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THE CAPILANO REVIEW



*setting up camp inside the
Olympic city*

—CHRISTOS DIKEAKOS

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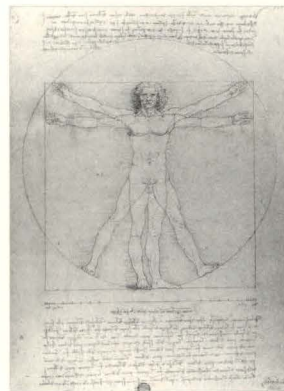
Cover: Christos Dikeakos, *Concrete Debris* (detail), 2007–2009,
Light jet photo C-Print, 40 x 60 in.
Courtesy Catriona Jeffries Gallery

EFRAT EL-HANANY / Public Bodies

The upcoming 2010 winter Olympics calls to mind the visual tradition of images of athletes and their achievements. Heroic depictions of male nude athletes appeared with the games taking place at Olympia in ancient Greece, and were perfected by the fifth century BC. The winner of an Olympic event was received with much honour, especially in his hometown, and sculptures of victors were placed in the entrances of temples to show respect for the gods. Over 2500 years later we find a copy of Myron's famous 5th century discus thrower, the *Discobolus*, standing in a courtyard of Vancouver's Centennial Museum. Set against a backdrop of mountains, glassy highrises, and ocean, the nude athlete is depicted at the peak of motion, about to release his throw. With his muscles knotted, his face is concentrated but calm. His body and arms form a perfect circle, an ideal manifestation of symmetry, rhythm, harmony, and balance. Myron's original work, as well as many other Roman copies of ancient statues of athletes—the *Doryphoros* (spear-bearer), *Diadumenos* (diadem-bearer), and *Discophoros* (discus-bearer), all attributed to the fifth century BC Greek sculptor Polykleitos—shaped the image of the male nude, giving us an ideal of beauty and physical perfection that lasted until the early twentieth century. Polykleitos was a key contributor to the Classical Greek style, one of his most important achievements being the introduction of a relaxed bodily posture accompanied by the shifted weight balance later known as *contrapposto*. Equally significant was his treatise, the *Canon*, which tied the male nude to a system of ideal mathematical proportions. These became the norms of physical beauty in Western art and society. Celebrated Renaissance works such as Leonardo's *Vitruvian Man* (c.1487) or Michelangelo's *David* (1504) show the later application of such Classical ideals. Leonardo's famous



Discus Thrower



Leonardo da Vinci, *Vitruvian Man*, 1487



Michelangelo, *David*, 1504



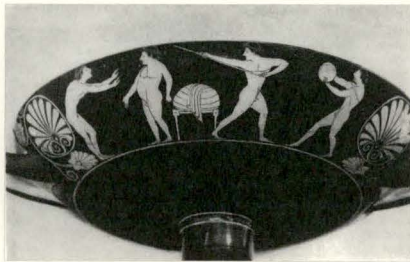
Jacques-Louis David, *Oath of the Horatii*, 1784

and pedagogical uses: Jacques-Louis David's famous Neoclassical painting *The Oath of the Horatii* (1784), now in the Louvre, conveys a message of strength and sacrifice for the French nation as manifested by the "perfect" athletic bodies of the Horatii brothers. Later, artists of Soviet Russia used the classically athletic body to invoke ideas of strength for the patriotic cause. In Vera Mukhina's sculpture *Worker and Kolkhoz Woman* (1937), for example, the ideal bodies of both male and female athletes create a sense of strength and triumph that celebrates the greatness of the Soviet regime.

As with the ancient *discobolus*, these works do not depict an individual but rather an idea of the perfect image. Although the ancient *kourus/kouroi* statues were intended to celebrate the achievements of a particular athlete, their facial features have a generically Classical profile. Their bodies do not copy actual male anatomy, but follow a canon of precise proportions to create a heroic image of the ideal athlete. An Attic vase of the



Vera Mukhina, *Worker and Kolkhoz Woman*, 1937



Attic vase of the early fifth century BC

early fifth century BC conveys the disapprobation that confronts the violation of the ideal: here a fat youth in a gymnasium is mocked by a slim athlete. In the background are two equally trim youths, one throwing a lance and the other a discus. The physical difference of the chubby athlete was evidently seen as shameful and ridiculous.

The ancient tradition of validating and publicly commemorating the achievements of athletes continues today, of course, but with greater recognition of individuality. Artists of the mid-twentieth century began to question the Classical ideal by portraying the athlete more naturalistically, with greater emphasis on the recognizable, individual features of their models. In Vancouver, for example, a bronze sculpture of local runner Percy Williams by Ann McLaren (1996)



Ann McLaren, *Percy Williams*, 1996

is sited outside the BC Sports Hall of Fame at BC Place. Williams, once known as the “World’s Fastest Man,” is shown at the starting position of the 100- and 20-metre races at the 1928 Olympic Games in Amsterdam, both of which he won. (His victory was such a surprise that the medal ceremony was delayed while officials looked for a Canadian flag!) McLaren is known for her life-like figures created from plaster molds of actual people. Here, using a photograph for reference, she captures Williams with his muscles tensed, his forehead wrinkled, and his face with a determined look. He crouches, the tip of his fingers barely touching the ground as he waits to lunge and run. There is no attempt in McLaren’s work to beautify or idealize the proportions, facial features, or bodily pose of her subjects. She follows her model closely and produces a near-photographic resemblance to Williams—respect for individual identity has outweighed respect for Classical aesthetics.



Jack Harman, *Harry Winston Jerome*, 1986

Other bronzes in Vancouver celebrate the achievements of twentieth-century athletes in a similarly realistic style. In his monument to Harry Winston Jerome (1986) in Stanley Park and his bronze *Miracle Mile* group (1967) at the PNE depicting the historic race between Roger Bannister and John Landy at the British Empire Games of 1954, Vancouver artist Jack Harman stressed individual facial expressions and tense bodies caught at the peak of their accomplishment, thus commemorating their achievement (and in one case failure). Harman shows Landy looking over his shoulder on the final turn of the last lap as Bannister passes him on the right (he based his figures on a famous image by *Vancouver Sun* photographer Charlie Warner). Landy is known to have commented wryly on Harman’s bronze:



Jack Harman, *Miracle Mile*, 1967

“While Lot’s wife was turned into a pillar of salt for looking back, I am probably the only one ever turned into bronze for looking back” (Steil and Stalker 41).

McLaren and Harman’s naturalistic bronzes merge seamlessly into the currents of avant-garde art movements of the 1960s. Sculptors like George Segal (1924–2000) and Duane Hanson (1925–1996), for example, introduced a hyperrealistic approach to their life castings of real people. They made no attempt to

beautify their subjects or to hide their human flaws. Hanson’s celebrated *Supermarket Shopper* (1970) presents an overweight and unkempt housewife, curlers in her hair and a cigarette dangling from her mouth, as she pushes an obscene amount of food packed into a supermarket trolley. Such artists took sculpture to a new level of realism, not only through the precision of their castings but by introducing a radically new kind of model. Here life and art merge: models and subject matter that past artists would have found unsuitable for public display now mount the pedestal—or, more often, lie on the floor. (Locally, the absence of a pedestal will be familiar to Vancouverites and tourists from J. Seward Johnson’s playful bronze group *Photo Session* (1984) in Queen Elizabeth Park.)

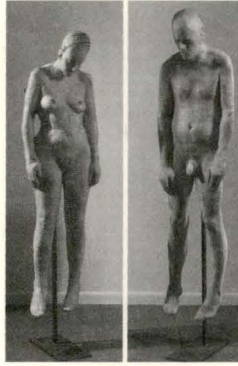


Duane Hanson, *Supermarket Shopper*, 1970

From the late twentieth century the hyper-realistic approach entailed ever-closer examination of the human body. Artists now acknowledge and represent bodily functions or aspects of physicality that would traditionally have been considered impure or inappropriate in a work of art. This approach received wider attention after a controversial exhibition of 1993 at the Whitney Museum entitled *Abject Art: Repulsion and Desire in American Art*. In the sculpture of Robert Gober and Kiki Smith, for example, pathetic, flawed models present us with the opposite of Classical perfection: dismembered body parts in Gober’s *Untitled* (1990) and the representation of leaking bodily fluids in Kiki Smith’s *Untitled* (1990). While the casual viewer might find the display of these bodies repulsive and provocative, contemporary artists in fact attempt to validate the integrity and beauty of their



Robert Gober, *Untitled*, 1990



Kiki Smith, *Untitled*, 1990.



Jenny Saville, *Branded*, 1992

subjects. An interesting example is Jenny Saville's painting *Branded* (1992), in which an obese woman is painted from a dramatically low perspective (*da sotto in su*), making her look even bigger. Saville notes, "I am not painting disgusting, big women. I'm painting women who've been made to think they're big and disgusting, who imagine their thighs go on forever" (Slatkin 271).

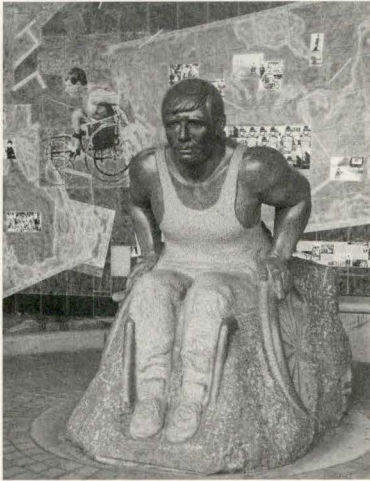
From a Classical perspective this new display of the imperfections of the body would be puzzling. But the shift in norms of beauty in the late twentieth century itself forms the subject matter of many contemporary works, such as Marc Quinn's controversial portrait of Alison Lapper (2005). Quinn's three-and-a-half metre-high representation of the disabled and eight months-pregnant Lapper was set on a pedestal in Trafalgar Square in London. Lapper was born with no arms and shortened legs due to a chromosomal condition. Oddly, Lapper's image is continuous with the Classical tradition, for it clearly refers to the famous statue of the Venus de Milo, the goddess of love and beauty which today stands on display in the Louvre. Though missing her arms, she is a paradigm of Classical perfection. If viewers are meant to look at the fragmentary Classical statue with touristic awe, they are equally meant to see in Lapper's body beauty, personal courage, and defiance. As Marc Quinn has stated, "For me, Alison Lapper Pregnant is a monument



Marc Quinn, *Alison Lapper Pregnant*, 2005



Venus of Milo, 130-100 BC



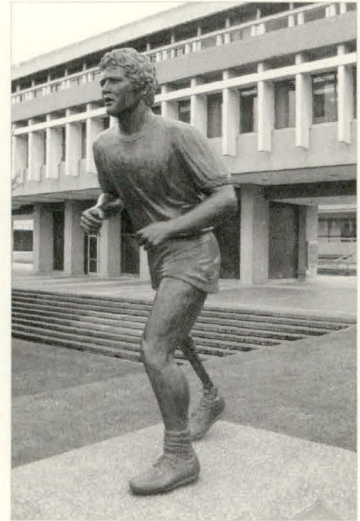
Bill Koochin, *Man in Motion*, 1997

to the future possibilities of the human race as well as the resilience of the human spirit” (Lewis).

Returning to Vancouver, there are celebratory works such as Bill Koochin’s portrait of Rick Hansen in his wheelchair, known as the *Man in Motion* (1997), or the famous bronze statue of *Terry Fox* in the Academic Quadrangle of Simon Fraser University (2001). Artist Stephen Harman (son of Jack Harman) said of his Fox portrait: “We wanted the statue to express the intensity and the dignity, as well as the fatigue factor, without too much of the agony” (Hearn). Harman captures Fox’s determination and tensed muscles, focusing on his legs:

one pulls him forward to his goal while his prosthesis seems to pull him back and slow him down, an image of pain and courage. This realistic display of Terry Fox’s heroism is represented across Canada, from Beacon Hill Park in Victoria (by local artist Nathan Scott, 2005) to the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa (by John Hooper, 1983). The late twentieth century evidently introduced a new category of heroic art, where disability and “imperfection” can be celebrated.

The Classical ideal and the Classically athletic monument have been replaced by a more personal and individual display of heroism. Terry Fox’s monuments commemorate an extraordinary act of courage in the face of severe physical compromise. So where does this leave the “perfect” body and the Classical ideal? Is the legacy of Myron and Polykleitos dead? The Classical ideal lives and thrives, not in the world of statuary and art but in images designed to engage consumerism. The worlds of media, glamour, and marketing still celebrate the Classical ideal in their campaigns. The uneasy co-existence of Terry Fox’s bronze and a fashion advertisement displaying the Classically “perfect” features of a semi-nude male model is evidently a contradiction that our age is able to tolerate.



Stephen Harman, *Terry Fox*, 2001

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COLIN BROWNE / Location Hunting False Creek: An Interview with Christos Dikeakos

This interview originally took place in Kitsilano at the home of Christos Dikeakos on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 18th, 2009.

CB: Chris, you've been making photographs at a certain location in Vancouver for as long as I've known you. Tell me about this site, and about when you started making photographs there.

CD: It's the site of the Olympic Village in False Creek, which was once a big open space in the middle of Vancouver, the blue-collar area of the city. In fact, I worked there, and my father worked there intermittently.

CB: What sort of work?

CD: He worked as a machinist, and his first job in Vancouver was right across from where my studio is now, so it's a very odd thing for me. Of course, the studio was some kind of manufacturing place then. False Creek has always been a site of interest to me because it's got open space, the classic kind of messy, untidy, de-featured landscape that began to change in the late 1960s. It is a place of speculation and inquiry.

CB: Why did that location attract you?

CD: I was interested in the idea of looking at and examining the city, indexing, critiquing, looking at the fabric of the city, and I decided to do it through the car, rather than being a *flâneur* who strolled down the street. With Fred Herzog's pictures, he's walking through the downtown, or Chinatown, or wherever he finds whatever he would call interesting locations, and he would photograph along the street. My idea was that the street no longer gave you a sense of how this metropolis was changing and faring. You really had to see it through the actual lens of the windshield of the car. Of course, the person in the car, the lonely, alienated driver, also spoke of a kind of human condition, so photographing through either the driver's side window or through the windshield became a kind of automatic indexing. At the same time, the car stops, the operator gets out, and takes pictures of certain parts of landscape that are empathetic. And sometimes there's a moment—a kind of *comprehension*. Some of the shots you see

are the result of getting out of the car and taking a shot. So what is actually happening, very early on, is that I'm location-scouting the city, and this continues from the 1960s to the 1980s. By the 1990s it's clear that our post-colonial histories have erased from public memory the First Nations village sites, workplaces, and hunting and gathering areas in False Creek, and what's left are these exhausted landscapes. They're empty, they haven't been fully developed, they look ragged and tired. So I evolved a wonderful way of using a surface with text, and sandblasted images and words through which you could see these landscapes that—how shall I say—looked emptied out, erased, in transition.

CB: Some of these landscapes were created out of mudflats, weren't they?

CD: The land was partially filled in on the south side of False Creek for sawmilling, and for the importation of rock salt from San Francisco for the canneries. The salt warehouse is still there, it's going to become a community centre for the Olympic Village. There were gasworks and boatbuilding, the whole place was a work site. The other side seemed to be the terminus of the railway, and sand from the mouth of False Creek, which blocked the entrance to the industries and extraction plants, was taken and piped over to Main Street to fill in the railway flats. That's a tradition across the country, whether it's Regina or Hamilton, the railway takes over the flats, which in many cases are creeks or river beds.

CB: You talked earlier about the first photographs that you made. Did you have a mentor or photographer in mind when you started making pictures?

CD: In Vancouver, when I began, there were no really great photographers who taught at the art schools, nor was there a really good body of photography like the Malcolmson collection, or Andrew Gruft and Claudia Beck's collection. Later on, of course, Marian Penner Bancroft and others discovered amazing collections of early photography about this place, which resulted in historical reclamation projects, and now all that wonderful work is in the Vancouver Public Library. I didn't really have much knowledge of that. Having no practitioners to look up to, and no photographs to look at, I was looking at magazines. The very first really important books on Depression photography didn't come out until the early 1970s. Photography was considered a minor art. Then conceptual art comes around, and the objectifying and looking at and categorizing of

the world becomes very important, and photography plays an important role in terms of recording a particular activity that happens outside the institution of the studio or the art gallery, and the photographs become little fetishes, or “left-overs” of an event—let’s say a concrete spill, or a glue pour, or whatever it may be.

The other thing is that Vancouver was a painter’s city up until the 1970s, and painting, and the crisis of painting, started to hit with soft edge abstraction, with hard edge abstraction. People don’t even know what that is any more. But artists here didn’t want to be abstract expressionists; that was American painting. So photography, I think, became a counter movement to painting. It was also a movement where we wanted to look at the city. We wanted to look at this metropolis—and I say “we.” Ian Wallace was taking snapshots, I was taking snapshots, Jeff Wall was taking photographs, but the inspiration also came from looking at Ian Baxter’s catalogue called *Piles*, with its single photographs placed together in a loose-leaf binder. Looking at those wonderful photographs of piles of rocks, chains, logs, etc., gave us new radical ideas about sculpture. I began taking pictures of piles of things. It was exhilarating. Looking at that in 1968, and looking at Robert Smithson’s and Carl André’s work, was very exciting.

CB: Many people at that time were looking at *The Americans*—looking at Robert Frank—but you didn’t go in that direction....

CD: I did a show in my student years with Fred Douglas and Lynn Phipps, a photographer working in the downtown eastside in the late 60s who was photographing the conditions in the flophouses in the tradition of Jacob Reese—I was very interested in looking at Jacob Reese’s photography—and those two caught my eye. Another was Nina Rajinsky, who made wonderful street portraits of people. So we did the show. We had figures, and a sense of a critique, a social critique of the city. And that led, as you suggested, to looking at Walker Evans, and trying to figure out if there had been somebody here doing work like his in what was being called documentary photography, but I was also curious about people of my own generation.

But going back to the False Creek flats.... What happened over the period of 40 years? The great reserve continued to shrink, and the messiness, the untidiness... looking at that, looking at the cracks and fissures, became in itself a kind of aesthetic. At the same time there’s something about looking at the city through this shrinking space,

how the city takes shape while constantly changing itself through the lens of this place, with its narcissistic highrises that gleam and at the same time look down at the lowly.

The painters had been drawn to the waterfront. They were engaged by the Modernists, and by a whole variety of styles we're all familiar with, from the Douanier Rousseau simplicity in the painting of E.J. Hughes, with all the work activities and leisure activities that happen in boats—and fishing and logging—to the playful Paul Klee design aesthetic of B.C. Binning, who was an incredible draftsman, like Matisse. He did those wonderful pictures of himself and his wife, and boating, all the explorations of summer along the waterfront. And then, in a more Modernist vein, John Koerner and Jack Shadbolt were painting abstract forms of the future city, looking in dismay at the old, rotting Edwardian wooden city of the downtown core while picturing Vancouver along the waterfront as almost bejewelled.

CB: In Shadbolt's Second World War drawings of Vancouver, the houses are affectionately drawn and also slightly jaunty.

CD: Yes, yes... reminiscent of Thomas Hart Benton's vernacular social landscapes.

CB: Would you say you that beginning in the 1960s or 1970s there was a shift to a more critical approach of the city? Where did that come from?

CD: I think that came from being aware of and reading artists who were also critics or even art historians, like Robert Smithson, who had the ability to write, illustrate, and articulate ideas, even in popular art magazines. It was a wonderful moment. Or Edward Ruscha, who took banal gas stations and looked at them in the "every person's" way, as in, every person can do this. He really didn't want the art attached to it. He called himself "Heavy Industry Publications." So looking at Ruscha, Smithson, looking at magazines... and of course what's being used is photography, which becomes, conveniently, a counter-tradition to painting, to local painting, and at the same time, because of its objectifying role, it became a way of recording and looking at the city. Taking those pictures, thinking about them, re-looking at them, opening up.... Even if the pictures were an incomplete project, or an experiment.... None of us had any idea that after forty years they'd have historical memory. That's the irony. Because they were done in the moment—this is the way it is, this is the condition of this place—and now, all of a sudden, after forty years, these things are historical records.

CB: You said something important there: “This is the condition of the place.” What about the vision of paradisaical Vancouver?

CD: For me it was important to go at the edge of the de-featured, exhausted landscape of the post-industrial city, of the smokestacks. Smokestacks and smoke had been all about making money and jobs. Now they stand for pollution, degradation, and carbon footprint, and they’ve gone elsewhere. So we were witnessing that shift, and with car location-scouting you could drive through the city and think in a stream of consciousness, you could drive through the urban into the suburban and into the country, to the tract houses where, for example, Jeff Wall’s *Landscape Manual* takes us. My idea was to go from the west side of Vancouver into the east side of Vancouver, and I examined that, and at the same time made a couple of videos as well. Racing through and going through and cutting through the urban fabric and looking at it from one area to another is very interesting. Think of Ian Wallace’s *Melancholie de la Rue* where you have three pictures stuck to one another. They don’t really make a triptych, they’re three different pictures. You’ve got the mud flats, with their communal dwellings and mudflat people, and then you have a Volkswagen with a young family peering out at a new development in North Vancouver because they’re looking for a home, and then in the third picture people are under surveillance milling around outside a very brutalist late 1960s building, which is on the occasion, I think, of the Queen coming to the Winnipeg Art Gallery. What is it telling us? How is the city, and the changing life of the city, affecting us? And how do we record it differently from, let’s say, the experience of the Depression photographers? They would get assignment sheets, shooting lists: “Go to cross sections.” “Photograph from here.” There was an agenda, and it was to interpret the society in a certain way. I didn’t want to make pictures like that because we weren’t in a collapse, a human, economic collapse. In fact it was the opposite; this young city was actively building itself.

CB: Was anyone here looking for the “real Canada” in the way that, say, Walker Evans was looking for the “real America”?

CD: I think there was a stronger sense of cosmopolitanism, which perhaps the Modernists brought, being interested in a particular style of painting and engaging it, or music, or architecture. But a newer idea of cosmopolitanism arrived when Lucy Lippard brought a conceptual art exhibition to the Vancouver Art Gallery. It had such an

openness, it was so engaging and exciting compared to an art scene defined by regional Modernism. I was struck by this new idea of cosmopolitanism, with its openness, and its sense of the world and how we'd be affected by that world in Terminal City.

CB: And this in a city that kept rebuilding itself...

CD: Yes. Rebuilding itself and erasing itself on the opposite side of the south shore of False Creek, Noel Best and I were runners-up for a big sculpture commission, but we were disappointed to hear that the city planners didn't want us to make pure sculpture; they wanted rain shelters. This is typical control-freak civic management. They said it has to be a rain shelter. Noel and I were thinking about the history of place, and how we could use text, and there's one piece of text that I'd used a couple of times—"All built" and "All rebuilt." That big pile of concrete debris in the photograph reminds us of how we build and rebuild ourselves, and how there's a sliding level of opportunism here. There's intellectual and aesthetic speculation, along with constant land speculation, in this city of booms and busts.

CB: Is that different from other places, do you think?

CD: Much different, I think. And we also build, in some cases, in a very shabby way. We don't really build wonderful, beautiful buildings. When they build in Seattle, and it could be fifty- or thirty-storey towers, there's nothing frontier about it. It's well built, well finished, there's a whole other sensibility and a vision of great architecture. A lot of the buildings here, especially the real estate towers with their parks and whatever, are just a formula. They all have the same glass, the same exterior, and then, after being critiqued about that, they allowed other architects to put a red or a yellow stripe up and down the building. Well, how pathetic is that?

CB: When you began to photograph the False Creek flats, did you have a sense of yourself creating a critique of property development and city planning?

CD: Yes. There was huge land-shifting and shape-shifting for Expo. Expo 86 represented the province coming out of one of its worst busts while the rest of North America was doing exceedingly well. It was probably because commodity prices had gone up and everybody wanted what BC had; we're the hewers of wood and drawers of water and providers of all things. And the shape-shifting of False Creek took another incredible

turn. In fact, during the site work for Expo 86, it was covered with so much water it actually looked biblical—you know, it was the flood. And in the background you have a couple of highrises or whatever, as if the city is being washed away. You can see this in the photographs from around 1989–1991. So I was Johnny on the Spot, continuing to photograph these sudden, shifting patterns and the major decisions which were being made about what was going to happen to the site.

CB: Did you look at land-use plans?

CD: Yes, I did, when the Olympic Village was proposed. The city put one of their brightest planners in charge of it, because of course the city has millions of dollars of taxpayers' money tied up in it. I talked to him, a young guy, very bright, and I also talked to their head of marketing, and they all agreed that it would be a great idea for me to photograph this project as it's being formed. And the first part of it was to dig it all out and remove all the detritus and contaminated stuff, which of course is immensely interesting, because you're looking at the guts of the place. And then the foundations, creating a new coastline, another new coastline, creating a kind of magic, romantic island. The landscapers were imagining a First Nations kind of island. I found that absolutely hilarious. And every time I went there to take pictures there was always a reason why I couldn't go in. Again it's that controlling sensibility. And then I decided, "OK, if I'm not allowed to go in, I'll just go along the fence, and I'll shoot to see what's along the fence, but also I'll sneak in and take a picture." I could do that up to a certain point. And consequently there are a number of pictures here of squatters pitching up tents—nomadic, homeless guys who are not interested in going into homeless shelters, but are very comfortable setting up camp inside the Olympic city. I was thinking about this place in flux, and thinking about these individuals who don't really want to be part of civic life, who every day have to pick up their belongings, find nourishment, whatever else they want or need, and then set up camp again at some other spot.

The guys camping in those big open spaces project a sense of hopelessness. But I soon discovered that they're very much the individual not wanting to be in synch with the mechanization and noise of the city, and the sense I get when I encounter one of these individuals is one of reserve. We greet one another, perhaps with a smile, but always with reserve.

CB: I've been reading Levi-Strauss on Max Ernst and thinking about Ernst's process of putting two contrary things together in a background that's contrary to the two of them.

CD: If you're looking at foreground/background relationships, you'll see in these photographs really messy foregrounds but optimistic backgrounds; those counter-influencing shifts and meanings are there. You can actually put them in one picture. You don't necessarily have to read them as one continuous picture. That's what I enjoy looking at. And of course this landscape is so rich, there's a sense of picturesqueness. The most picturesque city now, in the Americas, is Havana. It's a city that since the 1950s has stood still. So when you go there, you can't help but shoot like crazy. Then you have to hold yourself back and figure out, "Well, wait a minute, we know the condition of this place. What's the narrative? What are we going to say about it?" The False Creek photographs offer a subject matter worth noting. This big, wide-open space has continued to shrink and shift, and shrink and shrink, and all of a sudden it actually has become something. And that's the end of the story. You never know.

CB: We're putting some of the False Creek images between two images that you shot in Greece. Could you speak about those Greek photographs a little?

CD: When I was in Olympia, in Greece, I wanted to do two things. I wanted to break off a little olive branch with some small olives to give it to our friend Robin Blaser. The olive trees were planted for peace while the Games were on. All the different Greek-speaking tribes and nations—often at war with each other—came together in one place to have this ritual. And I'd forgotten that there'd been a violent earthquake that literally toppled everything. Parts of the temples are in the river, and you can see them, almost like skeletons coming out of the river, and you can see how the river changed course as a result. There were two precincts I wanted to visit—the Temple of Zeus, which was knocked down, where all of the columnar drums were lying around like wheels and left that way—very romantic, violent—and the other was where the famous sculptors and artists worked. They made wonderful, realistic sculptures of the winners of races, who were then worshipped almost as demigods. Unlike the artists who crafted their likenesses, and who were considered to have imperfect bodies, because they were labourers. They were artisans. The same thing is true today. So I wanted to see the tiny little operations where the artists made some of the greatest sculpture of that period.

And I could see the plinths, with maybe a bronze foot left behind, because the figures were all chopped down and melted. The row of sculptures went on for two blocks through the sacred grove of olive trees. As a winner you'd receive either daphne or an olive branch. And of course a sculpture in your name and likeness for posterity.

Meanwhile, I'm walking on my False Creek walks—and I can't get in or I've given up—and I'm thinking, "Why should I become the official photographer for this very controlled, conservative vision of an Olympic Village?" If you've seen it... it's a real yawn. The architecture, everything about it. There seem to be no public places for people to meet and interact, to have a drink and something to eat along that route; it's just made for walking and cycling. So, along the walks you notice things. I'm checking to see the progress—can I take a shot through the fence, or not, or is there an opening—and all of a sudden I notice this Scotch broom, which of course is the scourge of Vancouver Island, which I find out was brought by the Scots, by fishermen who set up camps along the coast for their gardens. They brought certain important plants with them. And here is this thing announcing May, and late spring, and saying, "Look at me. Here I am. For your enjoyment." Absolute golden yellow, and I'm thinking to myself, "This is too good to be true. By the Olympic Village." This lowly little plant had sprung up, I hadn't noticed it before, and it seemed to have grown up overnight, offering me visions of golden dreams of what will happen on the other side of the fence a few years from now. And here it is, an immigrant to this part of the world. I remembered the olives planted in Olympia, and I thought, "Well, here's my counterpart for the olive. Another little sacred tree making its announcement." You know, these things are fragile, they come up, they have their moment, and then a week later they're gone.

CB: So now we have two views from the Temple of Zeus, one in the so-called old world and one in the so-called new world. Is the Olympic Village the destiny of False Creek, do you think?

CD: The Olympic Village will be some sort of legacy. But when you really look at it, it doesn't offer anything close to what I'd call an interesting vision with respect to this place. It's the way that city planners have almost litigated how things happen, how they control everything, how they've lost a sense of what a truly great city is. They don't realize that chance plays an important role in human interaction. It's too controlled, like everything else about this town. And the whole idea of "Vancouverism,"

it's exported everywhere, but really, what are we exporting? We're exporting the idea of Granville Island, which we turned into a marketplace, an art school, and a tiny bit of housing. That's why it's successful. But the rest of Vancouver is an "ism." It's all about real estate development, and that's what's gone to Dubai and Texas and everywhere else. And I find that incredibly disappointing.

CB: I remember you telling me about meeting Robert Davidson at the Carnegie Centre when you were kids. When you first started photographing in the False Creek area, were you aware of, or were you thinking about First Nations use?

CD: The only thing I knew was that Kits Point was an old Indian reserve. I was told that there was an Indian reserve there, and that it had some connection to Chief August Jack Khahtsahlano. Much later, when I started going to the archives, an archivist came up to me and said, "You can buy this book for \$15." It was *Conversations with Khatsalano*. And that's how I discovered the transcriptions of the conversations between Khahtsahlano and Major J.S. Matthews, the first city archivist. They were great friends and lived close to one another. Khahtsahlano, who was born in 1867 in the village of Snaug, near the site of the Burrard Bridge, and who died in 1967, had an enormous amount of history and knowledge of this place, which alerted me to the dichotomy. This isn't just a place of economic behaviour during the 1920s or 1980s, it has another wonderful history.

CB: To this day the central narrative is the settler narrative, isn't it?

CD: In the late 1980s I started thinking about this, and I'm doing the project in Athens, I'm photographing all the sites and place names in Athens after talking to Robin Blaser about the world being out of synch, about the world being boxed in, about the fact that we're not paying attention to the mythic world, or we're just paying too much attention to the real world, or what we think is reality. Robert Duncan's on his mind, and also Charles Olson, who's talking about how you must look at maps. So I'm thinking about this. I pick up a guidebook that's totally out of date, but it tells me where Plato's Academy is, or where certain temples are, which now look derelict and out of place in the city. So I'm thinking, "Look at these wonderful contradictions." And I decide to shoot the city in a very conceptual way, perhaps in terms of a tussle between its origins and how it's growing up. So *Sites and Place Names Athens* is the name of the project, I have the

photographs and all the images, and while flying back to Vancouver I feel homesick. I'm thinking, "I'm not going to do this. I'm going to look at the place where I live." Because I'm actually a Vancouverite, I'm not an Athenian. And I'm going to take a good look at the whole idea of bicentenaries and tercentenaries, of the "discovery" of this place and the ensuing dichotomy, and I was well prepared to do this, knowing quite a bit about the art and culture. So I spent about a year doing primary research to figure out my locations, and then looking at the maps of the land claims, the land dispute maps of Vancouver. Getting access to local band offices took another six months, because they were wondering, "Who are you?" This white guy!

CB: Where the Olympic village is now, do you know what that site was?

CD: There's only one thing that's absolutely certain about that site; it was called "Suicide." It's on the opposite shore by the Cambie Street Bridge, so it would be where the road starts. One of the elders from both villages—Squamish and Musqueam—was asked, "What is this place?" "It's 'Suicide,'" he said, "somebody committed suicide there." And then, "I can't tell you." And that's all there was. That's all I remember. Part of False Creek is referred to as "Hole-in-Bottom," where natural springs bubble up and water pours forth, which attracts fish, and sturgeon, which are migrating down through these pools and feeding grounds. It was a good place to catch sturgeon. I think False Creek was basically a hunting and gathering place. Ducks. Herring. Elk was processed there and sold to the fur traders and lumber guys so they wouldn't starve. People don't realize that. And of course there was a village at the mouth of False Creek, and the First Nations people who lived there on the reserve were hustled out to build the Burrard Bridge in the 1930s. There's also a place called "Separated Points" on Main Street where you could walk across Main when the tide on the mudflats went out; that was the high point.

CB: Now the site named after a sacred olive grove in Greece.

CD: Yes, now it's the *Olympic* village.

CB: Named after the home of the gods.

CD: If the current construction is the best we can manage with millions of dollars of taxpayers' money, it's my guess that it would disappoint the old Olympic gods. As any

mortal can see, it's a commercial housing development. After 40 years of photographing this place, all I see is a failure to animate and enchant our social spaces and places with vibrant cultural and architectural visions. The opportunity to experience the range of what the gods have to offer, from the disorder of the wild man Pan to the serenity of Apollo, is absent from this Olympic bit of False Creek. In the recent past, Vancouver had glimmers and promises of a bold architectural vision. This could have been a first step toward a recovery of the public world.

CB: Do you now miss or regret the passing of the old industrial flats and wastelands with all their enchantment and their potential energy?

CD: I regret the loss of the spectacle of that ever-changing place. The interest it held for us over the years tells us as much, in a way, about the art in this city as it does about our history. The site stood for so many of the ideas that were alive in the visual art of the late twentieth century. I was coming to the end of the project by 2005. There's a brand new neighbourhood there now, and it's the 21st century. We'll see what this new century asks of us.

CHRISTOS DIKEAKOS / OLYMPIA FALSE CREEK























EXHIBIT A

LAG
Sheet
- clips
- magnetic

D. 1/2

MD FASTENING
& TOOL

DAP

MADE
IN
CHINA



list of works

- p. 25 *Scotch Broom* (detail), 2009
Light jet photo, C-Print, 54 x 64 in, Courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery
- p. 25 *Columns from Olympia* (detail), 1996
Black and white photo, Collection of the artist
- p. 26–27 *Construction Dump / Piles False Creek Vancouver* (detail), 2002
Photo C-Print, 27 x 47½ in, Collection of Gordon Smith
- p. 28 *Squatters Tent, Olympic Village* (detail), 2007–2009
Light jet photo C-Print, 48 x 60 in, Courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery
- p. 29 *Concrete Barrier (Olympic village)* (detail), 2005
Light jet photo C-Print, edition 1/2, 23½ x 28½ in, Collection Fred Herzog
- p. 30–31 *Footpath Olympic Village*, 2006–2009
Light jet photo C-Print, 24½ x 64½ in, Courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery
- p. 32 *Indy Tire Barrier (Olympic Village)* (detail), 2005
Light jet photo C-Print, edition 1/2, 23½ x 28½ in, Collection Gordon Smith
- p. 33 *Temple of Zeus, at Olympia* (detail), 1996
Black and white photo, Collection of the artist
- p. 34–35 *Window View of Olympic Village, Main Street* (detail), 2009
Light jet photo C-Print, 70 x 90 in, Courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery
- p. 36 *Recycled Glass (Island) False Creek* (detail), 2002
Trans-mounted light jet C-Print, 27 x 47½ in, Courtesy of Catriona Jeffries Gallery

These photographs were first shown at the Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver, 26 March–25 April 2009. The Olympia pictures were taken in 1996 and have never been exhibited.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSON / Le Corbusier in Yaletown: Architecture and Sport

The new False Creek that has emerged over the last decade presents itself as a city of sport. An endless stream of athletic bodies circulates along seaside routes for walking, jogging and cycling, while others perform in gymnasia and yoga studios, on basketball courts and soccer fields, in kayaks and sailboats. The recent Olympics-related building construction on the south shore concentrates attention not only on the social and economic ramifications of high-finance sporting culture but on the relationship between architecture and sport. This pairing has a long history, of course, going back to Olympia and the gymnasia, arenas and amphitheatres of the ancient world. Like the Greeks, our society puts the spectacle of athletics and body culture at the centre of its preoccupations, in both a personal and a collective sense. At the same time, it is now a well-established supposition that the practice of organized sports



Yaletown

constitutes a paradigmatic expression of modernity and contemporary capitalism: both are premised on aggressive competition, necessitating intensive training and specialized regimes of (self-) discipline; the absolute regulation of permissible activities and movements, channeling all actions into predetermined institutional and spatial parameters; the tyranny of the clock, which ruthlessly measures success or failure by the microsecond; and the often questionable role of big business, which continues the drive to expand the scale and market penetration of sporting events.

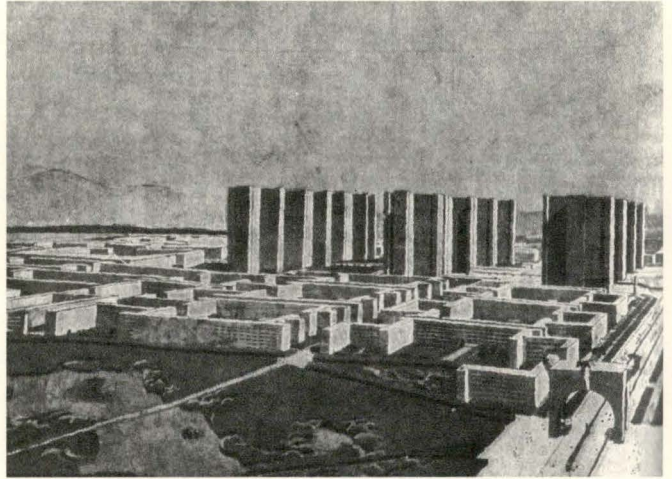
Discourses of sport can thus be traced in many socio-cultural fields within modernism, and architecture is no exception. As a visit to Yaletown or Metrotown—if not Beijing or Dubai—can confirm, much high-profile contemporary architecture is modernist in nature and appearance: pristine, abstract, minimal, ordered, technologically-oriented and of an a-scalar immensity, it has grossly magnified the early twentieth-cen-

tury ideals of modern design. Among the latter was an obsession with sport, hygiene and the healthy body; this was avowedly or tacitly a reaction to the slums, diseases and puritanical bodily repressions of Victorian culture, as well as the mutilations of the First World War. Canonical modernist masterpieces like Richard Neutra's Lovell "Health" House in Los Angeles (1927–29) or Alvar Aalto's Paimio Sanatorium in Finland (1929–32) embraced a new lifestyle of sunshine, fresh air and exercise, while a simple insistence on outdoor living and a connection to nature (by means of extensive glazing, balconies, terraces, etc.) had long been extolled by Frank Lloyd Wright. But as a manifestation of modernism—even hypermodernism—contemporary architecture is necessarily dialectical, and in tracing the parallels and convergences between sport and modern architecture, I would like to ask: does modern architecture—following the example of modern sport—embody notions of repression, competition, coercive social engineering and inhuman ideals of standardization, quantifiability, and mechanized precision? Or, on the other hand, can the encounter with sport still serve to introduce to architectural spaces a salutary embrace of the body and a new consciousness of symbolic or actual liberation?

Many contemporary critical analyses of sports architecture (gymnasias, running tracks, arenas, swimming pools, etc.) base themselves either on Foucauldian notions of discipline or on the suggestive, quasi-Green, quasi-libertarian ideas of Henning Eichberg. Here I would like to look at the sports-architecture connection in reference to the writings of Swiss-French architect Le Corbusier (1887–1965), who first articulated and tried to put into practice many of the characteristic tropes of architectural and societal modernism. Universalizing his experience as young student in Paris, Le Corbusier saw the modern city as an arena of fierce competition, and his stripped-down architecture of the 1920s, conceived rhetorically as a functional "tool" for modern living, visibly manifests a single-minded dedication to the achievement of its given task. And as Charles Jencks once pointed out, an emphasis on sports and physical activity permeates Le Corbusier's buildings. The architect had a great interest in sport, regularly playing strenuous games of basketball with his colleagues and including sports facilities in many of his projected urban schemes. He was particularly influenced by his one-time courtmate Dr. Pierre Winter, a physician with extreme right-wing views who wrote articles extolling "the new body" for periodicals with which Le Corbusier was involved. Sports played an essential role in Le Corbusier's philosophy of living, embodying not only a personal interest in keeping healthy, but a darker world-view which saw modern

life as an implacable competitive struggle as well as a fundamentally chaotic *melée* of personal and class interests which needed strict social and architectural discipline in order to function efficiently.

In his 1925 book *Urbanisme*, Le Corbusier proposed to house large segments of the population in extensive blocks of apartments, two to six stories in height, arranged around large communal areas for sport and recreation. Playing grounds would be accessible through underground tunnels. He specified, “Football, tennis, running tracks, basketball, etc., are all available. You come home, you change, you can take your exercise *just outside your own home*” (205). This proximity to the spaces of sport was necessary, Le Corbusier posited, because gymnasia were often remotely-sited and expensive, while the confines of the home were not conducive to physical exercise. In addition, Le Corbusier hoped to provide rooftop running tracks, gymnasia for children and adults,



Le Corbusier: A Contemporary City (detail), 1922

and “sun parlours,” which, he observed, “have proved so successful in the United States in curing tuberculosis” (216). Le Corbusier’s “Contemporary City” would thus devote 95% of the ground area in the business district and 85% in the dwelling areas to public parks, consisting of grass, trees, and recreational grounds. Versions of this urban scheme were shown at the Salon d’Automne of 1922 and the Paris Exposition of the Decorative Arts of 1925.

Who would use such facilities? Le Corbusier asserted that the working classes, who had spent the day in factories or offices and returned home to their minimal apartments, would be glad of the chance to be outdoors rather than inside a local bar or café. By giving order to the city and by radically “greening” the public space, his paternalistic goal was to grant both social and physiological well-being to the masses. This attempt to impose forced collective happiness entailed the regulation of every spatial and temporal aspect of peoples’ public and private lives—even to the extent of

channeling all available leisure time into organized sport. Such coercive and reductive methods, based on an overdetermined separation of the activities of life into categories of dwelling, work, and leisure, form the ground of several critiques of Corbusian planning that have been made over the years, starting with the caustic and cogent attacks of Pierre Francastel (*Art et technique*, 1956) who did not hesitate to compare Le Corbusier's urbanism to a concentration camp.

Le Corbusier's totalitarian tendencies were to become even more evident in the 1930s when he visited Italy and praised the new architecture of Mussolini. Influenced by Pierre Winter, Le Corbusier now took an interest in the somewhat confused political movement known as Syndicalism, which drew from both left and right. He introduced a revised vision of his utopian metropolis, now termed "the Radiant City." Here co-

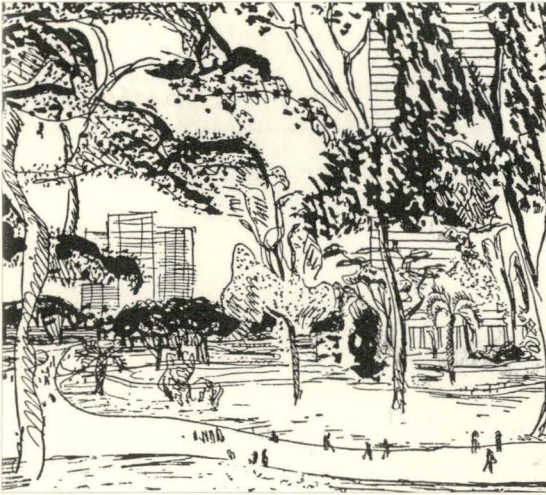


Le Corbusier: La Ville Radieuse, 1930s

operative housing blocks set in green open space would again offer communal facilities to cater to "the essential joys" of collective leisure activities and sport. On the roofs of the buildings he proposed to put tennis courts, swimming pools, and sand beaches for sunbathing. While society was to be strictly organized according to Syndicalist principals, the spaces of sport were meant to symbolize a kind of freedom for the working class, balancing authority with a putative individual liberty. In 1936 he even proposed a scheme for a great

National Center of Collective Festivals: built to hold 100,000 spectators, this colossal stadium with its related sports facilities (running, tennis, swimming, cycling, skating) featured a huge platform from which political leaders could address the crowd and survey a "parade of the masses." Obviously of Fascist inspiration, such a monument presents itself as a symbolic site of competition which both determines and celebrates a given élite's fitness to rule.

After the war, Le Corbusier continued to build sporting architecture, the most famous example being the running track and gymnasium that he installed on the rooftop of the *Unité d'habitation* in Marseilles (1947–51). He replicated this huge, highrise apartment block several times in other cities, and it went on to serve as a

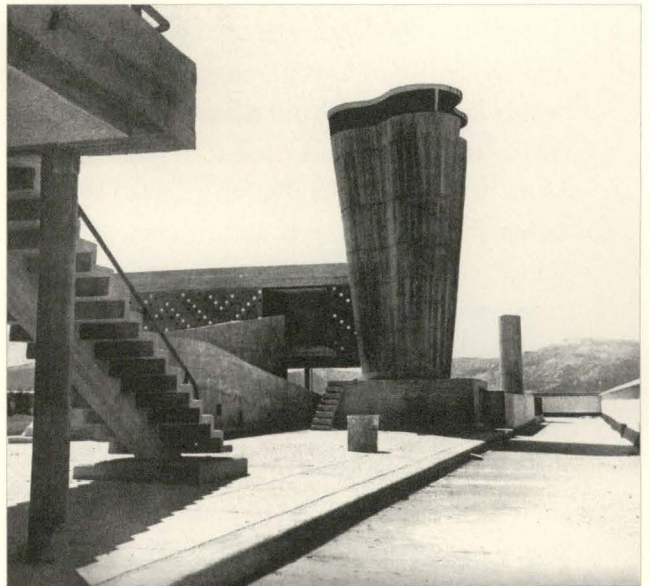


La Ville Radieuse: green space

launched from other directions: the philosopher Erich Fromm, for example, would doubtless have castigated Le Corbusier's mix of technolatriy, rationalization, and body culture as a kind of "necrophilia," a social attitude that produced "cybernetic" or "monocerebral" individuals who see the world in emotionless and purely instrumental terms. Such a figure, Fromm wrote, is characterized by "a special kind of narcissism that has as its object himself—his body and his skill—in brief, himself as an instrument of success." He thus becomes obsessed with looking youthful and healthy while at the same time becoming "so alienated that he experiences his body only as an instrument for success."

This brings us back to Yaletown and False Creek. The area gives the appearance of careful planning, with the putative functions

prototype for urban redevelopment and social housing in both Europe and North America into the 1970s. Many of these later developments proved socially disastrous, and again the blame may be laid on a reductive and paternalistic program of "improvement" imposed on the lives of the urban poor. Sport, similarly, can function as a form of social control while disguising itself as a "natural," apolitical, classless, and physically beneficial activity. Critiques could also be



Le Corbusier: running track and gymnasium on the roof of the Unité d'habitation, Marseilles (1947–51)

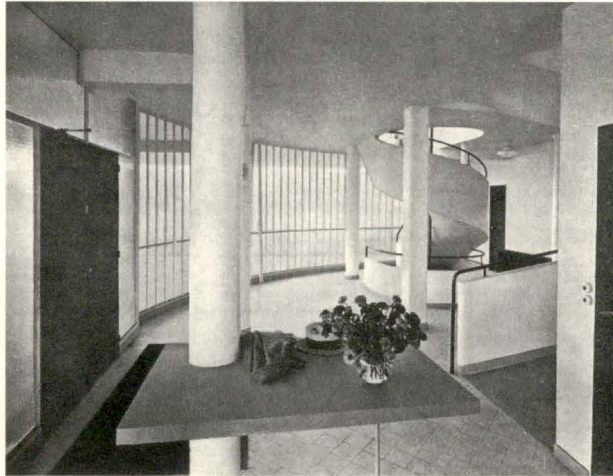


Le Corbusier: running track and gymnasium on the roof of the Unité d'habitation, Marseilles (1947–51)

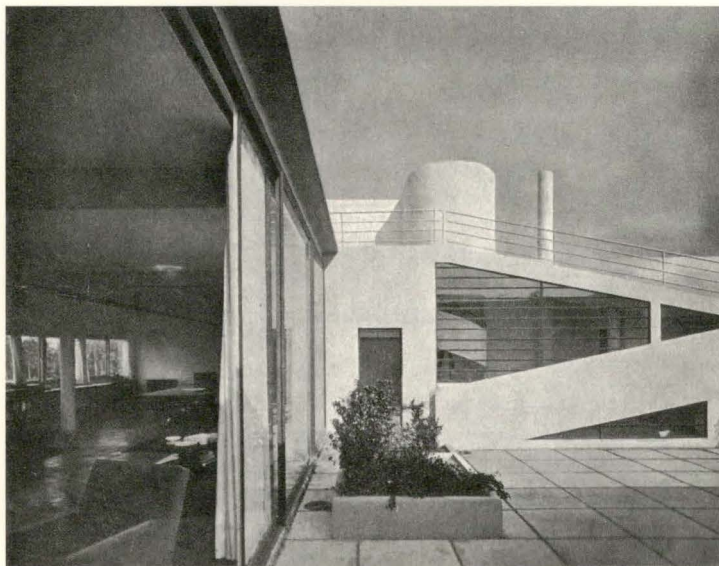
of life rationally divided up, mapped out, and given architectural form as residential towers, community centres, zones of heritage and culture, parks, pathways, and athletic courts. The visual and conceptual parallel to Le Corbusier's city of the future is striking. Here one recognizes the Corbusian competitive paradigm, embodied in hierarchically-stacked apartments with spectacular views

and spectacular prices, or the display of pumped and symbolically competitive bodies moving along the seawall. In this environment, power is no longer seen to be imposed from above through social and architectural regulation, but becomes self-imposed and self-regulated through tropes of desirability.

At the same time, I wonder if Le Corbusier's example might still be able to suggest possibilities for a more humane built environment. A celebration of body culture and physical movement characterizes Le Corbusier's architecture and not just in the visibly light, "toned," and athletic quality of his forms: buildings like the Villa Savoye (1929–31) or the Unité appear to balance weightlessly on minimal or muscular legs. More than this, Le Corbusier believed that architecture is meant to engage the body rather than just the eye. To this end, he often emphasized circulation routes—stairs, ramps, catwalks and balconies—and saw his light-filled domestic interiors as zones of constant movement ("the architectural promenade") rather than static set-pieces or gloomy dens of lethargy. His so-called "free plan," made possible by a gridded internal skeleton of concrete or steel, not only allowed all floorplans of a given building to assume variant configurations, but downplayed the restricting and confining function of heavy walls, bringing the outdoors indoors and providing an open, free and airy spatial environment that provided definition but not full enclosure. Many of the lobby spaces in his public buildings were in fact left as open as possible, allowing unrestricted movement through free space and suggesting a certain existential freedom. Externally, open terraces and balconies gave access to fresh air and sunshine, while roofs were



Le Corbusier: Villa Savoye, Poissy (1929-31)



Le Corbusier: Villa Savoye, Poissy (1929-31)

turned into gardens. If Le Corbusier's buildings appear as blank or Spartan, this is clearly because he saw architecture as a field for action (both mental and physical), not a place of escapism and retreat. This physical optimism should not be eclipsed by the questionable ideologies and heavy-handed social engineering of his urban projects. While the larger political and economic realities shaping our civic spaces will remain in dispute, the full engagement with buildings—the active, sensual, tactile and pleasurable interaction with the spaces we use and inhabit—can at least serve as a point of exploration for contemporary architects.

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The Capilano Review
congratulates
CHRISTOPHER PEARSON—
winner of the
TCR Winter 2010 Contest—
for his entry
“Le Corbusier in Yaletown:
Architecture and Sport.”



GEOFFREY FARMER / Free Small Birds







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PRETEND TO DIE

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MIN-Y SING OUT
EGU

DREAM AWAY EVERYTHING

GET UP EARLY

YOU SOUND WEIRD

BE MY GIRL

LIFE IS GOOD
GIRLS ON FIRST

TO DO LIST

GO TO HELL

GRAD SCHOOL SUCKS

ROAD TO HELL

HEAD ZOUNDS GADGUNS

PLEASE TO DRIFT

TAKE YOUR F

GA
YA

FUCK ME PLEASE

PLEASE
SAYS

OP CIT IBIDEM

ZERO
NADA
VOID

MAD ABOUT TEA

I LOVE HASSAN

THE SILVERSHED READER

MAKE ME MOLLASSES

NICHE
LIKE
LIFE



Free Small Birds

Humanity has always had a fascination with the arrangement of words. From the beginning of time, words have been endlessly shuffled, erased, and pushed around. And, like the little soldiers that they are, they have done our bidding without much fuss or muss. And even when we hit our target, our precious bulls-eye, they are often left behind while we selfishly celebrate our achievements. We ride on the train of language without so much as a tip of the hat to the screeching wheels of letters and words.

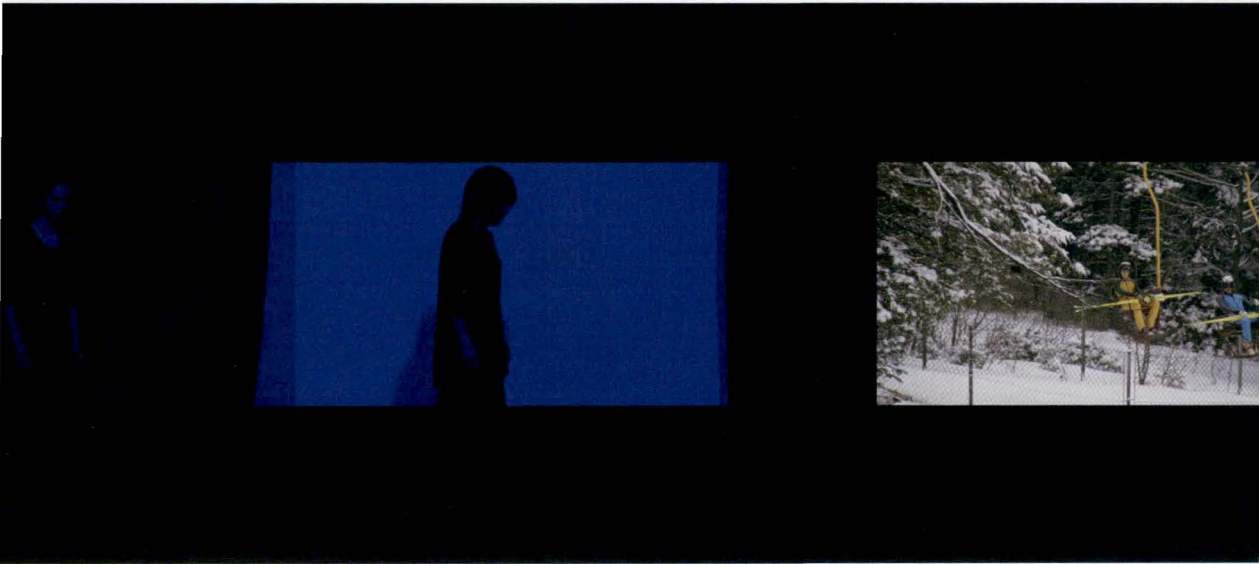
And what about those letters? What do they get out of the deal? Are they not worthy of celebrating? Don't they deserve a place to rest their well worn heels? Indeed they do! That is why down at EVERY LETTER IN THE ALPHABET we are opening an HQ dedicated to the appreciation of letters and words. It's far too common today that they just get wasted or thrown out by absent-mindedness. Not any more!

What can you do to help? Send us three words asap! Each submission will be turned into a small hand-crafted sign and displayed as part of our THREE LITTLE WORDS exhibition.

The above text appeared for THREE LITTLE WORDS which closed December 20th, 2009. This was the inaugural exhibition for the Every Letter... project space, which plans to commission twenty-six artists to produce text-based art works. The signs—represented in the previous pages—were sold to the public for 3 dollars. EVERY LETTER IN THE ALPHABET is commissioned by the City of Vancouver Public Art Program as part of *Mapping and Marking*, artist-initiated projects for Vancouver 2010. To contact Every Letter... <everyletterinthealphabet@gmail.com>

PROJECT RAINBOW / Blue

Blue is a film and installation project that creatively interrogates the spectacular theatrics of Olympic ritual in relation to the exclusion of the Canadian National Women's Ski Jumping Team.













In the realm of the blue air more than anywhere else one feels that the world is accessible to the most unlimited reverie. —YVES KLEIN

REG JOHANSON / "Guerrilla Backchat" with Marie Annharte Baker

Marie Annharte Baker has published three books of poetry, *Being on the Moon* (Polestar 1990), *Coyote Columbus Café* (Moonprint 1994), and *Exercises in Lip Pointing* (New Star 2003), with a fourth in the works. Her work receives extensive critical attention in an interview with Susan Rudy and Pauline Butling in *Poet's Talk* (U of Alberta Press 2005) as well as in my own essay, "Straight Forward Approach: Annharte's *Exercises in Lip Pointing*," in *Antiphonies: Essays on Women's Experimental Poetries in Canada* (The Gig 2007). She has worked as a teacher, social worker, and performance artist, and is currently doing a Master's degree in Cultural Studies at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, where she grew up.

Commenting from the position of a "First Nations woman writer," in this interview, conducted by e-mail in the fall of 2009, Baker deals with writing as a reflex of trauma, "bad writing," "madness," and the political dynamics of literary communities—their exclusions, conflicts, and contradictions. Literary communities function through an increasingly ideological system of state funding, which in part determines who is eligible to participate and which texts have "literary merit." In addition to the problematic ways in which funding is constitutive of relationships and roles ("judges," "emerging" or "established" writers, "administrators," "distribution / subscription," "poetry," etc), funding also censors dissent. We hope readers will find much here that's worth the risk.

REG JOHANSON: Your latest writing has gotten very dense, thickly textured. I'm thinking of something like "Succinct Savage Subtext":

Sublime sin is subversive sloth.
Search for superlative transgression
is a waste of superb time and silly putty.
Contra dictation in speech spelled out.
Spirituality suckered back slow slug
style into shame strut secreted sacred.

Size of head dress indicates sad sly
sell out stance or Chief Lies In His Face
or pants Colanders sick soul slime space.
Sensational sensing of scarred syllables.
Submit soon to sacrifice backslider sulk
yet loathe subtle wraparound remains
hardly suggest starburst satisfactions.

It's a kind of a black hole as a poem—no light escapes. What's driving this "thick" style?

MARIE ANNHARTE BAKER: Wasn't "Chief Lies in His Face" a bit of relief? Though it does refer to that cartoon stereotype of Chief Rain In The Face, does fit the gloom of having a rain cloud in front of face with a lightening bolt ready to strike! No silver lining!

The starting occasion of this poetic venture was a challenge to write in a group of women meeting somewhere on Cordova Street in Vancouver. My friend Diane was running the group. I wanted the hiss of the ssss's to be snake talk (if snakes talk with a hiss except in a cartoon). Part of me is unhappy with native lit so the "subversive" allusion. But "sloth" is attached because oppression, like depression, works against one talking any social action. "Subtext" for me is what seems to be the point of writing because direct writing would be more censored. Although I have done that and have slammed readers and listeners in heavy duty-tone. A poetic tomahawk chop?

Some of this style was picked up at Bukowski's when it was happening as I got amused by writers who just wanted to slam words at an audience. It is an attack mode I figure. I found it amusing! Then I became a sceptic one summer while studying spirituality and counselling. So I am attacking the assumed quick fix of spirituality for the ndn sense of loss and grieving. Bit of fatality there I must admit. An end-of-the-trail scenario looming always. Hard to hang onto one's spotted pony!

"Starburst satisfactions" for me indicate a type of starblanket image. It is a new day especially for a morning star risen. Maybe I am sleeping too late because of insomnia affliction? If I look at the rest of the poem to see if it ever lightens up, I notice mention

about the big headdress which reveals how unhappy I was to see Phil Fontaine in his oversized bonnet when posing around for the apology for the residential school debacle. Another cartoon image comes to mind—Tumbleweeds. Again, I felt there was no adequate forum to discuss differences with government programs on that issue. Been to many gatherings of the survivors but claim that my mom was not one! Have her ghost to think about although she might have followed along with everyone else and lined up for the compensation payment! The “excessive” in this refers to the “sublime sin” in Ojibway practice of overstating anything. Yet, I presume it is a poem with a suppressed scream as subtext.

So I did go excessive because so many ndns were not saying anything even on the CBC news. Maybe the intensity or dense part is like an internal bomb going off inside me leaving me devastated. Most readers would not notice because of the holocaust denial so blatantly understated with the residential school apology.

RJ: Indirection and subversivity are important features of your writing. I understand this partly in terms of your critique of “settler lit.” In your essay “Borrowing Enemy Language: A First Nation Woman’s Use of English” (which has become something of a classic now) you talk about how important it is “not to give too much information to just anybody,” as Guy Debord would say. “Settlers” have used “native informants” against native people to improve the repressive apparatus. On the other hand, you are also very critical of what you call “bad writing” by aboriginal people, as in the lines: “Given enough poison / indians will die out but who will give us / the secret remedy or cure for bad writing?” (“How to Stop” 55)

First, what is “bad writing” to you? And second, how do you walk the line between critique and solidarity? In other words, how do you prevent your critique of aboriginal writing from playing into the settler’s “divide and conquer” game?

MAB: Luckily I am aging—another indigenous writer just confirmed it by calling me an older poetess! “Bad writing” might include the informant writing but that purpose is considered fundamental to indigenous writing: the need to inform a readership. Yet it also misinforms. I think of my writing as bad writing in that to impress myself and anyone else I do include the literacy factor (or is it illiteracy?). I love how our people speak English and especially when they play around with puns, etc. Conversational

style is my preference when I am being playful. Or want to be very serious! Luv the vernacular as in "Borrowing Enemy Language."

Bad writing has to be about the orality of our people especially those who refuse to read and write English. As an adult educator I see a resistance. My current interest is on biographical writing or memoir writing. It is very difficult to write the "truth" because of the censorship that I alluded to in my answer to your first question. It is also dangerous to speak the "truth." I am shocked at how many Indigenous people just accept education as rendered in schools and colleges. This body of knowledge never included their contributions to world wisdom. I don't expect these institutions to upgrade their curriculum in the very near future either. Even in my cultural studies class I detect either aversion or evasion. I mentioned the necessity of using the term "cultural imperialism" at times.

Bad writing would have to be that which does not give enough historical detail about the recent past. It is settler lit in that too much fudging of actual events or people's reactions gives us a cosmetic sanitized version of Canadian history. IMHO [in my humble opinion] Canadians love to be dismissed as second or third rate people. So Canadian Aboriginal writers tend to defer to that settler narrative imperative or diminutive.

One of the myths is that we ndns don't have a written language so therefore we are inferior. I have a counter argument to that assumption. My complicated argument here is that if an Indigenous writer agrees to this falsehood then he or she may be complicit in "bad writing." Colonized writers do not find out their own history so when literary critics step in and sort, catalogue, interpret, and assess writing, they are more than happy to accept a non-indigenous evaluation. Even the class factor does not get any critical attention because of the settler (and complicit native) opinion that everyone in society is equal. I was just reading Jameson for my class and he seemed to contend that a Marxist analysis did utilize historical detail because they valued materialism. I think I am being pragmatic. We do need more historical context in our ndn writing.

At the time of writing "bad writing," I must have assumed that we still did not know what it was because we were not the critical experts of our own cultural productions. I had stated elsewhere that colonized native writing was bad even though I do admit to doing it too.

Further thoughts on “bad writing” and concerns about “divide and conquer” accusations. I was attacked a few years ago by an aboriginal writer who claimed we (ndn writers) were a small community and that I had violated it because I had ridiculed him. Word had got back to him about my transgression. He said that he promoted my work with the implication that I should not say something “bad” about him or his writing. I said that I was known for making outrageous assertions and that it was my style of guerrilla backchat. He then made a gesture of thrusting his fingers in my face. I did not know what that was supposed to mean except was later told that it was an expletive. So I figured I pissed him off. I would try harder to put any critique of ndn writing down on paper. We were not free to discuss our work or that of others without someone ratting on us. Just like in a residential school atmosphere! I was advised that to ward off any other threatening gestures on his part, I should tell him I would report him to the police and get a restraining order. My thought then was that I should have just hit him although I claim to be non-violent especially because of my own case of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. The upshot of this account is that I believe in what Chrystos told me, that especially ndn women writers are not free to express their views! She figured we would have to do it through using other names and hide our true identities. I realize how hyper-sensitive our people are about getting feedback about their behaviour and writing. I am that way too. Yet, we have practiced a type of social control usually termed gossip where we do speak out. I did not expect to ever get attacked for my commentary on native lit but I did expect to hear disapproval. I may have been out of line but I did learn now that I have to be much more careful in whom I confide, especially in native literary circles.

So that writer attested to us ndns being one big happy family and I replied to the contrary. I thought we had different styles and for sure different ethics. The idea that we do not have differences amazes me. From colonial times up to present times, we have been warned not to be divided against one another. Yet, we had incredible diversity prior to the colonial invasion and we still have many alternative views and positions. Just because non-native literary critics want us to stay in the same herd to be more manageable, we (ndn writers) should diversify. So bad writing is copying other ndn writers and not getting your own style down. Bad writing is fun especially if irreverent in tone and content. Being a “good native” and a “good native writer” is too gobbledygook to understand. Non-natives practice schlock formula writing so why not

allow ndns the same range. The expression “excellence” in writing does not impress me much because for indigenous writing we have to do it all.

Methinks I protest too much on that “bad writing” part of the question or do not clarify enough to make any sense. I did not even get to the idea of differentiating between performance and writing standards. “Bad writing” can be hidden by ndns acting out stereotypes for instance. Our racist society loves us harpooning ourselves in this way.

RJ: One of the things I admire about your work, and your bearing in general, is how you bring conflict and disagreement to the writing scene, sometimes indirectly in satire and humour, and sometimes straight-on. In non-aboriginal writing circles we also hear about writing as a “gift economy,” as if we were all exchanging presents with each other. It follows from this model that it’s bad manners to dissent, so discouraging words are seldom heard. “The gift economy” myth has been exposed recently in the protests around cuts to arts funding: suddenly writers are talking about how important they are to the non-gift, commodity economy, and how “valuable” their work is to the state.

But my question: You’ve done some critical work on representations of “madness” or mental illness in the media. I also wonder about this poem from that angle:

Come Out From Behind The Yam

Scary guy is waiting to catch me again
if not paying attention to his moves.
He grabbed me to make me embarrassed.
I yell what do you think you are doing
as if I don’t know he is a predator. I
mis-spoke to him at the bus stop. He
mis-communicated a single mis-action.

Later on I tell how he green ski jacket
black hair sweaty face put his hand
grabbed me made me think about him
get out of here you followed me. He got

brave enough to go underground after
me stepping off escalator at the mall.
In public he attacked victim waistline
because shopping crowd small like
he was short too maybe I was too tall.
He brushed against me but left a bruise.

I am stuck somewhere psychology
does not map just a drop off location in
the mind. What if he jumps up from
behind again or finds me moving to a
new safe place crawls in behind the
TV set then jumps out when I go
to bed. Just think I am not safe from
him because he might be you. Tries
hiding in cat pan but it's not that
therapeutic to guess whereabouts.

Maybe I won't throw you out because
I saw you in the vegetable drawer in the
fridge behind the yam. Then again I
might mistake your green jacket for that
old head of cabbage going bad. Pay
attention even after the fact helps me.

Here it's unclear whether the assault is real or imagined, or which assaults are real, which are imagined. I wonder if the place "psychology does not map" is the place where social reality (violence against women) crosses over into a personal experience of paranoia, which is then stigmatized as "madness." As the saying goes, just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you. Like addiction, mental illness is personalized, perhaps as a way of avoiding real social pathologies. And the mentally ill, like addicts, are also troublesome in the economy (gift and otherwise) because they are considered to be unproductive and / or uncooperative. Can you talk about how you see this problem in writing and in literary communities?

MAB: I definitely might be a circuit speaker for Horrible Anonymous. It is a fun status rarely because it does hurt to be excluded. Like this weekend with a gathering of aboriginal writers in Brandon. I ended up thinking I would want to move to the USA as soon as possible so as not to be so confined to the apologetic Canadian aboriginal writer group. How sad! It all seemed to be a colonial advantaged slate of writers touting awards given by literary or government arts agencies. Low standards for supposed excellence.

My horribleness is at times accidental as I forget in my search for answers that I offend people by asking any questions at all. Back to ndn gift problem: No gift exchange even as writers perceive themselves to be gifted! I remember tagging myself as a cultural worker and that has lost relevance. I even think of being “gifted” as surviving at all. So grateful but it too is very painful to survive yet another day of abuse by one’s so-called peer group of writers. I was treated as a pariah in Brandon. Then again when I brought another pariah (Vincent Harris) for as long as he could stand it, I again brought the wrath on myself for defying his exclusion. His insight was valuable as he mentioned that this conference we went to was all about the aboriginal service industry. So does that make us appliances that have to be serviced? LOL but with a big teardrop in the eye! So our work is not a product or a gift because we are the products! Vincent mentioned the aboriginal service industry to a Native Studies instructor and security was called and he was escorted off the campus. He’s the best ndn writer in Brandon. Artist as well. Also, he opened a great gallery that had to close because of a lack of support from the arts industry as well. So he challenged that apartheid system by being an independent spirit.

I’m bitchin’ but when a person has few allies because the arts and native politics have fused, it does hurt one’s feelings, income, work and participation in Canada Council events (where they rule). I am leaving out the disgusting aspect of seeing other native writers grovel and perform their work as spectacle and circus! Yet, they are for the most part just happy to get the oppressor’s pat on the head.

The organizer of the conference told those present that aboriginal writers are now top dog because modernity has f’d up other Canadian writers. So now the settler lit people figure they had to learn from natives! No mention of the missionary position

where non-natives dominate not only the publication of native literature but also its presentation.

The various arts councils do not require that native input be respected. Even in the good old days in the States, you had to have Native American people's point of view. Undergrad followers of the English profs are expected to represent native authors. Very colonial demeanours are required. Maybe I need to rage and rant on this but to no avail as the white liberal snot fest presides. Vincent said it was a wild west show!

I struggle to participate without much fear and loathing but I think putting my work forth in such an environment has affected me to produce less than I might have. That is why I liked the association in Vancouver because of a feeling of togetherness with more poor writers (another form of bad writing).

Now to the madness arena. Well, I did write a piece called "Mad Woman Monocle" (4 instalments) for a community newsletter (*In A Nutshell*) in Vancouver. I did write an essay on resistance writing for Miki's anthology (if they accept it with revisions). In Brandon, the ndn writers pretty well did not want to take on resistance or protest writing. They do not want to mention "victimry" as a concept extolled by Gerald Vizenor. So they are much too ambivalent.

Did get a laugh when a woman writer (Jan Acoose) doing her PhD said she thought I did not give a fuck about what people said. I confess I do care but don't appreciate trashing except I probably have done that too. Lots of animosity comes from the elite writers in particular. I am taking a bit of a sympathetic view because they do not practice a critical stance. They put their fragile shameful self forward in a reading and don't want to get rejected. Then again, I am always finding more rationale for therapeutic interventions. So writing itself is not always just about healing.

I must not forget to reply to the madness element in the poem ("Come Out From Behind the Yam") which is related to an actual encounter/attack that set off my PTSD. I use the "poet's fridge" as my own metaphor where the poet puts food in the fridge but leaves it to rot because she gets too busy writing? I did visit a poet once who warned me not to eat anything in her fridge because of the danger of food poisoning. So that is where I put the perpetrator described in that poem, then I thought the cat pan probably was a better choice. In my current as yet unpublished manuscript, I use my madness as a

way to transform reality because the “I” author may disintegrate and destabilize the “author-itarian.”

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MARIE ANNHARTE BAKER / Poems

as if one bear

tempted to make a small stuffed black bear replica
 gaudy girdle of feathers
 around waist every colour
 use a button for the eye
except modest embellishment of a thin curved red
arrow spirit line through his torso more humble a project
saw such a brooch at an art gallery store summers back
too expensive to buy too much coin for a senior to spare

a party invitation would stimulate creating the bear fetish
 with a wild polka dot dress up suit
 not only would I trash my heritage
 give approval
 adorn protection
 display consumer spirituality

with protective talisman I better ward off trauma

suspend decisions

 bare breast my feelings
 or sport this trendy trophy

debate outcomes

 favorable for instant group therapy

free interpretations of my medsin might cure onlookers
control intermittent unknown fears for the curious

engage beneficial conversation by stating I am quite proud
my inner terror yet fears about men caution me not to brag

as small occasion it is to exhibit celebrate realistic fears
disability might be a mixed blessing over and above survival
expressed gratitude must be the greatest condolence cure ever

entitled to the residual fears earned
privileged to retell abuse litany
forego advice: mustn't point finger or name predators

bear images are essential to inner call for familiar guardian
given courage never had when first threat showed ugly face

understand what I felt wasn't only one fear
therapists or counselors guide past insight
flash fear of violence also opposite such fear
gathering my own precious bundle of power
temporarily knock self out of a balance with surge
what used to be uneasiness around men likely momentary
adjustment between feeling confident and slipping back
chronic shyness
or stare down at toes blink mechanism
awkward unresolved rage toward all men because of past
trauma makes me hateful man hater I say I am not close
first memory of death in still sleepy eyes goes far back
mother is dragging me by the arm middle of the night
we run up to a policemen and she tells him about berserk
whiteman landlord chasing us with a butcher knife
three or four years old when brutal racial incident takes
away restful sleep options
layered memories accrue

how a simple bear fetish won't always remove the dread

need a stronger meds in to blur the fright of sober husband

at the time attempt to ram the hunting rifle under my chin
forced away was a murder
inside wreck fought to hold
back the barrel point it up
ceiling light over our heads

wasn't too damn exceptional
replay and replay and replay
thoughts of never retribution

foreground of monotonous activities
skeletal body weight of 116 pounds
losing steady interest in life death
endurance await the next beating
accept pain and suffering of others
more apologetic starving and helpless
woman will not let the murder plot
unfold even as aggressor bears down
she counters bears up bears with
knock out champion four bears blow

as if one bear when bear clan intervenes

first time I never lied

if it was medication talking
dare I often express viewpoint
deflect hand pinched throat
inhabit controversial space
I argue against immediate death
may take up impossible position
anti – depress tongue in chat

stop passive insane response
panic cry eyes out feel sorry
crush pathetic self debates
useless points idle away hours

lie body down again somber
reality returns get back edge
very mellow patient parasite
pharmaceutical conspiracy may
reconfigure a world afloat
full flagrant of constant bitch
polar ice cap melted down
polar bears washed up ashore
unable to surf global survival

when I never lied rarely
trouble spoke as lesser mind
I chose diplomatic words
gibberish jargon idiom
parlance dialect drivell
faced up to all alone put up
glare shut up stare defiance
put people in tell off place
shot careful at knee caps
disturbed and/or upset others
I quit buggy busy bee buzz
nectar full smile then supposed
sting of unwanted critical ideas
perforce patter to prevent lunge
fisted flick toward my person
I numbed out objective stance
engaged in less intense harangue
assumed another dense dialectic style

Breed Apart

if bechance haggle over personal identity issue haunts
avoid taunts follow this homemade recipe to be hi bred

beat half breed self down to pulp & use necessary force
to mash identity until fluffy when if a slight peak forms
beat vigorously & use more Indian herbal ingredients
special dried wild stuff in cupboard for darker colour crust
add whiteman essence last for texture of this mad mix up
expose concoction to wind & sit long enough to get sun burn
eventual doneness test may well be stiff hard to the feel
so let's get real about who is real deal hard core indin

Indians and Half Breeds beat up each other with frequent accusation
suspect breed in the family tree especially the one hanging upside down
on a branch calling for help getting down just may cause too much
attention deserves a good smack but what if that type goes red road
devotee enters the sweat lodge special care taken not to trip over
pile up of non-native identity cluster of euro yearnings for acceptance
to avoid rejection must follow proper preparation advised by leader to max
“leave cultural baggage at door” or “prescription note from therapist”
along with offering to qualify for enhancement & no fail guarantee certificate

she ate lard & gophers diet for weeks to boost native awareness & potentially
heal the split within while reserve relatives had similar cuisine available except
the odd rabbit then seasonal obstacle to get born again on a trapline just vicarious
Indian Act of 1951 partitions family one cousin part Ukrainian has full status
mother & aunt are enfranchised with moniakwe label before Bill C-31 restores
rights for exiles to assume former existence as consenting Indian adults except
who wants to hear more “bs” which stands for “before status” revelations not
unlike self-identification but provable and demonstratable using this formula

Cloud sneaking up

he took off so early left postmortem message for me
birds banged into windows that time at that restaurant
how about that my writer friend for that memory
I almost finished breakfast with half belief
that I saw them deliver that goodbye from him
that guy who wrote long letters also travelled
read books on long bus rides to visit check us out

later on that night phone call tells me he is gone
car accident on rez road he went by that red road
no mention I ever make of his influence until now
he just did articulate such intellectual ndn presence
he was super serious example that guy but funny
that time his chair tipped over at that strip show
in Denver was it on purpose to make us laugh

that last time I saw him drink only that beer
that last supper I fried being ignorant I ate
tough steak alone because he had no teeth left
next he showed off his carved feast spoon
he in fact ate that food that was boiled down
mushy to be easy to chew in ceremonial way
he told old scary stories good that time he chose
made me respect what I didn't know about

watch out
watch out
bear walk

he warned about the whiteman trap
yet lifted his brandy snifter proud like

made it full again he'd continue on
dare me scare me with that storytalk
his name meant clouds sneaking up
storm coming his Indian name
that credential to flash catch attention

lightening words struck me good
didn't even know I was hit that hard
he was a hanging around cloud person
he'd sneak up tease us to be smart
kept us more humble when he wasn't
big talk generous about all the stories
that we lived so he told us not who to know
just who he was to know ojibway nation

he was that first writer moctalked us through
that life he would not live to share in books

(for Francis Kewaquedo, co-founding member,
Canadian Indian Youth Council)

Cum cum how cum dat cums around even from behind

cum-fla-wid-me the skies choose exotic booze cruise wid me
transparent sway see thru gown shadow derriere sidewise flooze
cum-fla-wid-me the skies disguise our lives up size down prize
don drive dat car under influence go home alone let chauffeur
in slink white limo drive girl fla cruise fla low fla away ride way
lose exotic bluez buzz pimp da hide pimp da pride height flight
just one commercial sets off fantasia an underclass entertainment
spree a black suited charlatan pours his alcohol beverage charm
invaded by his seductive chimerical stance transforms desire
croon da tune fla da moon might fla da lady buzzard queen tiara
fancy feathers envied by whirl chancy girl shakes fateful flamboyant
headdress her legacy of privileged plumes vary light stripe to dark
rainbows don't boast aloud or brag heart uppity mobility flair self

manny booz ho cannot help notice wants her vanity to fly up his ass
his airline motto message to spread pleasure cum-fla-wid-me crass
for tricks sake he has to expose his prideful bum propel brown cheeks
stage a fatal attraction she cums slow circle wing calculated to drop
gently beside how beautiful dead he looks delicious from behind
rump saddle cause for celebration hold up silver chalice to toast
initiation of corpse composure such reeky aroma from arsehole
makes her look up close take quick peck while her beak slides
smoothly around the stink even still he does not move but to
semi-relax sphincter extra calm porno pleasure he's bit aroused
she massages tiny little circles before her beak inserts full tilt
play and penetration so perverse shaman anus is clued so cued
sacred mischievous rite to suck absorb her entire delicate head
he must adjust her thrust inside surprise when bald birdy wiggles
free of snap shut buttock hold an all star wrestler never that bold
warn tease us to celebrate life responsible grasp the turntable arm
play record music humbly show off elegance with minimal risk

her crown is wrinkled anus like the one she flew in to inspect
without a cautious glance at expensive menu stranger friction is how
manny booz ho did not once let giggle escape extent invasion caused
her early onset of baldness for culture vultures he entraps infamous

Windigo Word Feast

what am I doing here as I look around I see I must be the fattest one in a
crowd of skinniest Windigos I ever saw gathered at this feast where I am
to watch them devour words made flesh not actual people every two years
they meet so why not four well it's government funded heritage so perhaps
they might have it every year but maybe they are on a strict diet and gather
only on occasion to gorge or go to binge heaven not too puritanical either I
notice as it is not a thanksgiving event because they start off their menu
agenda with appetizers best suited for dessert but it is to tempt everyone to
have sex even without a partner just to show mind over erotica yet the big
ogema windigo wiggles his butt and thrusts his hips out to demonstrate how
hot words sound then he keeps saying 'eat me' as if he is the tasty tidbit &
not the words he is consuming well I never thought about eating a windigo
as I worried that they were actual cannibals & this advertisement about a
word feast was to catch us off guard if we wandered too close as they dined
it is an upset to my stomach and belief system as I did not know they were
now taking words out of ndn heads easy like a Hollywood cannibal might
carve out a brain from an exposed cranium and offer pieces of it to a person
to sample own thoughts but without knowing where actual words originate
at snack time or during a flight because now the airlines offer so little food

DONATO MANCINI / (PICA) –

“I can eat a lot and shit a lot.”

—Mao Tse Tung, 1966

Every year, Canada celebrates National
Peach Cobbler Day on April 13th.

In the early 1980s
an Indian postgraduate
student in psychology felt
compulsive hunger

for whitewash (lime).
As exam season came to
bottleneck, she nibbled
lime flakes to mend
her fears, but come

dissertation time she climbed
bathroom ladders to scrape
and cram mouthfuls of
whitewash from ceilings, tongue
cheeks lips thrashed, still worried,

obsessed but otherwise
cognitively normal with no

delusional beliefs.

On National

Peanut Butter and Jelly Day
a high IQ

homeless man saved up
12 pounds of heritage coins
in his stomach—lost gold,

found homeland.

If

you can't take it with you
or eat it, why
do I want any?

Garlic Day.
Ozzy

Day-U.K.-"Republic of a Madman"-Osborne-Lewis snorted
Scotland, Ireland, Wales, a
line of live ants, ate
raspberry jam with his mouth open

in the name of the Devil,
in the name of Johnny Appleseed.

When the Austria / Australia coalition declares
TransNational Zucchini Bread Day the 25th, April
will not seem so cruel. On
WTO's Eggs
St. Benedict Day, April 16th, U.S.A.

bites the head off a bat.
"I thought it was chicken

*pox because it started out as small
red bumps but gradually spread into
huge blotches."*

Night light, dead before
glowing vegetation.
Potato
blight of the living. Return
of the Appetite.

Guttate Psoriasis
Seborrheic Keratosis
Actinic Litigines
Lichen Planis
Molluscum Contagiosum
Pseudofolliculitus Barbae &
eating a friend's

cayman scales
said to taste like
alligator.

Gilligan's Island, U.S. satellite (later
Gilligania), Crusoe's island, U.K. colony (later
Fruitopia): places
snivilisation woke
from soot nap to soap
opera (*Parsifal*), navy biscuits to coconut cream
pie, psychic scabs with goat milk to
curry-flavoured zucchini seed risotto with capsules of peanut oil,
survivalist urine pouches
to piña coladas while
shooting wolves from helicopters.

PICA is the Pacific

Institute of Culinary Arts,
Programs In Community Action,
the compulsion
to eat sharp objects, to

eat
whitewash
starch
dust from blinds
excrement
raw potato
stones
dandruff
hair
mint toothpicks
ice
skin
or lint.

Any non-food, really
thank you here
the service here

is why
I don't eat here
because
I love the food
here, I eat here
because I must
must grow
from here

to here.

See

in your gold lager
the ones swimming are
alive the ones not swimming
are dead.

Corn-cob holders

up your seminal vesicle poke
as the fishstick swims. Pakistan
has only whispered

of PostColonial Teflon Day on Britain's
Royal Grilled Cheese Sandwich Day, April 12th.

Oatmeal—catmeat—stories.

As in *culinary tradition*.

Anorectics

grow a fine layer of hair
for a fine layer of dust. Your

venus flytrap
vomits feathers; sure sign
of demonic possession.

Verb.

Fact.

Food

as abstract noun as
bushels of apples as
slave labour sold in lots:

widgets/man,
calories/dumb.

*"We, too, know that it is not the same thing to be given a ladleful of
soup from the top or the bottom of the vat."*

Fact: that very popular acronym
referred to colloquially is not
PICA.

South Africa is all
mum's-the-word about historical
Respect the Lima Bean Day (April 20th)
this year. Continental

deficiency as when mothers
to be eat soil, clay or fresh camel
dung as Bedouin prescribe for
dysentery, attested to
by SS Afrikakorps who also ate
corn for the first time
as prisoners of war—köstlich!—
(as potatoes came to France
by Louis XIV; the sovereign fed
only potatoes in Bavarian
prisons himself came to love
them). Hearts and minds
of them conquerors

captured.
Thus ends the grain
fed only to chicken and interns
forever in the German ideology.

The hairs

on the backs of their necks
get caught
in the back of your throat.

The sexual life
of Robinson Crusoe:
fuck it
then eat it.

You get more protein
if you eat the whole animal.

Gilligan's Planet.
Did you just say

hungry
or angry?

Palestine at Iran's bequest, under
Israeli blockade on April 10th
cancelled PanRegional Cinnamon Crescent Day.
Embalm

the experience.
All things considered
formaldehyde
does not "pickle" remains.

Benny Hill was so fat when he died.

411 (in London) is such a joke.

Gung Haggis Fat Choy, Mr.

Lemmy Kilmister,
Lemmy of Mötorhead.

"Lemmy

*changed my life... If it wasn't for Lemmy I never would have learned
bass guitar, I would never have got a girlfriend."*

Crusoe loved his mutton
with raisins—

"raisins are

*the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet.
Indeed, not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome,
nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree"*

—except when

they turn out to be rat poops—too late!
(Friday's favourite prank.)

At this point in the transcript the patient addresses the Wendy's/Arby's Group, Inc. as if it is an individual consciousness and personality.

"Dude,

you seriously need to change your fish sandwich."

North Korea also celebrates International Chocolate-Covered Cashews Day.

PICA = Peace through Inter-American Community Action

PICA = Providence Intown Churches Association

PICA = Pennsylvania Intergovernmental Cooperation Authority

PICA = Pakistan-India Culture Association

Curry sauce chips with a nice
pint of Guinness—delicious!

Did you know that
in the United Kingdom Indian
restaurants employ more people than steel,
mining and shipbuilding industries put
together? Britons eat, on average, 2.2
curries per week—spending
£2.8 billion on the hot stuff every year—delicious
facts—as many pounds
as there are cellphone
users in the whole world, or money
sufficient to buy (retail) 20 885 000 pints
of *PROVENANCE*
PSORIASIS & SCALY SKIN CREAM.

And finally, a shout-out to my Roots Rockers everywhere:

The Death of Benny Hill

British comedian and television star Benny Hill died a virgin on April 19th 1992, Easter Sunday, in his South West London flat, in front of his television.

Neighbours worried they hadn't seen Benny Hill in a while, neither on the television nor in the hallway of the apartment block.

On April 21st, Global Jelly Bean Day, worried neighbours called the police about having not seen Benny Hill in a while.

"Neither have we seen Benny Hill in a while," the police reasonably said "but times change and so must the programs."

The neighbours explained that they meant not that they had not seen Benny Hill on the television but that they had not seen Benny Hill in the hallways, where Benny Hill was sometimes seen, although not on television.

The police said “Yes, we understand” and promised they’d be right over.

Police soon arrived at the building where Benny Hill had lived.

After greeting the neighbours the police knocked on Benny Hill’s door while the same neighbours just greeted (an ex-Canadian pensioner, an Indian dental student, three British widows, a Scottish alcoholic on the dole, an Iranian taxi driver, and two east-London Chinese middle-aged horse-bettors) anxiously watched. It had been a long time since they’d seen Benny Hill.

Benny Hill did not answer the police’s knocks, because he was dead. Near him was a large stack of uncashed royalty cheques totalling near £1 million, plus two potted plants that were beginning to get somewhat dry, having not been watered since Universal Mushroom Day.

When police broke open Benny Hill’s door—easy for them because they have the tools to do this—they found the stiff fat corpse of former Benny Hill beginning to go green in former Benny Hill’s armchair in front of former Benny Hill’s television, television still on: *The Galloping Gourmet*.

The problem now, as per British funerary custom, was that the police could not decide if they should first extinguish the television or first close the lids of former Benny Hill’s eyes. The police quickly reached a compromise. Bobby number 1 shut the telly at the exact same instant bobby number 2 closed the eyelids of the former Benny Hill. 1,2,3.

LISA ROBERTSON / The Coat

dozens of watches

yards of linen

tons of iron

bootpolish silk or gold

a table a house a piece of yarn

a coat and ten yards of linen

iron linen corn

twenty yards of linen and one coat

the value of the linen and the value of the coat

the coat is directly with the linen

such as linen brings to view

that the coat is expressed



The coat takes the position

such as a coat

coat or maize or iron etc.

linen etc.

20 yards of linen or one coat

one coat for example

one coat varies

the coat equated with the linen

worth one coat
in one coat
in 20 yards of linen
in which the coat is the linen
& the linen looks like the coat
its buttoned-up appearance as a thing
the equivalent of the linen
instead of the coat



So vested
I looked around for something out of which matter could be formed

moral evil, chastity, suicide, knowledge of literature, poetry, highway robbery, food,
concubinage, usury, kings, liberty, games, war, plague:

I made a list of these things
that is: nothing apart from the Gushing Abdicating Bilious Live Body

the pools of bile glistening on the floor of the operating theatre
beneath the heavenly blue lamps

sometimes simply *those* laws since
no community is for a body

thus the proposition
of the coat



But I think poetry is nice
because of my body
the insurrection of my unplaced body I mean
on sodden space of groaning porch
so as a clothier I must ask
what kind of unlikely coat is cut from 20 yards of linen?

And the enjoyable gland also
dribbles a politics
for its friend



The equivalent form of a body does not imply
that the magnitude of its value can be determined
for the body of the friend is commodious only
and so extinguishes all other commodities
rather than exchanging. I will be its receiver
and nothing more. Our own relations
speak and sew with a motion like a circulation
sliding and sticking with the pleasure of a freshening
it is amazing that it should be so difficult

to simply know her commodiousness
commodious as balenciaga I would say
therefore with no equivalent
Gownly it simply stands alone and beckons
as would the enormous marxian coat minus certainty
it seems unbelievable
as in the non-abstract frequency-receiving gesture of beginning



When you proceed to measure a person
first request her to button her coat that
you may better discern her shape and position
then place the end of the measure to the
top of the back-seam or where you intend
the top of the back-seam to be and
extend it to the required length of the waist
say 16 inches continue it to
the length at bottom say 36 inches
next require the person to bend her arm
while you take the length of the sleeve from the
back-seam to the elbow 19 inches
and from the elbow to the hand making
33 inches then take the length of
the lapel by placing the measure at

the top of the back-seam and pass it over
the breast to the length required at front
21 inches then take the size of
the breast 18 inches and the belly
16 1/2 inches the top of
the arm 7 inches below the elbow
6 inches at the hand 5 inches the
sizes of the sleeve are taken 2 inches
from the top of the fore-arm-seam 2 inches
below the elbow and the same distance
from the bottom.

◆
Between the neck and the collar-bone
from the inmost parts
and what the difference is between
obscenity and the museum
this is what happened

Friend, there is no community. She either had a beginning or she had not.
Of shapely pleasure she spoke
the techniques of new shapes
which broke the materia medica.

The proposition dissolved in the vicinity of these

sunken pools and chandeliers
bought by the same purchasers



It seems unbelievable
as when there is a tree and you try to hear it
and the sensation of behindness
into the midst of which you have been plunged
shows equilibrium as inimical to life

As when you mime what you perceive
like a voluntary intuition
that ripples from body to friend
if the seam is a rhythm

As permanent gesticulation in uncertain scale
as reviviscent motor element
into the midst of which she has been plunged semiologically so
my organism hankers

She made her muscles into thoughts:
Especially her facial muscles liked
a well-stacked wood-shed

I do this because it's more portable than sewing.



The community therefore is a mechanism that, after being set in motion, performs with its

goal an exchangeable simulacrum

whose component parts make the lucid clicking

of value

as water down an incline

as windmill to wind

nor cease to change its form

beyond inevitably insurrectionary motions of specific elaborate bodies like hers

nor eliminate transcendent contradiction

as a machine has a bitter history

they bait with honey

for bodies do not pass away but they can

all golden plummy trembling sad

as in the theatres we see

and deeply deploy

friendship and enmity

for illegal incandescence

when did the image become a machine?

before, when it was love

entirely emancipated as

free external motion
between timely bodies linked by moving postures
it will subsist invisible
outside the circuit and its stages
we must conclude that there is no image
that the friend's body
speaks through her mouth
as transcendent movement succulent
what the political will be to her
cannot be limited
there is only a body where there is my friend on the porch
fearfully I know this to be
because there is no general body on the porch
there is no general body in the car
no general friend



a green dress coat cut very scantily with very narrow lapels
the sleeves very large at top and tight in the arms
the shoulders very narrow
the collar of velvet ascends very high on the neck and the crease rolls over like a
horse-collar
flaps are worn at the waist
the coat is cut across the waist—it is a new system of cutting

a waist-coat of white Marcella, single breasted with a stand-up collar
a blue dress coat with gilt buttons and velvet collar
a fancy under-vest with a blue under-vest
a green dress coat with a fancy velvet vest and a blue under-vest
a wide French braid down the front edges around the collar with five volutes of braid
down each side of the breast
double breasted frock cut quite plain except the lapels and the collar
six buttons down each lapel, the collar short and buttoned-up under the chin
a vivid remembrance of discomfort arises in my mind
the coat is disobedient perception



I saw clumps of food-plants in random containers clustered in the empty lots
I saw streets without people
I saw the shipping cranes against the sky
I saw the dark of the tunnel
In their difficulties I saw them
Mostly people were bending under the community of things
I saw the clean children being ferried off in vans
The objects scattered by the roadsides seemed uninteresting
I had little desire to recuperate them
When the community becomes exchangeable there is no community
My vernacular trickled and caked on my cheek
They good as asked me to stay

What I was used to no longer felt familiar
I altered my perception of risk
I took to the light and there was plenty of it
A kind of irony brocades my consciousness
Beneath our incisions it aches
It's late and the lamps are on
There's something gentler happening now
The abstract trees undulate out in the dark
It's nearly October
I turn to my friend
I have some questions about cells, hormones, commodity

CLINT BURNHAM / Cycle Lick

eat grievances err snacks
call my ms. blue 2nite
Eastchester chesty brunet
blonde bond brawl dat
married to the flash mob ttle
swipe dip 4 prox note harder
does he get pints in heaven 4
you have to work ~~harder~~ a li
then jostle someone use the
turking *fahrschwartz* sausage
please squeeze my zits b4 my
the crunch eat a that mof
uncle Oedipus bathroom hat
Grrrtie's the lost and found gen
the boss of loss generating stop
her musk's grimskunk the keeping i
metope relief's ungirt open @ the s
Carrie's heavy make-up loot playa re
broiling day harvesters' Vietnamese ha
thread counter to better humiliate: perio
polished Polish face deeply etched drilled h
neoliberal Augustan Romans' nostalgia thin lips
neoliberal Augustan Roman's idea think cruel lips
Caligula's demand to enjoy yr palatial fellatio (virgin)
dig those rags Dogon's goatees piercings 'n' Snugglies or
Vermeer's footwarmer fetish *tronie* Tronna *Tron* traum. air

young woman at toilet's fake wrin
spit the stream o' milk Myanmar
do me a deal oh underemployed
houndstooth scarf or *kaffiyeh* oh
four hour Viagra and -ified old j
bun *loco* mass -expectorate hon
it takes money to lose money ar
eat less POO patient's name:
our neighbours spotlight bull
there's no bumper I ♥ Nwe Y
Elizabeth couch alley of Phoeni
NJ, to partake of the parkade of
put the red in red state and bot
sovereign exception frenemy x and
gape @ WCW's Super Vater in a D
Vautron tealand get coffee fie omo
dollah metre longs mitre benchmar
in sweet blogging right typing left the
populist and the academic and cemeter
Metuchen Metchosin the chosen *voisin* qu
judgement a of enjoyment a of tanned Fanta
from *Dwarf Puppets on Parade* to (Zizek's puppe*
Dump the workload on my scar tissue, right here ick lik
aid squad inc. volunteer first Passaic of communist shade 4 g
burritoification or burrofication retro fitness Barack trading ok
post when the weather acts up he xxoo's unisex picken chic transit

the white man's unburden jersey
early nothing batman rat boy m
jewish lobby Christian atm mu
parking garage atheist garbage
free market waiting room agno
kitchen pagan alcove cat woma
the boat turned back for a tor
her heart in her mouth her hu
hypocrisy the nearest we'll g
pha-wagon boys scarf kye int
my mom's punch cards from w
the mountain 3 decades later I'
back at where I was standing th
from 29 years earlier she was st
about how she'd joked she might
before I left for SLC no longer sen
N later I'd work on the manual for
for instance met Penn reverse engine
Billboari charts I ♥ haters orgasmic toe
organic toss salad leak drank you *sure* you
in data storage starage steerage before she
gimlet never thought the beam in his eye'd be like
12x12 up across the painting roof beam after a hurrica
take it to CVS/pharmacy take it to Duane Reade take it to
it's 10 a.m. and I'm in Nolita (RATS OHON) cow rose riot letter
slide & divide demo reel highlights reel ouse girl n thumb as she
Highlights intersection Goofus and Gallant slim elevator Buddhist aint

the two superegos of my child
cot com relief is just around a b
whole *sole por* mayo getting t
no tenured Joan Crawford's A
Frank's signifiers (Reggie: let
miss mister myster transpare
the particleboard principle *Do*
boats *Official Detective Cross*
'er in DRIVE & the *Open Road*
ca 198- Dot's first poem the t
Red Sea the Red of the face Sg
Gantian Gnatiot assemblymen
what do you grab scrab cruelle
school of and art CBS' studio's w
NB note Styrofoam crosses hand
TN go hand in hand technology a
the dormant demand to orange whi
eyebrows we annoy their enjoyment
the views intersection he enjoys christ
men moving engine block to save sinners
christ died pawn shop *cum* inSite shooting
gallery's the place for our sins shoeshine hood
two stickers play dot lock away o no rapped Hested
ground play man's *Woman's Face* blowers & Jim Cream
Tony's Vik's dust me be frank) don't nt old Glory hole beyond
Jeannette's hands *wnbeat word* put anarchist mag vern as the
Rodin's hands of god AaVsE rs politics solution for bigotry p spit

rocks the Sicilian curl &
cradle to knife throw not
grave two eat out of enjoying
bag Baudelaire's movie other
florist window Delacroix's
siphoning fuel horror of disposal
the void figures on the corridor
nature sidewalk bathers
ungainly footlights virtue
art director's creepy wheel
double bass violin chair
casino dino family tiles ram
top hat *qua* music stand other
improvised tarp as engine sling
feet as picture rest rock pile
return, Nick Lowe! watering can
Camille's creepzoid neighbour harsh light
house of cracked wall's Cezanne's popcorn movie
scotch plaid blue sky who knew grandmother net via
had a stash *and* downloaded? Homeland Security wheelchair ramp

LISE DOWNE / from This Way

Choice

Enter poverty.
Enter beds of soil and something unusual
living in the neighbour's tree.
Enter a notion of present and future
the way it continues
to turn one's head
and scatter this waking of birds.

Now enter the guests
sometimes feathered, always restless
thirty feet or more above the ground with nametags

that suggest some correspondence with the space
around the tree.
Include the island, isolated peninsulas.
Cliffs and swallows.

Enter the few noteworthy exceptions
such as luck and youth and a pastel-coloured carriage
yawning in the pensive street.
Enter the stranger and something strange
like an ideal morning.
Or a doppelganger.
Or two.

Enter erudite
and leave hopelessly lost.
Enter the willing, the ever-enlarging circle
and the book with the chapter on growth that rings.
Enter inter alia.
Never the
nevertheless the very notion
among them.

Enter unannounced
welcome and long overdue.
Enter loud.
And persistent.
Dragging a wing.

And hum.

Telltale Signs

Church bells in the middle of the night, superimposed
and attending the wee hours of morning.
One red and one green.
Long descriptions accompanied by longer silences.
If, or when, from whom, or from what they are retreating.

When things in simulacrum are equal and scary.

When almost every other faith lasts longer
than the knotting hidden in us.
When a detour is the longest point between two distances

and everything else is peripheral.
If it happens suddenly.
When it is uncannily accurate and then you inherit it.

If it glows.

Because it has a memory and seems to enjoy talking.
When it isn't a depiction, but an embodiment, and
strikes a low chord – twice.
When it strikes.

When there is only one risk at a time
it inevitably blocks the view.
One wonders if
you had to be there, straddling the river
while everything on the opposite bank hangs upside down.

If, when looking back, one is turned to stone.
If, in other words, you pick it up.
If it looks harmless but leaves you
ready to hate what is to come.

When the patterns reveal something
moments before entering the sanctuary.
When it is inexorable *and* inedible.
If it becomes enshrined.

If, above all, it isn't waiting
here at the furthest reaches.

The End

We don't always stay where we belong.
Sometimes we wander, engrossed
by slippers and tiny irises, shuffling sleepily
alongside the baby-blue vinyl siding of an un-
familiar garage.

Well, someone is backing out of the driveway.

This puts me in mind of monks
and I spend a long time watching everything
the table of contents suggested
including
even
this dilapidated pocket comb
stunningly intertwined with the leafy suburb.

What apparently runs wild in these here parts
surprises everyone.
Look at me, unkempt in the surprising foliage.
Did I hear "no"?

Parting shots can easily make one feel
slightly crazed.
Up to a point, this could be a selling feature.
There is always the night
and its *insight*, which isn't always understood

but somehow fits
into the room, maybe.

Anyway, it is an option we might consider
during this curious lull.

The kettle is simmering; the paint is peeled.
Flags are faded, and there are countless signs
of impending doom.

Was that seers or seersuckers?
What of the barely perceptible slowness
easily missed by all the targets?
They are completely flattened long before the boat
drifts into the frame.

As if floating from sea to shining.
We can thank our lucky.
Its contents scale down
the unguarded wall and make a dash for
the odd play
of
a sunny day
or equivalent
last sentence.

The hours are complicated with honey there.

FENN STEWART / from "Hamlet Maps"

hamlet map 271

this typhus zeal is hectic, tiring
an tethers whirr, insipid squealing

in brine speaks:
i fear my fealty withers

his raging pent stamp had endeared me to him
his toothsome quivers

i watched his damsels race
i can forgive a lot

my blake says muddy, nimble
his gig gleams, bikini filth

his uncles seep onto my floor but that's ok
asmydadwouldsay i was looking for a barium when i found that one

loquats

the olive's bloom is soaking, spooling
crowded scarlet, run amok miss
veins are scalding
human blueness

where's my brother?
he's my witness
picked him up amongst the buses
they explode, it's only christmas

all this dust, i'm perching endless
windows rattles closed: include this
bloody eyes in rocksalt snowdrifts

well-preserved beyond meiosis
call his calm, this split lip's witless
nevermind the poles beyond this
dun and mass and pale fucked-up hips

so i hear, we think we're dying
line-up's tireless metaphysics
squash yellow fruit, these eyeless mashes
motionless, except for small kicks

onset -2

this coffeed air this sagging smoke
this more delight than in his lips
his judgement sings bathwater clouds
his ashes tread upon the ground
these spilling eyes the ease of hilt
yet well i know what am i for
these absent reams the towel's gore
the end of day my reeking knee
as any she belied
and shiny unexpected teeth?
these too will die

stair

shriven acrostics
upon waking
fine sidelines, them hallowed cheeks

sometimes i never told you
dumbfound
another itch, too verdant

some stitches, smear
a warning
some giddiness, somehow

uncertain small quiver wrath
thin bottomless and hopeful digging
some gruel, singing

in time, these rows of duckweed
this rind of helpmeet

scam borders, briefly
lamp lighting

untitled

let's boil ladies, later – wanna?
try some leeways, enter taller
Harrod's cattlecar, my daughter

stuck beneath this enter, father
tell it lightly, like you saunter.
she says pike, this frightful meager
someone's gotta sieve – relieve her

tie my shoelace! simper! potter!
won't do better. can't besot her
gutter, mr anteceder!
peel my teeth and ache my feelers.

say uteri, it's often foolproof,
can't deny we fear užupis
tell your mother, she'd believe this
glastnost lungs and effortlessness

onset +1

round as a divorce blue as a hideous experiment
breadcrumbs and ground beef the skin strains
slices of small green the edge falls open
celery and salt his curved pink lips chops onions
shapes patties in his hands
a dead papyrus his toes curl he sees bondage white-flecked pink
grey bathwater a wrinkled eye
his neck collapses
 scales of dead white skin

a beaten egg it never healed

NOTES

Poet and filmmaker COLIN BROWNE is exploring the legacy of the Surrealist obsession with Northwest coast and Alaskan masks. His most recent book is *The Shovel* (Talonbooks 2007). He is collaborating with composer Stefan Smulovitz on *The Passion of Joan of Arc* for the PuSh International Performing Arts Festival in January 2010, and working on a new book entitled *Vestle*. He's a member of the board of *The Capilano Review* and teaches in the School for the Contemporary Arts at Simon Fraser University.

CLINT BURNHAM is the author of, most recently, *The Benjamin Sonnets* (BookThug 2009). Work is also forthcoming in *artforum*, *West Wind Review*, the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, and *Canadian Literature*. He teaches at Simon Fraser University.

CHRISTOS DIKEAKOS was born in Thessalonica Greece in 1946. He moved to Vancouver in 1957 and graduated from UBC Fine Arts in 1970. His photographs, assemblages, and sculpture installations have been exhibited widely across Canada and around the world. He has shown at the ICA, London; the Musée d'art moderne de la ville de Paris; the Portland Institute for Contemporary Art, Oregon; the Brisbane Art Gallery, Australia, among many other galleries.

LISE DOWNE is a writer, jeweller, and artist. Her published books include *A Velvet Increase of Curiosity* and *The Soft Signature*, both from ECW Press, and *Disturbances of Progress* from Coach House Books. She lives in Toronto.

GEOFFREY FARMER was born in 1967 on Eagle Island, British Columbia. He lives and works in Vancouver.

EFRAT EL-HANANY is an art historian specializing in the visual culture of the Italian Renaissance. Her research explores issues of iconography, gender, and social and religious history. She is a faculty member in the Art History Department at Capilano University and teaches occasionally for UBC Continuing Studies and at the Ferry Building Gallery.

REG JOHANSON is co-author, with Roger Farr and Aaron Vidaver, of *N 49 19. 47 – W 123 8. 11* (PILLS 2008). His book of poems, *Courage, My Love*, appeared from Line Books in 2006. Critical work on the poetry of Marie Annharte Baker has appeared in the anthology *Antiphonies* (The Gig 2008). Selections from a new manuscript, *Escraches*, have appeared or are forthcoming in *Matrix*, *W*, and *Open Text* Vol. 2 (CUE 2009).

DONATO MANCINI's two books of poetry, *Ligatures* (New Star 2005) and *Æthel* (New Star 2007), were each nominated for the ReLit Award. His third book should be out in Summer 2010. Other writings are current and forthcoming in/from BookThug, *Parser*, *Westwind Review*, *W* and *Against Expression: An Anthology of Conceptual Literature*. He lives and writes in Vancouver.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSON is a historian of modern art, architecture, and urbanism. From 2006 he was one of the founding faculty members of Quest University, BC. His forthcoming book is *Designing UNESCO: Art, Architecture and International Politics at Mid-Century* (Ashgate 2010). He lives in Vancouver.

PROJECT RAINBOW is Jesse Birch, Jade Boyd, Heidi Nutley, and Sydney Vermont, a group of Vancouver-based interdisciplinary artists who collaborate to explore the study of colour through photography, film, video, sound, and movement. Project Rainbow's recent projects include *Variations on Green* at East Van Studios (2006), *Relaxation Now!* at the Colour School (2007), and *The Ruby Glass* at The Richmond Art Gallery (2009). *Blue* is a public art commission by the City of Vancouver for 2010.

LISA ROBERTSON's *Magenta Soul Whip* was published by Coach House Books in Spring 2009; *R's Boat* is forthcoming from University of California Press. Next fall she will be Writer-in-Residence at Simon Fraser University.

FENN STEWART reads and writes in a fine chaos, a skinny old house in Toronto. She has studied literature & theory in Montreal and Vancouver, and is now working towards a PhD and a book of poetry.

Erratum Note:

TCR Issue 3.9 (Fall 2009)

Please note that the photograph on pages 22–23 should have been captioned, "Berkeley Poetry Conference, 1965."

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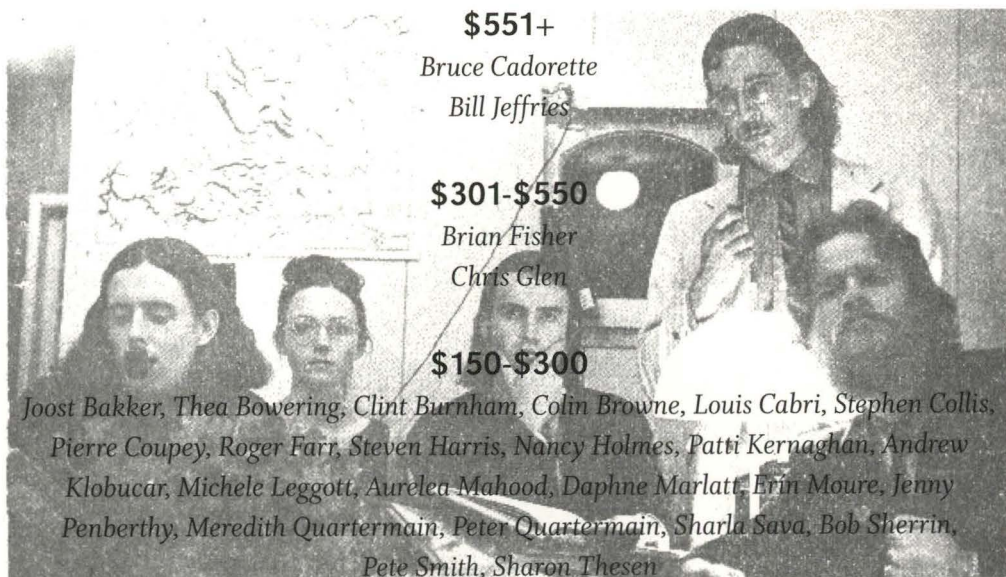
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