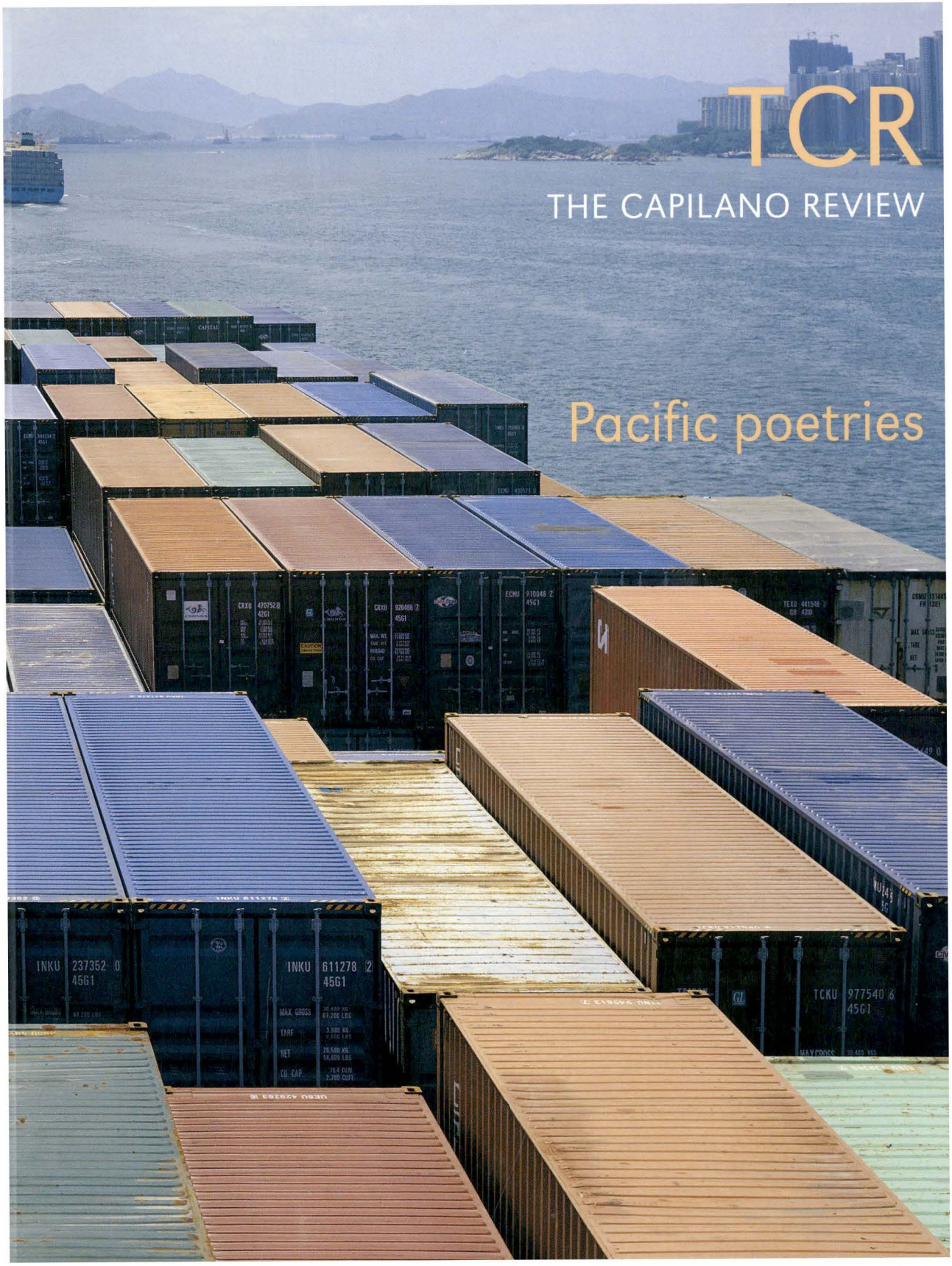

TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Pacific poetries

Page after page of boundary turning

—Fred Wah

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Cover image:
MAP Office, from *Back Home with Baudelaire*, 2005, Video transferred to DVD, silent, 10:00 minutes

Editor's Note

what's your favourite episode of
planet earth D. saying
—listen chen

TCR's Pacific poetries issue enters an ongoing conversation: from the texts that open and close the issue—Vancouver-based Nisga'a writer Jordan Abel's "Pacific ocean" and Chilean-Australian poet Sergio Holas-Véliz's "a part of the main"—the poems, essays, dialogues, and artwork accumulate meanings and refrains, contextualizing cultural production around and across the body/bodies of water that several pieces remind us was designated "Pacific" by Magellan. The issue features poems and translations from Rae Armantrout, Joanne Arnott, Jules Boykoff, Jaime Luis Huenún, Daphne Marlatt, Vaughan Rapatahana, Yeow Kai Chai, and many others; Northwest Coast weaver Meghann O'Brien's notes on her visit to Fiji to work with indigenous weavers; Lisa Samuels's folio of work from Aotearoa / New Zealand; and curator Kimberly Phillips's essay on an artist residency at sea. Artwork by Henry Tsang, Cindy Mochizuki, Sonny Assu, and Hong Kong-based MAP Office, plus collaborations by Diyan Achjadi and Glen Lowry (FabPac) and by Fred Wah, Nicola Harwood, and others (High Muck-a-Muck) intervene in dominant Pacific Rim discourses. One of the central features of the Pacific poetries issue is a series of conversations between Jacqueline Turner (Vancouver) & Kate Fagan (Sydney); Jordan Scott (Vancouver) & Susan M. Schultz (Hawai'i); Stuart Cooke (Gold Coast) & Dan Disney (Seoul); and Jen Hofer (LA) & Sesshu Foster (LA). Each short talk—conducted in May 2015—articulates current thinking and cultural work vis-à-vis Pacific and transPacific concerns: languages; environments; geopolitics; familial, colonial, military, and migratory histories; and the work of writing and art in communicating the state of things or in imagining alternate futures or "the next step." We hope you enjoy the collaborative, wide-ranging, critical, inventive work in the pages that follow.

JORDAN ABEL / pacific ocean

Happily for the more tender-minded and the more timid, the trunks of the trees, the leaves, and the smoke had concealed much of that which passed, and night shortly after drew its veil over the lake, and the whole of that seemingly interminable wilderness; which may be said to have then stretched, with few and immaterial interruptions, from the banks of the Hudson to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The great square of the capital was filled to a considerable depth with mould brought with incredible labor up the steep slopes of the Cordilleras from the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean. Looking up and down the 73d meridian as it crossed Peru from the Amazon Valley to the Pacific Ocean, I saw that it passed very near Choqquequirau, and actually traversed those very lands "behind the Ranges" which had been beckoning to me. Conversely, the winds that come from the warm Pacific Ocean strike a cold area over the frigid Humboldt Current, which sweeps up along the west coast of South America. Far to the southwest we imagined we could see the faint blue of the Pacific Ocean, but it was very dim. The "medicines" included such minerals as iron ore and sulphur; such vegetables as dried seeds, roots, and the leaves of plants domesticated hundreds of years ago by the Incas or gathered in the tropical jungles of the lower Urubamba Valley; and such animals as starfish brought from the Pacific Ocean. In the words of Mr. Smith: The object of the expedition was purely for the purpose of exploring and otherwise getting scientific information about the great territory between the Missouri frontier and the Pacific Ocean. This extraordinary fact accounts for the Great Basin, and shows that there must be a system of small lakes and rivers scattered over a flat country, and which the extended and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada prevents from escaping to the Pacific Ocean. Navigators have been struck with the variety and richness of tints presented, in certain portions, by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and especially those of the Caribbean Sea. One hundred and fifty miles, a trifle more or less, to the westward is the vast bosom of the Pacific Ocean. In the summer the wind currents now and again swing the clouds thus formed northward, and Oregon and Washington receive rain from the operation of the sun upon the Pacific Ocean of the south. An especially delightful walk or horseback ride is by the Truckee River Trail to Deer Park Inn, six and a half miles, and thence two

miles farther to Five Lakes, near which the waters divide, one stream flowing into the Rubicon, thence into the Sacramento and out by the Golden Gate into the Pacific Ocean; the other by Bear Creek into the Truckee River, thence into Pyramid Lake in the heart of the Nevada desert. Who can say how far British colonization may spread southward and down the west side of the Mississippi, northward and westward into the vast interior regions towards the Pacific ocean? . . . Goods were brought from England to Montreal, the headquarters of the company, and thence from the four emporiums, Detroit, Mackinaw, Sault Ste. Marie, and Grand Portage, they were scattered through the great Northwest, even to the Pacific ocean. But after the discovery of the North Pacific ocean and Bering Strait the idea that America was part of Asia, that the natives were 'Indians' in the old sense, was seen to be absurd. And, apart from this, it may well have been that farther south, where now is the Pacific ocean, there was formerly direct land connection between Southern Asia and South America. In Reports of Explorations and Surveys to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. The above, forming a second supplemental volume of the Transactions for 1854, is an extensive compilation of much previous literature treating of the Indian tribes from the Arctic Ocean southward to Guadalajara, and bears specially upon the Aztec language and its traces in the languages of the numerous tribes scattered along the Pacific Ocean and inland to the high plains. As defined by Gallatin, the area occupied by this great family is included in a line drawn from the mouth of the Churchill or Missinippi River to its source; thence along the ridge which separates the north branch of the Saskatchewan from those of the Athapascas to the Rocky Mountains; and thence northwardly till within a hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean, in latitude 52° 30'. The main territory of the Kulanapan family is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by the Yukian and Copehan territories, on the north by the watershed of the Russian River, and on the south by a line drawn from Bodega Head to the southwest corner of the Yukian territory, near Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California. A part of this family occupies also a territory bounded on the south by San Francisco Bay and the western half of San Pablo Bay; on the west by the Pacific Ocean from the Golden Gate to Bodega Head; on the north by a line running from Bodega Head to the Yukian territory northeast of Santa Rosa, and on the east by a line running from the Yukian territory to the northernmost point of San Pablo Bay. A second side is the Pacific Ocean with the great ridge of

the two Americas on one hand and Asia and Australia on the other. That is why these two oceans with an area of only forty-three million square miles receive the drainage from twenty million square miles of land, while the far larger Indian and Pacific Oceans with an area of ninety-one million square miles receive the rivers of only ten million square miles. Out of some sixty aboriginal stocks or families found in North America above the Tropic of Cancer, about five-sixths were confined to the tenth of the territory bordering Pacific ocean; the remaining nine-tenths of the land was occupied by a few strong stocks, comprising the Algonquian, Athapascan, Iroquoian, Shoshonean, Siouan, and others of more limited extent. In following the track towards the North Pacific Ocean, the climate is much milder than to the East of the mountains, and a vast encouragement would be found in seeking to benefit the natives, from their being strangers to the intoxicating draught of spirituous liquors, in barter for their articles of trade. "The Marriage of the Snail and the Beaver" (Vol. 1, p. 103) is referred to by Lewis and Clarke, in "Travels to the Pacific Ocean." "The Idols" (Vol. 1, p. 173) is referred to by Lewis and Clarke in "Travels to the Pacific Ocean" (London, 1815, Vol. 1, p. 146). "The Mountain of Little Spirits" (Vol. 2, p. 207) is referred to by Lewis and Clarke in "Travels to the Pacific Ocean." The questions so very important and so essential to be solved, whether the ancient inhabitants of North America, the race which is supposed to be extinct, were of Malay origin, and came from Australasia, or from the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and whether the surviving race are descended from the Tartars, the Scandinavians, the Jews, or the Welsh, began to be agitated about this time, though they were not debated with the profound shrewdness and sagacity which Adair, Barton, Boudinot, and other enlightened men, have since evinced on the subject. He had resided some time in the Australasian islands and those of the Pacific Ocean, and had travelled over the Peninsula of Malacca and the Island of Madagascar. The great Pacific Ocean, lying to the west of America, is constantly exerting a lateral pressure, which during Tertiary times showed its effect in the uplifting of the great mountain ranges of the western coast.

D.'s picture of greenland from a satellite tacked on the wall above the spot where the bean bag sat a field of solid white

w/ rugose fringe & dark blue ruptures clouds frothing

overhead as we googled 'glacier' & combed the online forum *I have travelled to many places where you can find all the evidence of glaciers like moreins big scratched rocks small lakes and carved mountains and I have been in rivers with giant watered eroded rocks that were clearly washed down by enormous defreezing rivers that no longer exists* glaciers being dense bodies constantly eroding under their own weight the three of us sprawled on D.'s bed & C. unbuckling C.'s belt when the accumulation of snow exceeds the volume & momentum of its own ablation a glacier may form

over a very long period of time

my ability to keep track of events by sequence & duration muddled by gloomy mementos & obtuse prepositions time being a hooded blanket & death

a promised longing for erasure *when did mexico have glaciers?* thanks to the wgms

we now have data confirming the dramatic retreats of glaciers worldwide one theory suggesting that internal variables lead to critical accumulations of ice that trigger mass slippage due to softer sub-glacial sedimentation

so even the arctic binges & purges D. saying

C. not getting the joke

what's your favourite episode of planet earth D. saying

C. not replying

is it from pole to pole D. said while I kept my hands busy rolling a joint this being roughly thirteen years ago or some other comparable interval at 2 PM we lifted a plastic road sign from a construction site on triumph & brought it to queen e toppling over on our way down heat escaping vaporously from our heads L. landing upright w/ legs stretched out A. wheeling into L.'s back & L.'s arm caught in the shoelace handle we'd tied to the sign while snow packed into my left ear I skid past D. veering off the sled-plowed track supinated & flailing in the bushes oh god D. said laughing my sensitive teeth my *scarred at the turn of the century* sensitive teeth the cold air singing our nostrils pleasantly free of discernible pollutants & the city's drinking water still as stone

beneath the parking lot 29 days

after an arctic current dragged D.'s body against the ice they released an occupational safety bulletin *breathing rate and stroke rate increase but not together* & other useful information beginning w/ *if you do fall in* the ice core taken from dome c in antarctica 3270 metres long reaching back 800,000 years isn't it funny how things get lost in the remainder *change is difficult to understand* the scientist declared to the ocular lens while D. paced excitedly

tiny grains of pollen D. said are surprisingly resilient an important presence in the fossil record first appearing approximately 400 million years ago & steadily proliferating meanwhile

I've never understood what it means to leave no trace *water conquers by yielding* except in terms of my own laughably inconsequential losses

the conversation ending 28 minutes later

which was roughly 4 years ago &

somewhere our slow evacuation lies suspended in ice time moving as if burdened by unknown detritus its insoluble omens hidden in accidental contiguities & populations of dirt the sign at the foot of the hill mantled in snow the edges of its lettering as brittle as a poorly filled tooth beside an empty quarry turned sunken garden turned

five-axle truck loaded w/ wood fibre isn't all grief just a white mantle resting on a sign that points elsewhere D.'s body unravelling like a pale ribbon at the bottom of a cold mouth while the parquet jerks w/ an integer's limp & flowers festoon our footsteps what's the market price of tulips these days anyway & how much of bc's 48,200 km of paved road may I say belongs to me

D.'s historical tidal volume being approx. 428 mL by my calculations

strip oak flooring classified under tariff item 4409.29.10

salt lowering the freezing temperature of seawater to -2 degrees celsius &

circa last global assessment the highest concentrations of respirable particles per metre cubed were found in delhi patna gwalior raipur karachi peshawar rawalpindi khorramabad ahmedabad & lucknow a total of 61.62 million people w/ their alveoli blanketed in the unbreathable

while a red rowboat floats in captain vancouver's reservoir *45-million gallons of water*

in two separate earthquake-proof cells & a speck of pollen sits on the coal swamp floor

Jacqueline Turner & Kate Fagan/ "Pacific"

Jacqueline Turner: Let's start with the term "Pacific" because you were mentioning in an Australian context it is a particularly loaded term. It might be good to discuss the political uptake of that word.

Kate Fagan: The Pacific is such a contested term still in Australia. If there is something that is identifiable as an Australian public imagination, if we can even say that, the Pacific takes a vexed place in that imaginary. Partly because of big settlement histories that are still recycled and are still troubling a sense of cultural identity, but also because the most public acknowledgement of the Pacific that has literally dominated airways for this decade is our response to refugee intake and what we're going to do in terms of our humanitarian responsibilities. It's so contested that you rarely hear the Pacific spoken about in public media in ways that are positive or acknowledge actual geographic location, except in romanticized or mythic terms that have to do with a tableau of climate or vacations. So it's hard for me as an artist to approach the term without filtering it through the extremely important lens of public discourse. How about you?

JT: In Canada, especially on the west coast, it's been more of an economic term linked in with the Pacific Rim, although that kind of spatial referencing has fallen, but it always seems to be marking the movement of money and economic scenarios. We also have historical issues with refusing refugee arrivals via the Pacific—the Fujian women who arrived in Vancouver 2000 and the *Komagata Maru* incident of 1914. Maybe it's more linked to geography here in a broader sense.

KF: It's impossible to say as an Australian author of the east coast not to have to engage with the "Pacific" just as the body of ocean that we watch and that we are involved with—it's the threshold. Across twentieth-century Australian poetics you get this constant return to "the beach" as a trope and it can mean so many things, particularly in a settlement context where we have a violent history that is still being encountered in all sorts of ways. The beach is a point of arrival and departure—it's a point that brings culture or mediates culture in various ways but it still holds as a threshold of hope. There's something very mobile about the Pacific so I like to remind myself of the small "p" pacific and the ways we can think about culture at the moment.

JT: Vancouver is similar in the sense of its locatedness around the ocean. We recently had an oil spill from one of the tankers that continually sit in English Bay so you see those aspects of commerce affecting the geography in a completely tangible way. And you see the public attention being drawn to that incident—otherwise the tankers just become part the architecture of the city; they just are sitting there all the time belying their actual function.

KF: I think some of that has to do with scale: the sense that we can encounter what a Pacific geography is about is mediated by scale. In Australia, if we are thinking geophysically about the land mass, so much of post settlement habitation is around that little edge, like a fringe of lace—of course, that's not the whole picture—but we are consolidated on the coast. That's where population density is. I've been thinking about how we can even conceive of a scale of knowledge outside of our own anthropocentric languages and frames of thinking, how we can even change the scale of thought to accommodate or incorporate or even understand a large ecology that is oceanic or planetary in its implication. One of the crisis points of thinking for western culture is around ecology and environment and it's easy to not see what's going on in an ocean—a lot remains concealed. There's a lot that gets dumped and appalling agricultural practices that affect the ocean and we just don't see it. It's not part of our imaginary and a lot of this is a failure of scale or sense of thinking through scale.

JT: In a poetic sense, do you think your use of the cento is a way to formally deal with these kinds of complexities in terms of the range of references it offers or even as a form of translation? Can the cento transpose place and time to create a new moment or use for poetry?

KF: It became for me a particularly resonant form for all those reasons and others as well, partly because of an idea of reading and writing as a gifting process. I started writing them as gifts for people. One of the Latin etymological roots of the cento has to do with the patchwork cloak that you would wear as a centurion to conceal yourself from your enemies. I don't know too much about it, but I gather that you would fashion yourself a cloak from part of your enemies' cloaks so that you would in some way conceal and have an advantage. I wanted to fashion these works from texts that I admire and love—friends of mine—not for that confrontational notion, but to recover the process as an act of gifting because I feel, of course, that all writing and reading practices are an exchange, a gift of ideas in some sense. So it comments on a sense of

contemporaneity reaching out of your own temporal moment and into a resonance of ideas that might be much older than you.

So I might be putting Emily Dickinson alongside Patti Smith and seeing what that means and forging a different, as you say, space-time continuum through that process. And there is of a kind of a salvaging in cento forms that interests me in terms of my practice in music and observing how sampling practices are so critical to a whole lot of innovative music, including electronically mediated music. We're very much in a culture where we think about salvaging and literally recycling. It does chime with all those big discourses.

And to touch on another issue that you've brought up here, there is also always a big engagement for me of authenticity, for want of a better word, and of cultural location. I feel like it is our responsibility as cultural creatures to understand the anxieties and competing discourses around what we do and so in Australia that means for non-Indigenous Australia that a lot of understanding still has to happen about aboriginal Australia and place in aboriginal Australia. You have be careful about making representative claims on behalf of country in Australia, as a visitor to the place. So there is something going on here too about authentic expression and an acknowledgement of dialogue rather than pretending an originality or an ownership of origin.

JT: I like the idea of not pretending. It's important because there is still the persistent drive for those originary claims for language and the sense of the problematic divisions of history that still need to be pushed at and critiqued particularly in an indigenous context.

KF: One of our Australian poets Ali Cobby Eckermann spoke recently about a way that she observes her elder women in her traditional community speak about country and land: softly spoken and undebatable. So I think we have to be mindful about those undebatable discourses as well as understanding something about origin that is entirely debatable in Australia. It's very interesting pressing dialogue that for me is one of the major ones of my time that I feel compelled to address. It's hard to say, though—I'm having a smile about the optimism that a poetic form can enter this dialogue.

JT: Yes, onward, ever optimistic!

KF: But, I'm totally with you, I feel like when I go to a poetic form, the back history is political and it's energized by history, but I'm not consciously putting that at the front anymore. It's just in my sedimentary layers as an artist. I gravitated toward

these forms because they seem to offer the most possibility for acknowledging these questions.

JT: That is where a poetic language can be useful too—to be able to imagine a future where things might be going better or where relations might be less strained (without getting too utopian). Having that insight is important as a way to challenge a political or economic system that is forcing certain ways of thinking or putting pressure on people to act in certain ways.

KF: I'm still hopeful about the capacity of language to revitalize our perception, to pull us out of our habits of perception and say there's another way of comprehending this encounter with the world and its many materials, and poetic language can enable that by setting adrift some of the big habitual chains of association that we make and by making possible another way of thinking.

JT: I'm also curious about your own shift in location since you used to live in an urban area in Sydney and now you live in the nearby mountains.

KF: That change of place has a huge impact for various reasons. I spent a lot of energy in the city blocking things out. Everything is so busy and noisy and so fueled and driven by the idea of getting stuff done. And sometimes I would do less when I was in that thrum and thrall than I do in the quieter spaces of the mountains. I've become quite accustomed to choosing the limits of noise where I couldn't chose the limits of sound in the city.

There's no doubt that living in such a pristine beautiful ecology impacts the work for all kinds of beautiful reasons. You can look out onto any of the many valleys up there and see hanging plants that carry the genetic material of prehistoric plants, that have that deep deep ancestry, and if anything is going to mess around with your sense of time and scale that's it. A lot of that was really virtual for me in the city and now it's actual.

JT: It's interesting to think of it as a changing soundscape. We tend to think of visual aspects of place as a mapping or moving through space. Those interfaces among urban/natural divides in the city is something my film is taking up and the idea of how we read those shifting spaces in this moment of perpetual access to technology.

KF: I adore cities and I'm realistic about where people have to live. You can romanticize a place and what often gets lost in Australian dialogues about city or rural is the

suburban experience. Most people live in the suburbs. They can't choose to live in a high attraction inner city of zooming possibility and they can't afford in their employment experience to live far outside the city. We've got flexibility in our employment which is why we can live where we do and it would be remiss to ignore that a lot of people can't choose to live this way. I feel lucky to live where I do now. There were some very basic reasons we moved to the mountains having to do with all of that urban infrastructure and how to afford to live there.

JT: We face similar challenges in Vancouver where real estate is out of control with endless condo projects and eastside bungalows selling for two million dollars and all the implications of gentrification. People can't afford to live where they are living. The space of the city is extremely contested.

KF: This also touches on issue of identity in Australia and how commodity markets affect your identity, your sense of success, your sense of community at the expense of seriously underprivileged communities in that environment who don't show up on the radar. There are bigger discussions about where you get to live and do your work and the choices you are even able to make. In a local material sense it has a massive impact on what my poetics is trying to do.

May 4, 2015

Craig Santos Perez / from **the micronesian kingfisher** ***[i sihek]***

~

hu hasso i remember
the barbed wire fence
near grandma's house
—recruiters enter—
fighter jets roar above
the jungle canopy

please forgive those
who post no trespassing signs
against [us]

we flock to enlist
—call it species survival plan—
[our] skin camouflaged
by uniforms, [our] bodies
deployed overseas

day twenty : skin is completely
covered by pin feathers

each rosary bead is
a military base—*invasion is this cage—*

camp pendleton
corpus christi
san diego naval station
st anthony of padua
patron saint of sailors
tayuyute ham pray for [us]

schofield barracks
travis air force base
fort hood

st therese of lisieuz
patron saint of pilots and aircrews
tayuyute ham pray for [us]

futenma
diego garcia
port of haifa
st ignacius of Loyola
patron saint of soldiers
tayuyuti ham pray for [us]

jeju island
guantanamo bay
twentynine palms *åmen*

day twenty-three : back and wing feathers
breaking out of sheaths
flight, head, and neck feathers
still sheathed

count
more than 600 stations
of crossing
each rosary bead is
a fallen
brave of micronesia

"A mated pair of Guam Micronesian kingfishers . . . laid two fertile eggs this spring deep inside a hollowed-out palm log in a special breeding room of the [Chicago] Lincoln Park Zoo bird house. Keepers promptly stole one of the eggs . . . The parents incubated and hatched one egg in the hollow log . . . The other egg hatched [a few days later] inside an incubation machine in a lab, where the chick now lives, fed by keepers from tweezers protruding beneath the beak of an oversized kingfisher hand puppet *[2010] [i sihek exi(s)ts]*

"*view inside one of guam's*
micronesian kingfisher nest logs
via video feed!"

each bead is
a unseen chamorro
veteran

what does not change is the will . . .

day twenty-seven : all feathers out of sheaths
except for tail and a few feathers
around the eyes

"kingfishers have excellent vision
and can see into the water"

Jee Leong Koh / Untitled

far from home
a chinatown feast
of soft-shelled crabs

all through the night
the sound of rushing waters
pachinko parlors

to make a living
on the slope of a volcano
mining sulphur

the kamo river
cuddled by cement shoulders
hello, hello kitty

when the sun drops
another view of fuji-san
holding up the feet

old green leaves
on the frangipani tree
beside the bulldozer

Elise Partridge said that she had met Goh Poh Seng. A brief encounter between two naturalized Canadian poets, one from Philadelphia, the other from Singapore. I did not quiz her about it and now will never get a chance. She died of colon cancer in January. A memorial service was held in New York yesterday, in the Ceremonial Hall of the Society for Ethical Culture. The windows looked out at Central Park, still in the grip of snow. Did the meeting take place in Vancouver? I don't even remember.

snagged by the thorns
of the short-lived honey locust
the second day of spring

kāore wareware

kāore wareware koe tēnei moana
ko tāu toto
kāore wareware koe tēnei wai
ko tāu manawa
kāore wareware koe ēnei tūātea
ko tāu ngā.

kei mua ngā manu
i tēnei
kei mua ngā ika
i tēnei
kei mua ngā tangata māori
i tēnei

te kāinga o Tangaroa

tino nui
tino kaha
tino tahito

ko tāu ora

kāore wareware koe tēnei.
kāore wareware
tonu

Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa.

don't forget

don't you forget this ocean
it's your blood
don't you forget this water
it's your heart
don't you forget these breaking waves
it's your breath.

before the birds
was this
before the fish
was this
before the common man
was this,

the home of Tangaroa

very big
very strong
so primeval

it's your life

don't you forget this
don't ever forget

The Pacific.

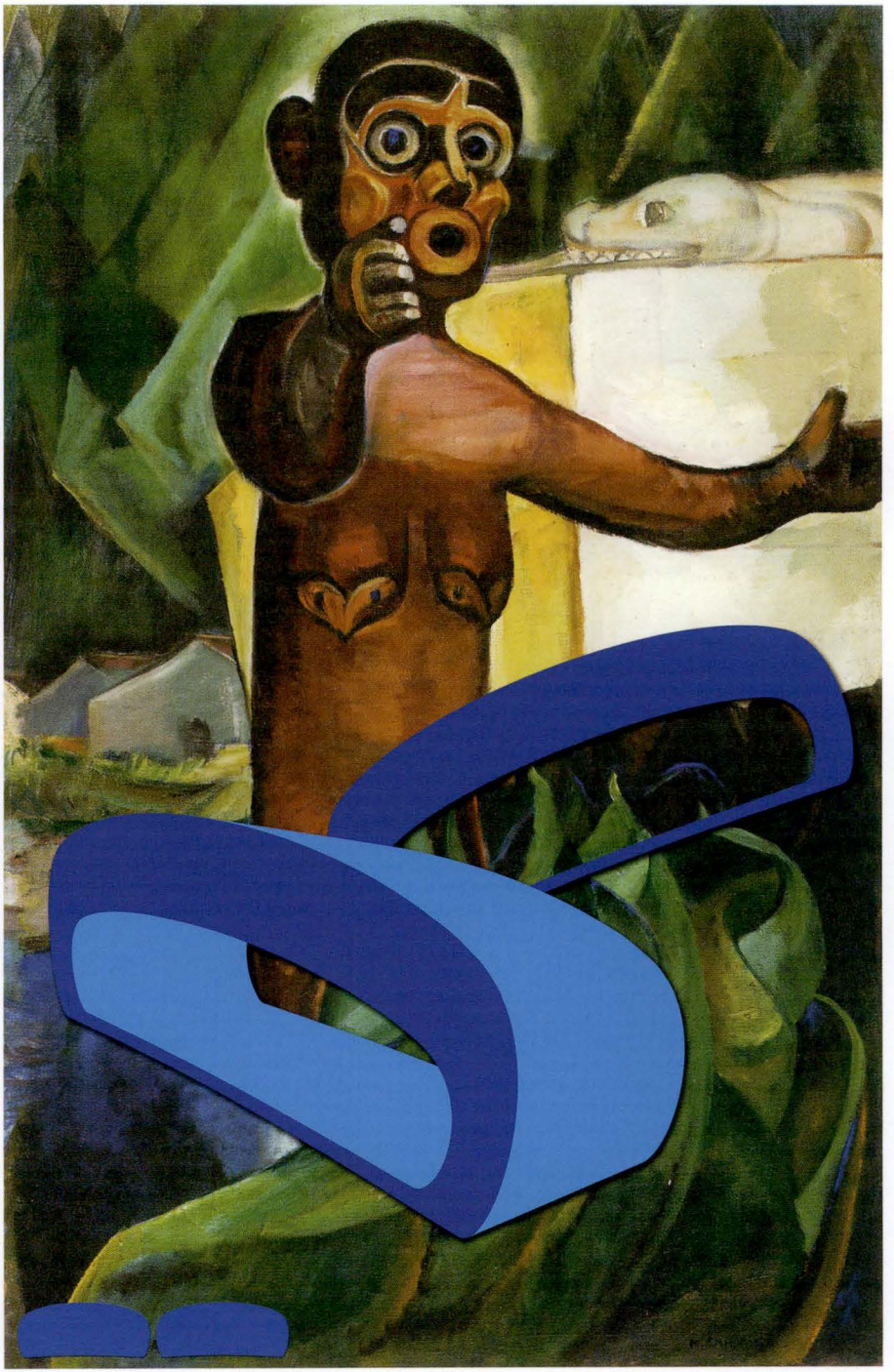
[Tangaroa—Māori—God of the Sea.]

Sonny Assu / from **Interventions On The Imaginary**

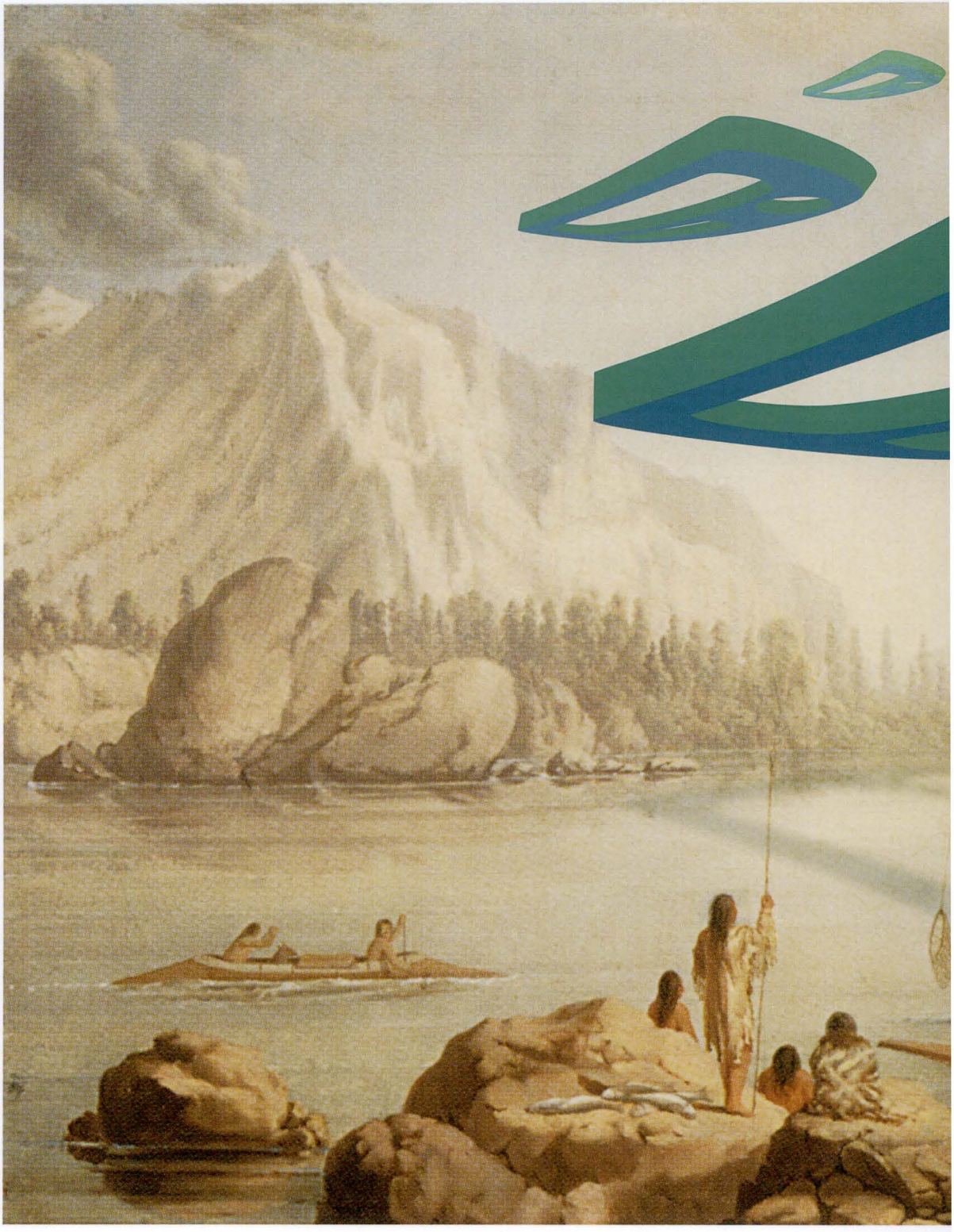
The title "*Interventions On The Imaginary*" is a reference to Marcia Crosby's essay, "*The Construction of the Imaginary Indian,*" and situates itself within the realm of remix culture—as digital interventions onto works that contain the colonial gaze.

These interventions participate in the growing discourse of decolonization, acting as "tags" challenging the colonial fantasy of terra nullius and confronting the dominant colonial culture's continued portrayal of Indigenous peoples as a vanishing race.

With the insertion of ovoids, s-shapes, and u-shapes into the images, both the landscape paintings and the Northwest Coast design elements are changed. The landscapes become marked by the spectre of Native presence and the NWC design elements, traditionally two-dimensional in appearance, acquire the illusion of depth through association with Western principles of perspective. I see these bold interruptions of the landscapes as acts of resistance towards the colonial subjugation of the First People.



Sonny Assu, *#photobombing the Dzunuk'wa. She's gonna be mad*, 2014.
Digital intervention on an Emily Carr Painting, 22.5" × 34.5"



Sonny Assu, *Home Coming*, 2014. Digital intervention on Paul Kane painting, 36.25"× 22.5"

Sonny Assu, *Re-invaders*, 2014. Digital intervention on an Emily Carr Painting, 22.5" × 35.5"

JEN CRAWFORD / from Soft Shroud

glowing cloud

Nabubuhay sa tagilid na daga

people go back and shelter in the church remains
leave the garden empty (& white tablecloths

lengthen my neck back before the foothills
unmake lines of stone haze
with jawbone go visit them there

from here where we're (plaster walls, a cuticle

above the governor's gardens the window's
grey down in the isthmus of the oviduct
a membrane stillness with dual
oscillation

in the mouth, an egg, lips together, sounding around it
telling the truth tongue is weighted
warmth of a mouth

drop
everything from the hands push open the window push closed the window push open the window. something happen to the air flakes of ash. wear a coat take off wear a coat. wear your hair and pat the skin

in the window plant life radiate out and radiate
viscous
in a thinner
hum net of concrete. iris concrete

motorways in the future of arrest plant life,
croach up the road works
unmend arrest
to a point, iris an east-west

palm in all these countries
radiate out and
in with all the stroma,
touch-names, giving known

navigates a fingerplace in ocean stream
your second time here point inside
this *taxonomic feeling*

the fingers press down into the membrane of the floor, read it coming up. blue fork veins. come up, come up heat, read a man in the gully with his gumboots on

man in the gully with an egg in his mouth. be perpendicular, read pieces of the bridge on high, haze unmake the lines of the sky stones. read the gully on a man. weight of a wedge of air, a vale full

walled at the mouth in rising blue. blue be higher (no where is a gully mouth blocked. block painted blue, apartment block. a stroma. static. please, hold the egg in your hand and up in the air. the perpendicular trick, stood stock straight in valley weight. in ash flow

river through the gully go, hot, organs of a mountain. hot river, strip the gumboots. strip the ankles. collect at the concrete wall. rise there against the wall. water go on. come ashmud

is near. mouth-wall collect, go out lights. wrap
in the softest.
talus bones go. toe bones go let jaw go. be cased.
cat-round pile at the base,
wrapped

crossflow rib-cage lifts
round sucked air

in the blanket becoming and not at the same time wrapped
in the disappearance of friction between your
particles your larger particles floating
in suspension in the solid-gas matrix of the *glowing cloud's*

(not at the same time extra-
ordinary velocity

•

"A NUÉE ARDENTE is a fast-moving cloud of gas released in a volcanic eruption and containing pyroclastic material."—Alexander E. Gates and David Ritchie. *Encyclopedia of Earthquakes and Volcanoes, Third Edition.*

Nabubuhay sa tagilid na daga. This traditional Bikol expression translates as "Able to live on tilted earth."

Not I, some child, born in a marvellous year,
will learn the trick of standing upright here.
—Allen Curnow, "The skeleton of the great moa in the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch"

Jordan Scott: In an interview with Jane Sprague, you said this of *Tinfish*: "My reasons for starting *Tinfish* were in part selfish (I wanted to help create a community of writers of which I might be a part) and in part an offshoot of my academic interests (I wanted to find a place to include work by Language poets and poets they influenced, as well as by local poets, whose work was hardly considered experimental, being mostly narrative and "transparent" in mode). And I wanted poets to know about each other, poets who would otherwise have no idea the others were out there." My question is one of perspective, or perhaps retrospective. I know these kinds of questions are sometimes impossible to answer, but I wonder if you think *Tinfish*, from its founding in 1995 to the present, has realized any of your "reasons for starting" the press?

Susan M. Schultz: Thanks for the chance to talk, Jordan, and for sending me back to that 2006 interview with Jane Sprague. That interview came mid-way through the dark wood of my publishing career! I'm struck less by that explanation of my intentions for the press than by a passage that comes a bit later. Forgive me for quoting myself: "Editing *Tinfish* and living in Hawai'i have also alerted me that the avant-garde cannot be defined so narrowly as it is by many scholars. Jerome Rothenberg was onto something, for sure, with his inclusions of non-western oral traditions in his otherwise avant-garde collections. But so few writers and editors open up the doors of the avant-garde to work that is not experimental in some few ways (based in large measure on dada and surrealist forerunners). I would hope that *Tinfish* opens the field, perhaps even breaks it. And not just because I think the avant-garde needs to know about writing from the Pacific, but also because Pacific writers can engage the avant-garde in ways that other writers cannot. Their reluctance to do so has to do with the colonial histories of their places (an avant-garde writer is usually just another white writer out here, not a radical!)."

My intentions were, in large part, personal. I wanted a place for myself, here. I wanted to create a community that would include me and people like me. I don't know that I've accomplished either goal. But insofar as Tinfish Press has opened the field or ocean for experimental writing outside the usual centers (major metropolitan areas in North America) and the usual writers (mostly white), it's served an important purpose. I note that these lessons have not yet been absorbed in places where there is less

diversity, where there has been less friction. I have this odd sense of watching the rest of the American poetry scene discover what life is like in Hawai'i most days. It's fractious. It's exhausting. But it also provides openings for seeing how experimental writing can be used apart from the usual avant-garde groups: Language and conceptual writing. Writing by members of those groups seems to question language from a position of owning it, not of having been broken by it.

JS: And how would you say this position of being broken by language manifests itself in Hawai'i?

SMS: You have so many competing interests and many of them are demarcated by race. There are other markers, like class, and lots of overlapping; everything's exceedingly complicated. Small islands have very intense histories of colonialism and contentiousness which the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau doesn't let perspective tourists in on because we're a paradise after all. Because it's so complicated, they come out maybe too clearly sometimes. I've found that documentary poetry works well in my teaching practice and also in some of the work that I published in *Tinfish*. Documentary poetry allows you to create layer upon layer upon layer of history. It acknowledges complexity, even as it sometimes laments it.

JS: These layers of history you mention undoubtedly include language as a contested space—and I know you have spent a great deal of time theorizing the breakdown of language: stuttering, silences, impasses. I have always been so taken with this aspect of your work and would like to extend this notion of disfluencies into Pidgin and ask about your experience of encountering this language.

SMS: I remember one thing I wrote about in *A Poetics of Impasse* was a reading in the early '90s of *Saturday Night at the Pahala Theatre* (Bamboo Ridge Press) by Lois-Ann Yamanaka. It was her first book, entirely in Pidgin or Hawai'i Creole English. I was fairly new to Hawai'i, sitting quietly while hundreds of people laughed. In part they were simply acknowledging how happy they were to hear this language—it has not been used in literary ways—but also because it was very funny. The material was sad and stringent, but the performance, the language was funny. When she mentioned "Japan pencil cases," which kids had in school, everybody roared with laughter. I had no idea what that meant. This was a really formative moment for me in my time in Hawai'i. I understood the power of a language and culture I didn't know, even if all of us in that room were citizens of the USA.

Pidgin is always changing and my sense is that in some places where Pidgin was spoken a lot like in Kane'ohe where I live, a lot of the kids don't speak it. Their dads (usually, but also moms) speak Pidgin but the kids speak standard. There are other parts of the island where there are more recent migrants from the Pacific and Southeast Asia where Pidgin is still thriving. The narrative is different for Hawaiian language. There are dozens of language courses in Hawaiian in the UH system, as well as immersion schools for kids and teens. There's a concerted rebuilding of Hawaiian language and culture. The language and culture were nearly destroyed by law in the early to mid-twentieth century, but efforts to rebuild them have been successful since the Hawaiian Renaissance of the 1970s.

You can write Hawaiian. You can read Hawaiian. There are huge numbers of nineteenth century newspapers in Hawaiian. There's a LOT of material in Hawaiian that people can study. Pidgin, because it was a working class language that came about on the plantation for economic reasons really is less institutionalized. There's a thriving local literature in and with Pidgin, but you can't major in it, or take classes in it. There's also been a sense that the attention being focused on Pidgin should go to Hawaiian, although I think all languages merit attention. We can do more than one thing at a time. Or so I hope.

JULES BOYKOFF / Ode to Working Group II

> When the seagulls follow a trawler, it's because they think sardines will be thrown into the sea. Thank you very much.
>
> —ERIC CANTONA

a flock of sandpipers in the freshly flooded marsh

a host of oaks tilting toward recognition

a hundred herons poking out from the muck

an avalanche of stones multiplying in the mountains

an eagle hunkered on a branch in the fog

another attack by a smack of jellyfish

another urban heat island on fat slabs of cement

a pika in the mine of our changing climate

a pelican hunched along the iron tracks

a solitary raven in the stone-gray sky

a thimble of ginger to settle her cough

a thousand catastrophes blooming under the sun

autumn brought ferocious dreams of fire

bald eagles decimating colonies of cormorant

bats flapping before a mountainous full moon

because not all certainty is created equal

because some people like it the way it is

crick glistening beneath a thundering sun

death did not mean the end of the relation

drought so bad they prayed for hurricanes

"Finally, he said with satisfaction, it's an earthquake."

fire thrumming heat through the peat underground

fists of iced oats beneath a half-moon sky

flames leapt across the crowns of trees

glacial lakes where ice vacates space

he called it "a perfectly safe pipeline"

he lived in the city when it went underwater

hurricanes swirling from the earth's rotation

I have a joke I've been trying to tell you

I've tried so hard to mend these regrets

in the abundance of water, this chalky land

islands firing from the center of the earth

it takes six days to cut down a mountain

like a full-grown woodpecker who keeps on pecking

like scratches and scars in a glacier's wake

more paper permits punching holes in the seabed

my anxiety rippling like a rusty river

my mind a permafrost region of sorts

my mouth a graveyard of past indiscretions

my theories all crammed in a cold metal box

refinery flares hidden by the curve of the earth

she snapped photos of things I just couldn't see
shrugging my own private glacier-to-slush pill
smacks and smacks of jellyfish clogging the water
solar panels at sunrise, wind turbines by night
something about the barn's feathery weathering
stop signs flapping like flags in a haboob
suppressing cirrus clouds on the meeting's agenda
that solitary daisy in a field of green
that's when I started to notice the birds
the Cascades that spiny range to the west
the fallen snow made the clear-cut clearer
the ruffle of a scrub jay's wings on landing
they developed their film in the mighty Rheine
though the bus rolled off, I kept on waving
tornados not just columns of air in rotation
torrents of rain—islands washed to the sea
two geese ensconced on a column for power
'Virtue's no business model,' he said on the air
we didn't do anything for just one reason
we measured our time through artificial snow
wet, wet weather—season's cadence out of sync
what touched the river must be washed today
when flattery's no antidote to calm the roiling sea

when not taking sides meant taking the wrong one

when red-winged blackbirds rained from the sky

when the earth's chassis starts buckling under

when the ground held firm with the promise of profit

when the reset button cannot be punched

where green meant a chemical, a flavor, a flow

where one tectonic plate pressed under another

where rock dust tempered the explosive load

where we try to live in the Cascadian Zone

where wind turbines swirl with the heat of the future

wild, wild weather not jarring the mind

Williams' fleshpale smoke in the brickstacked sky

Wishbone in a chicken—the luck of other lands

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Sesshu Foster & Jen Hofer / A Parallax View

Jen Hofer: What is "transPacific" in the context of Los Angeles? We share a Pacific (an intraPacific?) with Tijuana. We situate ourselves (or are situated?) in relation to a body (bodies) of water both to the west and to the south of us. We look west and face the east. We stand in the north and speak south. Is it antithetical or perpendicular? You said Antena (www.antenaantena.org) seems "intercontinental (like the name of the hotel where journalists stayed in Managua during the fall of the Somoza regime)." I would like to do an investigation of all the places called "intercontinental" (hotels, cafes, theaters, etc) to track political or skeletal linkages. A parallax view.

Sesshu Foster: Is a north south orientation antithetical to transpacific? Although immigrants' rights are obviously one big umbrella under which all communities sooner or later shelter?

JH: These are Los Angeles questions: our pacific, our trans. How does the immigrant umbrella (or being in immigrant status—i.e. a state of being where immigrants and immigrants' rights are the shape of how we move—as a weather) affect what we experience as "transPacific"? Do we need shelter or exposure?

SF: To be literally transPacific, to resist transPacific. In my case, one set of Anglo grandparents originally from Ohio and Illinois met in Los Angeles; my grandfather was supposedly Chief of Police of Long Beach, married my grandmother when she was a teen, sixteen or so playing keyboards with sheet music for the soundtrack for silent movies in theaters on Broadway. They moved to the Bay Area from South Central when it was whites only in the 1920s because L.A. was "too dangerous." My Japanese grandparents were recruited as peasant farm labor from Hiroshima province (as documented later in Carey McWilliams' excellent *Factories in the Field*, 1939), whose marriage was arranged around 1916. They worked the fields of the Central Coast—strawberries, etc.—living in houses they never owned, often without utilities, with outhouses, sometimes with a wooden tub (ofuro) with a tin bottom that my mother's chore was to fill and heat with a wood fire. My grandfather soaked in the ofuro after working all day. After Executive Order 9066 they were sent to live in horse stalls in Santa Anita racetrack and helped construct the third largest town in Arizona at that time, the internment camp Poston, on the Colorado River Indian Reservation. After the war, when my grandfather was disabled by strokes, they returned to Santa

Maria, to live in a room rented beside a church parking lot (churches helped relocate returning Japanese Americans to areas where they weren't excluded). When she was not taking care of her nine children (two had died in their early twenties of TB in the 1930s) and my ailing grandfather, my grandmother worked in the fields. They ended their lives with nothing to their names—except that they did, indeed, leave a common Japanese American ethic of decency and hard work. I feel pretty much their grandson, in spite of everything.

JH: I write this in a bowl (cuenca) of desert that once was water, knuckled between Death Valley and Sequoia and Inyo National Forests. The wind dunes the dust into particulate ridges. The ocean is a dream away. A parallax view. On my dad's side I am the child of an immigrant who is the child of an immigrant. I'm here because they made it out. There's a lot of trans in my history, but not much Pacific, except in flight from perceived danger. My parents, of different strains of Eastern European Jewish heritage, one from the non-Pacific Southern Cone and the other from the non-Pacific Northeast of USAmerica, felt New York—where they met through the intersection of modern dance and Argentinean friends—was "too dangerous" so, like your grandparents, they moved to the Bay Area (neither had ever been west of the Mississippi—or even west of New Jersey, I don't think) and hence I am a California kid. Though not much of a kid anymore.

SF: A transPacific fusion (transfusion?) occurs of course in my parents' volatile and finally ruptured union. My parents met when my mother was a UCSB art student, mid-50s. Like my father, who'd served in the army signal corps during World War II, my mother was a Navy vet. They married in a Zen Buddhist ceremony, followed by a car caravan of bohemians to the reception party in the Santa Barbara hills. My father, born in 1922, the same year as Jack Kerouac, never liked Kerouac's self-conscious romanticism and as a thorough-going individualist would reject any such marketing label like "the Beat Generation," nevertheless embraced the study of Zen Buddhism, abstract expressionist art, and other wine-drenched cross-cultural practices on the bohemian 1950s West Coast. For a time (everything was short-lived for them) while dad studied painting with Clifford Still, Richard Diebenkorn, and Mark Rothko at the San Francisco Art Institute, he attended lectures on Zen and art by Saburo Hasegawa—also attended by poet Gary Snyder and radio commentator Alan Watt—and drank red wine provided at poetry readings by Allen Ginsberg and others active in the San Francisco Renaissance, fomented by Kenneth Rexroth. Rexroth's

translations from Chinese and Japanese poetry are seminal landmarks in cross-cultural fertilization, and literary birthmarks of that transPacific influence can still be seen in the Chinese calligraphy used in Copper Canyon Press's logo, in the (1999) selected and (2007) collected poems of Philip Whalen (abbot of the S.F. Hartford Street Zen Center) and in Bill Porter's translations from the Chinese (as Red Pine, 1983 to the present) in Port Townsend, WA. There was, I feel, an important moment of transPacific cultural exchange going on. Not just Asian labor recruited to California fields, but a real open, active interest in world views countercultural to the Judeo-Christian. My dad was one of those white people reading D. T. Suzuki, Chuang Tzu, in the translations of Arthur Waley and others. In part, due to Saburo Hasegawa's love for the work of Sesshu, fifteenth-century Japanese Zen painter, my father named me Sesshu, and later, named my younger brother Sabro. From birth, like an ancient Chinese or Japanese painting is stamped with the artist's stamp, I was stamped with a transPacific stamp in that moment.

My parents met and married less than ten years after the 1948 repeal of California's racist anti-miscegenation laws under which their marriage would have been null. Pressures to assimilate on Japanese Americans were immense, ranging from legalized detention, internment, "relocation," prohibition of "aliens" from "outmarriage" with whites or Asians from citizenship or owning land in Calif., to confiscation or theft of their property and violence against their persons. My father's brother also married a Japanese American woman—and her sister married an African American, so I discovered in 2013 when I interviewed and spoke with the writer Luis Rodriguez at L.A.'s Last Bookstore, and by chance met my 85 year old aunt's sister Eiko Fukamaki Koyama, when she showed up with her daughter and grandson (Peter Woods, who worked at the bookstore), two generations of part-Japanese African American relatives who previously had gone unmentioned in family circles. Japanese Americans are reported to have the highest rate of outmarriage among all ethnic groups, partly in response to a history of dispossession and violence against their communities, such that many of their communities like Crystal Cove or Terminal Island Furusato were dispersed and erased, the properties "legally" confiscated by whites, with organizations such as the Western Growers Protective Association engaging in an active campaign of "ethnic cleansing" and expropriation. The "transpacific" curiously braids histories of arrogance and naiveté, wishful thinking and hopefulness, atomic bombs and farm labor, dispossession and erasure. Part of my identity as "transpacific" is looking back at histories of forced displacement, denial and erasure.

JH: The injection or intervention of a new substance, originating elsewhere, belonging to a foreign body. "Transfusion" suggests that this kind of mixing is crucial to our health, to our circulation—and it is. Which is not to say that it's simple or simply salutary. But it seems to me that any notion of "purity" (geographic, racial, social, moral) is a total fantasy, which then must be scaffolded with more and more baroque (perhaps medieval? perhaps inquisitional?) structures to maintain the rigidity of the fantasy. To protect it from the "dangers" from which one might flee to the safety of the Bay Area.

SF: The stereotypical critique of Californians and of people in Los Angeles in particular focuses on East Coast white people Anglocentrally critiquing local whites for their supposed superficiality, their lack of historical and cultural vitality and complexity, their lack of engagement with the ideologies and ideological conflicts of Europe. Overlooked in the East-West national banter about La-La Land and California as the land of sunshine, cults, and airheads is the Faulknerian density of local history. Maybe it doesn't matter that the bohemia of the Barbary Coast, the San Francisco Renaissance, the People's Republic of Berkeley, of the Back to the Land movement, and communes like Black Bear Ranch in Northern California or Sunburst by Santa Barbara, or Ken Kern (Oakhurst CA author of a dozen self-published how-to books like *The Owner-Built Homestead*) are gone or forgotten, and twenty-first century Californians may view such locavore small scale proposals as quixotic, if not quaint. Mention hippies to kids these days and they laugh, if they recognize the word. The transPacific for me relates these overlooked or erased mostly Anglo bohemian countercultures to an Asian American history going back to Japanese immigrant Kuninosuke Masamizu, himself the survivor of a failed gold country agrarian commune, who married Carrie Wilson, the daughter of a freed slave in 1877. Their African American descendants in Sacramento reportedly thought their great grandfather was "some kind of Indian." TransPacific relates an Asian American history of the West that is an open secret, erased or denied or merely forgotten—say, a black and white Library of Congress photograph from 1934 titled, "Chinese Store (ruins), Coloma, El Dorado Co., CA" or the evicted and erased communities of Terminal Island Furusato or Crystal Cove or Lover's Point (site of a burnt out chinatown) in Pacific Grove—to the living, on-going dialogue.

JH: And that dialogue takes place in this L.A. Pacific/transPacific space in active, cacophonous, disorderly ebullience under a great and transtemporal and non-unifying and ungeneralizable and anti-universal immigrant weather system. Here is the

beginning of a list of L.A. spaces/instances/phenomena I would like to study as "trans-Pacific" and collaborative:

Cielo galleries/studios
Chuco's Justice Center
Eastside cafe
Kaya Books
Seite Books
Tuesday night reading series;
Writ Large Press

Would it have been better to structure this piece through visits to all these spaces (and/or the books-as-spaces they instigate)? Perhaps. But instead perhaps you will add to this list and it will remain part of the eternal to-do, to be done or undone as time allows, or doesn't.

SF: That sounds like the next phase, the next step.

Lisa Samuels / Aotearoa Experiments

This section presents four poets—Ya-Wen Ho, David Kārena-Holmes, Stephanie Christie, and Kelly Malone—who live in Aotearoa/New Zealand and write poetry one might call experimental. The topical and formal directions of their poems include history (the now as it's embedded in other temporal strata), hereness (multiple and simultaneous), text-weave, line patterns, and ontological limit: what the self can make and stand for.

Ya-Wen Ho conveys a translingual sense of contingency, presentness, closeness, and distance. The difference between being "here" and being "elsewhere" marks any margin. In Ho's poem, the here is both local and planetary: the term "Jafa" is a derogatory term for Aucklanders ("Just Another Fucking Aucklander") used by some who don't live in its principal city, while anywhere there might be a "Mother," or her signage. Like migrating language birds, Ho's poem forms are a journeying syllabary, pseudo-phonetic English reinterpreted as syllabic (sound-ideogram) Mandarin then translated semantically into English again.

David Kārena-Holmes's From the Antipodes recalibrates allusion: occidental literature opens up to include some of the languages, topography, distinct flora and fauna of Aotearoa/New Zealand. Kārena-Holmes brings Dante to Aotearoa, making a new literary whakapapa (family tree), making room for myths of Māori origin and hemispheric placement alongside myths of occidental "sacred" text: "(i.e. Dante, with Virgil's ghost) clambers (finding himself / now ascending) at first on the 'ladder' provided by / the hairy (n.b. pūhuruhuru = 'hairy) / legs of the (now inverted) Lucifer."

Stephanie Christie's poem "Mag[net]ic" transacts a subject made to "gasp illegally" in the grips of power, vocabulary, desire, and geo-events in the "shaky" isles. As with Kelly Malone's text-weaves, the transacted affect of the occidental and Oceania subject is uppermost. Both writers are conscious of their postcolonial situatedness, what it means to put together something resembling a self in that situation. For Christie, the poetic charge is always brimming with its potential for breakage at the level of line, image, nation, ecology, and self, and it's human glue that (barely) holds each suture together.

In Kelly Malone's text-weaves, self-writing is stripped of its continuities and turned into plaits resembling the Māori kete (woven basket). Of her developing tracking weave, Malone writes "I took seven years of this writing in exercise books to the

rubbish dump last year before moving. There were about 30 plus exercise books filled with writing-dross. Here, weaving strips of these pages is a way of grafting a stripped back self, recouping, reconstructing, a self expressed in language and discarded."

The performed contingency of Kelly Malone's text-weaves is part of a re-doable that characterizes these poetry selections as well as one topic of postcolonial Oceania culture. These four poets are also mentioned in my forthcoming essay "Six types of poetry experiment in Aotearoa/New Zealand" (Tinfish), where I discuss experimentalism and the subjective correlative, which neither stabilizes a paraphraseable meaning as a deliverable consequence of a poem nor conjures a consistently repeatable experience across different readers or even for the same reader at different times. These subjectivities are both the mirror of the poem's composition—in terms of place, techne, context, authorship—and its moving reflection in reading's idiolectical connections and contexts. I think we see some of those mirrors shining in these works from Aotearoa, the Land of the Long White Cloud.

Ya-Wen Ho / from Some alphabet of hereness

Aotearoa
āo ōu tì yǎ róu a

āo ōu 凹 鷗	A concave gull;
tì yǎ 替 雅	an elegance on behalf of
róu ā 柔 啊	a soft-spoken *ah*

Belong
bǐ lóng gē

bǐ lóng gē 彼 瓏 歌	Jade chimes, attune, in song

Chowick
qiáo wěi kè

qiáo 瞧	Look,
wěi kè 偉 客	a grand guest

Demography
dí mào gē rào fēi

dí mào 笛 茂	Lush flutes
gē rào fēi 鴿 繞 飛	on-the-wing doves, lingering

English
yīn gē lì xū

yīn gē 因 擱	Delayed –
lì xū 力 虛	strength wanes

Feijoa
fēi jiù a

fēi jiù ā
非 咎 啊 Oh, place no blame here!

Godwits
gāo dé wéi dé cì

gāo dé
高 德 Unimpeachable virtue
wéi dé cì
唯 得 賜 the only one blessed

Home
hē wēng mǔ

hē
呵 A breath to tickle
wēngmǔ
翁 牡 old-man peonies

Islands
āi lán déshī

āi lán
哀 蘭 The orchid grieves
dé shī
得 失 loss and gain

Jafa
xiá fǎ

xiá fǎ
舺 法 This vessel; this law

K'Road
kāi ròu de

kāi ròu de
開 肉 的 The opener of flesh

Laughter
lā fú tè er

lā fú
拉 扶 Hold steady
tè ér
忑 兒 this toddling one

Mother
mā dé er

mó dé ér
嬤 得 兒 A crone begets a child

Nationalism
nà xiǎng nà lìzhēng

nà xiǎng
吶 響 Zealous chant
nà lì zhēng
那 力 爭 demand with reason

O-week
ōu wèi kè

ōu wèi
毆 未 A blow almost thrown –
kè
克 checked

DAVID KĀRENA-HOLMES / From The Antipodes extract

. . . And if much of this appears more relevant
to the world of the "podes" rather than "antipodes",
might it not be wise for us to consider most carefully
the ramifications of so-called "globalization"
(in terms of "economics", "politics" &c)—
which might mean asking (for example) **not only** what sort
of "truth" or "reality" underlies the 10,000 2000
faecal coliforms per 100 ml. of Pomahaka
river water—& whether, perhaps, they may possibly
be tentatively identified with the 10,000
"hosts of flames" said to encircle the hooves of the *Chayyoth*,
or even, ultimately, with the thousands of beings
who chant the "*Holy*" & "*Blest*" of the mighty *Qedushah*
& alongside such inquiry into the likelihood
of things like faecal coliforms being faithful servants
of *the living God*, might not be taken into account
the possible relationship between the *Qedushah* 2010
&thereverberatinghundredletterthunderclap-
thunderouslyannouncingthericorsoorreturn-
aroundtoabeginagain (& whether such an event
could be occurring at the present time, or is likely
to occur in the foreseeable future &, if so,
whether, as part of such a process, all current readers
of languages written from left to right should be making
attempts at learning to read cibarA & werbeH
(leaving aside the larger question of those languages written
ver-
tic-
al-
ly
for later—but, yes, speculating briefly 2020

on whether people whose language is written in a bous-
-hguolp rof desu si xo na sa .e.i) rennam nodehport
ing—back & forth) such as with the Rongorongo of Rap-
;(noitisop suoegatnavda na ni eb yam (iuna
nor might it mean (once again for example) just asking
what sort of "truth" or "reality" underlies the 10
dots of the "holy tetractys" (or of the diagrams
of theoretical 10-fold patterns of baryons
made at Brookhaven in 1964) & whether
they could bear any relation to the 10 *Sephiroth* 2030
(the "emanations" of the infinite God, the *Ein-Sof*—
a qabbalistic concept "*influenced by gnostic thought*
and is an attempt to explain how a transcendent God
can interact with the world.'*) **but also** (virtually
all means of prevarication & procrastination
having been exhausted) what "reality" or "truth" lies
behind or under certain things so utterly obscene
& so shameful that, as was said of the war in Vietnam,
no words can ever, ever adequately . . .

the horrors . . .

of war upon war upon war . . . 2040

---

* John Bowker, ed. *The Oxford Dictionary of World Religion*. Oxford: 1997, 159.

Stephanie Christie / Mag[net]ic

Give me a little space to think.
The angels of local details
hover around your lips.
Animals crawl all over the house
and some nights they get in.

I won't do as I tell myself.
There's tension stored in the words
in my chest. My heart is
  in my mouth
  which is in my head

i can t get used to living

Power's heavy and hard to shift
from beneath. We gasp illegally
in spinning translucent gaps
between nouns and what they name
    twists of fade   germans in drag
light on the lawn   breathing into bags
  holding his sex in my hand   leaping
into flight out of nervousness and glory
    shaky,   shaking,   shaken.

I exist because they wanted to parent.
I wasn't what they were expecting.

We're at our vocabulary's mercy.
The staff persist whatever the government.
I check and recheck certain facets of reality:
        that the work is done
        that the door is locked
        that my hands are clean.

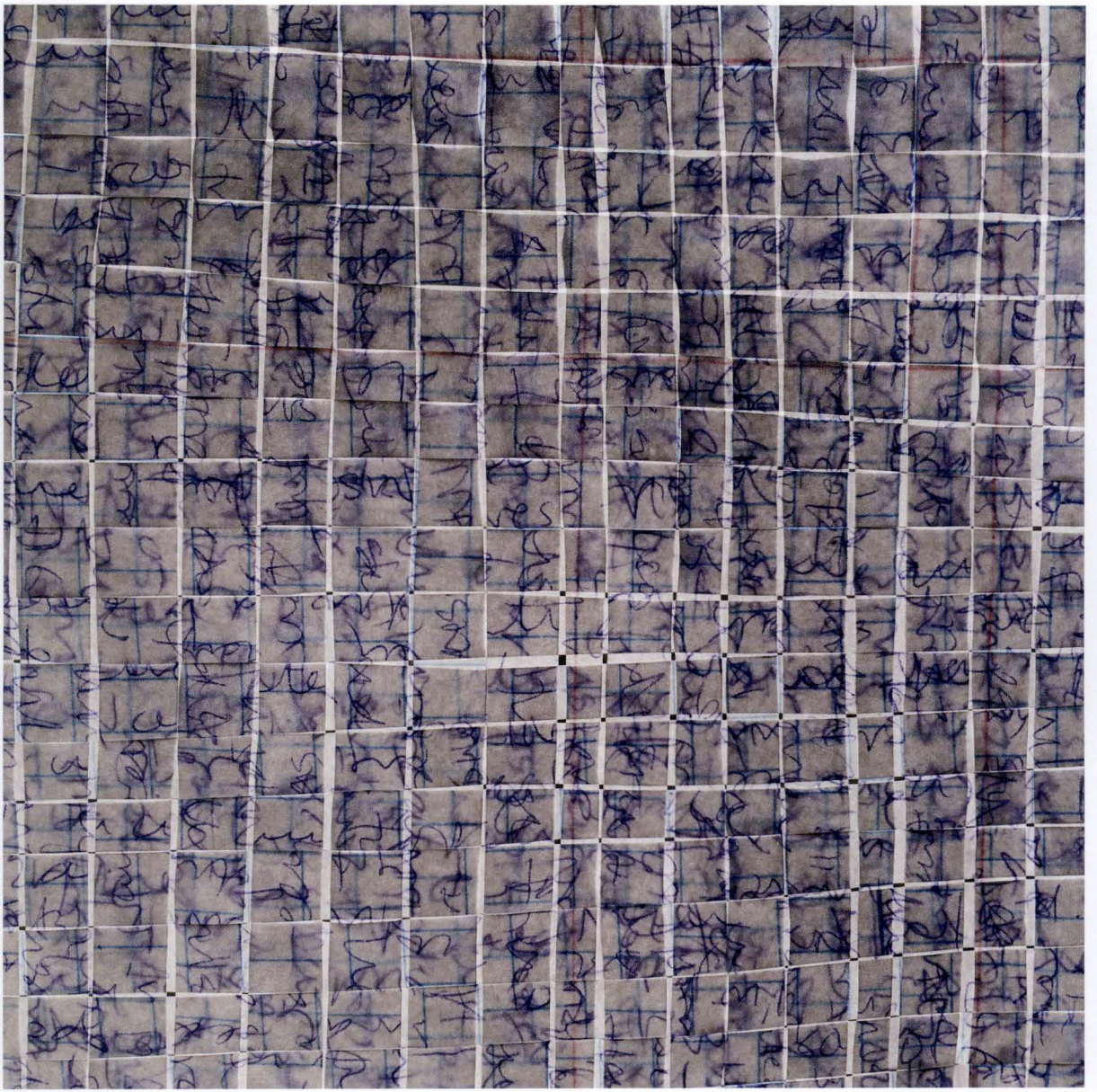
Each day we sleep till the dreams burst
left too long on the branch.
Birds eat the meat off our arms.
We continue to walk and laugh,
ignoring hysterias that haunt dry seasons.
  Falling on purpose to keep inspired
by 'accident'— pressure releases pressure.

The learning doesn't make it worthwhile.
Learning's doing the best you can
with what there is. I made it as good
for myself as I could, but that doesn't
make it good, so don't say that.
The awkward crash of conversation
as people try to reach each other
across Father's Day brunch.
To be known takes a lot of guts.

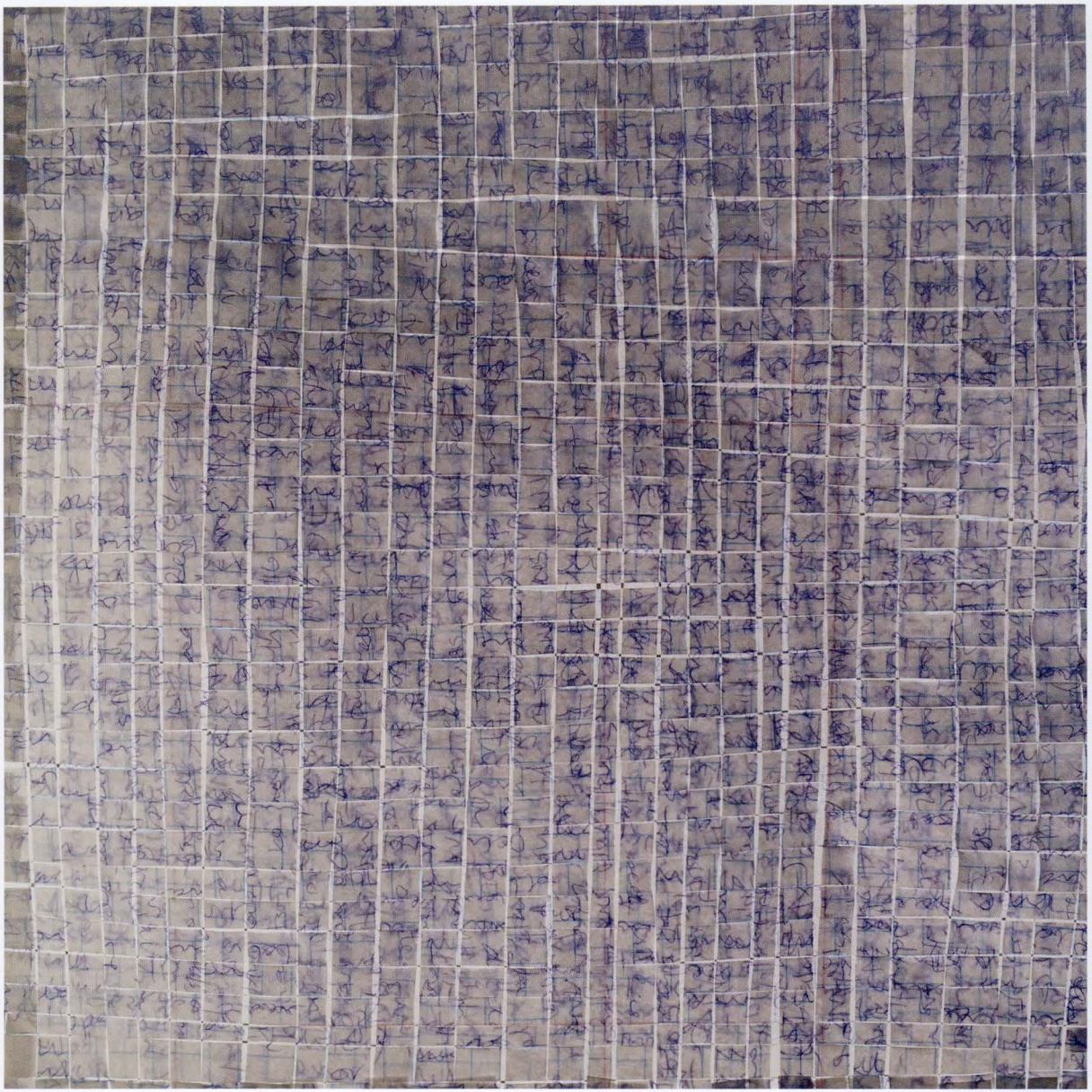
Under leaves, tongues and bridges,
dirt shelters life. Good from wrong
looks different in different weather. Evading
logic on our speeding bikes past midnight
recording tremors on sensitive stable tools

I come into my senses. Come over.
Let's turn our suffering into something.
To grow, we'll find new things to fail at.
You give me space to think nothing.

KELLY MALONE / handmade production



Kelly Malone, *handmade production*, May, 2015, paper (consecutive strips cut from a personal journal) and glue, 10.6" × 10.6"

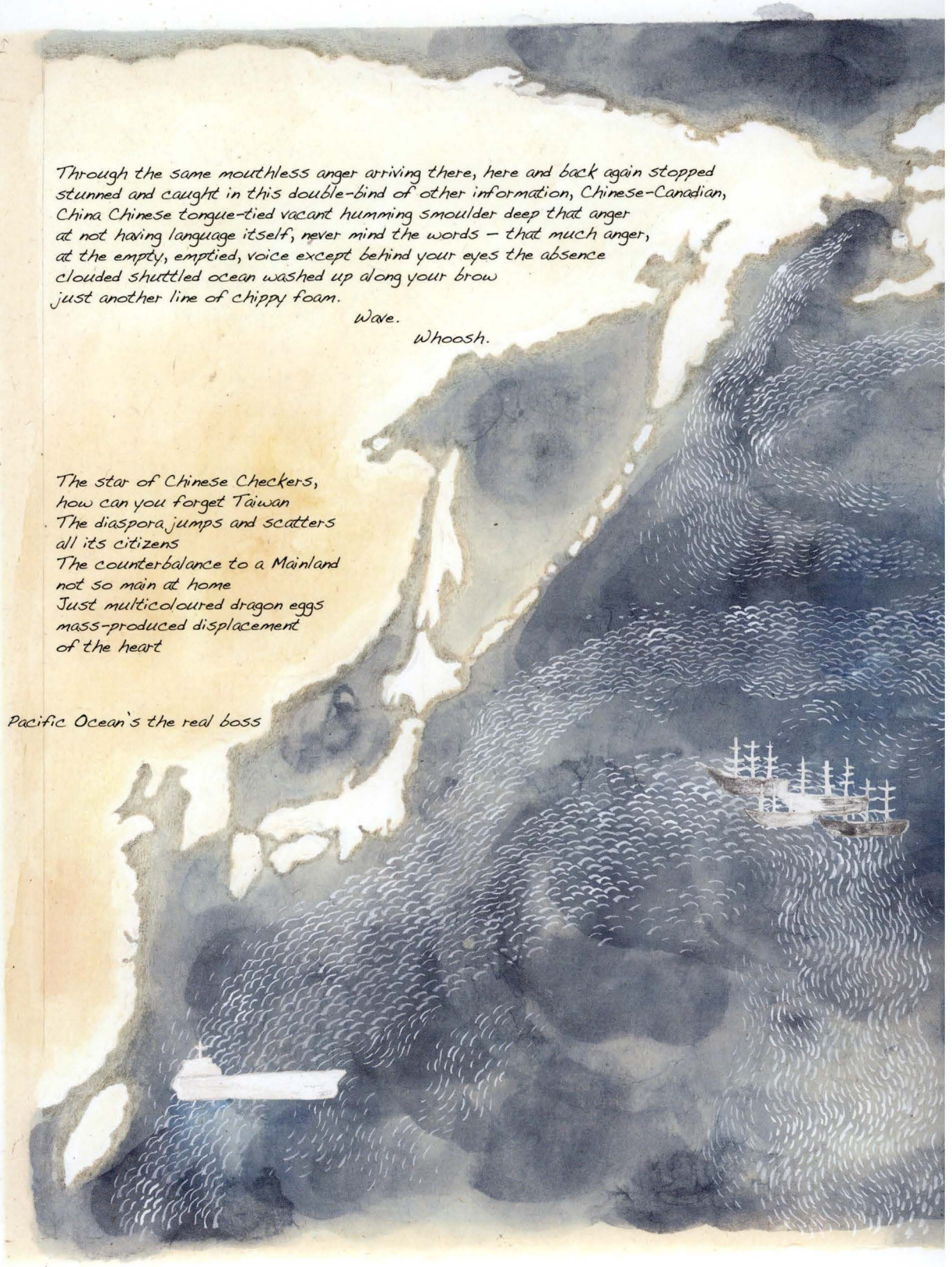


Kelly Malone, *handmade production*, May, 2015, paper (consecutive strips cut from a personal journal) and glue, 10.6" × 10.6"

Nicola Harwood & Fred Wah / High Muck a Muck: Playing Chinese

"High Muck a Muck: Playing Chinese" is an interactive poem: both a web and an installation project. It can found online at highmuckamuck.ca. Our title "Playing Chinese" suggests the complexities of mimesis at the vortex of diaspora and globalism while scrutinizing the reflective nature of "playing" with dreams: is the gold of "Gold Mountain" perhaps shifting back to Asia? And, beyond a Chinook jargon, what accoutrements of hybridity have we recuperated from the contact zone? As artists, how can we offer some mediation between history and what has become an increasingly "mixed up" world? "High Muck a Muck: Playing Chinese" plays with the notion of fakery, of imitation, of wearing the master's clothes, and of a reversal of roles as white Canada now strives to serve a Chinese economic master. It expresses some of the internal community struggles that erupt between different generations and classes of immigrants and it challenges the racist paradigm of an all-white Canada into which Asian immigrants enter but are never fully allowed to arrive. The project deconstructs form by using a low-tech aesthetic within the gleam of the digital world and deconstructs subject matter by questioning the myth of immigration as a pathway to increased fortune and happiness. The journey may take you nowhere; the winnings of the game may be bitter. Home is now forever dispersed. The Pacific ocean is the real boss.

The High Muck a Muck Artist Collective includes: Fred Wah, Nicola Harwood, Jin Zhang, Thomas Loh, Bessie Wapp, Hiromoto Ita, Patrice Leung, Phillip Djwa. The project was sponsored by Oxygen Art Centre in Nelson, BC and funded by the Columbia Kootenay Cultural Alliance, Columbia Basin Trust, The City of Nelson,British Columbia Arts Council, The Canada Council for the Arts, The Vancouver Foundation, and the Creative BC Arts Innovation Fund.



Through the same mouthless anger arriving there, here and back again stopped
stunned and caught in this double-bind of other information, Chinese-Canadian,
China Chinese tongue-tied vacant humming smoulder deep that anger
at not having language itself, never mind the words – that much anger,
at the empty, emptied, voice except behind your eyes the absence
clouded shuttled ocean washed up along your brow
just another line of chippy foam.

Wave.

Whoosh.

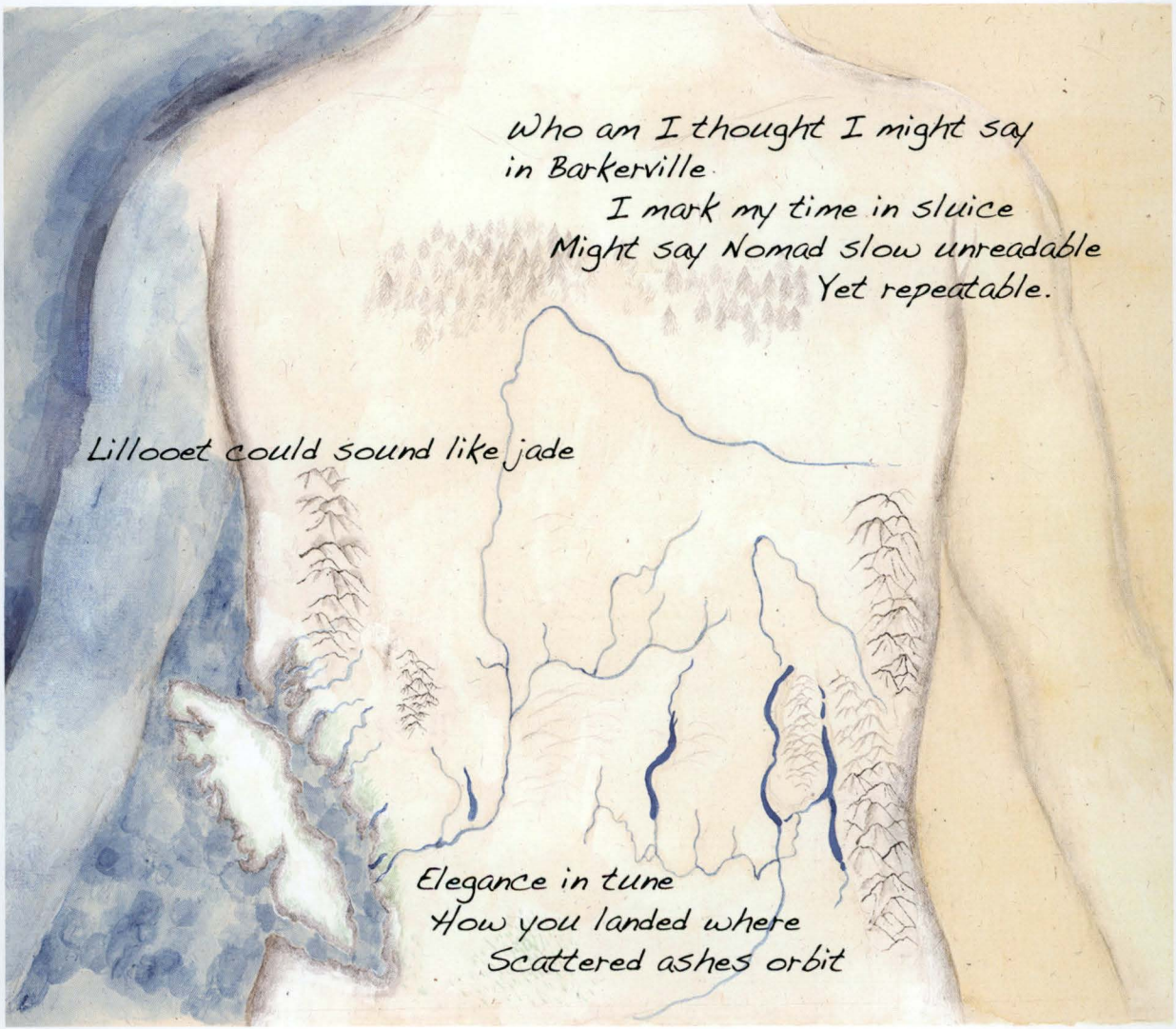
The star of Chinese Checkers,
how can you forget Taiwan
The diaspora jumps and scatters
all its citizens
The counterbalance to a Mainland
not so main at home
Just multicoloured dragon eggs
mass-produced displacement
of the heart

Pacific Ocean's the real boss

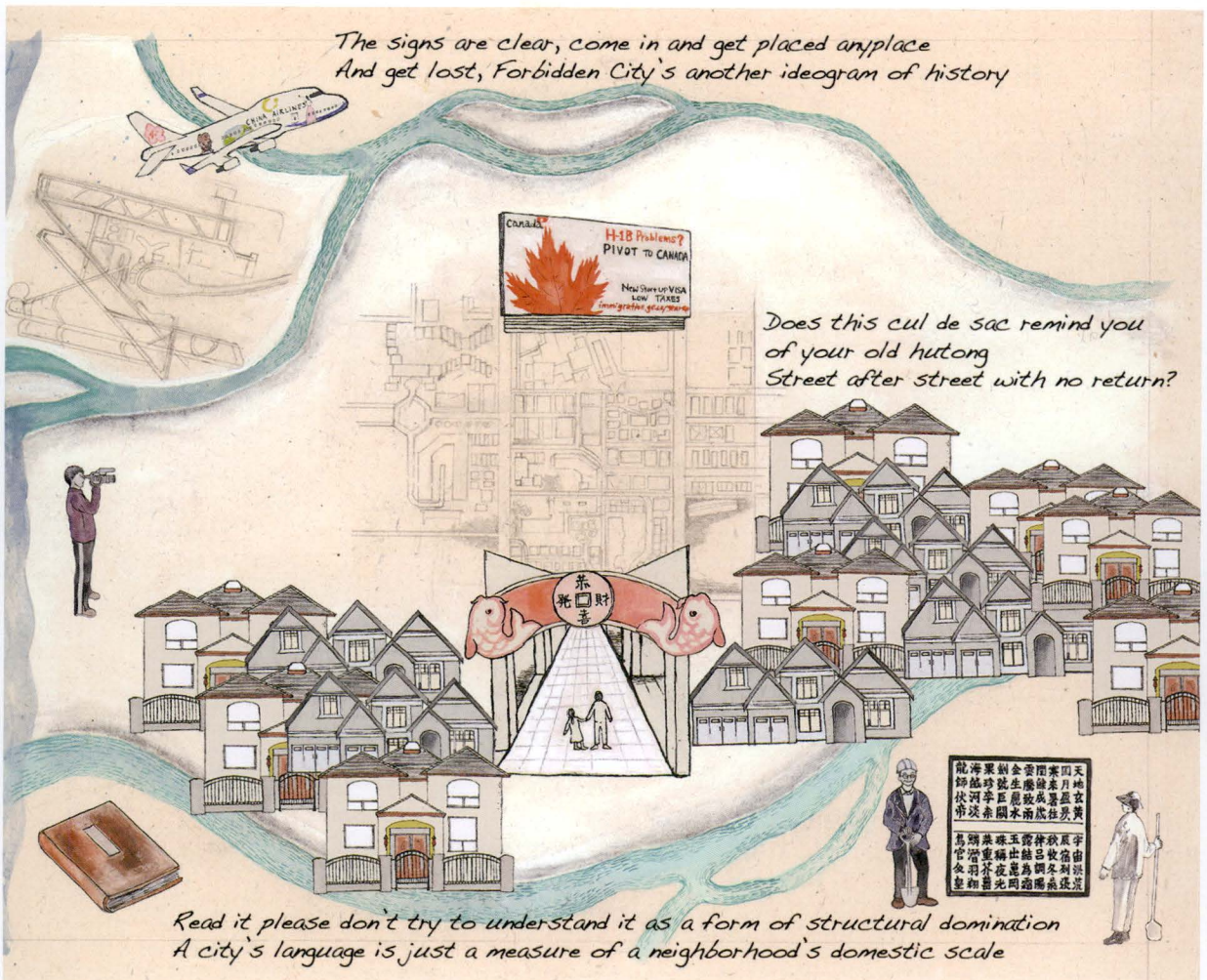
They have not deimperialized themselves to history
How you say Aberdeen
is how you say Sitkum dollah
Translate the signs
High Muck-a-muck

Our stepping stones of duplication,
just cuz we're hungry
Call to work
out a way to live,
just call out the "wretched"

Painting by Tomoyo Ihaya, design by Nicola Harwood, text by Fred Wah. *Pacific Rim*, 2014, ink and watercolour on paper, original size: 18" × 14"



Painting by Tomoyo Ihaya, design by Nicola Harwood, text by Fred Wah. *British Columbia*, 2014, ink and watercolour on paper, original size: 18" × 14"



Painting by Tomoyo Ihaya, design by Nicola Harwood, text by Fred Wah. *Richmond*, 2014, ink and watercolour on paper, original size: 18" × 14"

Fred Wah / Richmond

Page after page of boundary turning
Sandblasted crane of the blue heron highway
Free subliminal neighborhoods wired home
Without the rest of the world Khenko's serenity is heavy weather

Does this cul de sac remind you of your old hutong
Street after street with no return
No cranes, but
Could that blue heron be your ride to heaven

They have not deimperialized themselves to history
How you say Aberdeen is how you say Sitkum dollah
Our stepping stones of duplication, just 'cuz we're hungry
Call to work out a way to live, just call out the "wretched"

How would you say Aberdeen in Chinook
Flip your loonie for a sitkum dolla
Translate the signs High Muck-a-muck

A saffron robe somewhere is easily understood but far away
We imagine things are not so fixed and integrated into waterfalls
Public art is always so much someone else's multicultural intention
That is fantasy ocean we all children live at the edge of

The dragon here's domestic art
Like Pender Street protected by the fires of intention
Another middle kingdom sculpted from cement
We're all still hungry and we want to get home

New West's two nests of pests
The nest of memory and
Apologies for the rest

Vast concrete plinths, yes let's make it out of concrete
Remember granite overlapping the archipelago of immigration
Retrace the water snake as purple on the spirit duplicator
Another menu of surprise you're even here, lucky

through the same mouthless anger arriving there,

here and back again stopped stunned and caught

in this double-bind of other information, Chinese-Canadian,

China Chinese tongue-tied vacant humming smoulder deep

that anger at not having language itself, never mind the

words — that much anger, at the empty, emptied, voice

except behind your eyes the absence clouded shuttled ocean

washed up along your brow just another line of chippy foam.

Wave. Whoosh.

The star of Chinese Checkers, how can you forget Taiwan
The diaspora jumps and scatters all its citizens
The counterbalance to a Mainland not so main at home
Just multicoloured dragon eggs mass-produced displacement of the heart

The signs are clear, come in and get placed anyplace
And get lost, Forbidden City's another ideogram of history
Read it please don't try to understand it as a form of structural domination
A city's language is just a measure of a neighborhood's domestic scale

The sign is clear
This is the River Road to Forbidden City
Each road numbered as a radical for history
Read it where you are
Still on your way
To something new.

Kimberly Phillips / On pelagic* space: a projection (part one)

** pelagic: from GR* pelagos, *of or pertaining to the open sea*

In the prologue to his essay "The Beach (A Fantasy)," Michael Taussig posits writing as a physical symptom, one which might manifest in place of a fantasy so potent as to require repression from conscious thought[1] (249). The notion of writing as a physical symptom—as an *acting out* (or into) space, as a sensuous (and anxious?) *filling in*—resonates with me. It offers a possible explanation for how writing functions within my own curatorial practice, particularly in relation to projects that have not yet come to pass and thus remain in the realm of the fantastical, "a montage of sight and sound," (Freud 239) as in the one I attempt to describe below.

This project took shape as an unusual artist residency titled *Twenty-Three Days at Sea*, developed for Access Gallery, the artist-run centre at which I serve as Director/Curator. Established in 1991 and located in Vancouver's Chinatown, Access exists to support the work of artists at an early point in their careers, as well as those whose practices have taken a decidedly experimental turn. In December 2014, in partnership with Burrard Arts Foundation and Contraste Agence d'art, we announced the launch of this new program. As our international Call for Submissions stated, *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* would offer selected emergent and experimental visual artists passage aboard cargo ships sailing from Vancouver to Shanghai. Crossing the Pacific Ocean on a freighter takes approximately twenty-three days, during which time artists would be considered "in residence" aboard the vessel. Our stated aim was for the selected artists to maintain a log for the duration of their crossing, and to generate a new body of work in response to the voyage, which would then be exhibited before audiences at Access in the following months.

There are many hundreds of residency programs worldwide. The more conventional of these provide artists with living quarters and work space, financial support, and frequently the opportunity to engage with colleagues while creating new work around a specific thematic or set of ideas. But residencies might also offer other resources, such as the possibility of engaging with distinctive or challenging environments. There are residencies on hiking trails and in hammocks, in backyard sheds,

1 My sincere thanks to Elisa Ferrari for bringing this article to my attention.

distilleries, and on tall ships and shrimp boats.[2] *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* follows this "aberrant" turn in contemporary artist residency programs, in that it imposes specific conditions and constraints (the strictures of the port; the solitude of the freighter cabin; the expanse of the open sea) that will in turn shape artists' ideas and work. It offers the opportunity to integrate critical and creative practices into a new set of parameters, and the potential of challenging, or perhaps even uprooting, established routines, activities, and assumptions. At its base, *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* asks artists to question what constitutes creative space, and to consider how time is experienced over a highly charged, yet largely invisible, spatial trajectory.

The practice of artists "going away" to seek out new experiences and unfettered space, free from society's restraints, is nearly as old as the notion of the modern artist itself. As early as the 1870s, members of the West's artistic avant-garde travelled to sites either geographically (quaint coastal fishing villages, the colonized tropics) or psychologically (brothels, sanatoria, nudist colonies) far from the metropole and the stultification of polite bourgeois society. These artists—who might well be understood as the earliest practitioners of cultural tourism—longed to access some deep wellspring of "authentic" creativity dullened by modern industrialized life. Today, those concerned with the ethical engagement of artists in the communities they visit, and critical of the spreading ecological footprint of our contemporary art world, question whether the artist is ever more than a tourist during a residency. *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* concerns itself with these questions, by quite literally embedding artists within the system of global sea-borne freight, upon which the conduct of contemporary life is utterly dependent.

Of course, the decision to offer emergent artists this particular opportunity to "go away" was motivated in part by the fact that ours is a small, publicly-funded, non-profit organization based in a city whose prohibitive real estate market renders the spatial demands of a traditional residency unrealizable. Unable to host artists on Vancouver's *terra firma* for any meaningful length of time, one might say that we cast our thinking out to sea in the direction of Asia.[3] But far more importantly, *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* offered us the opportunity to ask a set of questions relevant to our own socio-political coordinates in a major port city on the eastern edge of the Pacific Rim, the place that literary theorist Christopher Bracken has so eloquently described as the end of the

2 See *C Magazine*, Issue 119 (Autumn 2013), the focus of which was artist residencies.

3 Opposite the usual directional flow of both emigrants and capital, as it seems.

West, as "Europe's geographical and conceptual limit . . . it's outer edge, the westernmost border of the West. . . . " (6).[4]

In this way, *Twenty-Three Days at Sea* attempts to acknowledge that our experience of the contemporary world is "less that of a long life developing through time," to quote Michel Foucault, and more "a network that connects points and intersects with its own skein" (22). Space, in our epoch, he suggests, "takes for us the form of relations among sites" (22). Indeed, transnational capital is no longer focused on a single urban centre: "there is no longer 'a city' at the centre of the system, but rather a fluctuating web of connections between metropolitan regions and exploitable peripheries" (Sekula 48). But while the cosmopolitanism of air travel and the internet's supposed pervasiveness fuel the perception of instantaneous global connectivity, the vast majority of materials and commodity objects move about the world by sea, at a rate not far accelerated beyond that achieved in the first quarter of last century (50). At the same time, the old ports, previously embedded in city life, have now been replaced by vast container terminals on industrial wharves far from urban centres, and containerization itself has served to abstract and conceal the visual cacophony of freighted goods from view.[5] As ports have steadily retreated from metropolitan consciousness, the sea has become a forgotten—or more precisely a disavowed—space. Artist and writer Allan Sekula stresses as such in his formidable bookwork, *Fish Story*:

> The metropolitan gaze no longer falls upon the waterfront, and a cognitive blankness follows. Thus despite increasing international mercantile dependence on ocean transport, and despite advances in oceanography and marine biology, the sea is in many respects less comprehensible to today's elites than it was before 1945, in the nineteenth century, or even during the Enlightenment. (54)

That which is disavowed can be filled with the montage of fantasy, Freud reminds. My desire was to create a program that might "stir up" the sediment of these fantasies, activate the invisibles at play within them, and temporarily render their contradictory

4 Bracken continues: "Newly tacked to the edge of the edge of North America, the port of Vancouver marked the point where Europe comes to its end and gives way to something called 'Asia.' But just when it has arrived at its limit and begins to rub against the borders of the 'East,' the West folds back to find that even at its end it is still contiguous with itself" (8).

5 The world's first purpose-built container ship, incidentally, made its inaugural sailing from the Port of North Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska, in November, 1955.

relations visible—no, traversable—by artists. The response to our Call for Submissions was overwhelming. By deadline we had received nearly 900 proposals submitted by artists from as far afield as Sevastopol, Lahore, Sao Paolo, and St. Petersburg. It was immediately clear that what we had initiated was not simply an artist residency, but a powerful framework through which to address the complexity of our contemporary condition. The sea may have been forgotten, but the cargo ship—sailing across a vast and "empty" space of the sea, nearly always invisible to those on shore—seemed to offer artists a near bottomless vessel for the imagination, for narrative, and for cultural critique.

Elsewhere I have written that increasingly, I approach my curatorial practice through the lexicon of choreography: the act of arranging relations between bodies, matter, and ideas in time and space.[6] While the act of arrangement is itself conscious and considered, the results can never be fully anticipated. The setting-in-motion of these bodies and matter within particular temporal and socio-political coordinates always produces its own set of vital forces. It enables new patterns and relations to come into existence or reveal themselves as recognizable, where previously they were not. With *Twenty-Three Days at Sea*, the moving parts of this dance expand exponentially to encompass the entire compendium of experience and imaginings about the ocean Magellan deemed *Pacifico*: paradise, shipwreck, whaling, and war; sinking islands and nuclear waste; the North Pacific Gyre and the Mariana Trench; the anguish of asylum seekers, of hurricane survivors; exploration and exploit. What might it mean to send a series of artists to rough up the previously "forgotten" and fantasized space of the Pacific? What dense web of responses might manifest from this entirely simple, yet profoundly complex, voyage? For the present moment, only my writing fills this pelagic space as I wait, in anticipation, for others to embark.

The inaugural four artists selected for participation in Twenty-Three Days at Sea—Nour Bishouty, of Beirut, Lebanon; Christopher Boyne, of Montreal; Elisa Ferrari, of Vancouver; and Amaara Raheem, of Melbourne, Australia—will depart for Shanghai on separate voyages on the MV Hanjin Ottawa throughout the coming months of summer 2015.

6 See Kimberly Phillips, "Patterns/Spadework," *Unsuitable as an Institution: The Tenacity of Access Gallery*, ed. Kimberly Phillips (Vancouver: Access Gallery, 2014), 6–10. My definition of choreography is drawn from Michael Klein, Steve Valk and Jeffrey Gormly, *Book of Recommendations: Choreography as an Aesthetics of Change* (Limerick, Ireland: Daghdha Dance Company, 2008).

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Renée Saklikar / from volume 2 of *thecanadaproject*, a long poem, thot-j-bap

Testimony

Migrants, men all, shouted to one another, each arm a thrust toward the ball
They learned that the café Mallarmé, formerly café Léa was once café Aussie
That Patsy, decades earlier, [redacted] both (A)bigail and (B)artholomew
The woman, N, mentioned only in letters, between (A) and (B)
Sophie, it turned out, used many aliases.
Liliane and Mme. Dumont not cited
Nathan. And never seen again
Inspector to migrants: approach.
The story, as if a text, would not be—
Inside citizenship, they experienced. Except for

It were the way his gaze clouded over,
When she said, comparing temples to churches
Great upheavals existed just outside the perimeter
Everywhere the old river danger
The present is the time within us
While being subjected
Captured as a result
Detainees provided
During or after the use
And as it was
Meant to be saved, for later
The soul.

Against that much, best to start
As if in a race,
        Time and its dimensions.

at the café Mallarmé (formerly café Léa)
lintel carving: full/empty//push/pull

Unknown, the woods used

Inside, Patsy as if she were a-
leaving:
"You know I'm from Terrace,
right, way back?" Nathan as if
he were an oak-leaf, shrugs.
Patsy, as if she were
a confirmation: "Not Paris,
Terrace.
I love the looks." Nathan
shrugs.

Inside: gesture as refrain.

Patsy writes (A) to (B).
Nathan never will. And Sophie,
Liliane, a relation to—
The place of Mme. Dumont.
A referent. And revenant, H. L.
McD.
And of Patsy's grandpa-Hank.
Of N, there is no mention.

Outside: some unidentified
migrants.

A coin is corner enough.
Beggar boys sing *un coup*
De dés, ah-ayee, jamais, jamais.

Sanctioned core-complexes: Dublin, London, Tokyo, Dubai, New York, Amsterdam, Berlin.
On/off list: Los Angeles, Montreal, Budapest. All the Luxe sections. Famed fixtures.
Everyone happy to possess the appropriate visas.

The young man, Nathan, a world traveler, feigns comraderies.
At home, he builds a tall fence. A special made his bookcase:
deep, wide. Past arm's length, Houellebecq. The special is on the TFW.

He smiles to hear the tall-tale: how in the room, she was.
Psyche is goddess. The tunnels are dug and laid from early age. Image of self.
A capital E. He bought a linked series. The future is a new order.

A Brief Report

Of Patsy's grandfather in the before
They called him Hank, although Hokaido-nick
-named, he called his own self, Wind-Up.
His mountain designated. As if it were a way-station.
As if there were a sounding, well outside the city.
Country verdant, a giant butterfly who spoke.
Hank would say ever-after, down in the town of towns
(After that time when his boat. They never spoke it):
If forced to use your knees, assess all ground eventualities.
He taught N how to hold the sticks. He watched (A)bigail, too.
Once upon a time, they were together. Everywhere the old river danger.
If forced to mispronounce, use your look-out guard.
As if in fragments, Patsy, after the Catastrophe, re-members.
All this behind her eyes. All in, her voice: *before Paris, I stood for hours in Verona.*

[Informant to Nathan: "She was seen. Officine Grafiche di Arnoldo Mondadori Editore."]

Should have proceeded so slowly
That the plants had not only
Cellular walls that could resist
This was the immensity, the forests
Great aborescent. Those giants.

[Informant to Nathan: "She named them before disposal: Gunz, Minderl, Riss and Würm."]

Evolutionary. In-com-ple-
Amid the cataclysms that changed
To the point of destroying it, de-

As high and as constant as pos-
Outside sanctioned cordons

Everyone incessantly insistent about happiness.
Fulfillment in the mandated enclosures.

Joanne Arnott / Poems for Autumn 秋天的詩篇

Trans. Laifong Leung 梁麗芳翻譯

1. divesting (moon)

after investing comes
divesting

i want to flee the fullness of my own want
i want to flee the tension of possible futures
i want the wave function to simply collapse
into a realm of the given, & simplicity

it is true, i am implacable
it is true, i am patient, flexible
it is true, i am exceedingly tiny & small
about to disappear again under a leaf

after appearing comes
disappearing
naturally

1. 隱去的月亮

滿盈過後
瘦損隨來

我想逃離慾望所得的滿足
我想逃離未知的焦慮
我希望波浪曲線乾脆跌落
一切歸於自得自在，寡慾無求

誠然，我難以滿足
誠然，我忍耐靈巧
誠然，我渺小如塵
將再消失于一片綠葉底下

登場之後
自然是
退場

2. waxing moon (shine upon me)

a full blossom sunset
is followed by a rising
waxing moon

we give & take our food
in small parcels
& savour

i awaken with radiance
spilling from my heart region
how steadily it grows

after moonset
a glorious sunrise:
shine upon me

Stuart Cooke & Dan Disney / On Australasian Poetics

Stuart Cooke: You have written about Seoul as a kind of hyper-archaic metropolis, where thousands of years of traditional culture are being flooded by a wild, late-capitalist neon river. I wonder if this isn't an intensely poignant illustration of the Pacific more broadly? Where the dramatic confluence of tradition and frantic change in Seoul is a microcosm for what has happened in the wake of centuries of European colonisation, industrialisation, and war around the Pacific Rim. I suppose this is what fascinates me most about this geography, that, if we think about it in this collective sense, it constitutes rather unfathomable extremes of history and of climate that are nevertheless "bound" by their proximity to an equally unfathomable ocean. I think, for example, about the fact that I can head into the hinterland of the Gold Coast here and walk amongst Antarctic Beech trees, whose only relatives are scattered across South America. I am compelled to turn, therefore, and look out over the ocean to a continent with a history that is impossibly removed from this one, but which nevertheless bares so many historical and ecological echoes. If I were up north, I'd probably be thinking about all those flows back and forth between places like the Kimberley and Cape York and South-East Asia. But all the time, amongst and over the top of all of these spectral relationships, there is the more immediate fact that, over the last 100 years, much of this region has been blanketed in concrete and glass and drenched with increasingly acidic rains.

Dan Disney: Yes, and that tundra of concrete speaks in part of the massive exploitation of labor in the Pacific area over the last century, colonizers setting up infrastructures (military, capitalist) to access materials and means; who knows whether these processes in overdrive will come to flatten cultures into monovalent, monopolized narratives? The proposed Trans Pacific Partnership seems designed to add new gears to the machineries. I can't walk in the Korean mountains without seeing (a) smoke stacks belching from the floors of the valleys below, and (b) surveillance equipment poking from the highest points of the ridges around me. But up there I also see vast numbers of Buddhist temples nestled amid the rocks and snow-bent pines, and any day in the mountains around Seoul can be weirdly punctuated by monks chanting and gunfire from conscripted soldiers

practicing on their ranges. Perhaps there are many parts of the Pacific that perform to a similar military-industrialist mode . . .

SC: Yes, it's a military-industrialist mode no doubt and, indeed, the entire region seems to have meaning *as* a region primarily in the wake of the history of the United States in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—i.e. from any point in the Pacific, the nexus for all vectors seems to be that West Coast (and beyond). This is how Australia might calibrate its relationship with the Philippines, for instance (in terms of the linguistic heritage of Anglo-American imperialism), or how Vietnam might dialogue with Nicaragua (in terms of North American communist paranoia and subsequent military invasions and government-funded coups).

I also think it's fascinating how these homogenising processes might be recursions of far more ancient linkages (but which were, of course, much slower to grow!). Amongst Polynesian peoples, for example, there is a literary imagination that spans as much territory as any other culture in the world. And people like Gordon Brotherston have followed narrative archetypes up and down the entire length of the Americas.

DD: Ecologically, Koreans live as a trans-national state: every year we experience what is known as "yellow dust," that season where dust particles from Mongolia, China, and Kazakhstan sweep eastward, mixing with industrial pollutants . . . post-industrial weather for an Anthropocene era. And when Fukushima exploded in Japan, the government here immediately ushered in sedition laws, manacling journalists from reporting for fear of destabilizing the Korean economy. In this kind of milieu, it seems increasingly the work of creative producers to speak up, against, and out. Korean poets have long been doing so; during the military dictatorships after the war, increasing numbers of poets were summarily imprisoned, and I am friends with two who spent time on death row for publishing Samizdat-style dissident works. I am reminded of Adorno's "it is part of morality not to be at home in one's home" . . . and that, if truth never exists outside power (as Foucault would have it), then creative producers are ideally situated as outsiders (exiles ever since Plato's *agon* with the poets), compelled to find non-ideologized, idealist tropes. Are these discourses at large in Australia, do you think, either historically or now?

SC: Not nearly as much as I'd like, Dan. Actually, one of the reasons I was so drawn to Latin American poetry in the first place was the sheer abundance of poets who themselves were "compelled towards revolution." For a long while I've been very concerned by the overwhelming *complacency* of much Australian poetry, and of much English-language poetry in general. When one really insists on poetry, like Paul Celan in the Nazi work camp, like Raúl Zurita in the face of the Pinochet regime, like the remarkable Korean poets that you describe, it seems that one must also insist on learning "to speak again from total wreckage" (Zurita). Consequently, I've found myself roaming through and beyond Australia in order to conceptualise (and always reconceptualise) a necessarily restless, unsettled poetics.

For the past six or seven years, much of my work has been concerned with imagining a trans-Pacific space as a kind of assemblage comprised of "chunks" of various nation states: fragments of Australia, Chile, the USA, the Philippines, Nicaragua. . . . In my mind these places are moulded quite coherently into a single [very vast] region, but I often think that much of this trans-national drive comes from a more primordial desire to "map" the place I live in. In other words, perhaps the trans-Pacific is what comes after one tries to imagine "Australia"—itself a space that became a politically coherent "thing" prior to anyone figuring out exactly what that "thing" was supposed to be. After so many years in South Korea, do you [still] imagine yourself on the outskirts of an "Australian" field of poetics and linguistic inquiry? Other than a location for your childhood, does "Australia" constitute a particularly magnetic locus for your trans-Pacific imagination?

DD: In Australia—across the colonized "New World"—there is a palpable sense of *absence*. Of course, I am talking about connection to place; contrast the Latinate notion of culture, with its etymological roots in "tillage." with the millennia-old practice of songline in indigenous Australian communities. The former (tilling the land) instrumentalizes country, furrowing crops to feed market-based enterprises; I grew up in a part of that continent where the landscape was ravaged by drought, flooding, erosion, and the rusting inert machineries of generations of farmers. The latter (songlines) act as membranes connecting subjects to narratives enabling land to be traversed. Two different modes of habitation here (without wanting to flatten complexities into a too-wilful binary), as if the discourse of Australia shifts from indigenous care and connection toward colonized wasteland. The absence in Australia is perhaps an intuitive silence of disorientation. Don't

forget it took until 2008 for indigenous Australians to receive a formal apology from the government, but that promise-filled rhetoric has now been largely forgotten; the current conservative government is keeping Australia in some kind of nightmarish repetition compulsion (the latest barbarism being a proposal to defund 150 indigenous communities in the Western Australian bush). I have written very little about Australia; it is hard to know where to start. But Stuart, you have written extensively about land in general and about Australian country specifically; I am very interested to hear what imperatives (political, ethical, cultural) exist for you in contributing to these discourses.

SC: Actually, I suppose one of my most immediate imperatives is a fairly trenchant resistance to the kind of imagined absence that you mention above. I don't say this in order to negate the hundreds of years of colonisation, dispossession, and oppression that Aboriginal people have suffered, but rather to continuously acknowledge it—because it is *ongoing*, as you so powerfully point out. These people have not been rendered *absent*. I find a lot of young Australians derive their trans-national impetus (read: a desire to live and work in London or New York) from a notion that the mytho-geographical terrain known as "Australia" has no place for them, or that in other parts of the world "History" will be more apparent. While of course I appreciate that one can be easily overwhelmed by the "thinness" of Anglo-Settler Australian culture—indeed, this could be something of a trans-Pacific condition—I also think it is dangerous to pursue the notion too far. Perhaps a lot of Australians (and Canadians, and Chileans, etc. . . .) feel this absence because in a way they are still in that colonial moment, where *nothing*, other than signs of European culture, can be *seen*.

Jaime Luis Huenún / David's Ruka[1]

Trans. Israel Holas-Allimant, Steve Brock, and Sergio Holas

Long years I waited for my subsidy,
my brother,
and the government / our father / has finally given me
the house I dreamed of.
Hard, the earthern and rubble floor
long and green the rat-infested roof
/impermeable/
deep the fire at the centre
of my grey ageing.
The posters of my favourite bands
RAMONES/THE CLASH/FISKALES AD HOK
hang faded on the warm dry straw
and the ancestral sling
/witruwe heritage/
still comes in handy when hunting
cows and ostriches
on neighbouring estates.
In my ruka
time looks East
—my songs to the mountain sun go—
Here I cook / sing / speak
and get drunk,
here I learn / recite / old tricks
of the literate wingkas
and I write / commissioned by CAM[2] /
dreamed lyrics
for the machis' choir
of the future Nguillatún mountain range.

1 Mapuche house.
2 Coordinadora Arauco-Malleco, clandestine Mapuche political organisation.

It was time to slow down
my useless diaspora, brother,
my eternal suicide tour
along the wide and dirty Mapocho valley
/It was time/
The apostates called me
the "Araucanian Byron"
the Sid Vicious of Mapuche poetry
the Aoiodos of the concrete jungle,
another loyal representative
of the most vulgar of tribes
catalogued by the INE[3].
After all,
they always made of my verses
/ without shame or parsimony /
a narrow cave of thieves;
a thousand linguists / reporters / anthropologists
slaughtered like the Jivaro
my cranium.
I learnt the fame of dogs,
my brother,
the groupies of Ñuñoa / Plaza Italia / of La Chimba,
injecting themselves with heroin and metaphysics
and snorting in smelly dressing rooms,
the adulterated powder of the shaman.
That's why
I no longer go to gigs
nor land grabs,
my brother,

no more confrontations or interrogations
with snitches and witnesses
hired by the murky and secretive PDI.[4]

3 Instituto Nacional de Estadísticas
4 PDI: Policía de Investigación.

I'll roll up my flags
/ FOYEWENU[5] / COLO COLO[6] /
old rebellious colours in Lumaco
and La Pintana;
hide in the earth the Toqui clubs
and rusty Comblains
of the last battle of La Frontera.
Better times will come,
my brother,
to raise the bloody banners
in the fields and mountains,
liberated by the *pewma*[7]
from Banking and Writing.
Now,
left without battles or legends
/ nor tardy editors /
I return home.
Translating my poems into Spanglish,
/ al patois /
and the sweaty creole of Antilles,
I live freely on my income
/ my rights /
MY LEGITIMATE KIMUN[8] / MY RAKIZUAM[9]

From Jaime Luis Huenún. *Reducciones*. Santiago: LOM, 2012.

5 National flag of the Mapuche.
6 Name of a Mapuche chief from the period of La Conquista.
7 Dreams
8 Traditional knowledge.
9 Ancestral beliefs.

Cindy Mochizuki / from *Port of Dream* and *Paper:* new works from Koganecho and Yonago, Japan

In the summer and fall of 2014, I was invited to two artist residencies in Japan where I created two new works: *Port of Dream* (a mixed media installation) for the Koganecho Art Bazaar 2014 in Koganecho, Yokohama; and *Paper*, the first chapter of a trilogy of audio works titled *Rock, Paper, Scissor* for AIR 475 Yonago, Tottori-ken. Both works speak to the close and distant proximities of the geographic and psychic spaces between two cities across the Pacific.

Often my practice involves time in the archives or looking through family albums and home videos. *Us Two* (archival family photographs) are ephemera that stayed close to me while in production for *Port of Dream*, though never were included in the final work. The photographs were taken by my great aunt in Japan at the port of Yokohama when my grandparents returned back to Canada in the 1950s. *Woodcutter's Dream* and *Untitled* (ink drawings) were drawn in the archives while waiting for the "story" of *Paper* to appear.

Port of Dream

Port of Dream is an installation consisting of a series of works housed within a two-floor artist studio/gallery space at Koganecho Art Bazaar in Koganecho, Yokohama. The work is comprised of audio recordings, video projection, digital photography, and a peek hole that leads into a room of mirror, light and sculpture.

My mother's childhood house in Shin-Sugita Yokohama is not far from the site of the residency and still remains on the property next to the home in which my mother's youngest sister currently resides. The old house, originally built in 1946 for American occupation, is now locked because of heavy rainfall, earthquakes, and other natural causes that have sealed the door shut. My initial research was to explore the interior of this home and its contents, but arriving to a locked house forced me *see* its contents from the outside.

The installation takes these fragmented and poetic forms of documentation of the childhood "home" and places them into the studio corners, stairwells, and rooms. Audio recordings placed under the narrow stairwell of the studio document present time between the two sisters as they meet again by playing classical music on the piano together. The video uses found Super 8mm home video

footage and new material shot at the current tourist site of the Japanese ocean liner Hikawa Maru, which historically was a regular liner route from Japan to Yokohama, Vancouver, and Seattle. The found Super 8 mm footage was taken in 1975 on my mother's first visit back to Japan since her immigration to Canada three years earlier. The same vessel also sent my paternal family "back" to Japan after their release from the Japanese Canadian internment camps in 1946 and brought the family back to Canada in late 1950s. These intimate works attempt to restore memory but prove only to be a fiction: a story I've created temporarily to trace our way back to a time that is hidden and now can only be imagined.

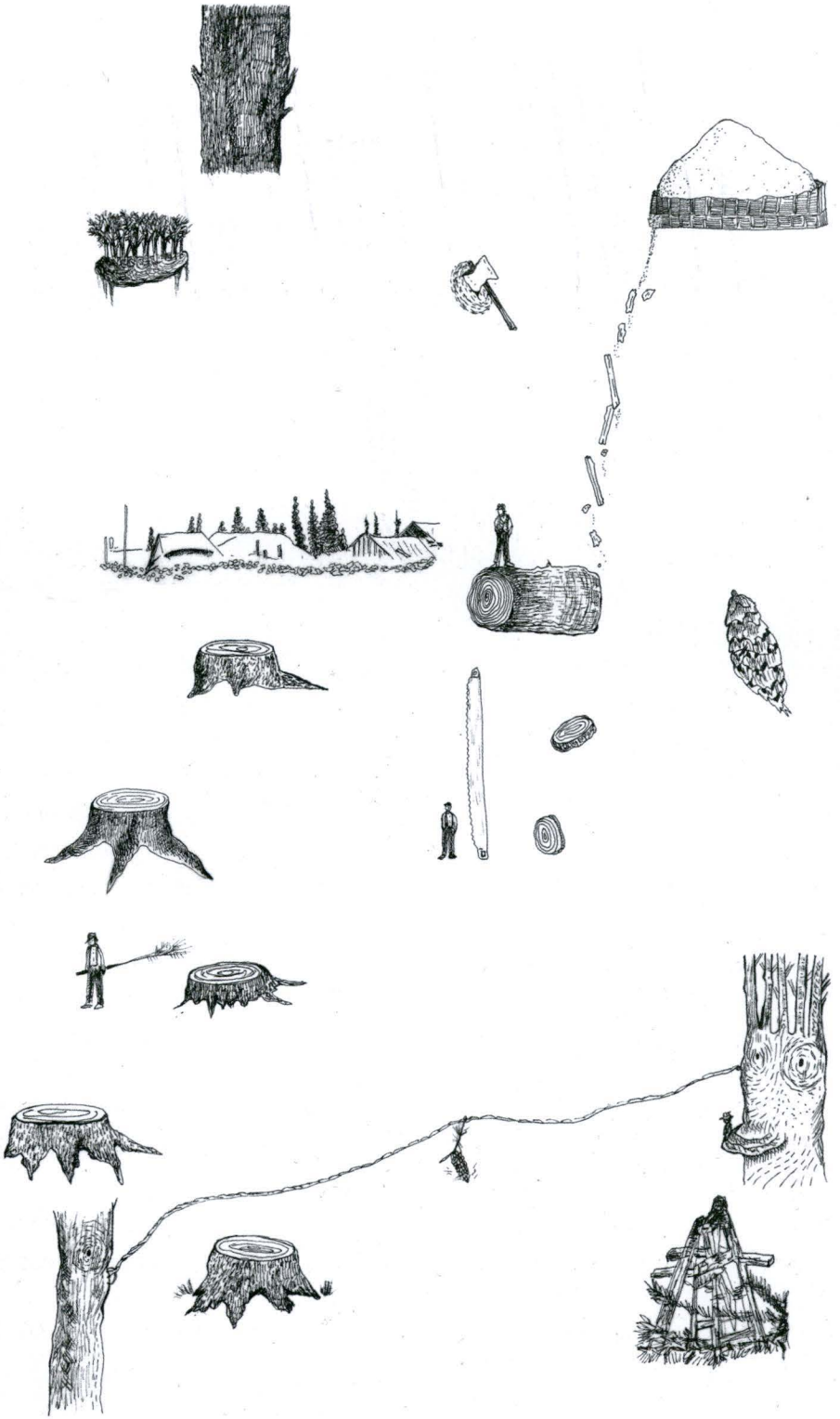
Rock, Paper, Scissor

Rock, Paper, Scissor is a trilogy of shorts that co-exist within a multi-media installation that connect stories between Tottori and Vancouver by way of natural resources—coal, lumber, and iron. The first chapter of the series is *Paper/紙*, made as a site-specific 20 minute audio work to be heard on headsets while taking a small boat tour led by a local tour guide through the canals, waterways, and finally into the sea around the island of Yonago. The fictional audio work is set in 1960s postwar Japan and connects a mysterious café on an unnamed forest island off the shores of Yonago to the forest islands of BC, Canada. The narrator is a woman named K who has the capacity to see into the future and past through a portal that appears in her handmade, paper menu. One afternoon, just before the infamous ruby pink, magic hour of sunset, one of her menus accidentally falls off the table and is stuck to the wall. K tugs on the menu, creating a tiny coin-sized hole that will connect her to a lush green forest on Pender Island, BC.

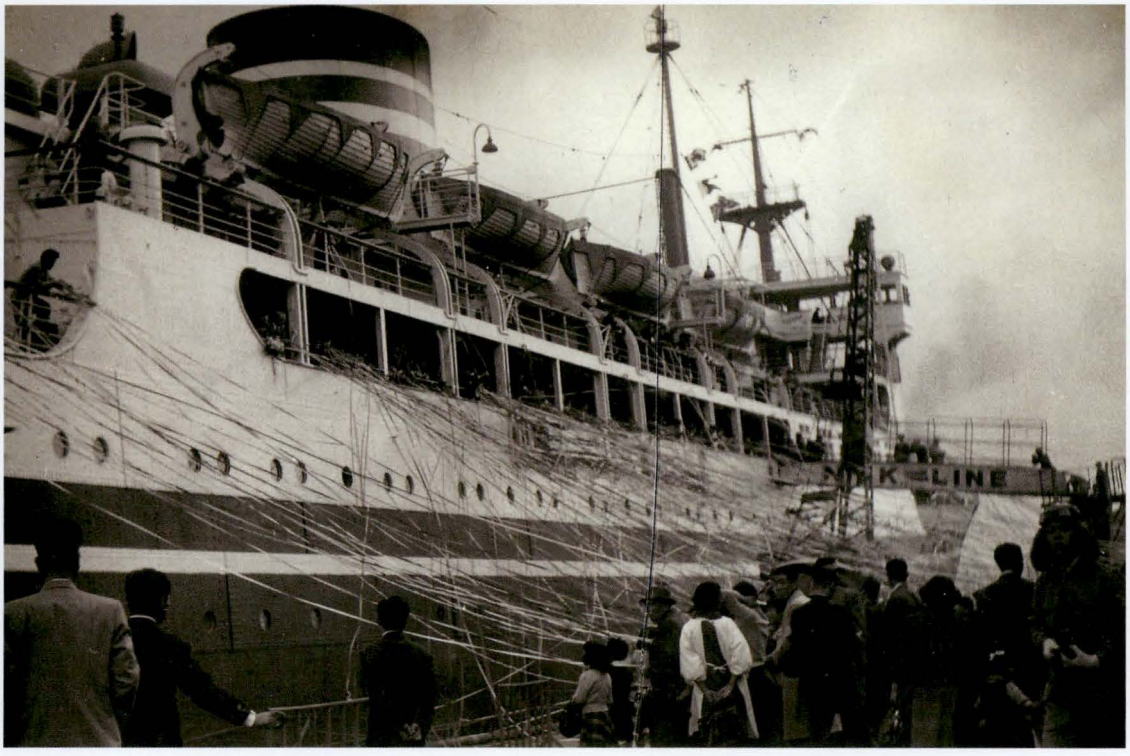
The fictional stories in the trilogy are based on historical research and memoirs of those Japanese pioneers who migrated to Canada in the migration of the early-1900s from Yonago to start new lives on the islands of BC, including Pender Island and Mayne Island[1]. Several of these early pioneers wrote "yobiyose" (literal translation "to call over") letters to try to entice other family members to join them overseas.

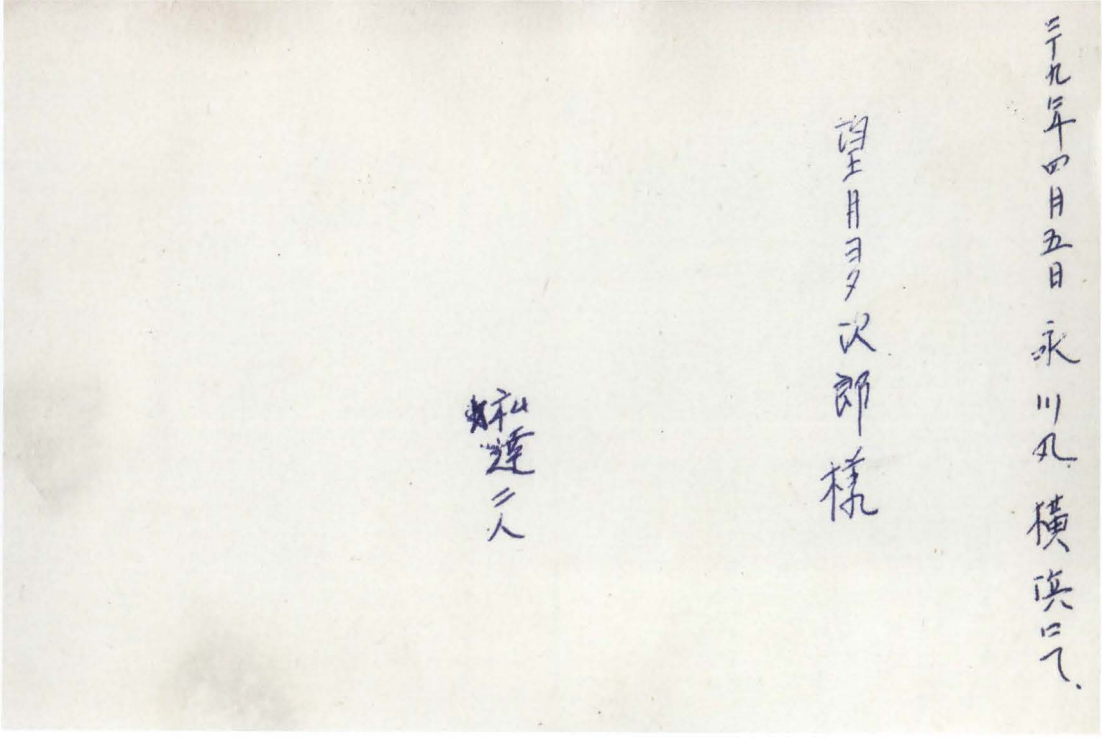
The Japanese version of *Paper* can be heard at www.soundcloud.com/c-mochizuki/paper. Narration: Cindy Mochizuki. Sound design: Antoine Bédard.

1 Ken Jin Kai. *Tracing Our Heritage to Tottori Ken Japan*. Ontario Tottori. Trans. Pat Adachi. Mississauga: 4Print, 2010.



WoodCutter's Dream, 2014, ink on paper, 11" × 17"



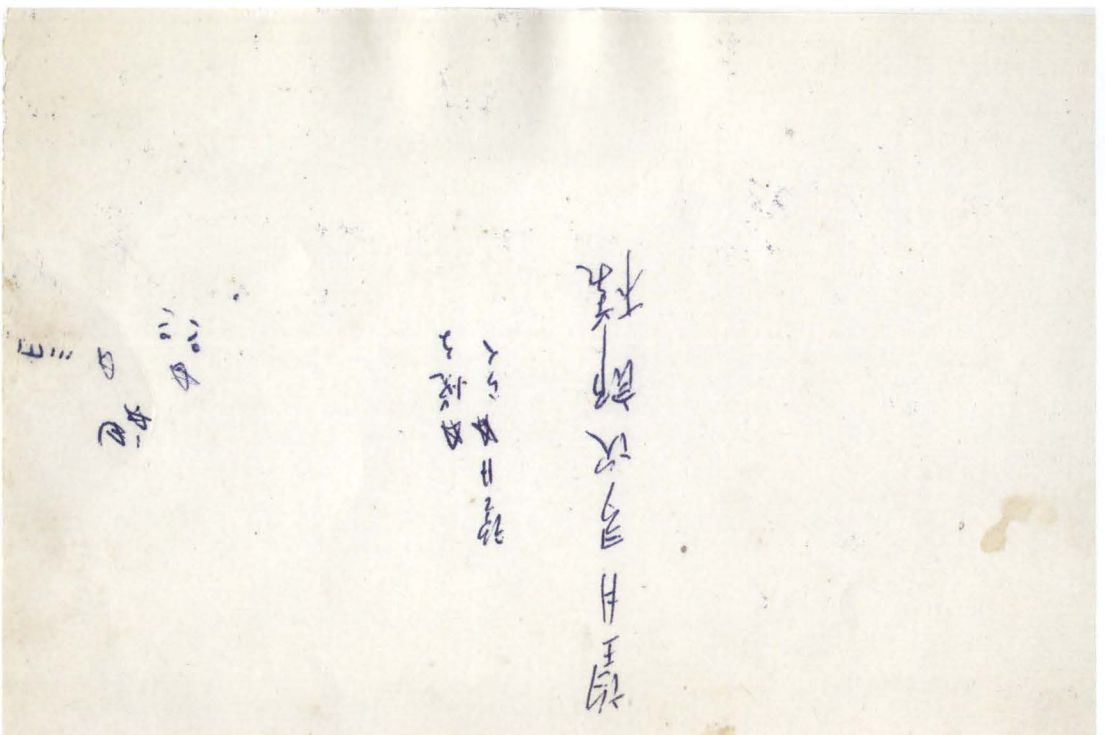


三十九年四月五日 永川丸 横浜にて

望月ヨタ 沢郎様

松蓮 二人

Us Two, 2014, digital reproduction of family photograph, 4" × 6"



Us Two, 2014, digital reproduction of family photograph, 4" × 6"

Untitled, 2014, ink on paper, 3.5" × 8"

MAP Office / Disputed

25°46'N – 123°31'E

Diaoyu dao
Uotsuri-shima
Diaoyu tai

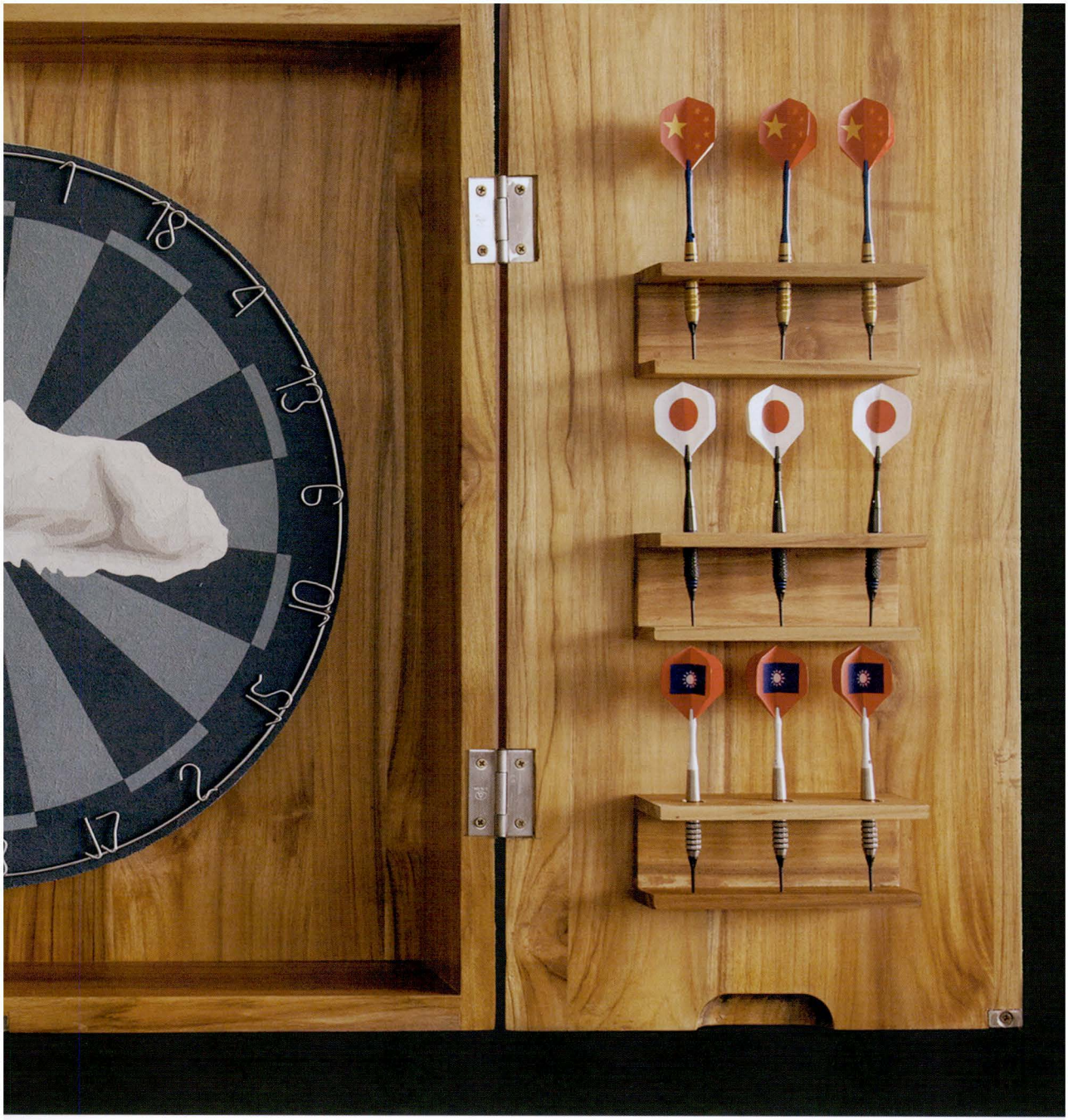
Disputed responds to numerous recent escalations in island disputes around the world. These islands are much more than small uninhabited rocks lost in the ocean. With the exhaustion of natural resources, territorial waters are becoming a precious extension of land, explaining countries' often-violent fights to claim them. With rich fisheries and natural oil and gas contained in their seabed, many times these islands are huge attractions in crowded regions with competing interests. Geopolitical strategies over contested areas foster nationalist sentiments and racism toward neighboring countries. The role of militaries occupying the same strategic space and planting their countries' sovereign flags is a visible sign of these tensions. Borrowing elements from these ongoing fights, MAP Office has created a dart game designed to conquer those disputed territories according to the countries that claim them. The competition is therefore transferred to players, who choose which country they want to represent in conquering an island.

Diaoyu dao > Diaoyu > China
Uotsuri-shima > Senkaku Islands > Japan
Diaoyu tai > Diaoyu > Taiwan

Area: 4.32 km2
Highest Point: 383 m

This is the largest island of the disputed archipelago and an important place for fishing activities. For many decades it was the site of a Japanese fish-processing plant since 1900 housing about 280 workers. It has been uninhabited since WWII except for a few academic scientific visits. In the 1970s, the island was one of the four sold to the Kurihara family who rented it back to the Japanese government from 2002 till 2013 leading to the escalade of the dispute. This island is currently home to domestic goats and albatross. A unique species of mole is also unique to this island. Translated to English, the Chinese and Japanese name means "Fishing Island," and "Fishing Platform" in Taiwanese.

MAP Office, *Disputed*, 2014, Wooden dart game, booklet, Edition 1/3, 23.6" × 23.6" × 5.9"


1
18
4
13
6
10
15
2
17

大鴉洲 Tai A Chau

索罟群島 Soko Islands

20世紀80年代，下村和上村這兩個村落隨著島上興建最具爭議性的越南難民羈留營而遭荒廢。由於與香港市區的發展斷絕，這些村落主要生產出口蝦膏到歐洲及北美。一些人跡罕至的海灘，讓活躍的小口岸和捕魚業的規模延伸至香港以南兩公里外的中國海域。

Two villages, Ha Tsuen and Sheung Tsuen, were abandoned when the most controversial detention camp for Vietnamese refugees was built in the 1980s. Disconnected from the development of urban Hong Kong, these villages were mainly involved in producing export shrimp paste to Europe and North America. A few deserted beaches give the scale of the small active ports and the fishing industry extending in China's water to just two kilometers South.

看不見的島嶼

香港 - 深圳是相連的大都會，正在快速融合成為中國南部地區的大城市。身處中國大陸與中國海之間，香港亦無可避免地只能跟隨深圳的腳步發展。可想而知，對於中國大陸而言，香港極其量只算得上一個小島嶼。

回應今年大會兩個主題 ” 城市邊緣” 和 “理想都市” ，我們發現應該從倒後鏡中窺探香港，藉此為中國海的發展開拓出不一樣的新角度。我們的主張完全撇開深港兩地的矛盾，建設貫穿海平線上過百島嶼，創造無限可能的新視野。

MAP OFFICE 將於主場館內展出一個藝術裝置，表達由33個島嶼組成的構想，涵蓋所有從過去到現在具實驗性的島嶼。當中一系列的個人收藏，包括相片，錄像，雕塑，貝殼，工具，拾得藝術品，亦將一併展出成為集體回憶的一部分。

The Invisible Islands

A continuous metropolis, Hong Kong – Shenzhen is rapidly merging to become a megacity in the South China region. Closed between the China Sea and China itself, Hong Kong had no choice but to look in the direction of its twin sister Shenzhen. In this sense, Hong Kong may have been an island but isn't anymore.

To respond the 'Urban Edge' combined with "the ideal city" theme of the UABB*HK2013 biennale, we propose to look at Hong Kong from the rear-view mirror and to open new perspectives in the China Sea. Our proposal will clearly ignore the polarity established with Shenzhen, to construct a new horizon happening on the water and the hundred possibilities of island in the region.

Starting from the main exhibition venue, MAP Office will present an installation composed of a 33 islands manifesto, embracing as many possible island laboratories from the past to the present. A personal collection of photographs, videos, sculptures, shells, tools, and found objects will be exhibited to become part of a collective memory.

MAP Office, 2013

Roger Farr / from **"On Time," an excerpt from *604***

> Any liquid or gas is a collection of individual bits, so many that they may as well be infinite. If each piece moved independently, then the fluid would have infinitely many possibilities . . . [b]ut each particle does not move independently—its motion depends very much on the motion of its neighbours. . . .
>
> — Glieck, *Chaos*

•

Turning left, travelling north
if you are not going south
you come to an intersection where

it's raining while you unearth the evidence
the map stained by lamp oil, a watch and
a pen, mainly picea, tsuga, thuja
your sense of direction

you find yourself alternating accounts of
stunted dwarf trees, ferns swamping signs
you find yourself in 1917.

So slow was this creeping past
that it must be protected, cut a little slack.
The second-growth is dotted, marked
here it is illustrated.

This park was once a lagoon, a *fen*
an area that commanded its history.
A fragile imperative to remain *between*
a bridge that spans accounts
creeping in an impentreable form
a dark thicket of coniferous grease
congealed into a map.

Corvus eggs in the *gaultheira shallon*
erect stalks along the bluffs.

Someone says types a telegram in London
and it echos at a higher elevation
flattening a mill town.

Then the landscape becomes insurgent
overcome with upright spreading, tufted
multi-branched shrubs, glaucaous blue
pale pink to dark red, in terminal clusters
greenish-yellow, upturning to bronze
flapping to greenish-black.

And every thing *takes* its time.

This body of water swallowed by
sphagnum moss was the object
of an implosion mechanism.

A history of recent human activity
is accsessible thanks to transit.

Travelling east through the city
the accounts are scattered along the
Sidewalks. There are lawns.

Overnight, the swamp laurels
were spreading their rhizomes
flowers held taut
under the tension of an arc.

I shall leave no evidence
of having set foot here.

•

The panoptic regime of the clock tower, the aerial view, the planner's view of the city

/ has little to do with the street as it is encountered while in travel. The panoptic view is one of isolation. It does not apprehend the street as
moments of lived experience, but as an inert model – a "zone" rather than a *terrain.*

And from the height this abstracted perspective, a *map.*

And from this height

/ the city is made visible, surveyed, organized with an eye for efficiency: as the terrain becomes a zone, the flow of time—the *duration*—becomes *a flow of traffic*. A system of streets, parks, alleys, and canals is built to channel the flood of commodities. To travel is to "commute": labour-power, in motion. The passage of packages must be made with the least possible interruption and disturbance, so they arrive "on time" and

•

in working / order

motion

/ history another fluid

hedging laterally along E. 20th

in 1995, April 20th

the blossoms were

without measure / unaccounted for

the legends accumulating

/ at the corners

& the people were moving too

wet from unmediated contact

with the past

we experienced this as "passage"

/ right-branching

"the specificity of domains"

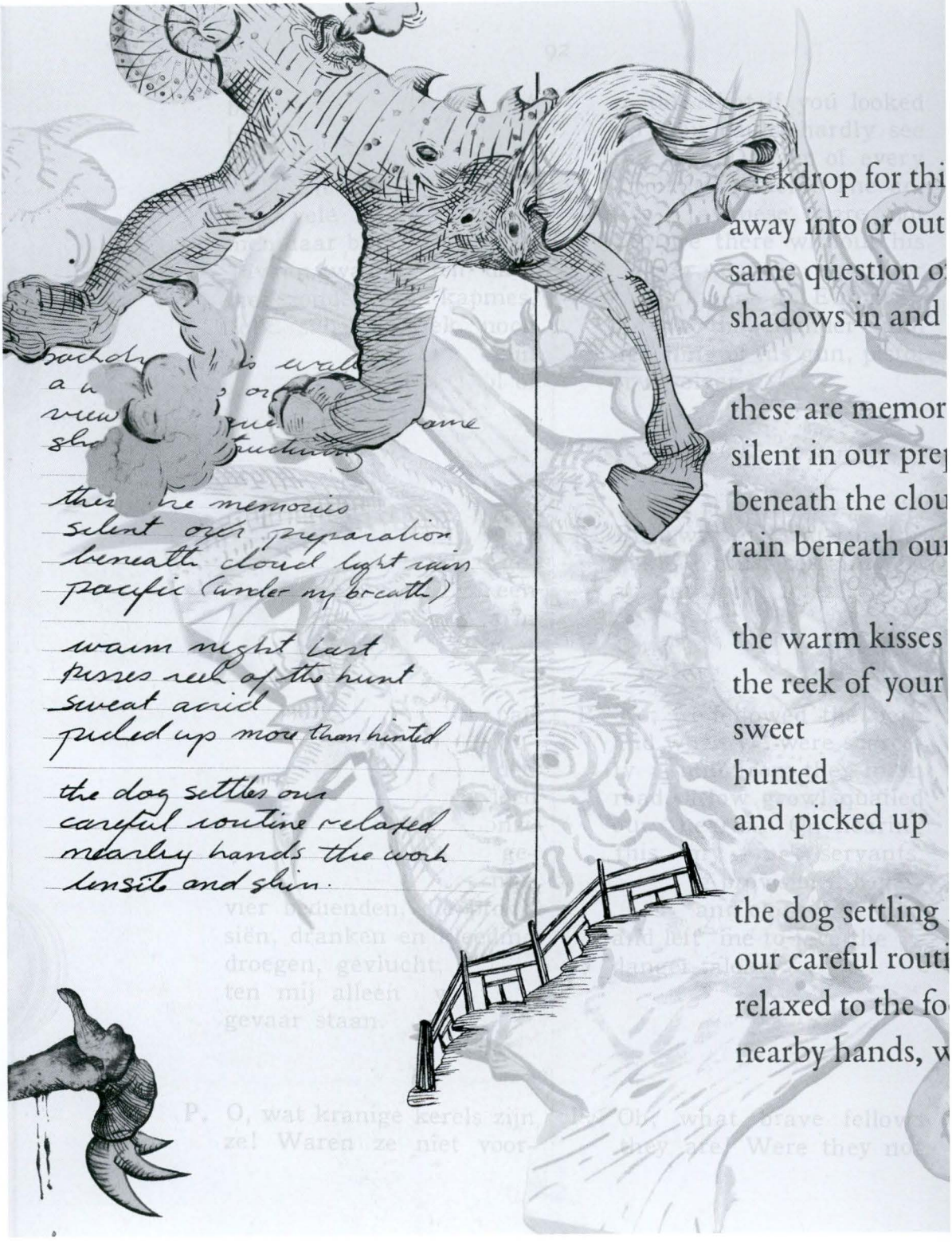
though there is a continuum

between our stations

Diyan Achjadi & Glen Lowry / Fab Pac

Pacific? Fabulous! up!speaking, taunting, inquiring, our writer-artists set out to cut across the surface of Magellan's tabula rasa, losing and loosing selves to an undercurrent of history and nature, location and mobility, memory and (im)pure speculation. Fab Pac brings together Achjadi's visual research, drawings and prints, and Lowry's serial poetics, composed over a number of months. The repurposed imaginary re-situates a European Colonial fascination with the wilds, or more specifically with the imaginary beasts of an imagined place captured in engraved manuscripts and textiles.

Taken up here, visited and revisited, the carefully constructed source imaginary provokes a series of collaborative translations that work across media, move from visual image to text to audio and back again. Drawing on the typographical conventions of a trilingual phrase book (Dutch, English, Malay), the images and texts inflect different voices and dialogues, mapping the labours of different and differentiated bodies. Following the movement from hand to hand—from artist to writer, writer to artist—the excerpt describes a larger body of work that sets in motion a movement through which image becomes script becomes type is recopied as carefully drawn script. Viewer and reader adrift.



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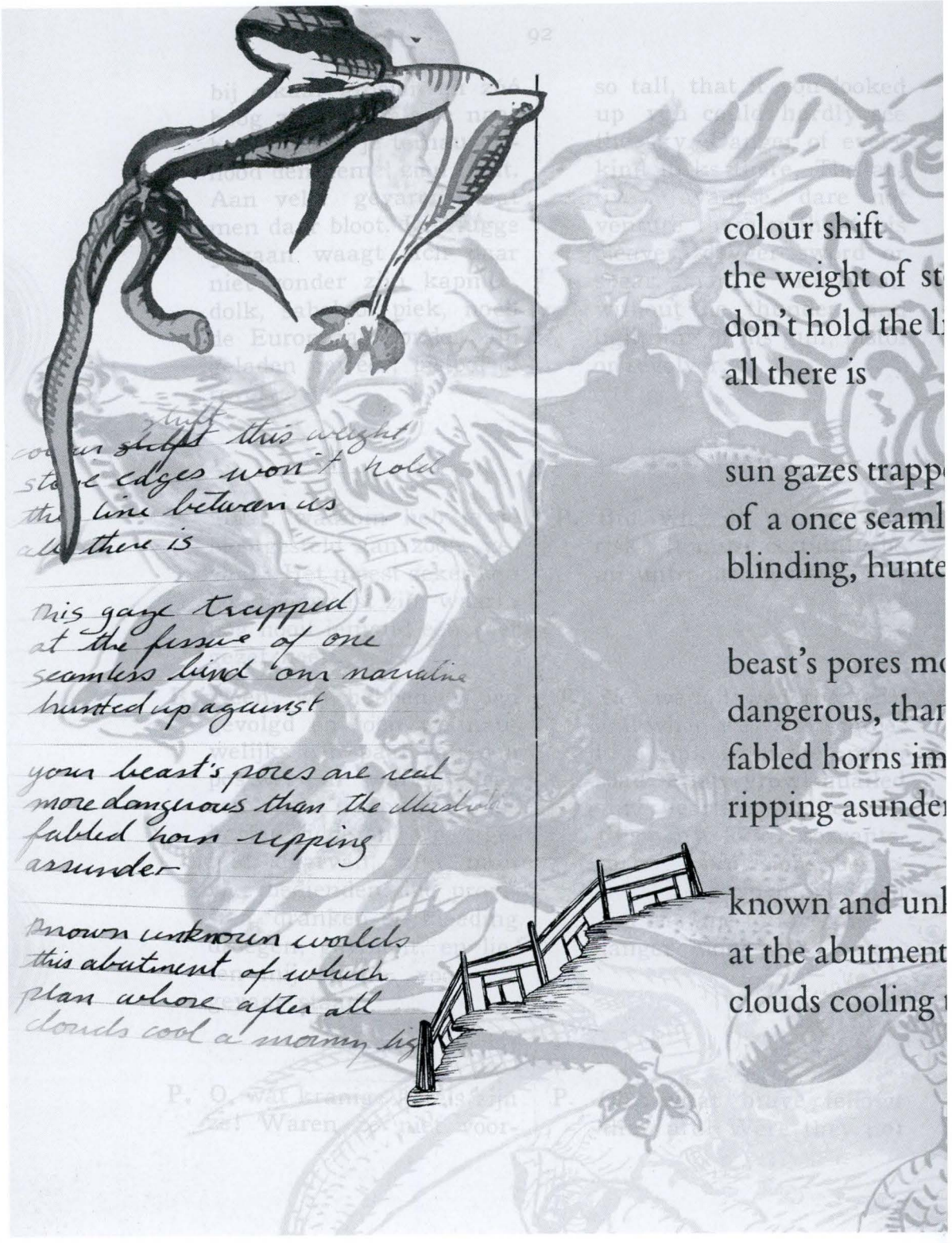
backdrop for this walking
away into or out of you
same question of frame
shadows in and out of the structure

these are memories we share
silent in our preparation
beneath the cloud and light
rain beneath our breath

the warm kisses of last night
the reek of your breath or mine
sweet
hunted
and picked up

the dog settling into
our careful routine
relaxed to the focus
nearby hands walking tensile and shin



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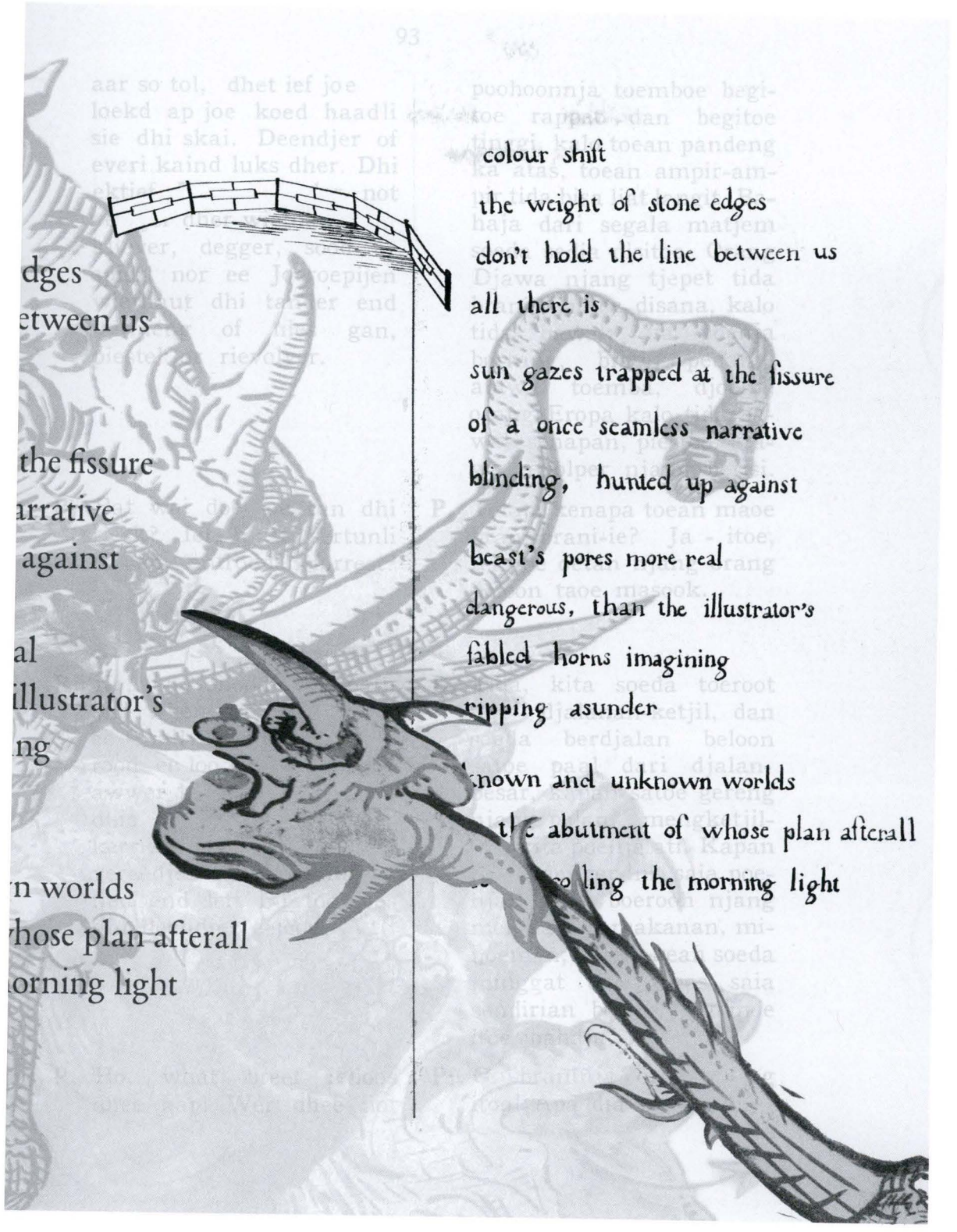

colour shift
the weight of stone edges
don't hold the line between us
all there is

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of a once seamless narrative
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Meghann O'Brien (Jaad Kuujus) / "We are both islanders": Northwest Coast and Fijian Weaving

My practice as a Northwest Coast weaver began from a place so local and grounded, oh, I would have never envisioned myself travelling anywhere with it. As paradoxical as it may be, travel is something that has come out of my weaving practice and has been oddly necessary for the growth of a realistic localized vision. Although Fiji was never somewhere I envisioned going, upon arrival I found it incredible to consider that every area on this earth is a traditional territory to someone, and many of these places share a history of colonialism with varying degrees of similarity and difference with Canada. My first clue that Fijian and Northwest coastal peoples have a shared history was the money: Fijian currency has the Queen's head on the back of the coins as well. We are also both islanders—sea-going, canoe cultures—though have been shaped differently by the historical forces that have impacted our cultures.

In 2013, fellow Haida weaver Raven Ann Potschka and myself flew from the Northwest Coast of BC to the city of Suva on the coral coasts of Viti Levu, Fiji. Christine Germano brought together a group of eight weavers, supported by the Canada Council for the Arts, and we resided on campus at the University of the South Pacific. We spent ten days creating a woven sail of pandanas leaf and cedar bark—combining materials that each culture has traditionally used to weave sails for canoes. Many of the world's diverse cultures share the same weaving techniques. In this case it is plaiting. On the Northwest Coast we also used this technique to weave mats and dividers (walls) for the Big House, a communal house for all people originating from the same ancestor. At the end of the weaving of the sail we spent a few days demonstrating how to weave baskets with cedar bark.

A few years prior to my trip to Fiji, I stepped away from a blossoming career as a professional snowboarder in pursuit of a more local lifestyle guided by the seasons and old ways of the tribes I descend from: the Haida and Kwakwaka'wakw. The lifestyle of a pro-snowboarder is heavily image driven, full of energy drinks, trendy marketing, and an incessant drive for progression. As a sport it glorifies individual success and accomplishment, and is centred around a youthful rock star, globe-trotting image. As someone who grew up with this advertising, I realized how little truth was in it when I reached what was referred to as "Living the Dream." When I began weaving,

it opened my eyes to the value of where I come from, and the strength and power that comes from knowing this. I understood that the community-based values of the coastal cultures needed people to keep them going if they were to survive the constant push of contemporary values.

I feel that the beauty of a place emerges when seen through the eyes of indigenous peoples. The relationships with the local territories, plants, and animals are old and well developed. Many of the relationships are not just theoretical or existing on the pages of anthropological books, but lived in an intimate way. In Fiji, I saw families still living communally—everyone from babies to grandparents on the same land—the way we did here on the coast until residential schools were implemented. In Canada, I dream of living in our old villages, on the land, and most people think I'm out of my mind to want what my ancestors had. People tout the advantages of electricity and how easy we have things now.

Most of Viti Levu's coral coast is consumed by hotels and private subdivisions. It saddens me to think that people who are native to a land are turned into second class citizens and forced out of traditional territories. Presently in Fiji, nearly every woman weaves mats for their homes, many of which do not have a "floor," but rather are just earth. The efficiency and skill of the elders we worked with amazed me, in part due to the true necessity of their weaving. They were astonished at our age, because the younger generation in Fiji has little interest in learning about weaving. In one short generation their thriving tradition faces near extinction.

For weavers today in BC, weaving is no longer essential in the same way it is in Fiji for the simple reason that we have floors that separate us from the earth, and as a consumer capitalist culture we can purchase virtually anything we need. Weavers do produce pieces for our own people but these are mostly ceremonial. A fairly large project (20 × 18 feet) took two weeks in Fiji. I am sure it would consume months upon months in Canada, and cost a small fortune once it was done. The makers of such an object would most likely fight for it to be taken seriously as "art" in a gallery setting in Canada. I marveled at the Fijian weaver's energy that was connected to an older world than I grew up in.

The difference in our present day situation has a lot to do with what colonizers did or did not do. In Fiji, the colonizers sought ways for the native people to keep their way of life, whereas in Canada much was intentionally destroyed in an effort to assimilate native people to work in the newly established fish canneries. Today, I feel that our worldview is heavily impacted by the presence of government in our lives

under the Indian Act. Much of the policy in Canada is aimed at helping Native people become integrated and succeed in the greater society, rather than getting back to what we once had in "the past"—which is a colonial worldview to begin with. Much of the Northwest Coast native art produced today is redirected into a global market, rather than serving to rebuild the world in the way we once lived. Even though the lives of the Fijians I met are hard in many ways, what Fijian people have is of tremendous value: language, family, and culture.

On the Northwest Coast of BC, many communities are bringing back old methods of harvesting and preparing foods, regalia making, weaving, and carving. Key people are also working to restore language, the importance of ceremony in marking moments of change in our lives, and keeping what is left of our traditions alive. What we do bring back then needs to be passed onto the next generation, which can be a challenge in a world where such powerful forces as media and advertising are shaping our values. When I saw the younger Fijians striving for western ideals seen through advertising, I couldn't help but think of what I experienced as a snowboarder, and I wished to tell them how what we have in North America has such little value. At a traditional welcoming ceremony in Fiji, all ages were speaking their language, being together, singing traditional songs. This is what should exist for every culture and is so hard to get back once it is gone: language, ceremonies, a sense of belonging, connection to the land, and the freedom to transmit cultural values to the next generation.

Meghann O'Brien. *Sky Blanket*.
Photo: Rolf Bettner. Courtesy of
The Haida Heritage Centre at Kay Llnagaay.

Stuart Cooke

yourm calm horn trumpets the end

keep sure radius
little mouth, yourm lunar eyes
and unhooked beak, nibbling
yourm small head, yourm short snout
graceful swimmers
naked limbs like flippers
a dark brown spot in the centre of each limb
yellow-hued, dark, yellow-lined limbs
the greens of the Atlantic, of the East Pacific
the greenish fat beneath the shell
a name is a greenish skin

about above
compress anxieties
their marbled people, shells
spotted or marbled with variegated rays
heart-shaped tears, patterns of change
but names aren't shells, their brown or olive

drifting bulk
smooth carapace wafting
matt-wet, a wide
yourm opulent home, rainbow-brown
of yourm supreme sign
is a bursting shell
night climbs the day, each star

yourm equatorial line just sprouted

for an ancient planet's exiles
crowns of seaweed
a ship-wrecked angel weaves
—below the bow, this liquid plane—
tossed horizons
sails suspend

hundreds of them
youm dig a hole in the darkness and leave them
after shallow water sex
usually on beaches, night events
youm nest in the tropics

and nesting forever
youm migrate between feeding
where yourm hundreds hatched
to the precise point
thousands of days to spawning grounds, often
floobin, youm swim
oh be doe be, hoodie
niggedly, moody
push off, yourm round skirt
gnawing, nibbling
plomp on coral pasture
shift, off, up
youm hang in bays, lagoons and shoals
youm grow to graze in shallows, lush seagrass meadows
from meat, from pelagic absence

on yourm beaches
when long-limbed feasters build
in nets, and so many of yourm lines end
or youm're sliced by propellers, drown
and long-limbed mammals
then extends, extends, to tiger sharks
foxes and golden jackals
in shorebirds and crabs, red
the end comes in the beginning
falling stars sizzle into glowing worms

without covering its head beneath its wing
of a bird that sleeps in branches
yourm poems are of dreams
at rest, sleepy eyes

qualifying certainty, wavering above it
yourm hundreds of kilos oolging
an architecture of haze
where crags become cloudform, youm see

trodden upon by monumental echoes
over fields of sunken sunlight
youm clap yourm small, dark wings
soaks yourm tissues with blood
yourm lungs explode, yourm next breath
sail over the waves / into the troughs
a life submerged, yourm desires

youm will live to 80
that 1%
youm die, and die, but youm that remain
yourm little flippers scratching
flags of crabs attack, flocks of gulls shatter the air
months later youm hatch and scamper
in flight amongst the mist
and cover them, hundreds of them

fanned by the sky—these
bask in the warm dry, yourm throat's feathers
besides albatross
besides seals
to drown in the sun
youm clamber onto land

all over the Great Reef
yourm eggs in East Java, in the Coral Sea
yourm big kilos off Bolong Beach in Zamboanga
with hawksbills
to the Philippines, nesting on yourm islands
from Mexico across the Pacific
from Southern Russia to scatters south of Tasmania
yourm coast's tropical, subtropical, liminal

and hum quietly into the current
to the heaviness
gaze up, up past the surface
youm awake to the equatorial trail
then, following yourm ancient thirst

find that quiet crevice in yourm deepest tessera
don't drown in the nets!
but youm can't hold the air when youm're stressed
youm sleep under time for hours at a time

yourm image dissolving into cerulean
youm gently sway into the blue
pushing it away, pushing it away, pushing away
opening the blue curtains with yourm soft scalpels
yourm pricks in a vast, gloomy membrane

"Pacific Green Turtle" contains echoes of phrases from the following poems:
"The Shadow's Keep," by John Anderson
"After Hermann Hesse's Wandering" & "Still lifes (iii)," by Dan Disney
"Equatorial," by Vicente Huidobro (my trans.)

Garry Thomas Morse / Prairie Harbour (9)

Dear begloved,
working in humble garden
plucking out weeds
with knowhow under busybody glares
there
that weird theremin
effect in the Larghetto
riffing
on formerly oboe d'amore—
it might have been sweet
to enjoy those five
& some minutes together, just you, me
& Trevor Pinnock's digits
no, the fence
lacks integrity
or was it something portentous
about hair
curled about
nape
the rest
of one's life
springing
there
mumbling, murmuring
it might have been
anyone
reminding me of gate
to keep out
island deer
at
the
foot
of winding stairs

a few Bringhurst
books about what
the academy calls
dead white shizzle

I sit here now at my sumptuous banquet
table like Quadra, pressed to sign away
my conquest with customary flourish~
more like promissory note to no longer
haunt about thy doors or highway

look, my books
are becoming
too blooming
German, just
lie back &
think of
ink
land
while we sit alone with our troubles
like kewpie kids or doll-
like Natives in Group of Seven
pictures, listening to parents
fighting
in another room
about what is best
for us
what I wonder—was it the
or is it my family rhetors
o or spinners of *politike*
t who first figured out how to
e pour
m the tar
still that would occupy
drowsing us all
next to Edward

Curtis film taken
for documentary
by most tourists
[that Sophoclean
note on white-
board about 'Dover
Beach' is affecting
even all this *affect*]
that place too lush
& lugubrious
for us
to make it
any longer
already hawked
in spirit
to hard working sea
cucumber
farmers
swapping 'em
with China
for LARGER
longer
lasting
Inukshuks
then with briefcase
like Robbe-Grillet's
sad watch salesman
or Browning's Caliban
catching the next ferry
(with even Charon
none the wiser)
Shellwise with the 'S'
burnt out, that place
a remittance man's
foggy idea

running to paradise
that one time
standing up
to write that
one lovely
horror
begging his publisher for a half-
penny in his cap to pay the electrics
in time to tune into CBC programme
about his own adopted
genius
no, the honour i would ask
has passed
pebbles other
underfoot graves

with ownership often too much of a leap
for me to make, I told the largest rabbit
the one who scrutinizes
but does not
hop
away
when you cite raw
Anacreon
(in defense of what, exactly?)
at him adding
that more of my work is filling
drawers than ever before & Laforgue
might like that conceit & other
things found wanting

in these lean times, a few
smatterings of Heraclitus would do, maybe a few bars

of that peculiar quintet
& that Brahms story at long last
to complete this composite of mystery
loves, enjoying
porches of ears

HENRY TSANG / Orange County

Orange County (2003) is a video installation with four projections that surround the viewer, depicting four houses in Orange County, California, and Beijing. The houses in China are part of a subdivision named Orange County, where architects and interior designers from Orange County, California, were hired by a Chinese developer to create an "authentic" American-style gated community near the site of the 2008 Summer Olympics. A lone figure walks past each home in this uncannily seamless space of similitude, then is joined by another figure, then another. They slip across and through in an endless game of follow-the-leader, crossing and blurring boundaries of cultural, national, and architectural difference.

Orange County evokes questions about the confluence of urban design, politics, and global capital. What does it mean for the Chinese to earnestly replicate authentic southern California residential architecture when the housing design styles offered for sale are marketed as "Spanish," "Italian," and "French?" What happens to the local in this importation of the American Dream, when it is translated into Chinese?

Henry Tsang
Orange County, 2003
4-channel video installation, 4:00 min.

Yeow Kai Chai / A Reprieve, or A Sunday Afternoon at the Padang

After Georges Seurat

They feel it, even before they see it coming over the horizon.

For a few hours, the view is clear, offering a glimpse of a vista beyond the marina, although no one can deny the other presence. Three dogs, eight boats and 48 people in a sprezzatura of afternoon bliss. From this vantage point, it is remarkable no one is really looking at anyone else in the eye, despite proximity. Most face sideways, in the direction of the waters, probably drawn in by the shiny, silvery behemoth rising from the other side, a crystal palace reflecting wave after shimmering wave of light . . .

Over here, us, stretched out on the green lawn, individuated so that each dot, each photon, is a single hue. Gradations of green, red and blue refracted off one's glasses, and once in a while, the humidity gets too much. Wipe your brow and those fogged-up progressive lens, and squint. What you can't see can hurt you. Approximately 3,456,000 particles are being sucked up by one's lungs as one speaks. . . . these tiny devils escape the nasal hair. Every few hours, the index rises and falls, its calculation derived from ozone, sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide, nitrogen dioxide and particulate matter measuring 10 micrometres or less (PM10). Plot the hourly ups and downs in an interactive graphic, where each incremental change could be tracked with a swipe. In forecasting the movement and spatial diffusion of smoke haze particles, the meteorologist is employing intricate mathematical algorithms, in order to predict the downwind concentration of haze particles from numerous sources, among which are folk eking out a livelihood on the land across the sea, slashing and burning to make way for the next harvest. Such moral introspection is rich, and neither is the one with the sickle absolved from it.

In another time, a queue snakes through the field, around tall angsanas and spruced-up heritage buildings, spilling over stone bridges, carrying flowers and cards, forming a heart map for the passing giant. One could plant oneself as a character in an augmented reality, and move through this fête galante, as if right

there, right now, reliving history till eternity. Still, it won't be the same as actually being there in the flesh, at that moment. Close in and each dot, each pore becomes larger. The irregularity is apparent. The outline is jagged, like that of a nimbus, a boil, or a comet; the human slipping out of the realist armature, as the pointillist takes over. Each neuron bristles with love, hate, sweat, pride, immanent beauty, and the price for speaking your mind. Hidden, the mind is ultimately an unpaintable thing. What flits between lobes, these houses with undetected residents? People talk, preen and walk their dogs, but you never quite know who they are inside, do you?

Towards the upper left side are two national servicemen standing side by side, hands locked behind them and buzz cuts covered by jockey caps. Their faces are two discreet daubs of ochre, so much so they look almost identical. Are they on duty, on the lookout for unattended baggage, shifty eyes, any abnormal activity? Or they have just booked out of camp, but . . . where are their female companions, who will absent-mindedly rub their hands over their heads? You beseech the men to move closer, so you could hear something, see something in their eyes, but the moment is permanently frozen. The distance lends the bromance a golden glow, burnished by dust and suspicion.

So stay exactly where you are, you with the walkie-talkie and the single-wire earpiece with PTT (push-to-talk). What if all this is writ large as a card-changing feat by an army of miniscule elves at a stadium? Placards flip on cue, and the Big Picture can only be discerned from a mile away, after the dust has settled. Magnify the whole thing in 3-D. Raytrace every pixel into a volumetric display of voxels. Construct it using Lego blocks as an MOC ("my own creation"). And the effect would be just as staggering. If not more so, knowing how each part adds up to a texture-mapping polygon engine, a snowpiercer of sorts, seamlessly trudging onward, past the perimeter of one's good taste, past time, past the Old Parliament, past Fort Canning, past the Istana, across the Causeway, and god knows where and when it would all end, just like the scene where Lucy, played by Scarlett Johansson, high on nootropics, eventually vanishes into a spacetime continuum, leaving behind fabric and a gooey, octopean black supercomputer which spreads like

those umbrella-like canopies at Clarke Quay, rising above each and everyone and emitting cool air in an air-conditioned nation. Meanwhile, where is the misty spray

when you need it? You project this thought onto a smartly turned-out woman, who stands right in the middle of your vision. Peering towards her right, she's armed herself with a full-face dark visor as well as a UV-protection compact umbrella (the latter made from a specially treated fabric which reflects most rays, and keeps one cool in the strongest sunlight with a patented vented mesh system allowing the breeze to pass between the upper and lower canopies). She's accompanied by a girl dressed in white; likely her daughter, who stares, slightly perplexed, at another woman seated a stone's throw away, who, yes, looks somewhat like her mother. Even the two women's get-ups are not dissimilar—Those Darth Vader-like plastic visors, the parasols, these tight-fitting dresses. Behind the seated woman is a girl fingering a bunch of tiny flowers; each fatal petal so tiny and indistinguishable they may well be invisible spores, disseminules transported through air to find their next hosts. Is that the purpose of existence? To promulgate, to live long and prosper, to make a dent, however infinitesimal? Who knows. You do? I miss you. You, blessed with perfect hindsight and foresight, sitting pretty in a throne of glory or hanging around the cosmic axis, one moment idly watching Assyrian and Akkadian artifacts being toppled in Mosul, and the next whipping up aurora borealis, those magical, gaseous swathes of colour, on a midnight Reykjavik sky.

Whether it's white and gold, or blue and black, a rabbit or a duck, everything boils down to one's eyesight. Perhaps this tableau of relaxed elegance is itself a utopia . . . Zoom in and the picture yields some secrets. Here we have, in the foreground, a man and a woman oddly expressionless and too ramrod straight, standing perpendicular to the viewer. The couple are decked out in exquisite regalia—baseball caps fashionably distressed, light cotton blazers, their lapels with matching pins featuring the dragon playground or (fill in your Singapore icon of retro fetish). A cigarette, unlit, is wedged between the man's middle finger and index finger. Nothing is out of place. One can cut the tension with a butter knife. The couple look intently/blankly towards the horizon—unknowing clouds, verdant shrubbery, a flotilla of white sails in the reservoir, deftly avoiding a dragon boat fuelled by testosterone. Wait. Is that someone walking into the waters, torso half-submerged? Is he fishing for the catch of the day, or is there something subterranean we do not see? After all, the undertow pulls the unsuspecting in, taking out the strong and nimble, weak and decrepit, godly or earthly, democratically without exemption:

The animals: including a terrier frolicking close to you; a black canine sniffing grass, tail wagging; a macaque tethered to the said expressionless couple, another terrier (a Jack Russell) sniffing 10 metres away; a brown-dappled butterfly fluttering off centre . . .

The humans: among whom, a girl twirling a hoop; a man blowing a trumpet, emitting a long, low, respectful toot, or a mellifluous, celebratory trill, which is contingent on the turn of the dimmer; a hunky beardie (a burly construction worker?) in an undershirt, upper body propped on elbows, leisurely drawing on a pipe . . .

The vegetation: emergents, such as cattails, bulrush, sedges, bur-reed, blue-flag iris; floating leaves, and discreet submergents such as coontil, water milfoil, and bladderwort; but unless you have bionic eyes, none of this is verifiable. Whatever's beneath the surface, dear Quint, will eventually float to the surface . . .

and so it does, breaking secreting, sprouting through veins spidery or varicose, over everyone now reposing, in a trance-like spell in its penumbra. Not all is contained, with odd talons of fawn slipping out of sight, on the right side. What are they? Are they the dearly departed, spirits among us, dust to dust? Where does rigour end and rigor mortis begin? Arthur, there is no reply from the other side. Felix, I miss you. Father, I miss you. Dear leader, I miss you. We cling on to memories like painful polyps. Nonetheless, "pretty is what changes/What the eye arranges/is what is beautiful," goes a line in a Stephen Sondheim musical, based on the original Parisian. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and if so, the said girl in white isn't looking at the other woman, but is actually staring straight back at you. Once a mottled abstraction without a face, two grey halos now materialize . . . looking out of the frame, into you, through you, to the next visitor

Daphne Marlatt / peripherals

driving past a herd of, they looked a herd, boulders hunched in rain on a glass fringe, hunched in a curve around what? peripheral. their rounded shoulders slick with wet. patient, communing together. made me feel excised from stone presence.

then why, when i turned the corner onto the street that would take me home, did i remember Penang Hill, a cave on the path that sloped down through jungly hillside to our house. hill rock, stone with the dry earth smell of something more ancient than any seven year old's desire to test the limits of fear, see what might be inside that dark half-obscured by a fringe of green, eyelashes hiding an eye . . .

some of the houses on the street i was driving down had jack o'lanterns ready for lighting, tombstones sticking out of their lawn, some had air-filled spooks peering from upper balconies. so yes, it was that night we came to delight in, when imagination can run wild. but then my mother always said No and yanked me back on the path she was herding the three of us along, to or away from home, thinking a cave at that time of the Emergency could house ammunition, a crouching communist guerilla surveying our tile-roof home from above. blue tiles, still white walls in a green activity of birdcalls, yattering monkeys, snakes, centipedes, and the tufted-ear jungle cat who stalked across the terrace to wolf our dog's dinner from his dish—he was what we were afraid of, knowing nothing of guns or guerillas.

later this evening, giddy madness, groups of small children wild in other-worldly garb throng our street, rushing to meet the magic of terror with its lights, ghosts, gunpowder smoke,

rushing to meet the open edge of Event . . .

hollowed out in the quiet light of morning with its blackened pumpkins, scorched firework wrappers. Even as imagined, peripheral now.

Rae Armantrout / Two Poems

Translations

Tissue thins
(with age)

to reveal
pale blue

morning.

•

I keep making
these mistakes

because I know I'm wrong
                somewhere

and I hope to be
misrecognized.

•

As if on fire,
one eucalyptus

on the quiet
corporate campus

is flinging its limbs around

Somewhere

If I look down, a ferry is always
docking or pulling away from the shore.
I am not always aware of these goings on
anymore than I am my own breathing,
but, when I do take note,
the sense of overseeing this step
in a process that's both
open-ended and fixed
fills me with a vague dread

while passengers,
whether boarding or landing,
may feel they are finally
getting somewhere

Sergio Holas-Véliz / Two Poems

folded sea

for Daniel & Jaime, zen walkers

whales migrate—mother—through your eyes
blue whales—balaenoptera musculu—&
whales like daniel & jaime & me
dreaming the forces of water into existence
their eyes old & wise do not need words to see
morphing fish forms into seascapes populations
nor they need words or libraries or archives
both whales & you swim outside language
existence flows free from borders & spoken walls

whales populate—mother—your entire eyes
blue whales—balaenoptera musculu—&
whales like daniel & jaime & me
dreaming the forces of water to existence
me observes their fluke spilling over from your pupil
me sees them in its own gaze watering out our sea
you swim—mother—the "*mar océano*" journey
both you & whales swimming outside language
between you & whales—mother—the heart oceanic forces

a part of the main

any man's death diminishes me (John Donne)

one migrates en route to the other
the spermatozoid migrates towards the ovule
the ovule changes into an individual
the individual becomes a society
humans create their own islands

& boats come from all flanks
surrounded by all kinds of illusions

"i" migrates towards the lucky country
desire drifts looking for certainties
certainty changes into uncertainties
& as "i" drifts wor(l)ds vanish &
worlds are brought forward into existence

& boats come from all flanks
surrounded by all kinds of illusions

see to see –

TED BYRNE: The Arena of the Invisible

The previous collection of letters between Charles Olson and Frances Motz Boldereff[1] actually ended on a note of *incompletion*, Boldereff's report of a sexual encounter with "a beautiful young negro," which had its intended effect—the book ends with Olson telegraphing his time of arrival. In this volume, the climax again occurs when she tells him that she has found someone else, "someone even more Maximus than yourself." This provokes a response that, on its own, should have compelled the publication of a single volume in the first place. "I am Maximus" he cries, in a tragicomic moment like that of Hamlet at Ophelia's grave, shouting "This is I, Hamlet the Dane." The intensity of this letter comes partly from its colloquial but uncontrived diction—it brings us into the presence of Olson's anger and confusion, as Boldereff must have felt and perversely enjoyed it. He cuts her to the quick of her intellectual existence, accusing her of misappropriating men's words: "*. . . you are absolutely unwilling yourself, & in your life* to take the risk of *the very act of the men you have spent your life using the words of . . . .*" Sharon Thesen, in her introduction, says that Olson characterizes Boldereff as "electing male writers to *ventriloquize* her feminist and vitalist life philosophy." This is actually a little smarter than what Olson says, as it acknowledges that Boldereff, while appearing to serve her pantheon of "great men," puts them into her service.

This book is not the fiery Olson workshop of the previous volume. Boldereff here enters the period of her own working, beginning with her manifesto *Credo in Unam*. Printed here almost in full, *Credo in Unam* is an argument for her own lamentable ideas presented as a gloss and translation of a poem Rimbaud wrote at the age of fifteen. I hesitate to call *Credo in Unam* a feminist tract, but it is a manifesto, like her earlier pamphlet *A Primer of Morals for Medea*. It is a call for a new woman, a woman who is strong, independent, sexually liberated, and within whose ambit man can find his own maturity, as they enter the new age together: "She is neither to be ahead nor behind nor enclosed of man." But, at the same time, man's works are "visible and concrete," whereas woman "works in the arena of the invisible."

1 *Charles Olson and Frances Boldereff: A Modern Correspondence.* Ed. Ralph Maud and Sharon Thesen. Wesleyan, 1999.

The next decade is the decade of her monumental work on Joyce, elected to replace or incorporate the previous harbingers of the new Minoa. In all, she writes and publishes six books on *Finnegans Wake*. These are self-published, but self-published by a master designer/printer. She refers to her Joyce books as Baedekers to *Finnegans Wake*, and there is no other way to read them than alongside Joyce. They are assemblages, made up of equal parts encyclopaedic dictionary, "translation," and a pastiche of lengthy citations from Joyce's sources, or from contemporary scholars like Frances Yeats and Henri Frankfort. But she is also constructing an argument, and there are passages of pure Motz (as Olson might say) that fasten together the whole—small "mamafestas" like "Point of Order" in Reading *Finnegans Wake*. These books are not academic. They get overlooked in the mainstream Joyce industry, which she detested ("stupid professional twaddle"). There are also unscholarly moments of whimsy and personal expression: Joyce is "adorable"—"Yeh Joyce!", "Neat thrust!" She, "the Reader," is Joyce's daughter. Her father wrote her a letter, within the body of *Finnegans Wake*, a letter in response to a letter she wrote long ago, did not address, and believed lost. His letter addresses itself to anyone who may find it.

Boldereff's books are strange but not delirious. Her work on Joyce is substantial. She takes a thread—Irish history, Bruno, *The Four Zoas*, Berkeley—and traces it, archaeologically uncovering small treasures, geologically laying bare whole strata, working out patterns and then laboriously displaying the evidence across the entire text. She realizes that she may be fabulating. There's a moment in the letters where she is devastated by her reading of Joyce's notes for *Exiles*. "He seems to be dreaming of the 'eternal' feminine in a way which makes me ill all over." She says that she may "have been reading more Motz than Joyce in Finnegans Wake." This self-consciousness is repeated within the text of *Hermes to His Son Thoth*, where she observes that she is "running the danger of overreading Bruno in Joyce." But at the end of the day, having spent some time with two of these books, I agree with her when she says, "I know what there is and I know the future has to employ what I have done . . . "

After Completion: The Later Letters of Charles Olson and Frances Boldereff. Ed. Sharon Thesen and Ralph Maud. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 2014.

MICHAEL TURNER: Ceci n'est pas une pipeline (in memory of Kathleen Gough Aberle, 1925–1990)

this is not a pipeline but a picture from a press release left behind by an employee of the university who would never define herself as such but, in this instance, as a faculty member exploring the outer reaches her position inspires, its freedoms, as others had years before when university governors undertook a more radical act than that of faculty when they forced certain administrators to dismiss certain faculty for not crossing picket lines drawn in protest of earlier dismissals, we have learned, like the unplanted ivy, the brutal concrete walls of this East-meets-West architectural thought fortress, the idea of this place, we have learned, from which minds bend and sweat beads over Petrie dishes, poems, numbers and their symbols (equality, inequality, plus, minus, times, division), bodies broken at right angles, lost in concentration, eventually getting to their feet to move quickly through doors and down hallways, over concourses, conscious not to appear under the influence of the latest unsolved problem, awaiting the next glass window to practice a smile before stopping to share it, or sometimes not stopping but to nod one, dripping down the slopes of this Olympus, as information, this Bundt cake, as icing, not a hole up top but a void space staged, a place of imagination, we have learned, where what appears as a picture is not unrelated to the material consequences that result from it, as thought put into action, practice, praxis-praxis-praxis goes the engine of her car as she climbed the mountain earlier that day, an older wreck she cannot afford yet continues to pay for, turning the corner as she had the day before, and the days before that, the architectural tableau no longer an open-armed greeting but, in its expansion, its occlusion, this mill she contributes to as a labourer, she argues in a committee meeting dominated by those who prefer the ostensibly effortless entrepreneur, designations that should correspond to class but align more accurately to gender, he says: Think of your children before you go getting arrested, to which she replies: I am, and yours too, and she does, driven down the mountain in a van purchased with the help of her taxes, calculating the cost of the van versus the cheque she wrote for her last return, side by side with others, facing each other, hands behind their backs as someone hums a Wobbly song and another wonders, You're too young to know that, a song that borrows its melody from a long forgotten popular song erased by a lyric that carries with it a critique of its source, the

picture of their arrest already in circulation, clicked on, exported, re-posted, doing the work that pictures do, rooted as they are in actions, gestures, consequences, beliefs . . .

This piece was read at The No-Way Cabaret: Legal Benefit and Spirit Raiser for Burnaby Mountain Land Defenders held at UNIT / PITT Projects on December 15, 2014

A RAWLINGS: Physique, Drain

A recent addition to Reykjavík's cultural offerings, Týsgallerí's two rooms are protected by a neon-orange door that grabs every eye on Óðinsgata—Odin's Street, a side street with stops at chic Snaps Restaurant and hip café C Is for Cookie. The gallery touts local, emerging, and mid-career contemporary artists. It's a mecca for most-new and best-fresh in the scene. I attend every opening I can, each an opportunity for generative work that generates discussion.

Bryndís Hrönn Ragnarsdóttir opened her exhibition "Holning / Physique" during the Reykjavík Arts Festival in May 2015. "Holning / Physique" fills the petit first room of the gallery with a dervish of white paint, the paint marks indicative of lipstick-prints from labia lips, white cream or cum, lubrication for entrance. Gypsum board printed with factory-proof sideways *k*'s cover the walls; pencil and paint marked these. Bryndís had performed two experiments that tattooed the space with evidence of her body.

First, Bryndís penciled the shape of her hand, then her shadow through the long early-summer sunlight that entered the gallery after dinner. Half-human, hurried sketches. Repeated, to catch the shadow as it crawled across the wall.

Second, she held steel slings which swung as she danced, metal sinking into gypsum with each body/wall collision. Through authentic movement, the metal became an arm-extension impacting the covered walls. In an effort to cover the violence, to heal and to repair the walls, Bryndís then spackled each collision-indent with white filler. The resultant white splotches scattered throughout the gallery room proved Bryndís' dance had extensive, multidirectional force. Her body, present through energy, kissed and blessed every surface of the gallery room.

Beyond Bryndís' physical traces of her brief gallery habitation, an open gallery door provides passage to a second room. Here, Kari Ósk Grétudóttir opens her exhibition

"Hvirfill / Drain" as a knee-high watercolour print installation stretching along the room's street-side wall. "Hvirfill / Drain" argues for directional continuation. Motion. A game.

How do cycles sustain? The cyclic flow urges in one direction. We don't die, live, and then birth. Or, if we conceptualize our existence in this way, we reverse so wholly an assumed, ingrained system that we must reconsider our architected perception. Birthed into the system, we understand it before we understand how to voice our understanding. We inherit the directional continuation.

Kari's paintings figure. Fluid in/out of a metal corner. Air in/through net, mesh. The spaces in/visible between a pile of stones. Space around what flows. A stone a longevity whorl a cycle passed through the small box of a world game.

As with any visit to Týsgallerí, my brain whirls with the generative. I want to write, to think, to think through. Kari and I take coffee. We flow through shadow, trace, frame. We inhale. Of the actions and space, she murmurs, "It was like when the world had more oxygen, with the neanderthals."

MELIZ ERGIN: "'Poison in Lemon, Carbon and Monoxide in My Chest': Elif Sofya's *Dik Âlâ*"

The contemporary Turkish poetry scene is spearheaded by a cohort of innovative women poets. One distinct voice is Elif Sofya, whose third book of poems, *Dik Âlâ*, came out in 2014. Inspired by a muse that "smells of slaughterhouse and gunpowder," Sofya's poems are feisty and confrontational. Dedicated to her mother, an animal rights activist, *Dik Âlâ* is an exposé of civilization gone wrong. It unveils various forms of violence inflicted on both the human and the nonhuman through rapid urbanization, devastation of natural resources, speciesism, political oppression, state violence, and the limitations of a conformist, anesthetized grammar.

The book consists of six sections, each introduced by a drawing by Anita Sezgener, another Turkish poet and the editor of *CIN AYSE*, a feminist culture-art-literature fanzine. The drawings, which resemble humans, animals, and humanimals, foreshadow both the abundance of animals in the book and the posthumanist transformation underlying Sofya's poems ("Take a good look at me, I / will then become an animal"). Animals enter her poems as witnesses to a number of interwoven ecological

and political problems, much like the poet who intends to spend a tranquil evening by the water with "river filling up my mouth" only to end up tasting "hydroelectrified waters."

In a feral language that allows no room for the melodramatic personal lyric, Sofya writes from within the permeable and often violated boundary between the natural and the socio-political. Her poems are permeated by various birds, some chirping beautifully, some falling dead from the trees, others traversing mine fields, contesting the exclusively human history we write for ourselves: "weeding out land-mines and borders from the soil / birds besiege military barracks / . . . as they depart burying the wind under their wings / they know / there exists none but the human / in that tired old refrain called history."

Dik Âlâ is marked by an absence of spatial and temporal references, which collapses any definitive geographical-historical context. Although Sofya hardly makes any explicit reference to specific socio-political events, the reader can trace a systematic demolition of the existing political order and the language it appropriates: "I choose a slice of history / that horses jump over / When a state maquette is smashed / The skeleton of this poem is constructed." One exception is the poem titled "Ali Ismail," the name of a young man who was killed during Gezi protests in 2013. The poem is an elegy as well as an urgent call to all of us who "are dying fast / dying like you just as much as you."

Sofya's poetics poignantly addresses the fractures within modern society and demands accountability from those who claim mastery over both the human and the nonhuman through a politics of naming ("You had already begun to suffocate me / . . . when you slowly gave me a name"). *Dik Âlâ* is a longing for silence in part to the detrimental language of politics emerging out of "a bloody mouth history," and in part to the deafening noise of industrial machines and highways.

Elif Sofya. *Dik Âlâ*. Istanbul: Yapi Kredi Yayinlari, 2014.

Contributors

JORDAN ABEL is a Nisga'a writer from Vancouver. Abel's first book, *The Place of Scraps* (Talonbooks), was a finalist for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award and the winner of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize. *Un/inhabited*, Abel's second book, was co-published by Project Space Press and Talonbooks.

DIYAN ACHJADI examines historical prints and surface ornamentation, tracing narratives of cross-cultural imaginings, influences and contaminations, reinterpreting them through drawing, printmaking and animation. Born in Jakarta, Indonesia, Achjadi currently resides in Vancouver, BC where she is an Associate Professor of Visual Arts and Material Practice at the Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

RAE ARMANTROUT'S most recent book, *Itself*, was published by Wesleyan University Press in 2015. In 2010 her book *Versed*, also from Wesleyan, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry. She is professor emeritus at UC San Diego.

JOANNE ARNOTT, Métis/mixed-blood writer/activist, co-edited Rice Paper Magazine's *Aboriginal and Asian Canadian Writers*, with Jim Wong-Chu and Lee Maracle (2012). "Poems for Autumn," in this issue of *TCR*, first appeared in *Halfling spring* (Kegedonce 2014), and were co-presented at *Autumn Incantations: The Fourth Chinese and English Poetry Recital*, 2014, Chinese Canadian Writers Association, Dr. Sun Yat Sen Classical Gardens.

SONNY ASSU is Ligwilda'xw (We Wai Kai) of the Kwakwaka'wakw nations. He received the BC Creative Achievement Award in First Nations art in 2011 and was long-listed for the Sobey Art Award in 2012 and 2013. Through museum interventions, large-scale installations, sculpture, photography, printmaking, and paintings, he merges the aesthetics of Indigenous iconography with a pop art sensibility in an effort to address contemporary, political and ideological issues. His work has been accepted into the National Gallery of Canada, the Seattle Art Museum, the Vancouver Art Gallery, the Museum of Anthropology at UBC and in various other public and private collections across Canada and the United States. He currently lives and works in Montreal.

JULES BOYKOFF is the author of *Hegemonic Love Potion* (Factory School 2009), *Once Upon a Neoliberal Rocket Badge* (Edge Books 2006), and, with Kaia Sand, *Landscapes of Dissent: Guerrilla Poetry and Public Space* (Palm Press 2008). He is the poetry editor for *Capitalism Nature Socialism* and lives in Portland, Oregon.

TED BYRNE was born in Hamilton and has lived in Vancouver since the late sixties. He is currently the custodian of the KSW's Charles Watts Memorial Library and a member of the Lacan Salon and the Henri Meschonnic study group. He periodically teaches writing in the Hum 101 program at UBC. Recent publications include *Beautiful Lies* (CUE Books) and *Sonnets: Louise Labé* (Nomados).

LISTEN CHEN lives in Vancouver and mucks around with words.

STEPHANIE CHRISTIE: I make zines, installations, poems and performances. My creative practice helps me engage with climate chaos and social justice. In my adult literacy work, I watch words fall apart. I love libraries, drifting, charged particles and the mystery. The science of self-acceptance is inspiring me to come into my senses.

STUART COOKE is a poet, critic, and translator based on the Gold Coast, Australia, where he lectures at Griffith University. His latest book is *George Dyuŋgayan's Bulu Line: a West Kimberley Songcycle* (Puncher & Wattmann 2014).

JEN CRAWFORD'S poetry publications include *Admissions* (Five Islands Press 2000), *Bad Appendix* (Titus Books 2008), and *Pop Riveter* (Pania Press 2011). She is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Canberra, and has also taught in Singapore and New Zealand.

DAN DISNEY currently teaches in the English Literature Program at Sogang University, in Seoul. He is the editor of *Exploring Second Language Creative Writing—Beyond Babel* (John Benjamins 2014), and is completing a book of villanelles (some of which were recently shortlisted for the Blake Prize). Forthcoming books include *Report from a border* (co-devised with graphic artist John Warwicker), and *Writing to the Wire* (co-edited with Kit Kelen).

PHILLIP DJWA is the lead developer, installation designer, and consultant on the High Muck a Muck project, Phillip is an artist and web strategist with 20 years' experience in the high-technology industry. He has worked with his company, Agentic Digital Media, on a wide range of technology, arts, and web-integrated communications projects.

MELIZ ERGIN is an Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature at Koc University in Istanbul. Her research focuses on twentieth century European and Turkish literature, philosophy, migration, contemporary poetry, and ecocriticism. She has published scholarly work in *Seminar: a Journal of Germanic Studies*, *The Italianist*, *Europe and Its Others*, and poetry in *Konundrum Engine Literary Review*, *Interim*, *Locuspoint*, and *The Enpipe Line*. She is the founder of "Versify: a monthly gathering to promote the writing, reading, translating, signing, and performing of poetry" based at Koc University.

KATE FAGAN is a poet, songwriter, and musician who lectures in Literary Studies at the University of Western Sydney. Her most recent volume of poems, *First Light*, was short-listed for both *The Age* Book of the Year Award and the NSW Premier's Literary Awards and she is a former editor-in-chief of *How2*, the U.S.-based journal of innovative writing and scholarship. She supported Joan Baez on her recent tour of Australia and New Zealand.

ROGER FARR is the author of *Surplus* (2006), *Means* (2012), and *IKMQ* (2012). His new work, *604*, is a psychogeographical report on Metropolitan Vancouver. He is still employed at Capilano University, and still lives on Gabriola Island.

SESSHU FOSTER has taught composition and literature in East Los Angeles for 30 years. His most recent books are the novel *Atomik Aztex* and *World Ball Notebook*.

NICOLA HARWOOD is a writer and interdisciplinary artist. Her plays have been produced in Canada and the USA and she has curated site-specific and community-engaged theatre and visual art projects with many diverse communities. She currently lives in Vancouver and teaches Creative Writing at Kwantlen Polytechnic University.

YA-WEN HO is an Auckland-based writer, performance poet, and graphics designer. Her first book of long poems, *last edited [insert time here]*, was published by Tinfish Press in 2012. She is a current recipient of the Horoeka/Lancewood reading grant.

JEN HOFER is a Los Angeles-based poet, translator, social justice interpreter, teacher, knitter,

book-maker, public letter-writer, urban cyclist, and co-founder of the language justice and language experimentation collaborative Antena. Her books and visual-textual works are available from numerous small independent presses, and in various DIY/DIT incarnations.

SERGIO HOLAS-VÉLIZ was born in the port town of Valparaíso, Chile and migrated to Australia in 1988. He has published three poetry books: *Distancia cero* (Zero Distance 2004), *Ciudad dividida* (Divided City 2006), and *Paisajes en movimiento* (Moving Landscapes 2013) all by Ediciones Altazor, Viña del mar, Chile. He is a co-translator of *Poetry of the Earth: Mapuche Trilingual Anthology* (Queensland: IT Press, 2014).

JAIME LUIS HUENÚN was born in Valdivia, Región de los Ríos, in 1967. He is a Mapuche-Huilliche poet and writer. His most recent book of poetry is *Ko fenten püllu, mapu fentén püllu / Espíritus del agua y de la tierra: Teatro mapuche para niños* (Mineduc 2013) and he recently edited *Poetry of the Earth: Mapuche Trilingual Anthology* (Interactive Press 2014). His poetry has been translated into English, German, French, Dutch, Italian, and Catalán. He won the inaugural Pablo Neruda Poetry Prize in 2003 and a Guggenheim fellowship in 2005. He teaches in the Universidad Diego Portales de Santagio and directs Ediciones Konünwenu, an Indigenous publishing house in Chile.

DAVID KĀRENA-HOLMES was born in New Zealand. His work has appeared in print in New Zealand, Australia and the U. K. A "work in progress," from the prologue of which the extract included in this issue of *TCR* is taken, is provisionally titled *From the Antipodes*. He lives in Nelson, New Zealand, with his wife Shirley.

HIROMOTO IDA is a nationally recognized director, choreographer, and performer. His works, such as *Please Dad*, *SENTAK*, *KESSA*, and *The Gift*, have all been performed at international dance festivals.

TOMOYO IHAYA'S primary media are printmaking, drawing, and installation work. Her curiosity about other cultures has lead her to travel and produce art work through international artist-in-residency programs in India, Mexico, Thailand, the United States and Canada. She has exhibited locally, nationally, and internationally.

JEE LEONG KOH is the author of four books of poems, including *The Pillow Book*, which was shortlisted for the Singapore Literature Prize and translated into Japanese. A new book of poems, *Steep Tea*, is forthcoming from Carcanet Press in July 2015. Originally from Singapore, Koh lives in New York City, where he curates the arts website Singapore Poetry, and runs the Second Saturdays Reading Series.

LAIFONG LEUNG taught Chinese language & literature (University of Alberta) and has written many books, including *History of Literary Interactions between China and Canada* (co-authored, Chinese) and a book on contemporary Chinese fiction writers (forthcoming). She is the co-founder/current Chair of the *Chinese Canadian Writers Association*.

PATRICE LEUNG is a filmmaker and first assistant director, cutting her teeth on CBC's *The Beachcombers* in 1982. Her documentaries, *Women Warriors* and *Marathon Film*, have screened at the Vancouver International Film Festival and the Vancouver Queer Film festival.

THOMAS LOH is an architect, artist, and dancer. Born in Taiwan and educated in Toronto, he has made Nelson, BC his home for the past twelve years. Thomas is an active architect and has designed many projects in the built environment—as well as practicing conceptual video, installation art, and dance.

GLEN LOWRY'S work investigates new forms of critical and creative practice, most often from the perspective of collaborative investigation. His most recent research project, Trading Routes: Grease Trails, Oil Futures (tradingroutes.ca) with artist Ruth Beer and others, is concerned with spatial justice and the problematic mapping of proposed oil pipelines linking Alberta's oil fields to British Columbia's coast on to ancestral indigenous trading routes, Oolichan or Grease Trails. Lowry is an Associate Professor in the Faculty of Culture and Community and Chair of the Research Ethics Board at Emily Carr University of Art + Design.

KELLY MALONE is a poet, language artist, and writer from Aotearoa. Her PhD research at the University of Newcastle, New South Wales, is on Performance Writing—language as an event with another media—in Oceania. Her work has been published locally and in Australia, the UK, and Canada. She regularly posts at her chapblog: www.kellymalone.me.

MAP OFFICE is a multidisciplinary platform devised by Laurent Gutierrez (born 1966, Casablanca, Morocco) and Valérie Portefaix (born 1969, Saint-Étienne, France). This duo of artists/architects has been based in Hong Kong since 1996, working on physical and imaginary territories using varied means of expression including drawing, photography, video, installations, performance, and literary and theoretical texts. MAP Office projects have been exhibited in major international art, design, and architecture events, and their cross-disciplinary practice has been the subject of a monograph, *MAP OFFICE – Where the Map is the Territory* (2011), edited by Robin Peckham and published by ODE (Beijing). In 2013, MAP Office was the recipient of the 2013 edition of the Sovereign Asian Art Prize.

DAPHNE MARLATT has published more than twenty books that are hybrid forms of poetry, autobiography, prose, travelogue, essay, theory, historical fiction, history, journal, theory, and manifesto, including her recent *Liquidities: Vancouver Poems Then and Now* (Talonbooks 2013). She spent her early childhood in Australia and Malaysia.

CINDY MOCHIZUKI has created installation, performance, animation, drawings, and collaborative works that consider spaces that embody both the fictional and documentary. Often working with archival sources, memory work, and interviews, her practice revisits historical and personal memory. She received her MFA from the School for Contemporary Arts at SFU.

GARRY THOMAS MORSE is the author of four poetry titles and four fiction titles, notably Governor-General's Award poetry finalist *Discovery Passages* about his ancestral Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations myth, history, and fallout of the potlatch ban. His forthcoming poetry title is *Prairie Harbour* (Fall 2015). Morse currently roams about Winnipeg, Manitoba.

MEGHANN O'BRIEN (Kwaxhi'laga, Jaad Kuujus) is a professional snowboarder and textile artist of Irish, Haida, and Kwakwaka'wakw descent. She specializes in the Northwest Coast weaving traditions of Chilkat and Ravenstail ceremonial regalia and basketry. She has been writing since she could write and currently resides in northern BC.

CRAIG SANTOS PEREZ is a native Chamoru from the Pacific Island of Guåhan (Guam). He is the co-founder of Ala Press and author of three poetry collections, most recently: *from unincorporated territory [guma']* (2014). He is an Associate Professor in the English Department at the University of Hawai'i, Manoa.

KIMBERLY PHILLIPS is a writer and curator. She holds a PhD in art history from the

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VAUGHAN RAPATAHANA is a Māori (Te Ātiawa, Ngati Te Whiti) writer who lives and works in Hong Kong, with a house in Te Araroa, East Coast, Aotearoa-New Zealand and Santo Tomas, Phillipines. Rapatahana has published work in a variety of genres worldwide, and two books are forthcoming in 2015: the new collection of poems *Atonement* (ASM/Flying Islands, Macau), and the co-edited Why English? *Confronting the Hydra* (Multilingual Matters U.K.)—a follow up to *English Language as Hydra*, 2012.

A RAWLINGS responds to systems. http://arawlings.is

RENÉE SAROJINI SAKLIKAR writes *thecanadaproject*, a life-long poem chronicle. The first completed book from *thecanadaproject* is the award-winning *Children of Air India, un/authorized exhibits and interjection* (Nightwood Editions 2013).The second completed series, "the heart of this journey bears all patterns," commonly known as *thot-j-bap*, is about culture, language, longing.

LISA SAMUELS is the author of eleven poetry books, most recently *Wild Dialectics* (Shearsman 2012); an experimental memoir (*Anti M*, Chax 2013); soundwork CDs; and many essays and edited works in poetry and theory. Her poetry is being set to music by composer Frédéric Pattar, and her experimental novel *Tender Girl* is forthcoming with Dusie Press. Since 2006 she has lived in Aotearoa/New Zealand with her partner and son.

SUSAN M. SCHULTZ is editor and publisher of Tinfish Press, which she founded in 1995; Tinfish publishes experimental poetry from the Pacific region. She is author of several books of poetry and poetic prose, including, most recently, *Memory Cards: Dogen Series* from Vagabond Press in Sydney & Tokyo (2015). She wrote *A Poetics of Impasse in Modern and Contemporary American Poetry* (Alabama 2005) and has edited volumes on John Ashbery's influence and on multi-formalisms. She is a fervent fan of the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team and lives with her family in Kaneohe on Oahu.

JORDAN SCOTT is the author of three books of poetry, including 2014's *Decomp* (Coach House), a collaboration with Stephen Collis and the ecosphere of British Columbia. He lives in Vancouver.

HENRY TSANG is a visual and media artist and occasional curator. His artworks incorporate digital media, video, photography, language, and sculptural elements that follow the relationship between the public, community, and identity through global flows of people, culture, and capital, and have been exhibited at The Vancouver Art Gallery, Para/Site Art Space (Hong Kong), National Gallery of Malaysia, Art Dubai, Velan Centre for Contemporary Art, Turin, Italy, Tacoma Art Museum, and Museum of Vancouver. He teaches at Emily Carr University of Art & Design.

JACQUELINE TURNER has published four books of poetry with ECW Press: *The Ends of the Earth* (2013) *Seven into Even* (2006), *Careful* (2003), and *Into the Fold* (2000). She lectures at Emily Carr University of Art + Design and reviews for the *Georgia Straight*. She was the inaugural poet-in-residence at the Judith Wright Centre of Contemporary Arts in Brisbane, Australia and an artist-in-residence in Tasmania.

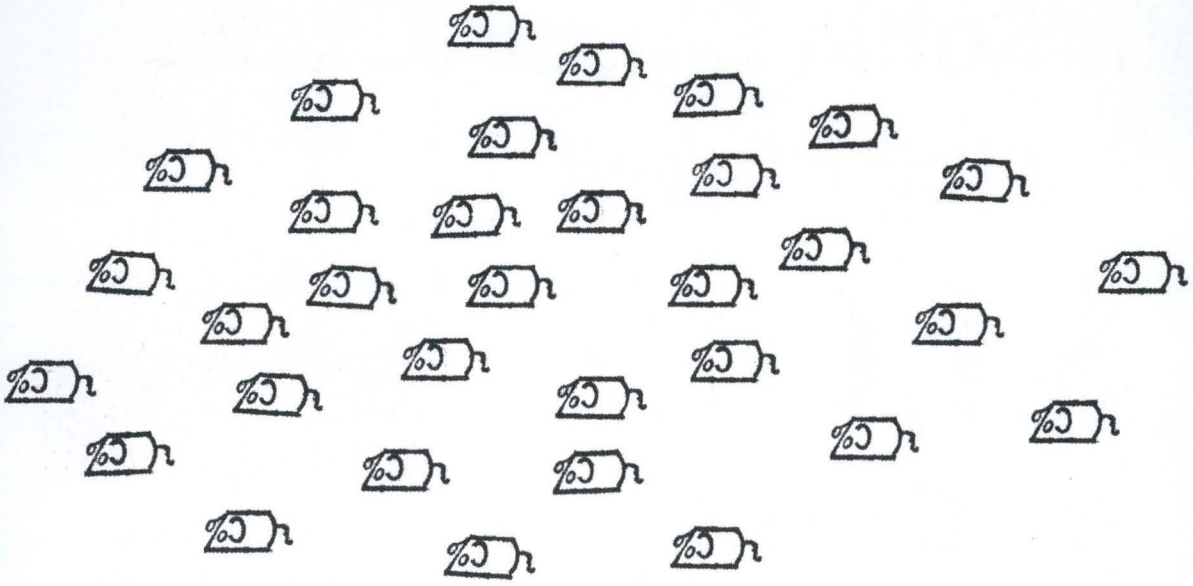
MICHAEL TURNER is a Vancouver-based writer of fiction, criticism and song. He also blogs at this address: mtwebsit@blogspot.com

FRED WAH grew up in Nelson, BC, working in his father's Chinese restaurant. Fred went on to become internationally recognized Governor General Award-winning poet and critic and Poet Laureate of Canada. His work often explores the notion of hybridity, returning again and again to the tension of his mixed blood ancestry—his "passing" privilege mixed with the complexity of his racialized family identity.

BESSIE WAPP is a theatre artist and musician. Bessie worked with Vancouver's Public Dreams, contributing to their signature outdoor events, and was Co-Artistic Director of Mortal Coil Performance Society, a Vancouver company specializing in stilting, international TYA touring, at-risk youth performance, and large-scale site-specific works.

YEOW KAI CHAI has two poetry collections, *Secret Manta* (2001), which was adapted from an entry shortlisted for the 1995 Singapore Literature Prize, and *Pretend I'm Not Here* (2006). A co-editor of *Quarterly Literary Review Singapore* (*QLRS*), he reviews music for Singapore's English-language daily, *The Straits Times*.

JIN ZHANG was born in Beijing, China. Since coming to Canada in 1990, Jin has become known as a composer who actively promotes combining Eastern and Western musical expression. Jin Zhang has received multiple commissioning grants and has composed for many ensembles, TV productions, CD recordings, and the theatre.



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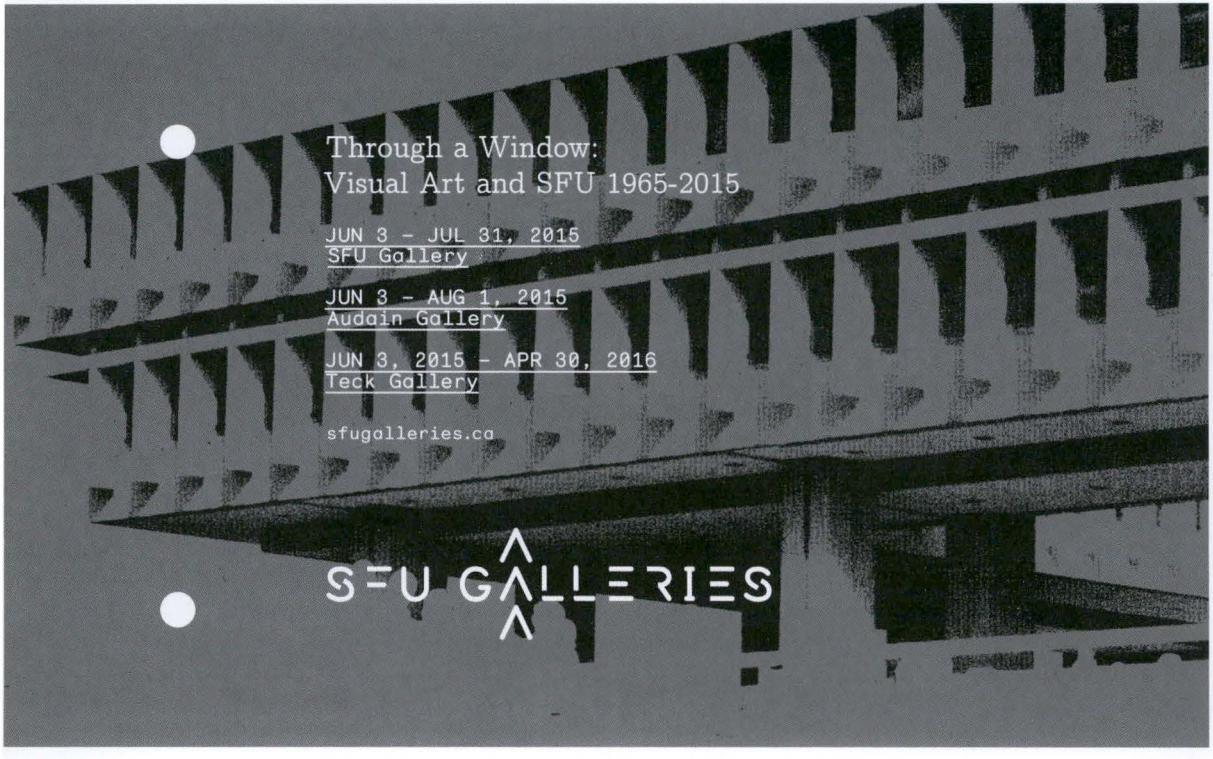

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We are thrilled to announce this year's guest judge is poet and Robin Blaser scholar Soma Feldmar.

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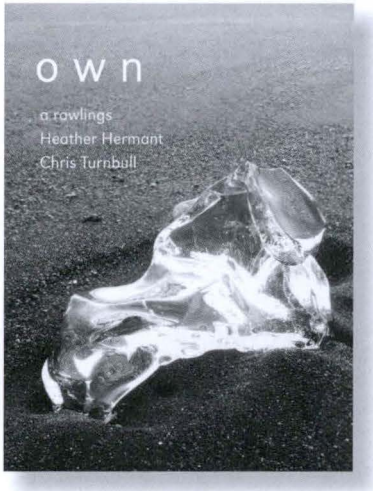

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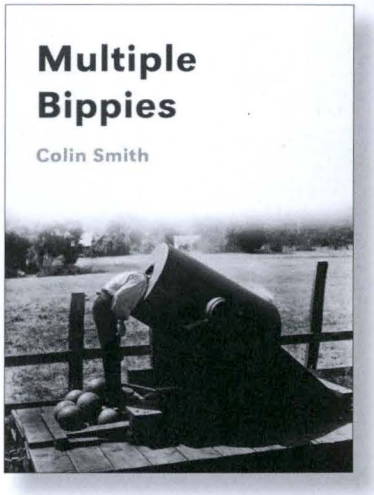

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Heartfelt thanks to all those who donated their time, expertise, and works as rewards for our Nov–Dec 2014 Kickstarter campaign

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