The Capilano Review

After all, what's really real without witnesses?
—*Quelemia Sparrow*

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TCR respectfully acknowledges that we operate on unceded xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and səl̓ilwətaʔɬ (Tsleil-Waututh) lands.

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3.40 / WINTER 2020

Cover Image:

Krystle Coughlin Silverfox, *Tourism Challenge #3*, 2019
Digital collage, 8.5 x 10 inches

Editor's Note

As we send this Winter 2020 issue off to press, Indigenous youth and allies occupy the BC provincial legislature. Actions from coast to coast demonstrate ongoing support of the Wet'suwet'en Hereditary Chiefs and the self-determining rights of Indigenous Peoples.

Much of what you are about to encounter in this issue intentionally points to the political contexts and intellectual and cultural traditions out of which art-making arrives. It also points to the river's "sedimentary breath" (sophie anne edwards), the street's "spanking new sidewalks" (George Stanley), and "a space between the North // star and another // lesser // star" (Su-Yee Lin).

Pointing to the sky, the water, and the land we stand on becomes, in Beau Dick's words, "beyond political; it becomes very deep and emotional." Quelemia Sparrow's *Skyborn*, an epic odyssey rooted in the cosmology and teachings of her Musqueam heritage, not only asks us to bear witness, but reminds audience members of the responsibility to journey.

We are indebted to the contributors and collaborators who made this issue possible. A huge thanks to Savage Society, Fazakas Gallery, and the Musqueam Language and Culture Department, as well as our *Home is Where the Art Is* collaborators Gallery Gachet and WePress. This issue is dedicated to land and water defenders—"incredible people that deserve to be honoured" (Morgan Asoyuf).

—Afuwa SM Granger & Matea Kulić

From *Kiskajeyi—I Am Ready*

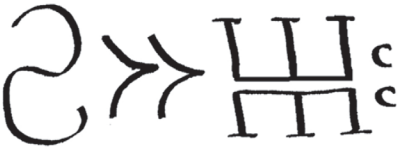
Michelle Sylliboy

KOMQWEJWI'KASIKL 5

Melkite'tm –
I think intensely

Talikaqiankiteltmkl –
how you think of things

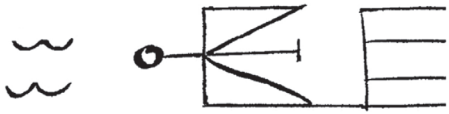
Te'sikuna'qek –
each day



KOMQWEJWI'KASIKL 6

Ejele'k -
It is a shame

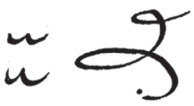
ktuiaknutmuaq -
he doesn't want to tell



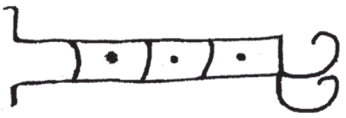
tan telita'si -
how I am thinking

teliketlamsitmuk -
about what we believe

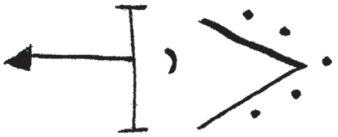
kisi latinewi'simk -
you can speak latin



lamqamu'k -
underground

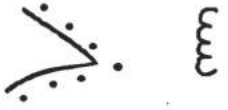


I'n ta na -
because



Wekwaymulas -
I made you angry

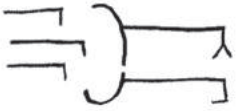
na sik -
but



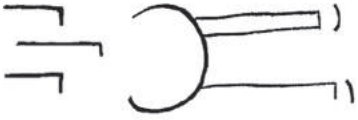
welitelta'msetasi -
I firmly believe

klusuaqnn -
the words

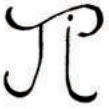
kisikasa'tuatoqsip -
you wiped clean



mu kisikasa'nukul -
will not be wiped away



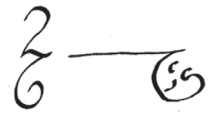
ta'n -
by



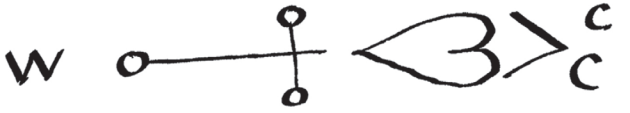
mawil'nuk -
all native people

KOMQWEJWI'KASIKL 10

tan tiju wikwieyan -
when I am weak



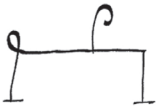
telipjilksaluen -
you have great love



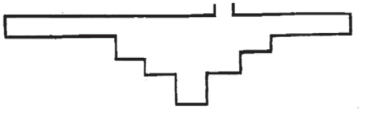
elmia'q wikwieyan -
when I grow weak

ankweyuin -
take care of me

tepni'klewyek -
from a sponge



pqatayukw -
halfway to



na'ku'setaq -
the sun

KOMQWEJWI'KASIKL 12

Nemulek –
If we could see you

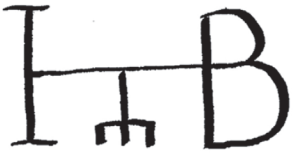
kaqi'sk –
many times

kisitliwkwayulin –
I will never anger you

apj –
again

KOMQWEJWI'KASIKL 3

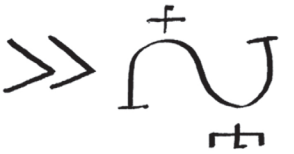
Sitelewey -
Old water



kisikasa'tuatoqsip -
you wiped clean

na'qi -
my flesh

elasumul -
I honour you



From *Skyborn: A Land Reclamation Odyssey*

Quelemia Sparrow

Quelemia has lost her soul and has been sucked through a Black Hole out into the Universe where she must search for it. In this scene, she meets her grandmother, who will be her guide, at the mouth of the River Cosmos.

Scene 2: The Mouth of the River Cosmos

Grandmother has been waiting. She sits by the side of the river.

Women's voices sing:

Fall. Fall. Fall…

She falls through the sky.

Puppet Quelemia falls slowly through the void. The rope pulls taut in the theatre. She hangs from the cedar rope tied around her waist.

She dangles in the Universe.

Grandmother gets up, gently unties her and lays her by the side of the river.

Then Grandmother looks up at the rope and tugs on it. The rope tugs at the other end of the theatre. She pulls once more and the audience falls into the black hole. She places the miniature audience near the large audience so they can witness.

She sits with her granddaughter. She speaks in həńq̓əmińəm̓.

Grandmother (to Granddaughter): Welcome home Granddaughter. Welcome to the Mouth of the River Cosmos.

Q: Granny?

Granny: Yes, it's me. Come here and give me a hug!

(*To the audience*): I'm glad you're here too. After all, what's really real without witnesses?

Q: I lost my šxʷhəli. I couldn't get it to stay.

She is full of shame.

Granny: I know.

Q: These…things—came and…

Granny: They took it—the hungry ghosts. They stole your šxʷhəli. They took it to the Land of the Dead.

Q: Hungry Ghosts?

Granny: Meddlers. Empty meddlers. They're lost.

We've got to clean you up. Prepare your body for the return of šxʷhəli. You need to welcome it home. Otherwise we'll be chasing it around the whole goddamn cosmos. And that could take, well, I'd say…pretty much…forever.

And then you'll—

Granny stops herself.

Q: What?

Granny: Pretty soon you'll become lost and confused—fearful.

You'll be roaming forever without your šxʷhəli. You'll become like them… grabbing any šxʷhəli you can find, hoping it's yours—hungry.

Q: I'll become a hungry ghost?

Granny: If we call your šxʷhəli—and you are ready, it will come back to you.

We need to hurry. Let's get started.

Grandmother places Quelemia in the Creek of the River Cosmos. As she places her in the creek her DNA appears. [*Note: Spiritual cleansing in creek with cedar boughs.*]

Grandmother: The fear is in your body, your mind and your heart. But your šxʷhəli knows no fear.

You're heavy with pain, Granddaughter. It's no wonder your šxʷhəli left you.

Grandmother cleanses Granddaughter with cedar boughs.

Grandmother: Feeling sick?

Quelemia suddenly throws up.

Q: I don't feel so good.

Quelemia throws up once again.

Grandmother: It will pass. Eventually.

Grandmother pulls out her DNA.

We've got to cleanse the bloodline. Wring out the DNA.

She examines her granddaughter's DNA.

Grandmother: Yup, just what I thought.

She cleanses the DNA in the creek.

Quelemia throws up again as Grandmother washes her DNA.

You're doing good my child. Your future and past thank you.

A dragonfly flies over to Quelemia.

You won't be sick forever.

The dragonfly whizzes around her. Quelemia looks up.

Q: Who are you?

Dragonfly: I'm Perception.

Q: Hello.

Dragonfly: Pleased to meet you.

Dragonfly looks to Grandmother who is cleaning Quelemia's DNA.

Dragonfly: Ugh. DNA cleansing is the worst!

Quelemia throws up.

Q: Tell me about it.

Dragonfly: Perception reporting to duty!

Q: What?

Dragonfly: I'm here to help you find your šxʷhəli.

Q: Oh, thank you.

Dragonfly: We've got to find the hungry ghosts.

Grandmother: But first you need to…there it is. I see you! Sticky, sticky, sticky.

She washes out a particularly sticky part of the double helix.

She then begins to expand the DNA double helix. It grows larger.

Now we are ready for the journey.

Q: Through there?

Quelemia looks into the expanded DNA helix.

Sixteen wolves appear at the side of the river on the rocks. As they sing, Grandmother transforms into a wolf.

A canoe appears at the edge of the shore. Grandmother Wolf runs to the canoe, stops, and looks back at her granddaughter.

Then all the wolves stand up on their hind legs. They lift the canoe on their shoulders and carry it over the rocks, then gently lay the canoe in the river. They drop back down onto all fours.

Grandmother stands on her hind legs. She is now Wolf and human, her feet solid in the sand beneath her, the water up to her knees.

She places Quelemia into the canoe. [*Note: Grandmother Wolf is now giant-sized compared to Quelemia, who has transformed into a small puppet in a small canoe*.]

Grandmother Wolf: You must journey for…some say four days, some say four years to retrieve šxʷhəli. You must bring it back from the land of the dead.

Grandmother Wolf hands Quelemia her paddle.

She places her paddle in the river. She pulls herself forward.

Grandmother Wolf begins to dance. [*Note: Grandmother Wolf holds the small puppet Quelemia in the canoe as she dances in the river.*]

Quelemia pulls the canoe once more.

Q: Her feet move in the sand. I hear the tiny pieces of sand scratch together against her toes.

Grandmother continues to dance as the small puppet Quelemia paddles.

As she paddles she turns to the side. Quelemia sees the pack of wolves running alongside the river. They run faster alongside her. [*Visuals: The pack of wolves are running, Grandmother is dancing with the canoe in the river with Quelemia, the small puppet.*]

Grandmother: Go faster.

Grandmother and Quelemia: Go faster. Go faster.

Sweat starts to drip down Quelemia's forehead. She wipes it off. She leans slightly to the side, the canoe begins to tip. She panics. [*Visuals: Grandmother maneuvers the tip of the small puppet canoe.*]

Grandmother: Easy does it.

The canoe steadies.

Grandmother guides the canoe.

Grandmother: Alright then. Here we go. O'wet. O'wet. O'wet.

We hear the sound of many paddles in the water. The sound increases. Glide, dig, pull. Glide, dig, pull. The sound of paddles in water in perfect rhythm.

Wolves have appeared in the canoe. Quelemia realizes the wolves are pulling the canoe in unison. She is not alone.

Wolves: O'wet. O'wet. O'wet.

They enter the DNA (*micro-verse*) *through the River Cosmos and expand out into the Galaxy* (*universe*). *As Grandmother guides the canoe through the River Cosmos she talks to the audience and her granddaughter.*

Grandmother (*to the audience*): Didn't think we'd leave you behind, did ya?

You've important work to do.

After all, how can you witness if you can't even see?

(*To the audience*): You need a few teachings too, and I'll give them to you. This is the River Cosmos. The statl'əẇ in the stars, the life giver, cleansing-creek supplier! Mother of all waters!

(*To Granddaughter*): There are many star systems in our Galaxy.

We have the sphere of the Ancestors…our giants.

In the sphere there are giant, old stars…orange and blue giants.

There's my Constellation.

She points to her constellation in the Ancestor System. It's the Giant Wolf Constellation. It glows brighter as Granny speaks.

And here is the Star System of our Teachings, the sχʷəy̓eṁ.

There's the sʔi:ɬqəy̓, the two-headed serpent.

The two-headed serpent moves in the Star System of Teachings.

And χe:l's, the transformer…

The constellation of χe:l's comes alive.

χe:l's is our transformer in the sky. Transformer paddles the waterways teaching those who will listen—and those who refuse the teachings—they turn to stone.

Q: What Teachings?

Grandmother: Any and all teachings…it all depends on what needs to be learned.

All the constellations flash in the cosmos like fireworks as χe:l's begins to follow the canoe.

Grandmother: Now, off to the Stars of the Living.

Grandmother makes a hard right turn in the canoe. And they head off to the Stars of the Living.

Here we are…the Stars of the Living.

They arrive to a star system with many nebulas and baby stars forming.

Grandmother: Oh, these constellations aren't quite formed yet. They keep changing things around… Lots of construction and renos going on—it's hard to keep up. I always find myself a bit turned around in the living constellations. One minute a star is here, and then the next minute, poof, it's gone!

They continue along the River Cosmos in the Stars of the Living.

Grandmother Wolf: Now, we need to find your star.

Q: I have a star?

Grandmother Wolf: Ahhhh…well…it's almost a star. It's very new. A little unformed…but yes, we all have a star. Some of us have many stars. Ah, but you're just getting started…star-ted. Ha, ha, ha, ha…*Granny laughs.* Get it? Star-ted!

She laughs a little harder at her joke.

That's a good one.

They paddle in the cosmos trying to locate Quelemia's star.

Grandmother Wolf: That's why these little stars are so hard to find. Not much more than gas, thoughts, ideas, memories and possibilities at this point. It must be around here somewhere…maybe it's worse than I thought.

Q: What is?

Grandmother: Everything's a little haywire and topsy-turvy.

Q: Did I lose my star too?

Grandmother: No, no…we'll find it.

Grandmother looks worried.

We just need to know what to look for…

She pulls out her binoculars.

Ah, there. There it is…

A giant Willow Tree appears.

Q: Where?

Grandmother: There!

She points to the giant Willow Tree. They paddle closer.

Q: The Willow Tree?

Grandmother: Here we are.

Q: My mom planted this Willow Tree…

This is my star?

Grandmother: Yes.

Skyborn: A Land Reclamation Odyssey, produced by Savage Society, was presented by The Cultch (Historic Theatre) and PuSh International Performing Arts Festival from January 23–February 1, 2020 on the unceded territory of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Sḵwx̱wú7mesh (Squamish), and səl̓ílwətaʔɬ (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations. *Skyborn* will continue at the Richmond Gateway Theatre from March 19–28, 2020.

Thank you to the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam) Language and Culture Department for their assistance with the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ spelling and orthography in this script.

Three Poems

Su-Yee Lin

FIRE&GOLD

I am a child when I see the fire and smoke burning the reams of gold.
My mother's hands above and my own feeding the flames
sheet after sheet.

With my father charring thin white and crunchy orange green as trees the sweet salty of carcinogens.
The taste of fire in my throat and the heat that makes air
shimmer. The way my father's arm tenses and everything
flies.

Older, light in my fist flaming out toward fingertips, love that quickly dies to ashes.
Later: the spark of yellow falling through air and into deep water.

And at the funeral a bonfire of houses and furniture these precious things we cannot die without.
Shut the oven and light the match;
our grandchildren will send smoke signals as currency the way we used to do.

IF/THEN

Then the way the strokes run
west to east, north to south
follow the river down
and out and into.

You said the way
clouds look to birds
heaven above
and heaven below
and people in between.

I said the way
that counting works
how a is one
and one is not only one
but two becomes one.

You said the way
rain slants down
a straight line for cloud
a house of weather capped by sky.

I never said I could understand
more than the words
although
if
besides
not only
but also
the differences between you and I.

MILKY WAY

A man points to the Milky Way, says "My mother was born // up there." A cleft
in the sky where his finger // points, a dark
star-less // anomaly. "Over there, my // father," says a woman to // a space
between the North // star and another // lesser // star. To the
dark // spaces in the Big Dipper, in Orion // and his belt,
"My sister"
"My cousin" "My grandchild"
"My uncle." // Soon
the sky is filled // with people so // heavy // with light and darkness, we //
can't even tell // which dark spaces are
unoccupied. A shooting // star falls and // someone // says,
"Me."
We turn to the speaker but she's // already // gone.

Tourism Challenge

Krystle Coughlin Silverfox

Tourism Challenge looks at the intersection of Indigenous cultures and the marketing of the Canadian tourism industry. Various Metro Vancouver tourist brochures are deconstructed into Northwest Coast formline elements, interrupting notions of land/use, sightseeing, shopping, and local history. This series questions how local Indigenous art, culture, and identity are depicted in the (trans)national image and marketed to visitors.

Images (beginning opposite page): Krystle Coughlin Silverfox, *Tourism Challenge #1–6*, 2019, digital collages, each 8.5 × 10 inches. Images courtesy of the artist.

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Mid-October (nightly)
Boarding: 6:30 pm
Departure: 7:00 pm
Return: 9:30 pm
RESERVATIONS REQUIRED
Vessel & Route subject to change
Indian Arm
Belcarra
North Vancouver
July/August (Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
Boarding: 10:30 am
Departure: 11:00 am
Return: 3:00 pm
RESERVATIONS REQUIRED
Vessel & Route subject to change
September (daily)
res: 11:00 am
12:15 pm
1:30 pm
2:45 pm
VATIONS APPRECIATED
Route subject to change


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Royal Portrait

Morgan Asoyuf

31. Christine E. Martin is a community leader and land defender of Ts'msyen ancestry. Christine wears the Bentwood Box Crown, Galts'apm Temlax'aam (oxidized silver, peridot, bear claws, 2019) by Morgan Asoyuf and Henry Green, and Sky Blanket by Jaad Kuujus-Meghann O'Brien.

32. Sii-am Hamilton and Lorelei Williams carry the images of missing relatives Belinda Williams (left) and Tanya Holyk (right). Decolonial Uncle Sii-am Hamilton is a hand-poke tattoo artist and water protector of Sto:lo and NuučaaɁuɬ descent. Lorelei Williams is the founder of the dance group Butterflies in Spirit and works as the Women's Coordinator at the Vancouver Aboriginal Community Policing Centre. Lorelei is wearing the red MMIW2S Cape (satin and felted wool applique, 2019) by Morgan Asoyuf.

33. Ta'Kaiya Blaney is a Tla'amin Indigenous land and water defender. Since the age of 10, she has been vocal within movements combatting extractive industries, pipelines, and climate change that threaten the present and future survival of her people. Ta'Kaiya wears Morgan Asoyuf's Mousewoman Oracle Crown, *Ksm Wuts'iin* (silver, green amethyst, phrenite, diamonds, 2019); Ocean Water Protection Mantle of Responsibility, *Amaniidza da lax süülda* (freshwater pearls, engraved silver, silver salmon vertebrae, green amethyst, phrenite, diamonds, 2019); and Thunderbird Gown (printed cotton and taffeta, 2019).

34. Snutetkwe Manuel is a Secwepemc doula and land defender working with the Tiny House Warriors to stop the Kinder Morgan Trans Mountain pipeline from crossing unceded Secwepemc Territory. Snutetkwe is wearing a Chilkat Woven Necklace by Jaad Kuujus-Meghann O'Brien and a Cedar Necklace and Dance Apron (leather, acrylic paint, 2008) with a supernatural Raven and Bear design by Morgan Asoyuf.

35. Kota Gallipeau is a trans Indigiqueer DJ and events producer from Tyendinaga, Mohawk Territory. A passionate advocate for trans rights and education, their mission is to produce and contribute to inclusive events by applying anti-oppression principles from the street to the dance floor. Kota wears the Orca Blowhole Pendant (sterling silver, 2016) by Morgan Asoyuf and weavings by William White.

36. Christine E. Martin, Kwiis Hamilton, Ta'Kaiya Blaney, Snutetkwe Manuel, Sii-am Hamilton, Morgan Asoyuf, Kwitsel Tatel, Pulxan Eekas Blaney, and Lorelei Williams with the Bear Matriarch Drum, *Ksm Mediik* (elk hide, acrylic paint, 2018); Bentwood Box Crown, *Galts'apm Temlax'aam*; Mousewoman Oracle Crown, *Ksm Wuts'iin*; Land Protection Mantle of Responsibility, *Amaniidza da Laxyuub adat 'Yets'isk* (silver salmon bones, 1800s Russian blue trade beads, engraved silver, blue sapphires, bear tooth, 2019); Wolf Frontlet, *Amahalaaydm Laxgyibuu* (stained and natural alder, abalone, 2019), and MMIW2S Cape, all by Morgan Asoyuf; headpiece by William White; and Sky Blanket by Jaad Kuujus-Meghann O'Brien.

All photographs by Patrick Shannon (Nang K̲'uulas).
Images and captions courtesy of the artist and Bill Reid Gallery.

In conversation: "Singing law into creation"

Morgan Asoyuf & Afuwa

Afuwa: What was the germ, the seedling that started this show?

Morgan Asoyuf: *Royal Portrait* has been in development for seven years. It started when fellow artist and goldsmith Rick Adkins and I were talking; we're really close, we discuss everything. We started talking about the idea of royalty, of addressing the differences between Western colonial ideas of what royalty is and what it is within our Indigenous communities, which is so, so different. We thought, "Okay, this would be an interesting statement to make using the crown—but in a very different context."

A: In a context that's culturally relevant to you.

MA: Absolutely, and the political side of it is something that I wanted to challenge myself with. *Royal Portrait* isn't just about jewellery, carving, and textiles. This is a show about honouring land and water protectors, and the people out here doing MMIW2S work. Some people are very well taken care of by their communities, and some are not. I see people without proper regalia who are out here doing this groundwork…and historically, these were our royal people. They were the people taking care of everybody. They were the people held up in positions of power. Seeing them not getting proper recognition through the art form…that bothered me. So I wanted to put some light on that and remind everybody that we need to be properly outfitting land and water defenders. If you're going to make regalia for somebody, let's do it for these matriarchs. Let's do it for these women and two-spirit folks, because they need to be held up just as much as any chief that has inherited the name. Some are out working for the land, and some are not, but they're still getting adorned properly.

A: So, regalia is gifted to you by your community?

MA: Generally, yes, or your family or parents make it for you.

A: It's not something that you acquire for yourself. It's something that you receive.

MA: Some people do make their own, but it's not as common. Some people use it in a more showboat-y way, where it's like, "Look at my beautiful regalia. I've got all these great outfits on." It's become common to heavily adorn male chiefs and to not at all adorn the female chiefs. Not every single culture is matriarchal on the coast, but Tsm'syen culture is, so this practice doesn't make sense in our political system, and I see that as a sign that, via colonization, patriarchy has seeped into some of our spaces. There are also huge problems with issues like homophobia, which is not a part of our traditional systems.

A: So, this exhibition is almost a corrective measure, a rebalancing?

MA: Yeah, it is. [laughs] It's pushing for these things to be corrected. The last place that we should see inequality for our women and two-spirit folks is in our own culture, because if you look at what's going on for us, especially with missing women and abuse rates, women and two-spirit folks face the worst of these issues. Yet women and two-spirit folks are doing the most. They're on the frontlines, they're out protecting the land, they're out on the streets doing MMIW2S work, but they are not having the regalia, status, or power placed on them that the culture should be putting on them. Artists have the ability to legitimize people through regalia, and that's where we have to stand up and push for changes. We have to start putting wealth and power on these incredible people that deserve to be honoured.

What's also notable is that when you are a creator of certain forms of regalia and you do crest work, you're creating an actual, legal document that states, for example, somebody's ownership of a territory. Not every art form is a document of law, but a lot of them are. There's a similar saying about the singing, which is that you're singing the law. It's a living document. All these art forms together are our cultural law in action. I've been struggling to articulate this within the show, because it's hard to explain how we feel about all these different forms that are legalities too. They're not just performance. You're also singing law into creation, you know?

A: What has the impact been on the land defenders and water defenders who received the regalia in *Royal Portrait*?

MA: One important aspect has been to make the work they're doing more visible. Kota Gallipeau, who is also a DJ, has received some jobs out of it, which is really awesome. Ta'Kaiya Blaney and Sii-am Hamilton are visible already, but it's been a really cool way to spread their message and support their ongoing resistance to extractive industry projects. Another aspect is that I've been able to use the show to push donations to Tiny House Warriors. I wouldn't say that I

can necessarily measure the impact at this point, but one person was talking to me about how necessary it was for Indigenous, two-spirit, and femme people just to have some sort of public space. I hope that *Royal Portrait* will travel more—it will be at NONAM in Switzerland next—because of the impact on the people who've seen it, and because I think seeing it in person is vital.

A: With these life-sized portraits, not only do you see land and water defenders being honoured for their work, but at the same time the portraits look back at you, asking, "What is your contribution to this land you're standing on?"

MA: By doing my work, I do what I can to honour them. Because of colonization and residential school and the Sixties Scoop, there are people who don't know their families, and don't have people to provide these things for them. So those are the places where artists themselves can start filling in the gaps, where I feel we have a duty to honour these people who are royalty within our culture—whether or not they have a family structure of support around them.

A: You're giving to them, and they're giving to everyone. Reciprocity.

MA: It's like the universe, right? It's more than just person-to-person. That's why I think it is important to be careful. Artists get asked to work for free all the time, but you have to direct your work to the right places, where it's really going to make a difference, or where it's really going to honour the right people, promote the right people, because associations are recommendations, right? Let's make sure we're recommending the people who are stepping up and doing the work and who are really standing up for our people and our lands. It's all intertwined to me.

A: And it's a way of valuing their work.

MA: That's part of the purpose, too, right? There's so much value there. The work that I see so many people doing is just incredible: the time that they spend and the emotional energy… They sacrifice so much. Honouring that sacrifice is a really good thing to do, and I would like to see more of it.

I'm always pushing myself forward, asking, "What can I do technically? What types of ideas can I experiment with?" I don't always know where it's going. But I feel that a lot of pieces in the show will have lives afterwards. Part of the prerogative was to create a bold, impressive collection with the intent to use these pieces later in actions and events. I think it's really important to show that people are not protestors. This is royalty you're talking to.

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Interview with a river series

sophie anne edwards

river i, ii, iii

the river
might
empty,
expend its
sedimentary
breath
become a
spine
stripped
open
to an
opening

lower yourself into the grasping mud
translate the heat that passes through your
fingers to a reddening sky

open your
mouth
fill
with
the other
crevices
be swept
with
roe scraped
from
the river
bed
stript
leaves
the river will overflow and
drag sediment
break the lines of its management

submerge the v-channel

fill your
pockets
with
pebbles
and
fingerlings
remove
your
shoes
tie them up with the strings of a piano fold away
dragged across the lake (1875) your
box them up with the last crated whitefish (1910) words
tamp them down in a root wad (2017) they have no purchase

Short interview with a long rainfall

They like me least when i
gather in sheets and
slip over the still
frozen earth into cracks, crevices,
under doors, over roadways.
i can't be held. i fill the loose weave of sweaters. i steal the
warmth of their skin.
i refuse to be held.
They cannot hold all of me and when the earth is
dry and cracked, nor can the earth receive me. i skim
over the earth and its
thirsting roots.

To hold me, you too must be loose,
a veining system.
You must lose the illusion of solidity
and stasis. You must fill your lungs and
seep into blue.

To hold me you too must be loose or disintegrated
mere particles.

Interview with the riparian

Beau Dick | Early Works

Beau Dick | Early Works brings together, in a photographic portfolio, fourteen works created by celebrated Kwakwaka'wakw artist and activist Chief Beau Dick, Walas Gwa'yam, between 1978 and 1980. He was at the time in his mid-twenties, and the works offer a unique glimpse into his artistic development. The works were purchased one by one, as he made them, by a single collector, and were exhibited together for the first time at Fazakas Gallery in Vancouver, BC, in the spring of 2019. As a collection, these artworks form a complex portrait of a young artist's attainment of a remarkably high level of virtuosity and stylistic diversity.

It is a rare privilege to view a coherent grouping of Beau's works. He did not adhere exclusively to the conventions of the art market, and often bypassed the commercial gallery system by selling directly to private collectors. For years contemporary art institutions overlooked his achievements, as they did those of other Indigenous artists. As a result, a surprising number of Beau's works have never received a public or discursive reception.

The brilliant youthful pieces included in *Early Works* have now been sold and dispersed. The desire to keep the memory of this important collection together, and to offer insight into the heart and mind of their maker, inspired this folio in *The Capilano Review*. The feature includes a conversation with LaTiesha Fazakas, founder and director of Fazakas Gallery, and interviews with Kwakwaka'wakw artists Alan Hunt and Cole Speck who apprenticed with Beau and who worked alongside him to prepare his exhibition for documenta 14 in 2017. It ends with Linnea Dick's personal reflection on mourning, in memory of her dad.

The Capilano Review is grateful to LaTiesha Fazakas and Fazakas Gallery for collaborating with us on this feature.

In conversation: "He became the bridge"

LaTiesha Fazakas, Alan Hunt, Cole Speck, & Colin Browne

I first met Beau Dick on the ferry to Alert Bay several years ago. On that crossing he told me a story. We saw each other regularly in Vancouver after he became Artist-in-Residence at UBC. He was active in the contemporary art community, attending events in the city, often participating, and on the joyful night on which he received his VIVA Award in 2012 for "outstanding achievement and commitment," he took over the ceremony, bringing his fellow honourees onto the stage to celebrate with his family and his community — to everyone's delight. I still half expect to see him at openings. He remembered people and cared for them. Since his unexpected death in 2017, his presence has been sorely missed.

— Colin Browne

This interview with LaTiesha Fazakas was conducted at Fazakas Gallery in Vancouver, BC, on September 11, 2019.

Colin Browne: LaTiesha, can you describe your first encounter with Beau?

LaTiesha Fazakas: I actually met one of his masks first, and I was so taken aback that I knew I wanted to meet the maker. I was working in another gallery at the time, and I'd opened the doors of a closet that had probably sixty masks in it. When I saw Beau's mask, I was instantly drawn to it. I picked it up and said, "Who made this?" My colleague said, "Oh, that's Beau Dick. He's quite the character." So, about two weeks later, Beau

came into the gallery, and he did not disappoint. He was warm and engaging, and just the right amount of quirky. His clothes were tattered and full of paint; he had a long, scraggly beard, long hair, and a hat with all sorts of crazy things tucked into it. I think it actually had a little wolf sculpture on the front, sticking out. It felt like we just kind of connected in a really meaningful way.

Each time he came in with a mask, he'd spend time telling me the story behind it. Even if he didn't sell the mask because it was too far out for that gallery, we'd spend time talking. I thought, you know, here's someone who's taking chances and really understands where all of these things come from and is putting his own signature on the work. I felt that he really honoured where he came from and yet had his own voice; it was as if he was living his culture day-to-day in his contemporary existence. I continued to see more and more of that over the years as we got to know each other.

CB: Then you opened your own gallery?

LF: I did, and Beau was a big part of that decision. By that time, I'd known him for eleven or twelve years, and we'd always talked about how it was a shame that he often had to walk away without finding a market for his more inventive pieces. I started to learn from him about other things as well — the complicated histories along the coast of British Columbia that went unrecorded, residential schools, broken promises, and how he felt about his place in that history. This helped me understand more deeply the artists that I worked with and their pieces. I felt there was an opportunity to say so much more about these works than the common glib retail sales pitch: "Here's a great piece. It's got a nifty cultural story" — likely changed for outsider consumption — "and here's the price. Buy it to remind you of your visit to Canada," and so on. I thought there could be more engagement with Northwest Coast art, in particular in the context of contemporary art and the contemporary moment. In many respects, Beau was the main inspiration for what I am now doing in my gallery.

CB: Can you tell me how the exhibition *Beau Dick / Early Works* came about?

LF: A year and a bit after Beau passed, a lady from Ontario contacted me and said, "I have this collection." She used to work at the Museum of Vancouver gift shop and a couple of others back in the 1970s. She said, "I had to get a different job because I spent most of my money on Beau Dick pieces. And now," she

said, "my children don't want the collection. I'd like to sell it to help pay for my retirement."

The beauty of the pieces that ended up in *Early Works* is that they represent, collectively, every aspect of what Beau could do — what he was interested in at the time — and they're a great reflection of the period in which they were made. They're small and really quite intricate. He was selling to gift shops back then, and most gift shops wanted small things because they were easy for travelers to take home with them. However, there were also a couple of big pieces, which I thought made for an interesting contrast. The woman had acquired the collection after the shop she had been working at turned them down. She felt an energy embodied in them, and couldn't help but purchase them and bring them home. They became her treasures for over forty years. Then, as if the spirit was telling her what to do and when to do it, she decided, "You know what? I think it's time for these to move on to their next place, to continue their journey somewhere else." And they came to me, and I gained a beautiful opportunity to put them all together and create this exhibition — this time capsule. Beau always put spirit into his work, and with this group it is particularly apparent. I felt the spirit of each of the masks, especially when they were all together. I hope this can be translated through a series of photographs.

CB: How old was Beau when he carved and painted these masks?

LF: They were made between 1978 and 1980, so he was between twenty-three and twenty-five. You can see how curious he was. Some of the masks are emblematic of a strict traditionalist style; he was at the point in his career when you're supposed to be following the rules until you've mastered them. But you can see in these works that he'd mastered the rules enough to be able to test the boundaries. There are some pieces that are clearly Haida design. There are others in the Bella Coola style. Then there's a Tlingit wolf. There's a classic Bookwus, and then there's another striking Bookwus in the collection that is an early example of his expressionistic bent. This may be the earliest piece in which we can see what he's going to focus on in the future. He's not going to be doing small, intricate ravens; he's not going to be doing intricate box designs and carving little things. He's going to go big, and it's going to be expressionist. Already, in his twenties, he was looking forward to what would become his style later on and toward the end of his life.

CB: Who were his teachers at the time?

LF: He apprenticed under his father, his grandfather, and Doug

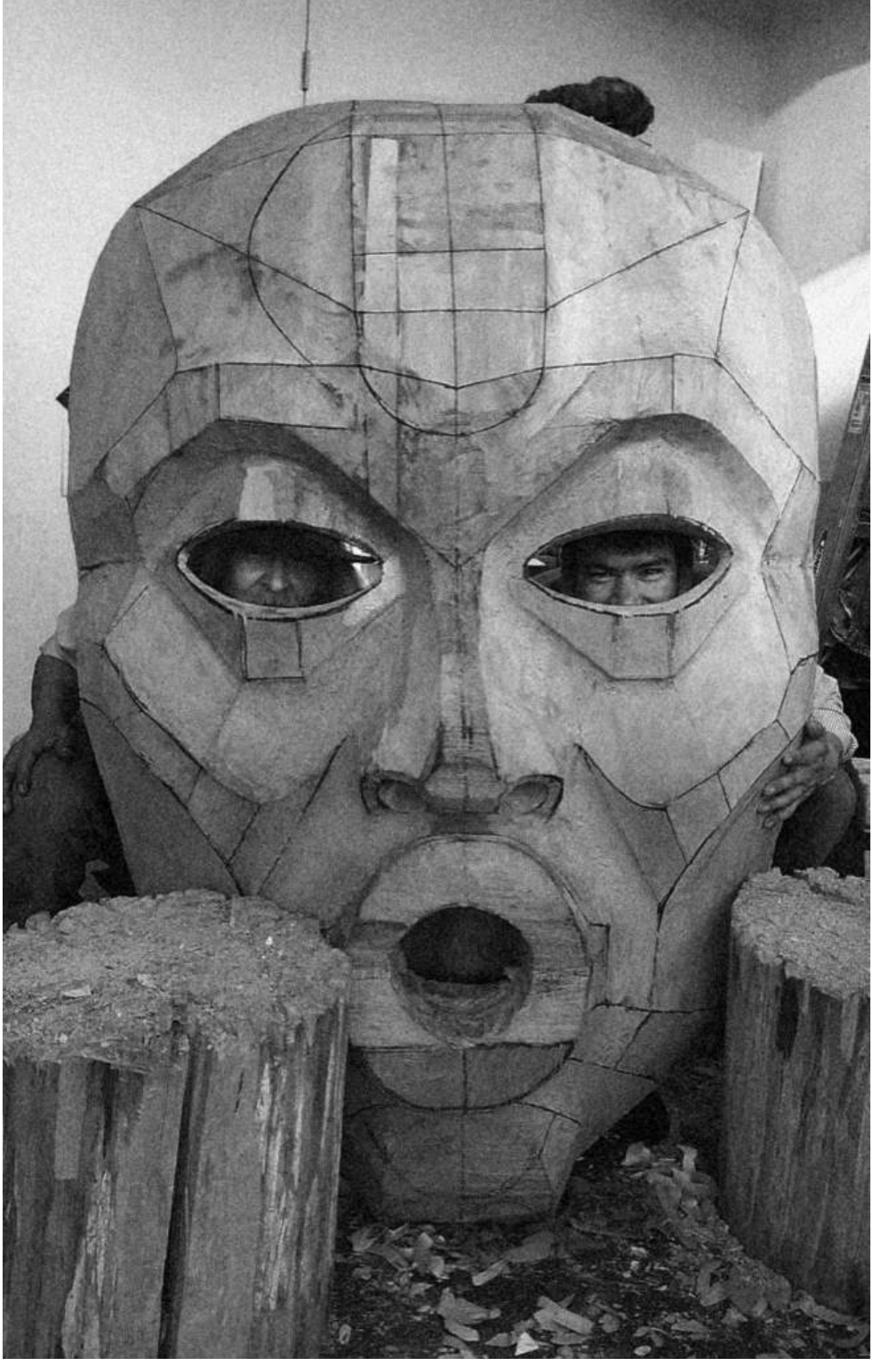
Cranmer, and then worked with John Livingston and Bill Reid. I think he was a pretty fast learner. It was his calling. He wanted to make things. He wanted to draw, and he wanted to paint, and he wanted to carve. By the time these masks were made he didn't need to be an apprentice. He probably still picked up different tricks from others because that's what everybody does, but he definitely was on his own by this point. He was so prolific. It was really only a two-year, three-year period, and this woman managed to get fourteen pieces, and she was one buyer.

There is a huge lack of knowledge about Northwest Coast art, especially about someone like Beau. He was an outsider. He didn't fit in to anybody's mold. He was more of a rebel. He didn't work with institutions to curate an exhibition or anything like that until his residency at UBC in 2013. I think, too, he was always restless. He didn't have the patience for that life. He wasn't going to create a whole bunch of pieces and sit on them and then put them in an institutional show. He was living mask to mask, and if the mask bought him whatever he needed at that moment, then he was happy.

Before I got into the game, a bunch of galleries were necessary in order to keep an artist afloat. Here in Vancouver, that's just how the system worked. Beau would take a work to one gallery, and if they didn't buy it, he'd take it to another. It was very much a retail exchange, but both of us knew that things were changing, shifting. I think he started to enjoy the opportunity to have institutional exhibitions, though he never wanted to be the centre of attention just for his own sake. He wanted to make sure that these opportunities were not just about him. He wanted to have family and friends there—to celebrate, and to lift them up. And to add voices from his culture to the conversation.

CB: Some people see a separation between what they think of as contemporary Indigenous art and what they regard as traditionally-based art by contemporary Indigenous artists. Was that a question for Beau?

LF: I'm not sure Beau really thought about it in those terms. He was more concerned with the function his work could have to make change in the world and uplift his community. If the Contemporary Art world was an avenue for that, then he would utilize it gladly. As for Art, I think it wasn't until quite recently, perhaps when he started at UBC as Artist-in-Residence, that work like his became part of the conversation. There were a number of non-Indigenous contemporary artists who knew Beau and who



Beau Dick and Alan Hunt peeking through Tsonoqua's [Dzunuk̲'wa's] eyes.

respected his work enough to see the value of it within the lexicon. They understand him as a contemporary innovator. I think of Roy Arden, Neil Campbell, and Jeff Wall, for example. While they considered him a contemporary artist, they also recognized that he came from a different artistic history and cultural background. For years, scholars and collectors believed that what they saw as "traditional" Northwest Coast Indigenous art had no place in the dialogues around contemporary art. It wasn't until Beau began working at UBC that we really saw the change in how his work was being perceived. He became the bridge, creating a precedent for other artists to enter the discussions about the nature of the contemporary. I think it's important for traditionally-based works made by contemporary artists to be placed alongside the work of their contemporary peers — to place them in conversation without having to compromise their history or legitimize their participation.

Gallery owner Monte Clark has some Beau Dick pieces in his collection, and one day realized that there was no need to segregate Beau's work from the contemporary. People now see Beau's work as contemporary art, as his response to the present from within the continuum of Northwest Coast art history. I hope to see the continued, more complex examination of Northwest Coast art, one that cautions against a fetishization of the work according to antiquated ideas about culture and ceremony. When we broaden definitions, we provide an opportunity for differences to be celebrated rather than siloed in a way that potentially diminishes their importance. Although based in ceremony and cultural practices, Northwest Coast art continues to be alive and to shape perceptions and definitions of itself. Back in the early 2000s, and probably up until 2012, people would tell me, "The 'traditional' work doesn't belong within the contemporary. It doesn't have the same social commentary." I was like, "Whoa. There is so much social commentary here. You have no idea!"

Beau Dick and Alan Hunt carving Tsonoqua [Dzunuk̲'wa] at Beau's UBC studio in 2016.

This interview with Alan Hunt was conducted at Fazakas Gallery in Vancouver, BC, on September 23, 2019.

Colin Browne: Alan, how did you first meet Beau Dick?

Alan Hunt: It was almost by accident. I had a mask that needed a little bit of finishing—adding the cedar bark and stuff like that. So I went down to Vancouver. By this time, I'd already crossed paths with Beau in an artist capacity a few times. Somebody said, "Oh, Beau's got a studio out at UBC. Go do your cedar bark out there." I didn't know where I was going to sell that mask either, and he made a phone call for me and set up the meeting. I mean, I still had to make the deal, but after that, I never really had a chance to leave. Beau said, "Hey, man. There's stuff to do. Come back."

It turned into this really beautiful thing. I was pretty much living with him and Cole [Speck] and we spent a lot of time squatting in the studio. It

was worse than being a logger because I'd come down to Vancouver for six weeks and go home for two weeks, and back down here for a month and then home for three weeks. Beau kept us busy. I'd almost say that I wasn't aware that I was apprenticing because his method of teaching was just very demonstrative and organic. It didn't feel like class was in session, you know. He'd say, "Hey, come look at this. This is how you do this." As he did with everybody, he opened my mind. I'm a bit of a perfectionist. I find myself looking at a piece of wood and trying to visualize something three-dimensionally. But sometimes you just have to start hacking away, and it starts to take shape.

CB: I'm curious to know what you began working on after Beau asked you to join him at UBC.

AH: Well, he had gotten to a point where he was up to his nose in orders. So, me and Cole were his arms. We were extra arms, and we helped him make a ton of stuff. When the time came for me to host my first Potlatch, we spent many months making what would eventually be known as "Big Beula," his largest Tsonoqua mask, and that financed my Potlatch. He was generous in that way. Don't get me wrong, it was a ton of work, but he didn't have to cut me in on that huge deal. He wanted to see everyone succeed. He was aware that, as we regain our cultural identities and our strength as Indigenous people, we will make tangible change on our coast.

CB: Beau was working very quickly, wasn't he, when you joined him?

AH: Yes. And at that point in his career, it was all in his head. He could take a piece of wood with bark on it and a felt pen and draw an ugly centre line on it and just pick up an adze and ten minutes later it's a face. I have video of him doing a mask in thirteen minutes. It was all in his head. He didn't have to stop and draw a line. He didn't have to stop and use a knife because he was so deadly with that adze, he could get it eighty percent done with the roughing-out tool, go over it once with a knife, and paint it. You know, he was one with that adze, and that's what he preached. It's about getting comfortable with your tools. There are a lot of elements that you can't really be taught. You've got to feel it, you know? You've got to become one with your tool, and they're all different. All the adzes have slightly different angles, and the blades are different widths. Some of them aren't flat. You get used to your own tools, and you make magic.

CB: I know you've had a chance to see the masks that Beau made when he was young. Did he ever speak about them?

AH: Most of the stuff is compact but really well executed. Beau was capable of the finest detail. Recently

he did Cleopatra. He was working on Caravaggio's *Goliath*. Yeah, it was this massive head, and it was fucking wild. But the little pieces, they were fantastic. I loved them all, and I almost wanted to buy one, but it was sold before I could. It was really something to see those early pieces and to have his show followed by an exhibition of work by Cole and myself in the same gallery. It was awesome to see that little *Wind* mask and to place it beside one I saw him make more recently. I could see how much he'd evolved. He was constantly evolving and experimenting. Just when you think you've got him figured out, he makes Caravaggio's *Goliath* out of wood.

CB: How did that decision come about?

AH: I wasn't there, but Cole was, and he said Beau came bursting into the studio at three in the morning. He'd dreamt about it, and he just started attacking this piece of wood with a chainsaw and adze. Yeah, when lightning struck, you could tell. He would dream about things. Sometimes, he would just ask a piece of wood what it wanted to be and then touch it, close his eyes, then he'd make it. He had a way of experimenting with every nook and cranny of a certain character. How many Bookwus masks did he make? You know, he was trying out different things. He'd say, "Okay, now I'm going to try one like this." He could evolve within a single character, then he might move onto the next thing.

CB: I want to ask you about painting, and about how some people become gifted painters.

AH: We have to be. Some people will say that it's harder than painting on canvas because we have to go around corners, and wood has imperfections. You have the contours of the mask to contend with, so having properly mixed paint and quality brushes is an asset.

CB: What do you hope to carry forward that you learned from Beau?

AH: He opened my mind. He was able to put life into perspective, and our culture. He led by example and he did it in a beautiful way. He was the first guy to pick up a tool and just do what needed to be done, to pay other people out of his own pocket, to do something for them for free. And that's really what it means to "Potlatch." We must hold close the idea that one's wealth is measured not by how much one accumulates, but rather by how much one gives to their people. Beau lived by that every day. Now, as an active Chief of the Kwaguł, I can only strive to Potlatch to the degree of generations past. It will be interesting to see when the next Beau shows up. I don't know who it's going to be, but he'll be back.

This interview with Cole Speck was conducted in Vancouver, BC, on December 30, 2019.

Colin Browne: You had the honour, Cole, of working very closely with Beau Dick. Can you tell me how you came to be his apprentice?

Cole Speck: I worked with Beau for the last ten years of his life. I began the apprenticeship with him when I was sixteen years old and never looked back. I was dating his daughter at the time, and he asked me, "Do you want to learn how to carve, Cole?" I said, "Oh, yeah. Heck, yes. Yeah, I do, very much so." He said, "All right, we'll start then." That was it.

The first mask I ever made was a Moss mask, part of the Atlakim set of masks. It took me quite some time to get it finished, but it was lots of fun, and I never looked back after that. Ever since I was a little kid, I wanted to be a carver. I had already laid the foundation, the muscle memory if you like, by using tools and watching people carve. Growing up in Alert Bay, I was fully immersed in the arts.

So, Beau started me off with that first mask. I think it was after the second mask that I did with him, which was also an Atlakim mask, that he looked at me and said, "You know, Cole, you probably won't ever amount to much as an artist, but there might come a day when somebody's going to need a mask, and you're going to know how to carve that mask. That'll make it all worth it for me." Or, he'd say, "You might be broke and starving, and you'll know how to quickly whip up a plaque and sell it for twenty bucks or something to get some money for food or something like that. Then it'll all be worthwhile." I'm thinking, "Jeez! Cut me pretty deep with that one." He probably figured I would just give up because that's what happens with a lot of people. They get grandiose ideas about making all kinds of money as an artist, as a carver, not realizing that's not how it goes, and just how physically hard it is, and even mentally how hard it is to have to bring your wares to the marketplace. To create things and really put yourself out there, it's not an easy thing to do. So, he probably just assumed that I was going to give up, but I didn't. In fact, it made me want to try even harder when he said that to me. I was like, "I'll show you!" [laughs]

CB: Perhaps he was testing you.

CS: He might've been. But I stuck with it, and I stuck with him. I realized that if I was going to have a shot at learning how to make really cool things, he was the best option for me to work with. It wasn't just the artwork though. It was a full-on tutelage of the cultural aspect of things, and the meanings behind all

In 2017, Tsonoqua [Dzunuk̲'wa] travelled to Athens, Greece as part of Beau Dick's participation in documenta 14.

these things that we were making, and the business side as well, and understanding different relationships and how these relationships can benefit each other, the art, and the culture. It's nice to make nice things, but what are you going to do with them? What is the benefit? How, at the end of the day, will this help everybody out? Beau's art wasn't about him as much as it was about helping out the communities he was part of. It's these teachings I hold onto — trying to help other people reach their potential, not only in terms of art but in all aspects of life.

CB: Could you talk a bit more about Beau's teaching style?

CS: When I first joined him to work at UBC, he said, "You know, Cole. I can teach you a lot, but I can't teach you everything. You have to move around. You've got to learn from other people, too. That's what's important. You're not always going to learn how to do things, but you will, at the very least, learn how not to do things." It took me a long time to learn how to learn from him. I know that sounds kind of weird because he was a great teacher, but you had to know how

to learn from him. He would show me five or six steps on one side of a mask…and then I had to figure out how to get to the same step over on the other side. And he always did the easy side! If I couldn't figure it out, he'd fix it for me and give me shit, and then it wouldn't happen again. Now, as a result, when I watch other people work, I pick up what they're doing quite easily, and I understand the reasoning.

When I carve a mask I ask, "Why does the face look like that? Why does it have this big grinning mouth or these sharp pointed eyebrows?" There's a reasoning behind it. You have to understand the energy that's associated with that expression, and how to guide that energy into where you want it to go. Everything is energy, right? How do you harness that energy and allow it to come out of the wood? Some people's masks are quite dull, even though they're nicely finished, but they've got no feeling. They don't grab you. But then you walk beside one of Beau's masks and it always grabs your attention, no matter what. It will always make you look at it. He managed to make the energy happen. He was like that in life.

CB: It's clear that Beau wanted his apprentices to carry his teachings forward.

CS: It's a big responsibility. I'm just a link in the chain, a link for future generations. It's not even necessarily about the making of art. Part of Beau's teachings was that it's not about me. It's about the greater good, the cultural aspect of things, and helping maintain that to whatever extent I can.

CB: Let's talk about the masks Beau made when he was a young man that were exhibited last year at Fazakas Gallery.

CS: My God, are they amazing. He was about the same age as me right now. Aren't they something? They were done so masterfully. They're mostly all really small pieces, but they're so delicately and finely finished. Even the rough ones are still very finely finished. You know, there was that little box. It's only this big, but it's a full-on box design.

CB: He was clearly trying out different styles.

CS: He began to emulate those different styles by working with people from different areas and by understanding how to carve those styles in a traditional way, maintaining the traditional aspect by recreating masterpieces from the generations before. But he never referred to himself as a "master." He was a student of life. He was always learning. Even up to the time of his death, he was learning stuff. That was a really important concept for me to grasp because it had seemed that he knew everything, yet he was still learning.

It blew my mind. That's what made him such an amazing artist; he was constantly consuming information. He didn't read, but he could read pictures, if that makes sense. He would look at the pictures, and he was reading them. Then he was able to recreate those pieces.

CB: Beau was also a very good painter.

CS: Was he ever a good painter! He started with his dad and his grandfather in Alert Bay, carving with them when he was quite young. I think he was only about ten or eleven years old, maybe not even that old. I think he was working with Doug Cranmer here in Vancouver for a period of time, and with Bill Reid. He went and worked with the Hunts in Victoria for a period of time, and there were many more that he worked with in the early stages of his career.

CB: Looking back on Beau's astonishing career, how would you describe his legacy?

CS: What Beau brought to the equation was true belief in the cultural system and everything that it entails. Everybody who worked with him started to understand and to reinforce those beliefs, along with the idea of giving and not hoarding things — sharing, if you will. You know, what he brought to the table was just sheer generosity. Most people, when they think of generosity, think of giving to charity or something like that, but he was so generous with his time, with his money, with everything. You know, I could talk about the art and the beautiful artistic legacy that we've become a part of, but the art was just the vessel for him. It was just a means to Potlatch. He had such beautiful things to say, such inspiring things to say to so many people all the time. It seemed like he really knew what people needed to hear. One of my favourite sayings of his is, "Don't give up. Just don't give up. You're right there. Don't give up." I think the generosity is the biggest part of his legacy.

Bella Coola Mask, 1980, red cedar, acrylic, cedar bark, 10.5 × 16 × 5 inches

Bookwus, c. 1980, red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, graphite, thread, glass, 17 × 8 × 6 inches

Gwy-Um-Gee Mask, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, 28 × 16 × 3.5 inches

Bookwus, 1980, red cedar, acrylic, cedar bark, feathers, 47 × 16 × 18 inches

Bido-Tla-Kwa-Stalis (Small Copper Giver) Frontlet, 1978
Red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, copper, abalone, 9.5 × 7 × 1 inches

Frontlet, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, 8 × 5.5 × 1.5 inches

Gwy-Um-Gee Frontlet, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, abalone, 13.5 × 10.5 × 3 inches

Left and right: *Box*, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, beads, 4.25 × 6.5 × 3.75 inches

Left and right: *Medallion*, 1978, red cedar, acrylic, 6 × 6 × 1 inches

Wind, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, 10 × 7 × 5 inches

Nu-Tla-Ma (Fool Dancer), c. 1980, red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, 26 × 11 × 8 inches

Raven, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, cedar bark, feather, 3 × 3.5 × 8 inches

Tlingit-Style Wolf, 1979, red cedar, acrylic, cedar bark, horsehair, feathers, 6.25 × 6.5 × 13 inches

Right and left: *Transformation Mask*, c. 1980
Red cedar, acrylic, horsehair, fishing line, cedar bark
11 × 10 × 11.5 inches (closed), 11 × 14 × 15. 5 inches (open)

63. *Bella Coola Mask*, 1980

Bella Coola is a Northern style of carving that Beau often visited throughout his career. This mask is a lovely example of a Bella Coola chiefly figure often found on frontlets. The figure's finely carved, hawk-like face is indicative of a supernatural being. Here is an instance of Beau moving outside of his own Kwakwaka'wakw cultural style and into that of the Bella Coola.

64. *Bookwus*, c. 1980

Bookwus [Bak'was], also known as the Wild Man of the Woods, lurks on the edges of forests and streams, enticing humans to eat his spirit food in order to lead them into the spirit world. He is often seen wearing the skulls of former victims. During his appearances in the Big House, his slick and dramatic movements serve to remind audiences of his seductive and dangerous nature, as well as to keep one's wits about one's self—especially in the cold, dangerous winter months.

This particular Bookwus mask signals a darker style which Beau will continue to explore into the later decades of his career. In this early rendition of a humanoid face, we see Beau treating the wood with gestural knife marks, allowing the face to appear dark and foreboding. Rather than produce "safe" works with a more palatable look to appeal to tourists, Beau went against the grain and often created edgier works that were not always easy to sell to conservative Northwest Coast markets. Always one to challenge conventional expectations, Beau often added unique touches to his pieces: for example, the green marbles as eyes in this mask. The inclusion of found object harkens back to the often overlooked Kwakwaka'wakw artistic practice of repurposing materials.

65. *Gwy-Um-Gee Mask*, 1979

Beau's incredible ability to manipulate wood into multiple dimensions while expressing his painterly expertise is manifested in this mask. He approached it as if it were a canvas, utilizing gestural paint strokes and patterns. Over the years, Beau digested copious amounts of visual inspiration. He had an uncanny

talent for memorizing images for later use, and as a result many diverse visual references can be found in his work. This mask's shiny finish is due to the use of lacquer paint, a practice that went into decline after the early 1980s.

66. *Bookwus*, 1980

This Bookwus [Bak'was] is a wonderful example of Beau's mastery of Kwakwaka'wakw classical style. It reminds us how his work is informed by tradition, often made to serve a ceremonial function, and yet resolutely contemporary. Beau takes this classical rendition of Bookwus and translates him into a 1980s rock star with flowing, cedar bark hair, marking his fluency in both contemporary and traditional visual languages. Beau had an uncanny ability to innovate. His practice mirrored that of many contemporary artists who explore and play with repetition; he created dozens of masks over his career, but found a way to reinvent each one despite the immutable subject matter.

67-69. *Three Frontlets*, 1978-79

Because of their intricate nature, frontlets are considered one of the most magnificent forms of Northwest Coast carving. These three frontlets illustrate Beau's incredible eye for detail even as a young artist. They are indicative of a period when he was doing more meticulous work and creating numerous refined pieces on a much smaller scale. These frontlets depict a Shaman, Gwy-Um-Gee (Humpback Whale Chief's crest), and Bido-Tla-Kwa-Stalis (Small Copper Giver), in complex and beautifully ornate designs.

70-71. *Box*, 1979

Another example of Beau's ability to carve complex formline designs on a small scale is shown in his work *Box* from 1979. A masterfully carved Northern-style box such as this was a high achievement for an artist of such a young age. Beau's precision is highlighted through the carefully detailed carving.

72-73. *Medallion*, 1978

The front of the medallion features a carved, delicate-faced moon. On the back is a beautifully painted, graphic depiction of Mouse Woman. Being the equivalent of a calendar, Moon holds great significance to Northwest Coast cultural groups. New moons would mark important seasonal changes, such as extreme tidal activity or

the beginning of the salmon spawning season. The very fine carving of the moon's face gives the piece a sense of preciousness, while the unique graphic nature of the Mouse Woman design on the back feels unexpected and special. Mouse Woman is usually a Northern figure who appears in many stories; however, her visual representation is usually abstracted and not easily identifiable. According to long-time Northwest Coast art patron Gene Joseph, Beau might have been influenced by Haida artist Robert Davidson's 1970 version of Mouse Woman, which may have been inspired by Disney's Minnie Mouse. This use of pop culture as inspiration points to the continual life and contemporary ethos of Northwest Coast design.

74. *Wind*, 1979

The Atlakim [Atłak̲´ima], also known as the Dance of the Forest Spirits, consists of some forty different characters. Historically, the masks were burned after a cycle of four potlatches, creating the impetus to carve a new set. This act was considered shocking to Westerners and was discouraged by early anthropologists. In a contemporary context, the destruction of these masks continues to challenge the capitalistic and museological urge to accumulate and preserve. Beau burned a set of Atlakim masks, ceremonially sending them back to the ancestors, in 2008, the first time a set had been cast into the fire in over fifty years. He burned a second set in 2012, and, had he hosted his potlatch after documenta 14 in the spring of 2017, he would have burned that set as well.

Being much smaller than a danceable mask, this particular piece is another example of how Beau participated in the tourist market by making small, take-home items. It is also indicative of the renaissance of Northwest Coast art in the late 1970s and early 1980s, which created a healthy tourist market that peaked in Vancouver during Expo 86. The conventional colour palette has been maintained with striking, precisely rendered minimalism. This piece questions the divisions between ceremonial object, contemporary art object, and tourist curio, creating an opportunity to interrogate the definitions of all three.

75. *Nu-Tla-Ma (Fool Dancer)*, c. 1980

The Nu-Tla-Ma [Nułamał] mask is a great example of how Beau was able to capture humanistic traits and, much like a caricaturist, exaggerate features. Nu-Tla-Ma's bulbous face and recessive jaw accentuate his round and pudgy appearance. He keeps potlatch guests on their best behaviour, insisting that they pay attention and follow protocol. Anyone behaving poorly will be beaten by Nu-Tla-Ma or, at the very least, receive a flick of mucus from rags embedded

in his nostrils. He reminds us to respect that which we value. This unique and dramatic character is one that Beau revisited over and over again in innovative ways.

76. *Raven*, 1979

This smaller sculpture, like the *Medallion*, *Wind*, and *Tlingit-Style Wolf*, was a piece that Beau would have created with the tourist market in mind. Raven is one of the most important figures in the oral traditions of the Northwest Coast. As a cultural hero, a transformer, and a trickster, his adventures at the beginning of time brought the world as we know it into existence.

77. *Tlingit-Style Wolf*, 1979

In Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw Winter Ceremonies, the Wolf is a revered creature who is celebrated in the Walasahakw Dance as an ancestral figure from mythic times. Its long snout and open mouth are supported by pegs standing in for teeth. This mask, like others in the exhibition, illustrate Beau's exploration of other cultural styles—in this case, the Tlingit.

78-79. *Transformation Mask*, 1980

Transformation masks come from the theatrically powerful ceremonial practices of the Northwest Coast, and dramatize the connection between the spiritual, animal, and human realms. Found among many Northwest Coast Nations, they have been imaginatively elaborated by Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw carvers like Beau, who was able to realize very complex designs through his technical ingenuity. Carefully carved, painted, and balanced on hinges, these masks are intricately strung. At the climactic moment of the dance, the dancer pulls the toggles, the external shell of the mask splits into sections, and the transformation is completed as an often human form is revealed.

It is unusual for carvers at such an early stage in their career to create masks of this technical complexity and sophistication. Like the *Wind* mask in this collection, this mask's small size reflects the time period of its creation, as well as the circumstances of the market in which Beau was participating.

All photographs by Alex Gibson and prepared for press by Rachel Topham Photography. Images and captions courtesy of LaTiesha Fazakas and Fazakas Gallery.

Salige'*

Linnea Dick

Denial
Is the single piece of Hope I have left that you are still here and I am not alone. And then I remember something you taught me: everything happens for a reason.

Anger
Comes softly creeping and I want to scream, "Creator, how can you do this to me?" Until I find the courage to let go of blame and face the pain that's hiding within.

Bargaining
Instead of praying, asking why a light like you was taken instead of anyone else. And then I realize that someone as supernatural as you belongs with the ancestors.

Depression
Comes quickly like the darkness in Winter and life doesn't feel worth living without you. But then I find the strength to shine even when the hurt is closing in around me.

Acceptance
Reminds me how heartbreakingly beautiful it is to have anyone to grieve at all. Because you filled the world with so much of you and that magic will last forever.

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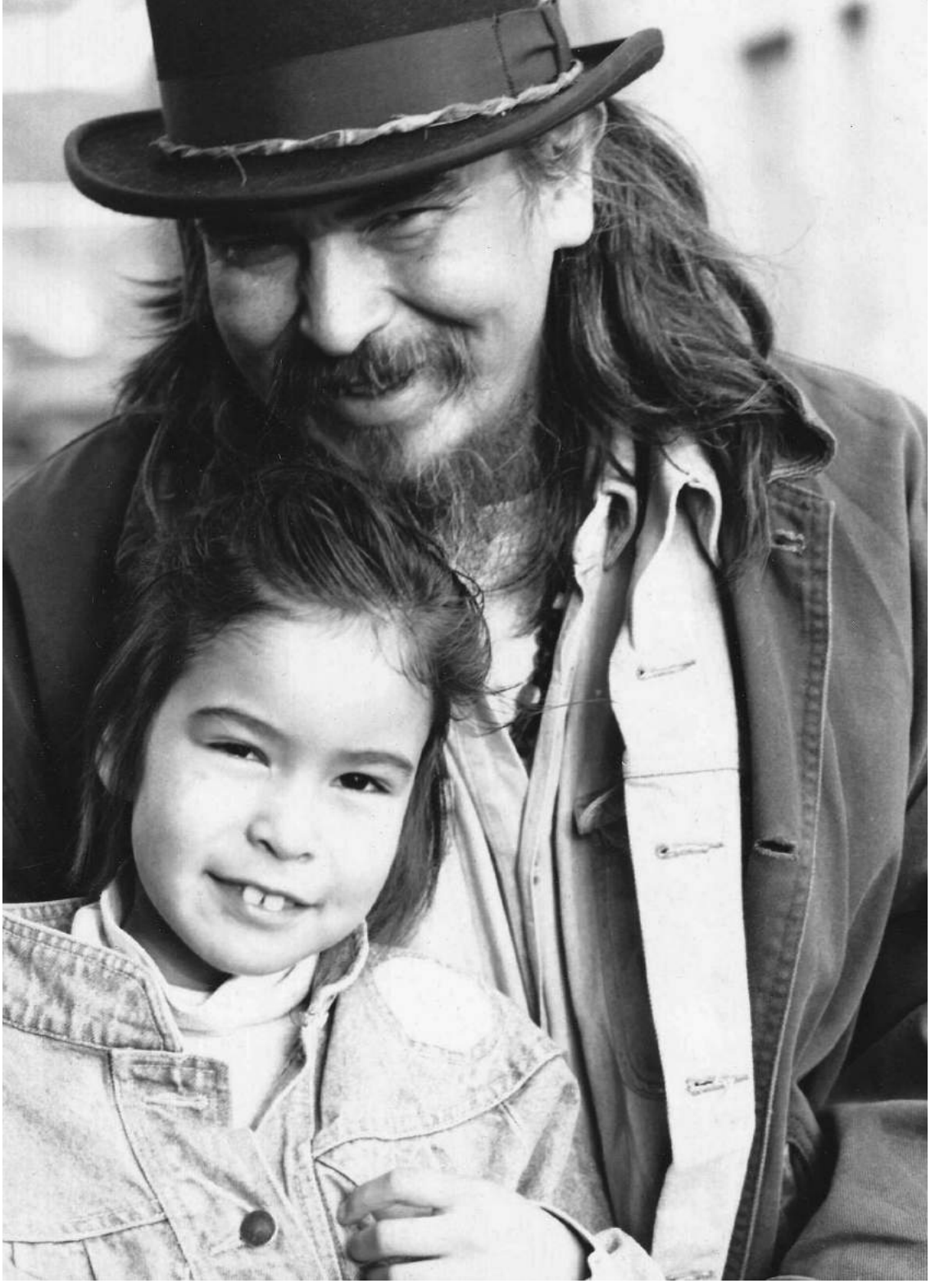
* Salige' is the Kwak'wala word for mourning.



Linnea Dick with Beau Dick.

"Everything happens for a reason" is a cliché that we may hear many times throughout our lives, but my dad had a special way of revealing this very truth to those around him. He had his own particular brand of charm that, like magic, would make you believe you could outshine any darkness. It was hard not to shine in his light, and I remember many dull moods that turned into vibrant moments filled with laughter in my childhood.

Depression is a darkness that I've struggled with for most of my life. It started as a child when I would experience night terrors. In my dreams I wasn't myself, but someone else, running down dark corridors, trying to escape an unknown monster. Terror crept in every night when it was time to go to bed. I remember kicking and screaming and clawing at the walls and doors as my parents tried to carry me off to bed. Sometimes, when my mom went out for the evening, my dad would come and take me from my room, and we would stay up late watching movies until I was too tired to keep my eyes open. The mattress on the living room floor became a safe place where I could sleep soundly.

My dad was there throughout all of my life's woes. His light helped guide me through depression, addictions, sexual abuse, heartbreak, and other moments when it felt like the world was caving in around me. When he was around, I always felt a profound sense of hope within me, despite it all. He shed what light he could to help heal the suffering of others, and the world truly felt so much brighter when he was around. This was his gift, and he used to say, "Gifts are meant to be shared."

When he left us, the world he carried on his shoulders suddenly fell down on me, and I felt suffocated beneath the weight of it all. I couldn't make sense of the pain, so I couldn't embrace the love around me either. I resisted healing and let the depression creep in. *Who was going to help me out of this dark hole now?*

My dad used to share a Kwakwaka'wakw legend about a young man, Kwakwabalis, who has experienced so much pain in his life. He is a good, deserving man who is led to a supernatural world where he encounters death. "And then he realized how precious life is," my dad would say.

I was retelling the Kwakwabalis legend to a group of Indigenous youth when its message struck me: embrace all that life has to offer. I remember the feeling of grief fall from my body until all that was left was acceptance. I stood up a little straighter and tears welled up in my eyes. I was ready to embrace this gift my dad still had to teach me and to continue this journey with him.

I visited communities throughout Turtle Island, carrying the voice of my dad with me wherever I went. As I shared his teachings with those around me, I started to feel his presence again. I heard his voice encouraging me through each stage of grief, sharing the teachings he'd always shared with me as I was growing up. Eventually, I started to believe in his words again, and I realized that his loss, too, was a gift. *Everything happens for a reason*.

Loss is one of the most painful experiences we will face in life, and there were moments when I thought I would never overcome the grief of losing my dad. But today I think of all the ways he still lives on…even without the magic mattress on the living room floor. I'd like to leave you with something in the words of my dad: Regardless of how short it is—how tormented you are throughout it—your life is still a gift and yes, everything does happen for a reason.

Linnea Dick holding the family copper. Photograph by Sharon Eva Grainger.

Two Poems

George Stanley

Balaclava St.

When the crane lifts
flats of lumber to the roof
of the apartment house
under construction
across the street,
big wavy shadows flit
past the living room window
& half-drawn blinds.

As the crane lifts
a flat of boards
a shadow climbs
the leaves & branches
of the tall linden
like a darker tree.

There's a hole
in the foliage
near the top
of the big linden
and a gap on its side
where some branches
droop. White cumulus
was visible there
just now, but must have
blown east, now all
is pale blue. The whole tree
looks ragged and tired

like it was the end of summer,
not late in May.

And out my other eye
there's the gaudy, high-browed
baseball cap, got in Maui.
Soooooo embarrassing,
the team manager
on his knees, sorting through
a carton of caps, to find
one my size.

The cap rests on a box,
a handmade wooden box
(atop the black bookcase)
Simon used to send me
the chunk of "Carwash rock"
he either pried loose
or found fallen off
the rock face on Highway 16
west of Terrace. "Carwash rock"
would spill or splash
rainwater on passing
westbound cars.
Now the chunk
lies out on the porch
with other junk. It
has lost its meaning.

2.

The bright now
is thrust like a sword
into the darkness of tomorrow.
(Gerald said, "That's optimistic.")

The apartment house nears completion.
That black, rectangular cave will be
the gracious entrance to "The Grace,"
for so it shall be called.
Young couples,
old couples, roommates, bedmates,
& the odd well-to-do single senior
(one-bedrooms go for $2000 per nowadays)
will pass through its doors, with kids,
infants in strollers, bikes (but probably not dogs),
ascend by stair and elevator to discover
their new "homes," settle in, and ere long
will say hello to strangers in the halls.

Spanking new sidewalks, lindens give shade,
and in keeping with the "Vancouver model"
(ground floor for retail),
Parthenon Supermarket will move
its olives & cheeses across Broadway
into spacious new premises — already
visible, vacant but dimly lit, by night.

After four shots & three beers,
reaching backward to press the button
for the light (around 9:30 pm,
SW corner of West Broadway and Balaclava)
lost balance, almost fell, righted self.

A young Asian man, wearing a cap, about
to cross Balaclava, looked back, said
"Are you all right?"

The Hollywood

Eros has found
a new path
to my heart

Memory, flashback,
is like a radio

Old, sick, and yes, dying,
we know ourselves to be a tribe

faraway stations
come in at night
(faraway in time)

reach out with your hand
to touch the dial

to tune the mind

there is no dial

Seated across from each other
at the front of the bus
(not facing in the direction of travel)

Odd thing is, when one of those stations
comes in, you know exactly
where you were standing—
exactly

any one of these

That's us—
front of the bus—
not facing in the direction of travel
but facing each other across the aisle
us seeing us!

understanding

or not—
staring over the heads of the others
at shop signs the bus is passing
staring into the past

(The way I had of getting
physical pleasure
don't work no more,
just a far-off tremor)

They've enclosed the linden
outside the Hollywood
in wood & wire fencing
("Tree Protection Zone")

which must mean
they intend some work
on the theatre's façade

the new apartment house
(ground not broken yet,
empty pubs and shops
not knocked down yet)
will extend west as far as
Young Brothers Produce

six stories—the city gave the developer
one extra for saving the theatre
(which will block the view west
from the fifth floor of The Grace)

Happiness is hiding
somewhere inside me

I shop at the Parthenon
Sunday mornings

his name is on the receipt

Chemotherapy Poems

Matsuki Masutani

I

Two weeks before
the doctor told me
I had cancer,
the seven gods of luck appeared
in my dream. They came
down the river in a pink boat and docked
in a bed of reeds.
Outside the boat
they had a meeting
and seemed to decide
to help me.
So when the doctor said cancer,
I thought, this is tough
love from the gods,
and did not lose hope.

II

From my chemo chair
I see the mountains
capped with snow.
It occurs to me:
I am 73 years old
I have cancer
I am dying.

The doctor says
I will live.
He is young.

They give me a bottle
with chemo in it.
It will hang from my neck
and I must embrace it.

I am afraid
of the bottle with its tubes
but it is the water of life.
The nurse calls it a baby bottle.

I must make my life more worthy.

|||

If I have a fever
over 38 degrees, the nurse
says I must go
to Emergency,
immediately.

"But Emergency is crowded,"
I tell her.
She smiles and says,
"Don't worry.
You are a chemo patient.
You can jump the queue."

I stiffen.
I cannot imagine myself
in an ambulance.
I cannot imagine myself
jumping over the queue.

A young doctor says,
"This is a great challenge.
Probably you'll be all right."

IV

I try to listen
to the movement
of chemo in my body
to calm myself.
It fills my abdomen and heart
Saaaaaaa....
A tidal flow of ocean water
at night, reflecting the moon.

V

I'm losing my hair.
Every time I touch my head
white hairs fall to my sweater.
The nurse says,
"In a few months,
it will grow back,
maybe in a different colour,
even black."

I look in the mirror
and see an old face.
It is hard to believe
it is me.
It is hard to believe
I have cancer.

In my long gaze,
the person in the mirror
becomes someone else.

VI

From my living room
window I watched
an old cherry tree blossom
day after day.

One afternoon
two young girls
sat under the tree
and drank and ate.
They were watching the blossoms
just like in Japan.

When the wind blew
flower petals swarmed like insects
and a cyclist flew down the road like a bird.
I was quiet and the tree
stretched out its neck
to ask how I was doing.

Home is Where the Art Is

Laura Abrahams, Nicole Baxter, Jeannette Blais, Randy Crossan, & Barb Goosehead

Gallery Gachet has long used Yoko Ono's words "art is a means for survival" as its informal motto, and nowhere does it ring more true than in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, on the occupied and unceded traditional territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), Sḵwx̱wú7mesh (Squamish), and səl̓il̓wətaʔɬ (Tsleil-Waututh) peoples. In 2019, Gallery Gachet, WePress, and *The Capilano Review* partnered on an initiative funded by the Vancouver Foundation called *Home is Where the Art Is*—working to bring art-making to the tenants of Supportive Housing and privately-owned Single Room Occupancy hotels (SROs) in the Downtown Eastside. The following pages show the artwork created at a printmaking workshop held at EMBERS Eastside Works. We hope that by sharing the work and words of these artists we can help highlight the creativity of this vibrant neighbourhood.

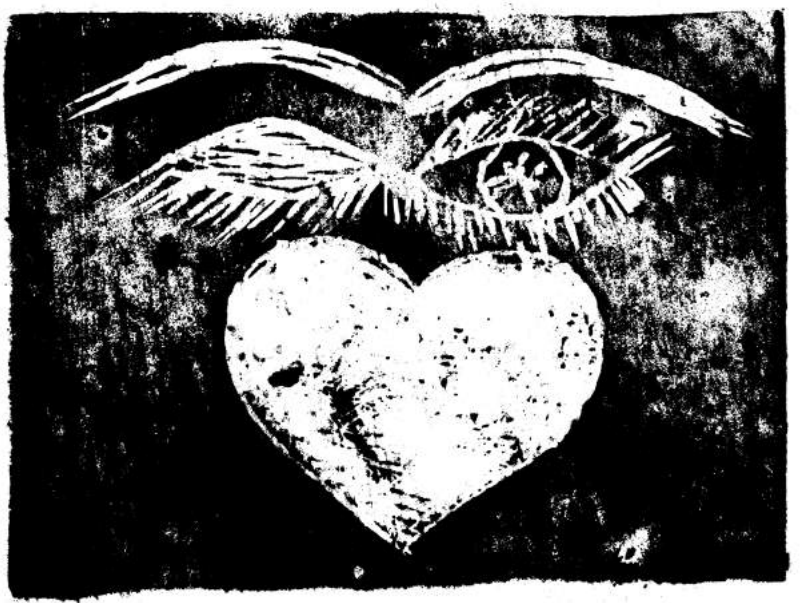
Barb Goosehead, *One Love*, 2019, rubber block print on cardstock, 4 × 3 inches

Jeannette Blais, *Untitled*, 2019
Rubber block print on cardstock, 2 × 1.5 inches

Barb Goosehead, *Untitled*, 2019
Rubber block print on cardstock, 3 × 4 inches

Randy Crossan, *Untitled*, 2019
Rubber block print on cardstock, 3 × 4 inches

Randy Crossan, *Desire to Inspire*, 2019
Rubber block print on cardstock, 3 × 4 inches



Nicole Baxter, *Untitled*, 2019, rubber block print on cardstock, 4 × 3 inches

Laura Abrahams, *PixieBot*, 2019, rubber block print on cardstock, 5.5 × 4 inches

Genevieve Robertson, *Still Running Water*, 2017, video. In *Spill* (September 3-December 1, 2019), Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, UBC. Photo by Rachel Topham Photography. Image courtesy of the gallery.

see-to-see

Spill by Carolina Caycedo, Nelly César, Guadalupe Martinez, Teresa Montoya, Anne Riley, Genevieve Robertson, Susan Schuppli, &T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss (Morris and Helen Belkin Gallery, Vancouver, 2019)

Jessica Evans

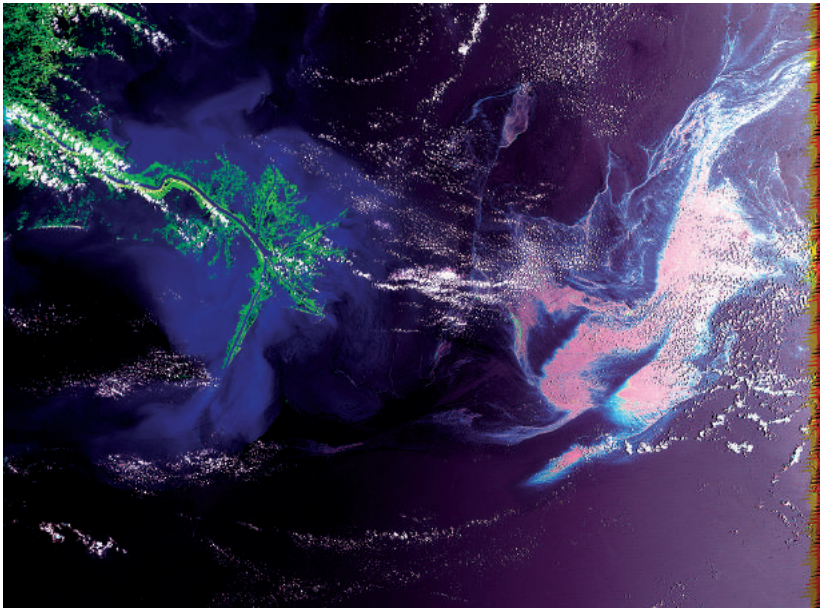
It's likely the average visitor to *Spill* interacts with water all day, every day: washing, bathing, consuming, and redirecting water that comes up from the ground and down from the sky seemingly free of obstruction. A growing awareness may be creeping into mass consciousness that infinitely procured clean water is a luxury, not a given (or at least not for very much longer). But becoming aware is not the same as experiencing the actual material consequences of water scarcity.

Spill is a multi-project exhibition that features installations, performance, live research, and radio programmes centred on the reality that our oceans and waterways have been irrevocably altered by contamination and industrial interference. If the media coverage of climate change provokes in us a distant anxiety about the future, can artistic interpretation close that distance and provide a more intimate, immediate recognition?

At *Spill*, environmental crises are mediated primarily through language and signifiers of scientific analysis: the installations by artists Susan Schuppli, Carolina Caycedo, Teresa Montoya, and Genevieve Robertson include graphs, charts, dates, and text. Audio, essays, and serialized podcasts offer additional statistics and explanations. All of this is informative, yes, but raises questions about how the current state of nature is aestheticized.

Robertson's video installation *Still Running Water* (2017) illuminates the gallery with crisp, straightforward footage of the Columbia River. Images of fresh mountain water transitioning into a robust river system are delivered without narration. The title card, by contrast, tells us that the construction of hydroelectric dams along the river devastated aquatic habitats and salmon populations and destroyed significant Indigenous sites. The video's imagery reminds us of the limits of simply looking and that what really happens often remains below the surface.

Schuppli's *Nature Represents Itself* (2017) is a multimedia piece on the 2010 BP *Deepwater Horizon* oil spill, inspired by BP's own surveillance footage of the disaster. Schuppli uses videogame software to simulate the flow of crude oil into ocean water, showing the alchemic changes and reactions in what she terms an



Susan Schuppli, *Nature Represents Itself* (detail), 2018. Photo by Rachel Topham Photography. Image courtesy of the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, UBC.

"independent mode of cinema." Though the cinematic potential of an oil spill is both figuratively and literally murky to me, I do appreciate how, in a separate installation, Schuppli steps back to look at BP's own complicity in visualizing the disaster. The company released a digitally altered photo of their Houston command centre to cover up the fact that three of their underwater monitors had been turned off during the event. Schuppli presents this image as an apparent still, which, when looked at closely, can be seen to fade and transform, revealing the video under the surface of the photograph.

These works, along with Caycedo's and Montoya's, show considerable research and attention to their subjects, but as an exhibition, *Spill* relies heavily on the premise that facts and figures will bring us closer to an understanding of mass ecological catastrophe. My concern is that the extractive methods of scientific analysis and discovery have not, in fact, improved our relationship to the earth. Art has the potential to change this in specific and enduring ways, but in order to do so, needs to be supported as its own form of knowledge.

Treaty 6 Deixis **by Christine Stewart (Talonbooks, 2018)**

Dallas Hunt

In *Treaty 6 Deixis* (2018), Christine Stewart writes: "Where is this when I say this where I am here when I am here How can I a / person of white settler descent engage in a living poetic

practice that points / to this place" (113). Stewart locates herself spatially and temporally through her use of *deixis*: "a word or phrase — like 'this,' 'that,' 'now,' 'then' — pointing to the time, place, or situation in which a speaker is speaking or a writer is writing" (back cover). In many ways, Stewart's long poem grapples with complex notions of inheritance, and how a person might engage ethically in relation to the histories that precede their arrival.

Here, I think, is where some important conceptual questions / approaches to Stewart's collection hinge: what does it mean to be "here" in relation, beyond poetic speech acts? More specifically, what if, accounting for the current material structural relations in place, we refer to "here" not as a (already in place) relation, but rather as an ongoing occupation? Finally, who can inhabit particular spaces, and whose voices are read as palatable (and thus worthy of engagement) when speaking to these issues?

In her 2006 article, "The Phenomenology of Whiteness," Sara Ahmed asserts that "bodies are shaped by histories of colonialism, which mak[e] the world 'white', a world that is inherited, or which is already given before the point of an individual's arrival" (153). And indeed, this is something to which Stewart gestures. But, as Ahmed continues, "Whiteness might be what is 'here,' as a point from which the world unfolds, which is also the point of inheritance. If whiteness is inherited, then it is also reproduced. Whiteness gets reproduced by being seen as a form of positive residence [...] an orientation that puts certain things within reach ... not just physical objects, but also styles, capacities, aspirations, techniques, habits" (154). Thus, we should always ask from whose orientations or aspirations do these lines of inquiry emanate? From whose reach?

More precisely, what I want to foreground here is how particular ideas, ideals, orientations, and sentiments cohere around particular bodies and viewpoints and, when articulated from these bodies, are given a kind of institutional legibility. The issue here has less to do with Stewart's subject position — though this is not unimportant — but rather more with how the issue of Treaty Six and its implementation (or lack thereof) is granted import when brought into focus by white settlers, while the work done for decades on this topic by Indigenous thinkers, artists, writers, and authors (Emily Riddle, Matt Wildcat, among others) receives little to no sustained attention comparatively. Although Stewart's articulations of the fraught affects of being in relationship through Treaty are important and admirable, such as when she writes "[a] ttend to what I do not / know and to the reasons why I do not know" (115), the collection risks being read like the all too easy declarations that "we are all treaty people," articulated by writers like Roger Epp or John Ralston Saul.

Crucial as it is to recognize one's position in a space and one's relation to the peoples, laws, and other-than-human kin inhabiting this place, I wonder how settlers might go beyond this recognition

of living within a shared geography. While an individual acknowledgement of one's occupation (and I use this word intentionally) of a space may be generative, these acknowledgements do little to change the very real, systemic relations that currently structure and sustain the asymmetrical relationships instantiated and maintained by colonialization.

Stewart recognizes these complex entanglements while writing nestled near the kisiskâciwani-sîpiy. Yet this recognition encourages further questions: on whose specific lands is that building currently situated? What particular dispossessions had to occur for that edifice to occupy the space that it does and how does its presence continue to dispossess? What kinship relations had to be, and are still currently, sundered? Whose orientations are currently prioritized?

These questions are among those that propel Stewart's collection forward, and reading *Treaty 6 Deixis* prompts me as a reader to ask them. But her book also prompts me to ask, what else might poetry do, especially poetry that not only takes up these questions but also takes up the spaces from which these questions can be asked and articulated? If simple acts of recognizing how one inhabits a space are important but insufficient, then there is much more work yet to be done. Indeed, Stewart herself admits this: "I am absolved of nothing . . . This labour is infinite" (118).

Beau Dick: Devoured by Consumerism **(Figure 1, 2019)**

Micaela Hart D'Emilio

Devoured by Consumerism opens with a memory: an image of Beau Dick's Atlakim mask burning during a potlach ceremony in Alert Bay, BC in 2012. The image sets the reflective and critical tone for the images and essays that follow. Released in conjunction with Fazakas Gallery's 2019 exhibition of the same name, the book expands on Chief Beau Dick's life and work through excerpts from his own words and the voices of his apprentices, Alan Hunt and Cole Speck, alongside essays by LaTiesha Fazakas, John Cussans, and Candice Hopkins.

Together, their voices speak to Beau's resistance against the forces of consumerism and capitalism, and offer invaluable insight into Northwest Coast art, Kwakwaka'wakw culture, and the history of colonialism in Canada. The book connects Beau's carvings to the potlach ban, the 1990 salmon protection actions, and ongoing Indigenous land rights. In Chief Beau Dick's words, "Yeah, it does become political. It becomes beyond political; it becomes very deep and emotional" (14).

John Cussan's essay "In the House of the Man-Eater" critiques the "unlimited appetite" of modern consumerism from the perspective of the recurring motif of "gaping and grimacing mouths" in Northwest Coast art (22). In her essay "To See and To Burn," Candice Hopkins contextualizes Beau's solo exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 2012 and the potlach mask

burnings that proceeded it. Returning to the opening image, Hopkins describes Beau's burning of the masks during potlach ceremonies as sacred and disruptive acts that subverted the continued fetishization of Northwest Coast ceremonial objects and effectively demonstrated that Northwest Coast culture "cannot be owned" (35).

The final half of the book leaves the reader with vivid images of Beau's masks alongside didactic definitions which provide an entry point for any reader curious to learn about the figures represented in Beau Dick's work and their cultural significance within Hamat'sa ceremony. As a whole, the book gives the reader a glimpse into Beau's character — his resistance to the accumulation of wealth within the art market, and the generous spirit he extended to his community. It extends Beau's message to look after the environment, living beings, "all of us" (19).

Reading *Devoured* sparked memories for me of the many stories Beau Dick told of the Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw potlatch and Hamat'sa secret society during his time as an Artist-in-Residence and instructor at the University of British Columbia. I remember taking his 2015 seminar, and the many descriptive tales of the trickster he told, in which he would often embody the trickster in his storytelling and relate him to his own life and journey. The book left me in a state of reflection about the time I spent in Beau's seminar — about the ways in which he would prompt us to learn and know more about Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw culture and the creative mysteries within it. ◊

Contributors

Laura Abrahams is an artist from the middle of British Columbia, now based in Vancouver. She has an Etsy site called PixieBot where she sells earrings, leather pixie bags, medieval coin bags, and stitch markers for knitting and crocheting.

Afuwa was born in Guyana, on Karinya and Akawaio land; she makes art on Tsleil-Waututh, Musqueam, and Squamish territories. Her text and images focus on language, the body, and diasporic memory, and have appeared online and in publications including *The Feminist Wire*, *Briarpatch*, *West Coast Line*, *subTerrain*, *Poetry Is Dead*, and *Performing Utopias in the Contemporary Americas* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2017). She is the Arts Editor of *The Capilano Review*.

Morgan Asoyuf (*née* Green) is Ts'msyen Eagle Clan from Ksyeen River, near Prince Rupert, BC. Asoyuf's artistic career began with a Fashion Design Diploma at Blanche Macdonald and an interest in painting Ts'msyen designs. She took bronze casting courses at The Crucible in Oakland; in 2010, Asoyuf began studying at the Vancouver Metal Art School under Gerold Mueller, a goldsmith from Pforzheim, Germany. Asoyuf has also studied design and engraving with Richard Adkins, and gem setting at Revere Academy, San Francisco. She currently studies wood sculpture with Henry Green and Phil Gray.

Nicole Baxter is a community organizer working with the Downtown Eastside SRO Collaborative and a volunteer with the Tenant Overdose Response Organizers (TORO) Project. Baxter is also involved as a community representative for the Right to Remain research project.

Jeannette Blais lives in the Downtown Eastside. She is an old hippie lady at heart and a kindred master of kindness and natural healing. She makes healing bags filled with crystals and herbs to help resonate with the earth and which assist with anxiety and sleep.

Colin Browne's new book of poetry, *Here*, will appear from Talonbooks later this year. He is working on a collection of essays, a new curatorial project, and a collaboration with composer Alfredo Santa Ana entitled *Aves, The Four-Chambered Heart*. His long essay, *Entering Time: The Fungus Man Platters of Charles Edenshaw*, was published by Talonbooks in 2016.

Krystle Coughlin Silverfox is a Selkirk First Nation artist currently residing in New Westminster, BC. She holds a BFA in Visual Art and a BA in Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Social Justice from UBC and an MFA in Interdisciplinary Studies from SFU. Coughlin Silverfox's artistic practice is informed by Indigenous feminism, transnationalism, decolonialism, and activism, and addresses contemporary urban Indigenous identities and their lived experiences.

Randy Crossan is a 61-year-old veteran retired from the Canadian Secret Service. Since his retirement, he has been making art as part of his art therapy for PTSD. His main art practice has been in painting, but he has also been working in mixed media and now, block printmaking. He has also written five books of fiction.

Micaela Hart D'Emilio is a curator, artist, and educator working on the unceded traditional territory of the Coast Salish peoples. Her work and practice engages with critical feminist discourse and intersecting colonial, art historical, and queer dialogues in contemporary art. D'Emilio completed her MA at SFU's School for the Contemporary Arts in 2019.

Chief Beau Dick, **Walas Gwa'yam** (1955–2017), was a Kwakwaka'wakw artist and activist born in Alert Bay, BC and one of the Northwest Coast's most versatile carvers. He studied carving under his father, Benjamin Dick, his grandfather, James Dick, and renowned artists Henry Hunt and Doug Cranmer. He also worked alongside Robert Davidson, Tony Hunt, and Bill Reid. In support of the Idle No More movement, Dick performed two spiritual and political copper-breaking ceremonies on the steps of the British Columbia legislature in Victoria in 2013 and on Parliament Hill in Ottawa in 2014. His work has been shown in exhibitions around the world, including Canada House, London (1998); the 17th Biennale of Sydney, Australia (2010); documenta 14, Athens / Kassel (2017); and White Columns, New York (2019). He was the recipient of the 2012 VIVA Award and was Artist-in-Residence at UBC's Department of Art History, Visual Art and Theory from 2013 to 2017.

Linnea Dick is from the Kwakwaka'wakw, Nisga'a, and Tsimshian Nations. Her work reflects her journey through pain, healing, and empowerment, and she continues to share her story in many ways. She considers her late father, Beau Dick, to be her mentor and inspiration. Dick is currently at work on her first book: a collection of poems written from 2009 to 2019.

sophie anne edwards is a writer, visual artist, and curator who lives on Mnidoo Mnising (Manitoulin Island) in northeastern Ontario. A geographer, she is interested in the spatial imaginary, geopoetics, and the complexities of local ecosystems (social, cultural, historical, colonial, environmental). Edwards is a co-founder of 4elements Living Arts and founded its Elemental Festival, acting as 4e's AD/ED for 16 years. She is currently working on a collection titled *Interview with a river*. Recent poems have appeared in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Everyone's Talking About Strawberries*, *h&*, and *Empty Mirror*.

Jessica Evans is an artist and writer from Winnipeg, Manitoba. She received her BFA from the University of Manitoba and her MFA from UBC. She is interested in video and philosophy.

LaTiesha Ti'si'tla Fazakas has been dedicated to the study of contemporary Indigenous art since 2001. She established Fazakas Gallery in 2013, and, in 2017, she was the curatorial coordinator for Kwakwa̱ka̱'wakw artist, activist, and chief Beau Dick's participation in documenta 14 in Athens, Greece and Kassel, Germany. The exhibition garnered international acclaim. She co-curated *Beau Dick: Devoured by Consumerism* with Matthew Higgs at White Columns, New York in 2019. The exhibition coincided with the publication of *Devoured by Consumerism* (Figure 1, 2019), a book examining the continued impact of Beau Dick's art and life.

Gallery Gachet is a community-based artist-run centre located in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver, on the unceded and occupied traditional territories of the Sḵwx̱wú7mesh (Squamish), xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), and səl̓ilw̓ətaʔɬ (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations. Gallery Gachet supports artists and presents arts and culture programs addressing mental health and sociopolitical marginalization.

Barb Goosehead is from Berens, Manitoba and has lived in the Downtown Eastside since 2005. Her piece, "One Love," was inspired by Bob Marley's song and expresses her belief that we need to love one another. She loves living in the Downtown Eastside, even though it can be rough. She helps others who are struggling and wishes rich people would do the same.

Alan Hunt is of Kwakwa̱ka̱'wakw and Tlingit ancestry and currently resides in Alert Bay, BC. In 2013, Hunt was mentored by renowned carvers Wayne Alfred, Marcus Alfred, and Bruce Alfred. In 2015, he began his apprenticeship under master carver Beau Dick, which lasted until Dick's death in 2017. He assisted Dick in the creation of works for documenta 14. Hunt dedicates his practice to the promotion of Kwakwa̱ka̱'wakw culture and carves in both Kwakwa̱ka̱'wakw and Tlingit styles. He received his chieftainship from his grandfather, Chief Alfred (Hutch) Hunt, in 2015.

Dallas Hunt is Cree and a member of Wapsewsipi (Swan River First Nation) in Treaty 8 territory in Northern Alberta. He is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English Language and Literatures at UBC. His creative and critical work has been published in *The Fieldstone Review*, *Settler Colonial Studies*, *The Malahat Review*, *Arc Poetry*, *Canadian Literature*, and the *American Indian Culture and Research Journal*. His first children's book, *Awâsis and the World-Famous Bannock*, was published by Highwater Press in 2018.

Raised in New York, **Su-Yee Lin** studied at Brown University before receiving an MFA in fiction from the University of Massachusetts Amherst and a Fulbright Fellowship to China. Her work has appeared in *The Offing*, *Strange Horizons*, *Day One*, *Bennington Review*, *Pushcart Prize 2019*, *Nashville Review*, *The Freeman*, *The Rush*, *Austin Chronicle*, *Tor.com*, *Fairy*

Tale Review, *Meniscus*, and others. She is currently working on a novel and a collection of magical realist short stories.

Originally from Yokohama, Japan, **Matsuki Masutani** is a poet and translator living on Denman Island, BC. His poems have appeared in *Geist* and in the anthology *Love of the Salish Sea Islands* (Mother Tongue, 2019).

Quelemia Sparrow is an Indigenous actor, writer, and director from the Musqueam Nation. She is a graduate of Studio 58's Theatre Arts program. Her creation practice is land-based and centred on Indigenous continuance and the reclamation of land. She has worked in various theatres across Canada. Her plays include *Skyborn: A Land Reclamation Odyssey*, *The Pipeline Project*, *Ashes on the Water*, *Salmon Girl*, and, currently in development, *Women of Papiyek*.

Cole Speck was raised on the Namgis reserve in Alert Bay, BC. As an apprentice of the late master carver Beau Dick, Speck continues to promote Kwakwa̱ka̱'wakw culture through his practice and the knowledge gained from his mentor. He has also apprenticed under master carver Wayne Alfred. In 2010-11, Speck assisted in the making of the Pat Alfred Memorial pole, and, in 2012, he apprenticed with Rande Cook on a totem pole that was later installed in Holland as part of a Northwest Coast exhibit. Past exhibitions include *RezErect* (Bill Reid Gallery, 2013) and *Claiming Space* (UBC Museum of Anthropology, 2014). Speck performed and contextualized works on behalf of Beau Dick at documenta 14.

A native of San Francisco, **George Stanley** has lived in BC since 1971, and has published ten books of poetry, including *After Desire*, *North of California St.*, and *West Broadway* (with George Bowering's *Some End*), all from Vancouver's New Star Books.

Interdisciplinary artist and poet **Michelle Sylliboy** (Mi'kmaq/L'nu) was born in Boston, Massachusetts and raised on her traditional L'nuk territory in We'koqmaq, Cape Breton. While living on the traditional, unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh Nations, Sylliboy completed a BFA at Emily Carr University and a Masters in Education from SFU. She is currently a PhD student in SFU's Philosophy of Education program, where she is working to reclaim her original written komqwej'wikasikl language. Her collection of photography and Mi'kmaq (L'nuk) hieroglyphic poetry, *Kiskajeyi—I Am Ready*, was published by Rebel Mountain Press in 2019.

WePress is a community artspace in the Downtown Eastside of Vancouver on the unceded and occupied traditional territories of the Sḵwx̱wú7mesh (Squamish), xʷməθkʷəy̓əm (Musqueam), and səl̓il̓wətaʔɬ (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations. WePress offers historic and contemporary methods of print- and art-making in a safe and welcoming space, particularly to those marginalized by systems of class, sexuality, gender, race, culture, disability, mental health, addictions, and colonization. WePress seeks to support them to voice their stories, lived experience, and dreams, and to build community capacity and resilience through art-making.

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Morgan Asoyuf, Krystle Coughlin Silverfox, Beau Dick, Home is Where the Art Is

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Linnea Dick, sophie anne edwards, Su-Yee Lin, Matsuki Masutani, Quelemia Sparrow, George Stanley, Michelle Sylliboy

CONVERSATIONS

Morgan Asoyuf, LaTiesha Fazakas, Alan Hunt, Cole Speck

REVIEWS

Jessica Evans, Micaela Hart D'Emilio, Dallas Hunt

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