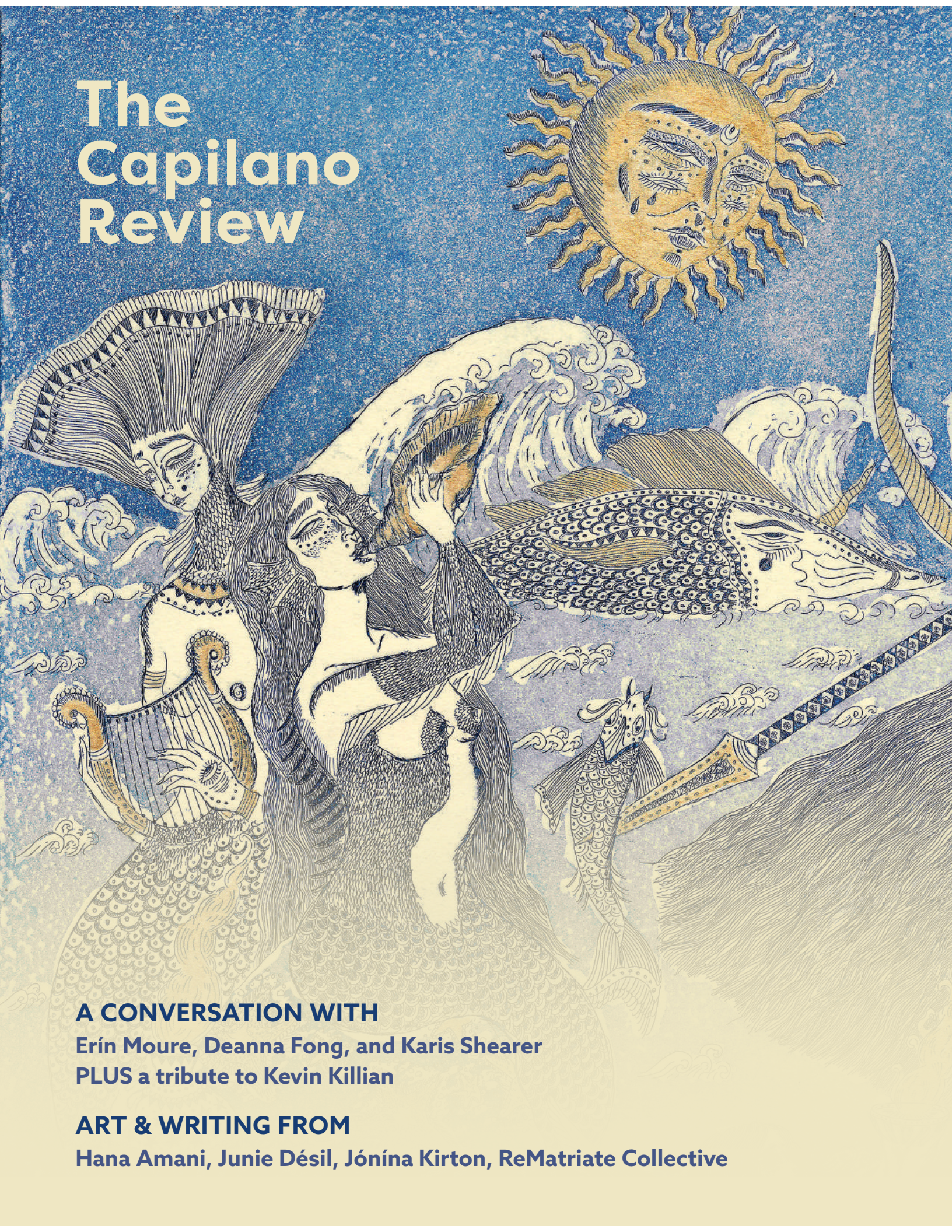


The Capilano Review



A CONVERSATION WITH
Erín Moure, Deanna Fong, and Karis Shearer
PLUS a tribute to Kevin Killian

ART & WRITING FROM
Hana Amani, Junie Désil, Jónína Kirton, ReMatriate Collective

I long for collaborations that use circles

—*Jónína Kirton*

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Cover Image:

Hana Amani, *The Birth of Bilqis*, 2019
Intaglio and gold paint on ivory Fabriano paper
30 x 37 inches

Editor's Note

Initially, I thought about collaboration as working together, as what it took to get work done. As I went through the process of guest editing the Collaborations issue of *TCR*, I thought that as long as every contribution showed evidence of collaboration, we would be good. Now I have come to understand that collaboration, like many words, is malleable, slippery, and sometimes contradictory in itself.

The Oxford English Dictionary provides two definitions of collaboration: to work together to create something of artistic endeavour and to work with the enemy. As we invited folks to contribute work, we remembered, considered, debated, hesitated, ate, laughed, and had moments of clarity and brilliance, some tinged with regret and sadness about what was not possible given our restraints, which I could call “the enemy.” Time confined us, as did page counts, a budget (*what?*), and life.

As I reflect on my experience as guest editor for this issue, I think about how to hold both definitions. I also consider how *co-elaboration*—a process that allows for creation between artists, writers, and doers of all types, with elaboration being the focal point—has come to define us much more.

Definitions of collaboration and co-elaboration can and should include the process and production of generosity. Erin Moure brought to our attention Shanzhai Lyric, the collaborative work of Ming Lin and Alexandra Tartasky that focuses on the meeting place between fashion and poetry. And Renée Sarojini Saklikar introduced us to the work of Akem, an illustration of collaboration as “cooperation with the enemy” and the relationship between silence and complicity.

Co-elaborations might look like Chris Turnbull’s “slow unfolding,” Cecily Nicholson, Junie Désil, Mercedes Eng, and Hari Alluri’s “gatheration,” or Jacqueline Turner and Jami Macarty’s “scaffolding of poems.” Elaborations move us from the mythic to the elemental with Hana Amani’s gilded paeans to “defiant women with unpopular opinions,” Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera’s alchemical etchings, and Genevieve Robertson’s elegy of the remains of forest fire.

Relationships are the undercurrent of collaborative efforts. Erín Moure, Deanna Fong, and Karis Shearer talk about who is included in the “we” in G. Maria Hindmarch’s *Kitsilano*, Jónína Kirton asks us to consider our relationship to the sacred, and ReMatriate Collective reminds us that “water connects us all.”

It may be an act of contrition to end this note with a co-elaboration between the words of Toni Morrison and Binyavanga Wainaina, two artists who passed this year, leaving me bereft in the wake. “I am feeling so almost,” Binya writes in *Since Everything was Sudden into a Hurricane*, while Morrison says, “Look at this thing we have created together” in a moment of awe shared in her 1992 Nobel laureate speech. This issue is evidence of the time and generosity, skill and artistry, and ultimately, privilege and space that it takes to create together. I am grateful to everyone who contributed to this issue for the feeling of “so almost”—this is as close as I want to be, given the restraints we had. Thank you so much *TCR*, for this privilege.

—Juliane Okot Bitek

Everything is Waiting

Jónína Kirton

Your great mistake is to act the drama
as if you were alone. As if life
were a progressive and cunning crime
with no witness to the tiny hidden
transgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny
the intimacy of your surroundings. Surely,
even you, at times, have felt the grand array;
the swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding
out your solo voice.

—from David Whyte’s “Everything is Waiting for You”

Even as a child, I felt the “grand array; the swelling presence, and the chorus,” crowding out my “solo voice.” I had a feeling that someone or something was always with me. For a time, I called it God, then later there were other names, Goddess, the Creator, or the ancestors. Once an adult I had much to heal and, given the loss of connection to my Indigenous culture and the teachings they would have provided, I had to find others who were open to different worldviews and believed in other ways of knowing. I became a regular at Vancouver’s spiritual watering hole, Banyen Books and Sound, where I would always head for the new release section. It was there, in 1994, that I first stumbled upon David Whyte and his book *The Heart Aroused: Poetry and the Preservation of the Soul in Corporate America*. I was not yet a poet, but the book excited me.

My reading list at that time included *In the Absence of the Sacred* by Jerry Mander, *Mediating Dangerously: The Frontiers of Conflict Resolution* by Buddhist mediator, Kenneth Cloke, and lots of Rumi and Hafiz. I was — and still am — convinced that we need spirituality or the sacred to be a part of all things. When I say spirituality, I do not mean dogma, religious or otherwise. I am referring to a sense of the sacred, whatever it is for you. I was attracted to poets who were also mystics and felt poetry was a valuable tool for connecting to the sacred. So when David Whyte’s poem, “Everything is Waiting for You,” spoke

to being in concert with everything around you I found both comfort and validation in his words. It felt like sacred text.

A few years later I came upon *God is Red* by Vine Deloria Jr. and began my journey back to my Indigenous roots. In that book, Deloria Jr. says, “All inanimate objects have spirit and personality so that mountains, rivers, waterfalls, even continents and earth itself have intelligence, knowledge, and the ability to communicate ideas.” Reading *God is Red*, I saw that so many of my beliefs and my way of being in the world had a grounding in the Indigenous worldview.

I consider myself to be in collaboration with the universe. I feel most comfortable in the natural world. Crows follow me down the street. One of them squawks loudly if I have my head down. He seems to be annoyed if I am too insular and not noticing my surroundings. When I look up and thank him, he has an undeniable look of satisfaction at having reminded me he is there and to pay attention to my surroundings.

As we rush and push agendas, we lose that connection. If we belittle those who believe these things or other ways of knowing, we are left with dry, hard, cold “facts” or theories, when what the world desperately needs right now is to be responsive, to allow things to be more organic.

Truth is that I long for collaborations that use circles. I long for a world where we go as slow as the slowest person in the room, where those who are fast and efficient sit down and listen. Listen to the one who is most likely sitting on wisdom that never gets to come out because everything moves too fast for them, or because they are not willing to push their way into discussions.

As I write this, I think of Richard Wagamese and the circles I attended at the home he shared with his wife, Debra Powell. In his circles we were all equal and time became irrelevant. He would lead by sharing a story with us, a teaching tied to his own life and what was currently happening for him. He would be vulnerable, “just another foolish two-legged” as my dear friend and Elder Aline LaFlamme always says. He was not trying to be some guru who had reached enlightenment. This made it easier for us to share openly and honestly when the feather came around. But what struck me most was that unlike other gatherings I had attended, there was no need to get everything out in one go. He would pass the feather around until everyone had said everything they needed to say.

Having been in AA and many board meetings where if you're lucky you get one chance to speak, it was a marvel to me that we were allowed to empty ourselves in this way. There was no need to rush. You had a chance to correct what you said earlier if someone said something after you that caused a shift in your thinking, or if you realized you had not expressed yourself well. There were no "gotcha" moments. We were in a fluid, responsive state and aware that each of us was learning. No one had all the answers but together we could sort things out with the assistance of our ancestors and the Creator. It is true we were not collaborating on any projects, but we were building community and assisting one another in bringing positive change into our lives. The circle became a touchstone that I still carry with me to this day.

Talking circles help us lean into listening in a deep way. They assist us in not only listening to each other but also to other ways of knowing — and we may limit collaborations and co-creations if we don't honour other ways of knowing. Indigenous or not, if we go far enough back in our lineage, we will find ancestors who knew the importance of collaborating with Spirit and being responsive to the natural world. My Icelandic ancestors spoke with trees before determining which one would make the best long boat. My Indigenous ancestors went on vision quests where they received knowledge about their gifts and their path. And then there is the world of dreams where messages can be received. What if we valued time spent in prayer, opened ourselves to contemplation and the revelations that can come if we ask for them?

These days there is so much to attend to. The call for safe spaces is challenging those in leadership roles to bring meaningful change to the way we approach collaboration and co-creations. However we choose to proceed, it's important to acknowledge that at times we are stepping into fast-moving water and that these rivers of change inevitably bring some chaos. We've never been here before. It takes courage to explore new terrain. Collaboration of this nature does require innovation. It requires a certain audacity. It may require sacrifices. Unless we have respect for the sacred and some connection to spirituality, we may miss what everything around us is trying to tell us. Unless we find opportunities to slow down, we may miss the answers that are waiting to reveal themselves. We may miss the fact that it is all just waiting for us.

together we walk the labyrinth

in this sharing of our silence there are rounded corners
where bodies circle circles within circles our bodies fluid
opening to each other we become rounded corners
no sharp turns here

only prayers filling the walls
filling our hearts

once at the centre we wait
eyes closed we feel bodies passing
bodies turning in the softening
of rounded corners

one foot in front of the other
we walk towards peace

in the background the faint sounds of piano keys
the chords of our longing have become a song
our pain put on pause some left in the rounded corners
where the softening edges and the sound of the piano
show us another way through the maze of emotions each day brings

heads bowed we give thanks
for the healing that the circling brings

together we walk in this prayer filled room
a place where many are answered
all outside sounds muted by meditation
even if jarring they become music turning us inward
moving us away from resistance

minds emptied
we retrace our steps

with body filled lightness we walk
in the quiet of our yearning for stillness
our questions answered we are nourished
it will now be easier to lead with love and when we forget

eyes closed we will remember the sharing
of silence and the walk towards peace

Two Poems

Junie Désil

How to Write About Zombies

how to write about what you carry
but don't know? strange
inheritance one carries in

everyday code

understandable if borne of Haitian soil

 submerged in salt sea
bracing rivers

falls

the sea here salty not turquoise warm
the soil i am complicatedly
settled on

just bone on bone
weary grating questions

i ask mother
zombies *the back-home kind*

she won't speak except to start. and stop.
words caught in her throat.

i ask father
I am a man of God I don't pay attention to these things

silence.

so i ask books from the library

keep them from touching other books
or caressed by the same night wind caressing my back

how to write about zombies:

when you're a generation removed from the soil

and

several generations removed from

lan Guinée

and

colonial words
still your tongue

crowd your mouth

and

sever the connections between land
self

language

whitewash at best

how to write about these things that terrify

and

night

resolve into odd shapes at

and

lurk

in shadows

of the smooth heart muscle

joints of bones marrows tip

of fingers and

tongue

forgive the back and forth
i start with origins
i was not there i am
not there

rather

the line from here today

tethers collective trauma umbilical
centuries old over oceans
triangulated passages

those bones a bridge
abridge

[\ə-'brij \

1 : to shorten by omission of words without sacrifice of sense : condense]

i can't

write about zombies you'll need iron will

brace your heart

she will be *pronounced* dead
(that's very important)
the guardian of the cemetery
summons

she zombie-like

livewire warmth
dead giveaway give way give away

emptiness walk alongside me
unseen tread heavy

weight of ancient history press
follow out of breath weight struggle

heart is a muscle untrained to
lift carry attend to these wounds

in the company of the undead not "ghostly matters"
we deal with the ghastly

[4]

the thing/about/conversing/with/your/undead/self:

it'll never be convivial —listen

twin/heart/beats/counter/points failures/ inter ruptures/look

see i don't listen

—also/be/silent

neither/will/these/present/ancestors/five hundred/plus/years/

is/to live

many lives/

many lines

through

many lies/

veil

—truth is/to live is to/

hurt

[5]

i've asked the wrong questions or brought the wrong gifts maybe not enough

likely i can't hear those undead spirits —*those ghosts* owl-wise form a parliament

wisdom submerged under the cacophonous sound of nasal whine

speech halts. still —i write this black body live

Collaboration, or Cooperation with the Enemy

Akem

A woman in the audience screams, “ewww!” as Aaron, a black man, kisses Tamora, a white woman, on the movie theatre screen.

We are watching Shakespeare’s *Titus* at the old Granville Street theatre by Robson Street. The theatre is packed and the woman goes on long enough for me to turn and stare at her.

She is older, white, and when she notices me staring, she starts berating me with glee. No one else says a word through her tirade, or in the silence afterward.

My face feels like it’s been slapped. I stand below deck in the narrow hallways of the cruise ship to Alaska, just steps away from my room.

“Does she look like she works here, grandma?” The young, blonde girl casts her grandmother an exasperated look then falls silent, looking at me.

“Yessss,” the old, white lady drawls out with relish. She smirks up at me, confidently blocking my path.

I’m in a colourful summer dress and I’ve just been disrupted, obstructed, reminded that I do not have a right to be oblivious, happy. Everyone that works on the cruise ship wears a uniform. I cannot be mistaken for anyone other than a passenger.

I step around her in silence and walk away.

“You go first.” The tall, blonde, white woman gestures at the elevator buttons with an encouraging smile. She makes it seem like an elegant, old-fashioned gesture of respect—ladies first, or something like that—but she got in first, so the gesture seems odd.

I tap my fob against the elevator panel and press my floor number, trying all the while to puzzle it out. In the end, I decide to let it go. I'm tired, it's late, and I'm almost home.

It isn't until I've left the elevator and am busy jiggling my keys into the door of my apartment that I realize exactly what has taken place: I've become Suspicious While Black in the home I've lived in for over nine years.

My Supervisor is new—a young, white woman with a first name stolen from a First Nations language. She has a cross tattooed on one knuckle and a swastika on the other. “Buddhist,” she says, when I get up the courage to ask, though she says she follows neither religion.

“You shouldn't be so prejudiced,” the white, middle-aged Manager says to me confidently in a private meeting afterwards. We're sitting in a glass-walled meeting room, on full display.

I stare back at him, stunned. I had applied for another position within the company and been advised by my Supervisor that “she just didn't see me” in that position. Without her support, my application was dead in the water.

While I'm still stunned, he follows up with, “You shouldn't make your Supervisor uncomfortable.”

Later on, I'm invited into another meeting by the Manager. HR joins us. I feel ambushed, unheard, dismissed. I am advised not to jump to conclusions. I wipe away my tears and put my glasses back on sometime after they leave the meeting room.

I leave the large communications company that I've been with for five years. Soon after, I'm on disability.

It's always unexpected, the collaboration with an enemy that interrupts my life without warning. What am I to say to the guy with the thick Texan accent who tells me to speak English when he hears my name over the phone, though I speak no other language? How am I to respond to the teacher who assumes that I have cheated—that I couldn't have done my homework on my own—when I bring it to class?

I wonder how my silence and confusion in these moments serves as an act of encouragement and makes me complicit in my own diminishment.

Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera

Myth and folklore, the real and the imaginary, the told and the untold. As an artist coming from a mixed Mexican and Iranian background whose experiences and perceptions of the world have been shaped by the many places in which I have lived, I want my work to create a constant dialogue, beginning from my cultural heritage and moving beyond it. Spanning the disciplines of drawing, painting, printmaking, publishing, and sculpture, I am inspired by themes found in surrealism, magic realism, and metaphysics. Music, as a carrier of knowledge and culture, is a major influence on my work.

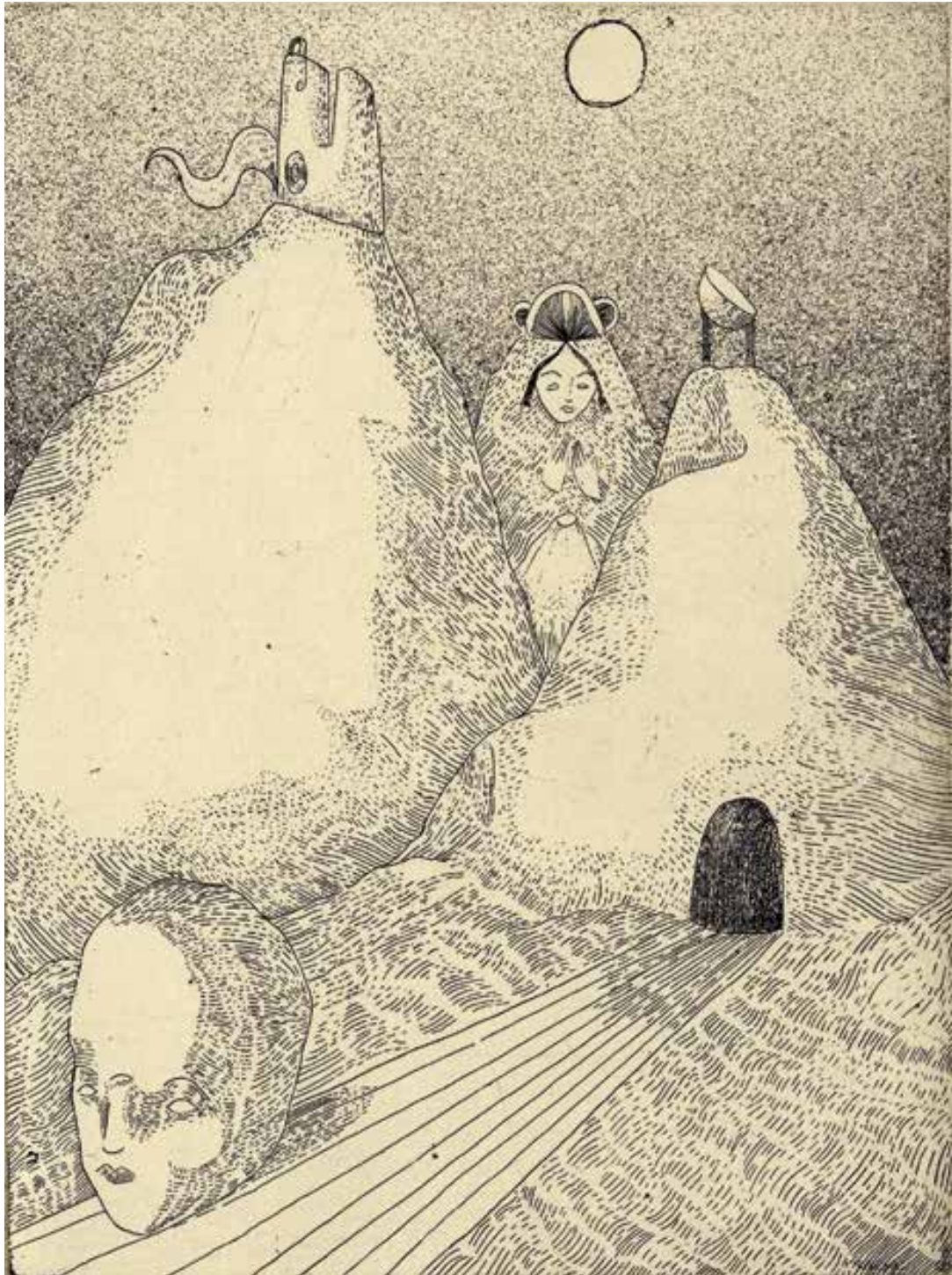
Se Murió de Amor is a series of etchings drawn from magic realist themes found in Mexican art and literature.

Every print in the series emerged from a previously written poem, and every poem emerged from a bolero. The title of the series, *Se murió de amor*, translates to “they died from love.” *Se murió de amor* is also a song by Tex Mex star Bobby Pulido.

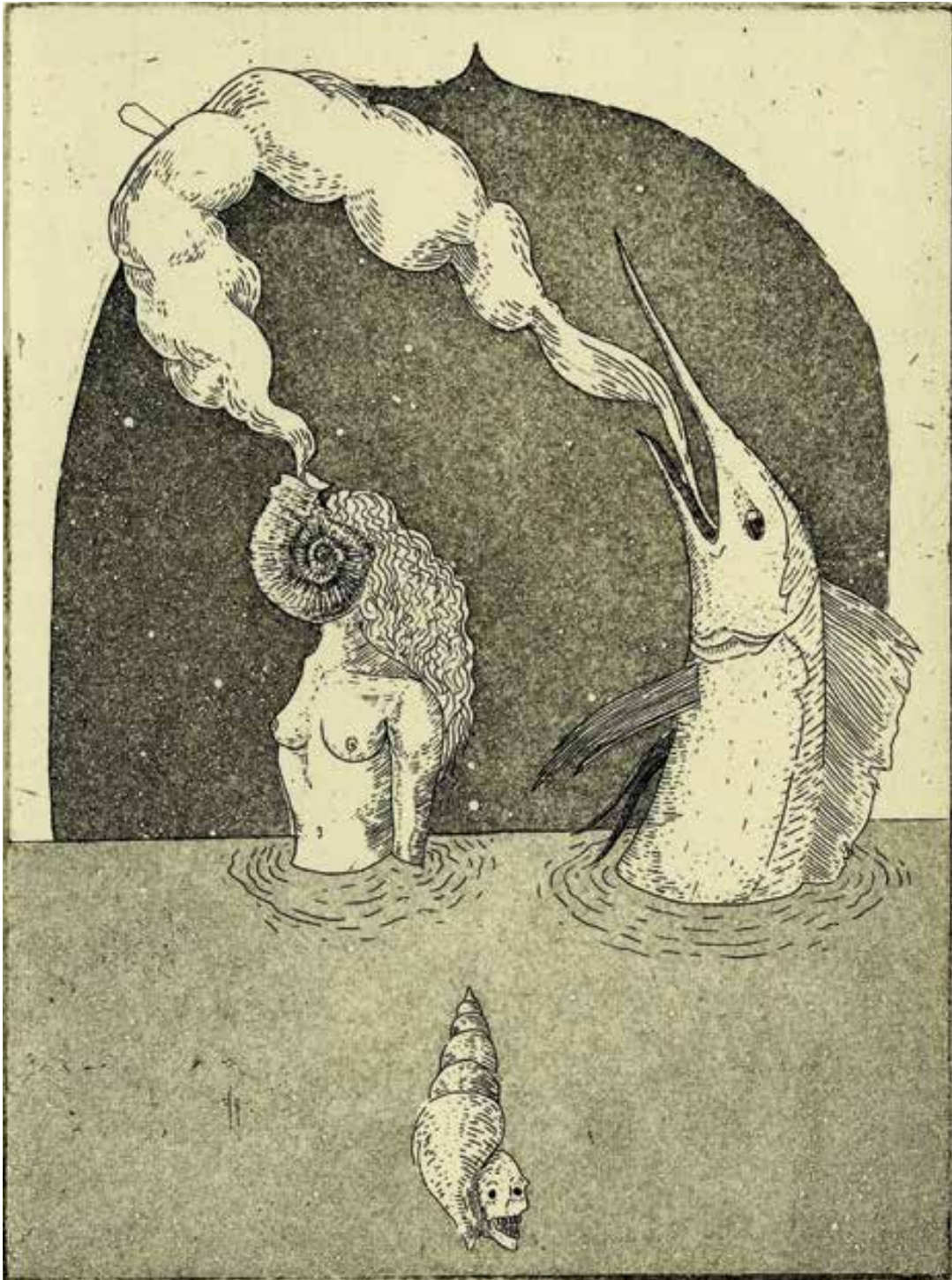
Hana Amani

Growing up in Sri Lanka, art and folklore have always been important aspects of my life. Stories centred around South Asian women and goddesses are primary influences on my work, and in particular, those taboo stories about women with rebellious natures and unpopular opinions. The works featured here, from my series *Scheherazade's Dream*, draw from powerful women found in Islamic mythology, specifically highlighting those elements of their sexuality, feminism, curiosity, and desires that are too often left out of mainstream accounts.

My interest in history and surrealism likewise informs my work, and I am interested in creating images that can be shared timelessly but which nonetheless refrain from revealing all of their secrets at once. The intaglio techniques I use allow me to depict stories at a large scale and in fine detail, using a traditional form of printmaking to raise issues about contemporary culture and politics.



Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera, *Cerro*, 2019
Intaglio on cotton paper, 6 x 4.5 inches



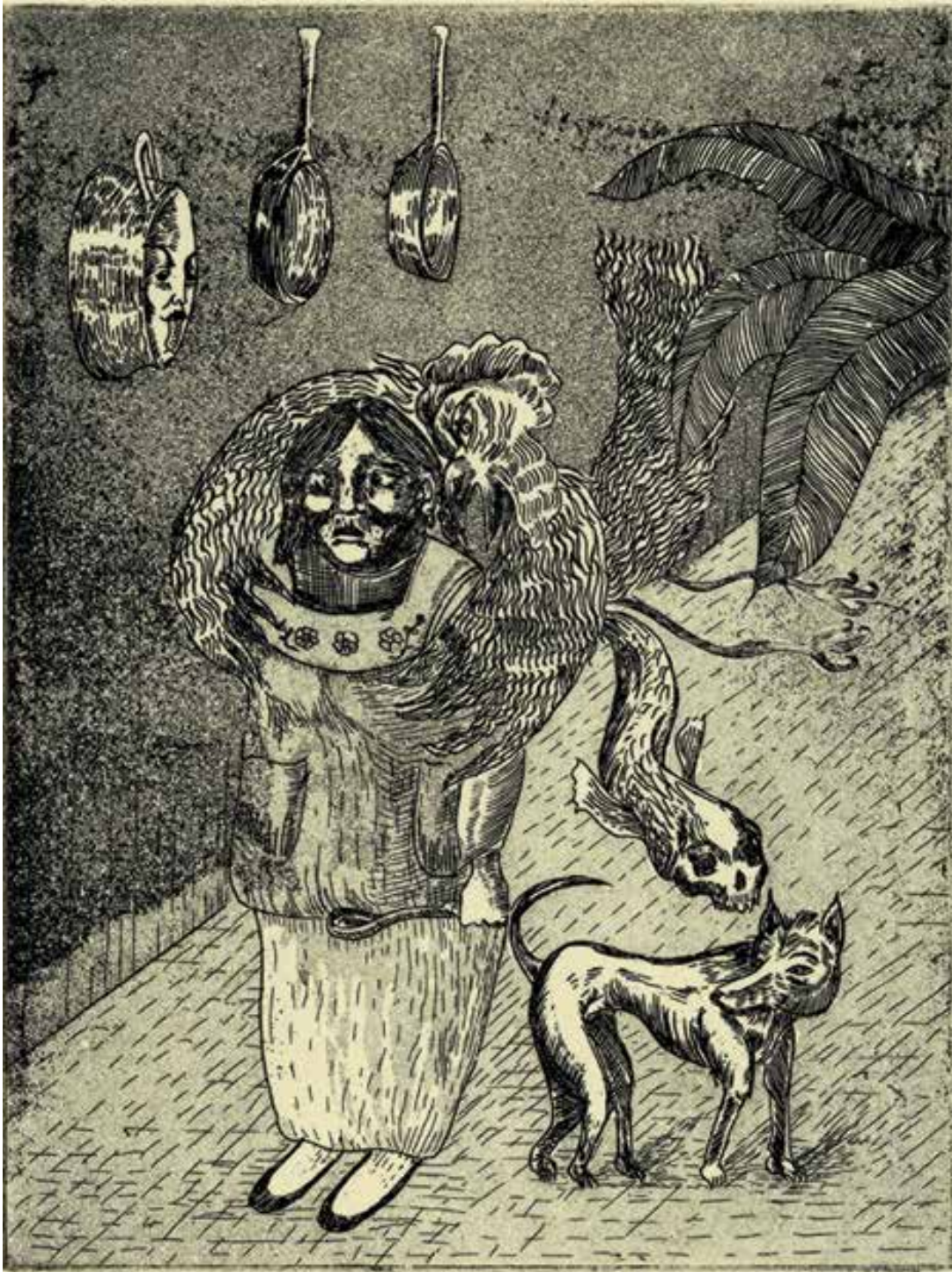
Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera, *All Idols are Fake*, 2019
Intaglio on cotton paper, 6 x 4.5 inches



Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera, *No sé si en nubes o corales*, 2019
Intaglio on cotton paper, 6 x 4.5 inches

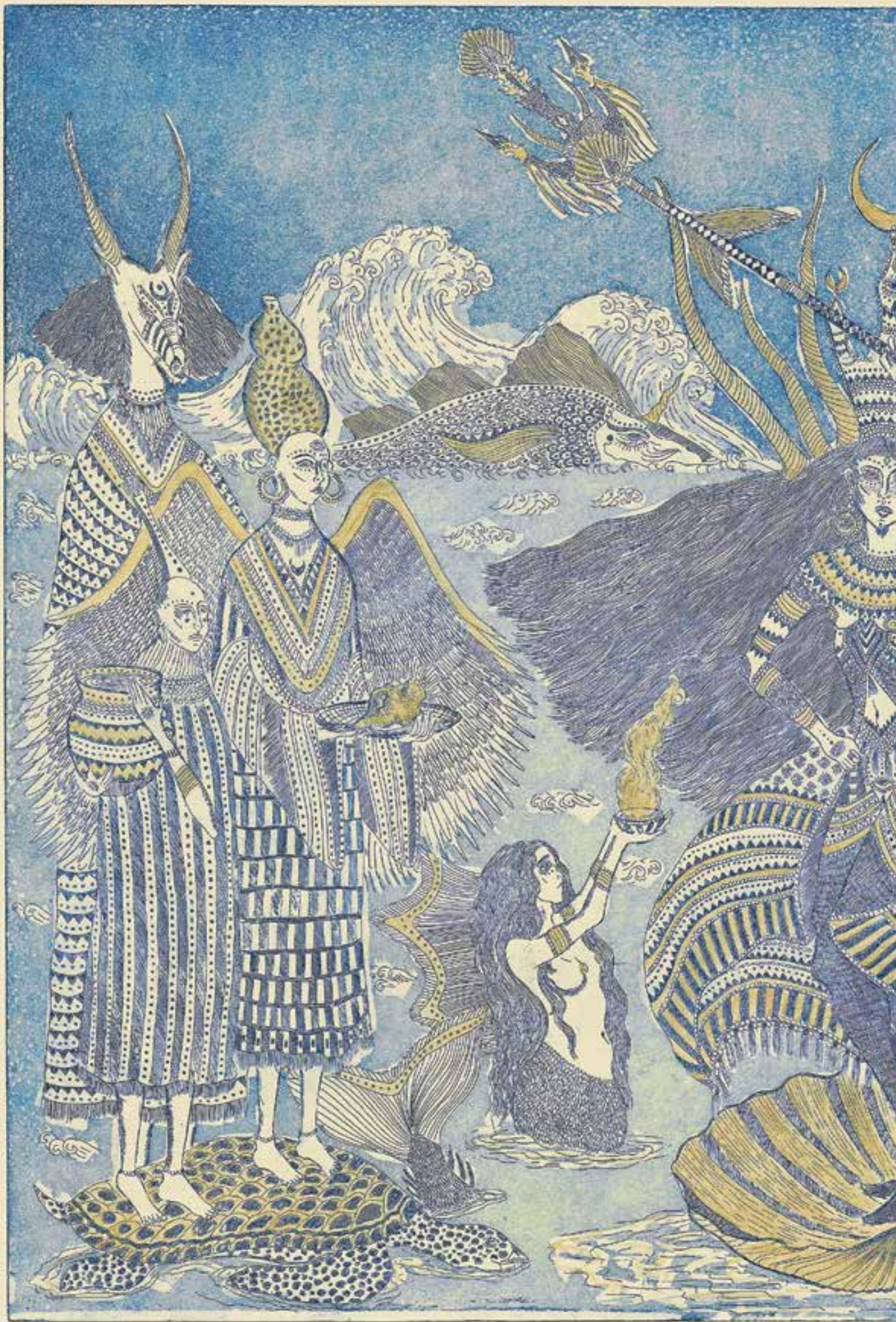


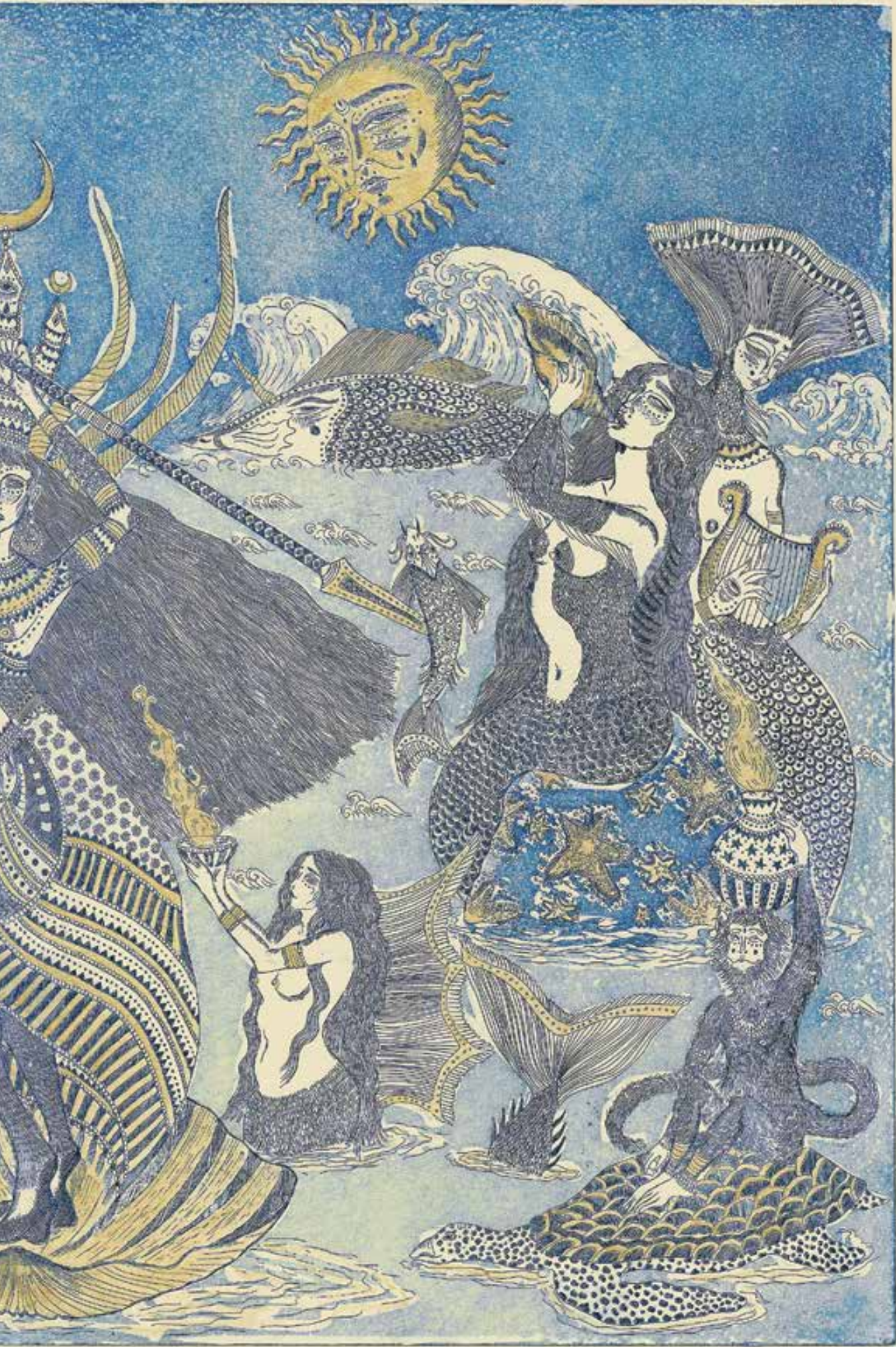
Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera, *La Luna en el Conejo*, 2019
Intaglio on cotton paper, 6 x 4.5 inches



Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera, *Goya Never Ate Tlacoyos*, 2019

Intaglio on cotton paper, 6 x 4.5 inches



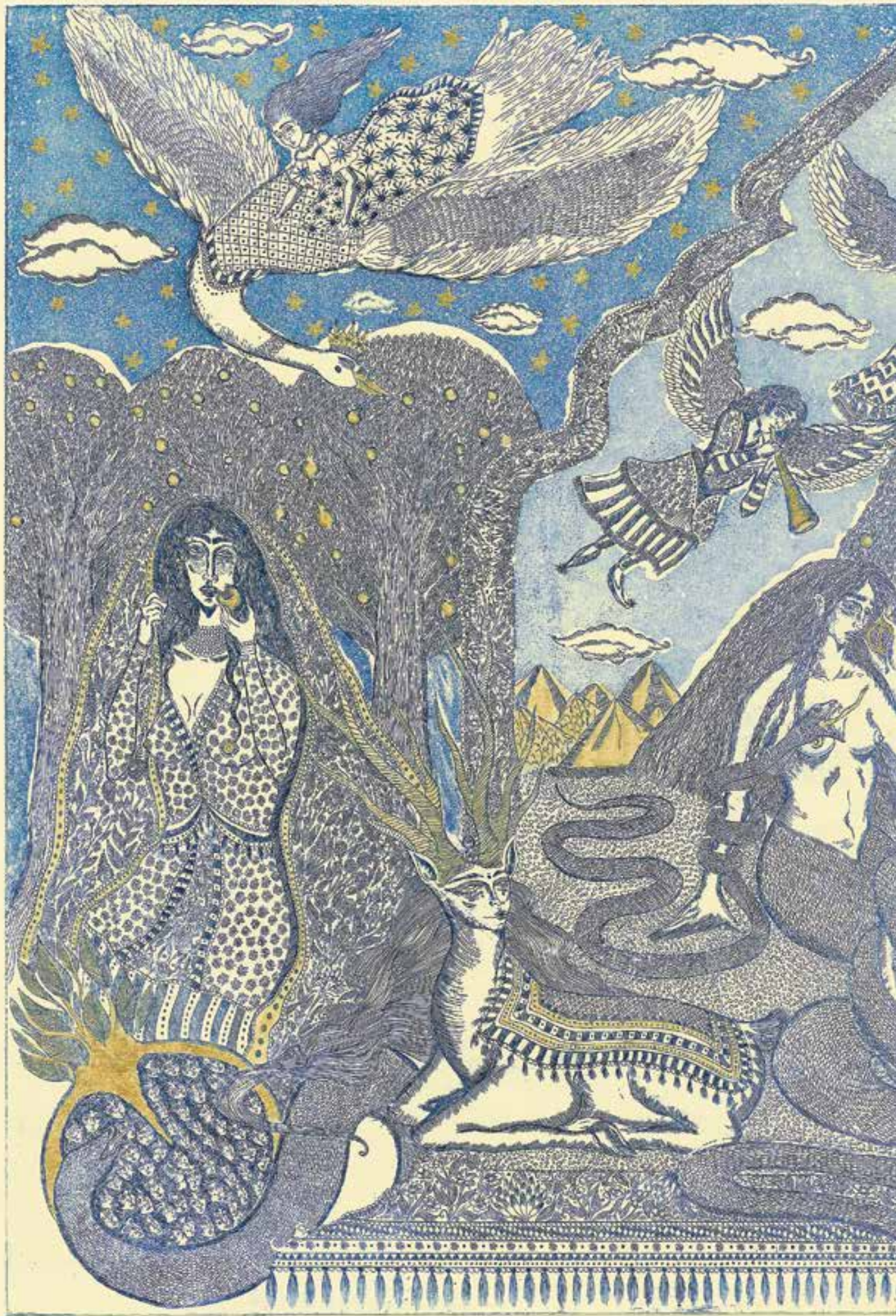


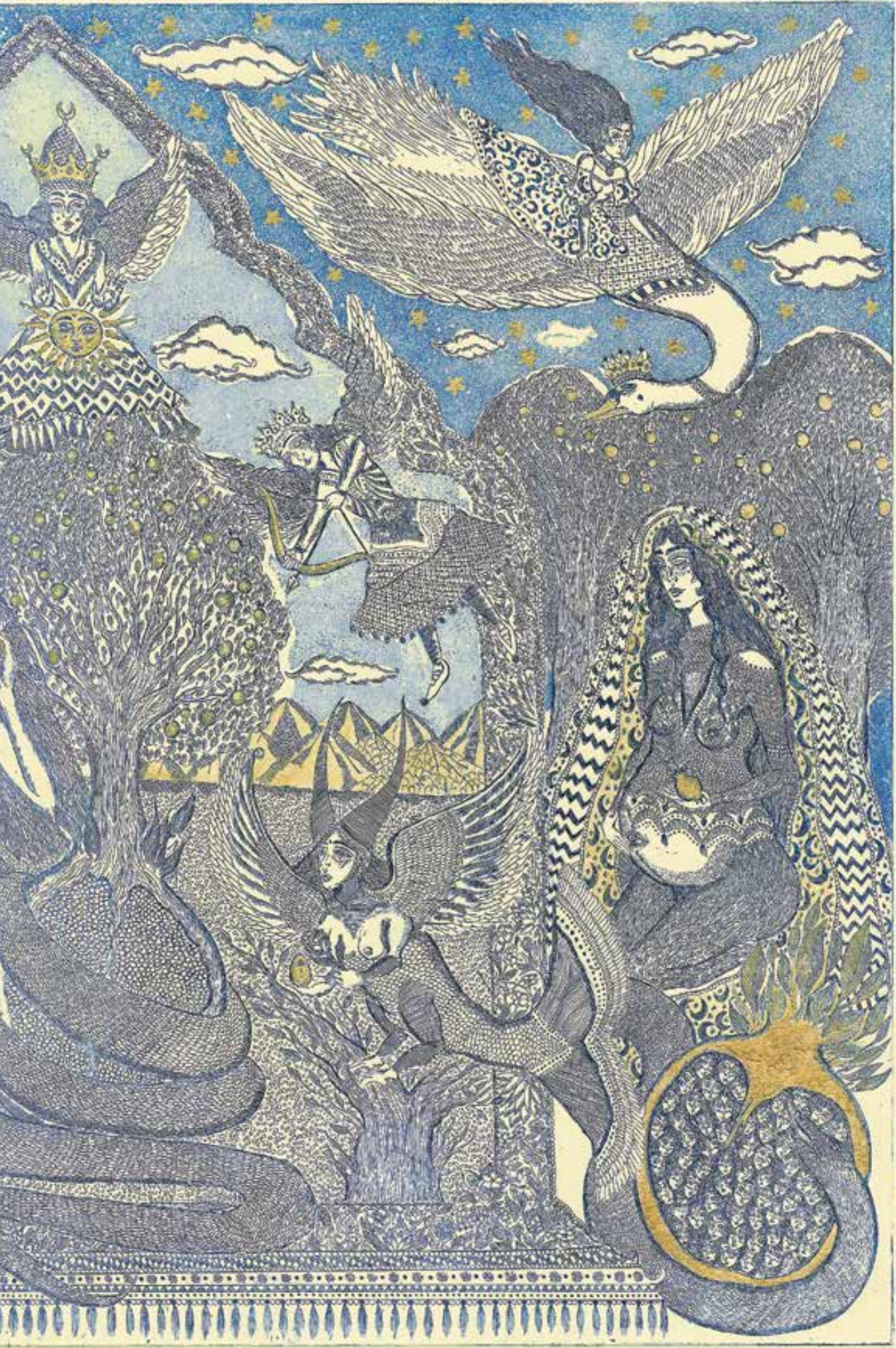
Hana Amani, *The Birth of Bilqis*, 2019. Intaglio and gold paint on ivory Fabriano paper, 30 x 37 inches





Hana Amani, *Scheherazade's Dream*, 2019. Intaglio and gold paint on ivory Fabriano paper, 30 x 37 inches





Hana Amani, *Golden Pomegranates*, 2019. Intaglio and gold paint on ivory Fabriano paper, 30 x 37 inches

Suspended Collaboration

Chris Turnbull

A couple of years ago I embarked on a project that didn't work out—sort of. I was curious to explore language drift and wanted to collaborate in a way that would offer each collaborator agency in the sense of what was written and independence regarding who was collaborating. Within this exploration of drift, it seemed important to also enable conceptual filtering across collaborations to include the effect of our relationships and proximities. While there was a framework to the project, within that framework, many elements were left open to the collaborator's own motivations and exploratory impulses.

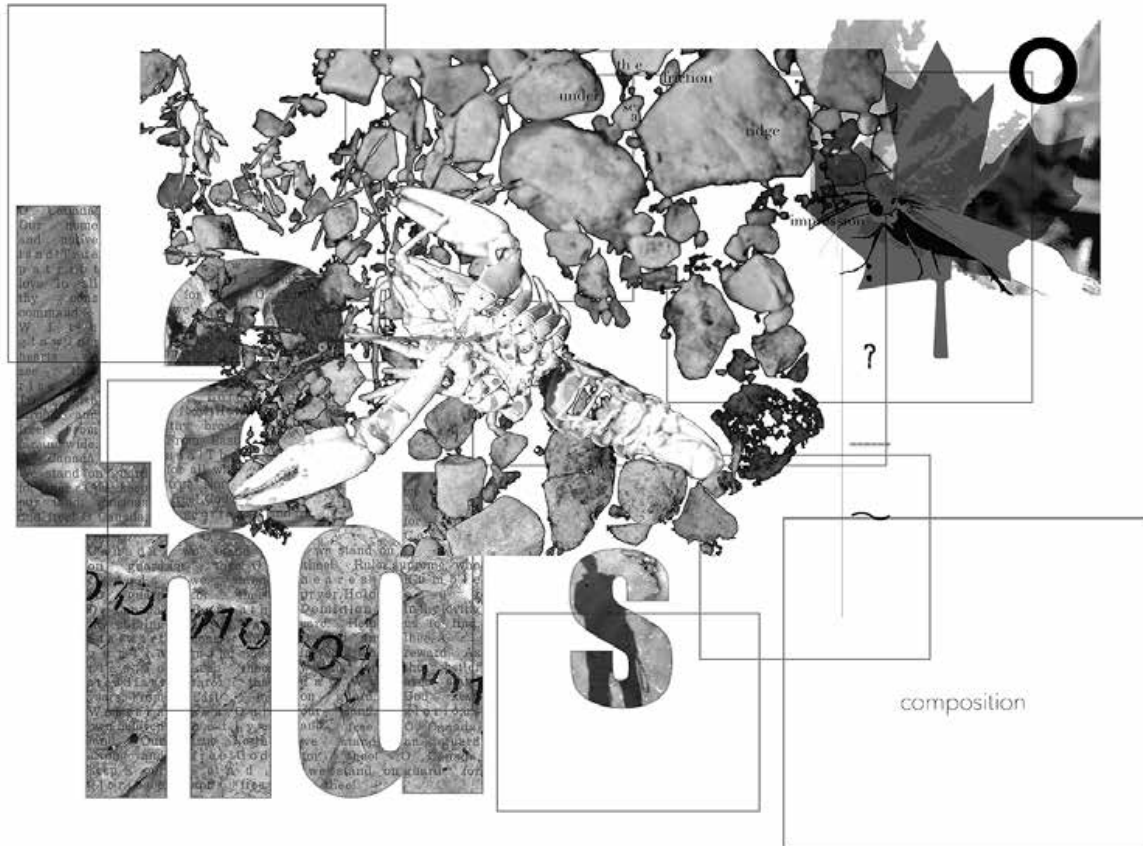
To start things off, I invited Manitoulin Island based artist/writer/curator Sophie Edwards to respond to “Lands Composition,” a visual piece I'd composed and previously published. Loosely, Sophie could use any form that was placeable on paper as her response to my piece, or an element of my work, however she interpreted “response.” I sent along a set of guidelines to help navigate the project as a whole and named it, temporarily, *if/then*.

Sophie had a month to complete her piece, send it to me, and send a similar request on to someone of her choosing. The person she chose to participate would only see Sophie's piece. The text would then be put in a folder on Google Drive that she and I would share.

Sophie asked artist Judy Bowyer to participate. Judy, not having seen what I sent Sophie, would respond to Sophie's piece and also send her own work onward to a collaborator of Judy's choosing. And so on, the same guidelines each time, once a month, over the course of a year.

As the project continued, the Google Drive folder would be populated by each piece, once a month, and each collaborator would receive access once the piece was submitted. We would meet in the Google Drive folder, and through our collaborations, see the slow unfolding and deepening of responses, each at a remove, each over time. This collaboration would evolve from the initial agreement between two people toward an emerging and final collaboration by twelve, each piece developing from direct relationships and indirect influence.

It is a reality that timing impacts collaborative work. Daily responsibilities or the collisions of other projects can suspend good ideas. In agreement, we paused this version of *if/then*. It was a great start.



Chris Turnbull, "Lands Composition," 2017
Previously published in colour in *Cold Front* at coldfrontmag.com

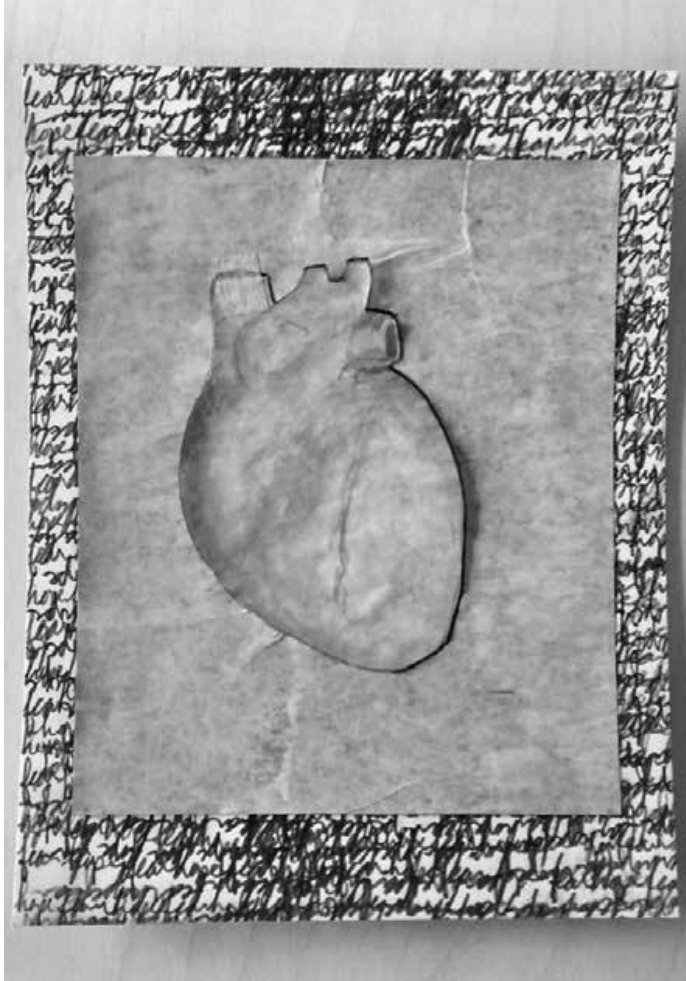
150 introduced species

Is it not romantic, *sturnus vulgaris*,
to fly the Shakespearean species to create a new English world
A few thistle seeds shaken from a pillow
loosestrife lingers in sheep's wool, in bedding, pos
Is it not practical, *cyprinus carpio*,
to feed a growing population, feed like colonists, to know no boundary
upon eating the red-legged bullfrog to extinction in the gold rush
to introduce the European bullfrog
Is it not resilient, *gardener*, to fight colonizing weeds, tam for a moment
too long, tuck a new found slip, a centre, find into prepared beds
Is it not natural, *orconectes rusticus*, to bait an angler,
to hybridize, rerun a rusty crayfish river
The tick, smallmouth, pine beetle warming to colder climes
Ash borer topples the canopy, phragmites spreads a choking shoreline
We cannot recognize the predation,
the occupation is familiar.

1500s Water lettuce Pistia stratiotes, 1539 Feral pigs Sus scrofa, 1600s Scots pine Pinus sylvestris, Purple loosestrife Lythrum salicaria, Yellow toadflax Linaria vulgaris, 1606 Rock pigeon Columbia livia, early 1600s Dandelion, Fennel, Foeniculum vulgar, 1620s Lamb's quarters Chenopodium album, 1672 Burdock, Yellow toadflax Linaria vulgaris, Early 1700s Common mullein Verbascum Thapsus, Dog rose Rosa canina, Common yellow oxalis Oxalis stricta, creeping woodsorrel Oxalis corniculata, Gray garden slug Deroceras reticulatum, 1727 English ivy Hedera helix, Mid-1700s Woolly mullein Verbascum, 1756 Norway maple Acer, 1758 Broad-leaved dock Rumex obtusifolius, Scotch thistle Onopordum acanthium, St. Johnswort Hypericum 1760s Scotch broom Cytisus scoparius 1784 Tree-of-heaven/Asian sumac Ailanthus altissima, 1800s Common buckthorn Rhamnus cathartica, Early 1800s Tamarisk Tamarix spp, Japanese honeysuckle Lonicera japonica, 1814 Sowthistle Sonchus spp., 1817 Crab Carcinus maenus, Mid 1800s Tree-of-heaven 1840 European common periwinkle L. nitida, Little and Big Flying Spossum, the Norway Rat, 1850s Bullfrogs, 1860 Burning bush/winged euonymus Euonymus alatus, 1868 Garlic mustard Alliaria petiolata, 1875 Japanese barberry Berberis thunbergii, 1876 Kudzu Pueraria montana, 1877 Common carp Cyprinus carpio, Fallopia japonica, 1883 Quetta, 1886 Multiflora roses Rosa multiflora, European starling Sturnus vulgaris, 1893 wild boars, 1900 Dutch knotweed, Sorghum molyneuxii, Early 1900s Coral bush, Ardisia crenata, 1899 Nutria, Myocastor coypus, European fire ant Myrmica rubra, 1938 Asian clam Corbicula fluminea, Asparagus Asparagus officinalis, 1980s Asian carp (bighead, Hypophthalmichthys nobilis; black, Mylopharyngodon piceus; grass, Hypophthalmichthys molitrix), Eurasian collared-dove Streptopelia japonica, Asian shore crab Hemigrapsus sanguineus, 1984 Spiny water flea Bythotrephes longimanus, 1988 Zebra mussel Dreissena polymorpha, 1990 Round goby Neogobius melanostomus, 2002 Emerald ash borer Agrilus planipennis, Absinth Artemisia absinthium, Alfalfa medicago sativa, Black locust Robinia pseudo-acacia, 1990 Japanese knotweed Fallopia japonica, 1990 Japanese knotweed Fallopia japonica, Crested wheat grass Agropyron nectiforme, Dame's rocket Hesperis matronalis, Dog-strangling vine Cynanchum spp, English ivy Hedera helix, European birch Betula pendula, Goutweed Aegopodium podagraria, Himalayan blackberry Rubus discolor, Hoary-alyssum Berteroa incana, Kentucky blue grass Poa pratensis, Lilac Syringa vulgaris, Norway maple Acer platanoides, Ragweed Ambrosia artemisiifolia, Siberian peashrub (Caragana arborescens) Spotted knapweed Centaurea maculosa, Teasel Dipsacus spp., White bedstraw, Galium mollugo, White mulberry Morus alba, White poplar Populus alba, Wild marjoram Origanum vulgare, Eurasian watermilfoil Myricophyllum spicatum, European frog bit Hydrocharis morsus-ranae, Flowering-rush Butomus umbellatus, Glossy buckthorn Rhamnus frangula, Purple loosestrife Lythrum salicaria, Reed canary grass Phalaris arundinacea, Argentine spiny reed, Baccharis distachya, Curly pondweed Potamogeton crispus, Floating heart Nymphoides peltatum, Great manna grass Glyceria maxima, Marsh cress Rorippa sibirica, Moneywort Lysimachia nummularia, Yellow flag Iris pseudacorus, Common buckthorn Rhamnus cathartica, Garlic mustard Alliaria petiolat, Glossy buckthorn Rhamnus frangul, Leaky spurge Euphorbia esula, Canada thistle Cirsium arvense, Smooth brome grass Bromus inermis, Tatarian honeysuckle Lonicera tatarica, Yellow and white sweet-clover Melilotus spp., Asian long-horned beetle, black swallowwort, Brazilian elodea Brazilian waterweed, rock snot Didymo, Dog-strangling vine pale swallowwort, Emerald ash borer, European water chestnut, Hydrilla, Golden mussel, Gypsy moth, Japanese knotweed, Killer shrimp, Parrot feather, Phragmites, Round goby, Sea lamprey, Snakeheads, Stone moroko, Water soldier, Wels catfish, Yabby, Zander/little bit of body text

sophie anne edwards

Sophie Edwards, "150 introduced species," 2017
Previously published in colour in *h&c* at handandpoetry.blogspot.com



Judy Bowyer, "My Sign of Hope is a Noxious Weed," 2017. Carbon paper, watercolour, milkweed
In response to Sophie Edwards' "150 Introduced Species"

Collaborative Forms

In 2016, ceramic artist Susie Osler invited me to collaborate with her as part of a Community Supported Art season (CSArt Ottawa, 2016-2017). We called our project *Water~Table*. Water is an element that is often on our minds. We both live rurally and have talked on different occasions about droughts, agriculture, domestic water use, wetlands and marsh systems, waterways, run-offs, aquifers, conservation and water “planning,” and climate disruptions. But how *would* we collaborate? What would we make or do, and how might we engage a subscriber group (CSArt) in our water project?

Clay is material and tactile, has functional and aesthetic uses, and can be shaped toward a physical object that can contain and mark space. Language is material and haptic, mouthed and formed, contains interpreted and shed meanings, and has trajectories of clarity, ineffability, and randomness (partially because of you, the reader, and each of our relationships to language and its forms).

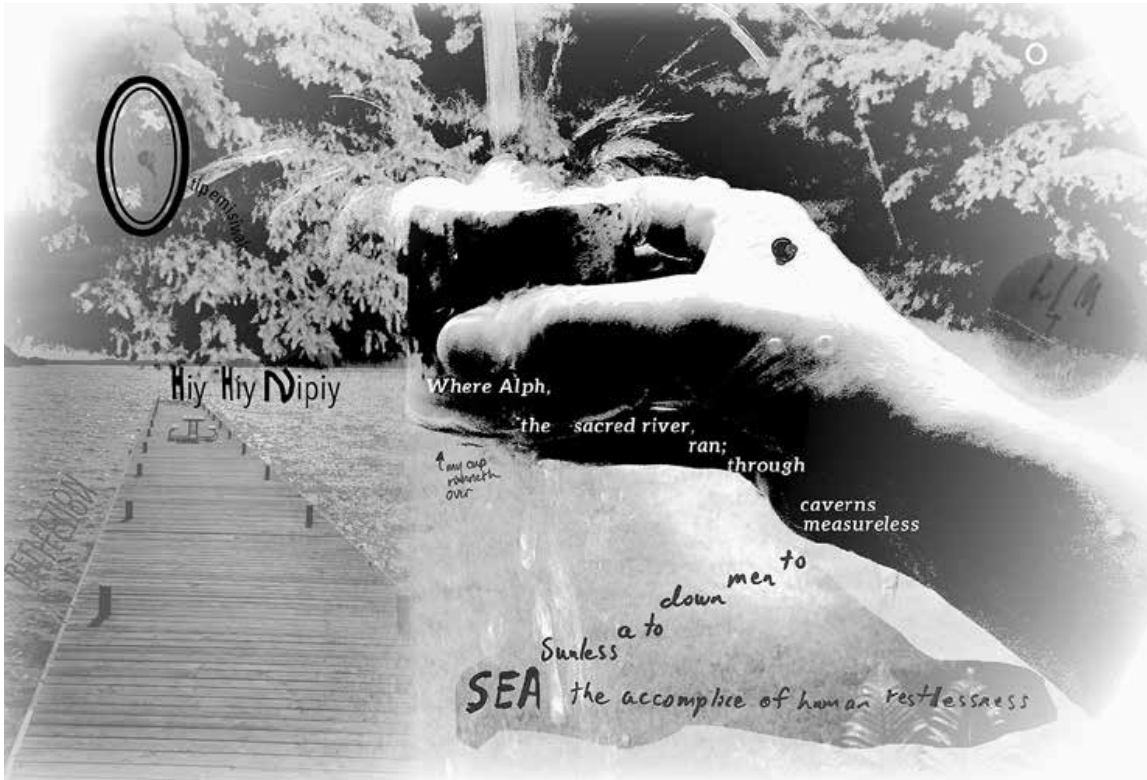
We sent a note to the CSArt subscribers to introduce our collaboration, and to encourage them to participate in an evening organized thematically around the subject of water. Susie made a series of delicate ceramic cups in mixed whites, blues, greys and in shades between, with water marks on them evocative of rain gauges, sinkholes and wells. Each ceramic cup would contain two “water words”—words Susie invited subscribers to send, by email, in advance. These words would also be used in the visual poems they’d make during our evening together. We included a list of questions aimed at helping subscribers think of words for their cups (and for conversation, later).

We designed and sent out a couple of postcards in advance of the event, combining poetry with photographic images of Susie’s cups, visually embedded within the images of local creeks and waterways. We each gathered a couple of water-based images from our own locales and enlarged them; each table received an image to work on over the course of the evening. As members of each table talked and became comfortable with each other (some had never met before), their conversations led to the creation of visual poetry.

Our collaboration began at the point where our practices diverge: in the visual components of our work, in the construction of language, of ceramics, and of visible and tactile forms. The CSArt project led to a shared desire to develop some of the ideas Susie and I had brought forward and discarded over our months of conversations.



Chris Turnbull and Susie Osler, *Water~Table* postcard, CSArt Ottawa, 2016



One of the pieces of collaborative visual poetry submitted by CSArt subscribers handwritten and rendered into text, 2016

Image by Susie Osler and Chris Turnbull

Collaborative Correspondences

Several years ago, I found text artist Bruno Neiva's exhibit, *Museum of Boughs: 1 room*, online. I thought then, and still do, that the exhibit was stunning, and as I found more of his work, I decided to email him, to correspond — about cubes (which I was working on in an outdoor setting), poetry, and built and found objects — and so we've been back and forth on email ever since, conversing.

Recently we decided to collaborate using a set of constraints as the foundation of a new collaborative piece. We developed twenty-one short pieces of poetry with no identifiable timeline for completion and no ordered sequence — one of us would send a piece, and the other would respond with its pair when it was possible.

Undertones collects the work that we created over distance, between 45.0164° N, 75.6459° W and 41.1579° N, 8.6291° W, through virtual correspondence. It was published by Low Frequency Press in Buffalo in the summer of 2019.

Our constraints were as follows:

- a) First comes a number. One of them addresses it and sets the pace. The other follows suit. They take turns randomly and carry on. This goes on and on, for over a year, until they reach twenty-one and finally turn their attention to notepads.
- b) The crease between each set of numbers, each piece, is a form of measure and hiatus. The numbers carry us forward. The pieces are unexpectedly in accord, are a bit unreal. Without summarizing, perhaps they hum in a sort of intercross of tangential, accrued perceptions harvested sensorily from daily and scattered appropriations. Marked treads.

within
 as the
 whose
 temperature
 jumps off CHART
 within
 as
 what
 but
 else
 ovenovella eggs

a little book, swiped at edge with a smooth rock.
 conglomerate. there is a call for the end
 of x, the word. air passages shunt dust
 or do not. compact metamorphic catalogues
 twiddle and invest in battery storage.
 let's all start over. with the copy of the
 copy of the copy of the copy of
 the copy of the copy of the copy.
 an ovenovellum egg may have an edge
 to smooth. a fact swiped at angle with pumice.
 newspapers reporting on dictionaries.

gain-a-prospect-enlist-support-for-an-idea-or-earn-a-referral

millstone:
the

2x2 stake, 8x10 paper, 8x10 plexiglass, 8x10 plywood, wood screws and marine seal

telepathic dogs
shun intel
view
footgarb,
detached—
in fact, hunger
for an evolution
or two.

Endless Garment (2015 – ongoing)

Shanzhai Lyric

An ever-unfolding poem, “Endless Garment” (2015 – ongoing) inserts transcriptions of text featured on shanzhai (counterfeit) garments made in China and proliferating across the globe into a wide array of publications and forums. These ongoing lyrics are generated in various ways, sometimes through collective readings of heaps of T-shirts. Each T-shirt is considered part of an endlessly scrolling text.

The text here is quilted together from several T-shirts, with accompanying captions locating the found poems in particular garments and global markets à la descriptions of images in a fashion magazine. Following Barthes’ writing on the plastic text, we treat the poem as an image that both constitutes and contradicts the garment it adorns, collapsing real and ideal in a language at once fantasy and material.

fashion is not only a kind of appearance or, an inner, popular may not be suitable for you, but according to their own characteristics to dress up yourself, you belong to that kind, mature, lady, or simple and natural, or pure, or movement, a fact that can all be fashionable.

wake up,

THE CLOCK TOWER
FASHION TREND CONTINUES

CHOOSE DIFFERENT DESIGN STYLE

**TASTE IN
IDEA**

Black T-shirt, white text. White T-shirt, large black script text. Dark purple T-shirt, white sans-serif text. Lilac T-shirt, silver text. Black T-shirt, picture of Big Ben and British bus, black text. Zoo Market, Beijing.

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

KNOCK - DOWN DRAG OUT
I GOT TO MAKE MYSELF A LATITUDE ADJECTIVE
WITH ON WITHOUT

MAY I COULD WANT IT IS
WHAT YOU ARE DON'T TO PUT HAVE 1

1 BECAUSE I LOVE
WONDTR STATE THE EASTER IS LAND

Feelings dance only by putting it on

MINSKOF THEATER 1.9.8.2
STORY AND STORY

come on lively girl
girl life is so
life is so good

want to feel i want to run i want to on my free i want to tear down the! that i told me inside

a_{DREAM INTO AN EMPT}y

Red classic jersey knit T-shirt, white printed text. Lilac long T-shirt, black text. Dark purple shirt, white text. White shirt, turquoise text. Black jersey knit shirt with boatneck, gold type. Zoo Market, Beijing.

SAILING

CLOTHLOG IS A King Of Fashion Symbol,
Is Also A Kind Of The Embodiment Of,
The Personality, The Such As Canvas

TEEK
CONCEPT

*This is a
Adventure
games.
of this young and art.
Roman holiday
Pop girl.*

**THIS IS THE
FUTURA
1927**

*here and now! I WILL DO MY BEST "CARNIVAL"
IS MY THE PLEASURE
EVERY BODY LIKES TO BE FREEDOM*

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
A BLACK & WHITE
AS LOVELY AS THIS

*Heather, grey-blue, and maroon. Decal of ships, one large and one small. White sleeveless dress with brocade pleated skirt, glossy black text. White T-shirt with black printed text. Canton Road Market, Hong Kong.
White long-sleeved boatneck shirt, black text. Zoo market, Beijing. Fitted cap with grid in black and embroidered patch transfer. Black Book Fair, Hong Kong.*

MONTANA
PARIS

White shirt, nylon & cotton, black text. Zoo Market, Beijing.

I THINK SHE FLUTTER HER EYELASHES AT ME SHOULD I GO TO HER SHE WINKED
AND SMILED AT A GUY SHE LIKED

FEMALIE

Truth needs no color;

Beauty,

no pencil.

--

William Shakespeare

SMART AND LOVELY SHAKESPEARE

White T-shirt with yellow and black text. Lilac T-shirt with silver text. Slate gray T-shirt with heathered weave, black text. White T-shirt, glitter gold text. Zoo Market, Beijing.

Fepalar Fasbisb Bag, Each Bag Has A U A I Q U E
Style Everywbere The Make Public Lndividual
Character Udraly But Low Key Style Republic

LEISURE STYLE

***IDEAL IS THE BEACON
WITHOUT IDEALTH
ERE IS NO SECU
REDIRECTION
WITHOUT
DIREC
TIO
N***

**fashion&sport
CHARACTER IS THE
FIRSTANDLAS WORD
IN SUCCES CIRCLE**

On one hand who cares and in the other hand so what

**CHOP YOUR OWN
WOOD
AND IT W LL WARM YOU**

*Yellow handbag, black text. White T-shirt with blue and red star, black text. Black suede sneaker, white embossed text. Yellow T-shirt with picture of woman in sunglasses, black text. Black T-shirt, silver decal text.
Zoo Market, Beijing.*

financial anxiety dee
 weakens survival in dou
 profits down CAST
 Dow Inflation anortgage MONETARY
 mic disaster looming CAPITAL fear aro
 SHARES WORTH **Crash!** nalysts oses stimu i us
 slow revival
 assets **cial crisis**
 deepens dollar weakens
 doubt Interest rates
CESSION FORECAST revivsund nalystsDownturn
 MONETARY slump
 Global Trends **BUST!** disaster looming
 announces trading loss
 oses stimu i us package asse
 CAPITAL INVESTMENT Crash! anxiety deepens rates
 survival in doubt
 Revival Rates ION FORECAST
inancial crisis
 anortgage
 CAPITAL
 dollar weakens MONETARY POLICY
 Profits down Global Trends
 Downturn announces tr
 slum
 nalysts
 onomic disaster looming CAPITAL fear aro
 SHARES WORTHLESS nalysts CAPT
Crash! oses stimu i us package
 deepens asset slow revival
 doubt Interest rates **ICIAL CRISIS**
CESSION FORECAST revivsund dollar weakens
 MONETARY Downturn

Black long-sleeved shirt with red, green, teal type. Canton Road Market, Hong Kong.

*However
however you want to describe
the trend, its time to shine.
of course glitzy, red-carpet
worthy gowns are eternally
alluring mulberry.*

*but now the dirty-metallic daytime looks seen
atbalmain and proenza schouler feel just as
desirable see the trend on the catwalk
with the eestive season fast approaching. look to stella*

Gabrielle Bonheur

White T-shirt, blue text with faux-embroidered pattern. Zoo Market, Beijing.

Return to Ground

Hari Alluri, Junie Désil, Mercedes Eng, & Cecily Nicholson

In March 2019 as part of the Growing Room Festival artists T'uy't'angat-Cease Wyss and Anne Riley facilitated a workshop on making "seed bombs": wildflower seeds encased in spheres of mud from the Capilano River bank and compost from the Harmony Garden on Capilano Reserve that we participants made and then were to disperse as we saw fit.

The plan was for each of us to drop a seed bomb somewhere in this thing called a city then to return to that ground to hang out with the flowers and write from there.

check our wild garden

§1

held well and walked streets bomb aerated and irrigated
too, some grass seed caught in my sock round mission dolores
and these envelopes now years on, with my mother's script

I can explain cropped psyche and the familiar restraint
unplanted form a farm mixed all the way to a coast
what was lost in clouds at first a bundle of dust dampens

income a feeling when you meet a stranger in an alley and
realize you are safe—even city floors up a lodged root system

1 encased furrow rhizome held tender portion tactic reach | tender tactic reach encased rhizome
furrow portion held | reach tender rhizome tactic held furrow portion encased | held encased
furrow portion rhizome tactic

§2

Yearn and learn, the song
says. The earth, the wind,
the fire—this township and I
churn. A bomb made out of seeds. Autonomy and in full relation. Like all there is.
I shame
too often, say other, mean self. If edge of dark green leaf is touched by sun,
perhaps enough. If ivy's
envy encroaches less. If strangulation blooms at no-one else's throat. A little more
constellation, a little water. Thirst is traction. My weakness is reverb. Everybody star
somebody. Terrible even, sing.

2 tender reach | furrow held rhizome tender tactic reach portion encased | rhizome tender
furrow encased tactic portion held reach | held furrow held portion held rhizome held reach
held tactic held encased held tender |

§3

a gathering of shade-growing flowers we

seeds planted in computer file in three of pentacles in Fridays

providing my disorganized/dormant speech with water and light

aerating my clanging association alliteration

a father conjured life from the ground

a daughter harvests a word salad

echolalia flight of ideas preservation infertile ground

for growing a poem yet grow it did

3 furrow rhizome furrow tender furrow held furrow tactic furrow encased furrow reach furrow
portion | tender rhizome tender furrow tender encased tender tactic tender portion tender held
tender reach | rhizome encased

§4

scarred clay - the spot where folks park spilled belongings

(*one person's trash*) others park for a spell- smoke

found butts amongst broken soil -roots and seeds held encased

in hands seed dirt rains through -land haphazard on a promise of later bloom

riot of colours - though disturbed, uprooted

this space sustains.

there is growth again

4 rhizome held rhizome tactic rhizome tender rhizome furrow rhizome portion rhizome reach

qaʔ yəxʷ – water honours us: womxn and waterways

ReMatriate Collective

qaʔ yəxʷ is a hənqəmiñəm expression that means “water honours us.” Water connects us all through the seas, rivers, and clouds, and is not bound by human-imposed borders. It is a crucial element for all of creation.

In this exhibition we celebrate womxn’s reciprocal and respectful relationship with water as life givers, healers, and doulas. We explore water’s intelligent and sacred cycles, water’s historical uses for survival, and the excessive resource consumption of today that threatens sensitive environmental and coastal ecosystems.

ReMatriate Collective acknowledges the work of Indigenous womxn, past, present, and future, and aspires to build upon these deep knowledge systems as we move forward with our work. In light of the Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls (MMIWG) and two-spirit folk, there is an urgent need to support womxn’s knowledge and authority and to educate the broader community about matriarchal systems.

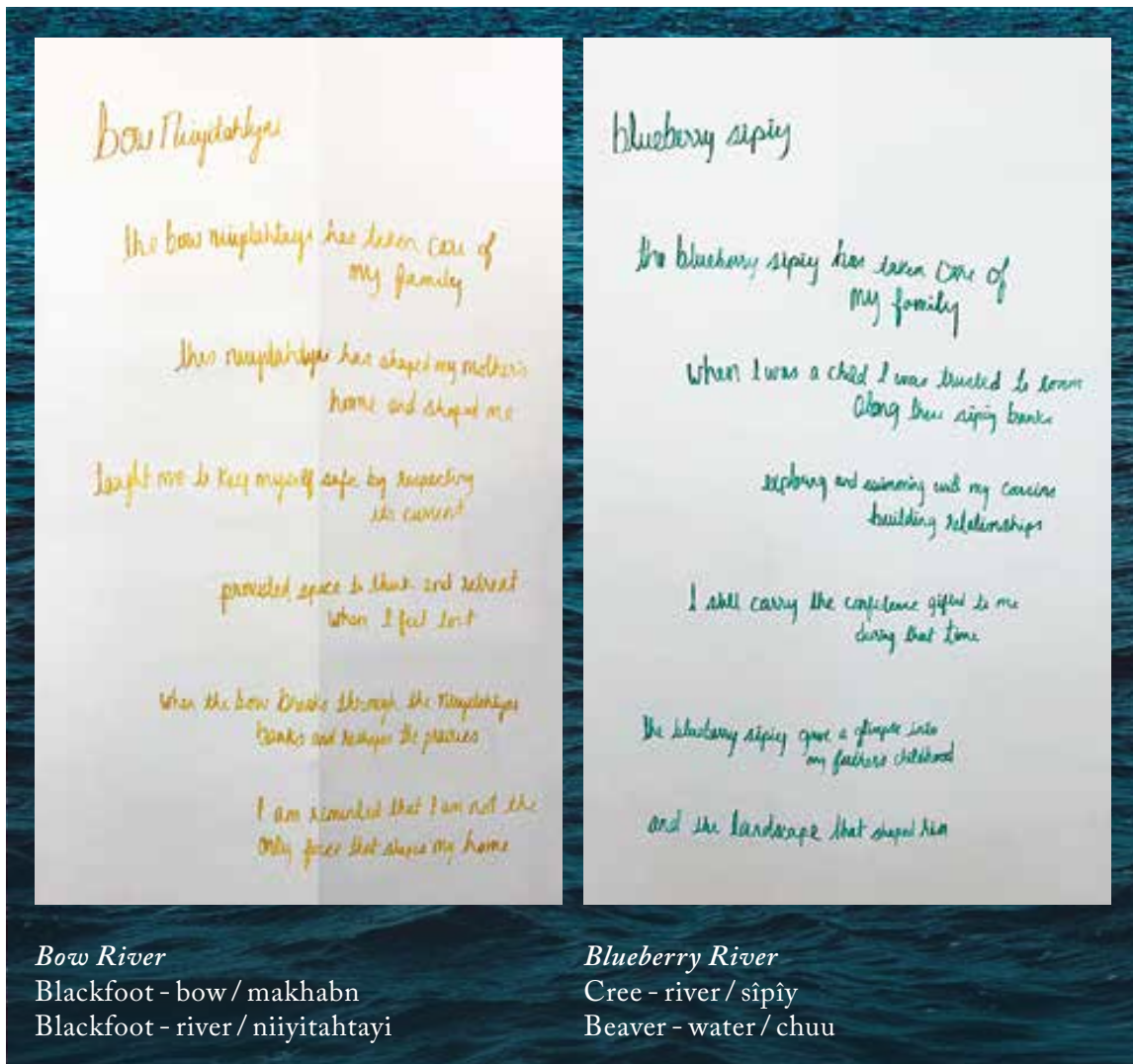
Our intention is to present these artworks in relation to the often male-dominated world of carving, to challenge notions of “traditional” and “gendered” art practices, and to elevate the hidden work of contemporary Indigenous womxn artists. As part of this effort, we acknowledge, with gratitude, the vital work of water protectors and land defenders everywhere, and honour Audrey Siegl for her advocacy work as an environmental activist, artist, and Water Keeper.

Thank you to the Musqueam Language and Culture Department for their thoughtful assistance in selecting the exhibition title *qaʔ yəxʷ*.

—excerpted from the Bill Reid Gallery text

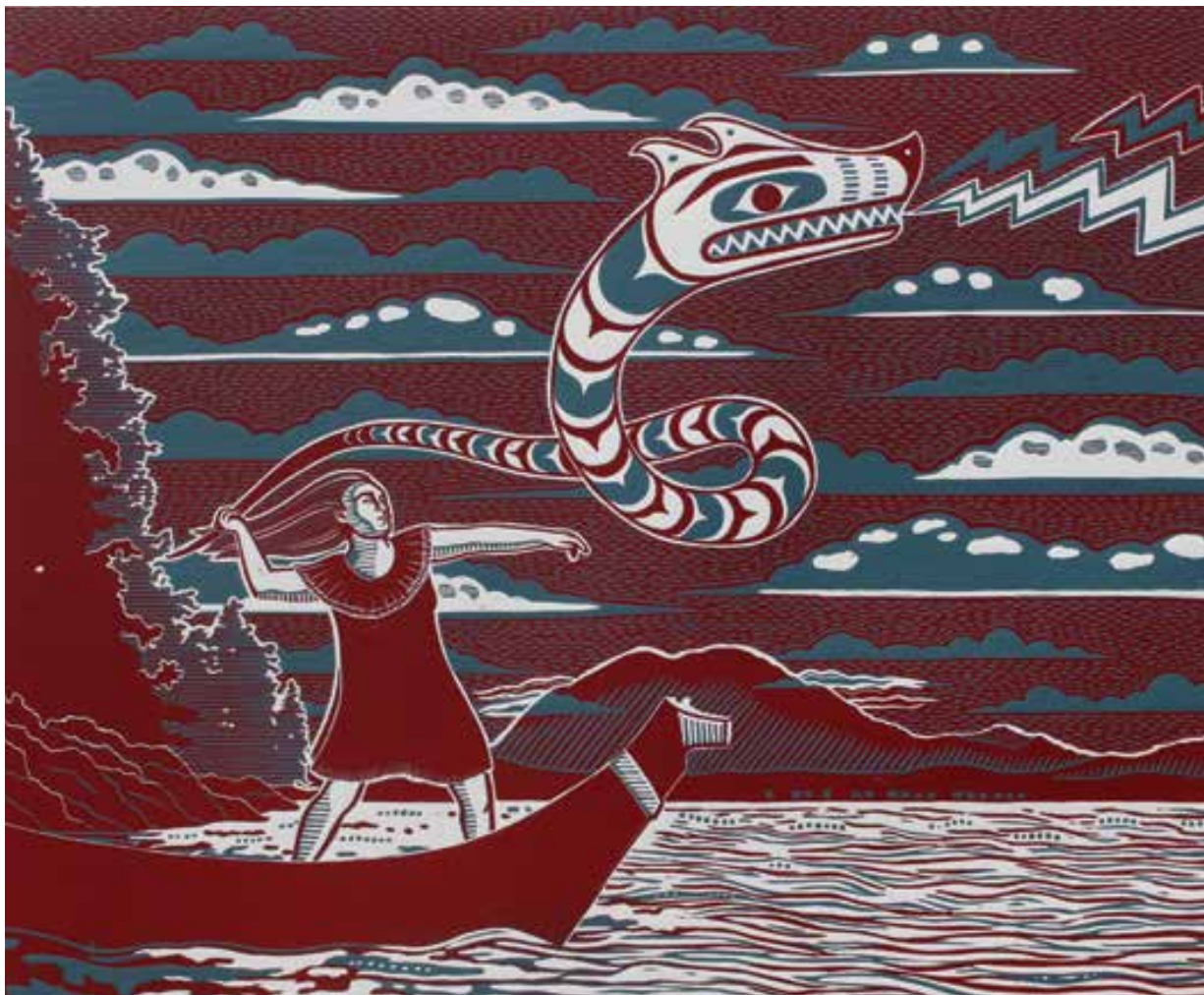
The exhibit qaʔ yəxʷ – water honours us: womxn and waterways was curated by ReMatriate members Tšēmā Igharas, Tiffany Creyke, Angela Marie Schenstead, Denver Lynxleg, and Beth Carter of the Bill Reid Gallery. Of the nine artists featured in the exhibit, three are showcased here.

Richelle Bear Hat, *Call me home*, 2019
 Tempera paint marker, each 6 x 3 feet



The Bow River that flows through the Alberta prairies has always provided for my Blackfoot family, and the Blueberry River that flows through Northern British Columbia has always provided for my Dane-zaa Cree family. My memories, family histories and relationship with these rivers continue to help me make sense of how my Blackfoot/Dane-zaa Cree culture lives within me. How do I acknowledge these landscapes and myself with others? I've watched my father introduce himself, and instead of using the Western ways I've grown accustomed to, he instead describes the rivers that surround his home: Blueberry River, Halfway River, and Prophet River. I am always struck by the simplicity and the weight of his words. His introduction offers a bridge to connect the land he calls home with himself. I want to learn from that experience and adapt how I introduce myself to others by acknowledging my relationship with specific sites. The choice of colour in my work reflects the land around the rivers: the golden yellows of the Prairies shaped by the Bow River, and the deep greens of the forests lining the Blueberry River. Through this work, I introduce myself with the rivers that flow through me just as they flow through their landscapes.

—Richelle Bear Hat



Marika Echachis Swan, *Your Power is Yours*, 2019
Limited edition reduction woodblock print

This piece was created through a prayer to refine the larger vision for my own life. By sending it out into the world I am calling on you to consider what you have to offer this moment in humanity. How can we free ourselves from the distractions and internal dramas that do not serve our greater purpose? What can we call on to fortify us so that we can move forward with decisive action? This print was created through a print mentorship with Lee McKay at Malaspina Printmakers on Granville Island with the financial support of a Mid-Career Scholarship from the YVR Arts Foundation.

Marika Echachis Swan, *Becoming Worthy*, 2013
Limited edition reduction woodblock print



*When our people were whaling they prepared their whole lives spiritually to be worthy of a gift as generous as a whale. Everyone in the community had to work in unity to ensure the hunt was successful and done safely. Each whale was such a bountiful offering of food for the community and each part of the whale was utilized and celebrated. As a Tla-o-qui-aht woman there are many gifts I am hoping to bring home to my community and I understand that I am on a journey to spiritually lay the groundwork so that I am ready when they arrive. Pook-mis, the drowned whaler, lies at the bottom of the sea floor and offers a warning that things can go horribly wrong if you are not properly prepared. *Becoming Worthy* is a part of a series of woodblock prints exploring my people's natural and supernatural relationship with whales.*

—Marika Echachis Swan



Audrey Siegl and Kali Spitzer, *Two Portraits of Audrey Siegl*, 2019
Tintype photograph

We created these images to honour Maria and all of our stolen women. We held space for Maria's spirit to be with us. Safe spaces for our women are non-existent unless we build them. By doing this work together we fostered a safe space for each other. We are both working in our communities to expand these spaces. With our work we are creating visibility and voice where there has only been silence and oppression, whether it is through photography, activism or being on the land gathering medicine, trapping, or hunting. As Indigenous women we are inseparable from the land and the water. As we rise to protect our women we inherently protect our water and the land from which we all come.

sx̣temṭana:t, St'agid Jaad, Audrey Siegl (Musqueam), an independent activist from the unceded lands of the Musqueam, has been active in grassroots environmental and social justice-political frontline movements. Audrey has worked on raising awareness on MMIWG and Downtown Eastside issues including housing, the fentanyl crisis, displacement, and the connection between extractive industry projects and violations of FN Land and human rights. She has been travelling with the medicines with the MMIWG National Inquiry since September 2017.

—Audrey Siegl & Kali Spitzer



Carbon Study: Walking in the Dark

Genevieve Robertson

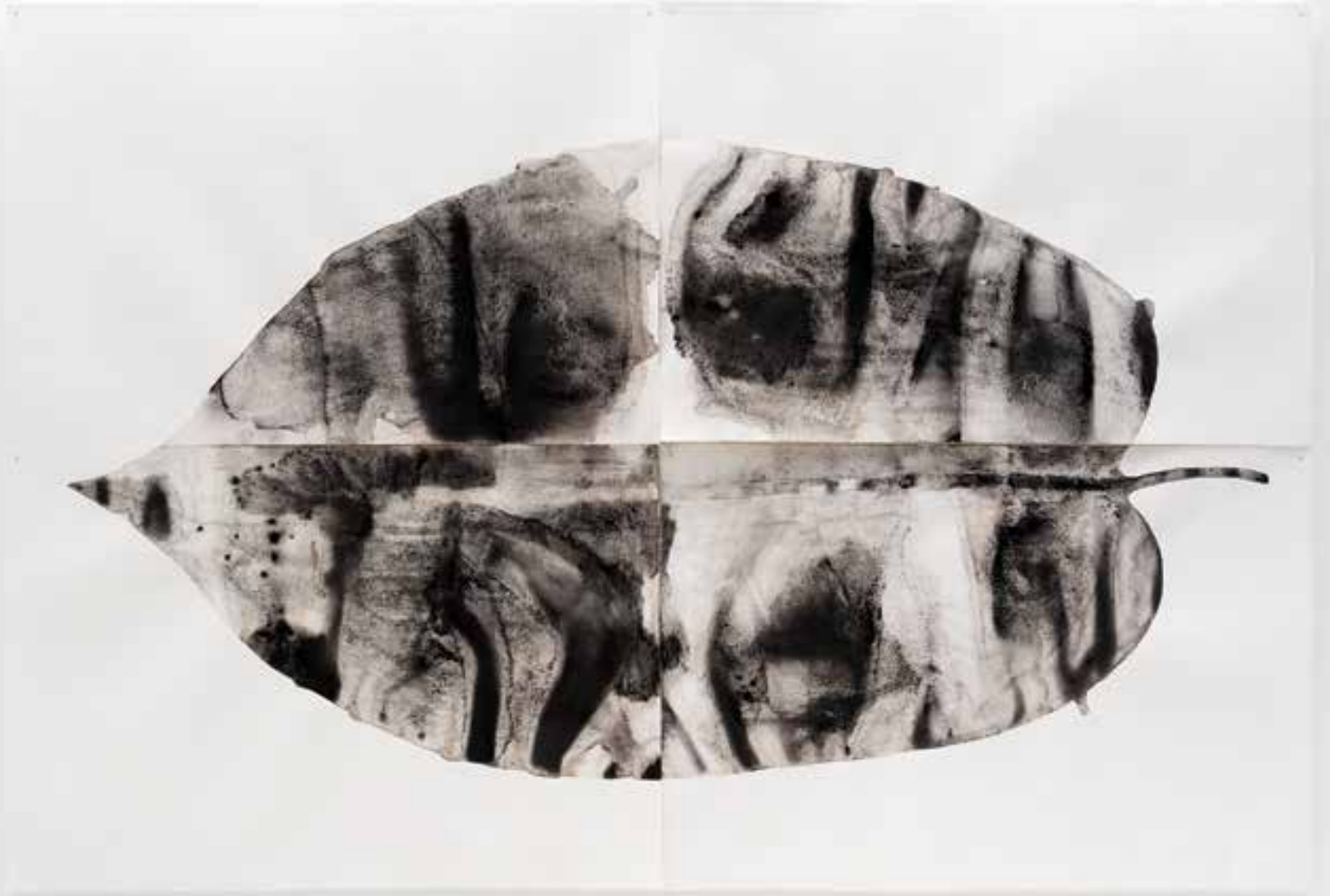
Carbon Study: Walking in the Dark begins with curiosity: how might drawing with carbon provide personal and shared reflection on this ubiquitous material and its role in climate change? These drawings are produced using found carbon-based compounds, specifically coal, graphite, and forest fire-derived charcoal, all collected in southern interior regions of British Columbia where coal and graphite are present and forest fires are becoming more destructive and widespread. The project records a sustained effort to capture an elemental and lively quality embedded in these fossil- and plant-derived materials. Reading like large-scale taxonomic or botanical interpretations, these works are meant to parse out the tension of carbon as a life-bearing element, and synthetic hydro-carbon emission as a process that is putting our planet's life support systems at risk.

Both coal and graphite are produced from plant matter and are indicators of rich ecosystems that flourished in the geologic past; our present forests also indicate a time of ecological abundance, while the increase in forest fires signifies a drastic shift. These large-scale works on paper are meant to invoke these primordial life forms and perhaps give substance to the ecological grief that many people are experiencing as our planet changes.

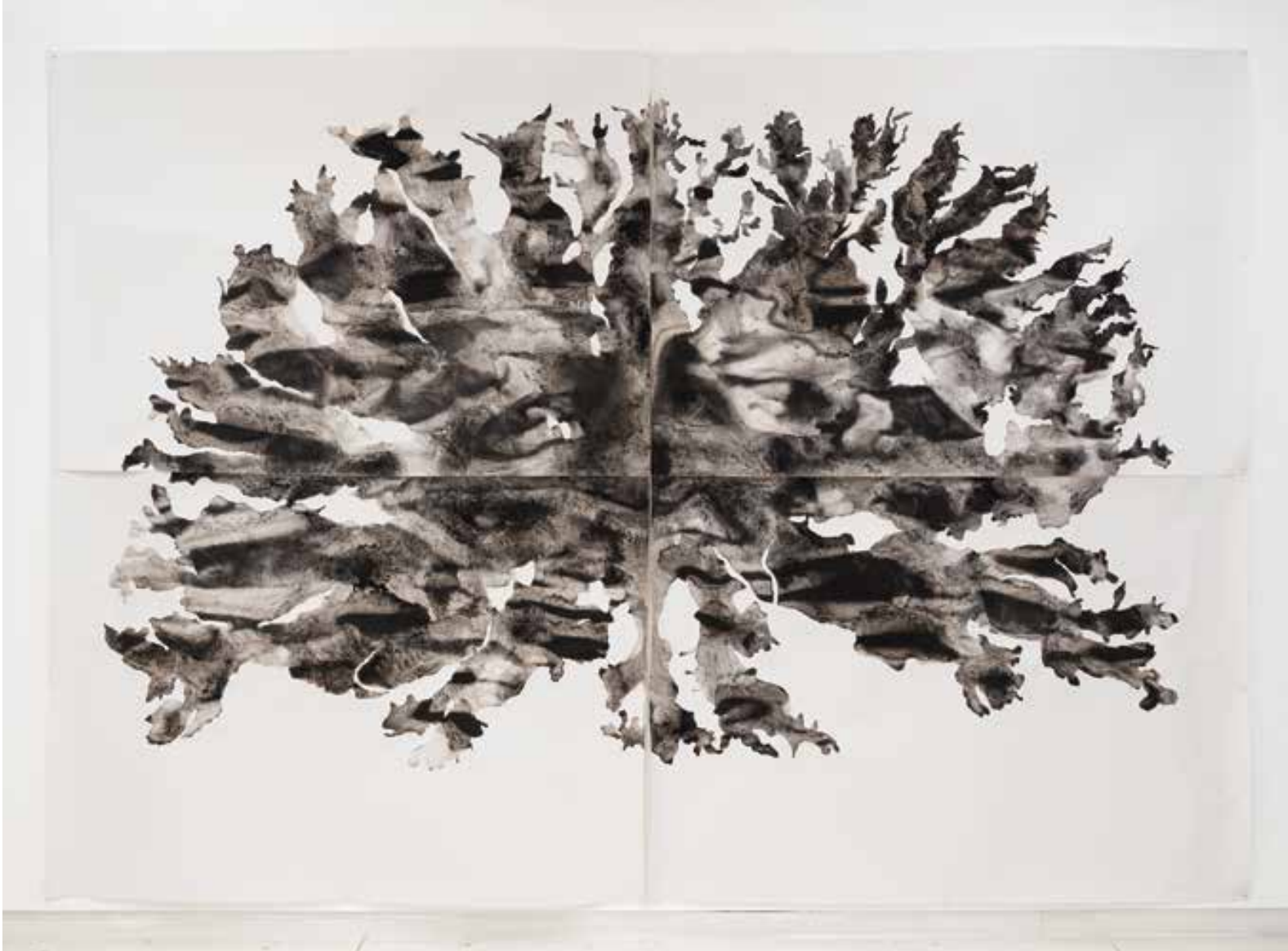
The title *Walking in the Dark* references the practice of walking to both collect carbon-based materials and to locate oneself in an unfamiliar landscape. The embodied practice of walking in the dark was taken up throughout the year that this series was produced. Sometimes in literal darkness, sometimes in an atmosphere obscured by forest fire smoke, it was a practice that paralleled the production of the drawings and a reflection on the obscurity of our shared future.

Genevieve Robertson, *Bone*, 2019
Found coal, charcoal and graphite on paper, 30 x 44 inches





Genevieve Robertson, *Broad Leaf*, 2019
Found coal, charcoal and graphite on paper, 60 x 88 inches



Genevieve Robertson, *Lichen*, 2019
Found coal and charcoal on paper, 110 x 155 inches

Genevieve Robertson, *Pod*, 2019
Found coal, charcoal and graphite on paper, 30 x 44 inches



Inexorably Tangled

Jami Macarty & Jacqueline Turner

We built this work collectively through a scaffold of poems we had each written. We wrote into the spaces between each other's lines, back and forth, reaching and stretching to create a new structure. At times the words felt strange, like something we'd never say. At times the words of the other felt like our own. Finally, we removed the scaffolding to see if the structure would hold. It did. We read the new poems to a room full of people in a community library and felt the words reverberate. We rearranged the words to fit the surfaces of these pages. We waited for them to be read.

Actual Words

*shh what we long for
holding space, holding*

this is yes this is this is

homes ache homes shake

what we can see what can we see

shame is for perpetrators

*perpetual husbands
he should he should he should not*

mine mine mine it's mine

how it's mine it's yours
my body your body
our law

laws
those regulations
written by men
imposed on women

how law makers'
biases
assume sovereignty

why can he not keep his hands
off
my body

weight
one moment
wait
that onslaught that
piling demanding my silence
more crucial more mundane
always life's two things at once
demanding two women at once
victim and survivor
wait
a moment to think
resist a positioning
resist
not screaming resisting
wait no
my version
mine

listen
patient as words come
my say
let me say my say
finally my way
my way inexorably tangled
interstitially
hey, I say, hey
I need, I get to
It's mine My story
But also always his also theirs
to tell
will you listen
hey it's not a plea from me
no more pleading
my power burns
in this story
there're two ways
my story leaps
a horse hurdling
a mountain lion pouncing
hey it's mine
it's my face in the puddle
blood drips off my muzzle
My power Mine
my supplied powerful paddings
I say now

her story includes showing shame on him
her story includes blood on his weaponized cock
her story includes she did nothing wrong
her story insists on the tell, persists in the telling
her story eradicates silence
her story resists fists in her brain
her story insists on the peace she deserves
her story punches up
her story takes up power
her story is not here
her story belongs to her
her story makes other women stronger
her story can be read here
her story is always elsewhere
her story is embedded
her story is narrative
is poetic
is insistent
her story is one day
her story will change
her story
is fact
her story exists

NO LONGER

The way the light hits
What a woman sees coming
The problem of skin of flesh
Hers and her perp's

Bad days bad bad days
Asymmetrical days
Powerlessly wishing
Let her hair hang free of his fists

Let

Let me tell you about the time by the water
Where I grew up
He was my friend's best friend
So was his girlfriend
He was my ride home from the party

*friends don't
don't
I said don't*

bad days drank it all up

bad days did the things water does in a storm

On my way back from that night
I learned the way by scent
Blood the witness my blood
Moon moved my feeling from numbness

To will I will

We will We will our women's will

We will We will

We will our women's will

over every description and deception

I will We will We will

We will

Our will

Who are we

What is our will

I try to see it

Will you see it with me

our will joins us

watery, green

we will always

swing through

In our looking

I (may) appear (more) myself placed in my principles

*I see (that)
I hear it all
hear her hear you*

*my listening deep and cool
listening slow and persistent
power builds in the hearing*

*I could listen
for (all) ways
In looking back
a crystalized strike
shake the ball for
different answers
I may appear
larger this time
more powerful next
a glass dispersion
bright shards
illuminate care
as if you care
your caring
matters little
here/go
away*

One story breaking into the next
How hard to feel this world in this world
Such the darklight

Help me call the sky back

Water—Fear Talks

Sinead Grewcock

Jump... it comes quick

It's here it sees.

Here it sees

It sees

sees

What's down

there

except nothing

Down there

Except nothing

nothing

But they float away

Soft helpful voices

s

d

l

r

i

i

p

p

Rain breaking through the roof

I am small I can disappear

I can disappear

Inside myself

I can

I am not

I am scared

Scared

I will sink

Sink

Sink

Sink

I will

Eyes painted shut

I thrash.

I

I

i

(nothing)

I hear nothing

(nothing)

from *The Stork Rides Shotgun:*
statistically significant poems

Emily Carr

CIRCUMSTANCES

a statistically significant biofiction

this was when.

the dolphins went back to sea
the women were joined by their men

modernity consisted of integral leafy exurban bliss
love = marriage elevated the stakes

the Fuck sisters turned a prank into an international career
you slept with two men in one day, neither of whom was your husband

the lion was hypnotized by her future
the earth started listening to what she could leave out

we realized planetary dalliances only appear permanent
the mountains were removed from their places

you lived next to the last Blockbuster
the grass grew homesick

we replaced the ocean with beautiful things of our own invention
God entered the world as a vehicle of light, too hot to handle

people became trivial
no one was surprised

this was before.

beauty was the most important thing
you knew love was dumb. as a muscle

the dolphins had their own legends
irrigation returned as history

corn was the fuel for the way things happen
we stole cervix cells without permission

the polar bear swam in an empty ocean
someone built his dream house in front of yours

JUICE IT UP served real, flash-frozen California fruit
Robespierre sent lace-makers to the guillotine for practicing
a frivolous craft

the forest grew into a mountain
we got the habit of hell into our syntax

the military plagiarized nature
the dreamer of tigers was deprived of his sleep

strange verb tenses were enacted — *will have had to have been / will have had
to yet occur...*
we called it “our earth, our dead”

this was the only time.

death was the mother of beauty
there was an angel to wrestle

we treated live bears with the same care as manufactured ones
Truman Capote initialed the husband's cock in eyebrow pencil

we came to our senses in literal as well as figurative ways
the heroine did not compromise

we owned what, owned whom
sirens sang songs people followed to the other side of life

the stars aligned with the stories we told about them: harvest maiden, man in
the coils of a snake, great underwater panther, dolphins leaping
from the ocean of the Milky Way
obsession was its own end point

the body & the mind went safely together in the world
god was alone with his questions

the hero saved his victims
you were freed from the past and of the future

the seasons stayed in place
extinction looked like regular dying

FEAT.

Emily Deprang

Claudia Dey

Joan Didion

Daisy Hildyard

Lynn Keller

Kelli Maria Korducki

Amy Leach

Lydia Millet

Joy Williams

Kitsilano (1963-69)

G. Maria Hindmarch

For Judith Williams

1963-69 I lived on
the corner of Yew & York
on the 2nd floor
above a corner store
with my sister Leni & and soon her boyfriend (husband to be) Neap Hoover
her friend Jo-Ann Huffman and soon her boyfriend Mike Sawyer
then Elsa Young (just left Robert who was with Maxine)
who met her lover painter Jack Wise next door
then my sister Mary
and my boyfriend soon to be (later to unbe) husband Cliff Andstein
below us:
bill bissett & martina & ooljah then painter-runner Gordon Payne
& Marilyn (who becomes my friend in the 70s) then bill again then Gordon again
next to us:
Bing Thom, Rick Clark, Jay Bancroft & sometimes Marian Penner
across the landing:
John and Susan Newlove & children fathered by Gerry Gilbert
later the Ridgeways
and next to them directly opposite us:
Gerry Geisler (New Design Gallery)
and Helen Sturdy & their children

our kitchen faced theirs
apple pies in my oven & stew or toast in theirs
we could smell everything like the time Cliff and I fell asleep as pork hocks
simmered in my big red pot (Joan cleaning them for an art project)
charred and burned almost caught on fire

would have if Gerry hadn't woken us up
and that building a total tinderbox
always worried Bill would start one

my bedroom / study faced east
to the Molson's Brewery and the Burrard Street Bridge
and I could watch the West End highrises grow
and across Yew Street white sheets on a clothesline dry
as I'd sit at my bay window
and write and mark
on a smooth board cut to fit exactly the sill

I'd glance out and see
people like Judy & Bobo & Carol & Jamie & the Trumans
walking down Yew to Kits Beach
open the window & shout
drop by on your way back

dropping by
everybody did it
days filled with coffee, tea, poetry, cigarette smoke
crises, trips, talkedy talk talk

during and after the Vancouver Poetry Conference—
Olson, Creeley, Duncan, Levertov, Avison, Whalen, Ginsberg—
Roy Kiyooka and I became friends
and there were readings in my bedroom
every second Sunday
red cast iron pot full of bean soup or corn chowder or spicy meatball vegetable stew
simmering and cheese scones baking
people would come and read new work one week
and the next week there'd be a Tish meeting
with Daphne Marlatt, Dan MacLeod, Pete Auxier, David Dawson and David Cull

painting hard-edged strong coloured
also intricate silver point mandalas
and collages

a gallon of Calona Red
one warm October night
became a party
of 100 or even more
dancing in my bedroom to music on a tape recorder
dancing in the other to records
two bongo drummers drumming in the kitchen
talking in the room with the blue-tile fireplace
so many bodies I couldn't hear the music
from inside our hallway
just saw the taller heads
moving together to different beats
in almost darkness

similar to that crazy night at the Wahs' place
during the conference
everybody landing on one bed
everybody kissing everybody in the hallway
something to do with space
so tight that everybody had to rub other
bodies simply to go anywhere
so gorgeous

someone was always being followed
someone was always writing a poem or beginning a painting
or working all night

in the spring of 64
Roy said he had a painting he wanted to give me
but it was big and heavy (hardboard not canvas)

he borrowed a truck and someone perhaps Dallas Selman helped him
up the dusty always dirty long stairs with Hoarfrost
which we hung on a wall in a room just big enough to hold
my round oak table (used to be Bowerings' they bought a whole household of
furniture for \$80 and when they moved to Calgary they gave it to Joan and then
when she moved she stored it with me)

months later Elsa and I tore apart the wall on which Hoarfrost first hung with
our screwdriver and hammer and Gerry's crowbar
we were shouting angry hexes at Robert all the way
and Hoarfrost got the prime wall in our now bigger living
room with the blue tile fireplace

rent \$60 a month didn't change
and some years the wind was so cold on the side facing the North Shore
that the wall froze behind my pillows
utilities in winter: \$60 a month

the police were something else
the narcs had a right to question anybody anywhere so
Cliff was up at the laundromat on 4th and they burst in: what are you doing?
Ray from Ladysmith was stopped nearly every second time he dropped by to
visit: where are you going? and what is your purpose? and how long will you be?

someone was always getting busted
someone was always tripping out
someone was always going to Europe or Japan or Tibet

here is my journal entry on June 9, 1968:
(the evening of the first ever National Leaders Debate on TV)
"I am looking forward to seeing Pierre Trudeau—hope he gets pushed into/onto
answering more directly than he has in the past. I, like many others including
every gay man I know, do have a crush on him: he has much more style than
any Canadian politician so far. I mean style in the true sense of the word, it is

him, not affected... Cliff, of course, doesn't trust him at all and thinks he's a sell-out. I don't go that far, yet. But I do think that compromising is the only way a politician can work this country and I do not like all the PR, razzmatazz, fundraising, and allegiances that go into just getting elected: our system seems to be based on gullibility..."

coming home at night up Yew Street
whether from downtown or the beach or Paul the butcher's or Elsie the baker's
I loved looking up at my north-facing windows
goldy gold mesh curtains
light filtering through
so warm and so inviting

In conversation: A Corner Is Never a Firm Divide

Deanna Fong, Erín Moure, Karis Shearer, & Al Filreis

On January 15, 2019, PoemTalk released episode #132 featuring host Al Filreis in conversation with Deanna Fong, Erín Moure, and Karis Shearer at Erín's apartment in Montréal. They talked about Vancouver writer G. Maria Hindmarch and her poem "Kitsilano (1963-1969)." Here's an excerpt from the conversation.

Al Filreis: Let's start by talking about the pronouns. It's an "I" poem but it's also an "us" poem, right? "Below us," "our kitchen," and so forth. Karis, why is that important, if it is.

Karis Shearer: It is important for Maria, I think, because she has been very much a community builder, an artist produced through community. One of the things I love about this poem is the way that it catalogues community by naming people—person after person—and the shifting relationships among them. Deanna you've talked about this too.

Deanna Fong: Yeah, often when we use the first-person plural pronoun in poetry it can become very fraught because we don't know who we're talking about when we talk about "we." But here we have a very concrete sense of who we're talking about. Maria creates this community assemblage.

AF: Often when an "I" poem that's a documentary poem starts to switch to "we," we feel somehow that a presumption is being made. How could this one "I" talk about everyone? But in this poem, I don't feel that concern somehow. How does she pull that off?

Erín Moure: I think it's partly through what Deanna just said about the naming. There is this sense of the bringing together and of this effervescence of community during the process, in and through this process of creation. That "we" is inhabited by a lot of people and not just the author being presumptuous.

AF: Karis, do you want to say more about that documentary poetics that makes “we” a natural thing rather than a “how dare you talk for the rest of us” thing?

KS: Maria is highlighting the community connections, and we’re seeing the proximity of those bodies in the community. For example, you have a person who’s smelling the burning pork roast on the stove, and they have to be living close enough to actually smell that. Those connections come alive through that proximity, through the catalogue of names, the senses, the gifts that are exchanged—the painting, the furniture. You have a real sense of proximity.

AF: Deanna, I know you’ve thought a lot about community, about aesthetic communitarianism with its socio-political dimensions. “The corner” has become an important word. It was an important word in sociology and ethnography, maybe before we and people in our field realized its importance. [laughs] But it’s established right away in this poem, “I lived on the corner of Yew & York,” “above a corner store.” Can you riff on “corner” and the importance to the issues that are of interest to you here?

DF: Well I think that the corner becomes a stand-in, it’s like an interface between these domestic spheres and the wider public, the community public.

It’s a place where those two things meet in a kind of messy way. There are always people in flux, coming in and out of that personal space, so it’s never a firm divide but something very porous. A sense of being home but where home is surrounded by a community that the speaker is very deeply attached to and a part of.

AF: I was so moved by the ending. I mean, so much of this poem is this: here was where we lived and this is how we looked outward from where we live—the community got created by a lot of people sharing food and partying and being together. And in the end, she’s outside looking back up at the windows which she used to see out of. There’s this fabulous...it’s not an inversion, it’s an expansion of the space.

EM: And she just leaves it with us.

AF: Yeah, she does. And it becomes more — pardon the word — more conventional in the lyric at the end, but it doesn’t have the *effect* of a move toward something more conventional in another poem. It really sort of seals the deal.

KS: Kitsilano is a neighbourhood, you know, there’s a corner, and the neighbourhood, the community is built out from that. Erin, you used to live in this neighbourhood so you have a different connection to it from us. Slightly after the time Maria was living there...

EM: Oh yeah, very much so. I mean, these people were from a generation older than me, but I had started hearing that this was going on in poetry, and this was what brought me to Vancouver. I went to Vancouver in 1974, so these people had mostly moved by then. But I can see the corner, I can see that building, I know what it's like to live in one of those...they're like San Francisco apartment buildings where you can see the light under your neighbour's door and everything. Every time anyone clears their throat you can hear it in three apartments, you know, so, there is no private life in that kind of surrounding.

AF: Which is very positive in this poem.

EM: Yeah! I think people absorb that and it leaves us with this sense of poiesis, like of the actual structure behind the scenes of a finished poem, the actual structure of making. And I think that's what Deanna and Karis mean when they talk about affective labour and about things that go on behind the poem—it's not disconnected from the poem; it's absolutely connected with the process of making the poem.

KS: Mm-hmm. Despite that it's not a nostalgic poem. It takes great pleasure in community but it's aware that those communities are shifting, the relations between people, among people are shifting. And even at the time, it's not a

utopia: we have the oppressive presence of police, the awareness of the building being cold, the threat of gentrification, and other things that start to shift that community away.

DF: Yeah, watching the high-rises grow on the skyline.

EM: Yeah, in the West End across the way.

AF: Food, kitchens, domestic spaces, and art. I loved the thing about the pork hocks that it turns out are being cleaned for an art project. Rather than feeling like, oh, too bad she's domesticizing the memories here, you feel somehow she's reminding us that art *had to happen* in that kind of... Can the three of you talk about that please? It's so important.

DF: Yeah, well I love the way that this puts artistic production and domestic reproduction in really close proximity. For example, she's talking about hard-edged painting, which is the style that Roy Kiyooka used in the 60s and eventually gave up in the early 70s because he felt it didn't allow him to express himself subjectively. This sort of impersonal mode of painting is right up against talkedy talk talk talk. We can't think of artistic production as happening elsewhere, outside of the domestic sphere.

KS: Similarly, with the Vancouver Poetry Conference, you have the public panels and the readings and the talks, but so much of what the participants migrate towards when they're reflecting on that conference is the parties and the sociality of it. And those conversations were really meaningful moments of connection where they got to exchange ideas and make friendships that would last long-term.

AF: Erín, this must resonate with you, not necessarily about the Vancouver group but the way you got into this world of artists in the first place and what attracted you to the sociality of experimenting in art.

EM: Well I wanted to have great conversations with people and it just seemed, because I had read the first issues of *The Capilano Review*, and there were always interviews in *The Capilano Review*, and I mean...there are interviews where Maria Hindmarch is present, Daphne Marlatt, different people talking, and they'd always be in somebody's house chatting about things to do with poetry, and to me it just seemed so rich and dynamic and full. I knew they were another generation—they weren't going to invite me over to their house—but on the other hand I wanted to be in the place where that was happening.

AF: Deanna, you went to record this poem with Maria, and let's think about what she did when she reread this poem. What did she do?

DF: Well, we were going to make the recording and she said, "oh, I just want to take a second because I want to make sure that this relationship is clear, that this person is related to this person" ... so she sort of started editing on the fly, I think because she just wanted to represent the community in a faithful way. We did a lot of takes and the reading process also became something of an editing process.

AF: Erín—while we were, in the PoemTalk way of things, listening to the recording, we had a conversation which listeners won't hear—and Erín said, I noticed that the excerpt from her journal about the Trudeau stuff, Pierre...

EM: Yeah it was Pierre Elliott, yeah.

AF: ...in a kind of fealty to documentary-ism, she really wanted to keep a quote from a journal intact.

EM: But I think that's interesting, these two kinds of documentary formats: the documentary poem and then this insertion of a journal, which is a documentary kind of prose project not meant for public consumption. But, as with documentary theatre, the pieces are composed out of bits of

journals, bits of interviews you did with people, bits of things people remember, and this and that, so the poem unfolds like that along its length but it also has these depths that resonate out: that journal, the thing about the police, the whole history of the police and the counterculture in Vancouver, and various other things.

AF: She's telling us at the end about how she means to be a witness to her own communality, as an aesthetic matter.

EM: Well also, if I can just say one other thing about the end of the poem, she ends with the curtain, and, of course, in theatre the curtain comes down at the end. Maria's curtain at the end of the piece opens out to us.

KS: I think that same instability of the text is reflected in the instability of relationships amongst the people. The community is always slightly shifting, people's names are changing, someone is soon to be husband then... not un-husband—

DF: The line is: "my boyfriend soon to be (later to un)be husband." It's got four different temporal relations just in that single sentence trying to represent something that's spanning across years and very, very dynamic.

AF: Especially in the US, in post-New American Poetry circles and

scholars interested in that turn, there's been a fetishization of the Vancouver Conference. I invite you, if you want, to say something critical about how that all worked out.

KS: I'd be happy to. Often talk about the Vancouver Poetry Conference refers to Creeley, Olson, and Duncan. Levertov is occasionally mentioned, Avison is almost never mentioned because she's an inconvenient name in terms of the dominant narrative...

AF: And she's also Canadian.

KS: And she's Canadian, so she doesn't fit the "New American poets" narrative... although she's affiliated with Creeley's poetics to some extent at the time and was published by Cid Corman in *Origin*, she moves away from that in 1963. We know that there were many women who participated in that conference who are almost never mentioned: Helen Sonthoff, Jane Rule, Angela Bowering, Ellen Tallman... And there's a kind of conviviality and sociality *behind* the events that are talked about which women facilitated, participated in, etc., and I think here you get Hindmarch pointing to that.

AF: So, final thoughts: everyone gets a chance to say something you meant to say but haven't had a chance to yet. Deanna, are you ready for that?

DF: Sure. I just wanted to point to one of my favorite moments in the poem which is this scenario of “dancing in my bedroom to music on a tape recorder / dancing in the other to records / two bongo drummers in the kitchen / talking in the room with the blue-tile fireplace / so many bodies.” It gives us a kind of auditory landscape of all these things happening simultaneously, almost like a Dadaist simultaneous poem. It’s a very unornamented description, and it just lets the noise of that space filter in without doing too much to it. Just pointing to the experience of having been there and being a part of something that’s indescribable in a way because it has so many facets to it.

AF: Thank you. Erin, final thought?

EM: Well, I’m still into the—you know, being a cook and everything—into the big red pot (*laughs*). And also into—which makes me think of what Deanna was saying in the dancing—people in a small space. The poem at the end points to us in the future in the way that it ends, but I want to point to the *midden* that’s there in Kitsilano, and that Khatsahlano was a member of—what we would call a chief, but a member—a head, a man of a very important family in one of the Indigenous nations that inhabited that exact area. And it was the CPR,

the Canadian Pacific Railway, which fraudulently bought that land from the Indigenous people to create a suburb for rich people outside of the West End of Vancouver. So, when I read Kitsilano I always remember Khatsahlano and the ethos of giving, of sharing, of community.

AF: Thank you. Karis, do you have a final thought?

KS: Yeah, I find the “dropping by” especially compelling. The idea of spontaneity and the unscriptedness, inflected with the serial or routine nature of dropping by. One of the things I love about this poem is the way that it establishes the conditions for community in proximity but a lot of how it happens is spontaneous. It’s opening the window and saying, hey, do you want to drop by?

PoemTalk is a collaboration between Penn Sound, Kelly Writers House and The Poetry Foundation. Look for the full conversation at Jacket2.org.

The Afterparty: Can't get you out of our heads

Compiled by Jenny Penberthy & Lee Plested
For our friend Kevin Killian (1953-2019)

[A party at Karen Tallman and Brian de Beck's house on Bella Vista for Kevin Killian and Dodie Bellamy. The front porch is filled with smoke and sizzle. Inside, uncountable bottles of wine and Brian's platters of grilled seafood circulate among Vancouver writers and artists. A wind storm rages outside with occasional branches thudding on to the roof and pine cones hurling at windows.]

[ANDREW KLOBUCAR (DJ RMUTT) is standing over his turntables.]

DANIELLE LAFRANCE: ...for example, I last a long time but, for how long? A long time is merely an opinion. For example, I die to finish.

TIZIANA LA MELIA: He handed me a ruffled pink dress for the role, or was it lace? Uncomfortable in my body as usual, a 50s-style gown would emphasize this.

JACQUELYN ROSS: The dressing up and playing down, the night walks, the toxic foraging...

TIZIANA LA MELIA: But on this stage, we were all bringing the glamour to grammar.

JACQUELYN ROSS: I remember how grateful I was when he walked over to me just to tell me a couple things real straight. Pop music really is good for the ears.

DJ RMUTT (*smiles knowingly*): Have to be careful not to wear out my potentiometers...

GEORGE BOWERING: My head is going round in eddies, I've got to have a bowl of Shreddies.

WARREN TALLMAN: ...all those hungry hellos, those drawn out goodbyes. Don't worry, get the poets together.

DJ RMUTT: ...ruin them pretty fast if used in that way. Okay — how does this work? Let's layer that second beat!

GEORGE BOWERING: I'll hold you in my loving arms, if you gimme a bowl of Lucky Charms.

DOROTHY TRUJILLO LUSK: It's not very conversational to recall conversation. Perhaps I was fatuous to write "I wanna cheer up your dead."

DJ RMUTT: Come on. Spin it like you mean it. History repeats itself.

[We hear the sound of a falling tree; suddenly the lights go out. General consternation ensues: Oh no! Now what? Karen, where are the candles!! Oooh spooky!!!]

TURNTABLE (*slowing down*): pllsssss... o ah oah ooo... woah o ah ah sshhhh.

COLIN BROWNE: Instead of instead, instead. Instead of here, here. Not there, here, instead of here, here.

TURNTABLE: zzzzzzzzzzz.

GEORGE BOWERING: I tell you, my heart just aches and aches, for a heaping bowl of—

KEVIN KILLIAN: What are you doing? Shut up! Shut up, please.

JUDITH PENNER: ...he says it's making the gesture that matters, not whether it's good or bad...

GEORGE BOWERING: You're from San Francisco. For cripe sakes, you ought to know cereal poetry when you hear it.

PETER QUARTERMAIN: There's nothing like a sensitive and thinking gossip who actually cares about others—Kevin had no equal—

KEVIN KILLIAN: No, it's serial poetry, not cereal poetry.

GEORGE BOWERING: Not even (*pause...*) Special K, K?

KEVIN KILLIAN: Nope.

GEORGE BOWERING: How about a (*pause...*) Duncan doughnut?

PETER QUARTERMAIN: Throw the keys down to me.

[Guests grope their way past one another through the tenebrous living room, apologizing, cursing; the storm howls outside.]

AARON PECK: I read the pull quote: “Come Gabrielle, bring some Canadian freshness to this overheated piece of fat.” That was it!

TIZIANA LA MELIA: I didn’t know then that I wanted to make an appearance as a confection.

JACQUELYN ROSS: I was to conceive of myself as some kind of precious diary, a diary written in order to be read.

AARON PECK: He cranked the emergency brake to park the car. “You really must film yourself having sex while you’re young! You’ll thank me later.”

COLIN SMITH (*dancing in the dark*): Kevin, could I have a sip of your Tab? O mercy, thank you ever so. I’m tuckered out from this bit of business you’ve scripted me.

ROLF MAURER: I sure want to be there. I will keep my eye peeled, eh?

COLIN SMITH: I mean, the erotics are a labour to swoon for, but the gross grind of everything connected, good grief!

[Meanwhile, in the kitchen shadows]

SCOTT WATSON: Kevin and I are parachuting from a plane to go to a Jack Spicer conference in Bogota. As we fall from the sky, catcalls from the field...

LISA ROBERTSON: ...couldn’t find a blue gingham Dorothy dress in the thrift shop...

PETER QUARTERMAIN: Pretty weird plays in their unpolished state—I remember almost nothing of them, but fearless, scrupulous, insistently honest.

SCOTT WATSON: ...renowned poets with guns. There is always a new beginning. Alas.

LISA ROBERTSON: ...a pair of tight pinstriped trousers and a pair of brown backless sandals with teetering heels ...

JENNY PENBERTHY: You had tout San Francisco at your feet.

COLIN BROWNE: This slippage. Flights of steps, flocks on knees. Here, here, instead of here. Instead of here, here. He knew. He knew. Do you see?

[A flash of lightning illuminates the house in a short blast of technicolour]

MEREDITH QUARTERMAIN: OMG there's Karen Tallman with her puppets, which reminds, did you see that Kylie Minogue flick where she directed a con-man to have sex with a copy machine?

MICHAEL TURNER: ...because of the earthquake the apartment on Minna came up and had it not been for that, and for fear of a bigger one, he and Dodie might not have found the place.

CLINT BURNHAM: I was hooked by her combination of narrative simplicity and the fantastic screen of illusion a unicorn embodies. At a Honey Horn gathering and on the sixth day of their acquaintance they made love — a magical love never seen by any humans so I can't describe it.

MEREDITH QUARTERMAIN *(leaning into Michael)*: Hey honey, she purrs, you think he's just a copy machine, then bingo he stops pumping, and guess what, you're lost inside your machine, lost in *Mirage Periodicals*, with their arms forever wrapped around you.

MICHAEL TURNER: Just like that, with hands up and down, as if to conjure something, or make it disappear.

[A crash as something falls and smashes; shuffling sounds as people investigate in the dark]

FRED WAH: I knew it was Kevin by the smile on Spicer's face, "Oh! Mr. Adjacency, what synchronous foreignicity do you think to find here in North Beach?"

DOROTHY TRUJILLO LUSK: May trouble neglect you...

COLIN BROWNE: Descending, touching, rising. In the interstices, eternities. He was gnomon, you too. Like hands they say.

FRED WAH: Finally he winked at Spicer and, fetching into his pocket, set down a bright yellow lemon in the middle of the table.

RENEE RODIN: Kind. The way I want the world to be.

DOROTHY TRUJILLO LUSK: ...the angels respect you...

CLINT BURNHAM: Is there a place for a tan bearded male unicorn after the love is gone?

DOROTHY TRUJILLO LUSK: ...and heaven accept you.

[A group mills outside the bathroom, ghosting in the hall]

JUDITH PENNER: ...I obsessed on that young spelling bee champion: you took a breath, the audience held theirs, you exhaled the right letters one by one: *auslaut, erysipelas, bougainvillea, aiguillette, pendeloque, palama, cernuous, odylic.*

CLINT BURNHAM: Each one staggers on longer than the one before it so that ultimately we get a blast of psychedelic-sounding chapters that hint at early Pink Floyd. I feel sure this is probably a good handbook for girls (and boys too I guess).

COLIN SMITH: Enough frippery—I must flit. It's flirting time for the likes of me. May I have your autograph before I leave?

COLIN BROWNE: From here to here, we, instead of instead, here, instead of here, here, we, he, here, here, we.

DANIELLE LAFRANCE: But, are you in the ocean now? Do I look a fool? Of course not, you last a long time.

LISA ROBERTSON: ...made her exit very haunting...hypnotized by the red and blue lights...

JUDY RADUL: He enters carrying the outsider's enthusiasm for bright lights and remains shining. The illuminated may feel themselves a warmer edge, shaped and thankful.

[END]

see-to-see

Review of Chantal Gibson, *How She Read* (Caitlin Press, 2019)

Elee Kraljii Gardiner

Chantal Gibson's first collection of poetic texts gathers peripatetic sources to school the reader in how we learn colonialism and other systems from the inside out. Based loosely on a 1947 educational writing and spelling book for eighth graders, *How She Read* is as close a poetic attempt of what Audre Lorde called using the master's tools to disassemble his own house as I've seen.

In the notes section Gibson explains: "Writing this book forced me to reflect on the colonizing effects of the English language and to challenge the rules deeply inscribed in my own thinking. This shorthand is derived from the process of deconstructing my own cursive handwriting. If you can't read it, you aren't meant to."

So much of learning takes place within the semiotic codes of a colonial framework. Gibson's sharp abilities and affinity for ideas of text and subtext and supertext combine into sparkling representations of how we incorporate lessons that are not only taught but inflicted. Gibson, an artist-educator who teaches writing and design communication at Simon Fraser University with an emphasis on questioning common

knowledge and hegemonic structures, is clearly in her zone of expertise.

In one of the most unforgettable sequences, "Centrefolds: Delia & Marie-Thérèse on Opening Night," Gibson imagines the conversations between two black women of different time periods conversing through the frames of the portraits painted of them by white men. She reproduces the portraits in full colour (thank you, Caitlin Press, for spending the extra money on these images and the visual poems!) and reads us the portraits by voicing the women. The first four lines set the tone:

Hey, Girl. What's your name?

Africa.

Who did that to you, Africa?

Science.

In the exchange between these women across centuries a different type of learning ensues as they debate topics including McLuhan's medium vs. message, ideas of objectivity, and microaggressions.

A first read of these poems will be vastly different from the third as Gibson's lessons accrue. These come about subtly in the sequencing of the book and more obviously, in the gates and doorways of

redacted words and blank spaces. Gibson's metatactics of problematizing entry into the text lead straight from social critique to her central, perpetual question: does a reader ever decode a book entirely?

Gibson retools the idea of learning "slant" to paraphrase Dickinson, by studding this book with lodestones of Black culture, including Nina Simone, Harriet Tubman, Lionel Richie, Dionne Brand, and Maya Angelou. She begins the poem entitled "passive voice" with an epigraph from Rita Dove: "If you can't be free, be a mystery." This book is a prism of positions and possible lessons; Gibson reminds us that the most dangerous stance may be assuming that we already "get it."

Review of Dina González Mascaró's *vessels are never empty* and Megan Hepburn's *Passing Through Smoke* (Franc Gallery and CSA Space, Vancouver, 2019)

Danielle LaFrance

The obvious reason to position these exhibitions next to each other is that they both engage with loss and transience. The other obvious reason is I so rarely attend art shows, these may be the only two I saddle up to see this year. But the other, other obvious reason is I know these artists, and perhaps this kind of intimacy gives a different perspective on the work they have produced. A different perspective, yes, but not a whole one.

So much of grief discourse provides the griever with a series of steps to cycle through in order to let go, move on, get past. Sometimes these guidelines help ease pain, but more often are far too didactic, too totalizing. Too understanding, even. This would already be, in any case, a question about the possibility of knowing, insofar as when we make claims on knowing another's experience we validate our own, possessing the other's as ours. We read ourselves in other's materials. My mother once thought a line in reference to rocks and hands in my book *species branding* was about her history with substance addiction. I told her that no, it was about rocks and hands, quite literally. In retrospect, it was not my place to dictate to her what it did or did not mean.

Grief takes on different forms. In González Mascaró's *vessels are never empty* it looks like two-dimensional charcoal and graphite drawings and found materials converted into brutal sculptures manipulated to form loosely defined organs. These crispy black vessels are not restricted; there is always an off-centre opening from which the seemingly empty contents can exit. From which they can breathe. While these vessels are "never empty," they also never settle for fixed ontological meanings. Are they alive or not? González Mascaró keeps the signification loose, allowing the vessels to be interpreted variously as inanimate holding cells for family ashes, bodies, hollowed out, even potential passageways (say, lungs) to bring air in from the atmosphere (the franc gallery, the witnesses) into passing oxygen into the bloodstream (the vessels themselves, the artist). *Vessels are never empty*



Megan Hepburn, *Passing Through Smoke*, 2019
Installation view, CSA Space, Vancouver

because we cannot help but fill them with meaning. Do not let go, get in.

In Hepburn's *Passing Through Smoke*, the form of grief looks like carefully selected relics of the artist's mother, carefully placed in the tiny CSA Space gallery. On a large table, taking up much room: a wool sweater, a bowl of mandarin oranges, a bouquet of desaturated pink peonies, sweet pea, mock orange, clematis, veronica, and basil (including some other unknown botanicals Hepburn texts me she foraged), and Margaret Atwood's *The Edible Woman*. Around the periphery of the gallery sit a pair of old rubber boots with classic red-stripped wool socks tucked inside, a pile of soil, and an audio recording by Alex Muir. Sutured within a hole in the wool sweater, within the pages of Atwood, within another hole in a sock, peaks a gold perfume head pump. Taking a cue from my own desire to touch and smell everything, heavy perfumes lie waiting to be spritzed, maybe behind the ears, by visitors. Scents begin to layer and meld and mask. Mandarin oranges are peeled and devoured. This act, obviously, elicits scent too. But I must emphasize that when I realized we could play with Hepburn's exhibition, it all became that much livelier than if the only option were to passively admire what once was.

Passing Through Smoke was up for just over a month. As it went on, the cut flowers' decay could be witnessed daily or left encapsulated by that one celebratory opening. The visitor makes a temporal choice: either we are committed to the short-term images we took that night or sit, a few months later as I am now, with

the understanding that these flowers are gone. Always both and more. Even scents, while closely linked to memory, diminish. Perfumes, much like people, have a lifespan.

These are all such obvious things to say. Aren't they? Life is finite, grief is indefinite. Losing someone we love changes us psychologically and biologically. In an attempt to not become attached to things, we distill attachments through the things we make and make of them. Not capturing the final decay of Hepburn's bouquet does not mean they did not degenerate nor come back. Not filling González Mascaró's vessels does not mean they are empty nor full. And what does it matter—if it does not make death, light?

Review of the Indigenous Brilliance Series: Creating Safe Spaces for Co-Creation

Jónína Kirton

Indigenous Brilliance (IB) is not your average reading series, and I am grateful to have been able to play a small part in its beginnings. The series was launched at *Room Magazine's* Growing Room Festival in 2018. A collaboration between the Indigenous Brilliance team, Massy Books, and *Room Magazine*, the success of this series is not only a wonderful example of collaboration, but also a fine example of reconciliation in action.

I spoke with two founding members, Patricia Massy of Massy Books and Jessica Johns, Managing Editor of *Room Magazine*.

I asked them both to share their insights into decision-making, the potential for conflict in collaborative organizing, and their approach to creating safe spaces for co-creation.

Patricia had this to say: “When making decisions within a group, it’s definitely nice when there is consensus, and everyone is happy. We’ve been really lucky with the IB team. We all realize that what we are doing is not about ourselves, but about creating community, lifting one another up, and celebrating Indigenous voices. What’s really great about the team is that we are all strong, independent thinkers. When someone has an idea, they pitch it to the group, and the group responds. If anyone has questions or concerns, they voice it, and we deal with it appropriately. Whenever something is written, we make sure everyone edits it. When we first started, an issue came up regarding checking in with one another on the making of collective decisions. This was voiced, and the person receiving the feedback was incredibly graceful, took personal accountability, and offered suggestions on how to move forward. We all learned from the situation, and it’s never happened again.

“In a community setting, I strive for understanding. I personally try to be honest when I have an issue, and bring it up directly with the person, as I think it’s much healthier to engage in respectful conflict than it is to let things simmer. Some situations require letting things go though, as they can be trivial and not worth jeopardizing relationships over, and some things require direct confrontation. I feel very fortunate to be working with everyone on this team. We work well together, are

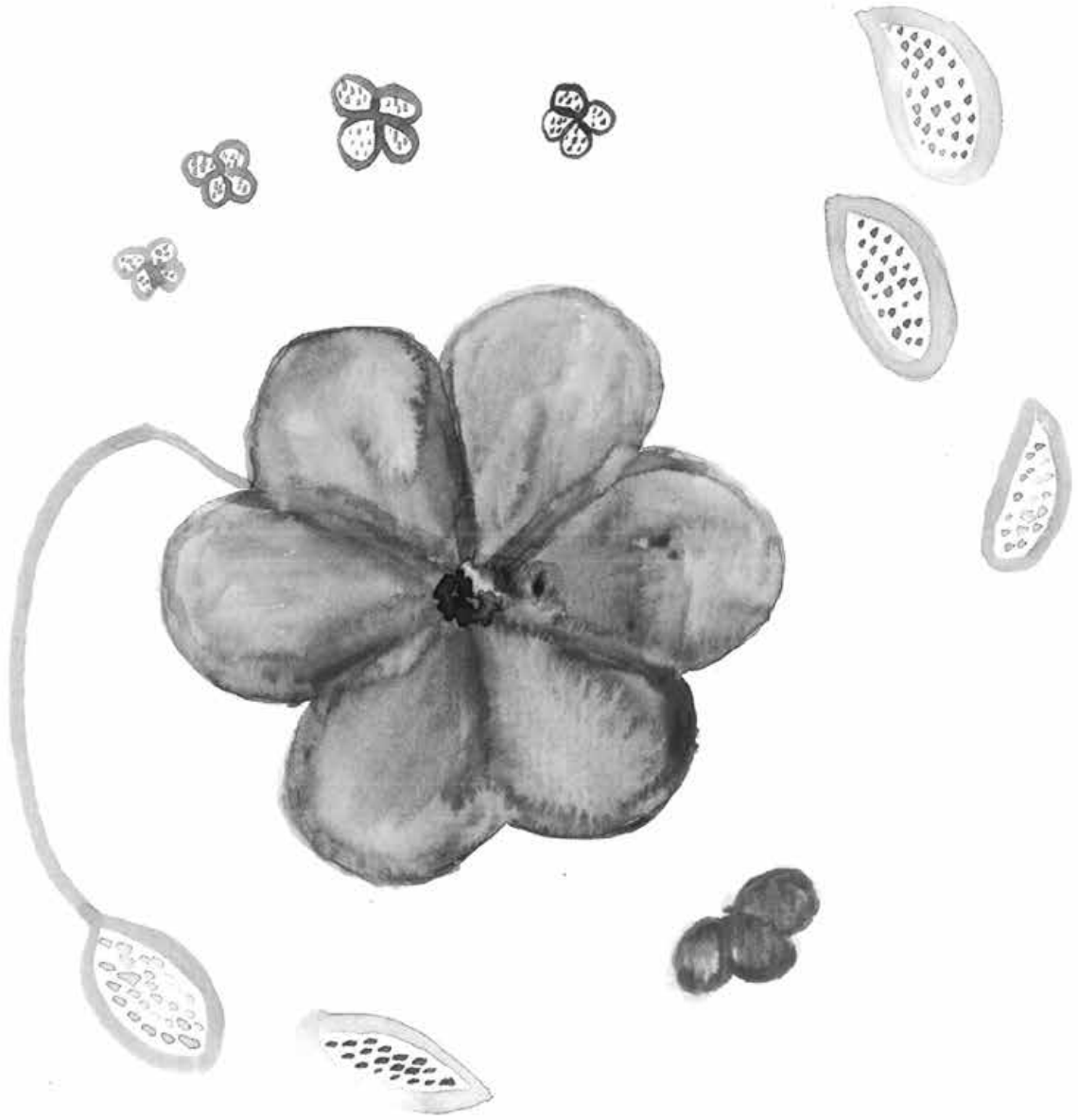
respectful, and have a deep passion and love for the work we are doing.”

Jessica had this to say: “I prefer to work with others when the artistic project is a community endeavour. Working communally spreads out the balance of power as well as pools resources, knowledge, and experiences. I look for folks with the same mind to ethics of care as I have. People who care more about community engagement than careerism or social or monetary capital. I also look for people whose strengths are different from mine, who think differently and work differently to how I do. I feel this opens doors wider, lets more people in. I appreciate everyone’s love and drive for this series. We spread out the labour as evenly as possible and try very hard to make sure that everyone is taken care of, both the people organizing and the folks we ask to participate.”

I am grateful to those who have attended and performed at the events, and to Patricia Massy, Jessica Johns, jaye simpson, Emily Dundas Oke, Karmella Cen Benedito De Barros (their newest Indigenous Brilliance team member) and to Chelene Knight, Meghan Bell and everyone at *Room Magazine* and Growing Room for all that they have done to make this series such a success. They all take great joy in celebrating the brilliance of others. I will forever cherish the medicines and the artwork they gifted me and others who read at the series. This artwork sits on one of my altars and every day I read the words of thanks, *Maarsi*, *Miigwech*, *Kinanâskomitin*, while I give thanks for another day of walking beauty with others who also care for the sacred.

Emily Dundas Oke, *Maarsi • Miigwech • Kinanâskomitin*, 2018-2019. Watercolour on paper, 9 x 14 inches

MAARSI • MIIGWECH



KINANÂSKOMITIN

Contributors

Akem is a writer and illustrator. She illustrated *Brown Sugar Babe*, which will be published in 2020, and is available for pre-order where books are sold.

Hari Alluri, Junie Désil, Mercedes Eng, & Cecily Nicholson are four poets born on different lands under three constellations and residing on unceded Musqueam, Tsleil-Waututh, Skwxwú7mesh, and Qay'qayt territories.

Hana Amani is a Sri Lankan visual artist and storyteller. Having received a Bachelor in Design from Emily Carr University of Art + Design, she now lives in Vancouver, creating prints and puppets based on myth and folklore. Amani's work follows themes of both historical and futuristic concepts, with an emphasis on the state of women. She loves science fiction, opera, fairytales, playing chess, and listening to Amadeus at midnight.

Dariush Alexander Ghaderi Barrera is a Vancouver-based artist whose multidisciplinary practice includes printmaking, painting, and drawing. Born in Montréal to an Iranian father and a Mexican mother and raised in Mexico City, Barrera makes art influenced by the history and social aspects of his heritage as well as its folklore: the art of the Surrealists, an admiration for craftsmen, music, and, unavoidably, the conditions of the generation he happens to have been born into.

Richelle Bear Hat is a Calgary-based Blackfoot/Dane-zaa Cree artist. She graduated from the Alberta College of Art + Design with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Drawing in 2011 and has since gone on to work with the Banff Centre as a Collections Work Study, with TRUCK Contemporary Art in Calgary as Engagement Coordinator, and is currently a Studio Instructor at Indefinite Arts Centre. Bear Hat's artistic practice investigates ideas surrounding family relationships and the types of knowledge that are capable of being passed through them.

Emily Carr writes murder mysteries that turn into love poems that are sometimes (by her McSweeney's editors, for example) called divorce poems. After she got an MFA in poetry from the University of North Carolina-Wilmington, she took a doctorate in eco-poetics at the University of Calgary. These days, she is Visiting Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at the New College. Her newest book, *whosoever has let a minotaur enter them, or a sonnet* —, is available from McSweeney's. Her first collection of short prose, *Name Your Bird Without A Gun: a Tarot romance*, is forthcoming from Spork.

Junie Désil has performed at various literary events and festivals. Her work has appeared in *Room Magazine* and *PRISM International*, and her forthcoming debut poetry collection will be published in 2020 by Talonbooks. Désil currently works on the unceded and ancestral x^wməθk^wəyəm (Musqueam), Sḵwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and sə́lilwətaʔɫ (Tsleil-Waututh) territories and lives on Qayqayt First Nation (New Westminster).

Al Filreis is Kelly Professor, Faculty Director of the Kelly Writers House, Co-Director of PennSound, producer and host of “PoemTalk,” and curator/lead teacher of “ModPo” (an open online course)—all at the University of Pennsylvania. Among his books are *Stevens and the Actual World*, *Modernism from Right to Left*, and *Counter-Revolution of the Word: The Conservative Attack on Modern Poetry, 1945–60*.

Deanna Fong is a poet and critic whose research focuses on auditory media, event theory, literary communities, and affective labour. She co-directs the digital archive of Fred Wah, and has done substantial cataloguing and critical work on the audio archives of Roy Kiyooka. With Karis Shearer, she is co-editing *Wanting Everything: The Collected Works of Gladys Hindmarch* (forthcoming from Talonbooks, 2020).

Elee Kraljii Gardiner is the author of the poetry books *Trauma Head* (Anvil Press, 2018, and Otter Press, 2017), *serpentine loop* (Anvil Press, 2016), and the anthologies *Against Death: 35 Essays on Living* (Anvil Press, 2019) and *V6A: Writing from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 2012). She is an Associate Director of Vancouver Manuscript Intensive and the Non-Fiction Editor of Chapter House, the online journal of the Institute of American Indian Arts where she is an MFA candidate in poetry.

Sinead Grewcock is a Vancouver-based writer, director, and comedian. She studies Communications at Capilano University, and is passionate about creating stories that are honest and familiar but told from unseen perspectives. She performs improv professionally around Vancouver, and teaches drama workshops with the Young Actors Project.

G. Maria Hindmarch is a prose writer who loves poets and poetry because she has always been drawn to sound, speech rhythm, and precise language. She attended both the Vancouver Poetry Conference (1963) and the Berkeley Poetry Conference (1965), which laid the ground for poetics to come. In 1996, the visual artist Judith Williams asked her to write 250 words with short lines for an installation on the main floor of the Vancouver Art Gallery. Her piece in this review is developed from some of the lines from there. *Wanting Everything*, her collected works, is forthcoming from Talonbooks in Spring 2020.

A pioneer of queer literature, **Kevin Killian** (December 24, 1952–June 15, 2019) was a champion of the creative and an omnivorous explorer of genre and form. His 1989 novel *Sby* has become a cult object, along with the scattered photocopies of *Mirage/#4 Period(ical)* edited with his wife, Dodie Bellamy. *Mirage* was just the tip of Killian's indefatigable

buttressing of peers, compiling and chronicling the work of Jack Spicer, and anthologizing the New Narrative, not to mention scads of literary criticism. To edit the young and old, organize and perform readings and lectures, and deliver opinions on art and life for a bevy of periodicals was all in a day's work for Killian. However, his irrepressible spirit is most vividly present in the over fifty plays he wrote for San Francisco Poets Theatre and the 2,639 product reviews he genially published on Amazon.com. The poets theatre script presented here in tribute to Kevin Killian is an assemblage of texts contributed by his Vancouver friends.

Jónína Kirton, a Red River Métis/Icelandic poet, author, facilitator, and manuscript consultant, currently lives on the unceded territory of the Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh. A graduate of the SFU Writer's Studio in 2007, she was Betsy Warland's mentor apprentice at the studio in 2017 and 2018 and is currently one of her Vancouver Manuscript Intensive mentors. Her first collection of poetry, *page as bone ~ ink as blood*, was released in April 2015 with Talonbooks. Her second collection of poetry, *An Honest Woman*, was a finalist in the 2018 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize.

Danielle LaFrance lives on occupied and stolen x^wməθk^wəyəm, Skwxwú7mesh Úxwumixw, and səliwətaʔ lands. She is a poet, community librarian, and independent scholar, amongst other things, venusian, anarcha-feminist, stupid. She is the author of *JUST LIKE I LIKE IT* (Talonbooks, 2019), *Friendly + Fire* (Talonbooks, 2016), and *species branding* (CUE, 2010). Her more recent poetry project is titled *#postdildo*, which thinks and acts through fucking, fantasy, rape culture, and modes of communication. She is committed to listening, addressing, and responding to the radical root of things.

Jami Macarty is the author of *The Minuses*, forthcoming (February 2020) in the Mountain West Poetry Series by The Center for Literary Publishing at Colorado State University, and three chapbooks of poetry: *Instinctive Acts* (Nomados Literary Publishers, 2018), *Mind of Spring* (No. 22, Vallum Chapbook Series, 2017), and *Landscape of The Wait* (Finishing Line Press, 2017). Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *EVENT*, *The Journal*, and *The Rumpus*.

Erin Moure is a poet and translator; more at www.erinmoure.mystrikingly.com.

ReMatriate Collective (co-created in 2014) is a volunteer-led group of Indigenous womxn opposed to the appropriation of their cultural identities. Core members are located between the Yukon, British Columbia and Alberta and work together collaboratively to represent their respective communities with the aim of strengthening future generations through positive self-representation.

Genevieve Robertson is an interdisciplinary artist with a background in environmental studies. Her drawings are often comprised of found organic materials collected onsite, and map a visceral and long-term engagement with specific regions. Through recent research in

the Kootenays, the Salish Sea, and the Fraser and Columbia rivers, she has engaged with the complexities that emerge when relating to land and water in a time of large-scale industrial exploitation and climate precarity.

Shanzhai Lyric is a project of Display Distribute carried out by Ming Lin and Alexandra Tatarsky. Through poetry-talks, performances, publishing, installation, and archival practice, the project investigates how shanzhai garments challenge standard English, destabilizing assumptions around global hierarchy to reflect the distortions and nonsense of contemporary life. @shanzhai_lyric

Karis Shearer is Associate Professor of English at UBC Okanagan where she directs The AMP Lab and is a co-applicant on the SpokenWeb Project. With Deanna Fong, she is co-editing *Wanting Everything: The Collected Works of Gladys Hindmarch* (forthcoming from Talonbooks, 2020).

Kali Spitzer (Kaska Dena) is from Daylu (Lower Post, British Columbia) on her father's side and Jewish from Transylvania, Romania on her mother's side. She is a transdisciplinary artist who mainly works with film — 35mm, 120, and wet plate collodion process using an 8×10 camera. Her work includes portraits, figure studies, and photographs of her people, ceremonies, and culture.

Marika Echachis Swan (Nuu-chah-nulth) is a mother, artist, and community arts organizer of mixed Tla-o-qui-aht, Scottish and Irish descent. Her main creative practice explores feminist Nuu-chah-nulth values through woodblock printmaking, often layered with other visual arts techniques such as carving, stencil, and photography.

Chris Turnbull is the author of *continua* (Chaudiere Books, 2015, and Invisible Press, 2019) and “[untitled]” in *o w n* (CUE Books, 2014). She has published several chapbooks, most recently *contrite* (above/ground, 2019) and *Undertones*, a collaborative sequence with text/artist Bruno Neiva (Low Frequency Press, 2019). She curates a footpress, *rout/e*, whereby poems are planted on trails in Eastern Ontario: etuor.wordpress.com. Thank you to Sophie Edwards, Judy Bowyer, Susie Osler, and Bruno Neiva for their permission to use pieces of their collaborations in this essay.

Jacqueline Turner is the author, most recently, of *Flourish*, which critics call “a quiet tornado: riveting, expansive, and profoundly moving on multiple levels” and “a blueprint for what it looks like to think and feel everything at once.” Her other books include *The Ends of the Earth*, *Seven into Even*, *Careful*, and *Into the Fold*. She is a Lecturer and Writing Specialist at Emily Carr University of Art + Design and has held writing residencies in Brisbane, Tasmania, Granada, and Berlin. Her work is published widely in Canada and internationally.

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IMAGE: Gabi Dao, *Excerpts from the Domestic Cinema, Ch. 1 (detail)*, 2018, video still. Courtesy the artist.

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ISSUE MISSIONS
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ART

WITH GUEST EDITORS
REBECCA SALAZAR AND BRITNI MACKENZIE-DALE

Querty
41

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We particularly welcome and encourage submissions from Indigenous writers and artists, writers and artists of colour, writers and artists with disabilities, 2SLGBTQIA+ writers and artists, and writers and artists from other intersectional and under-represented communities.

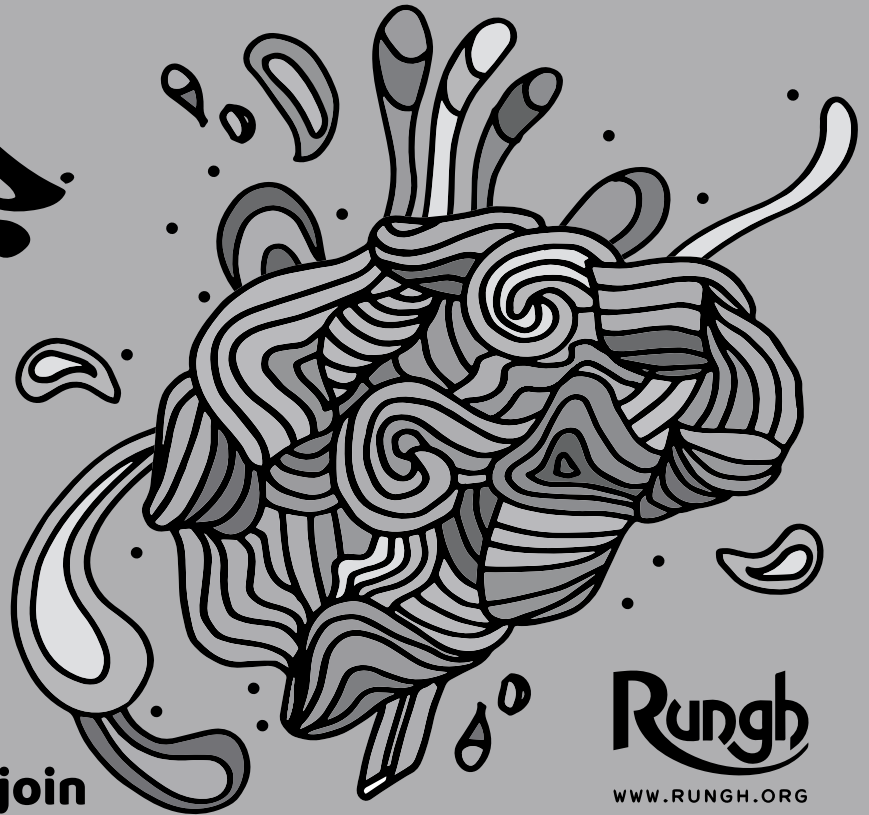
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Mudflat Dreaming

Waterfront Battles and the Squatters Who Fought Them in 1970s Vancouver

by JEAN WALTON

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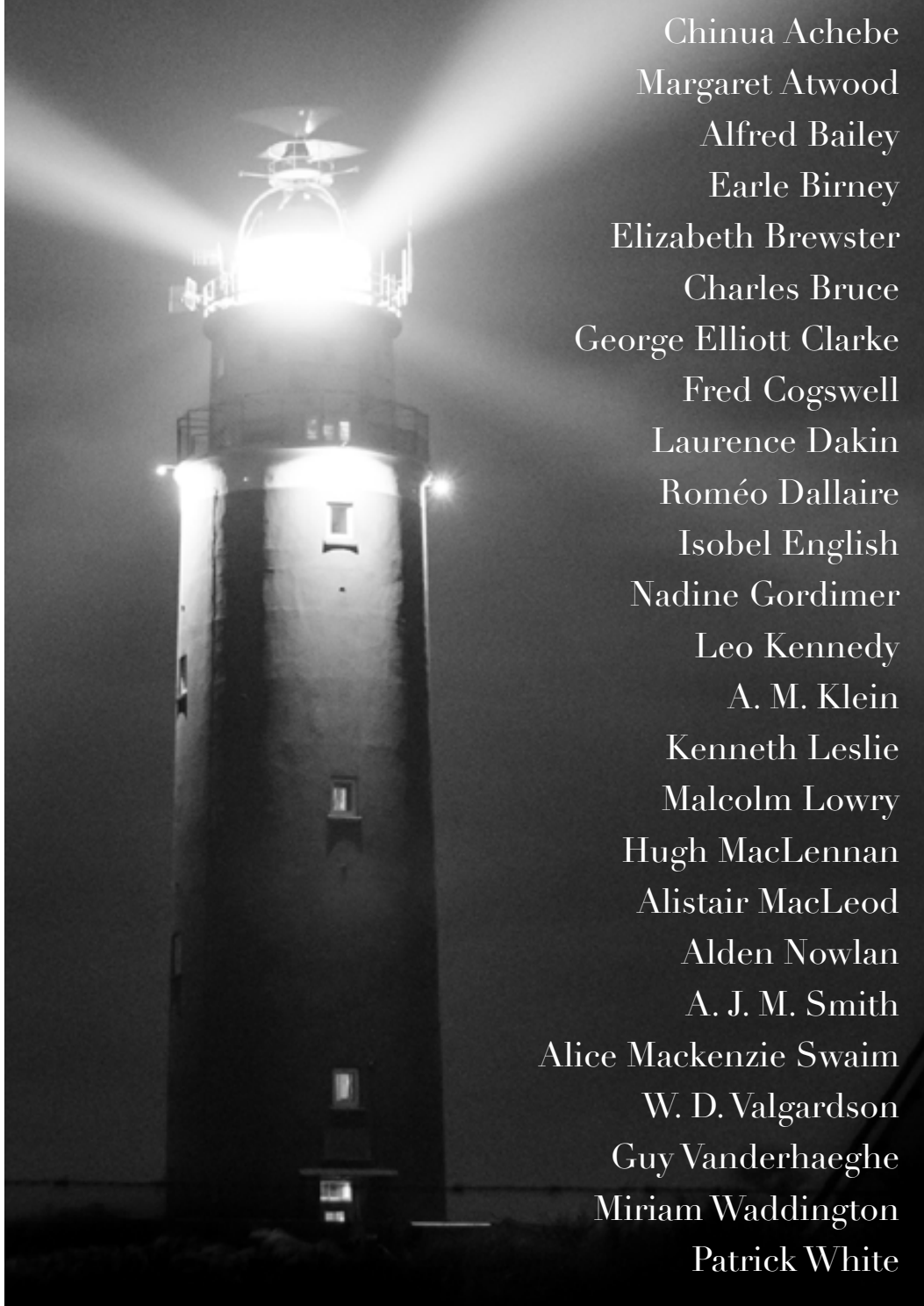
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