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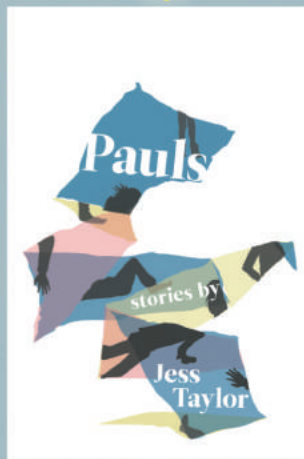
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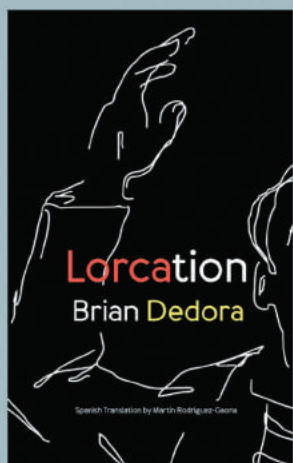
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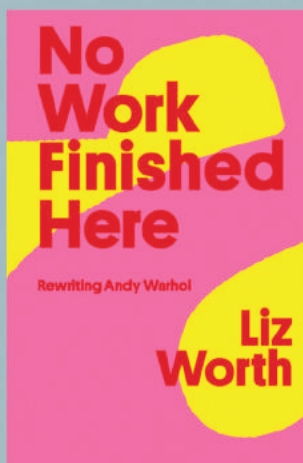
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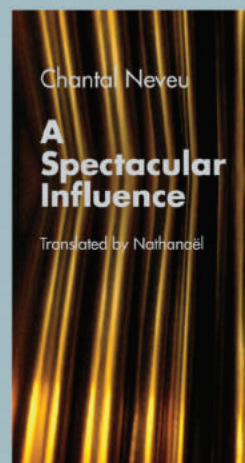
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LORCATION BY BRIAN DEDORA is "exciting, moving, a gift for us, a gift for Lorca." —Laura Garcia-Lorca



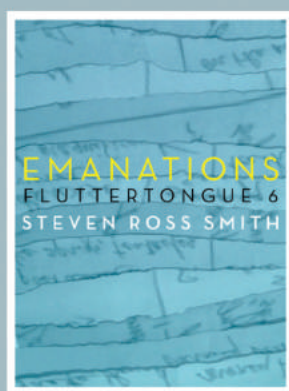
NO WORK FINISHED HERE: REWRITING ANDY WARHOL BY LIZ WORTH is "a 'stylish master-nightmare... This is 'the start of something true.'" —Lynn Crosbie



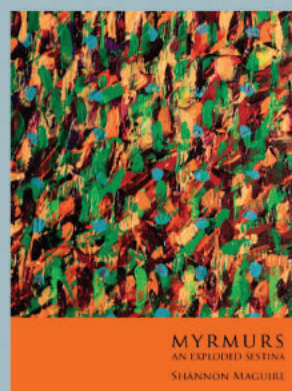
A SPECTACULAR INFLUENCE BY CHANTAL NEVEU, TRANSLATED BY NATHANAËL "brings about a state or a motion that is the sign of life beating." —Alexis Lussier



THE RELATIVISTIC EMPIRE BY SAMUEL ANDREYEV is a "whistling orchestration of a beautiful 'teflon ballet'." —derek beaulieu



EMANATIONS: FLUTTERTONGUE 6 BY STEVEN ROSS SMITH "sets its own landing field and touches down...in this surprise-fest." —Gerald Hill



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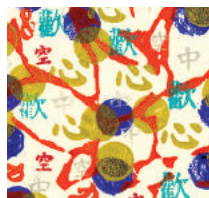
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Mars TV

Novelist, Playwright, Sex Machine

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COVER: From "Euro Maidens," photography
of women on the front lines of the Ukraine
conflict, by Jen Osborne. See more on page 42.

COVER DESIGN: Eric Ublich



In 2011 the Toronto photographer Rita Leistner travelled to Helmand Province in southern Afghanistan as part of One-Eight Basetrack, a journalism project through which artists, journalists and researchers from around the world were embedded with the US Marine Corps, tracking the activities of one battalion using only social media; the aim of the project is to connect broad social media audiences to the longest war in US history. Leistner shot with an iPhone (her first) using the Hipstamatic app, a popular photography app (millions of users)

that makes photos look as if they were taken with a vintage camera: square format, washed-out colours. Leistner writes that photographing with the Hipstamatic app made her feel removed from the process of creating the images and presented challenges in coming to terms with the experiences she'd photographed. She writes: "The instantaneity and artificiality of the Hipstamatic images seemed to accentuate the 'thingness' of everything. And so it was that bit by bit, I started to look at my images again and all I could see were artifacts and

technology: armoured vehicles and body armour and weapons and radio towers; loudspeakers and improvised explosive devices; fuel dispensers and mobile phones; sandbags and HESCO barriers; the occasional flag. I realized that part of what had unsettled me so deeply was the conspicuous absence of humanity in it all." More of Rita Leistner's Afghanistan photos can be seen in *Searching for Marshall McLuhan in Afghanistan* (Intellect Books).

—AnnMarie MacKinnon

LETTERS

READERS WRITE

SUBLIME VERNACULAR

The Levine Flexhaug speed paintings in the last issue (*Geist* 98) were fantastic! My grandmother has a painting in her basement that looks like it could be a Flexhaug—I'm going to check for a signature. It seems as if everyone's grandmother has one of those in their basement. The trees, the lake—they're painfully Canadian. Maybe I should break out my paints and try my hand at the Flexhaug style on my own.

—Carrie Timothy, Gillam, MB

IN A DAY'S WORK

"Pacific Meats & Frozen Foods, Inc." by Johnathan Fahey (No. 98) was a weird, amazing read. I particularly enjoyed the character with the nasty teeth. I used to work part-time in a farm equipment warehouse, and we had a colleague who was notorious for his halitosis. Someone slipped a note into his locker one day to tell him about it and the poor guy got so embarrassed he quit. Fahey really nailed the experience of working in a warehouse.

—Terry Detwiler, Yorkton, SK



Kelsey O'Connor in Washington with her handsome *Geist* tote.

SELFIE-STICK

I was surprised to see *Geist* take on the buzzworthy topic of the "selfie" with *Framed* by Sara Cassidy (No. 98). Cassidy calls photographic self-portraiture slow food, while selfies are fast food, but what's the distinction? When the viewer can't tell how long an image took to create, is the only difference an expensive camera? I got my daughter an analogue camera last Christmas and all she's done is take photos of herself; not sure what type of "food" those images would be.

—Joyce Zhang, Jasper AB

HEADED FOR THE ALTAR

I'm attending a wedding and "Old Women Cry at Weddings" by Eve Corbel (No. 97) was the most perfect thing I could have read on my phone on my way to the venue.

—Lauren Ogston

POETIC LICENSE

On Kathryn Mockler's "Your Poem Should Have Four Legs," (No. 97): Your poem should not tell my poem what to do. Your poem is too long. And why does your title have initial capitals, anyway?

—Jim, cyberspace

GUFFAWS

I always read *Geist* from back to front so when I came across *Syrup Trap* (No. 97) I wasn't sure what was going on. What began as a snicker, led to chuckles and then guffaws. I laughed my ass off! So much fun!

—John Millard, Toronto

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HOW TO GET AROUND TOWN

"Always Waking Up in Montreal" (No. 98) cracked me up. It was funny and bizarre and uncomfortable, and if this is the direction *Geist* is taking with its stories, I'm totally on board. I'll never be able to un-read the phrase "I follow my penis around town for a while," so thank you for that.

—Derek Desjardins, Bathurst NB

WRITE TO GEIST

✉ Thoughts, opinions, comments and queries are welcome and encouraged, and should be sent to:

The Editor, *Geist*
letters@geist.com

Snailmail:

#210 – 111 West Hastings St.
Vancouver BC V6B 1H4

Letters may be edited for clarity, brevity and decorum. Authors of published letters will receive a *Geist* map suitable for framing.

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE

Noni Brynjolson is a writer and curator from Winnipeg and is currently a PhD student in art history at the University of California, San Diego.

Eve Corbel is a writer, illustrator, cartoonist, mom and grandma. Her writing and artwork have been published in numerous anthologies and periodicals, including *Geist*.

Patrick Dunford is an artist from Winnipeg.

Rob Kovitz is the creator of Treyf Books. He lives in Winnipeg.

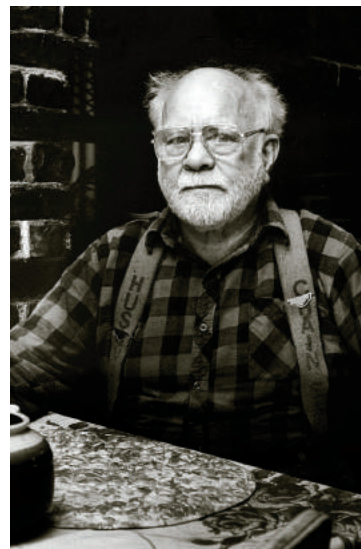
Rita Leistner is an award-winning photographer and writer. She lives in Toronto and at ritaleistner.com.

Jen Osborne is a Canadian photographer living in Berlin. Visit her at jenosbornestudio.com.

Owen Toews is a geographer living in Winnipeg. His piece "IMAX Stories" was published in *Geist* 77.

Ryan Trudeau is a Winnipeg artist and university student.

IN MEMORIAM



FRANK WHITE
1914 – 2015

Frank White has lived in Madeira Park since 1949. Before that he ran a logging operation on Nelson Island. Frank helped his son Howard get into publishing in the early seventies, when he hauled an old Mann printing press on a flatbed truck up the coast from Vancouver. The press weighed five tons but the elevator in the building it was in was rated for a ton and a half, so then the elevator operator refused to take it down, Fran persuaded Howard to run the elevator instead, because at that time—or so the story goes—Howard didn't weigh as much as Frank. When they got up to Madeira Park, there was no way to lower the press off the truck so Frank cranked up the backhoe and dug a ditch four feet deep from the road back to the double doors of the big shed where the publishing was going to happen. Then he backed the truck in along the ditch and they winched the press straight off the truck into the middle of the shed, where it still sits today. Filling in the ditch took no time at all, and it was the beginning of Harbour Publishing Ltd.

—Mandelbrot, *Geist* No. 5

When I was immersed in First Nations politics and losing sleep over it, I always maintained that First Nations communities need more females as chiefs. And I've known female chiefs in BC to be some of the most effective leaders in the province.

The first that comes to mind is Chief Sophie Pierre. For thirty years she was Chief for St. Mary's Band in the Kootenay region of BC. Chief Pierre was a Treaty Commissioner, and as Chief she has been part of the treaty negotiations up there for many years now. Female chiefs tend to put much emphasis on business development and tend to generate success. Pierre was successful in spawning exciting businesses for her people and continues to do so today.

Judith Sayers was Chief for Hupacasath First Nation, in Port Alberni, for fourteen years. At one point, a former Chairman for the tribal council purposely rammed his very large macho pickup truck into her little car. It seems he did not appreciate having a female chief for a Nuuchah-nulth tribe.

Yet another very accomplished female chief is Judy Wilson, Neskonlith First Nation, in Chase. I worked with Wilson at Theytus Books. She was Judy Manuel in those days, relative to Art Manuel and the late famous George Manuel.

An interesting case was my late mother-in-law, Ida Mae Shish/August/Swan. She went through a four-year ritual to be seated as Chief of Manhousaht First Nation. Her father passed his birthright on to Ida as the hereditary chief of Manhousaht when Ida was only twelve years old because he did not have a son to whom to pass on his chieftainship. Several years after she was seated as Chief her parents bore a son but he never did accept the hereditary chieftainship from his sister.

Prior to 1949, Ida's father was asked by one of his pals for permission to build a cabin on Manhousaht territory, now known as Hotsprings Cove, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Her father told his pal, "Better than that, build a cabin here and we will grow old together." His pal was from Hesquiaht but Hotsprings Cove was closer to good fishing grounds.

In 1949 the Department of Indian Affairs forced Ida's family to move to and amalgamate with the Ahousaht First Nation. This was mainly

for the convenience of the Department of Indian Affairs.

Ida's father's pal stayed in Hotsprings Cove and slowly the Hesquiaht people moved from Hesquiaht Harbour to Hotsprings Cove. Today Hotsprings Cove is recognized as belonging to the Hesquiaht people instead of the Manhousaht people.

Ida Mae took an interest in the Nuuchah-nulth treaty negotiations. Up until then she had not been exercising her rights as a hereditary chief. The 'old boys' club' became concerned when she began asking questions in treaty meetings, which included Nuuchah-nulth chiefs, Province of BC and the Federal Government. Ida Mae had not attended the Nuuchah-nulth treaty strategy meetings because she was never invited or notified of them. The 'old boys' were angered when she showed up at a treaty negotiation meeting in Tofino. Shortly afterwards she was called to Ahousat for an important meeting. She had just recovered from a serious bout of pneumonia but still took the long trip to Ahousat. This meeting is where they stripped her of her chieftainship. This was quite uncereemonious. Shortly afterwards the Nuuchah-nulth Tribal Council premiered a video in which an Ahousaht head chief and the Elder spokesperson stated that the Ahousaht people had never accepted females as chiefs. That said, this likely would not have happened had the Department of Indian Affairs not forced the Manhousaht and Ahousat to amalgamate.

This still bothers me today but this is the last I will say of this as on her deathbed she asked that the situation with her chieftainship be left alone as there is little meaning nowadays to the traditional chieftainship system.

Chief Bill Wilson's statement at the 1982 Constitution talks stated he had two daughters who wanted to become lawyers and politicians and maybe even the Prime Minister of Canada. This just might come true someday. Jody Wilson-Raybould would make a grand Chief of Canada!

—Randy Fred

Randy Fred has worked in communications since 1974. He is the founder of Theytus Books. In 2005 he received the Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award for his contribution to publishing in British Columbia. He lives in Nanaimo.



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Centre of the Universe

MICHAŁ KOZŁOWSKI

A barn full of sweaty publishers, deep in the heart of Toronto



Baker Lake, another claimant of central status.

The mayor of Toronto, dressed in a spiffy blue suit, with his grey hair combed to the right, made the opening speech at the FIPP World Congress, the largest magazine media event in the world, this past October at the Sheraton Centre Toronto Hotel. “The way we Torontonians choose to live together,” he said into the microphone during his speech, “is what makes Toronto so great.” It was nine in the morning and many of the eight hundred publishers attending the conference were staring down into their smartphones. The mayor of Toronto went on at length about the cultural and economic supremacy of his town and the publishers continued to stare down into their phones. Then the mayor blurted out, “We really are the centre of Canada.”

The geographic centre of Canada lies not in Ontario, but in Nunavut, just south of Yathkyed Lake, at 2° 24' N, 96° 28' W, measured as the midpoint between the extremities of Canada: Cape Aldrich, Nunavut, in the north; Middle Island, Ontario, in the south; Cape Spear, Newfoundland, in the east; and the Yukon-Alaska border in the west. Nor is Toronto the centre of the universe, as is often claimed in the media by Torontonians and non-Torontonians. The centre of the universe lies at a knoll overlooking Vidette Lake near Kamloops, BC, according to Buddhist monks who made the claim in the 1980s and carried out tests over the next few years to verify its authenticity by gauging the shape and directional slope of the place. Yet another centre in Canada

lies outside of Toronto: the centre of the world lies in Lytton, BC, the site of the boulder where Coyote landed, according to Interior Salish stories. One story goes that the NIha7kápmx of the Interior Salish buried the boulder, or exploded it, to hide it from the settlers encroaching on the Fraser Valley; the original site of the boulder was paved over when the TransCanada was laid down in 1967.

Some of the publishers in the crowd were hung over from the FIPP Hoedown, the opening gala held the previous night; dress code: country. The publishers had been given Stetson hats made of foam and had been loaded into a string of buses and driven out to a hall by the Don Valley Parkway that had been fashioned to look like a barn hallucinated by Stephen Harper (who happened to be campaigning with the former mayor of Toronto on the other side of town); hay bales served as side tables, cowhide patterns were projected onto the walls. A continuous stream of caterers in plaid shirts offered up Montreal smoked meat canapés, lobster canapés, Alberta steak canapés and grilled cheese canapés, as well as Ontario beer and wine. A whole roasted pig, eyes closed, mouth open, was laid out on a silver platter by the pulled pork sandwich station. A young man in a baggy Mountie uniform roamed the room, posing for photographs with the publishers. A group of eight fiddlers played Celtic jigs up on stage. Then a man in a felt Stetson, who spoke in the manner of an auctioneer, led a square dance for the publishers during which much arm locking took place. A Japanese publisher in

a red foam Stetson jostled his way into do-si-do-ing with the dancing teacher's partner. In a corner of the barn a group of publishers huddled around fifty-five-gallon drums, roasting marshmallows over open flames. In another corner, publishers tested their cowboy skills on the mechanical bull; twenty-nine seconds took first prize that night.

Over the next two days the eight hundred publishers hunkered down in the basement of the Sheraton. CEOs and COOs and presidents of the biggest media companies in the world—TIME Inc., Hearst Media, Atlantic Media, National Geographic—got up on stage and discussed the concerns of publishing: mobile web, mobile apps, mobile page load times, mobile native advertising, mobile videos, mobile communities, monetizing mobile. The publishers in the crowd who were not staring into their smartphones occasionally asked questions about the secrets of the mobile web; they had to speak into green foam cubes the size of lunch boxes, embedded with microphones, heaved at them by the ushers.

A young man on stage pointed out that 4.5 billion people have access to clean water, and 6 billion people have access to cellphones. "Six billion," he said into the microphone. "What an exciting time to be in publishing."

Another young man stated that in 2008 humans had an attention span of fourteen seconds, and that in 2014 we had an attention span of eight seconds. He then said, "That's one less second than the attention span of a goldfish." The crowd sighed. "What this means is that we now have eight seconds," said the young man, "to get the attention of our readers."

Down the hall was a huge room, identified by a sign as Beaver Lodge, set up as a mingling area for the publishers, outfitted with sofas, high tables, an inflatable twenty-foot-tall beaver, an indoor campfire (made of silk, LED lights, metal) encircled by

Muskoka chairs, and National Parks Board booths displaying taxidermic birds, as well as a green screen where one could have one's photo taken and then be Photoshopped into a national park.

The presentations went on; a string of men in expensive suits, some three-piece, got up on stage one after

the longest one in North America. I ordered a beer and stepped onto the people mover. Beyond the glass, long green plants undulated in the water and hundreds, maybe thousands of brightly coloured fish swam around in their enclosure: sandbar sharks, sand tiger sharks, stingrays, talons, sawfish, yellowtail snappers, others.



another, talking about the disruptive effect of smartphones on publishing. "It's like we hit the *Titanic*," said a high-level executive during the final panel discussion, "but it's okay, because we're all still here. Now we just have to hang on and paddle to shore."

For the closing ceremony of the FIPP World Congress, the publishers were rounded up and herded into buses and driven out to Ripley's Aquarium of Canada, at the foot of the CN tower, where a string quartet played Beatles songs near the exotic fish tank. More caterers in plaid shirts handed out huge glasses of wine. I stopped at a tank full of wolf eels: long black tubes, unmoving, clumped together against a rock. The effect of mobile publishing, it became clear to me then, is to reduce the periodicity in periodical publishing to imperceptible intervals, resulting in a continuous barrage of content to the palm of the smartphone user. (FIPP was originally called *Fédération Internationale de la Presse Périodique*; now it refers to itself as a magazine media association.)

Ahead lay a glass tunnel that passed through an enormous aquarium. The tunnel was outfitted with a people mover (the kind you find at airports),

A couple of publishers with English accents got on the people mover.

"Did you hear that presenter earlier talking about things?"

"Things?"

"Things. Like, did you see that *thing* on the internet last week?"

"No. Things?"

"Things."

"Like, articles?"

"Sometimes, but not always. Like, the email that Steve Jobs sent just before he died outlining the future of Apple. That's a *thing*."

"Is it an article about the email?"

"No, it's the email, published on a site."

"I'm not following. Still, what's the point of things?"

"I don't remember now."

There were probably a hundred publishers now, gliding along the people mover, looking up from the bottom of a fish tank at thousands of brightly coloured fish. Some publishers snapped photos; others tapped the glass, trying to get the attention of the fish.

After what felt like an hour, the people mover came to an end in a huge room filled with food stands and fish tanks. The short ribs stand was

near the eel tank; the grilled salmon stand by the jellyfish tank. The poultine stand was by the bar. We were soon ushered out of the aquarium and into elevators and shot up to the top of the CN Tower, where waiters armed with mousses and truffles roamed, and tables were adorned with chocolates and bricks of cheese and bowls of crackers. The pungent aroma of old socks and sweaty publishers dominated the room; the outer decks were closed on account of strong winds, so we all stayed inside, smelling the smell of publishing late into the night.

I caught a cab to the airport at five the next morning; it was still dark and

the freeway was almost empty. The driver asked how long it would take to drive to Vancouver. Five days, I said. He said he'd never been there, and was considering driving out in the spring, something he'd always wanted to do. I recalled driving from Ottawa to Winnipeg twenty years earlier and seeing a sign along the TransCanada highway outside of Taché, Manitoba that read Longitudinal Centre of Canada, and then half a degree later, farther down the highway, another sign that read Centre Longitudinal du Canada.

Michał Kozłowski is the publisher of Geist. Read more of his work at geist.com.

Petites Pattes

DEBORAH OSTROVSKY

Church Lady is an authority on all matters of pricing

"I'll pay more for these petites pattes." I'm at a church bazaar dangling a pair of blue and pink booties over the cash. For an expectant mother who doesn't know the sex of her baby, the colour combination is a stroke of genius. My belly collides with a rack of clip-on earrings and the volunteer behind the counter looks at me askance. She is stern and upright, a proud steward of this church, flitting around the till with a feather duster. She takes the booties (*petites pattes*) and thrusts them into a wrinkled plastic bag.

They cost three dollars. I hand her a twenty and tell her to keep it. I'm a knitter; I can attest to their craftsmanship.

"Madame, this is a bazaar," Church Lady says. She doesn't take well to spendthrifts. She is an authority on all matters of pricing. *Amen.*

I look around the sale room, stuffed with the flotsam and jetsam of

a thousand Montreal apartments. An old man talks to himself in the corner as he leafs through René Simard LPs. A woman in a moth-eaten winter coat is rooting through vinyl handbags, mining the pockets for loose

change.

"We can hardly charge retail prices," Church Lady adds.

I see her point. But amidst the velvet paintings and chipped crockery there is a pile of socks, booties and mitts with stitches so even that I thought they were made with an industrial knitting machine.

"Non—all handmade by Bernadette," Church Lady informs me.

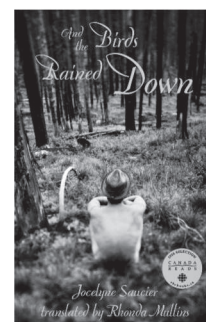
Bernadette, she explains, has belonged to the parish her whole life. It's a tale straight out of a Gabrielle Roy novel: the pious, dutiful daughter of a large working-class family. The eldest of twelve, she spent her days knitting clothes for younger siblings after their mother died. Sweaters, hats, dresses. Bernadette would unravel everything and reuse the wool as her siblings grew bigger and the family budget smaller. Now she's retired and knits for the church where her sisters donned the

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From the author and translator
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white gloves she made for their first communion.

Montreal was once the “City of a Thousand Steeples.” Today it’s the city of a thousand church bazaars open on Saturdays to keep the cash flow up. Women like Bernadette, it seems to me, are what keep these places alive. The neighbourhood surrounding the parish is in flux—gentrification, an expanding population of hipsters and *Paris Match* Québécois celebrities—but it still feels like it belongs to people like her.

“I want to meet Bernadette,” I say to Church Lady, surprising myself.

“You can’t. She’s had a heart attack. We’re not sure she’ll recover.”

I’m due in two days. My belly is already pressing low. I hatch a plan to take a photo of my newborn wearing Bernadette’s booties and put the picture in a card. *Merci pour vos petites pattes si belles*. I’ll ask to meet Bernadette when she’s better. We’re

neighbours, after all. Why wouldn’t she befriend me, a knitter from another universe in time and culture? I knit for pleasure; no doubt Church Lady shared Bernadette’s story as a homily on sacrifice. But there are traces of passion in her handiwork. I know this, because I can see them in the columns of jersey stitches that line the heels of the booties she makes, the drawstrings around the ankles braided carefully by aging fingers. Maybe we’ll knit together. As we click away at the needles, I’ll glean more of her story—if she feels she has a story.

My daughter arrives after her due date. The birth is uncomplicated, but two weeks pass before I’m back at the bazaar.

“Too late,” Church Lady says, unwilling to draw attention to any emotions she may be feeling. “But I’ll make sure to give your card to her husband.”

Before Church Lady returns to her

feather duster, she presses a funeral bookmark, with Bernadette’s photo and a poem on it, into my hand. The poem’s final verse sounds maudlin in English translation, even if it’s true. *For years I’ve knitted and purled, never dropping a stitch... but in the end I lost the final stitch of life...*

I’m seized by a postpartum moment. *Emotional*, everyone says. *So normal*. I buy all the booties that are left on the counter and go home.

I plan to give them away; they should serve their true calling. But I end up storing them with other artifacts in my personal archive of bad timing and missed opportunities: old, unusable packets of garden seeds, a plane ticket from a cancelled flight, and letters that I’ve never sent.

Deborah Ostrovsky’s writing has recently appeared in Maisonneuve. She lives in Montreal.

“one of the best writers this country has produced.”
—Jade Colbert, *The Globe and Mail*

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Checkered Past

ROBERT EVERETT-GREEN

Sharing a blazer with Buhlie Ford III

I like household auctions and thrift shops, where nothing can be reordered and everything has a past. Last year, in a basement vintage shop in Toronto, on a battered vintage mannequin, I found a plaid houndstooth sports jacket that was loaded with the kind of mid-century style celebrated in the TV series *Mad Men*. The fabric was a relaxed woollen weave in red, white and a blue so dark that it looked black from even a short distance. The pattern was loud and the cut a bit boxy, as American jackets often were back then. The jacket was in great shape for the age it had to be, and it fit me beautifully.

Usually garments like this have no discoverable history, nothing you can trace back to a previous owner. But when I got home and examined my new purchase more closely, I found a name jotted on a tailor's ticket inside the breast pocket: Walter Buhl Ford III. There was also a date: September 1965.

I googled the name and found a brief obituary from 2010 for my jacket's first owner, who turned out to be a great-grandson of Henry Ford. He lived in the posh Detroit suburb of Grosse Pointe Shores, worked for the family firm for fifteen years, loved his dogs and had an infectious laugh. The obit photo in the *Grosse Pointe News* showed a guy with a full face, a big smile and receding steel-grey hair combed straight back.

Since I was sharing a jacket with the man, so to speak, I wanted to know more about who and what he was when he bought it. It wasn't hard to do. The Fords are the kind of fading industrial dynasty that never completely slips from public view. This particular Ford, it turned out, was far

from being one of the family's brighter lights, but he did play a small but memorable role in the birth of one of the company's most famous cars.

"Buhl," or "Buhlie" as he was known, was one of the "Ford Fords," so called because his mother Josephine, Henry's only granddaughter, had married a wealthy designer who was also named Ford. Josephine ("Dodie") shunned the family firm and spent her time giving away money, including \$20 million to



the Detroit Institute of Arts. As she said, "What else is there for a girl who wasn't competitive to do, but try to escape all that Ford stuff?"

She and her husband expected Buhlie to compete, however, and sent him to a private boys' school in Massachusetts. He left early, and instead of levitating his way into an Ivy League university, as rich dullards like George W. Bush did, Buhlie finished his education at a small Michigan business college that had formerly been an academy for penmanship.

He was twenty years old and still a student when he did the one thing for which he earned notice in histories of the Ford Motor Co. It was known in early 1964 that the company was developing a secret design for a car it believed would change the market. Somehow, Buhlie got hold of a prototype, drove it downtown and left it in the open valet parking lot at Detroit's

Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel. "It's a hot job," he told the carhop. A passing *Detroit Free Press* editor spotted what he knew must be the mystery car, called a photographer and got a great scoop about the first-ever Ford Mustang. "That dirty Walter Buhl Ford let our secret out of the bag," said Lee Iacocca, the Ford executive who led the Mustang project. *Time* magazine's account was less harsh, describing Buhlie as "something of a legendary cut-up around Grosse Pointe."

A year later, Buhlie encountered our jacket. He bought it from Arthur M. Rosenberg Co., Tailors and Furnishers, which had been cutting cloth for college boys since 1898. Rosenberg was one of the New Haven tailors who established what *Life* magazine popularized in a 1954 article as "the Ivy League Look." The look's central item was an untapered sports jacket with natural shoulders. It was often made in what a 1933 "Clothes for College" article called "rough fabrics of the Shetland or Harris variety," the kind worn by the English gentry on their country estates. These tweedy jackets were louder and more casual than the subdued power suits Ivy League types expected to wear after graduation.

A 1947 print ad for Rosenberg ("Tailors for Yale Men") shows several jacket patterns in hand-loomed Shetland, one of which is clearly the one that caught Buhlie's eye (and mine). The greyscale swatch is subtler than the real thing. Buhlie wanted to be noticed.

He might have flown to New Haven or New York to be fitted—two of his Ford cousins flew from New York by private jet for Buhlie's wedding in 1964—though he may also have encountered a Rosenberg tailor during one of the company's periodic trunk tours of the US. Business was still good for the Ivy League Look in 1965, but time was running out. Within a couple of years, according to historians of the style, the Look was no longer associated just with Yale

Men, but with The Man—the square, conformist power structure it was so cool to be against.

That may be why my jacket is in such great shape: Buhlie probably stopped wearing it after the Summer of Love. A photo from the late 1960s shows him in a polo shirt and slacks, with long hair and lamb-chop sideburns. He was already moving toward what came after the Ivy League Look: the preppy look, which is apparently still big in Grosse Pointe. He didn't make much of an impression on the world in any other way. He flopped in several business ventures, including a movie company, before taking a sinecure at the family firm in 1978. A 1989 *Fortune* magazine survey of the Ford clan said that Buhlie, who was then a "sales promotion coordinator," did not "drive on a fast track." He retired four years later, at age fifty.

What I still want to know is why he kept our jacket in his closet for nearly half a century. Its near-pristine condition tells me it must have stayed there, or in cold storage, till he died. Someone probably shipped it to a Detroit thrift centre, where it could easily have been picked up by the Toronto dealer I bought it from. Thrifting, as it's called, is a cross-border business.

For me, the jacket is a piece of menswear history that I can actually put on, and a link to the tragicomic tale of an underachiever with a famous name. I often get comments about it, from people who sometimes mistake it for a recent imitation of that mid-century look. I assure them that it's something much better and less expensive than that. I like to think it also meant something for the older Buhlie if he glimpsed it on the closet rail—youthful hopes, perhaps, unfulfilled but still worth remembering.

Robert Everett-Green's previous Notes & Dispatches include "Licorice Roots," in Geist 88. He also writes for the Globe and Mail. He lives in Toronto. Read more of his work at geist.com.

Last Steve Standing

STEPHEN OSBORNE

Stephen Osborne says goodbye to Stephen Harper



Associate View, HBC, 6th floor

On the day Stephen Harper disappeared from public life, in October of 2015, I pinned a poppy to my coat for the first time in years. I had given up poppy-wearing as a protest against Stephen Harper, specifically as protest against the obnoxious policies of Stephen Harper, the obnoxious non-policies of Stephen Harper, the craven ethics of Stephen Harper and above all the person and the name of Stephen Harper; my unstated intention was to protest all aspects of Stephen Harper as they continued from term to term to reveal themselves in their obnoxiousness, by the strenuous non-wearing of the poppy from November to November, etc., until the day that Stephen Harper would be out there no more, looming over the national horizon. That day came in October, and I who had grown ashamed to be a citizen of this country grew rapidly much less ashamed.

A few weeks later, on Remembrance Day, the rain stopped in Vancouver and the sun shone in a windy blue sky; a breeze blew: a day for walking around with a poppy in your lapel. I went down the hill and walked

through the park and then over to the SkyTrain and took the SkyTrain downtown and walked down a hill and up a hill and around the courthouse. Then I went into the Hudson's Bay Company and took the express elevator to Men's Wear and bought a new shirt of light denim and one of heavier denim. I went back to the elevator where there was a sign by the entrance to the men's room: *This washroom is patrolled by Asset Protection*. A door marked *Associates Only* swung open and a big man with shopping bags came through. Great view of the city in there, he said. You might take a picture. He showed

me how to unlock the door to get back out. I went through and looked at the view: it was not very interesting. A woman's voice echoed down the staircase. You shouldn't be here, said the voice. You're not an associate, are you?—these stairs are only for associates, you know. I pressed the button the big man had shown me and went back the way I had come. Farther down Granville Street I went into the Mongolian Grill and filled a small plate with carrot slices, broccoli, three kinds of mushrooms, shrimp, squid slices, fat noodles and red onions. The grill man dumped everything on the grill and poured on the sauce, Thai garlic and chili, and grilled it all up; I sat by the window: the window glass was cold. Out on the sidewalk people were walking up and down, some with poppies, some without. It was the last poppy-wearing day of the year.

Stephen Osborne is a co-founder and contributing publisher of Geist. He is the author of Ice & Fire: Dispatches from the New World. Read his most recent piece, "Insurgency," and many other works at geist.com.

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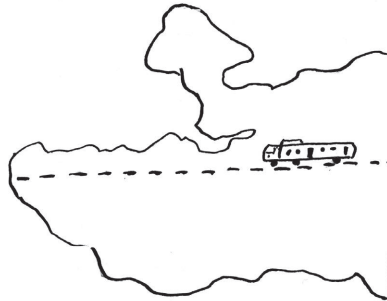
The 99-Bus Without Pity by Eve Corbel

How did the 99 B-Line bus route come to be the locus of the MOST HEARTLESS TRANSIT RIDES in Greater Vancouver?



The 99 was such a good idea.

A capacious modern express bus running east and west right across Vancouver along the "Broadway Corridor," once every few minutes.



You would think every bus moving along the 99 route would be a model of convenience and efficiency,

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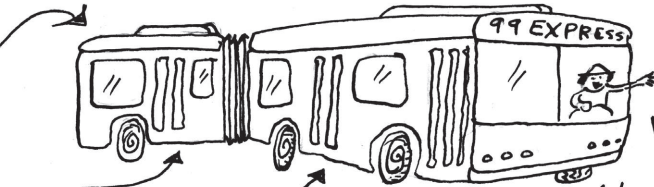
With its sinuous articulated frame

its freedom from electric poles & wires

its calm, orderly boarding queues

its three large doors for speedy loading & unloading

its pleasant drivers



But when the doors slide open, something terrible happens. The 99 becomes the BUS WITHOUT PITY.

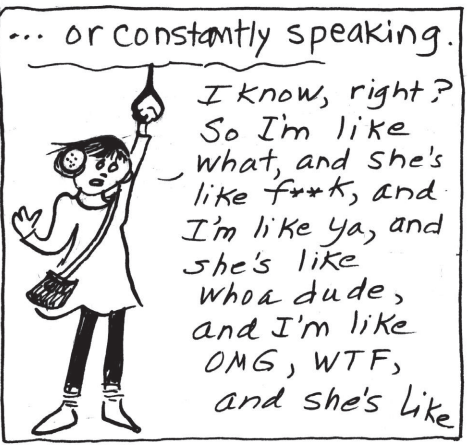
Riders blast in, frantically and grimly competing for seats



Those who succeed set up shop and do not look up, ever.



A kind of herd
Sensory oblivion
takes over,
infecting even
first-time
passengers.
Riders behave
as if they were
all alone, miles
from civilization,
whether not speaking...

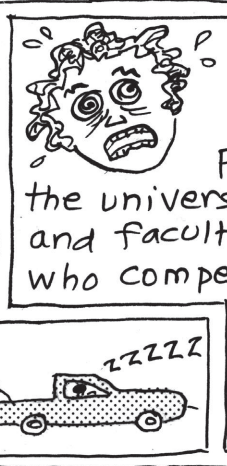


People
who
want to
get off
the bus
must
fight
through
unmoving
mobs.



Surely this cruel chaos wasn't part of the Vision for the 99 B-Line. Something must have snuck into the DNA of the route. But what?

Was it the
longtime
troubled energy
of the
hopelessly
clogged
Broadway
Corridor?



Or the
wretched
anxiety
plaguing all
the university student
and faculty riders,
who compete daily for
grades,
tenure,
fellowships,
etc.?

Or the
vibe of 99,
the route
number,
which
resolves
into 9 ~
a relentless
& somewhat
yangy digit?

But no.
Other routes
have these
properties
and don't
produce
Buses
Without
Pity.
We just
don't know
why.

The word is that the 99 B-Line
is to be replaced with affordable/
sustainable/ blah blah
Light Rail
Transit.



We can only hope that
the spirit of the 99 -
the Bus Without Pity -
won't seep into
the new tracks.

A Couple of Questions

ROB KOVITZ

There are so many people asking questions



A pictorial Otomi catechism, 1775-1825. In this manuscript, as in most surviving examples, the drawings have little relationship to the traditional forms of Mexican Indian manuscript painting. Garrett Mesoamerican Manuscripts, no. 3a, fol. 18v-19r (Co744), Princeton University Library.

“Hello there, young man, do you mind if we ask you a couple of questions?”

“Okay.”

Libby Hughes, Serious Fun with White House Secrets and State Department Antics

“I’m DS Clarke, this is DI Rebus,” Siobhan said. “Mind if we ask you a couple of questions?”

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

Just then, police chief Ethan Rodgers and sheriff Hal Benson walked into the waiting room. They headed straight for Cate and Rand.

“Morning,” the chief said. “Mind if we ask you a couple of questions?”

Cate looked from one newcomer to the other, then to Rand and finally back to the chief. “You mean me?”

Ginny Aiken, Someone to Trust

There are so many people asking questions everywhere.

There is the bloody blindman, and the angry one,
and the
disheartened one,
and the wretch, the thorn tree,
the bandit with envy on his back.

Pablo Neruda, Ode to Federico García Lorca (Residence on Earth)

Catechism of Coal is intended for that great number of intelligent readers who have no technical training, and yet who prefer to seek knowledge by reading special subjects rather than fiction. A large proportion of these have neither the time nor the inclination to peruse the voluminous geological and statistical reports of the coal industry in the United States, or to study the ponderous volumes of gathered wisdom by technical experts.

Their time is usually fully occupied with the cares of business and often with the fatigue of manual labor, and their hours for quiet reading or study are few and most precious. For these, the following plain questions and direct authoritative answers have been designed with a realizing sense of the readers' wants and aspirations. The task conscientiously assumed by the writer has been to verify all the answers by referring to competent authorities.

William Jasper Nicolls, Coal Catechism

I was questioned several times immediately after my arrest. But they were all formal examinations, as to my identity and so forth. At the first of these, which took place at the police station, nobody seemed to have much interest in the case. However, when I was brought before the examining magistrate a week later, I noticed that he eyed me with distinct curiosity. Like the others, he began by asking my name, address, and occupation, the date and place of my birth. Then he inquired if I had chosen a lawyer to defend me. I answered, "No," I hadn't thought about it, and asked him if it was really necessary for me to have one.

"Why do you ask that?" he said.

Albert Camus, The Stranger

Note—Wherever in the foregoing pages explanations have been omitted after certain questions or answers it is because the matter they contain has been explained in some preceding question, or is to be explained in some following question, or is clear enough in itself without explanation. The explanations of such questions or answers can be easily found by referring to the index.

Thomas L. Kinkead, Baltimore Catechism, No. 4: An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the Use of Sunday-School Teachers and Advanced Classes

Apropos: it's all very well, this instruction of Alsatians to look at the thing close up; to look at it dead straight between the eyes; an unflinching and honest stare, a meticulous inspection that would go beyond the heart of the matter to its marrow; beyond the marrow to the root—but the question is how far back do you want? How far will do? The old American question: what do you want—blood? Most probably more than blood is required: whispered asides; lost conversations; medals and photographs; lists and certificates, yellowing paper bearing the faint imprint of brown dates. Back, back, back. Well, all right, then.

Zadie Smith, White Teeth

Where am I?

That's my first question, after an age of listening. From it (when it hasn't been answered) I'll rebound towards others, of a more personal nature. (Much later.) Perhaps I'll even end up (before regaining my coma) by thinking of myself as living (technically speaking).

But let us proceed with method. I shall do my best, as always (since I cannot do otherwise). I shall submit, more corpse-obliging than ever. I shall transmit the words as received (by the ear, or roared through a trumpet into the arsehole) in all their purity (and in the same order, as far as possible). This infinitesimal lag, between arrival and departure, this trifling delay in evacuation, is all I have to worry about. The truth about me will boil forth at last, scalding (provided of course they don't start stuttering again).

Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

But of what is this knowledge? I said. Just answer me that small question. Do you mean a knowledge of shoemaking?

God forbid.

Or of working in brass?

Certainly not.

Or in wool, or wood, or anything of that sort?

Plato, Charmides, or Temperance (The Dialogues of Plato, Vol. 1)

"The question at stake," said Epictetus, "is no common one; it is this:—Are we in our senses, or are we not?"

Epictetus, The Golden Sayings of Epictetus

My lords, the judges find a difficulty to give a distinct answer to the question thus proposed by your lordships, either in the affirmative or the negative, inasmuch as we are not aware that there is in the courts below any established practice which we can state to your lordships as distinctly referring to such a question propounded by counsel on cross-examination as is here contained, that is, whether the counsel cross-examining are entitled to ask the witness whether he has made such representation, for it is not in the recollection of any one of us that such a question in those words, namely, whether a witness has made such and such representation, has at any time been asked of a witness; questions however of a similar nature are frequently asked at *Nisi Prius*, referring rather to contracts and agreements, or to supposed contracts and agreements, than to declarations of the witness; as for

instance, a witness is often asked whether there is an agreement for a certain price for a certain article, an agreement for a certain definite time, a warranty, or other matter of that kind, being a matter of contract; and when a question of that kind has been asked at Nisi Prius, the ordinary course has been for the counsel on the other side not to object to the question as a question that could not properly be put, but to interpose on his own behalf another intermediate question, namely, to ask the witness whether the agreement referred to in the question originally proposed by the counsel on the other side, was or was not in writing; and if the witness answers that it was in writing, then the inquiry is stopped, because the writing must be itself produced.

T. C. Hansard, Parliamentary Debates: Official Report of the Session of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, June 27–September 7, 1820

“Well, may I give you a couple of recommendations?” I queried.

“Sure!” came the eager response from all group members. They assumed that I must possess that “golden key” to successful witnessing.

“I always like the up-front approach,” I told them. “People here in South Florida are used to that. You might say something like, ‘Hi! We are a group of Christian students who are interested in your perspective on spiritual matters. Do you mind if we ask you a couple of questions?’ Or you could also say something like, ‘Do you mind if we take just five or six minutes of your time to get your opinion about two questions that we think are of ultimate importance?’ ”

Charles Carmen Mayell, Engage! Having Conversations About God

“Hi. I’m Simon, and we’re taping a new type of show, called, ‘Reality Television,’ it’s kind of like an ad-lib ‘talkumentary.’ Do you mind if we ask you a couple of questions?”

“Who are you again, Dude?” the surfer replied, winking at his friends. “Oh, right, a schlokumentary. Sure, go ahead, ask.”

Robert Greco and Shaun M. Shelton, Motorishi

What am I going to say now? I’m going to ask myself, I’m going to ask questions: that’s a good stop-gap. (Not that I’m in any danger of stopping. Then why all this fuss?) That’s right, questions: I know millions, I must know millions. And then there are plans. When questions fail there are

always plans: you say what you’ll say and what you won’t say (that doesn’t commit you to anything), and the evil moment passes, it stops stone dead. Suddenly you hear yourself talking about God knows what as if you had done nothing else all your life (and neither have you).

Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

“That’s great,” Hannah said, “Do you mind if we ask you a couple of questions?”

“About what?”

David Lewman, The Case of the Mystery Meat Loaf

A delicate question, to which somewhat diverse solutions might be given according to times and seasons. An intelligent man suggests it to me, and I intend to try, if not to solve it, at least to examine and discuss it face to face with my readers, were it only to persuade them to answer it for themselves, and, if I can, to make their opinion and mine on the point clear.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, What Is a Classic?

Sources: Aiken, Ginny, *Someone to Trust*, Steeple Hill, 2009. Beckett, Samuel, *The Unnamable*, New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1965. Camus, Albert, *The Stranger*, Translated by Stuart Gilbert, New York: Vintage/Random House, 1946. Epictetus, *The Golden Sayings of Epictetus*, Translated by Hastings Crossley, New York: P. F. Collier & Son, 1909–14. Greco, Robert, and Shaun M. Shelton, *Motorishi*, Intervision Media Arts, 2008. Hughes, Libby, *Serious Fun With White House Secrets and State Department Antics*, iUniverse, 2009. Kinkead, Thomas L., *Baltimore Catechism*, No. 4: *An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the Use of Sunday-School Teachers and Advanced Classes*, 1891. Lewman, David, *The Case of the Mystery Meat Loaf*, Simon and Schuster, 2012. Mayell, Charles Carmen, *Engage! Having Conversations About God*, The YLDP, Inc., 2009. Neruda, Pablo, “Ode to Federico Garcia Lorca,” Translated by Donald D. Walsh, *Residence on Earth*, New York: New Directions Publishing, 2004. Nicolls, William Jasper, *Coal Catechism*, Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company, 1898. Plato, “Charmides, or Temperance,” *The Dialogues of Plato*, Vol. 1, Translated Into English With Analyses and Introductions By B. Jowett, M.A. In Five Volumes, 3rd edition revised and corrected, Oxford University Press, 1892. Rankin, Ian, *A Question of Blood*, Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2003. Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, “What Is a Classic?” *Literary and Philosophical Essays*, Vol. XXXII, *The Harvard Classics*, New York: P. F. Collier & Son, 1909–14. Smith, Zadie, *White Teeth*, Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group, 2003. Hansard, T. C. *Parliamentary Debates: Official Report of the Session of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, June 27–September 7, 1820*, London, 1821.

Dear Geist...



I have been writing and rewriting a creative non-fiction story for about a year. How do I know when the story is ready to send out?

—Teetering, Gimli MB



Which is correct, 4:00, four o'clock or 1600 h?

—Floria, Windsor ON

Dear Geist,

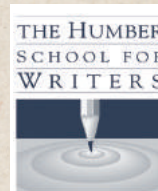
In my fiction writing workshop, one person said I should write a lot more about the dad character. Another person said that the dad character is superfluous and I should delete him. Both of these writers are very astute. Help!

—Dave, Red Deer AB



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FINDINGS



From Trudeau: La Vie en Rose, by George A. Walker. Published by The Porcupine's Quill in 2015. George Walker is an

October 1869: to smoke their pipes and sing their songs

MARILYN DUMONT

From The Pemmican Eaters. Published by ECW in 2015. Marilyn Dumont's poetry has won provincial and national awards. Her debut collection of poetry, A Really Good Brown Girl, was republished in 2015 by Brick Books.

Louis planted his beaded moccasin
on the survey chain
cutting across André Nault's river lot
pitched there by men
slung with transits, levels, and mea-
suring sticks
men looking to the horizon
calculating the *free land* for
homesteaders

"You go no further," commanded
Louis

blocking their line of sight
their ledger of lines

angles, meridians, and parallels
corrections for curvature
iron stakes at the corners
of perfect square miles

although over fifty million acres
was surveyed
made ready
ready-made
for occupation

there were no quarter sections
for "the miserable halfbreeds,"
"the pemmican-eaters"

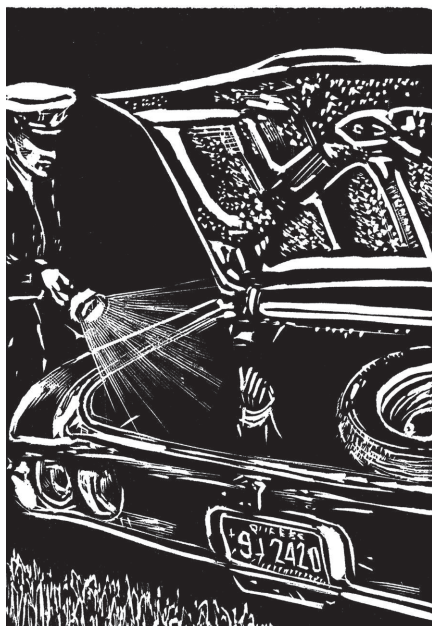
but any man over eighteen
with a vacant quarter in the NWT
homesteaded

did the survey record in its
calculations
witness whose lives were fragmented
by these precise
coordinates?

could their instruments
determine the number of years
Nault had lived and cleared brush
harvested firewood on the same land
he was now barred from?

did the surveyor's coordinates record
the number of letters, the number
of signed petitions

did it detect the colourless voices of
the Settlers' Rights Association
joining in Louis' protest



award-winning wood engraver, book artist, teacher, author and illustrator. He lives in Toronto.

did their instruments detect their
words plain as bread “we have
not been consulted in any way
as a people entering into the
Dominion”

where did this penchant for measur-
ing and marking derive?

this desire to count and delineate this
land
account for it
rename and grip it
like shovels, axes, and saws
lug like trunks,
steer like plows
pile like lumber

where did this taste for counting
begin
its long rooted self
calculating angles and slopes
long conjuring “empty” land into
property

the long root of capitalism
boring mineral veins
drilling wells
forcing steam down bored holes
extracting dark thick fluids
stabbing the land-belly
sucking every seam
and filling the gaping holes with
with the toxic unseen

I am told when I survey from the top
of a hill

I take into account the entire land
upon which I stand;

I count this place

what conjuring does the mind do
measuring a hill,
the angle of its slope,
is it easier to climb?

is it in the imagined embrace of
mother?

minds hover
oversee her

capture, hold

I take into account this entire land

land, upon which I stand

I count this place

I count this space my own

when two lines cross, the saleable
land is multiplied by two
the survey lines that scored this land
were
so it could be ripped along its edges,
cliffs, and deeper memories

Mars TV

HAL NIEDZVIECKI

From Trees on Mars, Our Obsession with the Future. Published by Seven Stories Press in 2015. Hal Niedzvecki is a writer, speaker and culture commentator. He lives in Toronto. Read more of his Geist work at geist.com.

Christy Foley is going to live on Mars. Or at least, that's what she's hoping. The married, thirty-three-year-old strategic planner for the province of Alberta has a fervent desire to be part of the first-ever colony established on another planet. If all goes according to plan, in about ten years she will divorce her husband—whom she will never see again—have the last of her weekly dinners with her parents, gulp one final lungful of naturally photosynthesized air, and step into a ship bound for the red planet.

"I want to help shape the future and not be passive and just take what is thrown at us," she tells me from her home in Edmonton, Alberta, when I

reach her via Skype. "The people who talk to me are 99 percent—You're crazy. You're crazy amazing or you're crazy and stupid. But I don't want to blindly go through life without trying to make it *my* life; that doesn't sound appealing."

It all started in 2013, when Foley came across Dutch millionaire Bas Lansdorp's plan to establish a colony on Mars. To achieve this goal, Lansdorp had cofounded a nonprofit organization called Mars One and was raising money and, even better, accepting applicants. I should note here that Christy Foley is hardly the only person who believes in the importance of getting to Mars. So agreeable is this

notion that at least two very rich men are currently vying to own Mars—the aforementioned Bas Lansdorp and the billionaire entrepreneur Elon Musk. Musk once described Mars as a "fixer-upper planet" and even, at one point, put a ten-year timeline on colonizing and transforming the planet with as many as 80,000 people. Indeed, Musk is on record for noting that the whole reason he started his private space exploration company SpaceX was that he discovered he was unable to rent a rocket that could fulfill an initial plan of landing living plants on the red planet, presumably in an attempt to jump-start atmospheric production. At any rate, Foley was among roughly 200,000 people around the world who applied to be considered for the opportunity to go to Mars. The application process included an essay, a video, various questionnaires, and a thirty-three-dollar entry fee. Both Christy and her husband applied. Foley got the good news late in 2013, between Christmas and the New Year. "I was goofing off because it was just after Christmas, and I was on Facebook and I read that [the e-mails] were going out. So I hit refresh on my e-mail over and over again and then I screeched, and my coworker next door to me was like—'What what what?' Moments later, an e-mail from her partner for the last ten years also arrived. It was a forward of the Mars One rejection letter.

The two of them quickly worked out an arrangement. They would stay together, and Foley's husband would help her do everything she needed to do to fulfill her dream. And when and if the time came for her to leave forever they would divorce and, as she tells me, "he gets everything. Easiest divorce ever!"

And so the plan is hatched. Christy's plan and the plan of the

LONGITUDINAL CENTRE

By John K. Samson. From Lyrics and Poems. Published by ARP Books in 2012. Samson is a singer-songwriter from Winnipeg, Treaty One Territory.

This spring made winter an insulting opening offer, now the passing lane is getting harder to negotiate, thawing out and icing up again. Past the Mint, where a circle of provincial flags are flagging in the front yard, tired of trying to make us think that it hasn't always been so hard. The sky looks seasick on the boxcar sway, where the Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far away.

The sun pulls me out a bit and lets me go, I'm a vacuum power

cord in the back of that van full of kids cleaning carpets for the Lord, so I make a little list of sounds I've found have comforted us in the past: the roar of the rumble strips, and the Mennonite metre of the flood-forecast, or how the wind strums on those signs that say the Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far away.

Steer this boat around the snowplow spray while the Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far away. 🌊

WORD ALERT ►

Alerts for 99

WAYNE GRETZKY DEBUTS NO. 99 FASHION COLLECTION AT TORONTO FASHION WEEK: More than three decades after his rookie season in the NHL, Wayne Gretzky made another major debut—this time on

Mars One masterminds, who have been releasing a steady rain of press releases documenting their progress including an initial purchase of satellites and plans to raise the estimated six billion dollars necessary to send waves of equipment, then people, on a one-way trip to live out the rest of their lives on Mars.

The selection of candidates is a big part of the plan. Henceforth, Mars One is hoping to raise money and further support by turning the selection process into a reality TV broadcast, which could even continue after they've left Earth, with cameras onboard to chronicle their arrival and establishment of the colony. But that's a decade down the road. For now, Christy is one of 1,058 people selected from around the world for the next phase. (There are 75 Canadians and 301 Americans tapped for further consideration.) I ask Christy what comes next as her life and the Mars One plan begin to intersect. She says she's waiting to find out. (At the time of our conversation, it had been three months or so since her selection.) So far, not much has been established beyond the hazy plan to turn the whole thing into a TV show. I ask Christy if she knew she was signing up for a reality TV production. "That's not my favorite part," she says flatly. But she'll persevere. She's hired a personal trainer. She's taking classes online to increase her scientific know-how. She's doing interviews, practicing her ability to be a Mars One ambassador, anticipating that she'll be expected to, as she puts it, "evangelize for the project."

I ask Christy to tell me more about what good she thinks will come out of all of this. I mean, it's not as if there is much of a future for a human colony on Mars, a planet with no breathable atmosphere (as of yet!), a planet

NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT, SEX MACHINE

Selections from A Celtic Temperament, Robertson Davies as Diarist, edited by Jennifer Surridge and Ramsay Derry and published by McClelland & Stewart in 2015.

1958

Wednesday, December 31

H.t.d.—admirable—and spent the afternoon in bed with Brenda, naked, happy, and warm

1959

Saturday, March 28

Splendid h.t.d. on floor in bedroom: this improves with time though frequency inevitably less

Tuesday, November 10

H.t.d. in sunroom, best in many months

Friday, November 13

After lunch h.t.d., unforeseen and delightful

Wednesday, November 25

To bed early and just in process of h.t.d. when Judy calls... h.t.d. resumed with added gusto and quite wonderful

Thursday, December 31

H.t.d., 79 times in '59, being absent one month

1960

Monday, January 11

Wonderful h.t.d. with both of us laughing uproariously

Friday, February 12

Very jolly h.t.d.

Monday, March 21

An excellent and restorative h.t.d., but wake in night terrified by dream in which Mother appears as a baby guarded by ghosts

Thursday, March 24

H.t.d. on waking, which dispels fatigue

Friday, July 15

Gay h.t.d.

1961

Saturday, January 14

Meant to work on lecture in the

afternoon but slept, then h.t.d., vastly more humanizing

Friday, February 3

H.t.d. by fireside; most refreshing

Friday, March 10

Home, h.t.d. after dinner

Sunday, April 2, Easter Sunday

H.t.d. 18 to date

Saturday, October 28

Early to bed and h.t.d. twice, very jolly

Wednesday, December 6

Chat with Brenda in the evening and unusually fine h.t.d. and early to sleep

Sunday, December 31

We are both clearly middle-aged and our sexual life is not so active as it was—74 times in 1961—but I think we take a deeper pleasure in it than ever

1962

Friday, February 16

At bedtime attempt h.t.d.: no go; back too painful; all humiliations and pain of February

Thursday, September 27

Return to Hawthorne Gardens. H.t.d. in library

Wednesday, November 14

Return to the Park Plaza and exciting h.t.d.

Friday, December 14

H.t.d. on waking: like rejoining the human race

Sunday December 30

H.t.d. 56 in 1962; Brenda absent five weeks

1963

Saturday, September 7, Stratford

Rest at the motel and h.t.d.

Tuesday, December 31

H.t.d. 67 in 1963

the runway. 99 WOMEN ANSWER THIS PERSISTING QUESTION: HOW TO BE A WOMAN?: The play is bigger than one story line—it's 99 brief portraits of women talking about relationships and important moments in their lives. LARGE POTHOLE ON HIGHWAY 99 CAUSES MORE THAN DOZEN FLAT TIRES: A large pothole

where everything from drinking water to seeds and soil will have to be carted from home, a planet we can send people to, but can't bring them back from. Christy tells me about her motivations. First off, is, of course, the chance to go into space. Ever since Christy met Canadian astronaut Roberta Bondar in grade school, she's dreamed of being an astronaut. "In my elementary school year book, I said I wanted to colonize the moon. That's not going to happen, but Mars will be just fine."

But beyond the personal fulfillment of her dreams, what good will the trip do for the world at large? Christy talks about the insurance policy element of the plan. If things don't work out on Earth, at least there will be people off planet to carry on the species. She describes

herself as an environmentalist and says that she has "a bit of a state-of-the-Earth complex." But overall she's hopeful that it won't come to that. In fact, the real benefit settling Mars will bring to humanity will be new ways to approach the challenges facing Earth. Who knows what kinds of technological boons might come from figuring out how to make the trip happen? "Space travel has always been a catalyst in developing new things," Foley tells me. "While we are trying to figure out how to feed ourselves on Mars, maybe we develop a food that will help stop hunger, maybe a new way to process water to stop the water wars, an inoculation against unknown bacteria and we get rid of antibiotic resistance, maybe we can cure the common cold." She says that last part jokingly, but she's

serious. Going to Mars will change everything.

And what about the sacrifices she will have to make, leaving everything and everyone behind? "I don't see it as a sacrifice in the sense of losing my family," Christy tells me. "I will be communicating with them, and there will be the new family, my team. There is going to be a feeling of loss, but the accomplishment and the daily grind of surviving and thriving on Mars will make up for that."

I hope she's right. I hope what she gives away—her marriage, her chance to raise and know children, whatever more prosaic contributions she might have made to her community here on Earth—will be worth it. For now, the future beckons, the personal trainer is waiting, and it's time for Christy to go. ☁

Drunk Uncle

KAYLA CZAGA

From For Your Safety Please Hold On. Published by Nightwood Editions in 2014. Czaga won the Far Horizons Book Award for Poetry and the Ralph Gustafson Poetry Prize. She lives in Vancouver.

Funny bone of every family. Wears the same old skull T-shirts for thirty years to unnerve his mother. Grunts his monosyllabic moniker—*Bob, Tom or Lou*—at whomever he's introduced to. *Go ahead*, he winks. Pull his finger. Braid his chest hair. Top of the odd-job totem pole. King of the all-you-can-eat. Aficionado of the naked lady tattoo. Won third in a moustache competition, punched out first place. Too young to have fought in Nam, but knows a guy who knows a guy with no thumbs. Did time a bunch of times—asks, *You need meth, machine guns, snake's blood?*

Late to your wedding in an alligator tuxedo, he staggers straight into the open bar. Resurfaces for his too-loud lecture on the hullabaloo of marriage. And he'd know from his three, *all great ladies, mind you*. He bends the conversation to confess he's a lesbian. Wrestles his nephews one-armed and wins, tosses squealing nieces. Chases them around the buffet, brandishing dentures. Roughhouse inventor. Unexpected best friend of the religious aunt, he pecks her cheek as they hobble the two-step. Begins his stories, *I had a buddy up in Fort St. James, summering in Timbuktu*. Has buddies for every occasion. You can tell it'll be long yarn, the way his eyes roll up into the water spot on the ceiling above your head. He yammers the nails, beats the dead horse, bags the wind, blows it hot and beery into your face. *It's a slow shit, man*, he whistles, staring cockeyed into the world's faulty wiring. ☁

was repaired on Highway 99 just south of Tuolumne Boulevard after drivers were disabled with flat tires in Modesto. 99 THOUGHTS I HAD WHILE WATCHING THE ORIGINAL STAR WARS TRILOGY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 2015: To prepare for Star Wars: Episode VII: The Force Awakens, I recently watched the original Star Wars

Old Timer Talkin'

VERONICA GAYLIE

From Sword Dance. Published by Exile Editions in 2015. Veronica Gaylie's work has been published in many periodicals, including Grain, Ditch, Room, Lake, Carte Blanche, thetyee.ca and Geist. She lives in Vancouver.

Uncle Tom lies in St. Paul's Emergency pacemaker jumping like a sockeye salmon while he teaches two nurses four verses of Danny Boy. They release him and by the time the taxi pulls away eight nurses stand outside waving to him. He says, Cordova Streets the best home he ever had. Three square meals, a radio and people who listen to him sing Hank Williams: lawyers, hockey players, priests and shrinks. My mother says, Ach. He doesnae see the neighbourhood, he jist looks at the flowers.

He spends his days at the courthouse, gets free coffee from the court coffee lady who never in her life gave away anything for free. But Tom has a way about him. He was in fact up to three free coffees a day, overdid it a bit, and the coffee lady had to say, Eh, Tom, I didnae mean it quite like that. Said, I mean, I didnae mean three free coffees noo, and Tom looks up at her and says: You're right, mother. From now oan, it's only wan.

By the time McSorley's hockey trial hit he was back up to three and that day court packed, standingroom only the guard said to Tom, Okay, big guy. Go on in. And Tom looked aroond, Big guy? Who's eh talking tae? The way Canadians say things, Tom jist loved it. People in line looked at Tom, who wasnae tall, and said, Hey, why does he get in? And the guard stared back and said, Because he's one of the family.

And Tom went right in.

Later Tom was interviewed on CBC about the trial from an old-timers point of view, except they got Tom who looked straight into the

lens with his blue eyes and snowy white hair. Standing there with his free coffee, he said, It was tae hard te see oan TV Ye really couldnae get a good angle oan things.

The reporter told Tom to walk into the sunset, an oldtimer shot to close the show, *Folks, there goes the old-timer; walking into the distance, walking slow*, but Tom, camera rolling, live TV walked slower than they wanted him to. Behind him the camera rolled, the reporters voice slowed and slowed, tried to keep pace with Tom walking slow: *Folkss...there goes the oldtimer...walking...walllkingg...*

But Tom walked slower than slow. Tried to drag it out, you know. By the time he pressed the button to cross the street, they liked Tom old, but not so slow.

Now Tom has a way of walking slow. Not like he was before. The night he staggered in circles around the backyard, drunk, shouting,

I'm a fucking Scot!

I'm a fucking Scot!

Before that, he made everyone laugh. Found cigarettes in his ears, made coins disappear. Then, when granda died, he handed in his gloves at the bus mechanic depot and walked and walked and did not stop. All the way to New Westminster.

They gave him electric shock. (I did not care what the neighbours thought.)

Back in Glasgow, he might have been the one with a football kick called The International, but in Canada, he did magic tricks, alone, on the living room loveseat. ☁

99¢ BIN

Compiled by Kelsea O'Connor

- One 6-oz rubber hockey puck at Canadian Tire
- Postage to send one 30 gram letter anywhere in Canada
- 3 minutes and 46.5 seconds of *Bobcaygeon* by The Tragically Hip on iTunes
- Not quite 4 sour cream glazed Timbits™
- 10.25 pages of *Geist*
- 40.25 raw natural almonds
- 19 minutes, 48 seconds of dryer time at Budget Coin Laundry on Dundas Street in Toronto
- 9.96 metres of scotch tape
- 5.7 minutes of labour under BC minimum wage
- 7 Ikea meatballs
- 178.5 millilitres of Granville Island Brewing Lions Winter Ale
- 43.5 minutes of rental housing in Dundas West in Toronto
- 2.6 photographs on a 24-exposure roll of Fujifilm
- 14 minutes and 51 seconds of internet use at Net Effect Internet Café in Toronto
- 74 millilitres of Pumpkin Spice Latte plus unlimited WiFi at Starbucks
- 108 seconds of long-distance calling within Canada
- 938 millilitres of gasoline; approximate driving distance: 11.2 km
- Nearly one minute in a tanning bed.
- 4.7% of a Bob & Doug DVD on Amazon.

trilogy for the first time. Yes, in 2015. LEVITTOWN 99-CENT STORE ROBBED BY MAN WITH GUN, NASSAU COPS SAY: Nassau police are investigating an armed robbery of the Island 99 Cent Store at 3025 Hempstead Tpke. in Levittown, police said. BROOKLYN 99 RECAP: YIPPIE KAYAK, OTHER BUCKETS!: "Twelve terrorists.

Death Matters

EVE JOSEPH

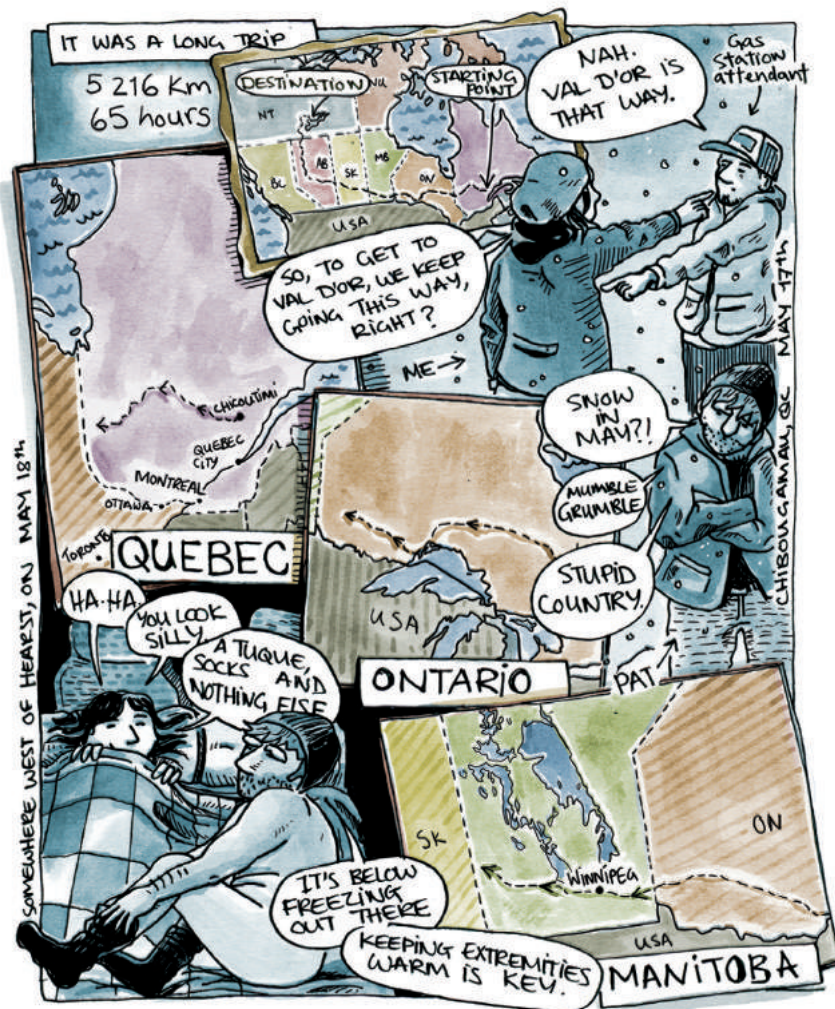
From In the Slender Margin: The Intimate Strangeness of Death and Dying. Published by Patrick Crean Books, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers Ltd., in 2014. Eve Joseph is the author of two books of poetry, The Secret Signature of Things and The Startled Heart, and many shorter works of poetry and non-fiction. She was a palliative care worker for twenty years. She lives in Brentwood Bay, BC and at evejoseph.wordpress.com.

In the end, we breathe from our reptilian brain, the part of the brain possessed by the reptiles that preceded mammals roughly 200 million years ago. Breathing, heart rate and the fight-or-flight mechanism are controlled by the part of our brains also found in lizards, crocodiles and birds. The impulses of the brain stem, lacking language, are instinctual and ritualistic. During the process of natural death, the reptilian brain guides the body through the complex process of shutting down, turning out the lights, slowing down the lungs until the last breath is taken.

It has been noted that when mountain climbers are in danger of falling, this brain takes over; the eyesight intensifies and the feet miraculously take the right steps. Could it be that our reptilian brains help us to step miraculously towards our deaths? The American neurologist Paul MacLean theorizes that we have not one brain but three: the reptilian brain, symbolized by cold; the mammalian brain, by warmth; and the new brain, whose symbol is light. The gold light around Buddha's head in statues is an attempt to show he is living in his new brain. Some Tibetan meditators of the thirteenth century, says Robert Bly, were

Tuque, Socks and Nothing Else

ALISON MCCREESH



able to read in the dark by the light given off from their own bodies.

It is not uncommon for there to be periods of agitation shortly before death. People often try to rise from their beds as if they have to get somewhere. When they are too weak to get up, they might reach with their arms towards something only they can see, pinching their index finger and thumb

together repeatedly in an effort to catch whatever is floating by them. In clinical terms, it is known as pre-death restlessness and is diagnosed by the medical profession as a kind of delirium brought about by physical changes. When my friend's husband was close to death, he pumped his arms as if about to fly. Some doctors differentiate toxic delirium, an altered

One cop. The odds are against John McClane ... and that's just the way he likes it." 99-YEAR-OLD WINS SHOPPING SPREE AT 99 CENT STORE, BUYS GIFTS FOR KIDS IN NEED: Donna Goldstein, 99, won a shopping spree at a 99 Cents Only store right outside Beverly Hills, California, KTLA 5 reported. STILL MODELING AT



From *Ramshackle: A Yellowknife Story*. Published by Conundrum Press in 2015. Alison McCreesh is an artist and illustrator. Her work has appeared in *Up Here* and *Up Here Business* and has been shown at galleries in Northwest Territories, Quebec and the Yukon. She lives in Yellowknife.

state caused by pain medication and other drugs, from terminal delirium, which is seen as part of the dying process. Either way, the medical profession sees delirium as a physiological problem possibly caused by some unknown source such as dehydration, electrolyte imbalance or the release of endorphins or other brain chemicals shortly before death.

I'm not so sure.

Over time, it began to appear to me as if the dying were venturing out on a kind of test flight; as if they were working hard to figure out how to leave the body. Episodes of agitation were offset by periods of deep stillness, periods in which family members would comment that it felt as if their loved one was not there. It was

as if the silver cord, in the book of Ecclesiastes, binding the spirit to the body, were stretching farther and farther until it finally snapped. Other than *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, there are few manuals on how to leave the body—the container that houses all that we are; it's up to each of us to figure it out. "How," one man asked, "will I know that I am dead?"

Imagine the dying as test pilots: figuring out ways to best recover from spins, breaking the sound barrier, flying straight towards the sun, bailing out when the plane is going down.

Of course, things don't always go as planned. One afternoon I went with a nurse to the home of a man who was extremely restless. As much as possible, a nurse and a counsellor work together on the palliative response team so that the counsellor can attend to any emotional and practical needs while the nurse deals with the immediate medical crisis. We parked in front of his house and walked up the sidewalk to the door. There were roses growing beneath the bay window on our right and we could see the man attempting to climb out of his hospital bed on the other side of the window. His wife, who had not slept for days, was beside herself. While the nurse drew up a syringe of Haldol, I spoke gently with the man.

"You can rest now," I said. "You can rest."

He looked at me and lay very still. His wife, overjoyed, couldn't thank me enough. I felt good, even a bit smug, until he motioned his wife over.

"Call our lawyer," he said.

"Why?" she wondered.

"Because," he said, pointing directly at me, "that woman just arrested me."

Whatever works, I thought to myself, whatever works. 🌟

NEARLY 99 YEARS OLD: Selma Hollander's phone is ringing off the hook. SNAPCHAT CHARGING FOR LENSES: FUN FEATURES WILL NOW COST 99 CENTS: The store sells individual lenses for 99 cents each. KIRK DOUGLAS TURNS 99 WITH A PARTY AND A \$15 MILLION BIRTHDAY GIFT: Kirk Douglas celebrated his 99th

Making The Fish

MICHAEL CRUMMEY

From Hard Light. Published by Brick Books in 2015. Michael Crummey has published nine books of fiction and poetry. He lives in St. John's.

Once you'd got the catch pitched up on the stage head, you got down to making the fish. Assembly line. Cutting table, blades of the knives pared almost to nothing by the sharpening stone. Woolen gloves soaked in fish guts, the water running red out of them when you made a fist. The cod passing through your hands

like knots in an unbroken string as long as the sea is wide.

Cut Throat — Get your fingers into the gills of a cod and lift it to the table, fifteen, twenty pounds some of them and the ache in your arm after three hours like the chill in a church hall on a February morning. Two motions with the

knife, across the throat below the gills and along the bare length of the belly, like a Catholic crossing himself before a meal. Push the fish along the table, the left hand of the man beside you reaching for it, he doesn't even turn his head in your direction.

Get your fingers in the gills of a cod and lift it to the table.

Header — The open body, the knife in your right hand. The head taken off clean, as if you were castrating a young bull. The liver scalloped from the chest and pushed into the oil barrel, left there to ferment like fruit going bad. The tangle of guts lifted clear, the cod flesh pulled from beneath, a body freed from a messy accident. Organs and offal dropped through a hole in the cutting table to the salt water beneath the stage.

The gulls screaming outside, lighting over blood.

Splitter — A good splitter could clear his way through five or six quintals an hour if the fish were a decent size, a full boatload done in three and out to the traps for more. Two cuts down each side of the sound bone, curved keel of the spine pulled clear and the cod splayed like a man about to be crucified. Dropped off the cutting table into the water of the puncheon tub, the next fish in your hands. Two cuts down each side, sound bone pulled clear, splayed cod dropped into the puncheon tub. Two cuts, sound bone pulled clear, cod into the tub. Two cuts, pull, into the tub.

By nine o'clock it is too dark to see properly, eyes as tender as skin soaked too long in salt water. The wicks are lit in bowls of kerosene: oily flame, spiralling spine of black smoke.

Salter — Empty wooden wheelbarrow set beside the puncheon tub, the flat,

Chai Tea Rant

WANDA JOHN-KEHEWIN

From The Revolving City. Published by Anvil Press in 2015. Edited by Wayde Compton and Renée Sarojini Sakklikar. Wanda John-Kebewin's work has appeared in Quills, Canadian Poetry Magazine, the anthology Salish Seas.

[illegible]

birthday on Wednesday at his home in Beverly Hills with wife Anne and sons Michael, Peter, Joel and daughter-in-law Catherine Zeta-Jones as he held court under a huge banner made of red and white roses that spelled out "99 Today." **THE SELFISH GIANT OF WALL STREET:** The poor Ninety-Nine Percent had nowhere to play. **THE**

triangular sheets of fish meat hefted from the elbow-deep water.

Dead weight of the loaded barrow a strain on the shoulders, the bones shifting down in their sockets, the tendons stretching to hold them as the feet shuffle into the storehouse. A hogshead of salt beside the bins, a handful strown across the white insides of each fish before they're stacked. Weight of the pile squeezing water from the flesh.

Turn with the emptied barrow. Squeak of the wheel, squish of feet soaked inside the rubber boots. Arm fishing into the puncheon tub, elbow numb with the cold.

The Bawn — Wait for a fine day in August. Sweep a stretch of beach clear, put stones down over any patch of grass that might spoil the fish.

The salt cod taken from the bins and washed by hand in puncheon tubs, front and back, like a child about to be presented to royalty, the white scum scrubbed off the dark layer of skin. Carried to the bawn on fish bars and laid out neatly in sunlight, 150 quintals at a time, the length of the shoreline like a well-shingled roof.

Two line days would finish the job, a week and a half to cure the season's catch. The merchant's ship arriving in September, anchoring off in the Tickle; the cured cod loaded into the boat and ferried out.

What It Made — You could expect \$2 a quintal for your trouble, a good season for a crew was 400 quintals. Anything more was an act of God. The Skipper took half a voyage, out of which he paid the girl her summer's wage, and squared up with the merchant for supplies taken on credit in the spring. The rest was split three ways. \$130 for four months of work, it could cut the heart out of a man to think too much about what he was working for. 🐟

Incomparable Panache

JEAN-CLAUDE GERMAIN

From Of Jesuits and Bohemians. Translated from the French by Donald Winkler. Published by Véhicule Press in 2014. Jean-Claude Germain is a writer, director, actor and critic. Donald Winkler is a filmmaker and award-winning translator.

Shooter of rapids cyclist, or future pupil of the Jesuits, a hero is defined by his means of transport. I learned that through reading countless tales of adventure where the mode of locomotion was as central a character as the protagonists themselves.

The Jews crossed the Red Sea dry-footed and the Knights of the Round Table roamed around on horseback in the forest of Brocéliande. Pirates and corsairs did their privateering in brigs and frigates. Tuaregs went deep into the desert on camelback. Stagecoach robbers reinvented themselves as mail truck thieves, gangsters shot machine guns from car windows in the streets of Chicago, and twenty thousand leagues under the sea a monstrous creature gave birth to a submarine while journalists in a balloon kidnapped missionaries and air pilots crossed the Andes to deliver mail by plane. But no one ever seemed to have heard of the streetcar.

On the scale of Montreal, Line 52 along Mount Royal Street could have been compared, given the number of frontiers it had to cross, to the Orient Express. Minus the luxury. It's not the streetcar that defines the line, it's the trajectory. And this one was unlike any other. Montreal's Number 52 took to the rails just where the abbatoirs let out, on rue d'Iberville, a spot occupied today, appropriately, by the tabloid *Le Journal de Montréal*.

As far as De Lorimier Street the 52 traversed a no-man's-land, in wait for something that would lend it some character. In other words, this was a warm-up phase. Its entry into the historic Plateau neighbourhood

was negotiated in stages: first a nouveau riche succession of bank pediments, then a chocolate maker, Jean et Charles, whose hour of glory came every year at Easter, Tony Pappas for his exotic name, Le Cheval Noir for the rare aficionados of horse meat, and at the corner of Papineau: fireworks.

Movie theatres: the Papineau, the Dominion, and the Passe-Temps. The five-ten-fifteen cent stores: Kresge's, Woolworth's, and a big department store, L.N. Messier. Barbershops on every corner, Reitman's, Grover's, the Normand tavern, Giroux, the Dionne market, the Michon pharmacy, hardware stores, snack bars, soda fountains, delicatessens with jars of red peppers in the window, lingerie and shoe stores, jewellery stores, and even a shop with Chinese curios.

"Fabre. Faber! Chambord! Tcham-board! Boyer! Boyeur!"

As far as the monastery of the Peres du Très-Saint-Sacrament, whose church was home to the cosseted bourgeois of rue Saint-Hubert, the stops were frequent and bilingual, if not in the rendering, at least in the overall emphasis.

Between Saint-Denis and Saint Lawrence Boulevard you felt as if you were blazing a trail through the backyards of those two great arteries, past a patchwork of businesses as odd as they were incongruous.

This was a souk where the peddler of sewing machines and the umbrella repairman lived side by side in perfect disharmony, surrounded by stores that sold remnants, hat forms, buttons and sequins, plumbing or hardware

supplies. It was the ideal place to go hunting for a “discontinued washer model.”

“Saint Lawrence! Saint-Laurent! If you’re going to the Mountain, this is the wrong car!” barked the conductor, giving English back its priority for street names.

“Rachel! Ra-shel!”

We were in the domain of the clothing industry. The “shmata” business did not show itself at street level like the shops. Its workshops of misery were scattered discreetly through almost all the multi-storied buildings along Saint Lawrence Boulevard.

In the evening, on its return, the 52 was packed with a horde of Central European ladies whose emotional range seemed restricted to an assortment of bad-tempered monosyllables. Nothing could stand in the way of this Polish and Ukrainian surge that burst forth from its long day in the sweatshops like a shell from a cannon.

The only way in to the streetcar was fortunately at the back. If not, the offensive from the other direction by a new battalion of woman-cannonballs would have literally flattened us. With their babushkas knotted under their chins, their eyes heavy with fatigue, and their worn faces, they all seemed imbued with the same mute anger and the same deep sadness. An army of widows!

“Doolooth! Dul-u-t-te!”

The ambiance and the décor took a Yiddish turn: Moishe’s, the Shubert Baths, Schwartz’s, Berson & Sons, manufacturer of tombstones for the Jewish cemetery, Warshaw’s, and the Saint Lawrence Bakery. My knowledge of the Hebraic world back then stopped at the very sweet taste of kosher wine made from black grapes.

When my mother was a young milliner, her Jewish employer took her to New York every spring for the famous Easter Parade along Fifth Avenue. She was there, just like the New York designers, to see first hand the new hats, the new dresses, and to afterwards reinterpret them from memory for her employer’s clientele. Every Chanukah, the same woman offered her a bottle of Manischewitz wine. My mother grew to like it, and thereafter, each Christmas, the square bottle took its place in the array of alcoholic beverages.

“If a people adopts a drink that sweet,” said my father, “it must have missed out on a lot of affection in the course of its life.”

LETHBRIDGE 2034

From Lethbridge Living magazine, November/December 2014, edited and published by Jenn S. Rempel. That issue featured “City of the Future,” an article about what Lethbridge might be like in twenty years, including speculation on the part of young Lethbridgians. For more about the magazine, see lethbridgeliving.com.

Lethbridge should add a small zoo or petting zoo. It will be big enough. More tourists would come and Lethbridge would make more money. There will still be playgrounds that will be awesome. There will be more water parks, and an awesome outdoor pool. Lethbridge will be a nice natural place to live because we have the river bottom and natural parks.

—Makaila Pocock, age 11

The libraries will probably have more computers and less books. More people use the computers than looking down the aisles for books. Most of the library material will be online. Most books and magazines will be available to be downloaded onto Android and iOS. The people of the future will be more into technology. Printed books will still be there for children and the elderly... The people of Lethbridge will read a little less than they do now since they will be distracted by video games.

—Cedar Nesch, age 13

The people of Lethbridge will play Minecraft by wearing helmets that sync with your mind, and whatever you want to happen in Minecraft, it will happen instantly because the helmet can read your thoughts instantly. When you are playing multi-player, all the helmets will sync together so you can speak to your friends through microphones in the helmet. There will be no glitches in the computers of the future, and they will be unhackable.

—Jaime Patenaude, age 10

Twenty years is a long time, so I hope Lethbridge gets a zoo with real and holographic animals. If kids interact with holographic animals, it is good for them, but it’s even better to see the real live thing. There would be bars for the real animals but none for the holographic animals. There might be new animals that we have not found or extinct animals like dinosaurs. They could have animals that we have now like cheetahs who might die off in 20 years. I just hope in 20 years that the world is healthy.

—Paige Rosentreter, age 12 🐾

Even in 1916, some airplanes were considered “old.” PUTIN MAKES 99-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF TSARIST GENERAL A RUSSIAN AGAIN: Irene de Dreier said she had always felt Russian and wanted to revisit the country of her birth before she died. TWO IRANIAN POETS SENTENCED TO 99 LASHES FOR SHAKING HANDS WITH

That's the least one could say.

Crossing Sherbrooke Street, we spotted, on the right, the Greek Orthodox church Sainte-Trinité, and, starting downhill, on the left, the facade of Ekers Brewery and on its loading dock, barrels of Black Horse beer. Farther along, on the left, the L.O. Grothé Building, named for the illustrious manufacturer of the people's cigar, the Peg-Top.

Ontario Street marked our official entry into the Red Light District, with, farther down still, the former Faisan Doré, renamed the Café Montmartre. In the 1920s, in the same place under another name, the Frolics Cabaret had been the forerunner of all these nightclubs, and the instigator of the Mad Montreal nights, heralded by the arrival of Mae West's great New York rival, the spirited Texas Guinan, instantly crowned Queen of the Main, and famous for her nightly rallying cry, "Hello, Suckers!"

At the corner of Saint Catherine Street the conductor left his post a second time to head his streetcar westward. Given the automobile traffic coming from all directions, the operation usually lasted long enough for us to read and reread the titles on the marquees of the twin cinemas, the Crystal and the Midway. They were almost always war films like *Okinawa*, *Guadalcanal*, *Saipan*, *Pearl Harbor*, or *D Day*.

Mounting the slope of the no man's land between the two cities, we left in our wake the Blue Sky and the Librairie Tranquille, the Gayety, home of the second Queen of the Main, Lili St-Cyr, the Saint-Germain-des-Près, the Continental, the handsome multistoried building of the Woodhouse furniture store, and the huge property of the Saint-Jean-Bosco reform school, where Place des Arts was later to be built.

The English city and the centre of town began at Bleury Street, with a first

#CivilDisconvenience

GEORGE MURRAY

From Diversion. Published by ECW in 2015. George Murray is the author of seven books of poetry, including Whiteout and Glimpse: Selected Aphorisms. He is the editor of NewPoetry.ca.

What if Revelations had been called Revolutions?

Hang on a second while I google this.

Jesus laughed.

Fire breaks through the smoke the way sun breaks through the fog.

Quiet as an option silently dies.

Unforgettable facts wedge themselves like stains between our bedsheets.

Prayer's tinny voice squawks from an analog phone.

Most rioters eventually get distracted by mirrors.

I'd take *the calm before the storm* if it meant having any calm whatsofuckingever.

There are levels of speechless we haven't yet discovered.

Wanking is the other white meat of art.

The forecast follows the fearcast.

Horror becomes the state one occupies when seeing oneself quoted in the news.

Marginalia declared autonomy and formed a state.

People in the suburbs suffer from Stock Home Syndrome.

Who dares enjoy themselves anymore?

Remember to thank Christ you don't have to get off your couch.

Saying things gets only saying done.

Flames paint outer walls red the way televisions paint inner walls blue.

Down-the-way is where news happens.

Pluck the bricks flying by to rebuild your house.

Listen for the constant exposition of a man sure he's nailing a date.

We have the right to demand boredom.

Lassie keeps barking about how much Timmy likes it down the well.

Sadness retains its title as anger's most widespread illusion.

It's become apparent your fantasies just aren't interesting enough.

Civil unrest always evolves into parties.

Police hunch over coffee with their heads bowed and gun hands twitching.

Rows of driveways straight as bars on windows.

A Streetcar Named Covet.

I just realized my dick and head both loll the same way when tired.

Dollarama looted but the bookstore left untouched.

Staff the barricades!

We used to say *don't go into the woods* whereas now we say *don't read the comments*.

Cave wall shadows only work if there's a fire.

It appears that *decimate* now means to reduce by a factor of *holy fuck*.

Can anyone tell whether it's kindness or malice that's reached homeopathic levels?

Allow me to apologize in advance for my humanity.

Type that line as though something depended on it.

Your door rattles in the jamb but the lock is sturdy and continues to hold.

The armchair uprising has begun. ☹️

OPPOSITE SEX: According to PEN America, an organization promoting literature and free speech, Ekhtesari, a practicing obstetrician, and Mousavi, who teaches literature and poetry but trained as a doctor, were arrested in December 2013 and sentenced earlier this month. Ekhtesari got 11-and-a-half years, while Mousavi got nine.

row of cinemas that opened onto Phillips Square and a Protestant cathedral, Christ Church, framed by three mercantile temples dedicated to the cult of luxury and wealth: Morgan's, inspired by Olde England, Eaton's, whose style was decidedly modern, and the jewellery store Henry Birks, whose array of windows with its tea services in massive silver, its gold watches, its strings of pearls and its rivers of diamonds, made a mockery of the Church of Christ on the other side of the street.

At an early age, I was a seasoned habitué of Eaton's ninth floor restaurant, an obligatory stop on my mother's Wednesday visits to the department stores. Like her sisters, she was born to wear a cloche hat and to dance the shimmy. The art deco design of the Jacques Carlu restaurant suited her admirably, and without being aware of it, in the midst of that play of lines and the geometries of abstract forms, I was already savouring the modernist ambience of the Boeuf sur le toit in Paris. My mother would have preferred New York, Macy's, window-shopping on Fifth Avenue, and the fond memory of a honeymoon when my father got it

into his head to introduce her to a city she knew, but that he had never visited.

The procession of cinemas and department stores continued along Saint Catherine as far as Peel Street, whose corner was, according to the Anglos, "the centre of the city," as was the intersection of Yonge and Bloor in Toronto. A street corner? Which of the four? The one that led to Dominion Square and the Sun Life Building? Or the one with the Mount Royal Hotel, where mayor Camilien Houde had his headquarters? The one giving on the Windsor Hotel and on International News, a newspaper kiosk where the first editions of the world's great dailies were available day and night? Or that which opened onto the Golden Square Mile?

"Step to the back! Avancez en arrière!"

Now we were skirting a fashionable neighbourhood, fashionable except for a striptease club, Chez Paree, which you could spot in the distance on Stanley Street. On the right, a second Dionne market, this time for the rich who, whatever the season, could acquire for a king's

ransom fruits and vegetables of whose existence the rest of the city was blissfully unaware; Ogilvy's, a large department store, very British, for those who couldn't afford to dress themselves on Sherbrooke Street at Holt Renfrew or Brisson's; Classic's Little Books, the first store of its kind dedicated exclusively to English language pocket books, and a haughty Protestant church, arrogant and remote, which seemed to have alienated all its faithful.

On the other side there was the International Music Store for sheet music, Layton Brothers for concert pianos, and Murray's Restaurant, the *ne plus ultra* for four o'clock tea. If Marcel Proust had been a Montrealer, he would certainly have traded in his madeleine for a scone, like some of his emulators at Radio-Canada, then lodged at the Ford Hotel on Dorchester Street.

"Guy! Gue-e-e!"

This was the street of His, then Her Majesty's, a very large theatre that from 1952 hosted all the big international tours that stopped in Montreal, from the Metropolitan Opera to the Comédie Française, including the Boston, Berlin, and Vienna symphonies, Lily Pons, Callas, Tebaldi, Oistrakh, Heifetz, the Louis Jouvet and Renaud-Barrault theatre companies. It was the cultural mecca supreme for the grand bourgeoisie of the Ritz-Carlton, who discovered Gieseking and Horowitz at the Ladies' Morning Musical Club concerts.

The mood darkened and the climate of Saint Catherine Street turned glum. One last touch of French, that of a restaurant that proudly flew its colours, the appropriately named Paris, just a few steps from Saint Matthew Street. More and more, the businesses seemed to shun the passers-by and to retreat into their interiors. "How dare you distract us from our crossword puzzles?" Now all the faces resembled the closed doors of Protestant churches. The 52 lost its verve and

Land of a Thousand Hairdos

JILL MANDRAKE

From The Green Stool Café Went Belly Up. Self-published in 2015. Jill Mandrake writes strange but true stories and leads Sister DJ's Radio Band, featuring rhythm and blues covers, post-vaudeville original tunes and occasional comedy bits.

Why were so many hairdressers called Diane?

Hailing a cab right after the six-thirty rush
 Making it home in time to watch Carol Burnett
 Blue light so welcoming, glowing from inside the den
 Reflecting along the wet sidewalks with echoing heels
 Spilling on puddles of mud, and puppy dog tails
 And husbands all home from the legion early enough
 To chuckle in front of the telly before dozing off
 Hairdressing school had provided a ticket away
 To beehives and pixies, pageboys and bangs and bouffants
 Born at a time when the popular pink-blanket names
 Were Jennifer, Sylvia, Beverly, Joyce and Diane 🍷

hauled itself as best it could towards its second last stop.

But everything comes to him who waits! With a drum roll and four chords on the guitar, the flashing marquee of the Seville Theatre sounded the reveille and swept away the lingering torpor with music—the first wave of rock and roll—that freed up forever America's pelvis.

One, Two, Three o'clock, Four o'clock rock...We're gonna rock around the clock tonight! Bill Haley and his Comets, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, and soon Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan Show.

"At-wat-t-er! *Le Forum!* Everybody out! If you don't get tickets for the game, we're leaving in 15 minutes!"

My father always had his tickets for the Saturday or Sunday games of the Montreal Royals, the Canadiens' farm team. In those days, for those who hoped to join the ranks of a National Hockey League team, the period of probation tended to drag on forever. Who benefited were the followers of the Quebec Senior Hockey League, where the quality of play was exceptional.

Fast but too light, Pete Morin, for example, captain of the Royals, had only played one season with the Canadiens before being downgraded. The superb young defenseman Doug Harvey was just starting out, and was already fore-checking with a fluid and incomparable panache.

He was dying to make the big leap, just as Gerry McNeil was getting ready to replace the legendary Canadiens goalie, Bill Durnan. Nervous, tense, stressed, McNeil cracked a few years later under the enormous pressure of the playoffs, victim of a malady that then had no name: burnout.

Jimmy Orlando was the women's favourite player, and stepped out with the most beautiful of them all, the stripper Lili St-Cyr, who claimed that he was "the love of her life." The head honcho of the El Morocco nightclub, hot-headed and curly haired, Jimmy had once played for the Detroit Red

Cross Addressing

DAVID GARNEAU

David Garneau (Métis) is Associate Professor of Visual Arts at the University of Regina. He is working on Indigenous curatorial and writing projects in Canada and Australia.



Wings. Banned from the United States because of his mafia connections, he was now restricted to Canadian territory and the Senior League.

The Royals played a number of different Quebec teams, including the Shawinigan Cataracts. I was intrigued from the start by their unusual goalie, with his mismatched gloves and pads, and a sweater that was unlike those of his teammates. His was horizontally striped black and white, as for a prisoner. When he got bored in front of the net, he sometimes grabbed the puck and carried it as far as the blue

line. Once he became so bold as to cross over it with his long strides and score on the opponent's goaltender. It was a goal counted against their own team, but the spectators lapped it up, and the stands went wild.

"Cataracts! Cataracts! Cataracts!"

How would Marco Polo have felt, if after a journey as rich in adventure as that of the 52, he had landed at the Forum rather than Cathay?

Doubtless the same. Total rapture. And he would have made it home on the same day! 🍷

Cash Blast

Gambling culture on the high prairie

I'm going to start by paying some bills and do some renovations. After all of that, I'm going to fix my 1978 MGB. It broke down, and I put off fixing it for a little while. Now I can fix it and drive it again!

—Winner of \$1,000,000, *Western Canadian Lottery Corporation*

You, know, I had a dream the night before I won. I dreamed I won a million dollars and split it up among my family. I would never even dream that I won this much! I'll keep some for emergencies. I live a simple life. I don't need a fancy apartment. I am happy.

—Winner of \$7,000,000, *Winnipeg Sun*, 2014

It's a new life for us. My community—everybody prayed for me. This is hard for a stroke victim. It's going to help with the care, all the best care that he can possibly get. It's going to help in a lot of ways. Our community, our reserve, our province, this is something that's going to affect everybody.

—Winner of \$50,000,000, *Canadian Broadcasting Company*



—Winnipeg Arcades Project

Initially, this casino was expected to serve as a positive drawing card for the Convention Centre. Unfortunately, the result turned out to be quite the opposite. The resulting plan means the Casino at

the Fort Garry Hotel: WILL NOT operate 24 hours a day or on Sundays, serve alcohol or have flashy stagshows. IN FACT, it will be fashioned after casinos in England and other parts of Europe, not after Las Vegas or Atlantic City. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and the Winnipeg Arena are well known examples of groups and facilities that have benefitted from gaming and lottery revenue.”

—Bonnie Mitchelson, Minister of Gambling, 1989



—Winnipeg Arcades Project

a) The Manitoba Lotteries Foundation will be accepting tenders relating to the supply of men's and women's complete tuxedo apparel which includes jackets, pants, skirts, wing-tip collar and standard collar dress shirts, vests, etc., plus additional pants and skirts.
b) The Manitoba Lotteries Foundation will be accepting tenders relating to the supply of 220 pairs of formal men's and women's shoes. This may be bid separately from the Formal Clothing package above (a).

—Invitation to Tender, 1989

The fancy new Crystal Casino—with its strict dress code that’s supposed to give the place an aura of class—seems to be having a significant impact on the city’s fashion scene. To wit: This sign in Big 4 Sales window on Main Street. “Casino suit sale—\$39.97.” Does it come with two pairs of pants? Nope. A free lotto ticket.
—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1990



—*Winnipeg Arcades Project*

As is the case with lotteries, so gambling in casinos also creates the quest for more and more money. The power that large amounts of money create in turn creates a thirst for more money and power. In effect this creates a vicious cycle.
—Letter from the Church Council of the First Christian Reformed Church to Attorney General of Manitoba, 1989

One of the most notorious gambling resorts is a hotel only a few steps from Main Street, and more than one young Winnipegger has been ruined by an introduction to this place. The fascinating dice game bearing the euphonious name of “craps” is chiefly played in this particular place and through the hours of the night and until sunrise, a motley group of men and boys are crowded about the crap tables. “The boys” tell many stories of big stakes and high play in the game and of more than one “prominent church member” who has hurried from Sunday evening service to sit in the game.

—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1894



—*Winnipeg Arcades Project*



—*Jeff Debooy/Winnipeg Tribune*, 1977

“It was really a full house,” said Inspector Cafferty. “We waited until Saturday night, October 4, when we knew the house was full. About 10:30 p.m. we seized the look-out men and moved in. Everybody was playing Mah Jong and the cow game and there was quite a sum of money on the tables. It took at least eight trips with the wagon to get all the gamblers to the police station,” he added.

—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1947

The city’s newest casino is open for business in downtown Winnipeg. The swanky 17,000 square-foot club is licensed for 500 as well as 140 slot machines and six black jack and poker tables. The slot machines are allocated to True North by the Province of Manitoba, and Ludlow said the company expects the machines to bring in \$5.5 million a year.

—*Metro Winnipeg*, 2013

During the period from Dec. 23, 1991 to July 1992, employees of the Crystal Casino fraudulently conspired with players playing mini-baccarat to cheat at the game and allow players to win substantial sums of monies. Police said at the time of the arrests that the scam involved stacking the “shoe,” a device that holds six shuffled decks of cards and is used by dealers in games such as blackjack and baccarat. Two of the suspects were allegedly tipped off by casino employees as to the order of the cards in a specific section of the shoe. When the stacked section of the shoe appeared, the accomplice players would “cover the table” with bets.



—Bonny Hill/*Community News Commons*, 2013

The crash and explosion of an empty propane tanker in CP Rail’s marshaling yards last night shattered the tranquility of a nearby bingo parlor and brought visions of an outer-space invasion. Buffalo Bingo manager Phil Proctor said about 150 bingo enthusiasts were asked to leave after the explosion, but “a lot of people would play anyway.” “It felt like an atom bomb going off,” said Greg Fowlie who was sitting in a van on Garfield Street with two friends when the tanker exploded, “It seemed like a mushroom cloud in the sky.” Manager Hannon Bell, 32, thought he was in a battle zone. “It looked like Vietnam. It looked like a war.” “You start thinking of things,” said Bell, “Was I going to die?”

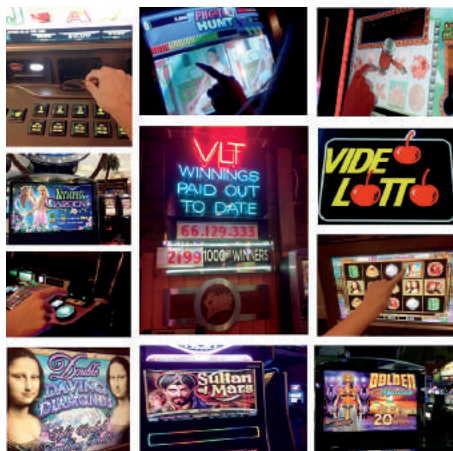
—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1982



—*Crystal Casino TV commercial*, 1993

In 1904 the *Arctic* sailed from Quebec to Churchill, where it was icebound for eight months. Mr. Charles Louis Duchesney, the ship’s steward, answered questions about the activities that took place during this period. The topics addressed include the ship’s supplies, relations with the Inuit, trading of furs, and tobacco, liquor, and gambling onboard the ship.

—Manitoba Archives investigation file on expenditures relating to the steamer *Arctic*



—Winnipeg Arcades Project

Winnipeg's Crystal Casino is credited with inventing the "Bitch Book" method of channeling casino workers' complaints from oral to written form.

—*Gambling in America*

The style of Crystal was to be Monaco influenced. In practical terms this meant a dress code of no jeans. There is little doubt that there was fear that the Hotel Fort Garry was going to be overrun by rubes.

—*johndobbin.blogspot.ca*

A jungle of 300 slot machines.

—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1993



—Wayne Glowacki/*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1989

ALLEGED WINNIPEG GAMBLING HOUSES, 1944–1947:5

210 Alexander Avenue
212 Alexander Avenue
216 Alexander Avenue
218 Alexander Avenue
225 Alexander Avenue
233 Alexander Avenue

—*Winnipeg Free Press*

271 Rupert Avenue
211 ½ Pacific Avenue
218 Pacific Avenue
220 Pacific Avenue
228 King Street
676 Main Street

HOT! HOT! HOT!

On June 18, 1993, Club Regent will welcome you with all the latest in electronic bingo and slot machines. Experience a whole new way to have fun while basking in an exotic, island atmosphere!

Try your luck at the 5¢, 25¢ and \$1 slots! Video Bingo, Poker & Breakopen Games! Play the new *Club 21* with unique holographic dealers!

Play High Stakes Video Bingo worth up to \$250,000! Progressive jackpots start at \$250,000... connected with machines at McPhillips Street Station and Crystal Casino!

CLUB REGENT

WHY LEAVE MANITOBA WHEN
IT'S ALL HERE!

Your Name _____

Catch a winner!

SLOT MACHINES • PAPER & VIDEO BINGO • VIDEO BLACKJACK • PROGRESSIVE JACKPOTS • AMPLE PARKING IMPROVED AIR QUALITY

On June 25, 1993, McPhillips Street Station will take you on a trip back through time while giving you the latest in electronic bingo and slot machines. Get on the winning track in its authentic turn-of-the-century atmosphere. Try your luck at the 5¢, 25¢ and \$1 slots! Video Bingo, Poker & Breakopen Games! *Boardwalk Blackjack* lets you play casino-style 21 with a unique holographic dealer! Play High Stakes Video Bingo worth up to \$250,000! Progressive jackpots start at \$250,000... connected with machines at Club Regent and Crystal Casino!

MCPHILLIPS STREET STATION

Your Name _____

—*Winnipeg Free Press*, 1993

The preceding material is selected from *Gambling*, an exhibition about Winnipeg gambling culture, produced by the artist collective Winnipeg Arcades Project. *Gambling* was shown in a makeshift museum in a house in the west end of Winnipeg over four days in August 2015. It was the third of an ongoing series of exhibitions by Winnipeg Arcades Project that focus on institutions and centres of power in Winnipeg, and that draw inspiration from Walter Benjamin's text collaging technique, as seen in his *Arcades Project*. Winnipeg Arcades Project is Noni Brynjolson, Patrick Dunford, Owen Toews and Ryan Trudeau. See more at winnipegarcadesproject.blogspot.ca.

linguistic tantrums

LYDIA KWA

These images are selected from *linguistic tantrums*, a series of twelve ink on paper prints produced by Lydia Kwa.

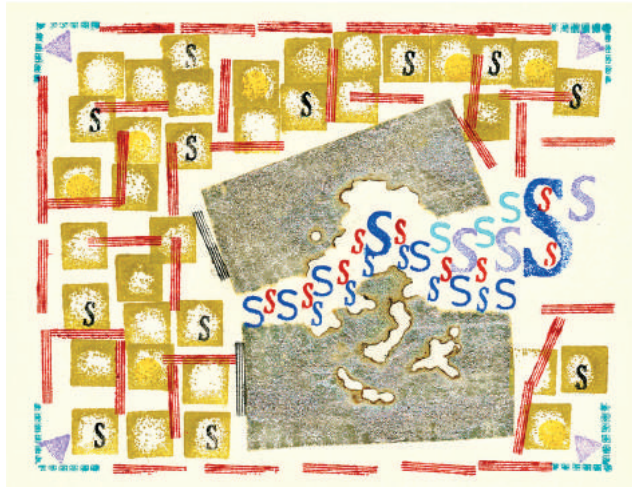
In 2012, Kwa acquired the trays of miscellaneous foundry type used to create *linguistic tantrums* from Ho Sun Hing, the oldest Chinese print shop in Canada. The Lam family, who had run the shop in Chinatown in Vancouver for 106 years, were selling off their letterpress equipment as the company went out of business due to a decline in demand for the high-end printing Ho Sun Hing specialized in.

Kwa individually inked and hand stamped the lead type onto card stock and Chinese funeral paper, and wrote a couplet to go with each. The resulting pieces were shown at Centre A gallery in Vancouver in 2014, and serves as a tribute to Ho Sun Hing and the neighbourhood's history. —Roni Simunovic

Lydia Kwa is a psychologist and the author of The Walking Boy, sinuous and Pulse. She lives in Vancouver.



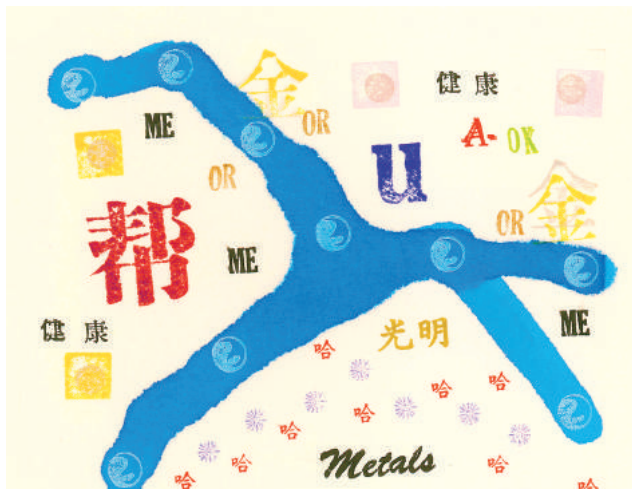
flyx
missing u
for that harmonious vibe



s-scapes
tears in the fabric
sybillant kisses



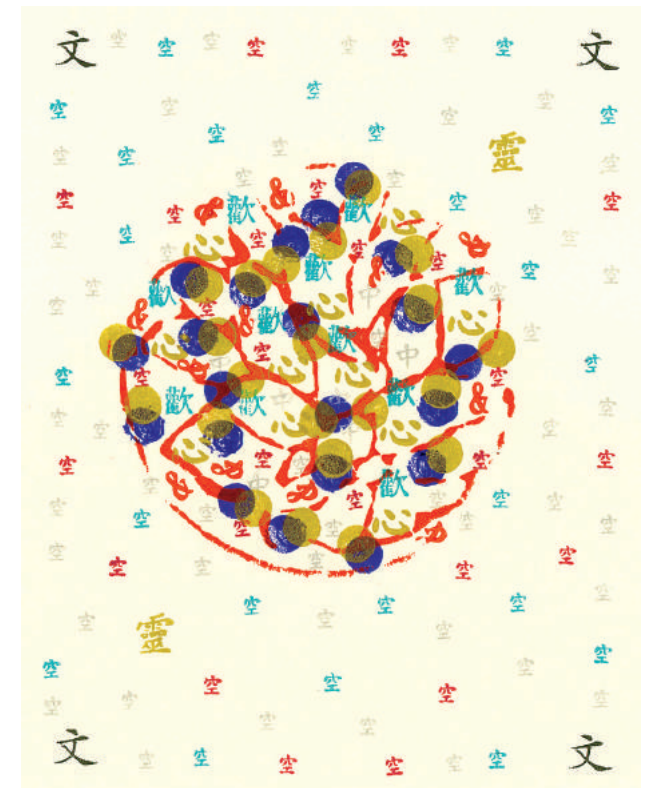
shanghai wife
walks barefoot on moss
waiting to be suprised



blue channel crossing
traversing divides
teased by riddles



pacific synapsed
dreaming Gold Mountain's hues and scented allure
imagines the taste of the salt air



empty of emptiness
at the border of language
unspeakable yet sensed



Euro Maidens

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEN OSBORNE



In the summer and fall of 2015, Jen Osborne travelled to the eastern part of Ukraine, site of the ongoing conflict between pro-Ukraine and pro-Russia armed forces, in order to document the role of female soldiers in combat. The women in these images are part of paramilitary battalions; women are allowed to serve in the Ukrainian military, but few are permitted to engage in combat. As a result, women who want to fight must join paramilitary groups, such as Right Sector and Aidar, which often have ties to extreme right-wing organizations. The conflict zone is divided into three categories: yellow, a mild risk of heavy artillery attack; green, with higher risk of artillery attack; and red, with heavy risk of artillery attack, including snipers, land mines and machine guns. Most of the women in these photographs operated in the green zone, in camps near the towns of Pesky, Mariupol, Volnovakha and Dnepopetrovsk. Camps were ramshackle and informal, with make-shift kitchens, no running water, no heat; some battalions grew their own food. Soldiers often joined on a volunteer basis, with no previous combat experience. In camp, soldiers spent their time training in hand combat and weapon skills, taking care of their camps and waiting around. After almost two years of military conflict, many paramilitary groups are being formally integrated into the Ukrainian army.

Jen Osborne conceived this project in the wake of the Euromaidan protests in Ukraine in the fall of 2013, which led to the Ukrainian revolution, when she was researching the role of female soldiers in the Ukrainian army; she encountered images of models dressed as soldiers, posing against the backdrop of war scenes. In these photos, Osborne aims to show the reality of women who do go into combat to defend Ukraine. Osborne writes: “I don’t want them to be made into a mockery. Ukraine has a horrible code of gender roles, so I think these women are very brave and they defy most men’s concept of a woman’s role in life in this country.”











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Traversing Leonard

CRAIG SAVEL

From Traversing Leonard, winner of the 37th Annual International 3-Day Novel Contest, published by Anvil Press in 2015.

He's in my room. I can hear him. I can smell his breath. I know that he had a bagel with cream cheese and lox for breakfast. His hygiene isn't what most people's sense of personal cleanliness is. But then again, why should it be? I've never known him to have friends, to get laid. He knows only three things: math, physics, and how to be really annoying.

"Leonard, what do you want?" I ask, the beginning and end punctuated with stage sighs hoping he will get the hint. I realize it is the same voice I used to use for my ex-girlfriend's cat, who used to paw me awake at five in the morning for kibble.

That was how it started and I wished I had listened to whatever executive function I had in my brain and kicked his ass out onto Broadway. But I felt sorry for the old man and he had no place to go. Leonard Zavitsky was a legend in the physics community. Even after he had become a washed-up disgrace, he was still an awe-inspiring presence. I had been around academia for a while. I knew how stupid, petty, and venal the smartest of the smartest were. When he talked of a conspiracy because he wasn't a "team player" I was not one to disagree. When my faculty mentor told me that spending too much time with that guy—"I don't even fucking know if he is on faculty" was what he said—would not be a help in any tenure-track trophy, I should have listened, but instead some sense of justice made me allow him to be a part of my life.

"Young man," he began with his combination of Brooklyn and newscaster voice that made me laugh. He almost always called me "young man" instead of Paul. I was only Paul when he was angry with me.

"Young man, I need to know if you are truly serious about what we discussed last night. You know that I don't have the technological experience of the younger generation, but—well apart from that incident for which I am persona non grata in the campus—you know that I would be the one heading this department, even acting as your mentor and faculty advisor. You know that I am right."

I don't think he realized how that voice gave the impression of someone who wanted to be more than he was, but that was Leonard. The first time I met him, I thought he was a janitor or something. He had white hair at every angle, a paunch, and he didn't bathe much. Colleagues joked about the Leonard Condensate, one whiff of which reduced matter into muck. He stuffed newspapers in his pockets to read on his ramblings in Upper Manhattan. He never took the subway, only walked. Nobody knew where he slept. Many people in the department at Columbia weren't even sure if he was still drawing a salary. The truth was that some older professors, now doddering emerituses or emerita or whatever, still had feelings for Leonard and thought that his transgressions, while great, didn't cancel out his genuine work as a young man. He could at least get a job as a custodian, which is what he, in fact, was. I don't think he ever pushed a broom in his life but it was a place for him to go to and be annoying, and also a place for him to swoop in and make real contributions to physics. Mostly he either hung around the library and cadged invitations to various laboratories or roamed the famous tunnels under the campus. Once in the dead of winter he even went up to Lamont-Doherty, the geology lab which is up in Rockland County. He walked there.

“Leonard, I am not sure I can do that. Knowing you has already put me in deep shit with the head of the department. He wants to know why I am...”

“Hanging around with a doddering old fool who faked numbers on his research and traverses the tunnels beneath the university to break into classrooms, right?”

“Well, yes, although I know you are a genius.”

“Don’t patronize me, Paul!”

“I’m not.”

“Young man, you know I have an Erdos number of 1. You know that I birthed the quantum many-worlds hypothesis, do you not? Those numbers weren’t faked. They may have been estimated a bit but it was merely an inadvertent error. We didn’t have fancy word processors in those days. Any error was simply carelessness. I will only admit to sloppiness.”

“Yes, Leonard, you and Erdos were tight bros.”

“Tight what? I don’t understand the argot of you young idiots. Young man, frankly, I am a bit personally hurt by your attacks. Erdos knew I was right. He and I used to take amphetamines and talk math for days non-stop. It was a transcendent experience. You young people think you invented performance-enhancing drugs? You did not. We knew, Paul, we knew that with the correct management of an electromagnetic field, the advanced technology that we didn’t have in those days, and, a bit of luck, we could theoretically traverse the quantum universes, an infinitude of universes like bubbles on a string.”

“Erdos was a mathematician, not a physicist, he was pure math. Did he even know what string theory or quantum bubbles were?”

He went on as if he didn’t even consider what I just said.

“And how would we manage that field? All it would take is a Faraday cage, and some precise measurement equipment, of the type we simply did not have in my younger days, young man.”

I realized I had to go to the bathroom but I was naked, and here was Leonard sitting on the end of my bed, breathing heavily the odour of a good old Upper West Side Jewish breakfast of the kind you actually can’t get on the Upper West Side anymore. Long Island memories flooded into me. Most of them were not good. I had fled the ’burbs and the LIRR and the big hair. I wasn’t going back.

Leonard wasn’t going to move, I had to piss. Oh well, I doubted he’d even notice my nakedness and I don’t think he had a sexual thought in his life—a true math monk.

I jumped up naked and made for the bathroom.

“Leonard, I have to pee. I’ll be right back.”

“Of course, young man, I know how I am inconveniencing you. But let me continue. And how will we encode the information so that the obligate randomness which is

inherent in quantum entanglement, and that is mandated by both theory and experiment, can be overcome?”

My nakedness and the fact that I was using the toilet didn’t seem to faze Leonard. I also knew that Leonard used the toilet because there was piss all over the seat and on the floor.

“Damn Leonard, can’t you lift up the seat to pee, and aim? I mean, there’s piss all over the floor!”

“I am sorry, young man, but when you are as old as I am the prostate plays cruel jokes on you. You’ll see.”

“You could still clean up after yourself.”

“I will, of course, I will, but let’s talk about formulae. I know we can solve this.”

“Formulas Leonard, ‘formulae’ sounds ridiculous, even scientists don’t talk like that nowadays. You don’t call two stadiums ‘stadia’ do you?”

“I do, young man, of course I do, what else would you call them?”

I went back to my bedroom to put on cargo pants and a t-shirt, all the while Leonard tailing me. I resolved, or rather I should have resolved, to kick him out right there. His legendary annoying qualities weren’t charming anymore. He wasn’t the old eccentric you tell friends about. This wasn’t *Tuesdays with Morrie*, but rather some old former genius ranting about time travel and quantum information signaling and quantum teleportation into alternate realities. The “spooky action at a distance” Einstein couldn’t abide. Yet I knew that in theory Leonard’s idea was solid. The math was correct. I was doing similar research myself.

“Leonard, look, I have to go, you can stay here, but please let me go and do my work. We can talk tonight. I promise.” Leonard deflated as he always did, his small potbelly sagged more than it usually did and his white hair seemed to move on its own to flow over his forehead. I deflated him but he responded with a quick OK. I started to give him a spare key, but then he stopped me.

“No need, young man; there isn’t a lock in this world that I can’t pick.”

I sighed and left, hoping that the apartment would still be in some order of cleanliness when I returned. I didn’t know what Leonard would do all day. It was a weekend. Perhaps walk Central Park or Morningside Park looking at trees. Or perhaps he played the licence plate game where he would walk and walk and only stop when enough out-of-state licence plates were identified. Leonard had his obsessions, but when it came to pure science, he was also ahead of his time.

Craig Savel is a web developer for a non-profit organization that does work in the developing world. He lives in Manhattan.

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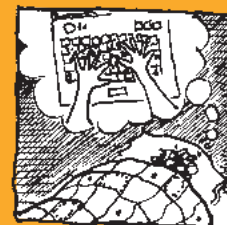
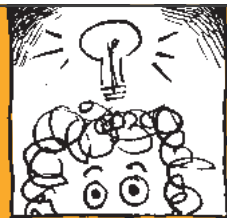
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Pekoe

BENJAMIN DUGDALE

FIRST PRIZE

I was born: a perfect pekoe-less sphere of sticky white rice; born to four upset hands associated with two upset parents, anointed in hot starch runoff; I was born a surprise in the low soft centre of a Saskatchewan coulée, not unlike the low soft centre in a newborn's forming skull. My parents married just before the water broke, married in the Asian cuisine joint at the end of the strip mall's boardwalk; married by the Korean fellow slinging Chinese noodles with seaweed sushi wrap for his clerical collar. It seemed to my parents, with their soft callous-less hands (four total, two per person), seemed to this mess of digits and low-tide cuticles that I had skulked into their lives quite deliberately, arriving right before harvest and all.

At two years of age most of my rice crumbled away to reveal me, the puppy, with a mood ring tight around the base of my tail, mood ring always yolky and smelling like lavender (but always marred by the tinge of shit). I learned to walk upright in a matter of days, meandering along what I thought was the St. Lawrence, but which grew into the St. John River as I came to look down on it. I dipped my nose and startled myself with my reflection, realized my tubing daze had carried me to the Maritimes.

Between the alcohol and my susceptibility to flattery, I woke up as the country's in-demand funambulist—at least, east of Montreal. A pro in a city where no building may posture taller than the cathedral, no grocery may open on Sunday. I walked the tightrope 'til I retired, and took up life as a bear, bouncing the town's sole gay club. Before last month's drag night I burnt my paw on my ampersand trivet. The wound oozed, and in lieu of the club's stamp procedure I held each guest's hand, wept with them about the humidity this summer, motes of singed fur and pus and plasma staining their palms; I let them all in that night, my skull thick and porous, my moulting coat bobbing down the St. John, portaging like dustbowl tumbleweed all the way to a shallow dugout somewhere in south Saskatchewan, the authorities swollen 'round the thing with large sticks, poking what washed up to make sure its dead scent stuck.

Benjamin Dugdale is a poet and filmmaker and he is currently working on completing an experimental feature film. He lives in Fredericton NB.



Beyond Saving

KEGAN DOYLE

SECOND PRIZE

During the last game of the 1967–1968 season, the fans gave my father a Bronx cheer every time he stopped the puck. At the final buzzer, one threw a turkey carcass into his crease. “I’m done,” he announced that evening. He returned to Victoria and gardening. Luckily, business was good. The rich were proud to say that Gates Grogan trimmed their rhododendrons.

After a few beers, he would give guests the grand tour of his face, pointing to areas and explaining the history: the cheekbones—both broken; the nose—busted four times; the right eyeball—slit open; and the skin—three hundred and seven stitches. After a few beers more, he would talk about his body: his collapsed lung, his dislocated elbow, his lordosis. A few more and he would want to fight. His face would take on the demented glow it had that night when, waving his stick like a tomahawk, he charged the Red Wings’ bench.

He tried to be our father. “You’re my home team now,” he said one dinner after prayer. But the young twins were too hyperactive, the teens—Daryl and Michelle—were too self-absorbed, and my mother and I were too distracted to notice.

I had grown out my sideburns and was dealing MDA and writing poetry. Once I found him alone watching *Monday Night Football*. “Football, Vietnam—same thing,” I said from the doorway.

“Take a shower,” he said without turning from the screen.

My mother spent all her free time at Sacred Heart. The priest, Jerry Rensenbrink, was a wavy-haired American celebrated for his “new ideas.” He played guitar and ran yoga classes in the church basement. Only later did I find out about their affair.

When the emergency call came from Toronto the following spring, Dad didn’t hesitate. As he boarded the plane, he turned back to the six of us on the tarmac. It was the first time I had seen him look shy. He shrugged, then saluted.

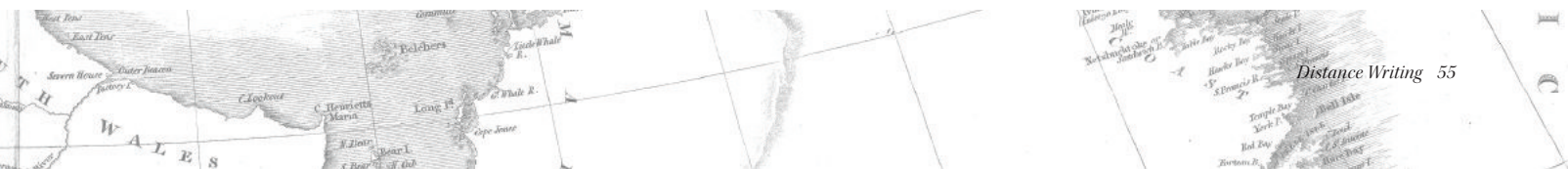
And he won the cup. Had he not been so surly with the press, he would have won the Conn Smythe too. In game seven, he saved the Leafs, dashing thirty feet out of his crease to poke-check Hector Boulez.

Three days later he was killed by one of his own teammates. They got into a drunken scrap about money in front of the Dominion Hotel. The coroner assured us that if Roddy Dupree’s fist hadn’t finished him, something else soon would have.

We loved Dad most when he was on TV. I still remember the six of us in our living room clapping and crying as he held the cup above his head. The announcer was bellowing, “At age forty-two, Gates Grogan has it at last,” and Dad was scanning the crowd, searching for a familiar face, yelling, “This is for you.”

But we were thousands of miles away, on an island on the other side of the plains and mountains, and beyond saving.

Kegan Doyle was born in Auckland, New Zealand, and attended the University of Toronto. He now lives with his family in East Vancouver.



Security

JILL TALBOT

THIRD PRIZE

They are planning to remove all carnivorous species from the island. Remove is what they say. I am going to make protest signs for the solar-powered animals to carry when they march on the lawn. Protest signs tend to lose their meaning when they are everywhere, as they are on the island, but it keeps morale up, keeps people busy either making the protest signs or reading the protest signs. They've even made protest signs protesting protest signs.

They call me a communist, a word which has lost all meaning. A word like *meat* or *island*. “Real islands don’t have bridges” signs are everywhere, though it is unlikely there will ever be a bridge. People have taken it upon themselves to protest what hasn’t actually happened yet, but might. Besides, a bridge to what?

Unlike the old days, the scientists and farmers work together, which was how we were able to row the island away from North America. No one really knows anymore what we're getting away from. You hear stories about the mainland, that's all. Stories about slave labour, guns, pieces of fabric that men wore around their necks to show off how they never worked as a farmer, a guy in the sky called god who sent people into volcanoes and currency that was paper—that is what you hear.

We started off on the Pacific and worked our way to the Atlantic after Canada separated from North America. Each time zone brought a new celebration and year. I hear Quebec is now where Antarctica used to be. Yes, global warming had a lot to do with it all. Now there are too many protest signs to tell. The ignorant protest the most. There are three security drones that circle the island; the children are told that they are powered by love. There are protest signs about this—"Truth has no age requirement!" Another sign says, "Solar is love!" and its meaning is ambiguous at best. This was brought up at a meeting since it was unclear what, if anything, it was protesting. Needless to say there are no more holidays.

Each child is assigned a gardener and a scientist to do their mandatory minimum education phase. They must not like me very much since I have only been assigned three children, and not very bright ones at that. As I write, I must tell them that I am coming up with new protest signs so that they can get on with their work. Writing without purpose is not tolerated. This is what history has taught us: do everything with purpose. In one hundred years no one will care how you described your sunset; they'll just want to be able to go outside without getting killed by UV rays. Solar is love.

One child asks me what powers the security drones. “Children,” I say.

Jill Talbot studied psychology at Simon Fraser University. Her work has appeared in various literary magazines. She lives on Gabriola Island BC.



VOLUME 42 • ISSUE 7

CANADIAN ZAMBONER

Regina's magazine of ice resurfacing professionals

An ode to Frank Zamboni

new poetry by Rob "Left Wing" McLennan

Winners of the 2004

Haiku Night in Canada contest

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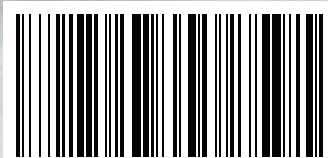
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THIS MONTH'S DRIVER POLL: THE AGE OLD QUESTION: ELECTRIC OR FUEL?

Power of Denial

STEPHEN HENIGHAN

Turning a blind eye: the modern genocide

In the spring and summer of 2015, crowds gathered in front of the presidential palace in Guatemala City to demand the resignation of the president, retired General Otto Pérez Molina. During “the Guatemalan Spring,” as the press dubbed these anti-corruption protests, which on some days drew up to 30,000 people, I spoke to Canadians who went to stand with the protesters in the square. It was fascinating, my friends said, but it wouldn’t amount to anything. We all knew Guatemala better than that.

Guatemala’s attempts at democracy, and a more equitable distribution of wealth, were derailed in 1954 by a US-orchestrated invasion that replaced an elected reformist government with military dictatorship. In 1961 civil war broke out, lasting until late 1996. During the worst years of the war, in the late 1970s and early 1980s, the mass murder of indigenous Mayan people by the government reached proportions that both the Catholic Church and the United Nations, in exhaustive post-war reports, classified as genocide. The 1996 Peace Accords, which ended the war, provided a detailed blueprint for a democratic society. Yet, as the Canadian scholar Kirsten Weld has shown, Guatemala’s mainly European-descended oligarchy, which has ruled over its predominantly indigenous and mixed-race population for 475 years, interpreted the Peace Accords not as a negotiated compromise and a fresh start, but as the surrender of the political opposition and permission to restore

the status quo. After 1996, the oligarchy returned to business as usual, enriching itself and impoverishing the population, while abusing high political office through corruption and illicit commerce, including drug trafficking.

One fact struck my friends: the protesters in the square included not only students, the political left and indigenous organizations, but also people from Guatemala’s modest yet influential (and normally very conservative) middle class. Guatemalan-Canadians told me that their cousins back home, who had never done anything political in their lives, were joining the protesters. Social barriers that had divided the population for centuries yielded. Young people used Twitter and Facebook to organize the protests, but the key to their success in finally driving Pérez Molina from office on September 2, 2015, was their engagement with history.

Pérez Molina was not merely a corrupt oligarch; substantial evidence exists that for eight months in 1982–83, he was also one of the military officers who organized and carried out the genocide of the Maya. Many of the protesters had grown up with traditional middle-class prejudices against *indios*, which persist in spite of the fact that most middle-class Guatemalans are racially mixed and have significant indigenous ancestry. The crowds learned that they could not act effectively in the present without confronting the past, specifically the historical treatment of indigenous people. Gabriel Wer, one of the protesters’ social media organizers, told

a reporter: “We started off angry, demanding resignations, but have become part of a social movement where there is a hunger for information, change and a new Guatemalan identity.” Other protesters said that participating in the rallies had inspired them to learn about the 1961–1996 Civil War, which is not taught in schools, and about which younger generations know almost nothing, to the point where most middle-class people deny that genocide even occurred.

The day after his resignation, Pérez Molina went on trial for customs fraud—though not for genocide. Guatemala has a long way to go in achieving institutional transparency: the new president, like his predecessor, will be backed by the military. Yet the progress that was made in bringing society together would have been impossible without the protesters’ recognition that their country was built on the abuse, dispossession and murder of indigenous people. This is not just a lesson for Guatemala. In the most influential recent history of genocide, Samantha Power’s *A Problem from Hell: America in the Age of Genocide* (2002), the word *Guatemala* does not appear. Readers might expect a Democratic Party policy wonk like Power, who is currently US Ambassador to the United Nations, to revel in exposing the Republican Ronald Reagan’s support for murderous generals. But Power depicts genocide as a European problem, first suffered and defined by Armenians and Jews, and later by Bosnian Muslims,


with overseas outbreaks in Cambodia, Rwanda and Kurdish northern Iraq. Making explicit reference to the UN report that found the Guatemalan Army had committed genocide, President Bill Clinton apologized to the Guatemalan people in February 1999—while Power was writing this book—for US “support for military forces” that carried out these acts; yet UN Ambassador Power writes the Guatemalan genocide out of history.

Baffling at first glance, Power’s whitewash is depressingly predictable: to acknowledge the modern genocide of the Maya would open up the subject of earlier genocides against indigenous people in the Americas, sinking Power’s made-in-Europe theory, and challenging US national mythology. Whether white settler violence against indigenous communities in the US, from King Philip’s War in the 1670s to the so-called “Indian Wars” of the last forty years of the


nineteenth century, constitutes genocide is the subject of virulent polemics. In 2012, when the College Board included “the American Indian genocide” as a topic for Advanced Placement History for senior high school students, a nationwide revolt against this decision occurred. In Canada, as James Daschuk argues in *Clearing the Plains* (2013) and Guy Vanderhaeghe dramatizes in *A Good Man* (2011), Sir John A. Macdonald’s policy, after his re-election in 1878, was to starve independent-minded indigenous communities rather than shoot them. Our lacklustre democracy was unable to address indigenous issues in the 2015 election, held in the wake of the devastating report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission on the cultural genocide committed by the Canadian government and churches through the residential school system. From the early 1880s until 1996, residential schools destroyed individuals,

families, communities and languages. The pervasive denial of crimes against indigenous peoples, and the exclusion of this subject from public debate, means that our electoral system has given no politician a mandate to address the ruptured society that we have inherited from neo-colonial policy-making. As the protesters in the square in Guatemala City discovered, meaningful reform in the present is hobbled until we stop denying the deliberate annihilation of the hemisphere’s first cultures. This is true not only in Guatemala, but in nearly every country in the Americas.

Stephen Henighan’s forthcoming novel, *The Path of the Jaguar* (ThistleDown Press, October 2016), is set in Guatemala. Read more of his work at geist.com and stephenhenighan.com. Follow him on Twitter @StephenHenighan. Stephen Henighan lives in Guelph.



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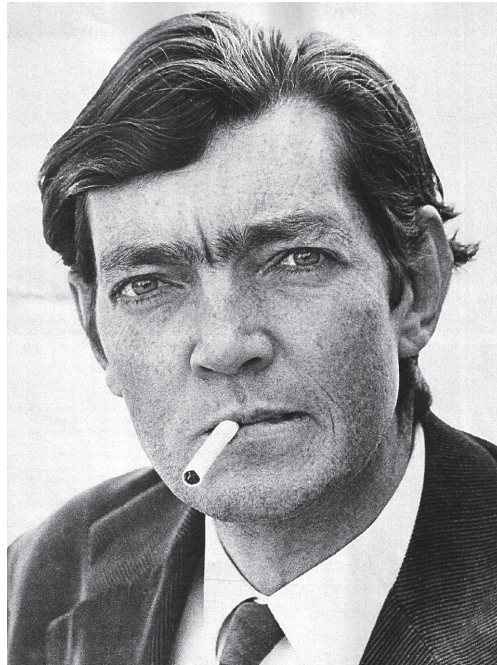
Pistol Shots at a Concert

ALBERTO MANGUEL

Nothing we do—in words or actions—lies outside the political realm

In 1951, the thirty-seven-year-old Julio Cortázar left Argentina for Paris because, he later explained superciliously, the loudspeakers trumpeting Juan Perón's name would not allow him to listen to Bartók in peace. The true reason was perhaps more banal. Since the nineteenth century, Paris had held a glittering attraction for middle- and upper-class Argentinians who saw in their own capital city an imperfect model of that celestial Jerusalem. Paris, they believed, was where art and literature happened, and if a young Argentinian wanted to become a writer, there was no better place to hone his skills.

In Paris, while working as a translator for UNESCO, Cortázar developed the literary voice that was to become his trademark: an unmistakably *porteño* vocabulary, simultaneously inventive and traditional, that stubbornly remained, even as the years passed, that of the Buenos Aires of the forties. Exiles re-imagine the country they have left with a force that overpowers any factual reality, and this imagination becomes with time a palimpsest of new imagined remembering. The Buenos Aires of Cortázar's stories, of *The Winners*, of *Hopscotch*, never was that of the late twentieth century. Terrible things took place in Cortázar's fictional Buenos Aires—things that echoed the terrible things that were happening during the demagogical government of Perón in the early fifties and the military dictatorship of the



seventies—but in Cortázar's world they were enacted on a made-up stage, no less true for being imaginary. The novelist, as we know, can often better define reality than the historian.

In the past couple of years, Cortázar has suffered the fate of most dead writers: his personal diaries, his unfinished fiction, his intimate jottings, his private and open letters have all found their way into print, propelled by the good intentions of his former wife, Aurora Bernárdez (now dead) and by the academic ambitions of scholars and researchers. Cortázar's collected correspondence (to friends, family, colleagues and politicians such as François Mitterand and Fidel Castro) proves, I think, the point about the novelist and the historian.

Twenty-five years after he had left Argentina, Cortázar returned on a short visit, and what he saw

confirmed his imaginings. "A country in which corpses suffer of an ambulatory mania, come and go, are kidnapped and then brought back, buried and exhumed, as in a horrible tale of voodoo or zombies," he wrote to his friend Félix Grande shortly before Christmas of 1974. And describing the performance of an *ubuesque* Perón, who had wanted to enthrone Evita shortly before her death from cancer and ended by placing the crown on the head of the ineffectual Isabel, Cortázar added: "Not to say anything of the incredible coincidence of a man who one day dreams of bestowing his power onto his lady, and is about to achieve this

when an attack of leukemia puts a spanner in the works, and then more than twenty years go by, and the very same man has the very same dream once more, and this time he succeeds but at the cost of his own death."

In spite of his continued awareness of the political reality of Argentina, Cortázar's voluntary exile was not easily forgiven by those writers who stayed behind and who attacked him for having abandoned what they considered the only valid battleground for a responsible intellectual. This wishful identity was false on at least two counts. On the one hand, because of the censorship imposed by the military, only Cortázar's "literary" texts were read in Argentina. Shortly after the end of the dictatorship, he wrote to the publisher Mario Muchnik: "One week in Buenos Aires was enough to confirm what I already

knew, namely that in these past ten years almost no one has read the numerous texts I wrote against the Junta, on the matter of exile, etc. ... They would publish only my literary texts, as you can imagine, and those with political arguments they would dump in the wastepaper basket." On the other hand, literary jealousy being what it is, several of his stay-at-home colleagues wanted to prove him unworthy of his international fame and accused him not only of abandonment and treason, but of elitist scribbles that the common man, whom Cortázar said he was defending, would be unable to read.

Cortázar's *apologia* was the only one possible. In 1974, in the middle of an argument about these matters with the then young short story writer Liliana Heker, who in an open letter in the magazine *El Ornitorrinco* had criticized Cortázar's choice of Paris as home, he explained: "A writer worthy of that name doesn't have a 'literary side'; his entire being converges in

his work, including his private and his political behaviour."

This rings utterly true. Nothing we do—in words or actions—can be outside the political realm. We are political animals, in the sense that we all live in a *polis* and we necessarily interact with another, and affect our society through this interaction. Cortázar's early story "House Taken Over," published by Borges in *Los Anales de Buenos Aires* when Cortázar had not yet left Buenos Aires, was read by the sociologist Juan José Sebreli as an indictment of Perón's regime. Sebreli might be right, but it is also a story about the Age of Anxiety (as W. H. Auden called the twentieth century) and also about the existentialist notion of hell as "other people." If a writer's words matter, they matter on all these levels, because our aesthetics are not severed from our ethics, public or private.

Stendhal, whose novels help us understand, among other things, the consequences of Napoleon's insidious

imperialist politics, scorned the intrusion of politics in a work of fiction. "Politics," Julien Sorel famously said, "are a stone tied round the neck of literature, which drown it in less than six months. Politics, amidst the interests of the imagination, are like a pistol shot in the middle of a concert."

Unless, of course, politics are an intrinsic part of the literary fabric. When I met Cortázar in Paris in 1969, he offered to take me through the city and show me what was left of some of the graffiti of May '68: "They are some of the most beautiful poems ever written." And then he asked me to take his picture in front of the one that read *L'imagination au pouvoir*.

Alberto Manguel is the award-winning author of hundreds of works, most recently (in English) Curiosity, All Men Are Liars and A History of Reading. He lives in New York. Read more of his work at alberto.manguel.com and geist.com.

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Umpire of the St. Lawrence

DANIEL FRANCIS

Donald Creighton was a bigot and a curmudgeon, a cranky Tory with a chip on his shoulder. He was also the country's leading historian, who changed the way that Canadians told their own story.

Canada's centennial, 1967, was not a good year for Donald Creighton. He was sixty-four years old when the year began and still riding high in his profession, recognized as the country's leading English-language historian, but it was becoming clear that for many of his colleagues he had become a reactionary old fogey. Principally it was his views on Quebec. The previous autumn he had published an article in *Saturday Night* magazine, "The Myth of Biculturalism or the Great French-Canadian Sales Campaign." This essay expressed his impatience with French-Canadian nationalism and the concept of a bilingual Canada. "The Fathers of Confederation reached a settlement which gave the French language the best chance it will ever have on this continent," he insisted; the Fathers didn't need any help from modern-day appeasers seeking to improve on their work. Creighton had to be convinced by the magazine's editor to delete a final paragraph in which he harrumphed that Quebecers should go ahead and separate and leave the rest of the country in peace. The article brought down a storm of criticism on his head, which only got worse early in the Centennial when he gave a speech reiterating his view that the makers of Confederation had never intended Canada to be a bilingual, bicultural nation. "Come off it, Professor," responded an *Ottawa Citizen*

editorial. Michel Brunet, perhaps French Canada's leading historian, wondered if Creighton was going senile and called him "an Anglo-Saxon racist." Other colleagues were less extreme but equally appalled at his views. "I am a very old-fashioned nationalist who is completely out of tune with the present," Creighton admitted to his diary as 1967 drew to a close.

But French Canada was just one of the subjects about which Creighton was finding himself on the wrong side of history. As Donald Wright, author of a new biography of the historian, *Donald Creighton: A Life in History* (University of Toronto Press), recounts, Creighton's view of Canada had other significant blind spots. His books paid little attention to the lives of Aboriginal people and what they did say was dismissive. (Louis Riel was a "megalomaniac," for example; the First Nations would "inevitably dwindle away.") The labour movement, women, social history in general: all of these subjects were becoming increasingly important to younger scholars in the 1960s, and none of them interested him at all. For Creighton, history was about the accomplishments of the dead white male elite and not much else.

That said, when I began studying Canadian history in the 1970s, Creighton's early work had a tremendous influence on me. I still recall

how excited I became while reading *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence*, his first book. I didn't care much about the ambitions of the Montreal merchant class in the early nineteenth century. What impressed me was the way he marshalled his facts in support of a clear argument—that the St. Lawrence River was the progenitor of modern Canada—and deployed them dramatically to tell a sweeping story. It was not history as one damn thing after another; it was narrative storytelling that imposed a logic and an eloquence on the material. If this was how history could be written, I thought, I wanted to write it too. *The Commercial Empire*, "by any definition, a great book" according to Wright, was published at the end of 1937 and established Creighton's reputation. Later his two-volume biography of John A. Macdonald, Canada's first prime minister, won a Governor General's Award for each volume and solidified his place as the nation's top historian.

More important than Creighton's impact on me, his impact on Canadian historical writing was immediate. Wright reminds us just how boring the subject of Canadian history was in the 1930s when Creighton began his career. English Canadian historical writing was "traditional, political, constitutional, at times sentimental, and too focused on the story of self-government," Wright says. It was

“unimaginative and lifeless,” aspiring to nothing “other than being factual.” Creighton gets the credit for changing all this. He saw himself as a writer as well as a historian. He was convinced that, in Wright’s words, “history should be accessible and that it should be written for a general audience.” It was not a “conversation between experts” but a dramatic story of nationhood that had to be constructed so as to appeal to non-academic readers.

As well as his approach to writing history, Creighton’s anti-Americanism appealed to me. During the 1950s he was outspoken in his attacks on US foreign policy, once calling Canada’s closest ally a “diplomatic gangster.” And he was ahead of his time in warning about the impact of American culture and economic power on Canadian independence. For Creighton, the whole point of Canadian history was to create a nation that was independent of the US. He thought that the Americans were an imperial power whose aggressive reach had to be resisted. In the context of the Cold War this was not a popular position to defend. As time passed it became more acceptable, at least among the “new nationalists” on the political left. But this was not Creighton’s natural home either. He was an old-fashioned Tory; his Canada was a conservative, white, British nation. The various radicalisms of the sixties appalled him. He shared the left’s antipathy to the US, but nothing else.

The life of an academic historian in Canada follows a fairly predictable path: university studies, research in the archives, faculty appointments, administrative responsibilities, academic infighting, a few books. Not a lot here to interest the biographer, or the reader of biographies, looking for incident and drama. Yet Wright manages to find enough of both to enliven his story. Ironically, one of the things that makes his book so readable is the fact that Creighton was such a horse’s

ass; or, to put it more politely and in the words of one of his colleagues, “hell to get along with.” He was arrogant, insecure, self-pitying and bullying. Blinkered, rude, racist, pompous, a curmudgeon: these are just some of the descriptions Wright gathers from friends and enemies. He could be awful to his publishers—Alfred Knopf wrote to him that in forty-six years of publishing he had never had such a “rude, nay boorish” letter as Creighton had sent him refusing to accept editorial changes—and even worse to his family.

Still, Wright manages to produce a sympathetic portrait. One moment in the book stays with me especially. Wright describes the elderly Creighton, lying in a Toronto hospital bed recovering from a series of tests that would reveal cancer in his colon, reading... what? A distracting thriller like most of us? No. Dosed with painkillers and sucking on a sippy cup, he is absorbed in *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II*, Fernand Braudel’s massive study of the *longue durée*. This image of a committed scholar and a serious intellect helps to soften an otherwise unforgiving portrait of a man struggling, often with little success, to overcome the defects of his own character.

Donald Wright admits that in the end, warts and all, he likes Creighton. I wish I could say the same. Admire, yes. Like, no. But then, as Ramsey Cook, another historian, says, “you don’t have to like the guy.” What matters is the work, and for all its limitations Creighton’s work significantly changed the way that Canadians have thought about their own history.

Daniel Francis is a writer and historian who lives in North Vancouver. He is the author of two dozen books including, most recently, Closing Time: Prohibition, Rum-Runners, and Border Wars (Douglas & McIntyre). Read more of his work at geist.com and danielfrancis.ca.

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ENDNOTES

REVIEWS, COMMENTS, CURIOSA

EINSTEINIUM IST NICHT GEIL

Geist has been exploding onto the literary scene for ninety-nine issues now. Ninety-nine is also the atomic number of the element **Einsteinium** (Es) which also exploded onto a scene, albeit a much more literal one. Einsteinium was discovered by a non-Einstein Albert, Albert Ghiorso, in the fallout of *Ivy Mike*, the first full-scale hydrogen bomb explosion on the Enewetak Atoll on November 1, 1952. It is a soft, silvery metal that one should not eat—a difficult feat anyway because it is only produced in milligrams from large nuclear explosions, any primordial Einsteinium that may have existed having long since decayed due to its short half-life. But if one did eat it, as some rats were made to do in the 1950s, the bulk of it would travel to the bones, where it would stay for fifty years; some would travel to the lungs, where it would remain for twenty years; a good portion would be excreted, a minuscule amount would make its way to the bloodstream and a teensy amount would end up in the testicles or ovaries, where, for reasons I cannot fathom, it would remain indefinitely. Einsteinium has an atomic weight of 252 μ , a melting point of 860 degrees Celsius and a yet-unknown boiling point. Einsteinium is not a very useful element, mostly because there is so little of it, but also because unlike, say, Tellurium-128, which can stick around for 7.7×10^{24} years, it has a half-life of just 472 days, so scientists just watch it for that time to see what happens.

You'd think a guy like Albert Einstein, whose one hundredth anniversary of having jotted down the equation that would define the universe, is being celebrated this year, would get a better element. —AnnMarie MacKinnon

MARTIN JOHN AND THE DEMON MOTHER

In **Martin John** (Biblioasis), Anakana Schofield's new novel, the reader is beckoned, saluted, enticed and then drawn inexorably into the life of a demented young man whose spiritual and magical obsessions are expressed in sexual fantasy and attacks on women; his life is a convoluted trail of escapes and traps, cul de sacs and doubling-backs so expertly narrated that we cannot stop reading; at times we fail to distinguish his guilty feeling from our own. But the deepest and darkest elements in the life of Martin John are embodied in the figure of his mother, a



Mother whose voice is everywhere in the narration: she is the Genius of the book, both hinge and door. Through her we begin to see Martin John in the thrall not only of his mother but more profoundly of the Great Mother, the source of life and death: lives of mother and son are entangled in a dance of question and answer, lies and near lies, deceptions of the self and the other; one thinks of the nameless raging mother of Grendel, the monster slain

by Beowulf; the Mother of Martin John stands to him as the Sphinx stands to Oedipus: a Demon demanding an impossible answer from a son too; the Demon throws herself into the pit; Oedipus is fated to kill his father and marry his mother. It is Martin John's fate to be supplied the answers by his mother (who is supplied, of course, by the Author) for the questions that she asks again and again; the questions as well by police, nurses, doctors: the book opens with a list of answers presented as a tiny index on page 1:

1. Martin John has made mistakes.
2. Check my card.
3. Rain will fall.
4. Harm was done.
5. It put me in the Chair.

Martin John is the best novel I have read in years: long after reading it I feel that I am still reading it, being read by it. —Stephen Osborne

COASTAL MEMORIES

Full disclosure: I've chatted socially with Jane Silcott several times and have followed her writing in *Geist* with interest and enthusiasm. Several of those *Geist* pieces appear in **Everything Rustles: Memoirs** (Anvil Press), Silcott's first collection of personal essays, which was a finalist for the Hubert Evans Non-Fiction Prize in 2014. In *Everything Rustles* Silcott writes of the happenstances and hazards of ordinary life: middle age, marriage, loss, love, and laundry rooms; the quotidian events that snag at the

consciousness of an intelligent observer, proving that *every* life gives opportunities for reflection and deeper insight. She draws upon the circumstances of her own life to probe the tender points of the human psyche, and does not shy away from revealing her yearnings and disappointments. The writing is honest and direct, the tone shifting between levity and mel-

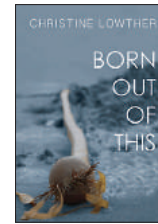


ancholy: “My aging friends and I sometimes sigh over the loss of our youth, of being attractive just for being young and female. We watch men walk past, then joke about our easy hearts, which sway and lean, following the good hard scent of them, the beauty of their muscled legs and easy laughs, the dark notes in their voices and the potential flare of sex in their eyes.” To me Silcott is extraordinarily brave, in the sense that bravery—or a *form* of bravery—is required

before one can face and accept the humbling consequences of “careening toward age, hurtling on a downward slope” to one’s inevitable end. Thanks to the prize-winning essay “The Goddess of Light & Dark,” which draws upon Silcott’s experiences as a clinical teaching associate at BC Women’s Hospital, I now know more than I ever thought I would about the rituals and revelations of a pelvic exam—and am (I think) a better person for it. After reading that essay and the thirty others in *Everything Rustles*, I think it fair to say that I now know Jane—aspects of Jane—better than I know any of my closest female friends.

Christine Lowther lives on a floating home she’s named *Gratitude*, a “blue, barn-shaped cabin” moored in Clayoquot Sound, a 90-minute commute by kayak (“twenty minutes in a barnacle infested motorboat”) to Tofino where she works

several day-jobs, including one at a local gallery and another at Tofino General Hospital. From her bed on *Gratitude* she can see Lone Cone



Mountain on Meares Island; from her front porch she can slip into the waters of Clayoquot Sound for a night swim: “Scissoring my arms and legs I make angels with the ocean’s bioluminescence, comet-trails streaming between my fingers.” Lowther is a gifted poet with three collections to her credit, and has co-edited two collections of essays from BC’s “far west” coast. **Born Out of This** (Caitlin Press) is Lowther’s first book of prose, “a mixture of autobiography, nature writing, humour, activism and punk.” In the powerful essay “Gifts From Lands So Far Apart” Lowther explores the tragic circumstances surrounding the murder by her father of her



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mother, the celebrated poet Pat Lowther, when Christine herself was not yet eight years old. Environmental activism is what brought Lowther to the southwest coast of Vancouver Island in 1991, one of those who were protesting against the logging of old-growth forest in the Walbran Valley, and many of the essays in *Born Out of This* address ecological issues and activism. While not exactly a “how to” book for those wanting to live a creative, ethically honorable life on the continental margin, *Born Out of This* will feed such dreams, proving that there *are* alternatives to the concrete and glass canyons of our urban centres, and their ever-metastasizing suburbs. —Michael Hayward

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Fathers come in different shapes, sizes and temperaments, and some provide their daughters with writing material that is ocean deep. In two memoirs, the daughters who grew up to become writers discover who their fathers are—or were—by sharing their respective fathers’ remarkable stories. Alicia Priest’s father Gerry was an adventure-loving rockhound who made headlines across North America as the man convicted of The Great Silver



Yukon Ore Heist of 1963. In **A Rock Fell on the Moon** (Lost Moose), Alicia decodes the enigma of Gerry Priest, the taciturn father who had electrified her childhood with adventure and drama. For the first ten years of her life Alicia lived in the mining town of Elsa in central Yukon. She describes life as idyllic and Elsa as a place full of wonder. Her Ukrainian mother Helen was a stark opposite to Gerry: small of stature and outgoing. The story that Priest tells is about the heist, and also about the relationship between her parents, facilitated by the

numerous letters her parents wrote to one another. I was at the start of Chapter 17, the ‘incarceration years,’ when I learned that Alicia had died two days previously of ALS. The news hit me hard because I had become deeply connected to the story of her childhood and to the struggles of living with a parent who had gained notoriety as an infamous Canadian criminal. Priest’s story gently unfolds with almost perfect measurements of tension, revelation and intimacy without sentimentality.

At the other end of the morality spectrum, Jael Ealey Richardson’s father Charles (Chuck) was a driven and über-gifted young football player who refused to compromise. Jael Ealey Richardson begins **The Stone Thrower** (Thomas Allen Publishers) by giving a lack of self-identity as the motivation for her book. She uses words like “watery,” “disoriented,” and “lost” to describe how she feels; for her, it is her father who holds the key to her own identity.

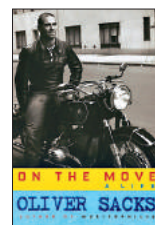


Though not recruited by the NFL, Chuck went on to make headlines as a star of the CFL, and in 1972 was the quarterback who led the Hamilton Tigercats to victory in the Grey Cup. While Ealey Richardson was growing up in Toronto’s suburbs, her sports-celebrity father didn’t speak of the civil rights movement in the Ohio of his own youth, or of the unjust society he’d lived in where privilege and human rights were based on your skin colour. My knowledge of football is limited; what hooked me was *The Stone Thrower*’s dual storylines: the daughter’s quest for self-discovery balanced by the story of her father, a man who believed in his skill and potential, and who never compromised to achieve his goals. Ealey Richardson reveals her father to be a compelling human being. Silent and strong, his youth was filled with

friendships and a young man’s adventures; he did what needed to be done. As Ealey Richardson unearths her famous father’s hidden history and comes to understand her own identity, what had seemed watery becomes rooted and firm. A final note for *religophobes*: be warned, Christianity guided Ealey and his daughter, and is an essential part of understanding their personal journeys. —Lily Gontard

MOVING ON

The photo on the front cover of **On the Move** (Knopf), Oliver Sacks’s recent autobiography, was a revelation. He’s shown straddling a black BMW R60 motorcycle at curbside in Greenwich Village, 1961, with stubbled hair,



wearing tight jeans and a form-fitting black leather lace-up top. He looks as if he’s just come from some biker bar—not at all the image I’d

associated with the respected neurologist and prolific science writer. The back cover shows Sacks at Machu Picchu in 2006: with grey beard and thinning hair, in khakis and Nike sneakers, stooped a bit, writing in his journal. Between those two cover photographs is the story of a fascinating life; fascinating not because Sacks led a life of high adventure—just the opposite, in fact. Sacks was painfully shy, much more comfortable researching or writing about the mysterious workings and disorders of the brain: erudite and compassionate essays that appeared regularly in publications like *The New York Review of Books* and the *New Yorker*, essays which were later collected in half a dozen books (the best known is probably his 1985 collection *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*). Robin Williams played a character based on Sacks in the 1990 film *Awakenings* (the Sacks character is named Dr. Malcolm Sayer in the film). The film script adds

a female love interest for Sayer, presumably to make the character more “relatable”; in *On the Move* Sacks writes movingly about what it was like to grow up gay in 1950s Britain, an era when homosexuality was a crime punishable by imprisonment or chemical castration. *On the Move* was Sacks’s opportunity to at last be frank and open about *every* aspect of his life (hence the leather-clad biker photo on the cover). He died of cancer in August, 2015, at the age of 82.

—Michael Hayward

ROOM FOR THE REAL

Armed with a box of Kleenex, I took my seat in a packed matinee screening of Lenny Abrahamson’s adaption of Emma Donoghue’s best-selling novel **Room** (HarperCollins). I’d read the book years ago, which portrays the inarguably depressing

captive life of Ma and Jack as told through Jack’s 5-year-old, often-tedious perspective—detracting from the book’s compelling narrative. Abrahamson’s take on the novel is still loosely told through the blissfully



ignorant eyes of Jack, played by a burgeoning Jacob Tremblay, with Brie Larson cementing herself as Ma and the film’s answer to Jack’s ignorance. Unlike its paperback counterpart, though, the film’s adaptation of Jack’s unique narration—with the added luxury of impeccable cinematography—elevates *Room*’s portrayal of pain and real-life relationships. A mother and child who live in the confines of one room may not be a typical relationship, but the devoted performances of Larson and Tremblay convince you otherwise. The story is moving, but at its core *Room* is really about unconventional relationships

and the hardships therein. It may not be a ground-breaking premise, but with its meticulous execution you forget about melodrama, and focus instead on what you just experienced: really good cinema. —Rebekah Chotem

SPACE-TIME QUEERTINUUM

Ever since I started reading *Star Trek* fan fiction at age thirteen, I knew we needed more queer representation in the sci-fi genre; enter **Beyond: The Queer Sci-Fi and Fantasy Comics Anthology** (Beyond Press, 2015), a collection of short comics



produced by twenty six writers and artists of diverse sexualities and genders. *Beyond* started when the writer Sfé R. Monster tweeted a few years ago about their desire for an anthology of sci-fi/fantasy/adventure

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comics with a queer focus. The idea received much attention, and the project took off, funded by a Kickstarter campaign in one day, with Sfé R. Monster as editor. In the foreword to *Beyond*, Sfé R. Monster writes about the long history of tongue-in-cheek queerness in sci-fi and fantasy, and how this subtext always stops short of real minority representation. Each comic features queer or trans characters, who unravel spacetime, search for rare dinner ingredients, fool pirates, attempt interstellar travel, slay monsters (or choose not to) and sometimes grapple with family, relationships, gender and sexuality. One story that stood out is "Optimal" by Blue Delliquanti in which a synthetic android who was meant to be a copy of their creator's partner requests gender reassignment. Since *Beyond* was published, Sfé R. Monster has created Beyond Press to publish more sci-fi and fantasy comics by queer-identifying and minority cre-

ators. Visit them at beyond-press.com.
—Roni Simunovic

POETS ON FILM

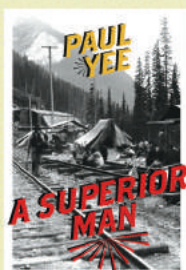
The **Western Front**, Canada's longest running artist-run centre, recently hosted a public screening of two dozen or so films from their archive of readings by poets from the 1970s, 80s and 90s, including Anne Waldman, Roy Kiyooka, Warren Tallman, Peter Culley, Dorothy Livesay, Jeff Derksen, Lisa Robertson, Susan Musgrave, Jamie Reid—an amazing document of performances: some brilliant, some ridiculous. In one film bpNichol and Steve McCaffery performed wordless sound poetry: howling, humming, screeching, ululating, modified by covering their mouths and noses, beating each other on the back. The films were screened in the same room where the poets had performed

and were taped all those years ago. On film, Fred Wah read from *Pictographs from the Interior of BC*, puffing on his cigarette; the memory of smoke lingered in the room that night (perhaps a memory trick, perhaps the carpeted floor). The readings were short, only a few minutes, and after each clip that night the audience would raise their hands to clap, and then, presumably remembering that we were watching poets on film, rather than live poets, would lower their hands; faint sounds of applause emanated from the recordings. Some of the readings can now be seen on the Western Front website: front.bc.ca. —Michał Kozłowski

A COCKNEY IN CHINA

I stuffed a copy of **The Small Woman, The Heroic Story of Gladys Aylward** by Alan Burgess (Servant Books) into my overloaded bag at the annual book

STAY WARM THIS WINTER



A SUPERIOR MAN

BY PAUL YEE

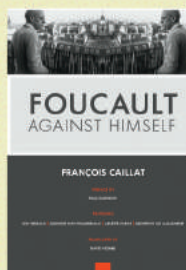
Paul Yee's first novel for adults, about a Chinese man's epic journey in 19th-century British Columbia. "A superior foray into historical fiction." —Fred Wah



DIRTY RIVER

BY LEAH LAKSHMI
PIEPZNA-SAMARASINHA

A transformative memoir by the celebrated poet. "A candid and comic view from the tattooed underbelly of contemporary life." —Jewelle Gomez



FOUCAULT AGAINST HIMSELF

BY FRANÇOIS CAILLAT

A thought-provoking book that reframes the legacy of Michel Foucault. Includes interviews with Georges Didi-Huberman, Leo Bersani and more.



CASTRO: A GRAPHIC NOVEL

BY REINHARD KLEIST

Graphic novel on one of the 20th century's most charismatic and divisive characters. "Destined to be a classic." —*Library Journal* (starred review)



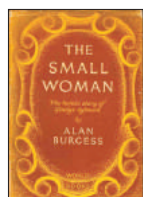
ALLITERASIAN LIN, CHO, WONG-CHU, EDS.

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sale at the Denman Island Blackberry Fair (all the books you want in exchange for a donation to the Land Conservancy) because I, myself, am a small woman, though not nearly as brave as Gladys Aylward. At the age of 30, Gladys, a housemaid, bought a ticket from London, England, to Yangcheng, Shanxi Province, China, in order to work as a missionary. She spoke only English and had little money but she must have been a good walker because that's how she made it to China after



the rail line was block by a brief China-Russia war, and that is how she often made her way around the mountainous province of Shanxi. She spent the next 12 years there, running an inn for travelling muleteers, nursing, looking after orphans, being an official "foot inspector" and trying to make converts, and only fled when Japanese invaders announced a \$100 reward on a poster with her name on it. By now the Japanese were bombing villages and taking no prisoners so she and fifty orphans made a perilous journey over the mountains to safety. This book was the basis of the movie "The Inn of Sixth Happiness" in which, much to Gladys's displeasure, she saw herself played by Ingrid Bergman, who didn't even take on a Cockney accent. Burgess's book, which was first published in 1957, is well-written and kept my interest as it ran along smoothly. My copy has the name "Shiral Tobin" followed by "9t" written on the inside front cover and since this is an unusual name I assume that this book was read by the CBC journalist as part of her school curriculum. This assumption is reinforced by the hand-drawn heart with an arrow through it on a blank page at the back of the book and, facing it on the inside back cover, the phrase "Shiral Tobin + Dave Lawrence."

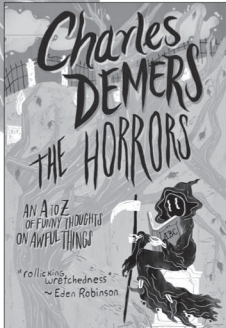
—Patty Osborne

great reads from

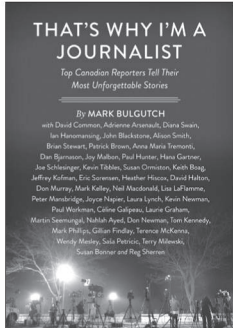


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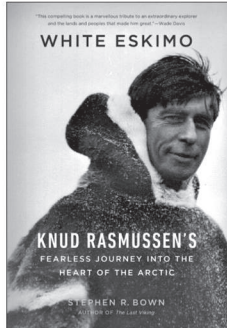
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OFF THE SHELF

James Turrell turns a 400,000-year-old volcanic cinder cone into a massive View-Master in *Twoism* by **Ali Blythe** (Goose Lane). Joy ambles up and down the street with a sign that reads: "Are you content to be nothing?" in *Street Symphony* by **Rachel Wyatt** (Coteau Books). At the age of eighteen, Michael runs off to live with Jesus in the woods in *Wild Pieces* by **Catherine Hogan Safer** (Killick Press). It's up to **Ulrikka S. Gernes** to build the pyramids, the Suez Canal and the Great Wall of China all by herself in *Frayed Opus for Strings & Wind Instruments*, translated by **Per Brask** and **Patrick Friesen** (Brick Books). A hermit obsessed with taxidermic dioramas connects with a forest-dwelling feral girl in *The Hunter and the Wild Girl* by **Pauline Holdstock** (Goose Lane Editions). **Catherine Owen** makes a pact with art and assumes the mantle of poet in North America in *The Other 23 & a Half Hours: Or Everything You Wanted to Know that Your MFA Didn't Teach You* (Wolsak & Wynn). From the moment they meet, Clyde reckons Bonnie weren't made to be no nun in *Careen* by **Carolyn Smart** (Brick Books). Nicholas Cage, the much loved and much hated actor, is in fact a character created to navigate the challenges of nepotism in Hollywood in *National Treasure: Nicholas Cage* by **Lindsay Gibb** (ECW Press). The Book of Small Mistakes is filled with sins the size of a button on a cuff, the toe of a tree frog, black mosquito larvae, the hair on a chin, the screw that holds the hands of a watch together, a spot before it becomes melanoma in *The Wrong Cat* by **Lorna Crozier** (McClelland and Stewart). After receiving a pink slip for public indecency, **Joshua Trotter** asks the Minotaur over for coffee and guidance in *Mission Creep* (Coach House Books). The second-longest river in BC gags on copper and spits

up mountains against your wood, steel and concrete in *Skeena* by **Sarah de Leeuw** (Caitlin Press). After Julia's death, Kit wonders if infrequent sex, long walks and a box of letters ever added up to a relationship in *Finding Her Gone* by **Christopher A. Taylor** (Friesen Press). Michael receives an elegant handwritten letter from the soldier who killed his wife in *I Saw a Man* by **Owen Sheers** (Bond Street Books). In *Sleep* by **Nino Ricci** (Doubleday Canada) David Pace discovers the cure to his narcolepsy—a steady stream of pharmaceuticals and a loaded handgun. **Laura Clarke** defends her purchase of two mules to be shot, stuffed and exhibited at the American Museum of Agriculture in Lubbock, Texas in *Decline of the Animal Kingdom* (ECW Press). Kermit, the brutal dictator, isolates his puppet subjects from the rest of the world in *Fauxccasional Poems* by **Daniel Scott Tysdale** (Icehouse Poetry). Claudia Clyde steps out the seventh story window of her hotel, Sandra Baxter holds an electric carving knife against her throat and Shirley Oaten crosses Fifth Avenue against a red light in *He Leaves His Face in the Funeral Car* by **Arleen Paré** (Caitlin Press). Electromagnetic fields throughout Alcatraz are measured for paranormal activity in *Floating is Everything* by **Sheryda Warrenner** (Nightwood Editions). Ethylene derives great pride from her $H_2C=CH_2$ genealogy, but reveals too much bond cleavage in *Endangered Hydrocarbons* by **Lesley Battler** (Book-Thug). **Philip Lee** fears for the written word in the inkless world of instanews in *The Next Big Thing* (Goose Lane Editions). The cash buyers of Blackfish Sound jibe their fish tallies for the packers to take to the cannery in *Tide Rips & Back Eddies* by **Bill Proctor** and **Yvonne Maximchuk** (Harbour Press). In *Arms: The Culture and Credo of the Gun* by **A.J. Somerset** (Biblioasis) the

Canadian Shooting Sports Association imports the values of the American gun nut into Canada. **Jeff Bien** waits all night for Noah's dove, the raven that fed Elijah and other fictional birds in *In a Time of No Song* (Exile Editions).

NOTED ELSEWHERE

The *National Post* calls *Martin John* by **Anakana Schofield** (Biblioasis) a "dark comedy operating at bleak heights"; the *Toronto Star* says it "eloquently captures the inner life of a hapless pervert"; **Lidia Yuknavitch** says "You'll hold your breath while reading this novel." The *Winnipeg Review* calls *I, Dr. Greenblatt, Orthodontist, 251-1457* by **Gary Barwin** (Anvil Press) "unabashedly and delightfully odd"; M.A.C. Farrant calls it "a portal into a wondrous and mysterious parallel world"; the *Hamilton Spectator* says it "marvels at the strangeness inherent in living in the modern world." The *Vancouver Sun* says that the ten women in the short story collection *10 Women* by **George Bowering** (Anvil Press) "are not in any way connected to one another except as products of George Bowering's imagination." *BC Bookworld* says Bowering "[runs] totally amok while maintaining a satisfying sense of unity"; thinairwinnipeg.ca says of the stories, "Depending on your proclivities, some of them might even seem pretty hot..." *Quill and Quire* calls *Further Confessions of a Small Press Racketeer* by **Stuart Ross** (Anvil Press) "a quick dirty breath of fresh air"; *Canadian Literature* says Ross is "frequently acerbic and trenchant in his criticism"; Nadine on goodreads.com writes: "Stuart Ross is a national treasure and doggone it, everyone should read him."

CONGRATULATIONS

To **Ted Bishop**, **Patrick Lane** and **M. Travis Lane** who were all nominated for Governor General's Literary Awards in the categories of non-fiction and poetry; and to **Deirdre Dore** whose story "The Wise Baby" won the 2015 Journey Prize.

The GEIST Cryptic Crossword

Prepared by Meandricus

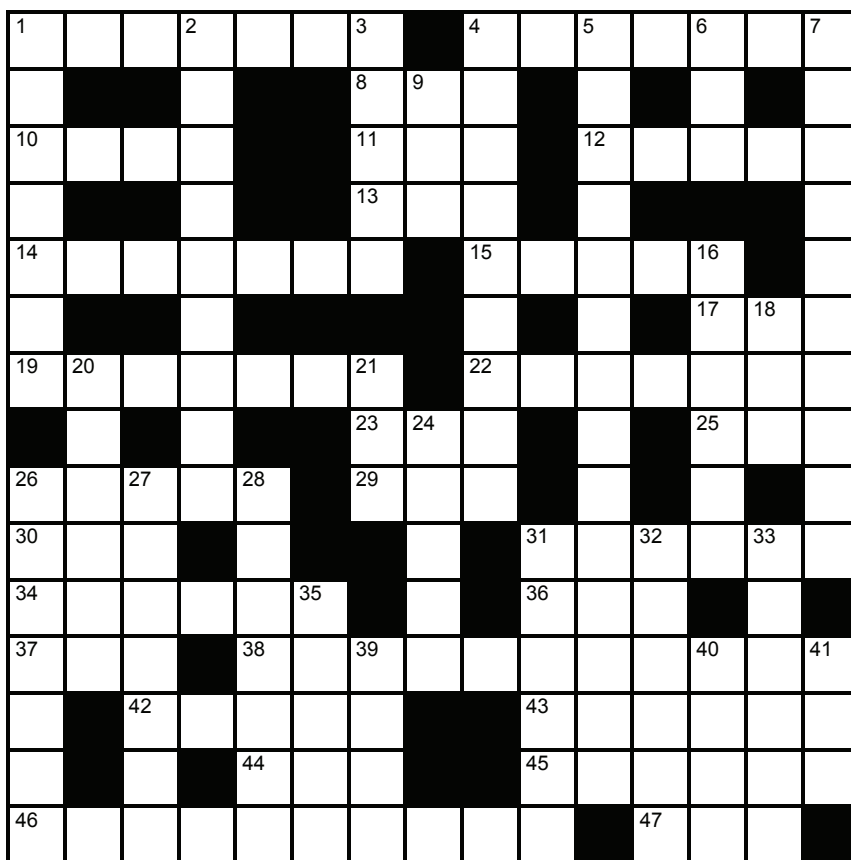
Send copy of completed puzzle with name and address to:

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The winner will be selected at random from correct solutions received and will be awarded a one-year subscription to *Geist* or—if already a subscriber—a *Geist* keychain. Good luck!

ACROSS

- 1 After surveying many a cold space, I'm frozen (2)
- 4 Hot stuff in the food chain
- 8 Sounds like the top money cop might have a gun (abbrev)
- 10 Barb keeps coming up with weird and inhuman measurements
- 11 Sounds like he was saving for part of a boat round
- 12 He's dressing as a bee, so I hope he loses
- 13 Hey, it's March 14. Let's eat!
- 14 Why would that user lie on that survey about spare time?
- 15 Pop got caught by those hooks but there were none on me
- 17 When that global group gets together they can be very flexible (abbrev)
- 19 Have you found something to consume? You can't beat ale!
- 22 Okay, that carbon is close but no cigar
- 23 They're waiting for him to come at the end of the week (abbrev)
- 25 Rob can be pretty dynamic when he's paired up
- 26 Those girls have to stay pleasant, even when they're collecting the reward
- 29 Get some lobsters into your belly before you go for a smoke
- 30 Those new Conservatives have been mixed up for the longest time
- 31 It's confusing when those three act like trained horses
- 34 Pyotr absolutely always has a screwdriver
- 36 That Old World group is really out there now (abbrev)
- 37 Those pelicans sure like swimming near Rat Portage
- 38 Anna's pal bit right into that row of sweetness to get to the fruit (2)
- 42 Bingo! Or is that just the southern air?
- 43 In the Alpine, 8 out of 10, but not Hilary
- 44 I'll write that note after a while (abbrev)
- 45 When I hear the lutes' I always think of how she always said the drink made her do it



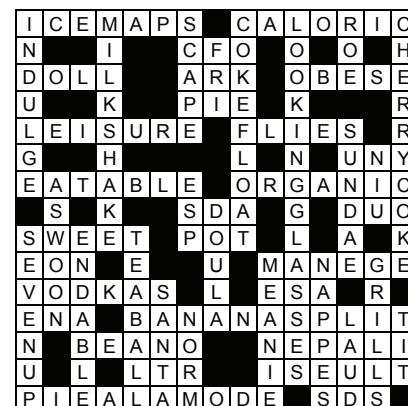
- 46 Ooh la la, all 13 are très moderne and very cool (4)
- 47 Which weathermen voted for the pupils at the teach-in? (abbrev)

DOWN

- 1 Even though she gives in on dessert, she's still eluding me
- 2 If you want to give him the shakes about feeding baby elk, ask him
- 3 By land, sea or cloud, this will stalk you, but tastefully
- 4 No one knows why the cook left a suspended candy but it was deliciously sweet and creamy (2)
- 5 Instead of glossing Leo, ask him to reflect on the search for the white girl (2)
- 6 Sounds like you should move your boat around that mass before the appies are served
- 7 Move the checker, Roy, before you crack open that fruity beverage (2)
- 9 He's the fifth or sixth handyman we've had (abbrev)
- 16 Good Lord! We must have ice cream and chocolate sauce today!
- 18 You seem confused so tune in when you aren't being utilized (abbrev)
- 20 I'm, like, giddy about riding on a sow
- 21 I'm super sensitive so I see especially well in September (abbrev)
- 24 Dooley sang out loud while helping with the deliveries
- 26 In order to get a drink, Eve spun with her thumbs up but it wasn't hard (2)

- 27 What does the lab need in order that this may be terminated?
- 28 In England the afternoon snack can turn into a formal dance—like a ballet! (2)
- 31 Sounds like Owen was too nasty for church
- 32 When they coat the spoon, they're ready to spread on the double cone
- 33 She's pretty radiant when she gets to cross examine the ones that get caught
- 35 He was a saint after Satan turned him around
- 39 He was a regular guy but we had to keep it all in the family anyway
- 40 With small change, praise could be noisy
- 41 The chickadee is never vulgar

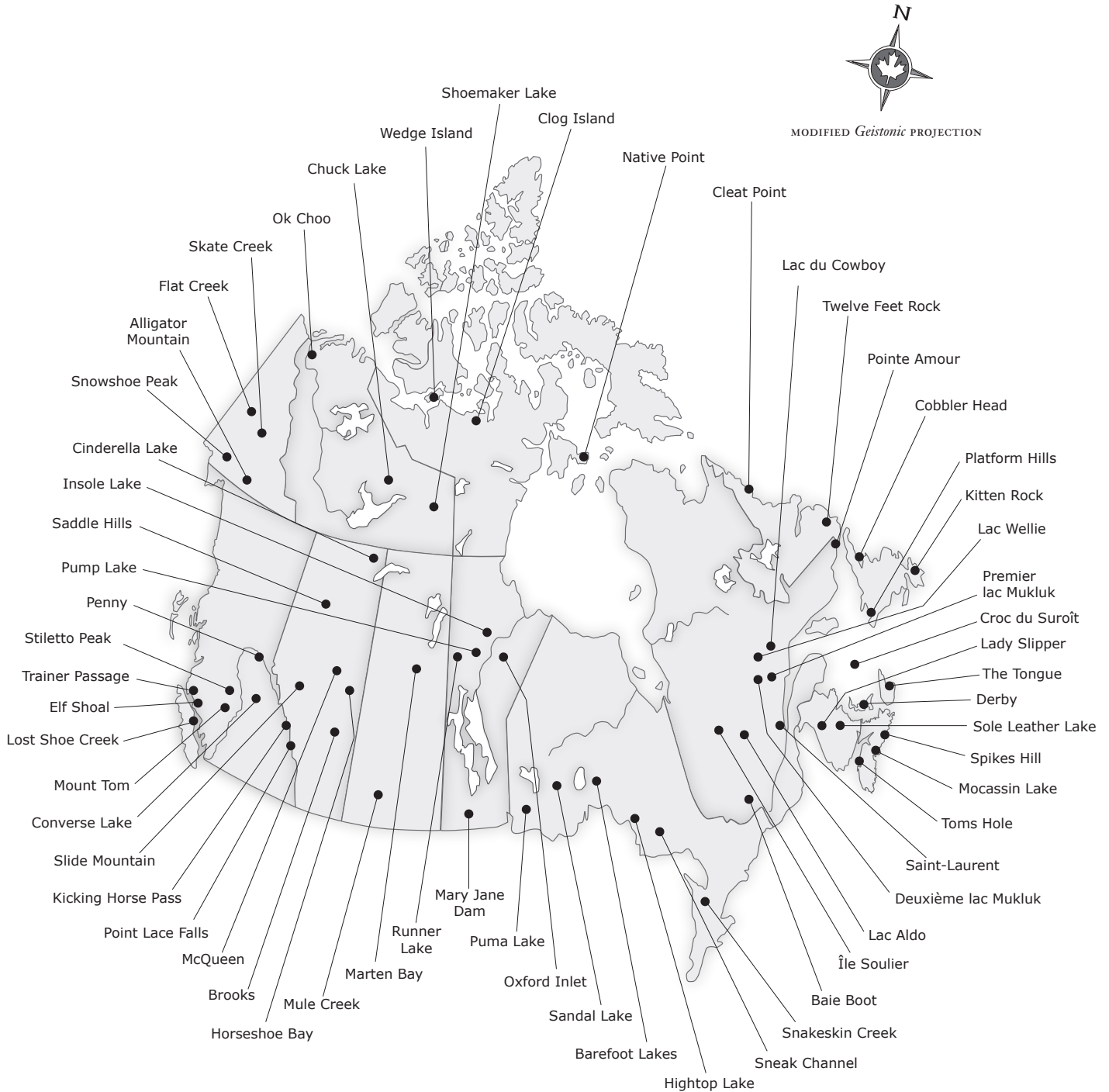
The winner for Puzzle 98 was Bill Kummer.



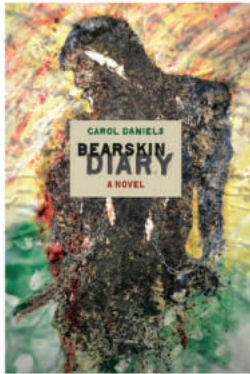
Sole Mates

The Footwear Map of Canada

by Cassia Streb

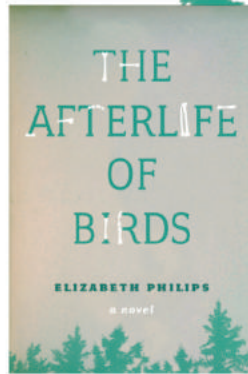


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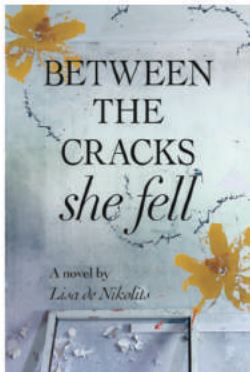
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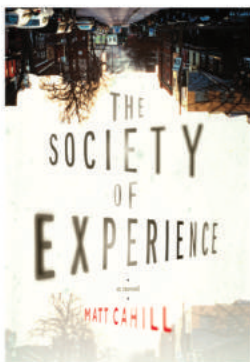
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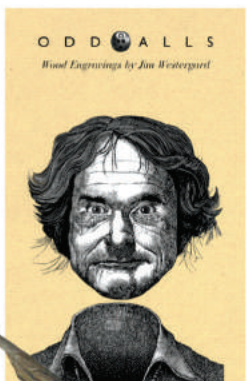
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