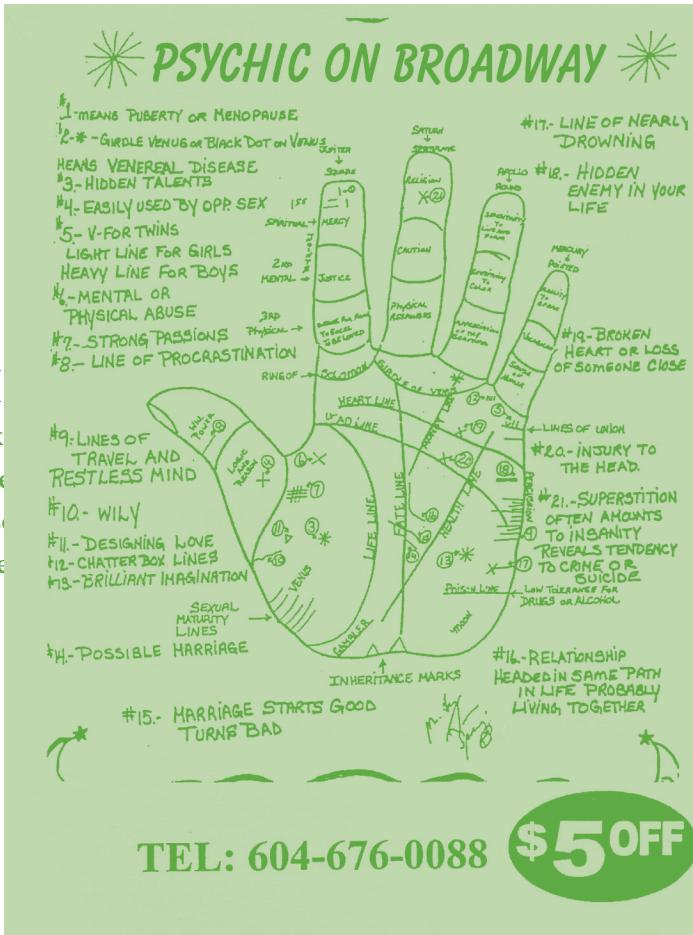


4

**very tactile present**



Sungpil Yoon is a curator and photographer. Yoon is the director of SPARE ROOM, an artist-run space in Chinatown. Key areas of interest: composition in site-specificity, (re)deployment of invisible technologies, air circulation and analog/digital photography. Yoon is a graduate of UBC Art History and currently programs exhibitions for VIVO Media Arts Centre.

90

SUNGPIL YOON

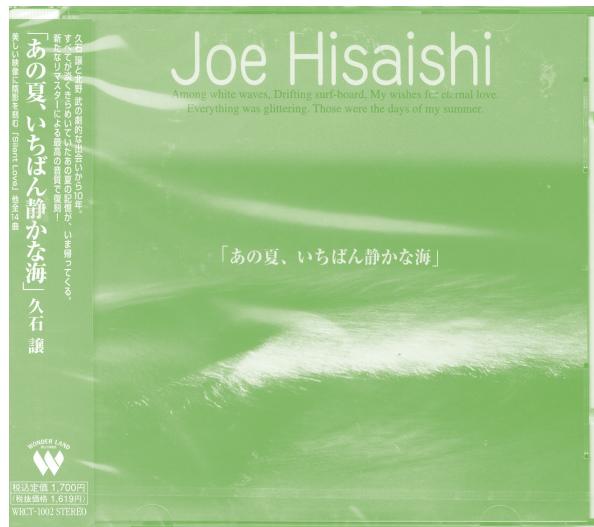
## THE BUS AS HOSTILE ARCHITECTURE: PART 3

A Scene at the Sea (1991) Official Soundtrack  
by Joe Hisaishi, EMI Music Japan  
Source: JpopHelp.com

*A sudden realization of an uncertain yet gleeful future—*

This is my single-line description of a song I have been listening to in the past year or so. In fact, I have been listening to this song on average six times a day mostly during bus rides. This song is part of the official soundtrack for the film *A Scene at the Sea*. To me, none of the other songs on the album stand out except for this particular one. I have yet to grow tired of it. I have become drawn to this song because it is the only song I enjoy out of all the songs on the album. My smartphone can't fit any more songs. This album has been the only album on my phone for about a year until I got a data plan.

This single-line description of the song refers to a very specific moment within the song, which starts at 4:02.



It's after midnight and the bus is half full. The PA comes on and the bus driver—with just a slight hesitation—announces, "I have been told by my supervisor that I have to go back to pick up a few more people. We will now be turning back down the route we came from." The bus driver picks up approximately 4 or 5 people after backtracking. That's it? I thought this was an emergency. This is not even the last bus of the night. This is the first time I have ever witnessed a bus driver doing this. This reminded me of a story I heard in rural parts of Korea where buses come at unpredictable schedules. Due to lack of public infrastructure it could be once every hour, or even once every 3 hours, until one sees a bus coming. Sometimes, seniors waiting by the dirt road in a vaguely demarcated bus stop find themselves watching the bus driving the opposite way. And sometimes, desperate souls frantically

91

step in the middle of the road flailing their arms in the faint hope that the bus will halt to a stop. The distressed passenger-to-be pours out their heart explaining the unfortunate situation they are in. If the bus driver happens to sympathize they might just turn around and take them to their destination. Maybe someone's baby is being born in the next hour, or their child has been in an accident and is bleeding profusely. Who cares? This is probably the bus driver's most exciting part of the day.

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#### Public Service Announcements

I get on and witness a man screaming at the driver from the midsection of the bus. He looks pissed and continues to spew profanities at the driver. The bus stops and the man waits impatiently for the door to open. "Let me out, fucker." As he steps out he yells "Black is beautiful. BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL".  
*Pay-per-view premium*

There is a long line-up. The bus opens and the first person getting on asks the bus driver if he can get a ride without paying. The man is hunched, scruffy and very sweaty. The bus driver says, "If you are not going to pay you should at least wait for paying passengers to get on first." Shaking his head the man takes a seat.

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I am on one of my regular buses, along with one of the regular drivers that goes to Chinatown. After the bridge there is a surprise ticket check. Three transit security officers come out of nowhere, with one doing the check inside the bus and the other two standing in front of the bus exits. The transit security asks me to step outside and talk to the other man. Apparently I should have bought a Zone 2 ticket instead of 1. The man outside looks to be writing something on his notebook which I can only assume is a fine. The bus driver steps outside and waves at us to get our attention.

"Wait wait, he paid, he just didn't take the ticket."

The transit security changes his tone and immediately stops writing a ticket. "Sir, please remember to take the ticket issued by the driver at all times so that we can avoid these incidents."

I get back on the bus from the front where the driver gives me a sympathetic, yet "I-Just-Saved-Your-Ass" kind of look. It's a deep look. He knows and I know what he just did. I give him a *Thank you* as the machine spits out my Zone 2 ticket. Why did he do that? I don't know.

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If you are going to give up a seat for someone that looks like they might "need it", there is a lot of dignity to maintain and many assumptions that you are undertaking as a result of assuming that someone needs to sit down. In fact, it is my opinion that asking anyone, "do you want to sit down?" is a terrible idea. The majority of people will say no even if they need it because you are directly addressing their mortality and undermining their ability to hold their own literal weight. Saying anything at all pertaining to the vacant seat is a terrible idea.

On the contrary, this can be used strategically to obtain a seat in a crowded bus. A typical scenario is inside an insanely packed bus. A passenger gets off at their stop and there is a vacant seat amongst a sea of people. Nobody dares take the seat just yet, and everyone eyes the possibility. The first person guaranteed to take the seat is the one that asks the person in their vicinity, "do you want this seat?", making sure to gesture their hand for maximum accommodation. The person, in all probability, shakes their head and refuses with a very grateful "no, please go ahead". The humanitarian effort that everyone has witnessed in that moment gives the rite of passage to that brave soul that has offered their generosity—which has gracefully gone refused—has finally earned them the seat.

## E-Z

written  
by

Ali Bosley



BARTLEBY.REVIEWS

Ali Bosley is an artist from Northern Alberta currently living, studying and practicing within the unceded territory of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations. Her work focuses on the congruency between her writing and painting practice, using both mediums in tandem as a method of processing abstraction. Ali will be graduating from Emily Carr University in 2018 under the Critical and Cultural Practices program.

**Southflatz. How Many Likez Did This Idea Get?  
We'll Call It ... South Flats. With A Z.  
At The End, Not The Beginning.  
Sorry ... Hashtag Southflatz.**

**You're Going To Put A Hashtag In The Name Of An Entire New City Block?**

Yeah



There's this feeling I get when I'm watching something vaguely political on Netflix. You know, one of those feel-good miniseries about the being and nothingness of our contemporary age set in LA, Chicago or New York. The feeling is both distaste and envy. Somewhere a feeling of inadequacy stirs—it's too relatable! I'm not doing enough! I must align with these anxious young urbanites!

In 2017, Netflix released the show *Easy*, created (written, edited, directed, produced) by Joe Swanberg. Motivated by the shareability of contemporary politics, the show's themes gently address the essential millennial milieu. On-the-ball characters—so self-aware—discuss topics like feminism, race, and sex with a quick-witted tone. How do we buy property, they ask, How do I justify my moderate deviation? How do I satisfy my artistic talent without giving it up to the man? The once derided “hipster” is represented

in this case as the socially conscious liberal, the activist, the artist. I watch, and I finish it. They conclude, not with an awareness of taking up space, but of their individualist value. As personal conflicts take place, what is ultimately prioritized in the series are the potential returns on the investment of displacement. The characters indulge in countless political references all while abiding by a code of late-capitalist ethics, that is, the value of creative entrepreneurship and individual satisfaction. It's the same as those Facebook autoplay videos that monopolize political sentiment for advertisement gain (share if you agree that the homeless should have homes!). The men and women of *Easy* are narrativized advertisements for a lifestyle of self-absorption, nesting and neo-liberal pursuits of the heart. It is on their New Balance shoe, or vintage loafer, that they drag the toilet paper of privatized community spaces along city blocks. What these stories present are maps toward capitalist fulfillment where we are

sustained by breadcrumbs of positive reinforcement. It's ok to be a bad feminist occasionally. Sometimes you have to quit your dull office job to follow your dream of starting a craft brewery with your brother.

Chip Wilson & LowTide must want the same thing for us, the students of Emily Carr University, though to say that the #SouthFlatz marketing campaign is of the same caliber as these propagandistic Netflix shows is too generous. The #SouthFlatz marketing campaign looks like a yogi drank a stock-photo smoothie and vomited it onto a twenty foot long banner. The pineapple headed man in a vintage suit, the urban runner, the chic nerd in horn rimmed glasses; these are ECUAD's new quirky, lovable icons. The creative's role is now, as real estate developer (and namesake of ECUAD's Faculty of Design) Ian Gillespie of Westbank Corp would say, "helping to build a city". While our vista was once Granville Island, with its community centres and publicly funded artist studios, we're

96

stability—they are creative—they thrive in the sexy and precarious gig-economy. The new ECUAD is the golden ticket. We are a focal point in Vancouver's long term development plan to turn Mount Pleasant into a tech hub. And now, as I walk to school in the pouring rain, I'm greeted by my future. A macho Young Urban Creative descends with Mary Poppins' umbrella to teach us a thing or two about app design. A bearded salt and pepper sophisticate takes his tea with a grizzly bear. Community that Inspirez.



Images courtesy of Ali Bosley

now amongst the remains of rapid development and meme-influenced marketing campaigns. #Southflatz expects us to be the same as characters in shows like *Easy*. We are meant to function as what theorist Wendy Brown calls the homo economicus: a creature so tied to its internalized sense of capital worth that humanity and economy are nearly indistinguishable from one another.<sup>(1)</sup> So *Easy* and #Southflatz hands us a new iconic construct, that of the neo-hipster as avant-garde capitalist, a cultural creator, an economic workhorse. The best part is that these workhorses don't need unions or



## SKETCHES

98

Matea Kulić (b. 1984, Belgrade) lives in Vancouver on unceded Coast Salish Territories. Her work appears most recently in the Polymorphous Translation Issue of The Capilano Review and the Intersections Issue of Poetry is Dead. In October of last year Matea read alongside Danielle LaFrance at The People's Co-op Bookstore. The idea for "Sketches" began there, prompted by the organizers' invitation to read work in progress and include the ways in which others influence our practice. Here the "sketch" acts as a rough or unpolished version, a sometimes-comical attempt, a gesture with one's hands or body.

## Sketch #1: Ready?

In the writing workshop, writers are cautioned against sharing the poem before it's "ready". The advice goes something like: put the work in a drawer for six months, or until you've forgotten all about it, take it out, then look to see if anything's still *there*. The idea is that time and distance will help, you, the writer assess the poem more clearly.

When you are too close to the poem, spatially, emotionally or otherwise, you can't accept criticism. You hang on to aspects of the poem that formally or stylistically don't work, you don't see the poem as separate from yourself.

In order to facilitate detachment in the workshop, the writer is never referred to by their first name, but is spoken of generally as "the writer," while the poem is referred to as "the work" or "piece". Talking about the writer and the work in the third person signals to everyone, it's not personal. Nobody here wants to critique the contents of the poet's life, his or her vision, or personality. In other words, this is not about you.

The worst thing that can happen in a poetry workshop is when the poet begins to explain, *I wrote this for my grandma. I was at the old folks home at her bedside and the nurse had just brought in a portion of no-name brand vanilla pudding.*

You can just feel the unease as workshop participants begin to shift in their seats. Now someone politely interjects that if the writer wishes he or she may share the conditions that led to the writing of the poem *after* the round of crits.

*Oh.*

I want to tell you these sketches are not "ready" and also, I feel really happy right now. It's super stormy outside and wet under my armpits. I'm writing these sketches on Wednesday, two days before I'm scheduled to read them aloud at Co-op Book's "Third Friday Reading Series".

I'm really enjoying myself—writing fast and sweating—and I'm only mentioning this because I rarely enjoy writing, and often wonder why I don't spend my free time doing something else, since this is hard and I have to sit upright in a chair, while going for a walk is not hard and I get to move my legs.

Anyways, I know this good feeling won't last so I'm taking broad stroke notes for "Sketches" I can use for reference later on.

99

## Sketch #2: THE BOY

I wrote this poem “The Boy” about 6 months ago. A writer and editor I know named Virginia asked me for some work for the online journal she curates, *Matter*, so I sent it to her. I told her I was still working the poem out. I wanted to objectify “The Boy,” but not too much. I didn’t want to trivialize “The Boy,” but I did a little.

In the ensuing editing process, Virginia and I wrote back and forth about gender position and narrative power, a conversation that became much more interesting to me than the poem itself.

At first I copy and pasted parts of that correspondence here, but worried about fixing the interpretation of the poem, undoing it by way of analysis.

100 Then, after I deleted what I had pasted, I worried about my part in obfuscating the collaborative working through of the poem, the labour of the editor and her influence over the outcome.

Anyways. Here’s the poem.

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### *The Boy*

*He puts on a Mingus live album and weighs in on poster art printed matter and the Black Mountain School*

*Men create obsessively because of reproductive lack he says  
you don’t wanna get pigeonholed in one medium*

*The tattoo on his sleeve reads all truth all lies  
homage to a good cinematic event*

*He moves fast one thing then the next and you can’t tell if it’s this spread out  
disciplinary approach he wants eyes on or the last line from his one act play he’s  
not sure is enough for the ending*

*You want him to slow down  
be one of the dark skinny street style boys who just doesn’t care*

*But the boy wants to know what you think of his writing and now he reclines and  
crosses his feet*

*The boy is crushingly beautiful when he does that.*

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Some months after I sent the poem to Virginia, a friend sent me Rilke’s poem, “The Boy.” I had no idea it existed but can now only assume I was under the influence of it as I wrote my poem “The Boy”—that Rilke’s poem had seeped into me through the collective literary unconscious.

## Rilke’s Poem “The Boy” begins

*I wish I might become like one of these  
Who, in the night on horses wild astride,  
With torches flaming out like loosened hair  
On to the chase through the great swift wind ride.*

My immediate observation is that Rilke’s poem begins with the explicit wish to be “one of these” [boys], while as Virginia observed, the narrator in my poem seems ambivalent about the artistic ambitions & social climbing the boy represents.

Are the “dark, skinny, street style boys” contemporary equivalents to Rilke’s athletic presumably military young men in helmets, on steeds?

As a boy, Rilke’s mother dressed him in girl’s clothes, a mourning ritual for the loss of her daughter. Unlike the wild, racing boys of Rilke’s poem who seize upon streets and squares, Rilke didn’t take well to military heroism. His experiences in military academy and his one-year of military service almost completely silenced him as a poet.

### Sketch #3: The Writer's Platform

I've been working on a website for over a year now. When you go to mateakulic.com you arrive at a temporary splash page that says, "Coming Soon." "Coming soon" is the perfect slogan for in process. We trust the work is coming, we just don't know when or how or when. It's *coming right?* In fact the website is not coming soon. The web developer/designer who I hired for the project will no longer return my phone calls or text messages. I don't know what I did, but can only assume his blocking me is the result of my indecisiveness about what exactly to put on the site. *Hey look, I found my astrology chart, I found a bio of me at age 10 when my favourite colour was yellow.* All the web developer/designer wanted, was to represent me online in some coherent way. Now what represents me is the temporary splash page with two identical stick figures looking at each other self-referentially, puzzling at the words "coming soon" between them. Even though I'm miffed at the developer's abandonment, I can't help but noting his genius on my unfinished site. He punctuated "coming soon" so that the sentence ends with period. Like that was all the website, my personal brand needed, a promise. Full stop.

102

### Sketch #5—When You're Expecting

I almost didn't include this last sketch. I also almost didn't share some big news I've been wanting to share with you, which is that I'm pregnant. Truth be told, once I started thinking about "Sketches" appearing in print, the whole idea of standing behind "in process" fell apart. The notes I took around the initial "Sketch" impulse were totally obliterated by my desire for a "good" result. I saw I was much more willing to court the idea of "Sketches" intellectually, than carry it out materially.

I began projecting my doubts on an imagined critical art audience for whom the simple news of where I was at with pregnancy was not "enough." A historical and theoretical grounding on the pregnant female body would add rigour to the piece. With more time, I could compare birthing to the creative act; or better yet, I could develop a smart critique of this cliché comparison.

The anecdotes I had collected thus far about pregnancy--How my partner and I acknowledged pregnancy in true millennial style by downloading and inviting each other to the WebMD Pregnancy app; how I felt (still feel) like a student of pregnancy constantly confusing "trimester" with "semester" while adjusting to this new time-space continuum where the week has become the prime unit of measurement and saying "I don't know" to the question of "how far along are you" really doesn't look good; how weirdly cannibalistic it is that a baby's growth is tracked through the metaphor of food, and yet one can't help but rejoice as it grows from seed to bean, and then on to more palatable finger foods (an olive!) and one can't help but feel pride when the alien-looking globular form has reached the status of citrus, and (relief!) one can start telling family and friends—anyways, all of that now seemed dumb.

The deadline for the *Charcuterie* submission came and went, and I wrote to the editorial team, apologizing for my back and forth, where I had promised one more submission, then backed out at the last moment, because, as I explained, *the piece just wasn't at a place I was happy with.* In other words: *not ready.*

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At week twenty-two a baby starts to hear sounds. My imagined listener is positioned right under my belly button, and once or twice I've caught myself starting to talk to it, explaining this or that to see if I can feel a response.

I haven't felt a real kick yet, only some subtle turnings, and in each one I imagine hearing the sound advice of a root vegetable, *like hey don't stress, life's too short to get hung up on deadlines, and apart from death, nothing's that final.*

My belly's puffed out and with more weight there (and everywhere else), tightening up just doesn't make sense. I tell it my dumb jokes; I let out my pants, and I let out my laugh.

Of all the new terminology my brain is adjusting to in pregnancy, the word "expecting" pleases and frustrates me the most. It reminds me why this sketch isn't finished and how, in the face of the unknown, all manner of paranoia can appear. I could continue improving these sketches until they were no longer sketches. Or I could just release them out into the world, let them face their own missed connections, heartbreaks and disappointments.

103

"Your time is running up," said Tina, the Flamingo Plaza manager, in the basement of the restaurant, her twisted lips a pale sparkling pink. Hershia held her cut finger in her palm. Her blood had smeared a customer's napkin with the slip of a finger condom. The basement was full of cheap decorations. Pink flamingos were stored in a garbage can, faux fronds jutted out from a corner, plastic vases of polyester carnations lined the shelves.

"I'm so sorry," Hershia said to her manager's bright blue heels and hid her cut finger in her short waitressing apron. She wasn't looking at it but she knew that a chunk of dough hung in Tina's inflated blonde hair. Every morning she was at the restaurant at five a.m. rolling thick sheets of pizza dough, flexing her lean arms and wearing something synthetic. When Hershia arrived at seven this morning, Tina was frantic. Flour was powdered all over the industrial cheese and meat slicer. Hershia made herself as invisible as possible, but cut her finger cleaning the slicer.

When she resurfaced from the basement, Janelle, her only friend at Flamingo Plaza, whispered, "did she drink the blood?" Hershia shushed and ducked into the bathroom. Hershia's finger seeped a thin stream of red into the cold tap water. She watched it swirl down the drain.

You've been reading the wrong books, said the book Hershia Chros was reading on the bus ride home. She pushed the book into her lap, making sure that the pages didn't fall out, and looked out the window. I'm so done with you cocksuckers! someone from the back of the bus yelled. It was raining, obviously.

"Rent increase next month," said Jean, Hershia's neighbor who was always at the door at the same time and smelled of cat litter and easy-bake chicken strips.

"Ya I heard," said Hershia as she unlocked her mailbox that was jammed full. She sighed and slipped them under her arm as she unlocked the door and climbed up the steps to her small attic suite. She dropped her bags at the top of the stairs and heaved herself towards the respite of her worn velvet couch. She lay across it, her beat black sneakers above her pounding head, and sorted through two unpaid bills, a letter from revenue services, three flyers, and a reminder of the upcoming municipal election. There was one letter, however, that was from an address she did not recognize.

The letter outlined the Harold Finch organization and explained that they wanted to hire her as an Information Research Assistant. The nature of the research was outside her field, which was biology, but she would start whenever she was ready. The pay was much more than she was making at the restaurant, which meant she could keep her apartment. The company offered flexible hours, had a reputable website, and would be conducted entirely over email. Hershia texted Tina and poured herself a glass of Jackson Triggs.

The next morning Hershia shook some grounds into the top of the coffee maker, turned it on, and opened the first email from her new job. It consisted of three

links to databases and the key topics of her research: intellectuality, productivity, and information structures. They wanted her to find information on studies or writing, from as many different fields as possible, and summarize them. Hershia opened her attic window and leaned out, letting her thick brown hair move in the wind.

After two weeks of research, Hershia received an invitation to meet the others who worked for the Harold Finch organization. She dressed in all black and arrived 15 minutes late.

They met at an expensive bar that was partially underground with low stone ceilings and dim lights. She recognized the group by their presence at the largest table. The organization consisted of about eighteen people, formally dressed, and in fact quite plain.

She greeted the crowd and sat in the remaining seat next to a woman with long black hair and dark red lips and a man with a suit and two gold earrings. She introduced herself to the woman on her right with small eyes and a long nose, who's name was Shari, then turned to the man and shook his thick hand. They were both stiff but welcoming. Rurik, the man on the left, offered her a drink menu.

"Before H.F. I worked in advertising, but this suits me better" said Shari with a flick of her wrist. Rurik nodded and said, "In Moscow, there is nothing like H.F."

Others introduced themselves and asked Hershia polite questions about her own life, how she had enjoyed the first two weeks at H.F, and what she had done before. The man at the head of the table, clad in a grey pin-stripe suit, eventually walked over to where Hershia was sitting and personally introduced himself as Hans Finch, Harold Finch's nephew. He was obviously in charge and his bald wrinkled skin buffed as if wet under the dim restaurant lights. He was a true crocodile.

At the end of the dinner, people stood and mingled but didn't move to end the evening. Instead they quietly watched each other. Hershia felt this acutely.

"So, what now?" She asked Rurik.

He glanced at the others, made a long mmm sound from his closed lips, then looked at her and said, "not sure."

Hans drifted towards them.

"Hershia," he said, bowing his bald head, "if you have the rest of the evening open, we would like to invite you to the office."

Hershia didn't know about the office. She hadn't even been sure if there was an office. And so she agreed and the crowd wrapped themselves in warm coats and strode into the night.

Hershia didn't pay attention to where exactly the office was. When Rurik announced their arrival and led her through sliding doors holding her arm, she was disoriented. The crowd filled the stairwell as they stormed upwards and chatter funneled up the shaft. The stairs were carpeted in grey and had worn thin from many heels. They went up three flights and entered a hallway that was lined with laminated doors and faux-gold numbers in the thirties.

Hans stopped at thirty-six and turned to Hershia with a drunken grin. His teeth were far apart, exposing uneven gaps,

and his bald head was glowing red. He announced: "At last, we've arrived!"

All eighteen of the staff funneled into the office. The walls smelled of stale smoke, a stink Hershia thought had disappeared. It was an apartment. There were no desks, nowhere for a secretary to keep a date book, no carefully placed plants, no water dispenser. There was an L-shaped couch along the wall, a large T.V. and a coffee table with three ashtrays and a few dirty napkins.

After a round of drinks were handed out, Hans stood up and tapped a spoon against his bright orange cocktail. The room went quiet and all sat in attention.

"I want to give Hershia a warm welcome!" Everyone clapped, Rurik whistled. Hans turned to Hershia and said, "already you've done an outstanding job with us Hershia, we cannot wait for what you have in store for us."

The following Monday Hershia opened her email to a promotion. As she had done such a good job with her research, it said, they would now like her to write. There was a guideline that listed twenty-six specific points that her writing should achieve. Each bullet point was convoluted. One read: "Assistant to produce extensive informational documents that interact with specific research fields as informed by peer-review scientific and/or theoretic citations, precise inter-textual data collection techniques, or informational products of your own design". She tediously worked through each one and realized what they wanted her to do. They wanted her to take the research that she had done and compile a series of studies and papers to be published under multiple names and inserted back into various databases. Each paper would appear peer-reviewed, authentic, and most importantly, would discreetly applaud and credit the Harold Finch organization. The instructions were to manufacture false information.

Hershia took herself out for a coffee and sat on a patio. She let the wind push her hair over her face, she felt like a fish in tall underwater weeds. She smoked and thought about words. She thought about information. She went back home and began constructing her first false scientific paper.

The presence of the Harold Finch organization filled the databases. Hershia wrote in-depth papers that outlined studies the H.F. organization had funded, she wrote papers that only had a single footnote mentioning them, she wrote papers that referenced other papers she had written under other false names, and she weaved an entire inter-textual community of information studies, of productivity analysis, of environmental intellectuality, of sociology of design, all in various fields. Essentially, anything she could conceive of, all somehow related to H.F. It didn't matter what she wrote, as long as she wrote a lot of it, as long as it was formatted correctly, as long as a trail weaved H.F. through its pages. She didn't know how the organization forged peer-review, or how her papers could be cited so many times so quickly, or how her aliases could gain credibility, but she slowly became proud of her work. She began to think of herself as a thick black ink spreading slowly over a blank page.

Other writers began to reference her work and the credible work of the Harold Finch organization began to spread. Hershia

had built a foundation and now others were laying the bricks. Established areas of study were filled by H.F research, new realms were invented based on H.F. research. Before long, university courses were taught on topics Hershia had invented. H. F. scholars were well funded and went on to specialize in certain H. F. studies. Since the content had grown exponentially, one could no longer be a mere general expert in the field. Professionals from various fields participated in disseminating the information. The abstract world Hershia had constructed seeped into reality.

The organization rewarded Hershia well. She moved into a new apartment with large heritage windows and went on vacation alone to a quiet beach on the Northern Oregon coastline. Long lines of grey Pacific waves rolled onto the sand, brown seaweed lay in deserted piles, with no one in sight. Overcast clouds hung heavy above her. She laid down a towel and sat watching the sea in a sweater.

On her way back to the car she stopped by a park information board. Welcome to the Oregon coast! . "Please enjoy the view from the safety of the grassy area. All sandy areas are prohibited, trespassers will be persecuted by the law." Hershia looked out onto the long beach. She brushed the sand from her towel. Had there been a toxic spill? The board did not say that the sand was contaminated. She read the sign again and saw: for more information see hf.com.

At the nearest restaurant with Wi-Fi, Hershia pulled up hf.com and searched "sand". A hundred thousand pages appeared with titles like: "Study Shows Sand is the Planet's Natural Population Control," "Castles Made of Sand; a Capitalist Analysis of the Effects of Sand in the 21st Century," and, "How Science Lied to us About Sand for So Long." She searched "beaches" in Google and found that every single beach on the West coast had been closed because sand was believed to be dangerous to human health. A young boy named James Adlern had mysteriously died after a day at the beach and they said it must be due to sand poisoning. The news was spreading and the East Coast was about to follow. She followed hyperlinks and references until she found the root: a single reference to a H. F. paper she had written. She did not claim that sand was poisonous in the paper, but rather that sand could contribute to skin cancer since it was often present with the sun in conditions that were deemed to cause skin cancer.

Hershia called Rurik and drove to San Francisco to meet him. He was waiting at the café reading his phone when she arrived.

"Rurik, this thing has got to stop."

He sighed, put his phone in his pocket. He was amused.  
He had been waiting for this.

She sat down at the table.

"Because of you," he leaned forward. He was grinning and hunched over. He paused and then he said, "just sit back." On her drive home Hershia stopped at her old restaurant.

Janelle came to sit with Hershia on her break.

"How's life?" Janelle asked.

"It's pretty good, I've got some time off now," she said.

"Anyone in your life?" she asked as she twirled her hair through

her fingers while she chewed on her lip.

"I don't have much time for dating."

"That's a damn shame," she paused. "I could lend you one of mine."

"Have you been to the beach lately?" Hershia sipped her beer. "Are you nuts?" Janelle punched her arm, then stood to pick up some empty glasses off the next table.

Hershia went home and poured herself a glass of wine. She sat in the quiet of her kitchen for a long time. Soon enough she began to rummage through her closet and found some old poster paper, paint, wood, and nails. She loaded up the car and headed back to the Oregon coast.

She parked near the information sign and thought about what clever vanities she could write on it. She left her supplies in the car and walked out onto the beach. She sat in the dangerous sand. She held a thousand particles in her hand, felt them slide through her fingers. Each fragment disappeared into the vastness of the beach. She ran her palm in a circles beside her and began to dig. She pushed away the light dry sand until she reached the dark wet sand below. She carved the walls into curves. She lowered herself into the hole and covered herself with the heavy sand like a slow wave in the night. She was buried to her ears, the only blemish on miles of abandoned beach.

## ~So Like Give a Damn or Something~

written  
by

### Riley Cotter



BARTLEBY.REVIEWS

HERE'S A LIST OF THE AREAS IN ECUAD NAMED AFTER DEVELOPERS:

RENNIE HALL

BOB RENNIE

RENNIE GROUP

RELIANCE THEATRE

JON STOVELL

RELIANCE PROPERTIES

IAN GILLESPIE FACULTY OF DESIGN

IAN GILLESPIE

WESTBANK

111

WILSON ARTS PLAZA

CHIP WILSON

LOWTIDE PROPERTIES

AUDAIN FACULTY OF ART — MICHAEL AUDAIN — POLYGON PROPERTIES

I'm worried.

Why did Emily Carr find it appropriate to name areas of the new campus after property developers?

I'm concerned that accepting these developers in a philanthropic role dulls the severity of the displacement, marginalization, and homogenization underway throughout Vancouver's Chinatown and Downtown Eastside.

I'm worried about the desire for a ^^World^^Class^^City^^

I'm afraid Emily Carr is shamelessly complicit in Vancouver's changing developer-driven landscape.

I'm worried with the kinds of buildings that are slated to spread east, the new ECU campus being located in False Creek Flat[z].

I'm worried the school regards these men as saviours of the new campus—Ron Burnett's dream since 2001.

I'm worried that the complicity will seep into the  
~soft young minds~

I'm worried the school will produce a slew of  
self-centred career builders,  
focussed on their own personal gain because  
Emily Carr places so much  
value into a successful art career without  
encouraging the students to be  
socially responsible artists.

I'm afraid these artists will be willingly seduced  
by toxic validation from  
developers, that are actively pushing artists and  
creative spaces out of Vancouver.

I'm concerned that young artists will be  
exploited, seeing no separation  
between their creative practice and their livelihood.

I'm worried about the so-called creative economy

I'm afraid students will graduate, embodying the unstable values between  
art + real estate

I'm worried that we are expected to actively submit to being used to  
forward a city building agenda.

I'm worried that the only way of life is the lifestyle that's being sold to  
the city.

I'm worried this way of life affects the whole city, not just the creative  
community.

I'm afraid Mt Pleasant is a lifestyle

I'm upset that Emily Carr rewards displacement  
I don't expect too much from the institution(husk) Emily Carr



has become.

But I want.

I want to oppose the school's value shift, how it's being marketed.

I want more avenues to actively express these feelings of worry inside the  
University.

I want the students who are covering up the donor wall, who are  
considered vandals, who are being tracked down and threatened with  
punishment, to respond to this hostility and to feel empowered by this  
overreaction.

I want to obscure the school's core value of "transparency", a transparency  
that is manifested through a massive amount of windows and security  
cameras rather than direct communication.

I want students, faculty, staff, to recognize that the weird developer  
relationship the institution is facilitating goes beyond campus

I want students, faculty, staff, to organize with the housing movement

I want students, faculty, staff, to get off this sinking ship of an  
art school

I want students to be critical of what direction the school is going and  
how it participates in the gentrification of Vancouver, that we have the  
power to change its course.

I want students to speak up or it will continue to echo down the line,  
beyond a single degree.

I want students to start promoting change, a new more socially responsible  
direction, before it goes too far down a neolib rabbit hole.

I want you to like give a damn or something

## MAGGI SEVEN DAYS

MAGGI AROME IS A CHARACTER (REPRESENTING THE POPULAR MAGGI AROME SEASONING CONDIMENT) FROM THE PLAY CLOUDCUCKOOVILLE, WRITTEN BY JULIAN HOU AND TIZIANA LA MELIA (2017–CURRENT). THE FOLLOWING IS A SEGMENT OF THE PLAY, A DOCUMENT OF A SERIES OF TAROT READINGS, AND AN INSTRUCTIONAL TEXT. USING THE THOTH DECK AS A WRITING PROMPT, THE DRAWING OF CARDS UNFOLDS A READING AND WRITING PROCESS THAT BLENDS BODILY FORM, CONTEMPLATIVE STATES, AND PRIVATE PHILOSOPHIES.

Julian Hou is an artist based in Vancouver working primarily in audio, textiles, performance, and installation. He has recently participated in exhibitions at Soon.tw (Montreal); 8elevens (Toronto); Artspeak (Vancouver); the Vancouver Art Gallery (Vancouver); Unit 17 (Vancouver), Spare Room (Vancouver); 221A @ Occidental Temporary (Paris); L'escalier (Montreal); CSA Space (Vancouver). He has recently held performances at Things that can happen (Hong Kong); Damien and the Love Guru (Brussels); and the Vancouver Art Gallery (Vancouver). He was the 2017 recipient of the Mayor's Arts Award for Visual Art.



Images courtesy of the author



Aubergine is hunched and holding a prism. Refractions are unframeable, the room should not frame the composition. Around them are wheat fields where they sleep and leave their body pressed against the hair-like wheat. The state of the

world as a web and the body as water. They fixate on the cast web itself instead of the things caught in it. Its slack doesn't describe the tension that might become vulnerable to tearing.



In a surprising moment, cutting through the net are orbs of geometry. Hypatia's "slices of a cone" shows us how the section cut is an oblique storytelling.

Temporarily they drift into the indulgence of a specific view, only to come out of it feeling askew. The awkward



traversing back to a longer view where they feel smaller. But in this smallness the ability to reconnect to all small things. But they are unmoved by the play around these



small bodies, whose differentiation only seems to hold them more at bay. Through a battle that brings opposed sides together, and success together that forges new heraldry. But as these symbols ossify, restrictions begin forming in order for symbolic meaning to be retained. Pleasure becomes the



ritual that replaces meaning, but it is abstract love that cuts a path. As they move through the passageway they feel embossed to debossed.



In this position they get twisted, and their limbs fall asleep in sleep. In this state they are simply a torso, in the state of



a body truce. Within the truce there is a prospect of getting their shit together. Tasks are set in motion to find success in order to face death without the pollution of life. And when the gate is touched they become two, the rider and the one being rode. The way that three is always in movement, two is always still.

As with all motion, there is soon an imbalance that is only solved by a collaboration between two, sending the distended

116

117



away and into a place of individuated things. These two only multiply and multiply in a perfectly symmetrical family tree, while the other hides behind a confused light. This growing



tree begins to resemble a perfectly formed web of kindling and spontaneously combusts, as its smoke settles into shards. With the slightest twitch of three silent eggs in a nest of glass, a fully formed eye in a daze begins spinning. Reflected in this eye are letters that can be seen from some distance. And beyond that are wings stiff and wet still in the shape of an eggshell. They step away to see the work in action, worked to a state which could be described as complete.

Back on the road but with turtles instead of horses. Their reins are filled in with silk and the ride becomes their island. They feel that happiness and sadness are a singular feeling. They are bedazzled with the richness of feelings that clash.



# The Students Under the Stairs

written  
by

## Theo Terry

BARTLEBY.REVIEWS

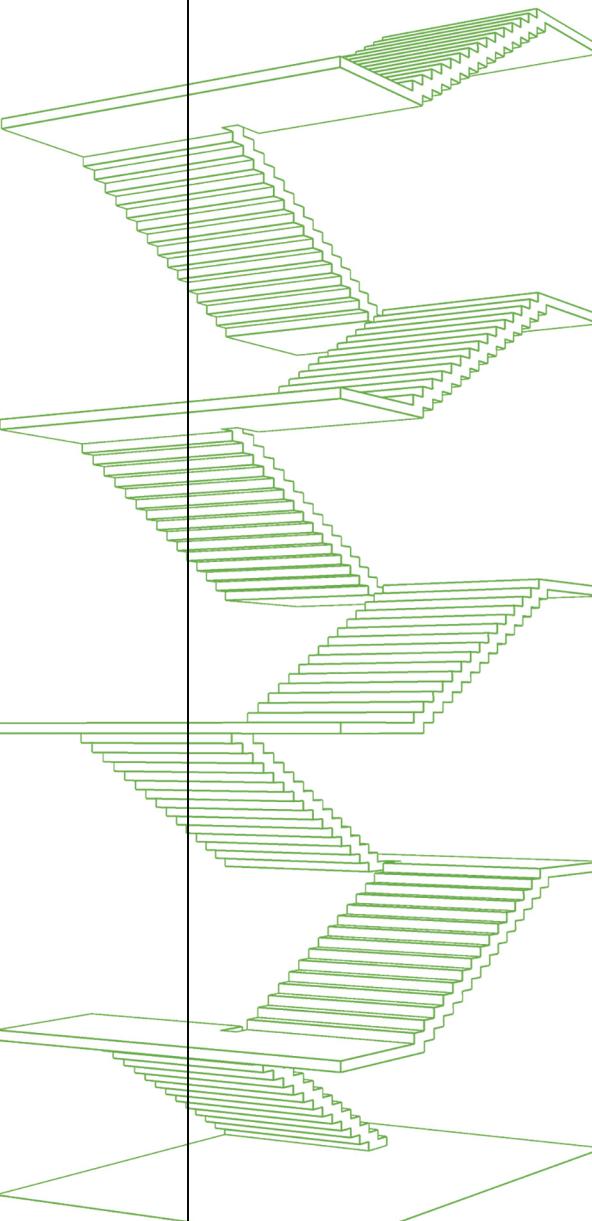


Image courtesy  
of Theo Terry

denied elsewhere in the building, and a place for critical thinking. It was populated by communally sourced fragments which fluctuated as they were periodically borrowed, returned or repurposed: an old couch, chairs, the skull of a moose, a typewriter, a trunk, an audio recorder, a window frame. This is an incomplete inventory of the objects which I found memorable. Nothing funny or interesting lasts long at the new

In Wes Craven's 1991 horror-comedy *The People Under the Stairs*, stolen children are kept in a basement dungeon by the film's villains, two slumlord siblings in an incestuous relationship. The film ends with the protagonist dynamiting their house from inside and explosively redistributing their wealth to the neighbourhood. The children vanish into the LA night to explore the world above the stairs.

Twenty-seven years later, the migration from subterranean to above-ground space is reversed. At Emily Carr University's new Great Northern Way campus, students migrated from well-lit, glossy, cloud white atria and studios glazed on every available surface, toward a space at the bottom of "Stair D" at the West side of the building. In the context of a purpose-built art and design school—the first purpose-built home of this institution—the space under the stairs is unusual in its purposelessness. It is anomalous within a structure in which spaces are designed for efficiency, professionalism, and visibility. If design can materialize ideology, an un-designed, non-purpose-built space can become a refuge for activities outside the prevailing discourse of productivity.

And for some time, it did. A bare concrete space containing only a single faux-fluorescent LED strip became a possible prototype for student agency and self-determination within the transformed institution. As the professionalization of artistic practices is paired with infantilization and constant institutional hand-holding regarding student curation and exhibition, Stair D offered opportunity for self determination. Unlike the children in *The People Under the Stairs*, forcefully banished and confined underground, the students chose to self-exile themselves to the institution's subterranean margins and reclaim some of their agency to misbehave, to be "bad children."

The space below Stair D was a living room, a studio, one of the few public places on campus un-surveilled by CCTV, a home for installations

campus: this isolated, unsanctioned and multivalent locus of student agency was incompatible with the institutional bureaucracy that tolerates no liability. A couch (contained in a concrete structure with metal doors) became a fire hazard. A walk-in installation constructed mainly from cardboard was considered a trigger for panic attacks. A space operated by students is a threat to the integrity of a system offering short-term bookings to those with an “Application to Install Artwork” form signed by a member of faculty. The bottom of Stair D is once again empty and reduced to its status as spatial byproduct of stairs.

We were made to return to the world above the stairs—to the Rennie Hall, the Reliance Theatre, the Ian Gillespie Faculty of Design, the Audain Faculty of Art, the Chip and Shannon Wilson Arts Plaza. The contents of Stair D have been relocated, for now, to an area upstairs. An area where our creative activity can again be rendered visible and quantifiable. But material objects were not all that we carried on our return to the authorized world. We also carry with us the experience of occupation and the reconfiguration of spaces—because we require alternatives to the standards of artistic practice imposed by an institution narrowly focused on complacent content production in a creative economy. And we returned with the understanding that the exercise of agency will be met by the inflexibility of an impersonal and arbitrary bureaucracy.

CAN' T WE ALL JUST AGREE THAT  
CAPITALISM CAUSED ALL THE PROBLEMS  
IN THE SHOW?

122

**Catachresis Archiekins.** Ay, there's the (sc)rub, and this interface—this translation of flippable printed matter into moving pictures—is not so swipeable. One minute and three-seconds into the show, a draft of Jughead's voice-over introduction—the semi-omniscient narrator of *Riverdale*—appears on the screen of his MacBook Pro; the screen is cluttered with drafts and folders, but peeking atop the opened document are two identical folders placed right beside each other: the one on the left is titled Old Folder, and the one on the right, New Folder.

With the central plot-line of the first season driven by a heroin smuggling operation fronting as a maple syrup corporation, seriously, *Riverdale*, the fictional everywhere/nowhere town-as-microcosm-of-modernity, is assumedly located somewhere in the northeastern US. But, Archie Andrew's house is filmed three point one kilometres from mine. I can just take the 7. Here is reality and fantasy, pulp fiction and film interfacing within our city. Where is our town in this frame?

123

But the plot—etymologically, a plot of land—thickens (so sticky and sweet), as the first episode opens with a panning shot of a flat, small, seaside town with a church's bright white steeple centre shot, tree lined boulevards and brick buildings supporting a facade of Fordism and faux-nostalgia. It is a sunny, sunny day. However, forty-seven seconds later, a *Welcome to Riverdale* sign appears and behind it, threatening skies, snow capped mountains, and a turbulent glacial-fed river. Suffice to say this collapsed geography, this plot, doesn't make much sense as a viewer, unless you're actually living in Vancouver. In print, the town may be a fictionalized somewhere, but on film it is unlocatable. Shoutout to the Paper Hound in season two.

Certain aspects of the show retain a verisimilitude to the comic medium though, inasmuch as both contain iterative, non-linear vignettes. Do you remember reading newly produced Archie comics only to find one or two repeated stories from previous issues in them? Archie comics exist mostly outside of a linear timeline, and this reiterative type of storytelling is mythopoetic, immanent and re-tellable, revealing and reifying the mythos of the characters in their variegated tellings. As such, all the filmic drama reverberates off this ostensibly Platonic printed originary; much of the meaning of this show derives from its printed ancestor. Like when—in a moment of comic relief—Jughead somewhat flatly says, "I'm always hungry". I still smiled. This show with different character names would be meaningless and insignificant.

This prototypical narrative format does not really lend itself to its televisual counterpart, and so events feel somewhat non-consequential, breezy. The rhythm of the show is similar to the interface of our feeds: plot lines emerge, swell, and

release continuously, we glide along, and there is a sense of continuous deferral as new encounters force us onwards, but not inwards. Lines with references to new and old media, to Shakespeare and Netflix come off smartly—in its original 1400s usage—and so don't go further than vapidly signalling anything other than the show's contemporaneity. Even in an echo chamber, nothing still comes of nothing.

Crowdsourced litany: Jughead is not asexual nor queer, even if the actor can discuss sexuality and its fluidity on the *Riverdale* subreddit, it isn't in the show. With the whitest name possible, Hiram Lodge is a gentrifying Latino mob boss while Veronica is practically albescient. Kevin uses grindem (Riverdale's grindr) for cruising whilst there is a savage murderer at large in Riverdale. The Southside Serpents are a gang composed of mostly white teenagers. Still, to its millenialized credit, the show tries to be less heteronormative and more diverse than its printed referent, and is pushing boundaries in certain places, but it is pretty much entrenched in the same problems of representation that persist in the mainstream media. The weather is so generic and non-involved in the plot that when it starts snowing halfway through season one, you're genuinely surprised that the weather even exists and that the show is following a linear timeline with seasonal effects. The weather—the literal environment—detracts from the suspension of disbelief the show demands. The drug of season two is a powdery pixie-stick concoction called *jingle jangle* (so-called after the eponymous album produced by The Archies in 1969). But when it really comes down to it, pretty much every adult (except maybe Archie's dad) in the show makes extremely questionable decisions which combined with their implacable hankering for power and capital creates every single problem on the show. Like Mr. Lodge's SoDale project that is responsible for shutting down the drive-in movie theatre and a high school for some new development. Stop gentrifying the city and save some space for the kids.

Finally, I am not ashamed to admit I am semi-cinema-illiterate and so will. I usually watch things with my cursor highlighting the scrub and frequently skip forward at two to three minute intervals. I can watch an hour show in less than half that, and I've skipped at least six of the episodes as well. I'll keep watching *Riverdale* and will sometimes enjoy it, I hope you might too. By the way, I actually know what Jughead's S stands for, so dm me on insta @eleibniz to find out (or add to the crowdsourced litany). See you at the *Five Seasons*.



**Charcuterie**  
Editors  
Authors

**Poster Edition**  
Design  
Web  
Publisher  
Typefaces

**4**  
**Bopha Chhay, Steffanie Ling, Eli Zibin**  
**Alison Bosley, Riley Cotter, Julian Hou,**  
**Josh Gabert-Doyon, Bára Hladíková,**  
**Matea Kulić, Tegan Moore, Theo Terry,**  
**Sungpil Yoon, Eli Zibin**

**Tegan Moore**  
**Victoria Lum**  
**Eli Zibin**  
**Rice Cooker/Hair Salon**  
**SimSun**

**Designed by Microsoft Windows to display Chinese characters. This particular typeface is modeled after printed characters associated with the Song Dynasty. The first movable type technology was invented during the Northern Song Dynasty.**

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**Designed by Radim Pesko**

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**Charcuterie strives to provide a forum for experimental writing and informed polemics without pedantry. It assembles a polyphony of inquiry and documents the messy landscape of opinion and critique that unravels in close proximity to where we work, live and make art in Vancouver.**

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**CHARCUTERIE**  
(born October 14, 2016 in Vancouver, Canada)

**SUN IN LIBRA, MOON IN ARIES**

The combination of your Sun sign and your Moon sign produces a personality not easily tied down, fenced in, and one that doesn't like obligation, duty, or possessiveness. Routine, responsibility, and details depress you. You enjoy practical jokes and catching people off guard. Erratic and impulsive, you enjoy life most when it is exciting and full of surprises. This combination blends the emotional balance, courtesy and friendliness of Libra with the confidence, assertiveness and enthusiasm of Aries. Born under a full Moon, you are extroverted and open. You are likely to appear more assertive or forceful than you are, as despite personal impulsiveness you strive to maintain equilibrium and peace; but from time to time you cannot help displaying a devil may care attitude. You like to support the underdog and in many ways you are a true soldier for justice. Enthusiasm carries you along and your interest is maintained while your enthusiasm lasts, but you can be inconsistent at times and not finish what you start. You influence people with the intensity of your thinking and the positive emphasis of your personality. Self-sufficient and mentally independent, your ability to control your emotions and feelings increases your authority or influence over others. An innate refinement, courtesy, kindness, and need for justice in all things, definitely favors success.

*Psychic  
European Spiritualist*

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