HER ROYAL MAJESTY

ISSUE TEN - SPRING 2011

LETTRE DE LA RÉDACTRICE

La galerie dans laquelle j'avais rendez-vous avec mon employeur était rue Louis le Grand. J'étais en avance donc je me suis promenée dans les rues lugubres qui descendent de la Place de l'Opéra. Je ne me souvenais pas avoir déjà été dans cette rue, mais elle portait, sans y être invité, une sorte de pré-mémoire. Parfois, je suis sûr que les murs de cette ville absorbe les sentiments des piétons ; toute la solitude et la panique, toute l'histoire de la peur et l'amour embarqués dans les allées et les arcades, les réverbères et les fenêtres aveugles. Je vis un café avec un auvent rouge, Le Casanova, qui ouvri ma mémoire. Je me suis souvenu d'y arriver, à la recherche de lui – mon copain d'alors. Cela devait être l'automne dernier. Je me suis souvenue d'ouvrir la porte et de le trouvant assis à l'arrière, mangeant un croque-monsieur, sans doute, et buvant tout un pichet de vin rouge, et d'être ravie de l'avoir trouvé, caché dans les murs de cette ville impénétrable.

J'aime Paris parce qu'il convient à mon humeur et parce que je trouve généralement ce que je cherche. Que Paris soit la cause ou tout simplement l'effet est sujet à question (bien que la logique me dise que Paris sera toujours froidement omnipotent, cachant et dévoilant à son gré). Cependant, mon choix de vivre ici est fondé, au moins en partie, sur cette relation symbiotique à la ville, à la façon dont je me sens poussé par elle, mais toujours en contrôle. La plupart du temps je sens que cette ville n'a pas besoin de moi, mais parfois, quand le moment est bien choisi, quand les coïncidences s'enchaînent parfaitement, je pense que les choses se passent selon un plan qui me concerne.

Katherine Jackson, écrivain et artiste visuel New Yorkaise, a publié un essai dans le volume 95 de la Southwest Review en septembre 2010. Bridges to Somewhere est une cartographie personnelle de son quartier, le Lower East Side du Manhattan qui l'implique directement. Elle estime que l'errance dans une ville est un processus créatif : «La marche est une forme de dessin », elle dit, « Qu'importe si les lignes sont tracées par les doigts ou les pieds - ou d'innombrables autres outils de dessin ? Le dessin est une manière de se déplacer à travers le monde, à travers les mondes, et le traçage cartographie ce déplacement ». Elle non plus ne peut s'empêcher d'être constamment intimidée à l'idée de se cogner dans les souvenirs et les histoires –"160 ans d'une valeur de mythologie poétique » absorbés par le paysage urbain.

Le thème de ce volume est le paysage. Les œuvres rassemblées ici questionnent la façon dont les paysages tiennent les histoires personnelles ou collectives et la façon dont le corps de chacun devient une topographie de la mémoire, l'incarnation inextricable de l'émotionnel. Nos cicatrices, nos fracturés et nos tâches de rousseur sont inséparables de la mémoire - de la façon dont nous avons obtenu la cicatrice, de qui nous étions avec le poignet brisé, d'où les taches de rousseur ont été recueillies. Nous savons que le mouvement des plaques tectoniques et des glaciers peuvent façonner les paysages. Ce numéro observe la manière dont l'homme altère également son environnement. Les activités littéraires et artistiques dessinent un paysage et les perspectives que nous voyons de celui-ci.

NDLR
Nous vous invitons aussi à modifier votre environnement
(le mur de votre chambre, le placard dans votre cuisine – nous n'incitons pas des activités criminelles!)
avec le pochoir graffiti dessiné par Mia Funk inclus dans cette édition. (uniquement dans la version papier)

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The gallery where I was supposed to be meeting my boss was on rue Louis le Grand. I was early, so I walked around those mournful streets that spoke from the Place de l'Opera. I did not remember ever having been on that street, but there was, uninvited, some sort of pre-memory that I kept bumping into. Sometimes I am sure that the walls of this city absorb the feelings of the pedestrians; all the loneliness and panic, all the history of fear and love embedded in the walkways and the archways, the lampposts and the blind windows. Then I saw a café with a red-awning, Le Casanova, and that's what opened the memory. I remembered arriving there, looking for him – my ex. That must have been last fall. I remembered opening the door and finding him sitting at the back eating a croque monsieur, probably, drinking from a little pichet of red wine, and I was delighted to have found him, hidden within the walls of this inscrutable city.

I like Paris because it fits my moods, and because I generally find what I'm looking for. Whether Paris is the cause or simply the effect is subject to debate (though logic tells me Paris will always be coolly omnipotent, hiding and revealing at its will). However, my choosing to live here is based, at least partly, on this symbiotic relationship to my surroundings, the way in which I feel moved by them but still in control. Most of the time I feel that this city does not need me but occasionally, when the timing is right, when coincidences string up perfectly, I feel that things are happening in a way that has some sort of pattern that involves me.

Katherine Jackson, New York based writer and visual artist, published an essay in volume 95 of the Southwest Review (September 2010) called Bridges to Somewhere. Her essay is a personal mapping of her neighbourhood, Manhattan's Lower East Side, and as she describes its literary history she implies herself in its narrative. She considers wandering around a city as a creative process: "Walking is a form of drawing," she writes. "What matter if pathways are described by the fingers or the feet – or numberless other drawing tools? Drawing is a way of moving through the world, or many worlds, and tracing – mapping – this motion." She too can't help being daunted by constantly bumping into the memories and histories –"160 years' worth of poetic mythologizing" – that have been absorbed by the cityscape.

The theme of this issue is Landscape: the works collected here question the ways in which landscapes hold personal and collective histories, and the way that the individual body becomes a topography of memories, the physical inextricable from the emotional. Our scars, broken bones, and freckles are inseparable from the memory of how we got the scar, who we were with when the wrist broke, where the freckles were collected. We know that tectonic plate movement and glaciers can shape landscapes, but this issue elaborates how one's surroundings are also subject to human alteration; literary and artistic activities shape a landscape and our perspectives of it.

Harriet Alida Lye ‡ Editor in Chief

NDLR
We encourage you, too, to modify your surroundings
(your bedroom wall, your kitchen floor – we are not inciting criminal activity!)
with the graffiti stencil designed by Mia Funk included in this issue.(print version only)

SARAH ROSE
NOV 2010

† GO NORTH !

SCORE FOR A HAPPENING

BY BEN STEPHENSON

1. Find the exact coordinates of where she went.
2. Find the location of the opposite pole of the globe from where she went. (It will be a point in the Pacific off the coast of New Zealand.)
3. Row a small boat to the second set of coordinates.
4. Tie the anchor to your neck.
5. Sit and contemplate the ocean.
6. Do not drop the anchor overboard.

∴

ALTERNATE ENDINGS:

I

3. Row a small boat to the second set of coordinates.
4. Imagine and feel the soles of her feet pressing up against the soles of yours.

II

3. Swim to the second set of coordinates.
4. Tread water.
5. Don't leave.

III

3. Alert the local papers of your irrational undertaking.
4. Build a fanbase and become infamous.
5. Row a small boat to the second set of coordinates.

…

9. When you return to shore and to your admirers, wait for her to call you.
10. Wait as many years as possible.

IV

3. Row a small boat to the second set of coordinates.
4. Tie the anchor to your neck.
5. Sit and contemplate the ocean.
6. Drop the anchor overboard.

EXPLORING THE LANDSCAPES OF EMILY CARR

AN ESSAY ABOUT THE LIFE AND WORK OF A CANADIAN ICON

BY HARRIET LYE

DISCUSSED: THE NATIONALIST IMPULSE OF CANADIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS; TOTEM POLES; THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE INDIGENOUS AND THE IMMIGRANT; HOW TO APPROPRIATELY DOCUMENT LANDSCAPE; THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MUTILATING AND ENRICHING TREES.

Emily Carr (1871 – 1945) was born in Victoria, British Columbia, to British expatriates. She painted and wrote about the culture and traditions of the Indigenous peoples who lived in the place where she was raised. Carr's work indicates a complex relationship with her homeland and the people who were there before her, and her documentary style of depicting the people and their culture parallels the way that one writes history: with distant and detached reverence. She made several trips to the Indigenous coastal towns in British Columbia and was struck by the Indigenous peoples' art, specifically by the way that she saw totem poles as a means of bridging histories, cultures and languages. The majority of her work was devoted to trying to portray and even recreate this unity and, as her style moves from documentary to Expressionist, she nears her goal. She is, however, ultimately unable to transcend her position as an outsider. As a first generation Canadian, Carr is looking at a history of the 'Other' and claiming it to be her own: in making her art, she has a colonialist agenda to own her homeland and appropriate its history.

Carr's curiosity about Indian culture motivated and inspired her to devote her life to depicting theirs. However, her observations are often tinged with what seems to be condescension. In her paintings, the Indians rarely have faces; indeed, her ruminative memoirs present the same elitist demeanour, disregarding and resenting. She writes that the Indians were "undeveloped" (Klee Wyck, 47), especially regarding their unawareness of time. Carr remembers that she could not make sense of a culture that made no use of clocks and acted as though "time doesn't exist (49). Carr's work describes an implied rift between the Indians' old ways and the new ways forced upon them by the missionaries, as well as a rift between whites and Indians. Her first experience with the Indigenous peoples of Canada was during a visit to a mission school beside the Nuu-chah-nulth community of Ucluelet in 1898. In 1908, inspired by a visit to Skagway, she began to make paintings of the totem poles in the coastal communities in "an attempt to record and learn from as many as possible" (Rohlfsen Udall, page 1). Carr writes about how seeing the totem poles was her priority in visiting Greenville: "I want to see the poles, not the people" (Klee Wyck, 51). Carr's interest in the art of totems explores the relationship between language, history and landscape:

† **THREE TOTEMS** *(1928)* † **INDIAN VILLAGE, ALBERT RAY** *(1908-PREVIOUS PAGE-TOP)* † **KWAKIUTL HOUSE** *(1912-PREVIOUS PAGE-BOTTOM)*

> *Once they, too, had been forest trees, till the Indian mutilated them and turned them into bare poles. Then he enriched the shorn things with carvings. He wanted some way of showing people that there were in his mind, things about the creatures and about himself and their relation to each other. He cut forms to fit the thoughts that the birds and animals and fish suggested to him, and to these he added something of himself. When they were all linked together they made very strong talk for the people. He grafted this new language on to the great cedar trunks and called them totem poles and stuck them up in the villages with great ceremony. Then the cedar and the creatures and the man all talked together through the totem poles to the people (52).*

Carr contrasts the idea of the Indian "mutilating" the trees and demeaning them from their original form with the image of him "enriching" these poles with the carvings of totemic symbols. The traditional work of the totem artist unifies self, nature, the creatures depicted, and the audience which incorporate the totem into rituals. In her early totem pole paintings (see image 1), Carr is depicting something that she – an expatriate, observer, and painter – can never attain: a comfortable unity and unquestioning understanding with the land. The quixotic conversation between cedar, creatures and man, through the totem poles and to the people, is a private one which Carr represents in her own terms yet remains outside of. Totem sculptures are like painting in the sense that they incorporate part of the artist into a representation of the subject matter while differ from painting in the sense that they take this subject-object relationship out of the private realm of art and plant it into the public and, crucially, into nature and the landscape. Her paintings are further distinguished from totems as they can only be experienced privately, hung in galleries or museums and ultimately isolated from the nature they depict. Carr's landscape paintings, in which totem poles are featured, are the product of the outsider's desire to identify a country – and all that it encompasses – as one's own.

While the body of her work that is commonly called "First Indian Sketches" was criticized for being photographic and documentary in character, critics have noted that her later work "showed a groping after a conception of the spirit underlying the primitive art of the Indians as expressed in her studies of totem poles" (Moray 337). If Carr is groping, we must ask: does she realise what she is reaching for? Does she succeed, as she believes the totem artist has, at adding "something of [her]self" to her artwork? Moray acknowledges that Carr is in search of a spirit, in her own life as well as one which underlies the Natives' art. Art critic Sharon Rohlfsen Udall points out that one can see through Carr's writing and paintings that she experienced an "ecstatic identification with the spirit of nature" (32). The image of 'groping' also brings us back to the notion that Carr was on the outside of the Natives' world and reaching inward to try and understand them: "she engaged with them from the periphery. Did she understand their way of life? Did she grasp their suffering, their loss of heritage and health?" (Moray 3). Rohlfsen Udall acknowledges Carr's identification with nature but, rather carefully, does not take this comment further to suggest that Carr identified with the Indians themselves. The Indians' identification with nature is as ordinary and instinctive as breathing, as is illustrated by the totem artist carving his imagination into a tree in order to participate in and continue the conversation between man, creature and world. Carr appreciates this and likely senses and admires the unity, but her first paintings of totem poles are more like the work of an anthropologist (at best) or a tourist (at worst).

There clearly remains "a tension between an ethnographic impulse to preserve and hence accurately represent a way of life and a need to transform her observations according to her own vision: to paint not the totem but what the totem said to her" (3, emphasis added). Representation is the first step, and transformation – of subject into art and observer into participant – is the goal. The Group of Seven, the group of Canadian landscape painters to which Emily Carr was associated, believed that "the great purpose of landscape art is to make us at home in our own country" (O'Brian 7). This collection of artists was particularly interested in the expressionist depiction of the vast, empty Canadian landscape, which "played a significant role in the nationalization of nature in Canada, particularly in the development of ideas about northernness, wilderness, and identity" (O'Brian 7). It is fair to say that Carr needed to make her first sketches in order to preserve her visual memories of her trips. When her artistry developed and she was able to gain a style of expressionism that changes the language of her artwork and enables her to bypass reductive cultural tendencies. Carr's early trips to the small Indian villages "marked the beginning of a deeper connection with the native people; through them she would reach the sense of unifying, universal life that pervades the painting of her later years…[S]he sensed that the natives lived in a universe she recognized as her own" (Moray 3). Moray's comment idealizes the artist and ignores Carr's own remarks upon her arrival in Greenville, one of the towns created by colonialists to relocate and compartmentalize the First Nations peoples: Carr described the Indians as "gaunt forsaken creatures" (Klee Wyck, 46). The Indians' universe deeply inspired Carr, of course, but it is difficult to say that she recognized this universe "as

† **WOOD INTERIOR** *BY EMILY CARR ‡ 1908*

her own". The complex layers of distance, curiosity and condescension form a fence between her and the subjects of her work, even if it is possible to say that her later, more abstract work did succeed in reflecting the "unifying, universal life" of the Indians.

Here lies one of the many paradoxes of Emily Carr: Her personal artistic journey was through the channel of an "Other": the Indians. Though she succeeds at depicting the culture of the Indians she is so fascinated by, and in her own unique Expressionist style, Carr's work remains on the periphery of Indian life. She is unable to access or identify with those whom catalyzed her own creativity. This does not inhibit the objective appreciation of her work, but one cannot say that she, as a colonialist observer, was able to understand the mystical world which she at times disregarded for its foreignness. Carr's ambitions to appropriate her homeland failed if integration was the goal, but she was successful at depicting the land – which, for her, is inextricable from the Indians and their totems – with an approach that became original and unique.

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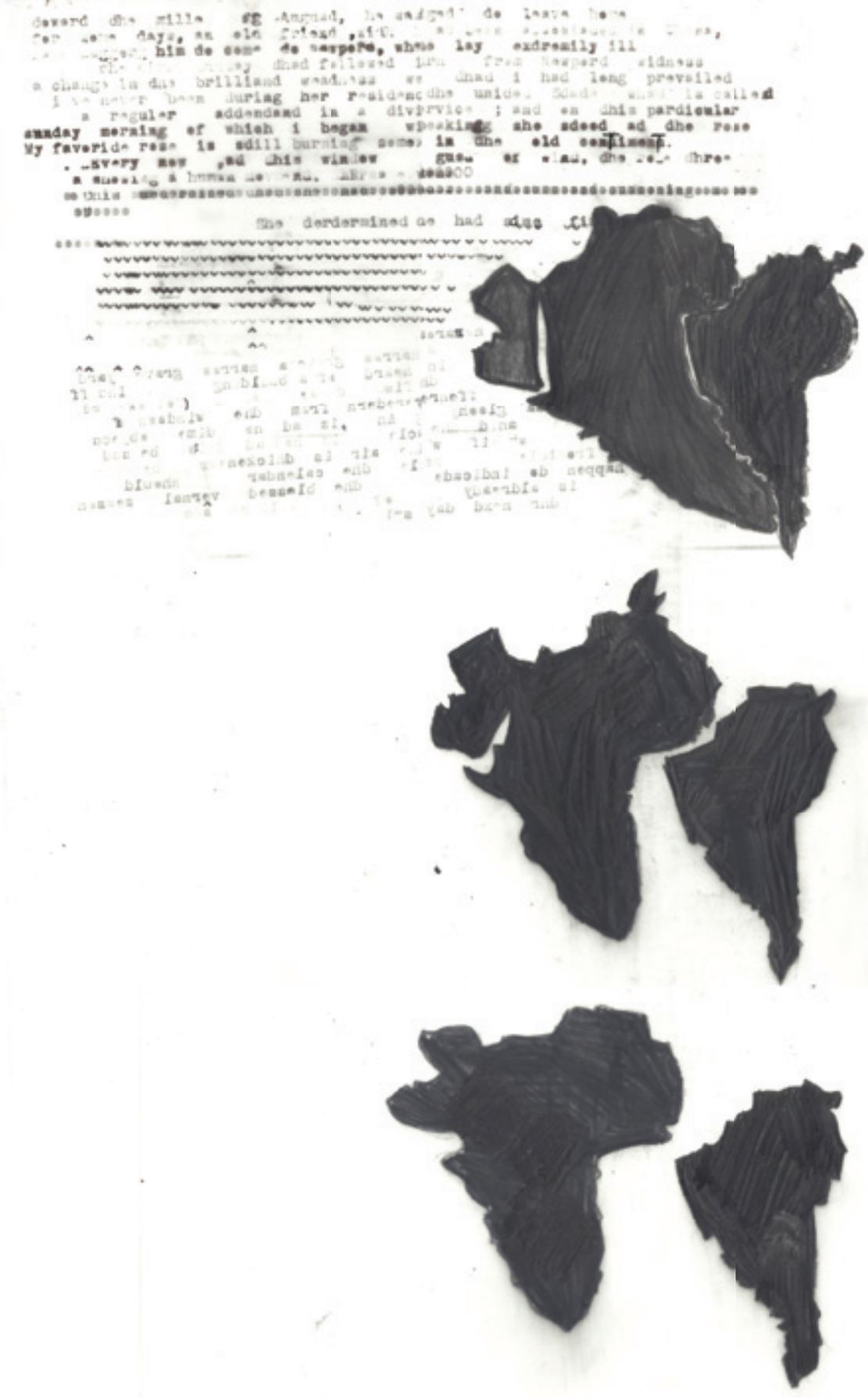
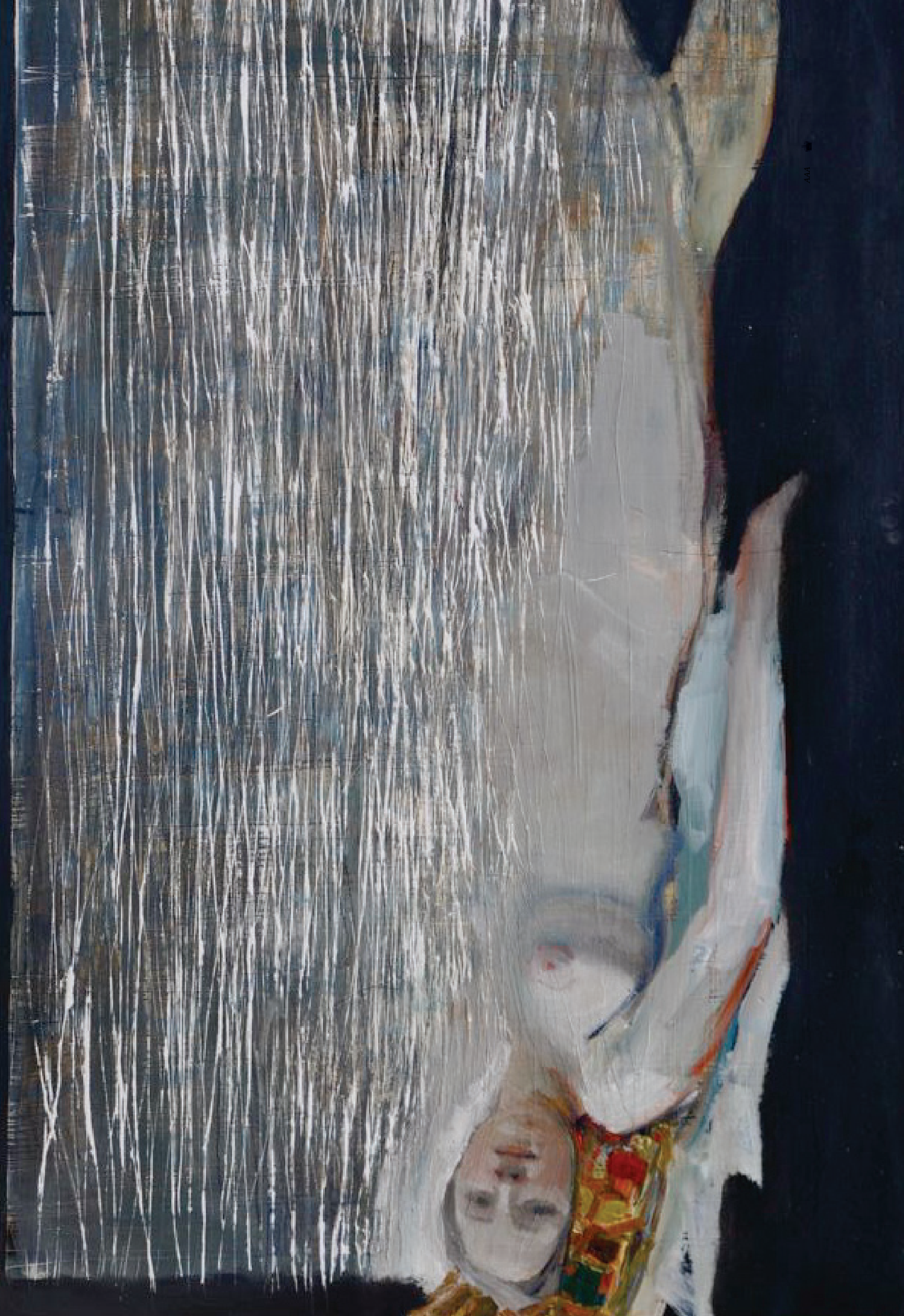
† ARTWORK *BY ANNE HERZOG*

BIG HEADS & SOFT BODIES

BY PARKER TETTLETON

We shrink
to meet
Each
the opposite
There flies
a bridge





THE ITINERANT LE CHEMINOT

AUTHOR : ISABELLE EBERHARDT ‡ TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY ADAM BILES

The long white road snakes off towards blue yonders, towards magnetic horizons. It blazes in the sunlight, between the mellow gold of the harvest, the red hills veiled in incandescent mist, and the dark green of the bush. Far off lie abundant farms, ruined buildings and poor hovels. In the despondency of the day, everything sleeps. A chant rises up from the plain. It is long like the road without shelter, like poverty with no hope of happy escape, like an unheard lament: the song of the Kabyle farm hands. Pale wheat and tanned barley pile up on an earth exhausted by her life-giving labours.

All of this warm gold, however, laid out under the sun, ignites nothing in the dim eye of the Itinerant. His tattered robes are grey, coated in the same dull dust that softens the beaten earth beneath his bare feet. Tall, emaciated, with a sharp profile sheltered by the awning of a ragged veil, a grey and unkempt beard, lifeless eyes and lips cracked by thirst, he walks on.

When he comes across a farm or a mechta, he stops and pounds the ground with the long branch of a wild olive tree. His hoarse voice pierces the silence of the country as he demands the 'bread of God'. He is right to do so, the tragic-figured Itinerant, for the sacred bread that he demands without begging is his due, and its donation nothing but life's feeble return, a confession of gross injustice.

The Itinerant has no home, no family. He roams freely and his indistinct gaze draws in the vast African landscape and makes it his own. According to his will, he pushes back its boundaries to infinity. When he wants to rest, weary of moving forward or overwhelmed by the heat, the hill mastics and the weeping eucalyptus trees at the side of the road offer him their shade and the solace of a sleep without dreams.

Perhaps, long ago, the Itinerant suffered from being homeless, from having nothing and, no doubt, from asking for that which he knew instinctively was his right. Now, however, after many years, every one the same, he no longer has any desires and simply abides life with indifference.

He has often been arrested and imprisoned by the gendarmes, but he has never understood – for no one has ever explained to him – why it is forbidden for a man to walk under the caress of good, fertile light, across the corner of the universe that he feels to be his own. He has never understood why the people who don't give him shelter and bread then forbid him not to have them. When accused of being a vagabond he always replied, 'I have stolen nothing. I have done nothing wrong…' but he was told that this was not good enough, and his simple defence went unheard. He felt this to be unjust, like the many things written all along the ribboning highways which illiterates are supposed to read.

As time passed, the tall frame of the Itinerant cracked and his step became uncertain. Usurious Old Age was visiting him prematurely, demanding

La route serpente, longue, blanche, vers les lointains bleus, vers les horizons attirants. Sous le soleil, elle flambe, la route pulvérulente, entre l'or mat des moissons, le rouge des collines que voile une brume incandescente, et le vert sombre de la brousse. Au loin, fermes opulentes, bordjs délabrés, gourbis pauvres dans l'accablement du jour, tout dort. De la plaine monte un chant, long comme la route sans abri, comme la pauvreté sans lendemain de joie, comme une plainte inentendue : le chant des moissonneurs kabyles. Le blé pâle, l'orge fauve, s'entassent sur la terre épuisée de son labeur d'enfantement.

Mais tout cet or tiède étalé au soleil n'allume pas une lueur dans l'oeil vague du cheminot. Ses loques sont grises… Elles semblent couvertes de la même poussière terne qui adoucit la terre battue au pied nu de l'errant. Grand, émacié, le profil aigu abrité par l'auvent du voile en loques, la barbe grise et inculte, l'œil terne, les lèvres fendillées par la soif, il va.

Et, quand il passe devant une ferme ou une médita, il s'arrête et frappe le sol de son long bâton d'olivier sauvage. Sa voix rauque perce le silence de la campagne et il demande le pain de Dieu. Il a raison, le cheminot à la silhouette tragique, le pain sacré qu'il demande sans implorer lui est dû, et l'aumône n'est qu'une faible restitution, comme un aveu d'iniquité.

Le cheminot n'a pas de logis, pas de famille. Libre, il erre et son regard vague fait sien tout ce grand paysage d'Afrique dont, selon son gré, il écarte les bornes, à l'infini. Quand, las d'avancer, accablé de chaleur, il veut se reposer, les grands lentisques des coteaux et les eucalyptus en pleurs des routes lui offrent leur ombre et la sécurité d'un sommeil sans rêves.

Peut-être, jadis, le cheminot a-t-il souffert d'être un sans-foyer, de ne rien avoir, et aussi, sans doute, de demander ce que, d'instinct, il savait dû. Mais maintenant, après des années longues, toujours pareilles, il n'a plus de désirs, et subit la vie, indifférent.

Souvent, les gendarmes l'ont arrêté et il a été emprisonné… Mais il n'a jamais compris—on ne lui a d'ailleurs pas expliqué — pourquoi il pouvait être défendu à un homme de marcher sous la caresse de la bonne lumière féconde, de traverser ce coin de l'univers qui lui semble sien. Il n'a pas compris pourquoi ces gens qui ne lui avaient pas donné d'abris et de pain lui interdisaient de ne pas en avoir.

A l'accusation d'être un vagabond, il a toujours répondu : « Je n'ai pas volé, je n'ai pas fait de mal…» Mais on lui a dit que cela ne suffisait pas, et sa défense simple est restée inentendue… Et cela lui a semblé injuste, ainsi que beaucoup d'autres choses qui sont écrites pour les illettrés sur le ruban de la grand route.

cruel payment. One day, afflicted with one of the sad illnesses of age that brief healing can no longer cure, he fell down by the side of the road. Some pious Muslims found him there and carried him to the hospital. Silently, he accepted.

There, however, the old man of vast horizons suffered terribly from the oppression of white walls and limited space. The bed, which was too soft, felt less comfortable and less sure than the good earth to which he had become accustomed. He was gripped by lassitude and by nostalgia for the open road. He felt that he would die of sadness if he stayed there, without even the consolation of those things his eyes had grown used to.

With disdain, his dirty rags were returned to him and he was allowed to leave, although he couldn't walk for long and slumped down inside the town. A police officer approached him and offered his help. The Itinerant replied, 'If you are a Muslim, leave me, for pity's sake… I want to die outside… Outside! Leave me.' So, with the respect his race has for the poor and the mad, the officer moved away.

In the mild night, the Itinerant dragged himself outside the hostile town and lay down to sleep in the soft grass, beside a faintly murmuring wadi. In the friendly darkness and the wide empty surroundings, he tasted the sweet calm of untroubled rest. Then, when he was feeling stronger, he set off anew, straight ahead, across the plains and the bush.

Night was lifting. A pale light climbed, marking out the distant mountains of Kabylia in black against the sky. From the farms came the raucous cry of the cocks, singing for the light. The Itinerant had slept on a grassy embankment that the first rains of autumn had drawn forth. A penetrating coolness was floating

Mais, la haute taille du cheminot s'est cassée et sa démarche est devenue incertaine : la vieillesse et son usure sont venues prématurées, dans l'abandon. Un jour, malade d'une de ces tristes maladies de vieillards dont la brève guérison ne console plus, le cheminot tomba sur le bord de la route. Des musulmans pieux le trouvèrent la et l'emportèrent à l'hôpital. Silencieux, il accepta.

Mais la bas, le vieil homme des horizons larges souffrit de l'oppression des murs blancs, de l'espace limité… Et le lit trop moelleux lui sembla moins doux et moins sûr que la terre, la bonne terre dont il avait l'accoutumance. L'ennui le prit, avec la nostalgie de la route libre. Il sentit que, s'il restait là, il mourrait tristement, sans même la consolation des choses dont son oeil avait l'habitude.

Avec dédain, on lui rendit ses loques sordides… Mais il ne put marcher longtemps et resta affalé, en ville. Un agent de police l'aborda, lui offrant son aide. Le cheminot répondit : — Si tu es musulman, laisse-moi, de grâce… Je veux mourir dehors… dehors! Laisse-moi. Et, avec le respect de sa race pour les pauvres et pour les fous, l'agent s'éloigna.

Alors, dans la nuit tiède, le cheminot se traîna hors de la ville hostile et s'endormit sur l'herbe douce, au bord d'un oued qui murmurait à peine. Sous l'obscurité amie, dans le grand vide d'alentour, le cheminot goûta l'adoucissement du repos non troublé. Puis, comme il se sentait plus fort, il repartit de nouveau droit devant lui à travers les champs et la brousse.

La nuit finissait. Une lueur pâle montait, profilant en noir les montagnes lointaines de Kabylie. Dans les fermes, le cri enroué des coqs appelait la

on the breeze, carrying with it the subtle scents of lilies and invisible cyclamens. He was very weak. A thick languor had invaded his limbs, but the cough he had rattled with since the arrival of the cold had died down.

Day came. A red dawn shone from behind the mountains, throwing bloody streaks across the shivering gulf and colouring the water with golden hatches. The faint breath of the dispersing mist now barely touched Mustapha's ravines and the landscape unfolded before him, large, soft, serene. No broken lines, no clashing colours. The land, from out of its lingering sleep, seemed to be smiling, a little sensual and sad. And the Itinerant's limbs grew numb.

He didn't think of anything. He was without desires or regrets. Softly, in the solitude of the road, his life – a life without complications, yet mysterious all the same, which had moved him forward for so many years – slept in him. And, with neither exhortations nor infusions, came the ineffable happiness of death.

The first rays of the warm sun, filtering through the humid veil of the eucalyptus trees, adorned in purple and gold the motionless profile, the closed eyes, the hanging rags, the bare and dusty feet, and the long olive branch: everything that the Itinerant had been. His soul, unsuspected of him, had been exhaled with a resigned murmur from old Islam, in simple harmony with the sadness of things.

lumière. Le cheminot avait dormi sur un talus de gazon que les premières pluies d'automne avaient fait germer. Une fraîcheur pénétrante flottait dans la brise avec de subtiles senteurs de lis et de cyclamens invisibles. Le cheminot était bien faible. Une grande langueur envahissait ses membres, mais la toux qui l'avait secoué depuis les premières fraîcheurs s'était calmée.

Il fit jour. Derrière les montagnes, une aube rouge resplendissait, jetant des traînées sanglantes sur le golfe calme où à peine quelques frissons vagues couraient, teintant l'eau de hachures dorées. La brume infuse voilait à peine d'une haleine éparse les coteaux de Mustapha, et le paysage s'ouvrait, grand, doux, serein. Pas de lignes heurtées, pas d'oppositions de couleurs. Un sourire un peu sensuel et triste aussi planait dans l'assoupissement mal dissipé des choses. Et les membres du cheminot s'engourdissaient.

Il ne songeait à rien, sans désirs ni regrets et, doucement, dans la solitude de la route, la vie sans complications, et pourtant mystérieuse qui l'avait mû pendant tant d'années, s'endormait en lui ; et c'était sans exhortations ni tisanes, la félicité ineffable de mourir.

Les premiers rayons du soleil tiède, filtrant à travers les voiles humides des eucalyptus, parèrent d'or et de pourpre le profil immobile, les yeux clos, les loques tendues, les pieds nus et poudreux et le long bâton d'olivier: tout ce qui avait été le cheminot, dont l'âme insoupçonnée s'était exhalée en un murmure de vieil Islam résigné, en une harmonie simple avec la mélancolie des choses.

♦

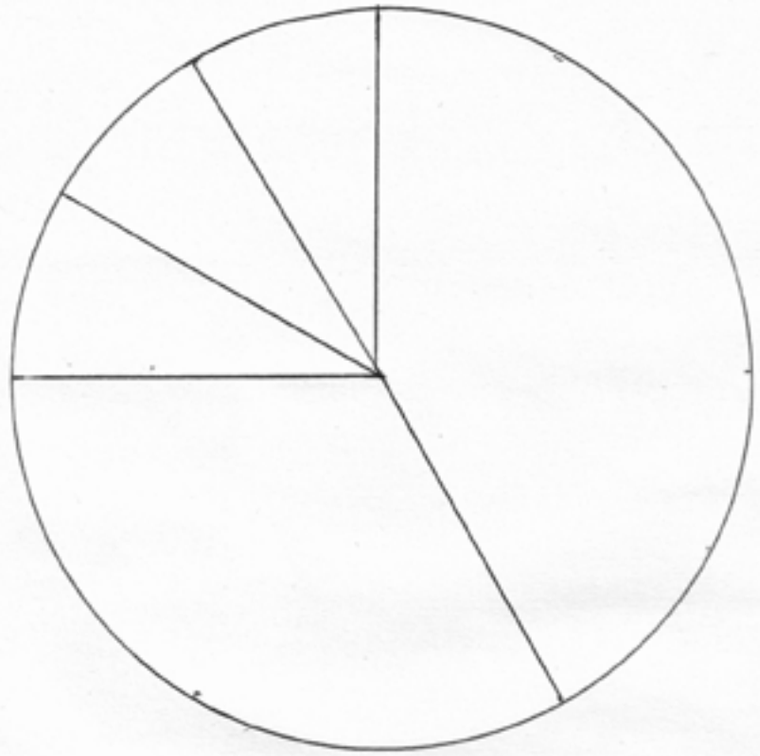
MOVEMENT (AND FEELINGS) MAPS : PART II

BY CARA SPOONER

THESE TWO IMAGES ARE PART OF A SMALL SERIES OF MOVEMENT MAPS WHICH INCLUDED THE CONNECTION OF MOVEMENT TO EMOTIONS.
THE SERIES WAS CREATED FROM A MONTH'S WORTH OF RIGOROUS PERSONAL RESEARCH. THE RESULT IS A QUANTITATIVE DISPLAY OF QUALITATIVE ASPECTS OF MY OWN EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL LANDSCAPES.

♦

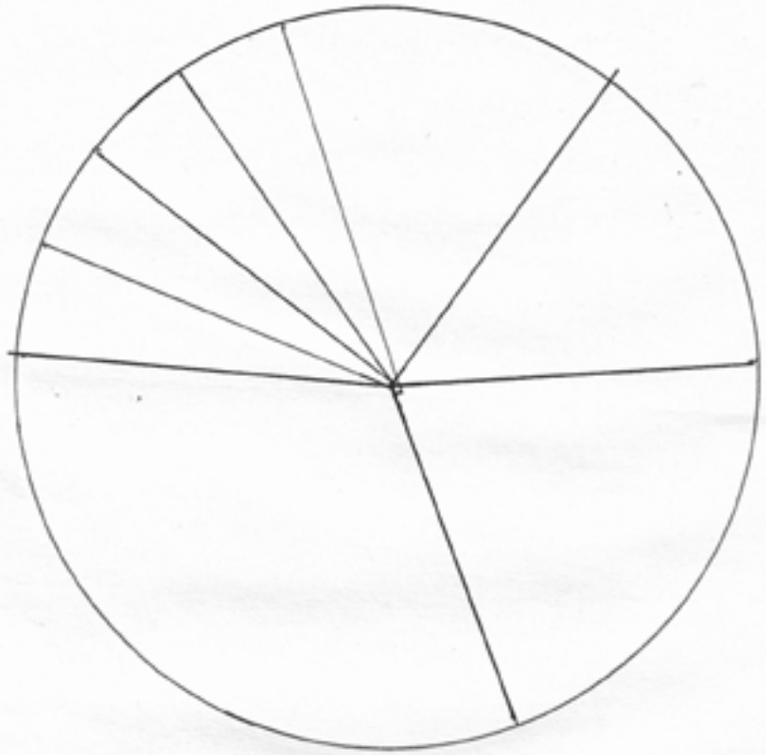
FEELINGS I FELT WHILE WALKING



☐ Content ☐ Guilt ☐ Excited

☐ Anxious ☐ Dissapointed

FEELINGS I FELT WHILE SITTING DOWN



☐ Content ☐ Shy ☐ Grounded

☐ Anxious ☐ Inspired ☐ Excited

☐ Curious ☐ Bored

MORNING

BY ANDY VERBOOM

Right before your eyes the fog is making the fox

brave enough her tail the white couching her ears

the white muffing command spun soft

a firewalk from here to here

the second you see the fog
is making the fox the fox is not an orange tongue bit
by a smoke-stuffed room it is a very long second

but there is no time your throat opened a red tick
sounded through the chassis your brother cursed
the truck to an tremendous stop

While he patched the fog light
dangling like a bugged-out eye, you woke
the shovel from the truck bed
shouldered back along the road
its angular mercy

There saw unanaesthetised there, fog sap her lungs
damp her kinks of fur the slender math of her body
cancelled
The fog is hushing you watch wakeful
it part your flesh open your side sink
among your other ribs, the collapsed, paled arc of her

As your brother fed it a spark,
you climbed back in the truck
and fingered your smouldering side

† **MARMAR** *BY DANIELLE KIMZEY*

[DOWN BY THE DIRTIED DOCKS]

—

BY JACOB BROMBERG
FOR ALBERTO CAIRO

—

Down by the dirtied docks
the seagulls are struggling against the wind;
not the winds of chance or the wind
that cries a lover's name, just
the wind. This is a secular poem.

It's written on the wall:
No Fishing. The fishermen's wall
is deserted; the wind has blown
all the fishermen away, nothing but
shallows in the shallows.

What's more than this is that this
western wind shambles dead skin
and waste about the barren streets,
and innocently of us.

OUR PHARMACY — BY NAFKOTE TAMIRAT

Alga and I started our pharmacy during my fifth week in Paris. She lived at Place Gambetta and I lived on the other side of her mattress. My days started when Alga rolled out of bed and ended when she rolled back on. If she got to the mattress before I did, I was relegated to the floor, since Alga had a fear of things climbing over her. I lived my life as a race to see how much I could get done before Alga's puppet eyes began to wander over to the flowered bedspread.

Alga had spent her life trying and failing to get to America.

The first attempt: straight from Ethiopia to Saudi Arabia, where she hoped to work for six months, max, as a housekeeper, make the buckets of jewels that rumor suggested, and then high tail it to America in style. What actually happened was that the wife of her employer got jealous and burned her cheeks with acid so Alga stayed for seven years because she became afraid of people and the loss of beauty made her unemployable elsewhere.

The second attempt: starting in Ethiopia again, she tried to go through Canada, whose guardians sent her back, with new stamps on her papers, telling the world that she was little better than a stowaway.

The third attempt was the charm. Back in Ethiopia, she was given a baby from a still unnamed source, though she lost it before sneaking into France. She had developed a wanderlust that got her no closer to America, a perpetual and permanent exile that had stopped being alluring almost as soon as it had begun.

I met Alga while we were both perusing the outdoor market tables by Jaures. I was trying to find a cheap pair of gloves and she was trying to find a coat that could pass for leather. In the end, we said to hell with it and ate like kings at the nearby McDo, not caring a whit about what we would eat tomorrow.

"Do you know what I heard yesterday?" she asked me over her Quarter Pounder.

"What?"

"A man in his forties, a man who had been Orthodox Christian for his entire life, this man converted to Islam. Do you believe me?"

"Um, yes."

"Isn't he stupid? I swear to you, if I meet this man, I'm going to go right up to him and tell him how sad he's made me. Don't you feel so sad right now?"

"I'm okay. Maybe he's marrying someone who's Muslim?"

"That makes it worse. Put more ketchup on the bun, it'll taste better. Do you believe me?"

I told Alga that I had left Addis soon after my father left for the new Ethiopian colony in Bermuda. I spent two months alone in the house, with no skills but lycée French, and had taken the plunge into Paris with a loan from a family friend who thought it would help me stop moping. I had been in Paris for five weeks and had lost hope of ever finding a job. My money was gone and my hotel room was drafty. After I sold the rest of my clothing, I didn't know what else to do. I felt cold all the time. Alga told me that I was going to live with her from then on and I didn't say no.

The pharmacy was Alga's idea. She had been taking advantage of her free healthcare and a doctor with sympathy to spare by going in for various medical exams almost every week, twice a week if IDF1 was showing reruns of Mas El Diablo, which was her favorite soap opera, no matter how many times I told her that it couldn't be New York.

"New York can't be that dirty, it's impossible."

"This may be the closest I ever get to it, so what do I care?"

"If you want anything badly enough, there's nothing you can't have."

"That's what they said about the baby too. Do you believe me? Do you know how much I wanted that boy to live? Do you know what a good mother I would have been?"

"You didn't want the baby as much as you want America."

"That's how it starts: first it's the baby, then it's the house, then it's America."

"Do you keep in touch with the father?"

"You're a silly girl sometimes."

"You're still young, Alga."

"Not where it counts."

† BY LEHEL KOVACS

It was Alga who explained the French medical system to me as we dozed over episodes of Marina, and about how the doctors were enamored with giving out prescriptions for pills and glasses.

"I tell them something different

every time I go, sometimes it's something specific like, "Oh, I get stomach pains whenever I eat yogurt, what could it mean?" or something vague like, "I'm just not feeling good" and no matter what, they give me a bottle of small white pills, different white pills because I check the shape and the size to be sure, but that's it."

"What about the glasses? Is that only when you have eye problems?"

"No, that's their suggestion whenever I go in. I can't tell if they think that by seeing better, everything else will be fixed too."

"I'd rather lose my hearing than my eyesight."

"Glasses make your eyes worse. Do you believe me? Never wear glasses."

"My father can't see without them."

"Your father put himself in that situation by believing in them in the first place."

Alga had never taken medicine in her life, except for once in Saudi Arabia and it nearly killed her. What was worse (according to Alga) was that it darkened the stains on her cheeks. Nonetheless, Alga had been collecting all of her prescribed medication. She had packed the top drawers of the wardrobe that was edged in between our pallet and the no-shower bathroom with varying strengths of glasses and tablets that promised joy, sleep, a keener mind, a smoother face, all with no subsequent migraines.

Le Monde blared out from every street corner and plaza that that November was the coldest one in two decades and my job search yielded nothing but walks back to the apartment on feet that didn't feel anything. Alga told me to wear two pairs of socks and leg warmers, but I kept forgetting. I touched my increasingly visible pelvic bone each morning and daydreamed about large plates of chicken and lamb. Paris was more beautiful the more inaccessible it became. Whenever I saw the Eiffel Tower, I remembered the postcards I used to receive from my brother before he stopped sending me anything. I wanted money to live in actual Paris, not subsistence funds to prolong my existence in the poor man's version that was Alga's room. It was almost December when I came back after yet another fruitless hunt and found Alga surrounded by her medicines and the smell of freshly brewed coffee. There was a jubilance in the air that I hadn't felt since I had moved in.

"You've got a job."

"What are you talking about? Did someone call?"

"Yes. God did."

"Great. That's great. What kind of job is he offering?"

Alga couldn't stop smiling. "You and I are going to open a store and we're going to advertise to the right people. Our people."

"What about a boulangerie to sell all that bread that none of us wants?"

"This is going to be a medicine store. There's no reason why these little poisons should go to waste and I need the space for the new winter coat I'm going to buy, there's a solde going on at Clichy."

We made the posters that night and I snuck into the housing office the next day to make as many copies as their ink and paper supply would allow. After a quick meal that Alga had thrown together using eggs, potatoes, and the canned crème fraiche that I kept telling her wasn't real, we walked up and down the boulevards and hidden streets, sticking up posters wherever there was free space and no policemen looking too closely. This suited us fine since our desired clientele wasn't going to frequent the tourist spots where the gendarmes regularly paraded. When we got back to the apartment, it was past 10 PM and we were exhausted. When I took off my shoes, both socks had large holes but we had run out of thread, so there was nothing to be done about that.

The posters were very simple: "Medicine for cheap from people who understand; we don't need papers and we don't give them out either." The uneven Amharic lettering was followed by Alga's number and a Lion of Judah. We had to be clever about our marketing strategy because free medication was already out there, we couldn't compete with the prices. However, we could stake a claim by making it clear that we weren't looking for complete dossiers, fabricated birth certificates, or copies of passports and apartment leases that were doubling, tripling, and quadrupling as the passports and apartment leases for any number of others looking for shelter, money, and a foothold in a city that wouldn't let us leave and wouldn't let us advance. We were there to make the pain go away, literally, and the line between peddler and doctor is a fine one at best. Besides, anyone who had survived for more than ten years back home was probably immune to anything less than a bullet to the head, and even for that there were miracles and prayers available at the nearest Orthodox church, leave your donation and your soul by the door, right by the brocade umbrellas.

We waited for weeks. Alga got a cold and called everyone she knew

to let them know. I stayed home because Alga didn't like being alone. I felt trapped and wondered what the sky looked like in their winter; Addis Ababa just got muddy. When the tea ran out, we drank hot water. We stopped changing out of our pajamas because it had become another empty ritual. We watched the ball drop in New York on the little television and saluted each other with hard cider. I told Alga about how I had always wanted to see the Eiffel Tower on New Year's and she told me that it was the same as always, just more crowded, and I assured her that I believed her.

"This city can be a lonely place, you know. I'm glad you're here," Alga muttered. I looked at her closely; flights of emotion were unlike her. She kept her eyes resolutely trained on the screen. "I can't imagine what it would be like without you, is what I'm saying."

"You've been a great help to me, too."

"It's more than that: I've been everything to you. Housing, advice, food, everything. You've never lacked for any of those here, have you?" Her eyes never left the television, where they were showing close-ups of people in different cities, all yelling and laughing and saying their resolutions in their languages.

"No."

"Do you think you'll leave me?"

"At some point, yes."

"But not now. Not soon."

"I guess, no. But it's hard to tell what will happen in the future."

"It's impossible. Only God knows." This was the rule that Alga lived by.

"Yes. Him. He knows. Not me."

"So you'll stay."

"For now."

"Yes. Good. For now. Until we're ready to do something different."

"Until I'm ready."

"It's the same thing. Let's go to bed. Nothing's changed: one number added and they think it's the Last Judgment."

"It's nice that they have this kind of hope. You know, a new year spelling out a new everything in their lives."

"It's stupid. Are you going to brush your teeth? I'm going to bed. It's almost morning anyway, no point in brushing too many times in a row. That's how your teeth get weak. Do you believe me?" I wanted to tell her that that made no sense and that hope wasn't stupid, it was the difference between us and people who were happy, but there was no

time before she got onto the mattress, and Alga never spoke once she had stationed herself there.

On a mid-January afternoon, we were making ourselves hot water with cinnamon that I had swiped from the cafe at Alma Marceau while the exchange students provided welcome cover by blathering on about how wasted they had gotten the night before. English sounds more open than French, I thought, as their mouths opened wider and wider on vowels and laughter. We heard the knock after our third cup, a tentative one that wouldn't have met our ears if we had turned on the television or the faucet. Alga opened the door and came back with an older woman bearing blue cross tattoos on her forehead and cheeks and a black cap, signs that she had been a nun and was now probably a maid or a carer of the personnes agées that the French shut away in well-appointed apartments before they use their chateaux in the country every August.

Her name was Bizuchewata, which means "many games" because her father had had to play so many of them (the psychological and the betting kind) to win her mother's hand. Bizuchewata's heart hurt her and while her Bible usually did the trick, it had stopped working when the weather got cold. We shuttled her over to the bathroom where I kneeled on the toilet as Alga rocked back and forth on the edge of the sink. Bizuchewata hovered outside of the door, allowing the floor around us to be the repository for all of our tools. After I had found something that seemed suitable, I handed it off to Alga who passed it to Bizuchewata, who made a sign of the cross in front of both of us and wished us long and fruitful lives with spouses who loved us and children who were dear to us. I saw Alga stiffen and wondered if she had had the chance to name her child.

We received word after a few days from Bizuchewata, who said that she was feeling significantly better and had told all of her friends about us. We thanked her profusely. The next customer came that same day on Bizuchewata's recommendation because he couldn't stop coughing and after that point, we couldn't leave the apartment for fear of missing someone. They came in all sizes, ages, and accents and we accepted all of them and their money without question and with a kind word in a language that was as close to one as one's soul. The day came when it was clear that Alga had to go back to the doctor;

we were running out and the coming of spring had brought a whole other sector of our clientele, those with allergies and hay fever. Doctor Marie had been worried by her unexpected absence and Alga explained that she had been away.

"Vacances?" asked Doctor Marie.

"Non. Travail." When the good doctor asked her what kind of work, Alga told her that she was an airline stewardess because that was the first thing that came to mind and the doctor heartily congratulated her on the new position before passing over the needed paperwork. I laughed when Alga told me.

"My mother always wanted to be a stewardess."

"What happened?"

"She was too short; during Haile Selassie's reign, there were height, width, and attractiveness requirements and when they made her take off her shoes, she was a full three inches below what they accepted."

"But she was attractive enough?"

"I think so."

Alga gave my face a careful once-over. "I can't tell if they had lower standards back then or if you look like your father."

"My father is attractive too. Everyone says so."

"Then perhaps you're just unlucky."

The day came when we had to move out of the bathroom: the crowds were getting too big and my knees were killing me. We moved all of the furniture except the bed into the street and corralled our customers into the subsequent free space. Alga and I sat on the bed and sifted through the bottles that I had placed into two large boxes.

Alga had met many of our initial clients before because she had been here longer than I but slowly, we met more people that neither of us had ever laid eyes on. They were living in hotel rooms in the suburbs, closets in the 20th, streets in the 16th, and all were linked by loneliness and the fear-turned-certainty that exile had become a permanent state of body and mind. They came to us partly for medicine, but mostly for comfort and news that they might have missed about how to better their lots in life. They asked us to reassure them that they would come out of this all right, that once they had these new two euro glasses to restore their vision, their status in the world would follow suit. Alga refused to give them this hope because she knew better. For her, the pharmacy was not meant to be a way to something higher because she had given that up years ago. She moved to make money because it had become a habit that she couldn't quite shake, like the small black cigarettes that I snuck out back when Alga wasn't looking. I said nothing to them because it would have made her angry.

The last woman to come before I left had once been beautiful. Her hair was hidden underneath a large red scarf and she looked side to side constantly as if ghosts were brushing past her at all times. She came for the pills that she had heard helped alleviate sinus pressure. I gave her a bottle and explained the dosage while Alga collected her money and placed it in the metal box whose contents we counted each night before we watched nineties sitcoms with people named Thierry and Guillaume. The woman listened to me carefully, nodded, and placed the bottle in one of the many capacious pockets that covered her entire coat, which she hadn't taken off. I asked her if she had any questions.

"Do you think it's true that we're all about 90% crazy?" Her eyes looked at everything but me as she spoke.

"Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking about the end of the world this morning and how nice it would be if it happened today."

"That's not an uncommon thought."

"Don't you think it's a bit selfish? To decide that for your benefit alone, the entire human race should perish? Just because you don't feel good?"

"We won't die, we'll go on to a better life," piped up Alga.

"I'm not so sure about that anymore," murmured the woman. I was getting impatient, I wanted to go outside before the next customer arrived.

"If there's not anything else, maybe you should get going? It's late, you'll miss the last metro."

"I can walk, I live close by." She stayed in her spot, looking above our heads at some fixed point. We stayed like this for close to a minute.

"Everyone has begun speaking so quickly in my dreams that I can barely understand them, and when I wake up, I feel that I've missed something important, a message maybe that I need to receive before I can do anything."

"Find a dictionary in the dream, or an interpreter," wisecracked Alga, but only she

laughed.

"Do you know anyone there?" I asked.

"You always know the people in your dreams, you just might not recognize them. I don't recognize them. They don't look like people sometimes. They beckon to me and then point somewhere behind them, but I can't see what's there and then they start talking and they never pay attention when I say "Répétez, s'il vous plaît!""

"They never pay attention when you say it in real life too," huffed Alga.

"Do you feel something in particular in these dreams?" I demanded.

"I think that I'm about to see my family, maybe, so I feel joy. I haven't seen them since I came here, I stopped counting how many years after the twentieth one. But then I'm too tired to feel anything, and that fatigue doesn't go away when I wake up."

"Give her some sleeping pills so that she'll leave," whispered Alga but I didn't move.

"I don't want the dreams anymore. I want to go where I think they're telling me to go, but I don't know how."

"So you want something to help you find this destination? Something to stop you from feeling so tired? Something to give you peace? That's what you're asking?"

"Yes, yes, please."

"You're sure that's what you want?" I asked her.

"I am sure." I wondered what she had been like before coming to Paris. I was certain that my mother would have liked her.

I gave the woman three bottles at random, placed them in a small plastic bag and gently laid this offering in her hands.

"Start from this bottle and then keep taking pills from each one. This is what my mother did and I think it worked." I heard the cluck of a tongue from the general direction of Alga, but I didn't turn around.

The woman kissed us both before leaving. After the door had shut behind her, I batted the remaining bottles around with my slippered feet. Alga looked into the money box.

"I didn't know your mother killed herself. Why didn't you tell me?"

"There was no reason to."

"I've told you everything about me."

"Thank you."

"Where are you going?"

"Outside."

"It's cold. You'll get sick. Do you believe me?"

"We're covered if I do, there's enough here to fix ten of me."

"Don't stay out too long."

"I'll stay out for however long I need to."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry."

"Don't forget that you have nowhere else to go."

"I couldn't possibly forget, thank you Alga for keeping me grounded."

"*De rien.* And if you see that crazy outside, get some money from her, you forgot to charge her for all that nonsense." I looked at Alga to see if her words masked some other kind of emotion, but I saw only possessiveness and a hint of hunger. I nodded and changed into my boots, sneaking my passport and my wallet into my inside coat pocket.

It wasn't that cold when I stepped outside. Someone had broken a green bottle near the door and I said bonsoir to a woman who gave me a light for my cigarette and a smile. I took the next left to where I knew there was a payphone. I was hoping that my father would accept the charges for a collect call and that one day, Alga would forgive me.

WOMAN AT THE WINDOW

BY KYRA SIMONE

†

One could walk through these hills
into someone's backyard. From here
the close-shaven grass browning into bread,

the door of the shack flung open, a line
of cars in oceanic hush,
and a wilting postcard

the mind mistakes for distance.
The old man lends out his books.
How they are read like faces

rubbed in his hands, how time is
measured in paper—the discarded skin of faraway
minutes.
"The greatest radius of emptiness

around a person" is ending
to the left: twenty wild miles
and then the interruption:

a delicate creature
burying spectacles
in the grass,

still first to look away,
into the dream
of another coast.

† **SAINT PAUL'S TO CARDINALS WHARF** *BY LISA LYGO*

HOMME À LA MER

BY MARIE-JULIETTE VERGA

Paysage liquide, appuis sans gravité. La coulure de l'un dans l'autre. Un nœud dans le tissu débordé de fluide, de rouge, de tout. Lors du passage, séjour prolongé, plongée dans le liquide amnésique. Et la mer perd les eaux. Larmes accumulées, acculées à apparaître. Lorsqu'il paraît, l'enfant, il suinte, il dégouline de ces eaux-delà, enduit de jus épais, sang et glaire mêlés, mouillés. Dessiner l'accident de naître, le glissement de terrain. D'autres, les uns après les autres, autour de la nouvelle-née. Recouverte, découverte de prières, dévorée de vœux susurrés qui sont autant de cicatrices offertes. Le corps coule loin du fond, là, sans retour possible. Le premier homme délivre l'enfant étouffée, la rend à sa respiration, ce ressac intime et bêtement répété. Terre, crie l'homme endormi apercevant sa mort. Corps racine définitive qui s'enracine ailleurs, flottement. Heures dernières de la suffocation. Le corps coule loin au fond, là, sans retour possible. Hors la mère, un corps en fuite permanente. L'eau dans le sang. L'eau dans le sang. Brumeuse, vaporeuse. L'inutile présence floue de celui dont l'intérieur est battu par les vagues, sans cesse, battue. De l'eau dans le sang. De l'eau dans le sang. De l'eau dans le sang de l'enfant.

♦

ONE HUNDRED WORDS FOR SNOW

AN ESSAY ABOUT IDEOLOGY & NAMING OF PLACE IN CANADA'S NORTH
BY JULIA GRUMMITT

DISCUSSED : GESTURES OF IDENTITY; THE LANDSCAPE BENEATH THE SNOW;
THE IDEOLOGICAL 'NORTH' AND THE IMPOSSIBLE, ELUSIVE ARCTIC; THE OMNIPOTENT
ACT OF NAMING, AND WHAT THIS REVEALS ABOUT CULTURAL RELATIONSHIPS
TO CANADIAN LANDSCAPE.

♦

† **GHOST TIGER** *BY MELCHIOR TERSEN (TOP)*
† **ABRUPTUM** *BY MELCHIOR TERSEN (BOTTOM)*

I grew up in southern Ontario and, like many Canadians, have never traveled past the tree-line and into our country's North. In our nation anthem, we sing of Canada as 'the true north' while in an international context, our country is still often perceived as a place of wilderness, igloos and Arctic wastes. For me, 'northernness' is important yet the North remains replete with myth and mystery. It is a place I have mapped through my absence from it.

A BORDER INVISIBLE, IMAGINED

In *A Border Within (1997),* Ian Angus situates the formation of English-Canadian identity within its relation to the presence of wilderness. Angus's 'border' becomes a civilizing moment of order and limitation; it is a site that abounds with utterance. "This naming of place at the origin of language is the construction of silence, between murmur and babble, that situates the plurality of speeches in a unique gesture" (Angus, 133). Of course, Angus is describing an ideological space, but even deployed in this philosophical sense, place cannot be separated from geography. The term 'wilderness' may be a human concept but it is one that is thoroughly imposed upon a physical environment, rendering the word which names inextricable from the place it has been employed to describe. Angus writes, "English Canadian identity has been predicated upon a need to maintain the border between one's own and the other" (Angus 30). The Arctic landscape itself becomes the 'Other' and English Canada conceives of northern 'wilderness' as something apart from civilization.

In *A Fair Country (2008),* John Ralston Saul examines the prevalent myths of contemporary Canadian society: "To accept a language that expresses neither our true selves nor our true mythologies is to disarm our civilization" (Ralston Saul, xi). For Saul, the idea of 'North' and self-identification as a northern people is fundamental to national identity. But, as Saul makes clear, there is constant tension between 'northernness' dreamed in the south and the 'northernness' lived in the north. The idea of 'northernness' is not necessarily contingent upon an actual experience in the north. Therefore, Canadian people, from north and south, voice a multiplicity of 'northerness,' etching manifold narratives and ideologies upon the Arctic terrain. In Angus's terms, the border becomes a borderland.

'North' remains a malleable term, existing in the national psyche as an idea-place. This idea-place encompasses both southern dreams and northern reality. Ralston Saul goes on to address the practical concerns of northern communities. He argues that in order to resolve socio-environmental problems in the Arctic, Canadians must first adopt an aboriginal, or 'Northern' view of the North: "The European tradition is that you can own land, while you merely pass through water [...] The Northern view is quite different. [The northern view of 'North'] is special" (301). In Inuit traditions, water plays a more significant role in the landscape, and by establishing this relationship to terrain, Canada could claim and protect the country's north more effectively.

Saul suggests that we change our approach to mapping and basic understanding of geography, but this also implies that we must step away from the dream of North and toward a northern reality. While answering Saul's call to "take on our Northernness" (302) may help us navigate Arctic conflict on a national and international scale, it will not resolve the idea-place duality, the dream and the reality of 'North.' While aboriginal and non-aboriginal acts of naming differ radically, both cultures create an ideological 'North' by suffusing physical space with myth and narrative. These ideas fundamentally shape divergent experiences of a landscape.

NAMING NORTH AS NORTH

In her article "Inuit Place Names and Sense of Place" (2006), Beatrice Collignon considers how geography exists as a function of storytelling in Inuit communities: "Place names are useful not for the action of traveling but for later telling the story of the journey. They enable the traveler to share the experience with kin after returning home" (Collignon, 200). There is a profound difference between aboriginal story-places and a non-aboriginal experience of 'North' as hardship, survival and endurance. For the Inuit, landscape is a 'memoryscape' (Collingnon, 203) and geographical awareness builds and strengthens their community. The Inuit poet Sadlaqé writes:

> *Once, when I was quite young, I wished to sing a song about my village, and one winter evening when the moon was shining, I was walking back and forth to put words together that could fit into a tune that I was humming. I found beautiful words, words that should tell my friends about the mountains [...] Suddenly I stood still and lifted my head up and looked: in front of me was the huge mountain of my settlement, greater and steeper than I had ever seen it (quoted in Davidson, 198).*

Two things mark this passage as exemplary: first, the poet's narrative relationship with his village and second, the interconnection that exists for Sadlaqé between traveling, language and physical surroundings. The poet finds language to describe the village and the mountains and, like the tune and words of his song, community and landscape seem inseparable. Sadlaqé's need to tell the story literally brings the mountains into his field of vision, increasing his awareness of the natural world and leading the poet home. His experience does not consist of separate entities; Sadlaqé's is a singular, deeply contextual experience of Arctic life.

In Sadlaqé, 'North' is not comprised of a series of destinations, but exists as the living reality of Inuit peoples. Communal narratives describe surrounding geographical and metaphorical space, articulating 'northernness' in their particularity. In relation to the selection from Angus found in this paper's introduction, here there is no 'Other,' and there is no 'wilderness.' Inuit place-names do not occupy empty space on a map; they infuse the world with story. Peter Davidson's The Idea of North considers many northern societies and refers specifically to the man-made, stone inuksuk figure (from inuk ["person"] and -suk [«ersatz» or «substitute»])

of Canada's Arctic. He points out that "The Inuit signs and markers in the landscape do not argue with its vastness, they are a series of acts of recognition that work within it" (Davidson 197). The placing of stone, much like the naming of place, shapes the geography of 'North' through myth and memory. Inuksuit are not imposed upon landscape but are, quite literally, human rearrangements of the land itself. For the Inuit, place-naming draws human experience more deeply and fundamentally into the physicality of Arctic spaces.

NAMING NORTH AS WILDERNESS

English-Canadian naming in the Arctic transcends physical space and assumes inherited European mythologies of 'North'. According to Davidson, who writes about northernness from a more general Western perspective, once seen or photographed the inuksuit-haunted landscapes of Arctic become "inevitable and insistent in anyone's idea of north" (Davidson, 18). The Arctic experience is mired in anticipatory geography; seeking our own necessary myths, we are bound to discover them. In other words, it is necessary for English-Canadians to discover the "North" as a place of alienation and solitude. Davidson believes that "The idea of north in Canada is infected, perhaps more than that of any other country… with the primordial associations of 'the land of Cain,' that is, with sadness, loss and exile" (189). English-Canadian ideas of 'North' are founded upon the narratives of Western civilization and assume the early European experiences of the Canadian Arctic. As Saul argues, Southern Canadian citizens and governments relate to the 'North' as inheritors of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Franklin expedition. He writes, "Their adventure was our adventure. Their tragedy, ours. Their triumph, a victory for our Western civilization, as they/we defeated the fearful, frigid ice. They saw the North as a place to be crossed, not to be believed in" (Ralston Saul, 292).

It seems curious that English-Canada's founding experience of 'North' can possibly have become infused with such emptiness and profound isolation while in reality, the Arctic was already inhabited by the Inuit. Instead of accepting the Arctic's vastness, English-Canada contends that it is a void. This emptying of 'North' is deeply rooted in the Franklin narrative and in a colonial history. English Canada's conception of 'North' as a pristine dystopia also reveals important assumptions about landscape and nature. English-Canadian thought depends on a polarity between civilization and wilderness (Angus 129), and in order to maintain this duality, English-Canada overlooks the Inuit civilization already implicit in the landscape. The 'North' thus becomes 'wilderness.' Very little distinguishes between an Inuit person and inukshuk ; they both become geographical markers having been denied the weight of human narrative. For English-Canada, the Arctic landscape is too vast for stories and the place-names assigned are sentinels to keep one from becoming lost in the barrens.

NAVIGATING NORTHERNESS

As one advances towards the north, it recedes northwards (Davidson 19). For English-Canada, the Arctic landscape exists as an inherently elusive place, replete with emptiness and encouraging deep ambivalence. In relation to a contemporary Arctic, this detachment is problematic, as it is difficult to assert sovereignty over land that we value principally for its promised emptiness. In Inuit and English-Canadian views, the Arctic landscape exists in radically different ways and this difference runs deep, to what Angus describes as the "naming of place at the origin of language" (Angus 133). Ralston Saul's challenge requires a difficult reformation of 'northernness' as it exists in the English-Canadian psyche. To take on our Northerness, we must first consider the specific Southern Canadians myths of 'North' as the land of loss and exile. According to Ralston Saul, "If we want the world to understand and accept our sovereignty as self-evident, we need that same world to see Northern Canada in good part through the eyes and the words of our Northern leaders (Ralston Saul, 288).

The tension between a sovereign relationship and the northern view of 'North' is perhaps possible to reconcile, but offers an overwhelmingly intricate problem: the reconciliation of the English-Canadian myth of 'North', and Inuit story-places. To become a northern people, we do not need to forsake having an idea of 'North' but rather the alienating and mythical language of sovereignty that has shaped the current content, or lack of content, in our idea of 'North'. Geographically, Southern Canadians have a limited scope for independently developing a northern 'memoryscape,' but through intermediaries such as the poet Sadlaqé, narrative offers a redemptive possibility for landscape. As Angus writes, "Thus commences the relation of civilization and wilderness, the dual limit of civilization in the wilderness, and the perpetual possibility of civilization – not as identity, but as acceptance of Otherness" (Angus 134). If we are to claim the 'North' for and as ourselves, it is necessary to first confront our conception of the Arctic as a place of emptiness and privation. Along with the rest of the world, Canadians from the south must learn to see 'North' through the vision of our Northern leaders, finding new ways to seek Arctic places both as dream and as reality.

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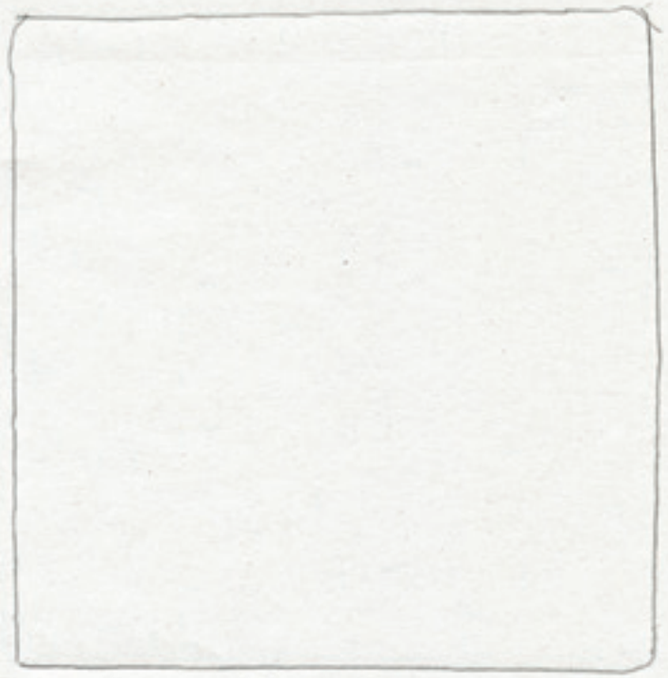
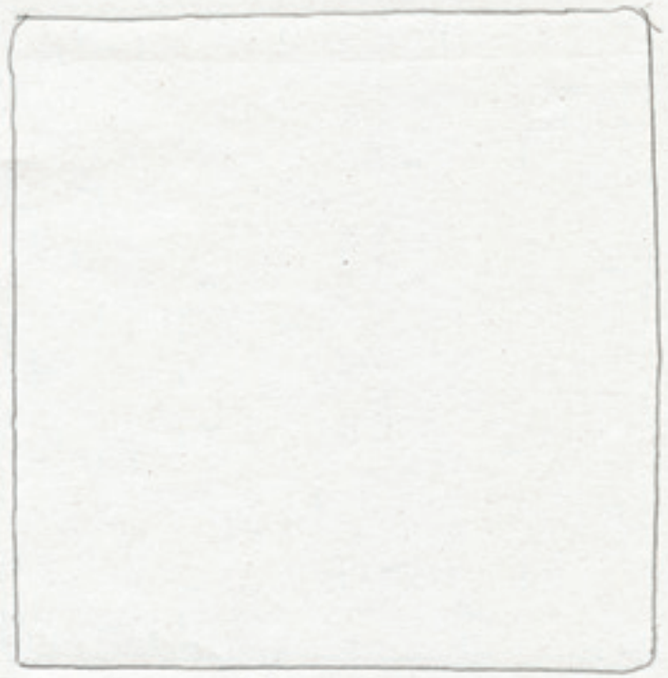
† **SOUTHBANK COMPOSITE** *BY LISA LYGO*

† upon awakening,
the crack in the door
between the night
and a sliver of light
that is morning
I dug a hole for Lenore
and realized I had
removed from this world
† one life worth living

BY JAMIE FELTON



IF A BALMY CHEEK FALLS UPON
A SQUARE OF SPACE
ONE MAY BE LYING SOFTLY,
IN A FIELD OF SNOW.



IF A BALMY CHEEK FALLS UPON
A SQUARE OF SPACE
ONE MAY BE LYING SOFTLY,
IN A FIELD OF SNOW.

from here to there to get there.

HOPE

Hope is 130 km away.

(I am pointing to my imagination.)

AGENCEMENT DE PAYSAGE
(LANDSCAPE ASSEMBLAGE)

AUTEUR : HORACIO AMIGORENA TRANSLATION : JACOB BROMBERG

L'œil du peintre ne bande
que pour te rendre
belle de rage

The painter's eye swells
only to render you
embellished by rage

Un paysage de mains rôdant
orageuses parmi les jambes

A landscape of hands prowling
stormful among the thighs

Et tes yeux dans la couleur
soudain de la vengeance

And your eyes
in the sudden color of vengeance

† **END OF SUMMER** *BY MIA FUNK*

A MORNING ON THE BEACH

BY PEG ALFORD PURSELL

The child looked androgynous, not boy or girl definitively. Pale hair, shoulder-length and raggedy; damp. Extraordinary eyes, luminous gray, even from a distance.

It was too early for a kid to be wandering the beach. Had he been out all night? Cara had decided it was a boy, something about the way he walked – not the bow-leggedness of the thin legs, but how each foot, bare, hit the sand with resolve. Cara could imagine some older man, a father, a stepfather, commanding him to walk like a man.

The boy came closer and his eyes met hers and didn't falter. He watched her watching him, and Cara felt herself fall into a sort of trance, of curiosity, of fascination. They gazed at each other steadily. Who would be the first to look away? The waves crashed and roared.

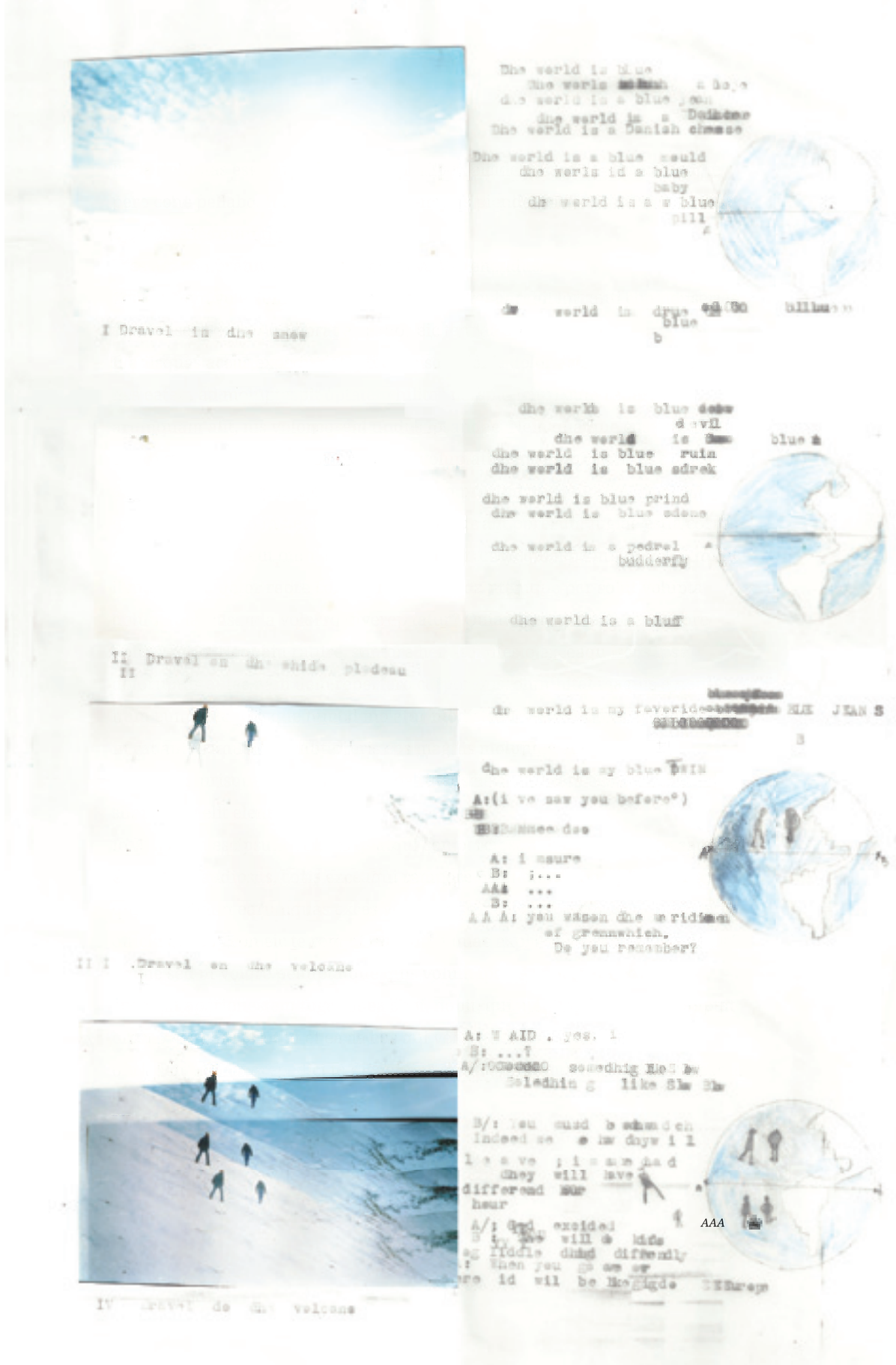
Cara saw the boy's eyes narrow and her heart softened. He was a lonely motherless child who'd had to learn to be tough.

It was beginning to mist again – there'd be no sun to burn off the fog – and Cara's face felt cool and alive. She would invite him to sit beside her when he was close enough to hear her words. Unwaveringly, he came, his hands in the pockets of his dark sweatshirt. Now he pulled the hood up over his head. From within the hood's shadows his eyes glowed.

The rain picked up and a gust of wind whipped Cara's hair over her eyes. The boy seized that moment.

The knife's going in did not hurt so much as shock her, the sight of the handle protruding from her side, stuck there under her rib. She felt warm stickiness soak her sweater; so warm, the rain cool wet on her cheeks. The boy's face receded. Those dizzying eyes above her.

The following thrusts were odd muffled blows as if she were in a pillow fight with her sister, how they'd loved to do that, they were ten, high on keeping silent their giggles lest they be discovered. Sleepy. The sand a strange bed.



AAA

“ Slowly the room begins to revolve and one by one the continents slide into the sea; only the woman is left, but her body is a mass of geography.”

Henry Miller , Tropic of Cancer

—

“ Mon corps, topie impitoyable.”

Michel Foucault

♦

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