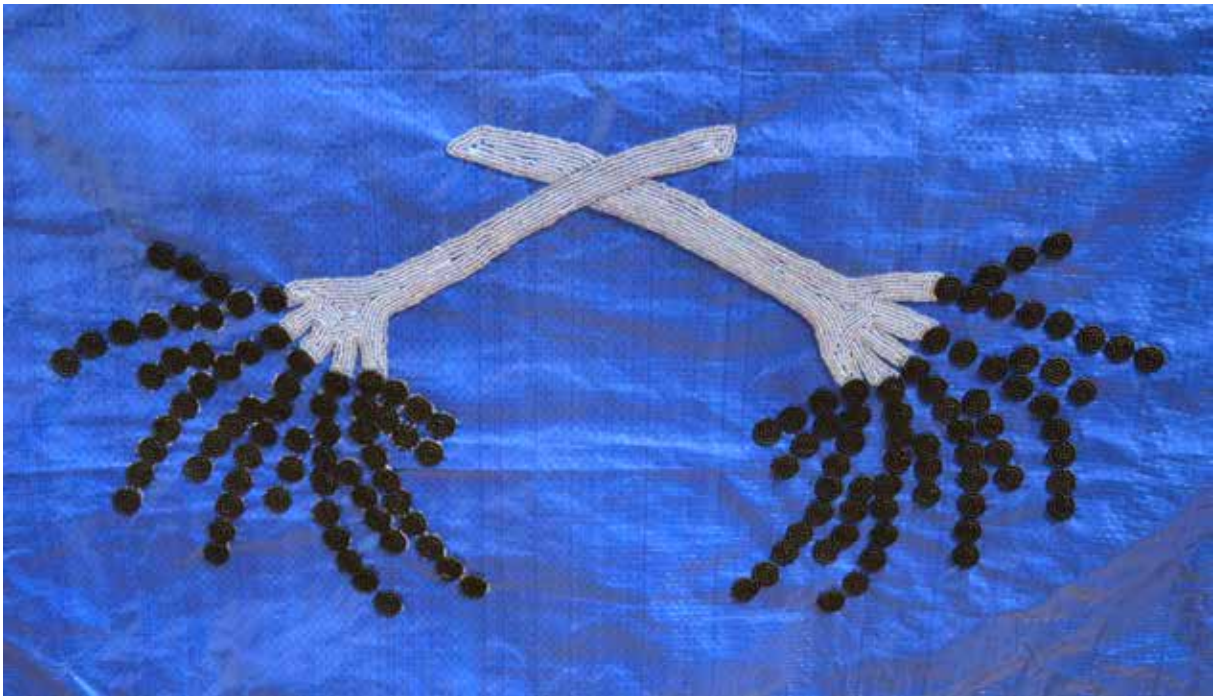


Tuberculosis (detail), 2011

Glass beads, thread, backing, 64 × 49 cm



Spanish Flu (detail), 2011
Glass beads, thread, backing, 64 × 49 cm



Don't Drink, Don't Breathe, 2014-2015

Glass beads, thread, plastic tarp 244 l × 91 w × 77 ½ h cm (dimensions variable)



“concrete is not a kick”: An Interview with Gustave Morin

Mike Borkent

I first came across Gustave Morin's books A Penny Dreadful and ETC BBQ in 2007. I sat down and worked through both books immediately, captivated by their textual manipulations with scissors, tape, photocopiers, typewriters, and other seemingly archaic technologies. These poems dissolved the boundaries between text and image and showed from the margins ways to rethink literacy and literature by exposing the potential for meaning in the material page, the letter, the book, and other typo/bibliographic forms.

We met on his “West Coast Invasion” in 2012, when Morin came to Vancouver to help launch The Last Vispo Anthology. Emails and homemade postcards were exchanged. What follows is a selection of that dialogue.

.....
Mike Borkent: When did you first start creating concrete poetry? What led you to this form?

Gustave Morin: My interest in Canadian literature, believe it or not, is what led me to concrete poetry. And this took place somewhere between grade twelve and grade thirteen, while I was still in high school (around 1990). Immediately after superficial exposure to some of what I could find in the library did I begin, in earnest, creating my own. And I've more or less been painting in a cave ever since.

MB: Which authors were a part of this initial exposure? Do you find they've had any influence over your subsequent interests and/or writings?

GM: Roundabout the time that I was reading a little bit of everything I found a copy of *Where? The Other Canadian Poetry*, remaindered for 25 cents. And read that. Shortly after, I found *The Cosmic Chef* and read that through a few times. And not too long after, I found *bfp(h)aGe: An Anthology of Visual Poetry and Collage* and then I was off. (Of course, at the same time that my focus was being narrowed to CanLit, I was also reading a lot of American and international stuff. Poetry and fiction, but specifically all the standard concrete poetry anthologies, Emmett Williams, Mary Ellen Solt, J.F. Bory, whatever was in the library.)

One thing lead to another and the next thing I knew, I was becoming friends with a number of poets through the mails. And by the time I began university, I was publishing. I had failed to acquire my typing credit in grade eleven, but university became my first brush with the formal or more official hostile resistance to these spheres of activity, concrete and the like. Here I was, publishing my work in the world while simultaneously not being given the green light to take entry-level Creative Writing courses. So, at 20, concrete got me in trouble at school. At 30, I was only further embroiled in this trouble, which bled out into life. And now, at 40, I continue to wear the same cement shoes I was fitted with way back when. All I can say is that concrete is not a kick, it's a way of life.

The thing you are asking me here is who was most responsible for influencing my development. The guy's name is Hart Broudy. I found him early and latched on. His few books are remarkable. And made even more remarkable by the fact that for all intents and purposes no one, apart from a small coterie, has ever heard of the guy. What Mr. Broudy was up to in the seventies seemed more quote unquote "avant-garde" than what bp or bissett, or Steve McCaffery or David UU or Martin Vaughn-James or Robert Fones or John Riddell, or anyone else in Canada with a way-out literary project was doing. I liked his sense of the page, but I also liked his sense of the book. And I was amazed and I was in awe and I thought all I would like to do is make excellent little unclassifiable books like Hart Broudy. And that's basically what I've tried to do with my life. Sort of.

Of course, I would be remiss if I failed to mention jwcurry. See, it was from his bookstore, Room 302 Books, that I was able to acquire not one but two of the Hart Broudy books that were missing from my library. An entire book could be written on my first meeting with Mr. curry, over 20 years ago, following chronologically the great friendship I have enjoyed with him ever since. Not only is jwcurry important to Canadian letters, as far as I'm concerned he's one of the greatest Canadians of all time, period. What he has done since about 1975, with almost no money, has, in the words of Nicky Drumbolis (yet another unsung giant!), "changed the world." Which is more than anyone might expect from poetry, but there you have it. Mr. curry was my first official

mentor, if it could even be said that I had an official mentor.

MB: How do you think about the relationship between verbal and visual modes, between language and seeing? How does this relate to your poetic/artistic practice?

GM: I'm no expert, but it seems to me that "language is pictures." The various notations we "read" are a set of cues that sign, whistle, and command our garbled articulations. It took me 20 years to muster the courage of my convictions on this score, but I've taken to understanding that I happened to be correct within this intuition all along. Once upon a time I thought there was a more pronounced division between the verbal and visual modes (and once upon a time, there was!). But Bob Cobbing read rutabagas and soda pop bottles and ripped scraps of corrugated cardboard at his poetry readings more than 40 years ago. Why anyone calling themselves a poet might wish to limit themselves exclusively to the ABCs makes not one whit of sense this late in the game (and it most emphatically is later than we think). Our willing obedience to the strict, "authorized" use of the alphabet can be called a set of ruts we follow in our blind pursuit of the conceit of communication as useful activity. Which is sort of the opposite of poetry, to my way of thinking.

MB: How do you think about creativity and your work?

GM: My politick is such that I have set up a life and/or attempted to build my existence around the fixed notion that at some point I will get around to "making"

and/or become biologically involved in the act of creating something. I implicitly trust this, even though often enough there are long dark spells where this does not happen (and I'm little more than a fraud). I've nevertheless staked my life on the principle that sooner or later I will get around to it—the muck—and that I owe it to myself to admit that I am capable of making something that could potentially transcend my self. Everything seems to follow from this, a conceit, since nothing is actually capable of transcendence.

MB: You talk about “making” through the “muck” of life as a potentially (if illusory) transcendent act. I think this is a great statement about both creativity and practice, which for me is about particular orientations towards materials and actions. Could you elaborate on how “muck”-iness plays into your poetry? Do you mean that the collage and xerox manipulations, for instance, explore or draw into focus the muckiness of those technologies, or do you mean that your poems engage with the senses and materialities of life in some other way?

GM: The muck—the swirl that inchoate works find themselves trapped in, a half-clairvoyant, semi-amorphous state that is neither “art” nor “not art.” There are different stages to the creation of every individual work of art, but every single one of these works somehow comes up from the muck. The “muck” is just a semaphore for the store that I go to when I'm ready to buy some new poetry to foist on the unsuspecting world.

As for the muck of “xerox manipulations” as text: these are stored in a little

corridor off by itself that I call the “plastic poetries.” Both *a psychowestern* (2010) and *79 little explosions and q-bert stranded on a smouldering mosquitocoil frozen to a space formerly occupied by language* (2009) are books that manifest these tendencies to good effect. It's proper for a concrete poet to dabble in plastic poetry now and again, provided they don't go assuming that every little thing they do is a concrete poem.

MB: Do you have a process or questions that guide you in making a piece of concrete poetry?

GM: The constant across this work (now that I have “a history”) seems to be “me,” whatever that is (and my uneven development, wherever that has taken me)—though it's emphatically true that my work of twenty years ago is not the work I make today. After all this movement, what I think I am after, very simply, is to see something I've never seen before. And I want to write the books I cannot find in the library, just like George Orwell. It's really terribly simple. And painfully real.

MB: Please explain in relation to a specific example of a poem.

GM:

././.

That took me 14 years to come up with. (Hubert Selby, Jr., only spent 7 years on his “tra-la-la” of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*.)

MB: I love the broken symmetry of this poem. The supposed palindromic sameness that is simultaneously skewed, off balance. What is it about this poem that you like so much?

GM: Its obliquity; but specifically, its ability to resist any easy analysis—ergo, its tiny difficulty. Also, its severe minimalism; how “so much civilization” is effectively quarantined by a mixture of 2 dots and 2 virgules. To do and be all that and remain fairly banal, if alien. This too I like. It’s almost pretty and it’s almost profound. It’s almost ugly and it’s almost meaningless. Were it prettier or were it more profound I’m almost certain I’d like it less. Were it uglier or were it more meaningful its quiet impact could be disfigured and, at once, rendered somehow stupider than it already is—good ol’ “teb” = .//.

MB: What techniques or technologies do you prefer to use to develop concrete poems? How have these preferences varied over time?

GM: Back in 1990 I had the choice to fall with aplomb into what I’m doing now or flop resignedly into a very prosaic learning curve around computers and their limited use. I opted to keep computers out of my work. Almost as a rule, there is no electricity employed in the basic construction of my poetry. Teensy weensy scraps of paper, glue, ink, razorblades, scissors, (manual) typewriters, occasional leterset, spray paint, liquid paper, etc. Everything I make is real. And by that I mean it has an actual referent in the world, a piece of paper somewhere housing all of the various coordinates. None of it is made on the computer. (I don’t even want to publish my work on the computer, though this seems a hardline harder and harder to maintain.) I don’t know why, but it seems important to point all of that out. Mainly because people can’t tell: “Oh, you made this on a computer?” they ask. And

I’m forced to say “no. No computers in any of it.” And then it becomes a polemic (for them), which it isn’t (for me). These preferences and discriminations have been with me all along. Did I choose wisely? Often, I’m not sure. But that’s a bit of what I’m poised on: the brinksmanship of that severe divide. Born of a generation that was awash in computers, but long before their obnoxious wholesale domestication. Once upon a time, not too long ago, I had the choice of opting out. Anymore, that choice no longer exists. And the planet doesn’t seem to be better for it, in my opinion.

MB: Which is your favourite of your own concrete poems, and what inspired the poem? How did you make it? What is most appealing about it now?

GM: I’ve been most satisfied with the typewriter poems I’ve been making as of late, a book of typewriter poems that will come to be known as *Clean Sails* [to be published by New Star this year]. But these are also the culmination of over 20 years spent trying to write a decent typewriter poem. Biologically, because I’ve tried for so long, I’ve become better able to write them as I’ve aged. On the downside, I don’t have 20 years for every genre I attempt. But my modest aim of the past few years has been to become the best typewriter poet on the planet.

MB: Obviously, typewriter poetry has a long history in concrete poetry (Houédard, bissett, bpNichol, etc.). Do you find yourself thinking about these earlier writers as you work on your own poetry? Do you find yourself consciously conferring with them, in a sense?

GM: dsh all the way. And he more than any other, to the (lately, especially) exclusion of the others, many of whom are very good. Instinctively I knew, at 13, that dhs's work had been made on the typewriter. Somehow this impressed me. And in making this impression, little did I know then that all these years later I would continue to be impressed. As I am. Dom Sylvester Houédard is the typewriter poet I think about every time I pitch a clean sail. He is really becoming, in my maturity, one of the major figures of my life, one I will continue to study and champion until my own big dirt nap. He is the typewriter poet on the planet who first carried his experiments just a little bit further out than anyone else, before or since. dsh made the typewriter DANCE where everyone else was still learning to crawl. I was 30 years old when I clued in to this arcane literary factoid, and with it, the knowledge that "concrete is world literature" finally sank in. From there it was not a great leap to infer from this the mercenary knowledge that if dsh was the best, one had only to make typewriter poems better and one could (possibly) enter for oneself this "world literature" everyone jockeys for position within. Of course, it's not 1971 anymore, and no one really knows for sure, do they? Typewriters are gone for good, aren't they?

MB: Your continued development of typewriter concrete is exciting. What is it about the typewriter that you find particularly appealing?

GM: Call me crazy, but I've always equated typewriters with writing. I like typewriters because they are sufficient unto themselves. As writing machines they require very little but do they ever give a

lot. In life, there are too few things that the same can be said of: camels, clothespins, canvas. I have 17 such machines currently. And I only add to the arsenal when a new model brings something to the table that the others do not. Case in point: I have an Underwood 5 that I bought used for 20 dollars just a few years ago. It's a giant of a machine, solid, sturdy, imposing—the sort of typewriter one might write a Russian novel on. 20 bucks in 2010! What's not to love?

MB: You mentioned to me a typewriter project you're working on in which you are remodeling them. Can you describe that a bit more and what about it excites you?

GM: It's called "prepared typewriter," after Cage. Which is to say the typewriter as in-house living sculpture: I've shaved down parts of the characters on a few machines using a dremel. It struck me as the most expedient way of instantly modifying letters and creating a means of generating my own mutilated and/or mutant alphabets, as it were. Plus, sculptures that help me to make poems—are you kidding?

Without getting into a harangue about it, I think of "bleeding edge" as a sociological rather than technological phenomena, unlike the internet, which thinks it a technological and not a sociological phenomena. Bleeding edge in this sense is concerned more with content than it is with form. It's bleeding edge to use a typewriter in 2013 for a variety of reasons. First of all, find one. Secondly, procure ribbons for it. Third, try it on for size. We make it look easy. But I can assure you there are far simpler ways of landing yourself a quick trip to a padded cell...

MB: Do you conceive of visual poetry having a particular role in literary and/or visual art communities and histories? What is it? What does visual poetry achieve that other forms can't?

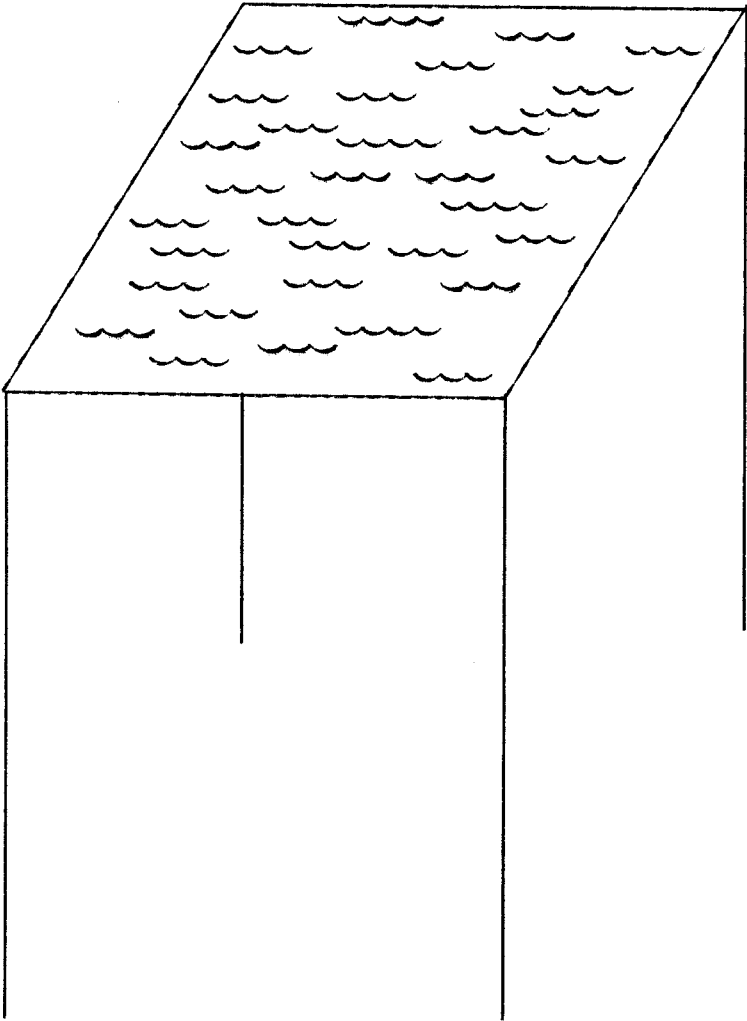
GM: Concrete poetry plays a role in our communities and histories always, in all ways, even if only vicariously, through its many agents who are, more often than not, involved in those communities and who participate in those histories, under different rubrics, often enough while wearing different hats. One aspect of my own thesis is that concrete poets always lead interesting lives. And every single one of them—even the worst of them!—somehow manages to do this. So a more-than-cursory study of concrete poetry is sure to thrust one into contact with a whole lot more than just concrete poetry. There are many communities and many histories to choose from, should anyone care to risk involvement.

Concrete poetry is best at demonstrating itself as a place where “form and content are one,” as Öyvind Fahlström put it, or as “a model, of order, even if set in a space which is full of doubt,” as the famous Ian Hamilton Finlay quote goes. It may be little more than a modernist antique at this stage of the game, but that is enough, that is plenty. What's more, this “plenty” is far and away better than the carloads of space junk that seems to cut the mustard these days...but alas, I digress. ‡

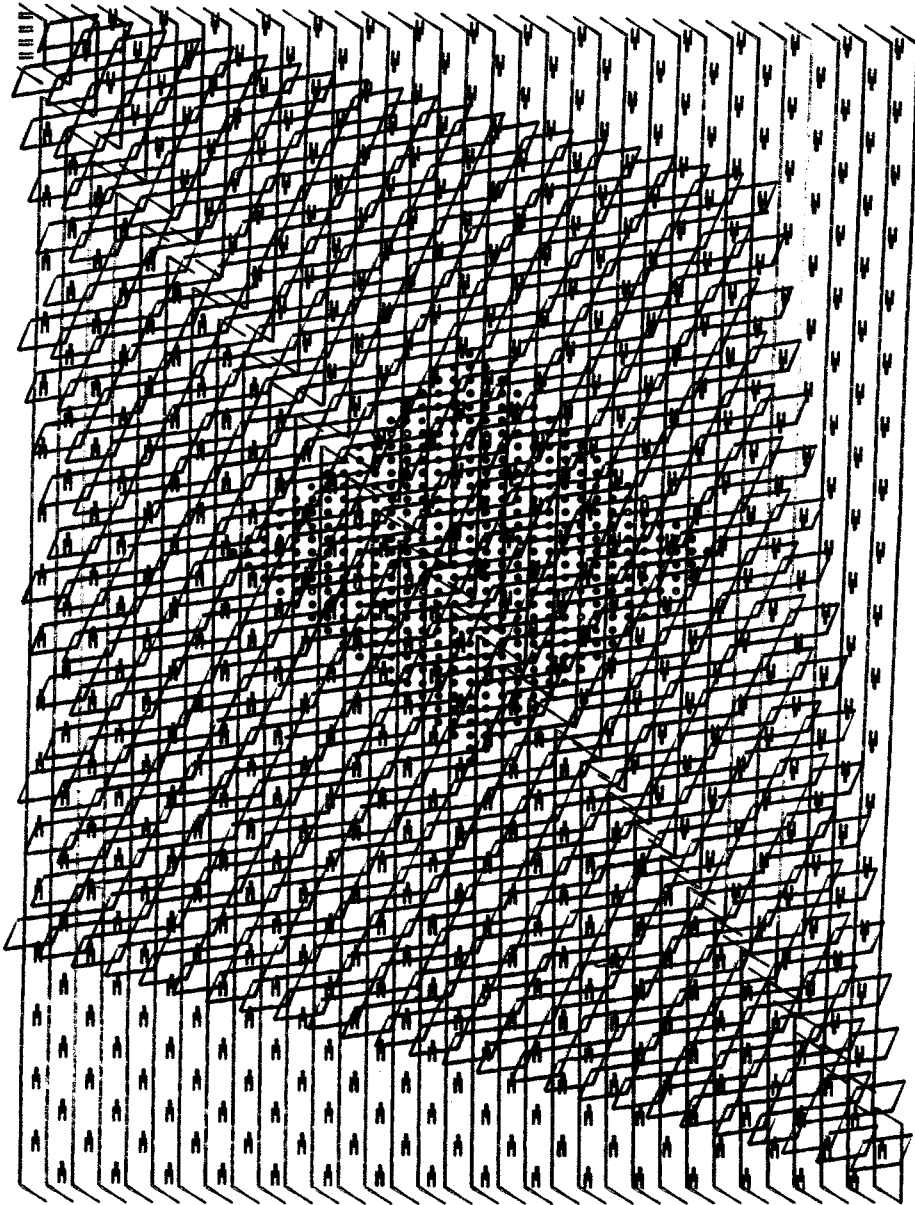
from **Clean Sails**

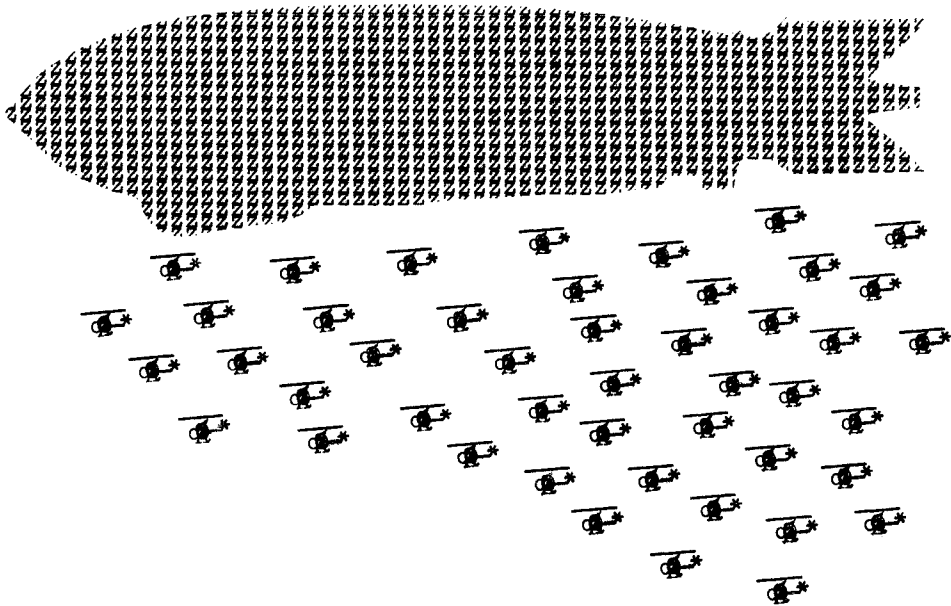
Gustave Morin

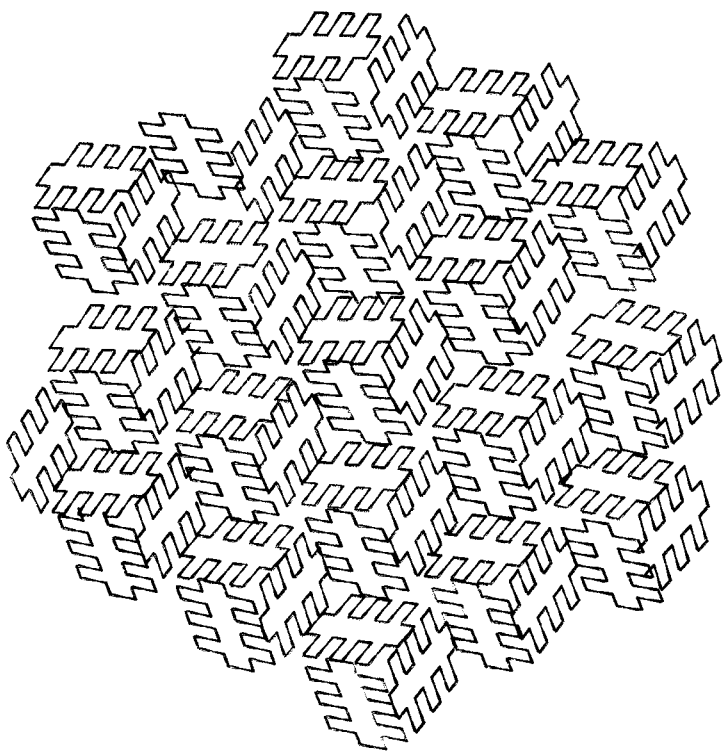
new waves



the gizzard of flaws







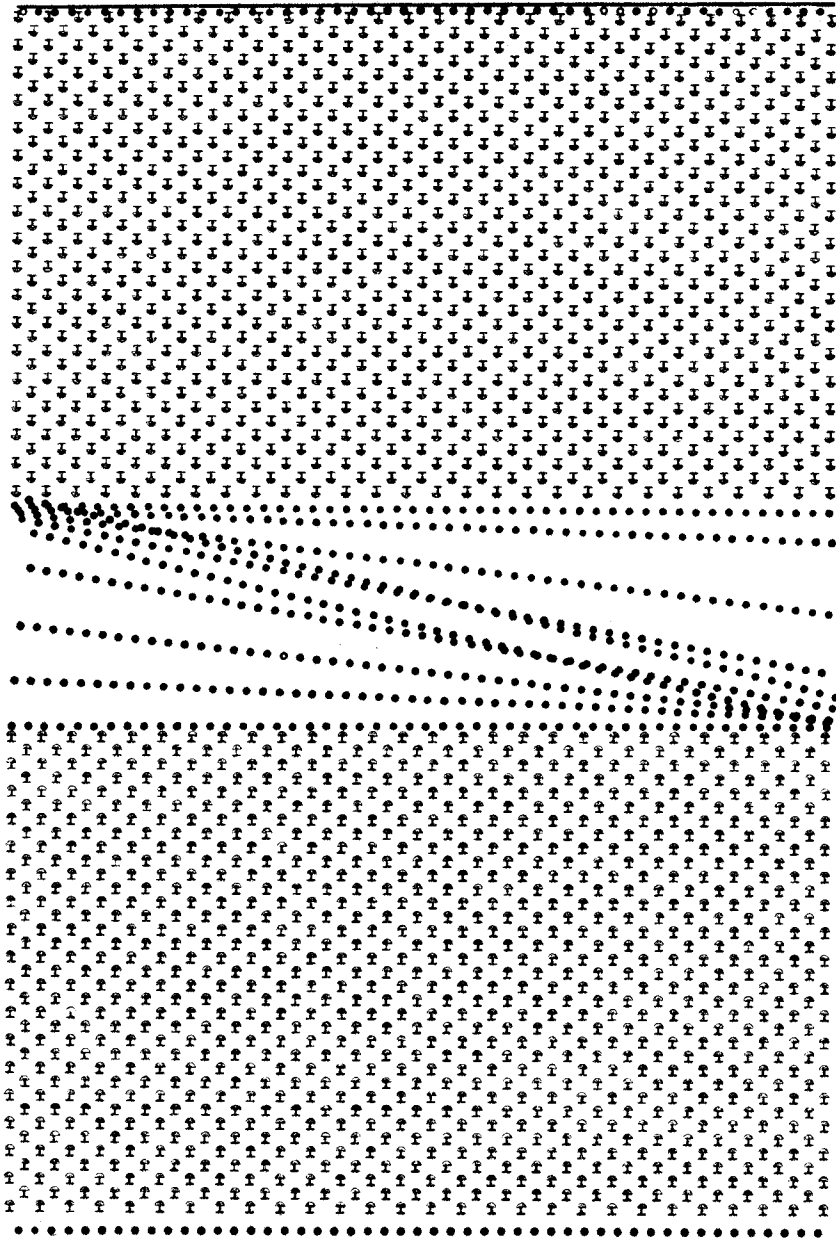
R

I

M

E

Nothing is new except what has been forgotten



from **Lumbre de ciervos** [DeerLight]

Emma Villazón (trans. Erín Moure)

Wavering Before the Water

Got to let the hands grow bigger
abandon the self in blind repose
to germinate the voice that cracks open crustaceans
the gnarls after thrashings first house
Got to wait for a certain look of leaf
of Vid drinking tough night dropping needles

Now got to nab the voice incendiary
now got to nail what the flower sends very
know how to voice back if the forest hails

Your *a* & your *e*

When one noise or thinking is born
the other, the older, does not fade away;
they grapple together in greasy gymnastics,
hold steady and waver to make room
for the days and hold living time their half-prisoner.
Buttons, the days sew your coat of past and tomorrow.

Thus child with maternal hands tugs at the youth,
and I see that so many beings fill your mouth,
an aquarium teeming with tremulous yarns.
After all the joys and disasters, your light dances full
and your *a* your *e* apertural in the poem stripped bare
so that never could you bear the name of One only, You
nor someone

Growing Up

(for the hairy women of Gabriela Mistral)

Perhaps in an orphanhood gone unnoticed
her responsibilities appeared in dreams
betwixt lighthouses twisted along maritime bellies
and shipwrecks of exhaustion packed with furs
or obstreperous coins in a foreign tongue

Perhaps given such innocence
right down to her school shoes
they urged her to speak up, get going
to keep her promise, her blind
date with that someone, something, from beyond?
Speak up, get going, they told her,
and with responsibilities she'd grow, she'd see how
to help the dismembered walk down the road,
give back their mantle of negation,
and speak up as if re-living them

working

eating

watching

as if re-living, *reviving* them

out of the partition

of the nose

Memory Fence for a Deer

leaping over we were headed
sky up above in seduction
beneath each hoof a soleprint,
thousands corroborated our home, our mouth
not; the blue heat made
scribbles out of curtains walls medallions
and plunged heads into pools of gold

fortified children eyes alight
they told us, brought to hold up
the salver—seahorses? no!
the labour of progeny transparency of the cup
what's laudable fear of beasts what's fleshy

but from pratfall to pratfall we went
saw or didn't see the fences in scrambling over cup and outcry;
at dawn we took tea with dolphins
laughing amid phosphorescent excrescences

*—remember, remember without fail
our skins too were animal*

Parliament*

Whoever can't take off can't take leave,
exit through the door real or unreal
and say "I'm off" in the tone of bird or rain ascending.
No one leaves easily, and perhaps not at all
from the biggest instances, above all
the place of origin, that tower ambiguous
and threatening, always gobbling identity dreams.
There's no one who does not need time and friction
to grasp the struggle at the back of the tongue.
The point of most tension thus
does not reside in the quantity of scenes and fluttered embraces
or in which city is abandoned at noon, but lies in which
profiles, keys, shadow-feet and fold-up skies
we take with us, which

giants in smiles

—said she who takes leave
in the intersection of the bird

**This translation was first published in Our Teeth (ourteeth.wordpress.com), August 23, 2015.*

These poems from Emma Villazón's Lumbre de ciervos (Santa Cruz, Bolivia: Editorial La Hoguera, 2013) are published with the permission of the Estate of Emma Villazón Richter.

Three Date-Stamps for Emma Villazón

Andrés Ajens (trans. Erin Moure)

September, 2015

Fábulas de una caída [*Fables from a Downfall*] (2007), Bolivian poet Emma Villazón's first book, feels at times like a book in process, despite many poems that read as definitive. Quite something else occurs with *Lumbre de ciervos* [*DeerLight*] (2013), perhaps her greatest literary legacy—without considering her unpublished work. As Cé Mendizábal, bright light of Bolivian letters, usually modest in his literary judgements, wrote: "The passage of time...will confirm *Lumbre de ciervos* as one of the most brilliant volumes of poetry from this part of the world in recent times."

Since the "part of the world" to which the great Cé alludes both admits and overruns the borders of counties and nations, I will add simply: *Lumbre de ciervos* is certainly the most remarkable book of cruciate (from Santa Cruz perhaps but not destined to its Sierra alone, rather *cross-linked* and *crucial*) poetry in at least the last fifty years and—I avow—in the next fifty (read fifty, *cinuenta*, here, also as *sin cuenta*, countless). People will say: *Ajens desvaría*—he's slipped. They'll say: he's still touched by the disaster in El Alto.¹ I am—how could I not be. And, also, yes, I slip: like Cé, at times, I slip out of the common or usual order (one meaning of *desvariar* offered us by the dictionary of the Royal *Real* and Unreal *Irreal* Academia de la Lengua) and, also, I simply differ from it (another meaning offered by the RAE).

The cruciate in poetry, to paraphrase the quintessential Cuban writer Cintio Vitier, has never been fixed or closed, without further ado, but each time is a poetry to come. Poetry re-living! Cruciate poetry—which *Lumbre de ciervos* greets, dislocates, and reinvents—is articulated, as its name indicates, in crossings, cruces, in crucial crossings between "Bolivia" and "Chile," between "Santa Cruz de la Sierra" and "Santiago de Chile." The book was written between the Third Ring Road or Tercer Anillo of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, Bolivia and our house in Pirque, Chile: it's no wonder that one of its most singular poems is titled "Deslumbre migratorio" or "Migratory Dazzle." This crux-pollination (or cross-, to those who love and learn from flowers) results not only in a poetry that is resolutely innovative (being that there is no "innovation" without "tradition" in movement) but also a poetry fecund in destiny, date-stamped,² a poetry-to-come. And destination.

Pirque, Chile
August 27, 2015

* * *

On Saturday August 16, 2015, you had shown me this loop of phrases:

“No literature with this, not with you my love. Sometimes I say to myself that you are my love: so it is but my love, I say to myself, calling myself out in this way. And so you no longer exist, you are dead, [...], and my literature becomes possible [tricky question given the “quasi-transcendental” posthumous nature of all writing]. But I also know—and for me, this morning, this is the definition of knowledge, I should publish it—that you are far beyond what I repeat as “my-love,” living, living, living, and this is what I want, but then I must renounce everything, I mean, renounce any return of love to me, even renounce that, turned to me, you let me hear what I say when I say, to you or to myself, my love”³

It’s a paragraph in translation from “Envois” (2001), scanned with your underlining, by the amiable and so very “marrano”⁴ Jacques the Ripper alias Derrida—whom you’d begun again to read, fulminating, without mincing, along with Benjamin, Hamacher, Hölderlin, Wiethücher, Medinaceli, Villena, Oyarzún (the list remains in.finite), so as to *touch* perhaps and displace the border at least, or the skin, as extraordinary as it is cast away, of *El Loco* by Bolivian writer Arturo Borda. On April 28, you’d provisionally titled your doctoral thesis: “Dream of an Infinite Writing; The Legacy of Arturo Borda.” As the song by the cruciate musician Gustavo Rivero goes, with your lyrics: Don’t run after girls! Cronopia, in your re.iterations, my *ammour*, you are more cronopia than fama.⁵

* * *

Early in 2009, we went with Emma to Sucre, Potosí, Oruro, La Paz and Tiahuanaco—where, without television or sacred writings, we settled in.

In Yotala, where César Brie, then director of the *Teatro de los Andes*, had generously lent us his house, my first poem-with-Emma occurred, that first poem-ma. It came to be titled simply “From Yotala,” and exists now in *Æ*, a book of poems that with its title marks—without marking at all—and speaks, at times mutely, of the ligature and dance of two letters that belong neither to one nor the other. *Æ* was to be launched in Santiago on September 3, 2015, but for a double pause imposed upon us. From 11th Street in Villa Dolores, El Alto [The On-High], Bolivia, a double-acupuncture fate, the incredible—double possessive case—intervened:

con e mm a

w./ e mm a

INCREÍBLE roza
en lo alto, toca
tu puerta, cielo.

INCREDIBLE brushes
the on-high, touches
your portal, sky.

ábrela, lúcum
nuba, con tus dedos
de nada pura;

open it, lucumous fruition
of cloud, with your fingers
of mere-nothing purely;

que vibre, increíble,
que aletee, que
no amanezca nomás
enguacado, pero.

incredible, that vibrates,
that flutters, that
won't dawn again ever
venærated, still.

1 Emma Villazón died in the hospital in El Alto, Bolivia, on 19 August 2015, two days after a collapse from a stroke in the La Paz airport (situated in El Alto, its satellite) while returning to Santiago and her home in Pirque, Chile. She was 32 years old.

2 Erín: As well, I would add, as translator, “dative,” which is the case of the indirect object of the act of giving or sending. The date-stamped work both gives and sends, and its destination is indirect, or unobjectifiable.

3 Trans. Alan Bass, from “Envois” in *The Post Card* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1987, 29). Translation slightly revised (in accordance with the French original) by Erín Moure.

4 A Sephardic Jew, but also means disgusting, and pig, plus it is so close to *marrant* in French, thus: funny. A marrano, like Derrida, like Spinoza who is another, is at once the butt of vicious anti-semitism, which is to say life-threatening racism, and one obliged to (and obligated to) migration.

5 Refers to Julio Córdazar’s touchstone story “Cronopios and Famas.”

Three Poems*

Gracie Leavitt

Doll's eyes

Ink from within lands
redundant over Lynn's
"manifold balconies," my
dress rolled down

the decade, silk-rogue
aspects of which clip
Melissa's hair into waves
and scroop, this bucolic

rubbernecking clean
predicts a logy credence
yet, from a strange pain
intercalary days bracelet

anger's oral remnant to
endocrine, the original
crewelwerk, vivid transport,
adept boggy, impatient.

**with deep thanks to the works of Lynn Melnick, Melissa Buzzeeo, Rachel J. Bennett*

Colonial timber crib dismantling

Dawn slaps up givens through

collateral knots, stalks, your concise
shad for the “first” time since

1777, dam down, a stutter is

craving, fingerling, liquor within
her mug musters a shuttle to

patchwork the apparent, peerless

how “quiet” this corn covets
such compost, grieves losses in which

complicit are perilous cupids, bows,

boughs, stalks flossily gardened under
the serviceberry and the fucking

brutal plague of white supremacy

that inevitably will protect white
me “even” while I whine, in fact

moan, really scream, see, reject it.

Tendership

Enjoy the juice

loose in the jar

with plausible buoy

that may be reversed

robust and natal to

fast movings off-

center each slip down

my gullet your calyx

commemorates tender

ships astray from their

ports, the dominant

festers, the dormant

fosters, the dominant

fastens, the dormant

fascinates.

from *Gave*

Cole Swensen

You walk alongside the river. No; you walk always with. Not down, or along, or beside. And you can't help but measure—is it moving faster? And does that mean each molecule of water? Or does a body of water form internal bodies, pockets that move in counterpoint, in back-beat, in eddies? And does the surface ever move? Or is it something underneath that does? Of course, yes, the molecules of water that form the surface must certainly go forward, but does that mean that the surface itself moves too? Then what is a standing wave? What stays? I watch a large branch being carried down by the river, and then a kayaker, moving faster, then turn to walk back upstream like I'm walking into the arms of some thing.

water water

we please another.

all repetition is either prayer or spell

as all water repeats itself

is answered

carry me over

so over me carried

(all water is over)

bearing a border

we carry it anchor

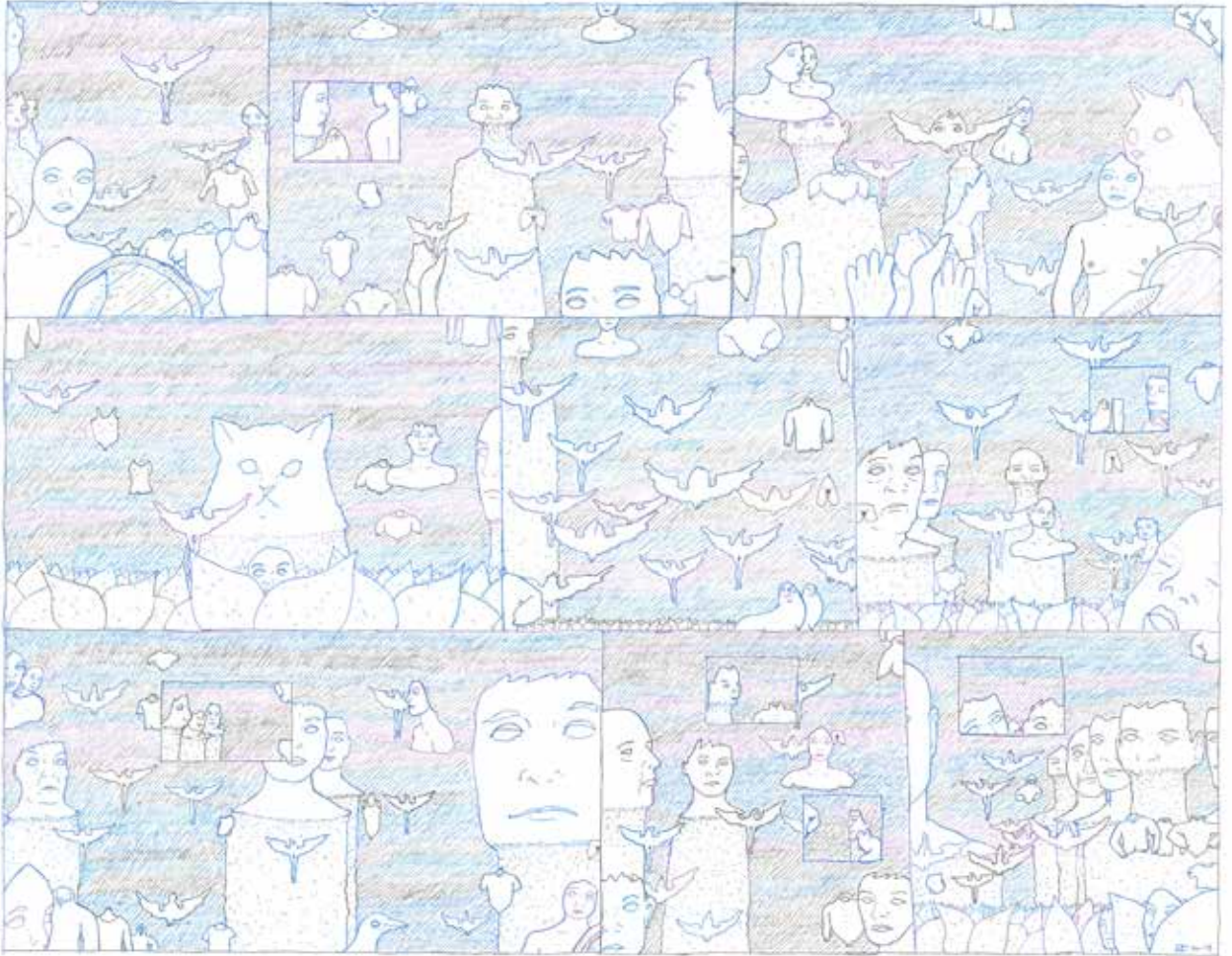
as it carries us

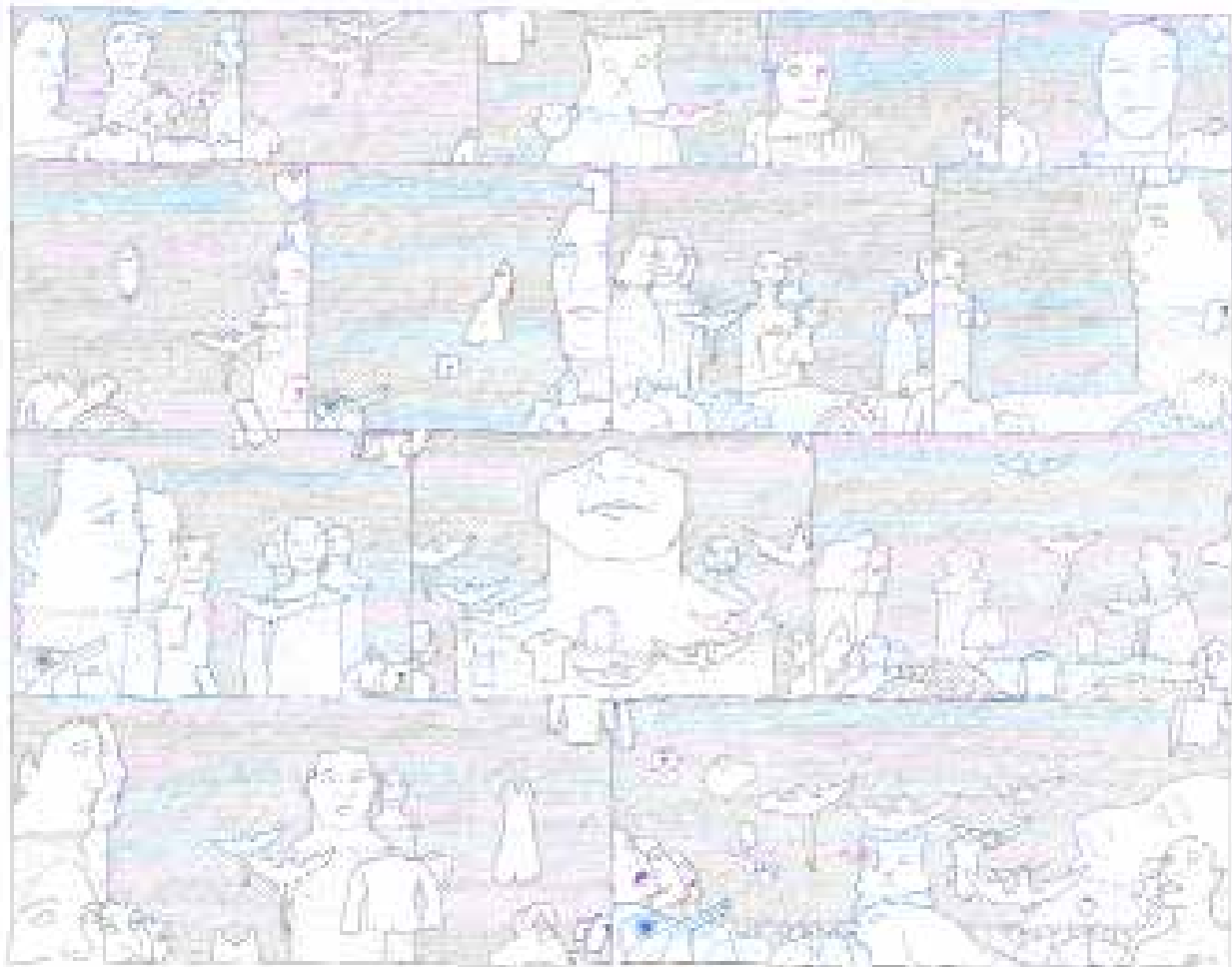
in a small blue boat

rowed by a large blue dog who cannot look back.

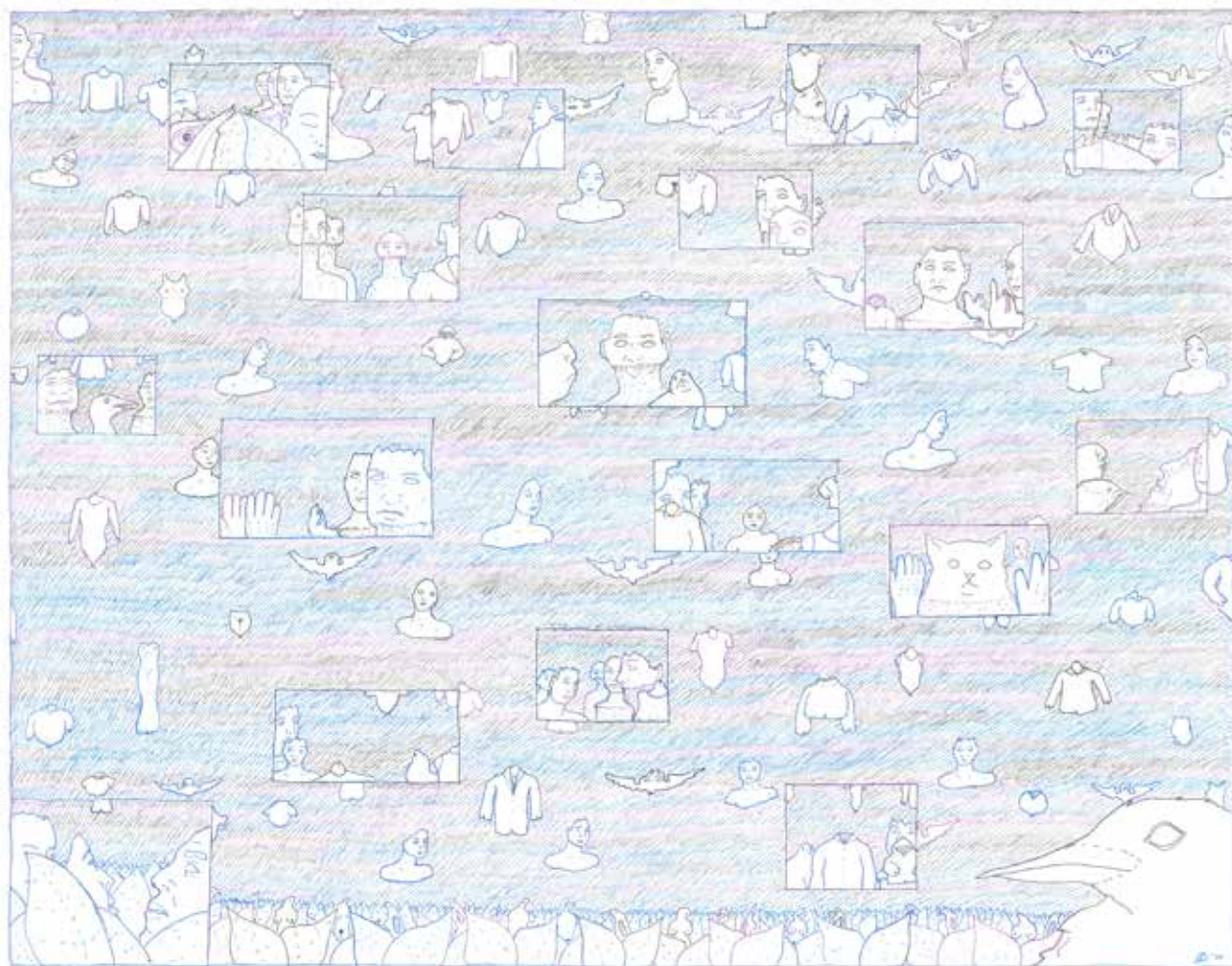
Dreams of Pan

David Ogilvie

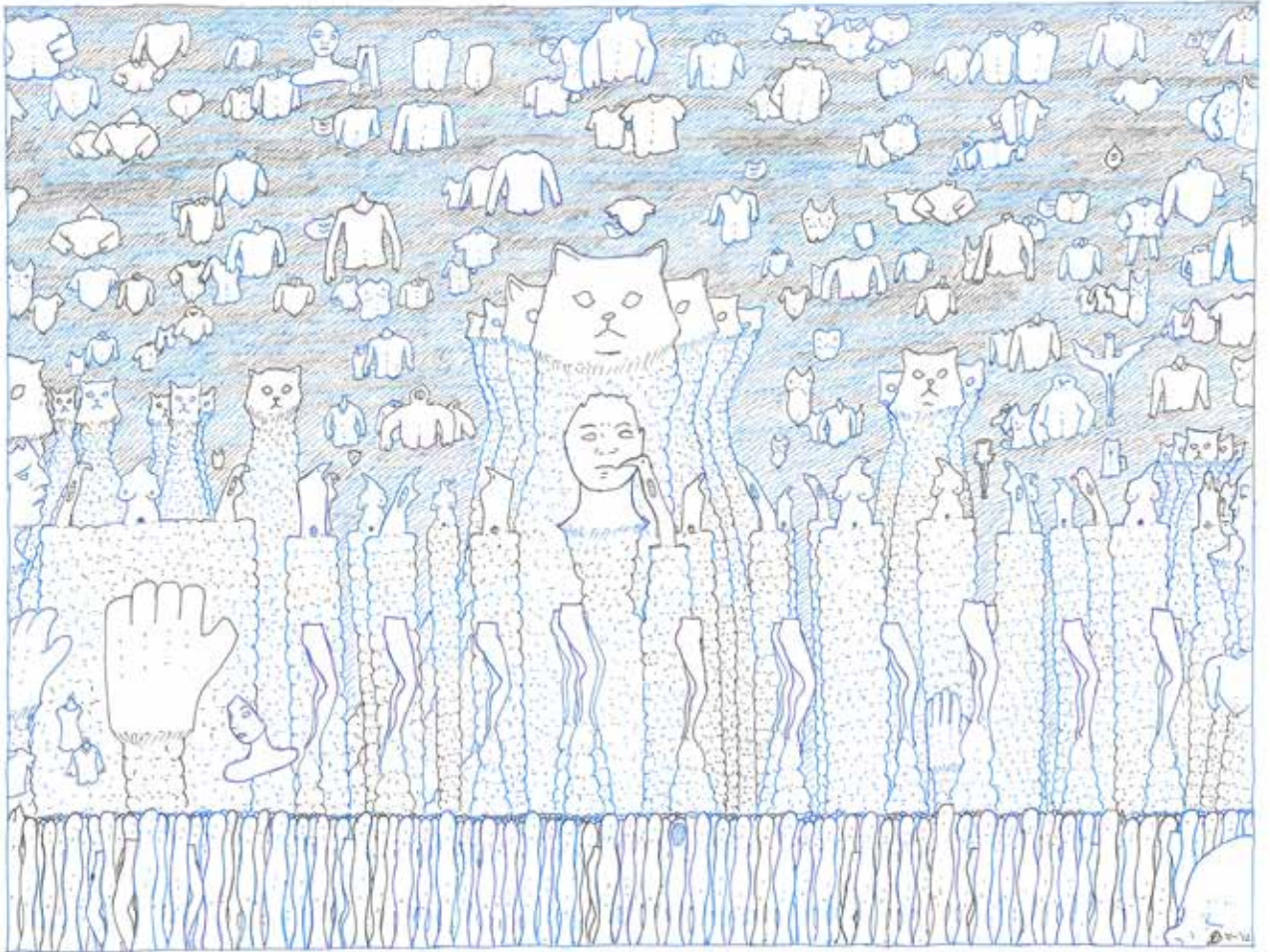




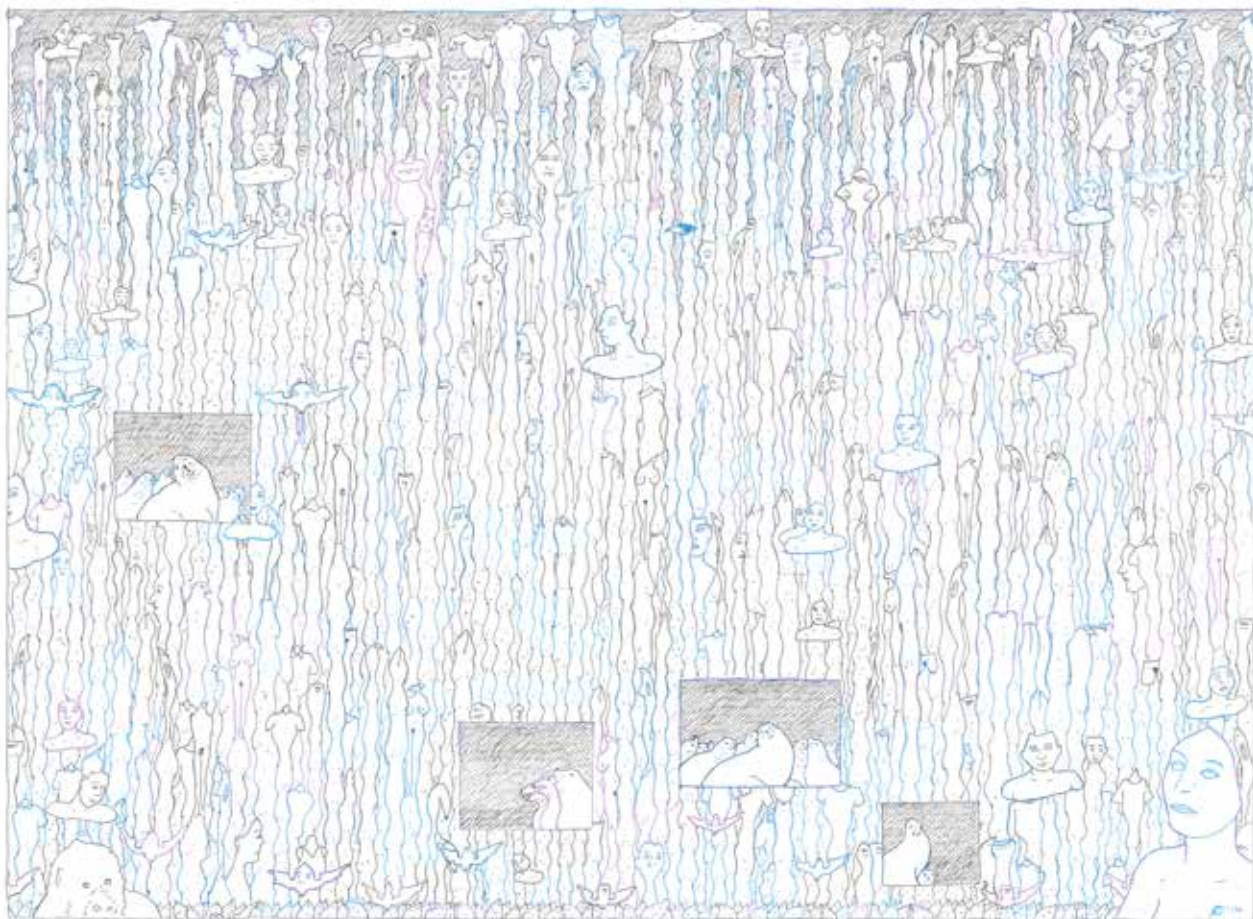
Dreams of Othello (Three), 2015, 41 × 51 cm



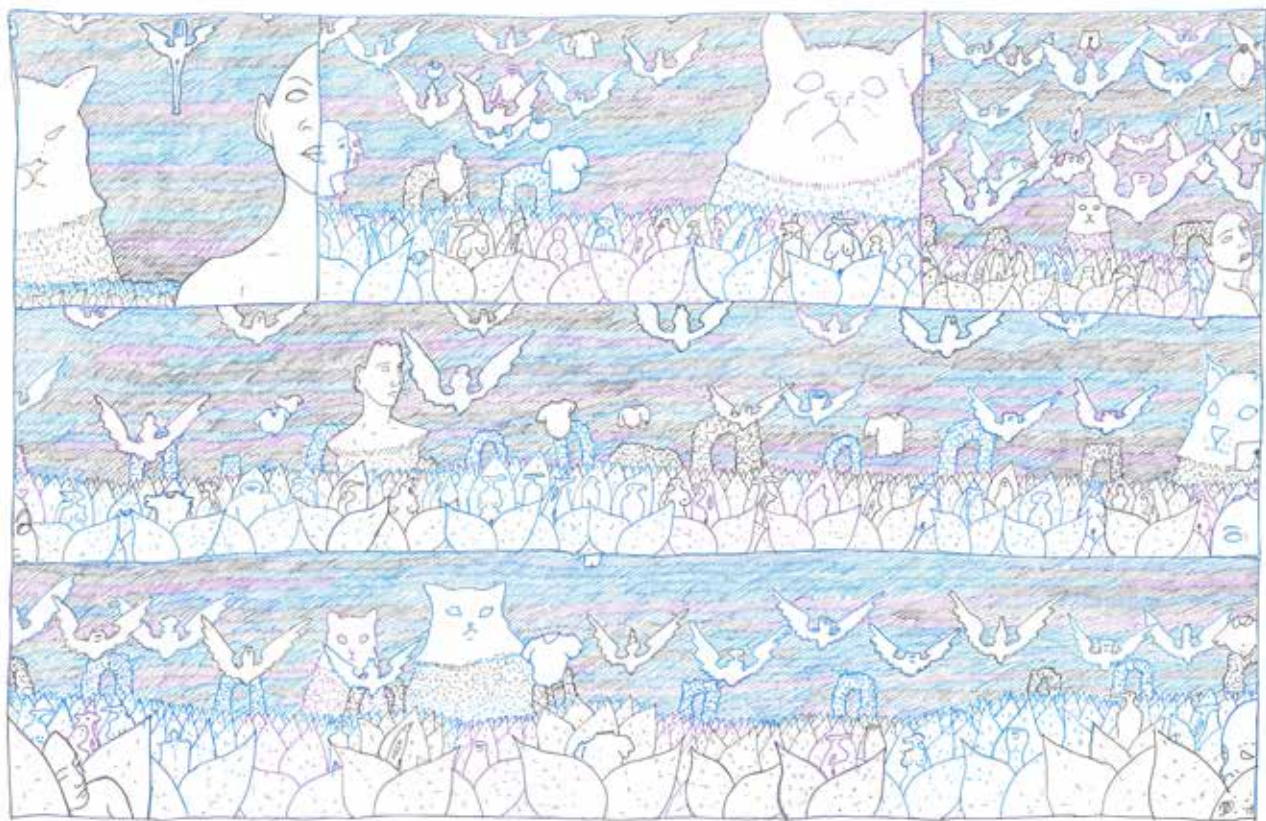
Dying Dream of Eve (One), 2015, 41 × 51 cm



Dreams of Romulus (Four), 2014, 25 × 33 cm



Shores of Ulysses (Two), 2014, 39 × 51 cm



Episodes in the Escape of the Amazon Spy (One), 2013, 29 × 39 cm

The Victorious Ones

Chris Nealon

1

Then came fire

We drove out past the flooding to watch the birds

Long-lashed boys in hoodies looked up from the sidewalk to absorb the sky
Ancient women left the bedsides of their long-ago boys

And in the great transition no one could tell if we were doomed or free

2

Is there an original exile?

I think the Germans think we were driven from the forest

Sometimes like a distant station playing a tune you half-remember I can hear it—

Driven out into the terrifying open to savannah

That's not my myth

Or, I don't want it to be

3

I do like imagining high-value objects become nearly worthless
People just leaving their prized possessions lying around

It gives me a rest from that squirrel-y huddling near the outlets feeling
That well if a catastrophe hits at least my phone will be charged idea

So maybe just leave it on the toilet for the next guy
Maybe just delete all your contacts and go

4

My friends encourage me, take care of me

“You should totally become an anarchist! Just stay off the listserv.”

I was deep in the kaleidoscope,

Feeling it allowing me to sense all time, but I couldn’t tell anyone about it—

Perhaps because I was dead

5

A daylight surface teeming with youth—it makes me feel like mine has been—not lost
so much as just...subducted

Abruptly it’s the final day of spring—

Your pointillist relationship to calendar time
Tap that date / tap that date / tap it

Touchscreen indifferent to your bandaged thumb

And yes like other every other poet with a child I have dreamed of mine along some
empty road in camouflage and tatters, scrambling for potable water in 2046

But you know what? Fuck the zombie apocalypse

I’m going to imagine him with comrades

6

Oh man praying to the wrong gods again

Please flux keep me open just another poem

Woops no see you later

Thirteen weeks of winter salt across the Al-Jazeera banner

April lawns and trees Chaucerian and raggedy with hungry geese and mockingbirds

We were sold kenosis as a way to overcome discrepancies in scale

But everything hinged on the tone you did it in

7

There's a river running backward through this poem to the sources of literature

You'd think that would be a good thing

But I take seriously that beauty is the beginnings of terror, in a quarreling way

I do think beauty halfway staves off terror with forms, with dance, with symbols,

And I know we're never far from terror—

But here's the thing: even saying that sounds right-wing

And that's because the right has always practiced terror to insist that we can never get
away from it

I say this as a homosexual

Terror—that's the meaning of male homophobia—

It's not a critique of buttfucking, please—it's the punishment of male insouciance, male
lightness, a bodily comportment and a vocal inflection that gets heard as

everything is beautiful *everything is fine*

Those hammer-blows administered to gay boys' skulls—they say NO—we are *not* free
from violence—this is not Arcadia—how dare you flounce around—

So when my colleagues critique The Romantic Symbol, critique the Romantics, for
peddling false consolation—

When the modernists champion objectivity, and unsymbolizable allegory,

Because we know better than to trust in pretty symbols but keep forgetting,
Because we need art to remind us that life is hard,

I wonder—

Who are we talking to? I mean three cheers for allegory

But there's a gossamer, a hollow way of symbols, isn't there

There's a way a beaten body looks in silk

I didn't become a professor so I could "demystify" my students

I didn't kiss that boy in 1987 because I'd forgotten terror

Maybe Rilke writing on the dime of the House of Thurn and Taxis knew this

Maybe he didn't just mean, whoa, those angels are *intense*

Either way when I say "beauty" I don't mean razzle-dazzle, and I don't mean
the crucifixion

When I say "terror" I don't mean the Titans

There's a river running backward through this poem to the sources of our struggle with
each other

8

Guilty as charged!
I do have something to peddle

But you know I can't help it—I came of age in the great mixtape swap meet of the
1980s—

Hey, you want to feel like this?
Hey, I have a crush on you, put this in your pocket

Later watching waters part around my friend as he took over the club—since gone on to glory—

As though the early 90s were an apical moment in the history of longing—

As though those vocals, Robyn S, had hit a plaintive note that was not to be repeated—

When in fact it was just another episode of black women teaching white boys how to ache for free

9

Later still—a Saturn return—

Me and Stephen on the Schäfergasse, chatting up the barback on a strangely silent Friday night

“Hey, where *are* the gay people in Frankfurt, anyway?”

“Oh, they are in the forest...”

10

So yeah the mythic method

“This place Hammertown I’m talking about, this imaginary place, actually has a very, very specific history...a history of genocide. And that’s something that the poetics I am proposing has absolutely no way of dealing with. There are a lot of reasons why I stopped but that’s certainly one of them...It’s just an aspect of that reality that I was never going to be able to deal with.”

11

Peter Culley I thought you should know—

The day after you died I took *Parkway* with me into the woods

Or, well...it was Rock Creek Park

I fell asleep contentedly beneath a tree, around the halfway point—

I wasn't dreaming quite—my sleep was not that deep—

But in the quiet I could hear you approach

I heard you telling me that you'd liked reading backwards, as a child—

I felt you were describing, in case I wanted to try it, how you'd learned to write those
lines like brushed-up nap on a trampled carpet, fresh again—

You know I'll never have your mad skills

But I'm taking you with me into the woods

12

Peter I bet you knew this let-down post-revolutionary feeling—

This lower-limit-private-perception feeling

This too-too solid flesh / hell is other people / Artaudian hell is my body feeling

Most days these days I've got nothing but my tepid intellectual watchfulness

But sometimes in distraction I get tugged at from behind—tugged at from within this
chidakasha backdoor in the mind

I usually ignore it but every now and then I turn the handle and it's like BAM—
a Narnia of forms!

Insubstantial forms—

Peter this is better

It's as though the ache in me to find substantiality subsides—

The ache to find it in boy's bodies—to find it in the firmest earth on which to take
a stand

That firm ground would never be enough against the weapon they have stashed in
readiness against us—shame—

Those hammer blows—

Those anonymous who-do-you-think-you-are letters from the FBI encouraging
revolutionaries to consider suicide—

But we're unjustified

It's like the sword thrust into us would just find...nothing
Like we know our poetry's as nothing to the waves of sound

13

So yeah I watched a lot of space epics as a kid

Look at me, all Obi-Wan

But fantasies aren't just implanted in us—they tap into something, right?

Trembling inexistent

Poets—sometimes I am proud of us—

How a stanza is a woofer pulsing—

How wood to us is beautiful but also an impedance

14

Your private perceptions—

Clarity—November like a wrung sponge—

Your eye hops over from the dissipated contrail to the crisp one and then tracks
southward to the actual plane

Mental recapitulation of the sensuous world—like I had an ice-hand that could freeze
the tip of every branch—

Ice world, white forest—

Held in some salinity—some meter—

15

Courage like cool water

We sat on a bank and read from the always-only deuterio-canonical books we loved

We made a dossier of terrifying descriptions of the sky and bound the sheafs together
with red thread

And we came back to that scene in *The Salt Eaters* where the Sisters of The Yam are
headed to a demonstration, traveling dirt roads in rural Georgia on a rickety old
bus, when they look up, all twelve of them, and something in the pivot of a flock
of birds makes them realize that the roof of time has been torn off

“Tendon, feather, bone and flesh were riding against a backdrop of eight-
minute-ago blue, of fifty-years-ago blue, rode the curvature of the seam...”

How I pray for access to that feeling!

Toni Cade Bambara you are missed

16

So look I know I won't see the end of capital

But you, child—I wonder—

Surely it won't be pretty

Yes I know protective gear awkward alternative currencies

But maybe also how it might be said of you / that you were the ones who saw it through

The destruction from below of all the fucked-up supply chains by those giant worms
from *Dune*

The dropping like a fly of every drone

I've seen you by the window with your beautiful wide eyes as storms rolled in

I've tried to teach you the words

I've imagined you remembered at the end of a long life, circled by friends beneath an empty sky,

Your friends who wrote the poems of the 22nd century,
The poems of storms and drones,

And hoped that when they reached the line about you it would read,

He who loved lightning watched them fall

17

Then came fire

It wasn't yet a new world, or the end of the old one

But water, money, feeling overspilled their banks

There was finally something real to be afraid of

There was finally no reason to fear

Even animals approached us as they hadn't in ten thousand years

Buildings were either shelter or they weren't

Music got quiet

And poetry—

Poetry began to ask the question it had hidden in the forest

Poetry returned to lists, enumeration, inventory

It chose sides

This was not the same as prophecy

Look around you now and ask yourself

Which of these—

The innovators, profit-makers, the ones behind high walls,

The ones who are planning for the great catastrophes—

Or the ones with no ability to plan,

Who live from hour to hour, year to year,

In whom terror waits to be uncurdled,

Who live in the great wide world—

Which of these will be the victorious ones?

Nobody knows.

Two Poems

Hoa Nguyen

I Didn't Know

I didn't know my milk
could return racing

to save the orphan baby
this morning with ghosts

minor men and shook
the tricky omnivorous bandit

before it could bite again
Truck exhaust enters the house

One hydrangea flower
and leaves gust in the wind

on "my" side of the fence (stolen)
The smooth cup is upheld by a brown

hand as if to say
Today is the 70th anniversary

of the bombing of Hiroshima

From the Autobiography of Malcolm X

Anyway, now, each day I live
as if I am already dead

and I tell you what I would like
for you to do. When I am dead

I say it that way because
from the things I know

I do not expect to live
long enough to read this book

in its finished form—
I want you to just watch and

see if I'm not right in what
I say: that the white man

in his press
is going to identify me

with “hate”

see to see—

čəsnaʔəm, the city before the city (Museum of Anthropology)

Lyana Patrick

Standing in the entrance of the Museum of Anthropology's exhibit *čəsnaʔəm, the city before the city*, I listen to Musqueam voices welcoming me to the space. Some people take time to watch and listen; others hurry by. This is an essential point of contact given the ways in which rethinking relationships is at the heart of the exhibit. As the MOA website narrates it, "*čəsnaʔəm* was first occupied almost 5000 years ago and became one of the largest of the Musqueam people's ancient village sites approximately two thousand years ago."

čəsnaʔəm, the city before the city complements two other exhibits at the Museum of Vancouver (MoV) and the Musqueam Cultural Education Resource Centre & Gallery. This particular exhibit features a series of posters behind which run long turquoise banners in the shape of waves. Each poster contains a *hənqəmínəm*-language concept (twelve in all), along with photographs and quoted testimonials to animate each one. A computerized timeline shows the development over 9000 years of Coast Salish villages and colonial settlements. As the settlement map reveals, European history in the "new world" actually starts with Musqueam contact.

Opportunities for hands-on sensory engagement with multiple sources appear throughout the exhibit, inviting powerful reflection on Musqueam presence in the territory. One segment explores the concept of "belongings" as articulated by Musqueam people—"artefacts" to archaeologists and

others. What looks like an x-ray machine displays a number of such *ʔələwkʷ* (belongings): a coca cola can, keys, change, a harpoon net, a weight, a knife, a nondescript "beautiful belonging." These items can be moved from a metal gurney to a table (the top of which is a computerized screen) where explanations for each appear. Although at first strange, the x-ray machine and gurney are clever devices. Each element represents a careful cataloguing of belongings (artefacts), much as would take place on an archaeological dig. Like x-rays going deeper to investigate the body's inner workings, so too are we invited to think about, touch, explore the idea of belongings not just as "artefacts" from the past, but as items of ongoing and enduring importance—and erasure—today.

The exhibit is informed by an interplay of oral and written history, of continuity and change. One community member describes the kitchen table as no longer the place where Musqueam teachings are passed on; another remarks that a "feeling of sharing at the kitchen table" persists. And visitors are implicated in these processes of change, even directly encouraged to reflect on their own responsibilities. One of the posters quotes *səlísəye*: "In terms of protecting archaeological sites, it seems like First Nations presence and pressure gets a little bit of reaction but most often it's public pressure that really assists First Nations in protecting the archaeological sites." This is both an indictment of a system that marginalizes Indigenous resistance and an appeal to visitors to consider what responsibility they might have to respond to injustices including not only the desecration of sacred sites, but also unsafe drinking water on reserves, abrogated treaty rights, over-

representation of Indigenous peoples in the justice system, and murdered and missing Indigenous women.

To fully understand the history and contemporary importance of ɫəsnaʔəm, all three exhibits—MOA, MoV, and the Musqueam Cultural Centre—need to be considered together. Each offers its own insights into the history of Indigenous peoples in the territory: ɫəsnaʔəm was an important village and remains a vital transportation node as a north-south corridor. Musqueam's decline was Vancouver's progress. Yet there are constant reminders that this was an incomplete process. These exhibits provide a counternarrative to colonization, an opportunity to listen and remember as acts that lay the foundation for fundamentally transforming relationships.

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Alex Morrison: *Phantoms of a Utopian Will & Like Most Follies, More Than a Joke and More Than a Whim* (SFU Gallery & Burnaby Art Gallery)

Alex Muir

This fall, as Simon Fraser University's year-long 50th Anniversary celebrations reach their peak, students bustle around the mall in red t-shirts and chalk-drawn flowers and peace signs deck the columns that encircle Freedom Square. SFU Gallery is a curious antechamber to this misty campus fantasy, nestled within the foundation of Arthur Erickson's fifty-year-old quadrangle structure still home to most of the core humanist disciplines while many other programs have long since poured down the mountainside and into other regions of the Lower Mainland.

In the gallery, the work of Alex Morrison and kin from SFU's collection nod to the

long times outside in a same-different type of way. The show marks the fourth time this year that SFU Galleries have dipped into their home institution's collection and the practices of its alumni to reflect on the legacy of the contemporary arts at SFU. Ornate but geometric dividers made of MDF house ceramics, drawings, and paintings conversant in the modernist vernaculars conveyed by pieces featured in SFU Galleries' previous *Geometry of Knowing* exhibitions. Here, however, the interplay of formal epistemologies is irradiated with flashes of the troubled histories that gave rise to but also resisted these countercultural modes. Both up the mountain and down by the lake in SFU's companion exhibition at the Burnaby Art Gallery, wide-eyed utopian/reactionary declarations are cast in a jaundiced light, blighted with ironic melancholy.

Although the 105-year-old Ceperley Mansion on Deer Lake, home to the BAG, and the 50-year-old university seem entirely contrary in their historical orientations (the former an example of the ostensibly anti-modern Arts and Crafts movement, the latter a viable film set option for totalitarian states of the present and the future), the exhibitions find some compelling rhymes between these two sites. Morrison's pastiche-work draws out the prominence of *lifestyle* across these historical moments, with an East Van collective housing want ad coming to strongly resemble the crypto-puritanical slogans of neighbouring Arts and Crafts posters. Social and spatial hermeticism come into relief at both sites, suggesting that colonies whose will to inscribe aesthetic sensibilities into space on a total scale can't help but insinuate the arrest of time: a few corners of the woods for the end of history. But when doesn't style make this kind of claim? Does it not always overreach?

If the exhibition is full of soft-spoken stiff-lipped historical jokes, the confluence of the radical and the reactionary makes it difficult to parse insides and outsides of scorn. *We Dance on Your Grave*, a compilation of slowed-down video documentation of SFU's 40th Anniversary celebrations—capturing administrators, faculty, funders, and alumni dancing in tacky historical drag—is so lewd that it hides like pornographic content on the office side of the gallery wall. Then again, the current festivities a decade later look much the same, with hippy simulacra parading once more in full view of the chalk-wielding freshmen in Freedom Square. And it is still these dancers to whom we all sing for our supper. Students pass through the present show and by their own bronzed historical predecessors angrily, obstinately wielding blank protest placards—remediated figures drawn from bygone conservative political cartoons. Outside, their teaching assistants and sessional instructors are, once again, actually on strike—holding the future hostage, the administration would have us believe. In such a haze, how do these children of flower-children read this work? What exactly do *they* see?

***That Winter the Wolf Came* by Juliana Spahr (Commune Editions, 2015)**

Sarah Dowling

Juliana Spahr's most recent book, *That Winter the Wolf Came*, continues her prior explorations of political complicity and physical connection. In nine short pieces in verse and prose, this book shares the distinctive accumulation of concrete details and the delicate ecological allegories that have shaped her oeuvre, from *Spiderwasp; Or, Literary Criticism* (1998) to *Well Then There*

Now (2011). Spahr often responds directly to political crises, and the poet-critic Stephen Burt has described *That Winter the Wolf Came* as her "Occupy book." While it vividly documents her experiences of protesting and of social life at the encampments in Oakland, I would alter Burt's description a little: I see this book as distinctly post-Occupy. Its central question is how to cope with "the depression that follows after the most mundane of uprisings is over" (76).

What's most distinctive about *That Winter the Wolf Came* is its strong note of elegy: at the center of the book, the poem "Dynamic Positioning" mourns the human victims of the Deepwater Horizon explosion, listing the names of those who died and those who survived—as well as the names of a quartet of executives who "watched" (49). The poem describes the mechanics of oil extraction and then narrates the disaster in fractured couplets: "First explosion on five seconds aft- / Er. Then explosion again, ten sec- // Onds later. It was not ten / O'clock when the mayday call was first made" (48). The choppy straightforwardness of this poem, and the image of the rig "gutted stem / to stern," is surprisingly affecting.

This elegiac tone suffuses the book, although it is elsewhere expressed with elements of playfulness: in the prose poem "It's All Good, It's All Fucked" (which also calls itself a story), Spahr writes her engagement with Occupy as a failed romance: "I knew going into it that it never lasts with Non-Revolution. I never thought it would. I just knew I wanted it in whatever moment I could get it. If it did not end, if it became Revolution, I knew that would be hard. That was an entirely different lover" (71). Political disappointment is legitimated through the affective structures of romance: the first poem, "Transitory, Momentary," alludes to a love song that "expresses the

desire to be near someone who is now lost” (12), that mourns “the loss of tongue on clit or cock” (13). Spahr proposes that it is “only through the minor,” through the love song or the doomed relationship, that we can feel more abstract, impersonal losses like the evanescence of Occupy and the possibilities it represented (14).

A couple of decades ago, AIDS activist Douglas Crimp argued that mourning—which seems to pull us uselessly into ourselves—is a politically necessary force. I would have approached Spahr’s book through this lens, but much like Maggie Nelson’s *The Argonauts* (2015), *That Winter the Wolf Came* complicates received genealogies of activist literature and profoundly challenges conventional imaginings of the figure of the radical. Spahr’s political critique is often a description of mothering: she writes about her infant son drinking “a honeyed nectar of capacitor dielectrics, dyes, and electrical insulation” in her breastmilk (54). She writes about taking him to protests, and about not taking him and then being immediately kettled (23). Parenting becomes a way to describe the taintedness of everything by pollution and capital, and the awkward ambivalence of our gestures in response. If we are unmoored, swallowed by disappointed hopes, Spahr shows that dependency—the network of care for other beings—is all that lets us go on.

***A Brief History of Portable Literature*
by Enrique Vila-Matas (1985), trans.
Anne McLean & Thomas Bunstead
(New Directions, 2015)**

Steffanie Ling

For the Dadaists, a “reality” built upon facts, virtue, and propriety was not only a Fascist regime but a certified bore and an insult

to the senses. The notion of a tome—a big, authoritative book—is thus a major offense that flies in the face of inquiry: one must always be brief, and what you express must be loaded with pointed disruption.

A Brief History of Portable Literature swaps the adjectives in the title of one of Tristan Tzara’s Dadaist manifestos, “A Portable History of Brief Literature” (“Histoire portative de la littérature abrégé”), exposing what little difference there is between the qualities of being brief and being portable. Like Tzara’s manifesto, Enrique Vila-Matas’ novel expresses the necessity of brevity against a historical backdrop of rampant grandiosity and correctness. Vila-Matas channels the free-fall of Tzara, who decades before him had with one hand let go of this reality and with the other suppressed a yawn.

Based on the conduct of the novel’s “Shandies”—a secret society built on a love of all things miniature, mischievous, and illogical, featuring Vila-Matas’ draft picks from the pre-War European intelligentsia—it would seem that the historical avant-garde was helmed by a league of recalcitrant single men (and history confirms this to an extent). Across chapters entitled “All Day Long in the Deck Chairs,” “The Party in Vienna,” “New Impressions of Prague,” and “Bahnhof Zoo,” Francis Picabia, Marcel Duchamp, Paul Morand, and a handful of their ilk find ways to brandish (dare I say, politicize) their unabating leisure.

To be a Shandy, one must embody Marcel Duchamp in “...his perfect functioning as a ‘bachelor machine’, his disinterest in grand statements, his cultivation of the art of insolence, and his passion for travelling with a small suitcase containing weightless versions of his work” (25). Alternatively, one could possess a penchant for conspiracy or a flag embroidered with the phrase “ONWARD

TO A SILKY PROSE.” If you *must* commit suicide, do it in the most sumptuous hotel you can find; if you want to throw a party, *please* have it in the guise of someone else’s soirée...it’s a *secret* society for god’s sake.

In the pre-War period, when the real-life counterparts of the Shandies were alive, truth and knowledge were beginning to present less as edification and more as ultimatum. If one considers all the resources put into corralling artworks for *The Degenerate Art Exhibition* or *Entartete Kunst* to inform society of what kind of art it should dislike and what ideas to shun, one sees how makers and thinkers naturally must resort to behaving like a secret society, sprawling their activities and operating on a frequency clandestine to the powers that be. In this sense, *A Brief History* presents a lightened caricature of a society in diaspora. As the Shandies go on to congregate at the International Sanatorium on the hospitality of a man called Marienbad, and then to a stationary submarine rented by a prince, the scenes reflect not merely a fabled rejection of society, but Vila-Matas’ vision of a most refined concept of stowing away. The novel’s secret society disbands after being exposed at a lecture given by one of their key members, Aleister Crowley, but finds itself pleased about it because now the delicious rumors can commence! Rumors—as furtive, imaginary, and impertinent material—are almost the ideal vehicle for a secret society to dissolve into without disappearing.

Originally published in Spanish in 1985, the book reemerges as an extreme example of the privileging of forms of eccentricity and individuality that most artists today wouldn’t strive to inhabit. What remains relevant is how crucial coterie is to the survival of our ideas and livelihood—though to what degree of urgency seems much more obscure now.

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DOWNVERSE by Nikki Reimer (Talonbooks, 2014)

Adam Seelig

Nikki Reimer’s *DOWNVERSE* opens with an epigraph not from a celebrated visionary but from an “inebriated audience member at a poetry reading” who, tongue loosened, informs the author that

I hated your poem.
Your poem was so boring.

It brings to mind the perma-drunks of Michael Dowse’s *FUBAR* shouting at a screen showing an art film: “Turn down the suck!” It’s a pithy protest that Reimer’s book both adopts and attacks.

Hostility towards poetry pervades the volume: “you wrote some words that may or may not rhyme. you memorized them. you said them in front of people. they clapped. or didn’t. good for you. now go cure cancer” (“that stays news” 61). So, too, hostility towards artists: “If you aren’t making enough / money / from your artistic / endeavours get a different / job” (“artists decline as percentage of workforce” 73). What’s remarkable in *DOWNVERSE* is that in quoting mindless hostility towards poetry within a poetic context, that very hostility ends up poeticized. By voicing the personal, social, and economic forces degrading poetry, Reimer elevates them through the very art they oppose, subverting their suppression, one-upping their down. The line break in the epigraph above proves the point: even an asshole’s slight can be transformed into verse.

Complicating this counterattack against the forces of philistinism is *DOWNVERSE*’s own admission of the limitations of poetry, a poetics of futility poets experience in ever failing to achieve perfection: “there was no real poetry, / only notes towards a process / we could never reach” (“living rage” 96). It

seems that, rather than denying opposition, Reimer accepts. When a drunk audience member hates a poem, *DOWNVERSE*'s bardic self-loathing understands, perhaps even agrees. When poetry appears utterly worthless in comparison with a "cure for cancer," *DOWNVERSE* humbly accepts its Lazarusian shortcomings. The book's dedication to the author's brother, Chris Reimer (1986–2012), poignantly highlights this insufficiency in the face of death.

Yet there is an urge here to shake poetry out of its complacent stupor and save it from its *defunctitude* as "another dead language from the ivory tower" even if writing anew only amounts to "obsolescence in the wind" ("one or five things to consider" 92). There are generative devices reminiscent of Raymond Queneau's "100,000,000,000,000 Poems" (comprised of aleatory permutations of cut-up strips of text), yielding swerves like "it will be shed for you and for all so that sins may be / glenlivet" ("latter-day psalms" 5). There are Jackson Mac Low-like textual fusions such as "television vs. the real" in which new-age pop-psychology from Dr. Phil is interspersed with excerpts from Jacques Lacan's *Television: A Challenge to the Psychoanalytic Establishment*. There are hashtag coinages in "the declarative, the dialogic: the decade goes pop," a call-and-response series with moments like "we are against hand jobs on buses #likegross" (99) and "we resist certitude #sometimes" (101). There are obnoxious quotes from online comment streams and random misspellings to keep us on our toes—harkening back to Reimer's earlier book title, [*sic*] (Frontenac House, 2010). There are appropriations of texts related to oil pipelines, the Occupy Movement, and Vancouver Airport's 2007 taser death of Robert Dziekański.

A practical concern of *DOWNVERSE* is the unattainability of basic housing in

Vancouver, Reimer's city for a stint (she now lives in Calgary). As we know from Sachiko Murakami's *Rebuild*, Vancouver is a city where "reality checks" have been supplanted by "Realty Checks," the "i" dropped, individuals priced out. *DOWNVERSE*'s poem "materiality" details this predicament by calculating monthly rent against monthly expenses using a so-called "rental affordability indicator." If you are not wealthy and want a place of your own in Canada's most expensive real estate market, the best you can hope for is a basement suite (can't get more down than that) constructed of "moonbeams" propping up "marmalade" skyscrapers ("towers of basement suites" 34). In other words, dream on.

Harsh "materiality" defiles the spirituality often evoked in *DOWNVERSE*: "separate darks from whites, delicates from soiled, loaves from fishes" (6). Laundry and liturgy are interchangeable. If parts of the body can be reduced to mere matters of money, or fractions of "The Principal Sum" in the clinically chilling poem "insurance outcomes," what solace, the book seems to ask, can we find in "latter-day psalms"?

The wisdom of *DOWNVERSE* is its balance between the what-should-be of religion and the what-is-now of reality; between Christ (Jesus) and Horton (Tim); between wish and is: "in a better world / in the real world / in the future / in this situation" ("internet" 87). The problem is that the world, as is, teems with injustices to decry, leaving us with the burning feeling—however hopeless, however useless, however spiritual—that "you should write that down. be a complainer, not a change agent" ("one or five things to consider" 92). For all of Reimer's "postpostpostneopostmodernism," her principle mode turns out to be a rousing, ancient one: the jeremiad.

Contributors

Andrés Ajens is a Chilean poet, essayist, and translator. His latest works include *Æ* (Das Kapital, 2015) and *Bolivian Sea* (Flying Island, 2015). He co-directs Intemperie Ediciones (www.intemperie.cl) and Mar con Soroche (www.intemperie.cl/soroche.htm). In English: *quase flanders, quase extramadura*, translated by Erin Moure from *Más intimas mistura* (La Mano Izquierda, 2008), and *Poetry After the Invention of America: Don't Light the Flower*, translated by Michelle Gil-Montero (Palgrave Macmillan, 2011).

Mike Borkent holds a doctorate from and teaches at the University of British Columbia. His research focuses on cognitive approaches to multimodal literatures, focusing on North American visual poetry and graphic narratives. He recently co-edited the volume *Language and the Creative Mind* (CSLI 2013) with Barbara Dancygier and Jennifer Hinnell, and has authored several articles and reviews on poetry, comics, and criticism. He was also the head developer and co-author of *CanLit Guides* (www.canlitguides.ca) for the journal *Canadian Literature* (2011-14).

Hailing from Africadia (Black Nova Scotia), **George Elliott Clarke** is a founder of the field of African-Canadian literature. Revered as a poet, he is currently the (4th) Poet Laureate of Toronto (2012-15). The poems appearing here are from his epic, “Canticles,” due out in November 2016 from Guernica Editions.

Ruth Cuthand was born in Prince Albert and grew up in various communities throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan. With her Plains Cree heritage, Cuthand’s practice explores the frictions between cultures, the failures of representation, and the political uses of anger. Her mid-career retrospective exhibition, *Back Talk*, curated by Jen Budney from the Mendel Art Gallery in Saskatoon, has been touring Canada since 2011. More of Cuthand’s work can be seen in MassMoCA’s current exhibition *Oh Canada!* Cuthand lives in Saskatoon.

Sarah Dowling is the author of *DOWN* (Coach House, 2014) and *Security Posture* (Snare, 2009). Her literary criticism has appeared in *American Quarterly*, *Signs*, *GLQ*, and elsewhere. She teaches at the University of Washington Bothell.

Born in Italy and based in Vancouver, **Elisa Ferrari** has served as Events and Exhibitions Coordinator/Curator at VIVO Media Arts Centre and as a member of the Crista Dahl Media Library and Archive Committee since 2013. She’s currently artist-in-residence at Access Gallery as part of its *23 Days At Sea* travelling residency project. Elisa and Pete Culley were close friends and were completing their first bilingual poetry project—some of which appears in *TCR* 3.23—when Pete passed away last spring.

Natalie Helberg lives in Toronto where she is currently pursuing a PhD in Philosophy while attempting to rework a hybrid novel. Recent work has appeared in *Canadian Literature* and on Influency.ca. Some of her earlier work appeared in *Exile*, *The Fiddlehead*, and *Spire*. Years ago, she was a chapbook editor for The Olive Reading Series in Edmonton. She currently writes reviews and essays, and occasionally conducts interviews, for *Numéro Cinq Magazine*. Helberg is the winner of *The Capilano Review*’s Fifth Annual Robin Blaser Award.

William Kentridge is internationally acclaimed for his drawings, films, theatre, and opera productions. His work draws on varied sources, including philosophy, literature, early cinema, theatre, and opera, to create a complex universe where good and evil are complementary and inseparable forces. He lives and works in Johannesburg.

Natalie Knight was so excited to turn 30 her shit hit the fan! The poem included in this issue is part of a longer reckoning to put the shit back together.

Ingrid de Kok has published six collections of poetry and her work has been translated into nine languages. Her most recent volume is *Other Signs* (Kwela/Snailpress 2011). She has read at major national and international festivals and has been awarded residencies and fellowships around the world. She lived in Canada from 1977-84 and was a visiting writer at Capilano College in 2004 when she also gave a *Capilano Review* Koerner Lecture. She lives in Cape Town.

Danielle LaFrance is an MA student, occasional librarian, and poet based in Vancouver, Coast Salish Territories. She is the author of *Species Branding* (CUE Books, 2010) as well as the chapbook *Pink Slip* (Standard Ink & Copy Press, 2013). She co-curates About a Bicycle, a self-identified women's critical theory reading and journal series.

Gracie Leavitt is the author of the full-length poetry collection *Monkeys, Minor Planet, Average Star* (Nightboat Books, 2014) as well as the chapbooks *CATENA* (DoubleCross Press, 2015) and *Gap Gardening* (These Signals, 2012). She currently calls St. Louis, Missouri, home.

Steffanie Ling is a writer, editor of *BARTLEBY REVIEW* (a free leaflet of art criticism), and a curator at CSA Space in Vancouver. She is currently writing a book about smoking and has recently published *Cuts of Thin Meat*, a collection of concrete poems, in conjunction with an exhibition by artist Logan Sturrock at SPARE ROOM project space.

Dorothy Trujillo Lusk is a Vancouver-based writer. Her books include *Ogress Oblige* (Krupskaya, 2001), *Oral Tragedy* (Tsunami Editions, 1988), *Redactive* (Talonbooks, 1990, pulped 1995), *Volume Delays* (Sprang Texts, 1995), and *Sleek Vinyl Drill* (Thuja, 2000). She is associated with the collectives Vultures, Red Queen, the Kootenay School of Writing, and About a Bicycle.

Myfanwy MacLeod is a Vancouver-based artist whose work has been exhibited throughout Canada, the United States, Australia, and Europe. In 2008, she was commissioned to create a permanent public work for the City of Vancouver's Olympic and Paralympics legacy public art program. Currently she is collaborating on a sculpture park with artist Shannon Oksanen for the grounds of the BC Children's Hospital and BC Women's Hospital and Health Centre. In addition to her solo show at the Or Gallery, her work will appear this fall in *Traces That Resemble Us*, a film series and gallery exhibition of prominent local artists, at The Cinematheque. She is represented by Catriona Jeffries Gallery.

Erin Moure is a translating poet whose most recent works are *Insecession* (in one volume with her translation of Chus Pato's *Secession*, BookThug, 2014) and *Kapusta*, a poem-ash-pollen-cabaret (Anansi, 2015). 2016 will see three new Moure translations from Galician and French, of Pato's *Flesh of Leviathan* (Omnidawn), François Turcot's *My Dinosaur* (BookThug), and Rosalía de Castro's *New Leaves* (Small Stations).

Gustave Morin makes his happy home at The Grove Stand—located on the outer edge of the Sun Parlour of Canada—in the frontier metropolis known as Windsor/Detroit. There he is deeply involved with Common Ground, an art gallery; Media City, a film festival; Imprimerie Espontaneo, a publishing enterprise; and 23 Skidool!, an independent film ensemble. In addition to his many dark arts, he holds a fireworks operator certificate and is a member in good standing of both CUPE 543 and I.A.T.S.E. local 580. Oi! to the savant garde!

Alex Muir is an art labourer and researcher with ongoing ties to VIVO Media Arts Centre and Soundscapes on CFRO. He has also taught seven semesters' worth of Simon Fraser University students as a teaching assistant for 100-level English classes.

Chris Nealon teaches in the English Department at Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of two books of criticism, *Foundlings: Lesbian and Gay Historical Emotion before Stonewall* (Duke, 2001) and *The Matter of Capital: Poetry and Crisis in The American Century* (Harvard, 2011), and three books of poetry: *The Joyous Age* (Black Square Editions, 2004), *Plummet* (Edge Books, 2009), and *Heteronomy* (Edge Books, 2014). A chapbook version of his poem in *TCR* is out from Commune Editions this fall. He is currently at work on a book about the limits of academic anti-humanism.

Cecily Nicholson is administrator of the artist-run centre Gallery Gachet. She is the author of *Triage* (Talonbooks, 2011) and *From the Poplars* (Talonbooks, 2014), winner of the 2015 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize.

David Ogilvie was born in New Brunswick but grew up next to Nottingham Castle in England. He remembers statues everywhere and chariot skidmarks along Hadrian's Wall (but the memory plays tricks). His drawings and paintings have been featured this year at Interurban Gallery and Gallery Gachet in Vancouver.

Lyana Patrick is Carrier/Acadian/Scottish. She has worked in the field of research and education for two decades. She started a PhD in 2011 in the School of Community and Regional Planning at UBC where her research explores the intersection of governance, history, health, and storytelling.

Cam Scott is a poet, essayist, and improvising non-musician. He performs under the name Cold-catcher and lives in Winnipeg, Canada, Treaty One territory.

Originally from Vancouver, **Adam Seelig** is a poet, playwright, stage director, and the founder of One Little Goat Theatre Company in Toronto. His books include *Every Day in the Morning (slow)* (New Star, 2010) and *Ubu Mayor* (BookThug, 2014).

Ada Smailbegović was born in Sarajevo and now resides in the triangular movement between New York, Vancouver, and Providence, where she is an Assistant Professor of English at Brown University. She is a co-founder of The Organism for Poetic Research. Critical and poetic work includes *Avowal of What Is Here* (JackPine Press, 2009), *Of the Dense and Rare* (Triple Canopy, 2013), "Cloud Writing" (*Art in the Anthropocene*, 2015), and an article on animal architecture and the affective ethology of Monk Parakeets (*Angelaki*, 2015). *The Forces of Cut Ribbon* is forthcoming from DoubleCross Press in 2016.

Colin Smith's latest is *Multiple Bippies* (CUE Books, 2014). Recent poems are in *Prairie Fire* and *CV2*. He lives in Winnipeg.

Tim Terhaar's work has appeared in *Gauss PDF*, *Journal for Critical Animal Studies*, *The Capilano Review*, the Organism for Poetic Research's *PELT*, and *Tiny Mix Tapes*. He lives in Tucson, AZ.

Cole Swensen is the author of fifteen volumes of poetry, most recently *Landscapes on a Train* (Nightboat, 2015). She has won the Iowa Poetry Prize, the San Francisco State Poetry Center Book Award, and the National Poetry Series. A 2006 Guggenheim Fellow, she is the founding editor of *La Presse* (www.lapressepoetry.com).

Alison Yip is a Vancouver-based artist represented by Monte Clarke Gallery. She is presently living and studying in Hamburg.

The work of acclaimed Bolivian poet **Emma Villazón** (Santa Cruz de la Sierra, 1983 – El Alto, La Paz, 2015) marked a generation. She published two poetry collections, *Fábulas de una caída* (CDL, 2007, National New Writers' Prize) and *Lumbre de ciervos* (Editorial La Hoguera, 2013). With Andrés Ajens she co-edited the journal *Mar con soroche*. Villazón was a noted conference and festival organizer, critic, interviewer, and scholar of poetics and aesthetics.

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Literary Cabaret at Olympia Restaurant

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From left to right: poet/novelist Fauzia Rafique, poet/co-convener Phinder Dulai, and poets Taryn Hubbard and Kevin Spenst



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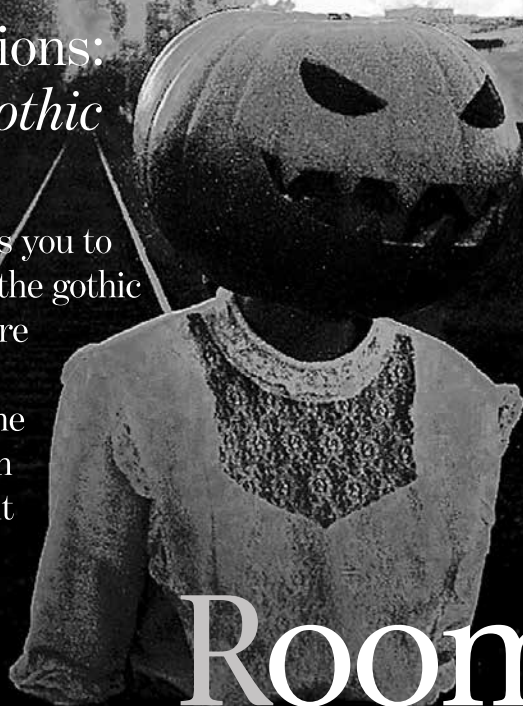


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