

# *SOOT BREATH // CORPUS INFINITUM*

Edited by Denise Ferreira da Silva and  
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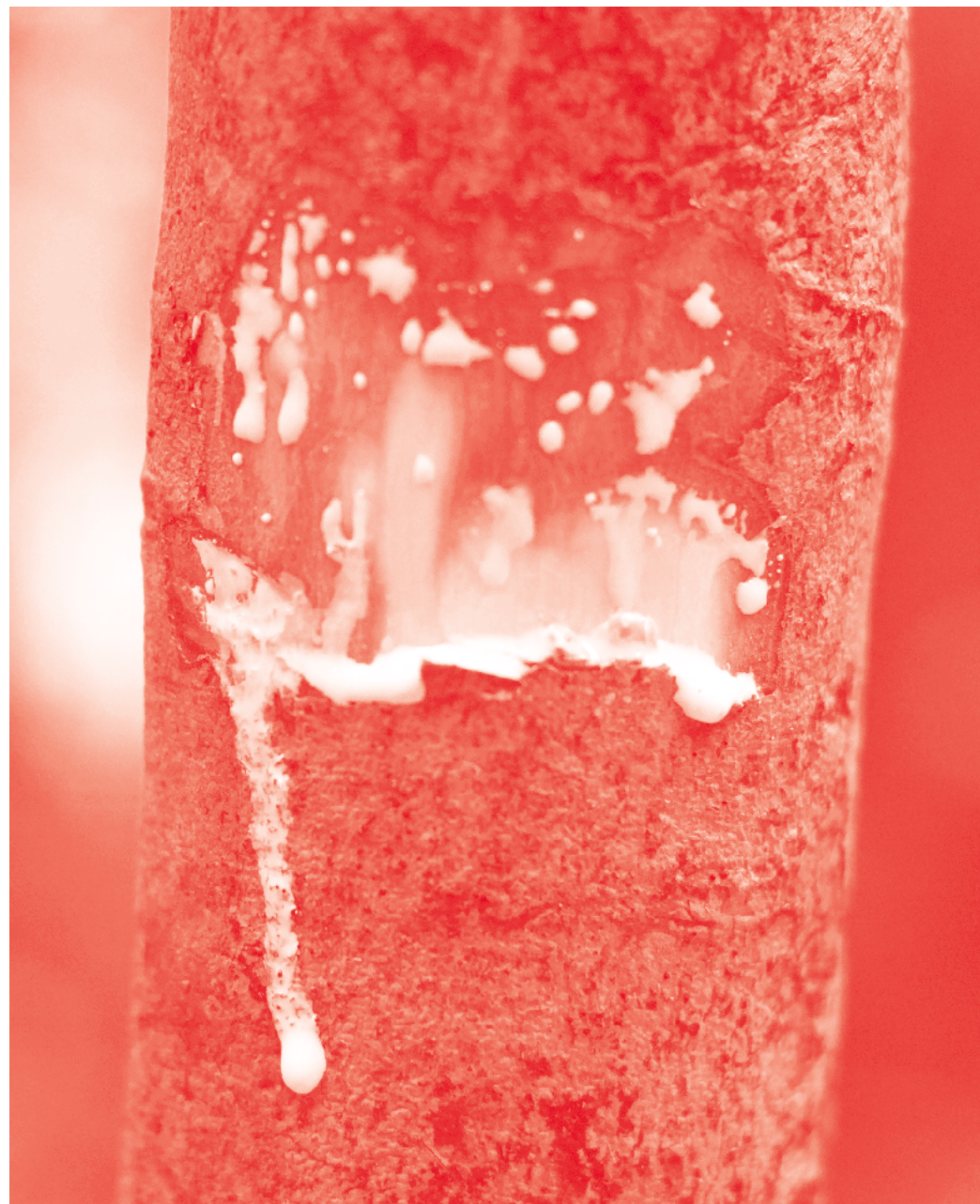
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# *SOOT BREATH // CORPUS INFINITUM*

Denise Ferreira da Silva and  
Arjuna Neuman



From the start this question has explicitly and implicitly in-formed our collaboration: What would become of thinking if guided by the elements? It has informed this series of filmic experiments, which explore what can only be described as a material aesthetics, which emerges as blackness guides our critical engagement with modern thought.

As a question (and the questioning of the Human it carries), it aims at nothing more than to unsettle the sensibility that supports the violations and violences that mark modern existence. As such, it guides wonderings about a sensibility—that is, a basis for knowing and existing—that is not guided by the metaphysics of separability.

Through visual and aural experiments that re/de/compose that which has sustained the total violence and indifference pervading global existence under all moments of state capital, in its economic (merchant, industrial and financial) and juridic (colonial, national and global) modalities.

How to introduce this question/ing that rehearses a philosophical theme on the aesthetic stage? How about recalling the versions we have tried out thus far?

A.

When asking the question about the human and the elements, what is implicit in it is something that our collaboration has foregrounded from the outset.

The questioning of value which targets how linear time disappears with colonial and racial subjugation, as if all the wealth acquired and accumulated thanks to the expropriation of Indigenous land and slave labour had vanished. That magical operation cannot be disconnected from how we understand value, both in the economic and ethical sense, and from the significance of how difference, which is central to the destination of value (symbolically) has the capacity to completely disappear with it (ethically). This has all to do with the ways in which expropriation (of energy), extraction (of minerals) and abstraction (the disavowal of matter), which correspond to apparently contradictory juridic, economic and ethic directives of liberal state capital.

For the impossibility of attending to how the terms of economic and ethic value are not the abstractions of modern thought but the means and mechanisms of extraction and abstraction has everything to do with the work abstraction has done for modern thought. A task which has been made possible by linearity, both in its spatial (which is how it allows for determination of what the line encloses and what it separates) and temporal (which is how it allows for the delimitation of that which persists while change) operations.



When asking what if time were imaged materially (the fossil) instead of immaterially (the numbers in the clocks or dates), we move to decentre the abstract line and attend to the matter of value, to that which transforms, transitions and transmutes.

B.

Imaging the temporal without the line becomes possible when one pursues the question of what has happened to the matter from which value was extracted. For this question foregrounds precisely that to which abstraction as a procedure is applied. Hopelessly this is but the question of how to think: How to think without the line that separates and the line that encloses? How to think without a firm basis, a ground onto which to anchor, the necessary relations which is all that logical thought can do?

Perhaps the most crucial move when thinking proceeds without linearity and its abstraction is to consider the possibility of addressing what exists without having to presuppose relations. Without assuming that everything is or could be treated like a solid, something that occupies space, and cannot as such share its place with something else. This view of matter as solidity is the first to go when existing things are not considered as substance (mathematical or logical form-matter) but as an instance (physical form-matter), which can take another form as its context (which means, all other things) also alters.

The element water obtains this possibility as it allows for two things to be thought at the same time: (a) that a thing, anything that exists or can come to exist is nothing more than a combination of the very same elements that enters in the composition of everything that exists, including the planet and (b) of how the change in the conditions—both the surrounding and the composition—of each existing thing leads to a change of its physical form. That is, water allows us to think of permanence in differentiation—as in Heraclitus's excerpt about the river. In doing so, it invites the possibility of thinking of what is similar and what is distinct without the line separation circumscribing and without the line of continuation and similarity. Water inspires a thinking of existence without abstraction and the violence (the disappearance with matter) that is inherent to this intellectual gesture. With water we can think of existence as a point of departure, what permeates: namely, that which is in, in-between and all-around every existing thing.

Knowledge that attends to water is knowledge of matter, it is about a sensibility that is not possible through an abstract order the mind presumes/imposes on things, but of a material plentitude of which mind-body and everything else is part. That is knowledge that presumes implicancy, instead of separability.

C.

How to image this ongoing cooperation between abstraction and extraction that has marked modern existence? How to hail a political response (as resistance, alternative or refusal and survivance) without immediately positing (as the locus of production, creation or articulation) an interior thing for whom the deadly cooperation (between abstraction and extraction) is not only given but also its conditions of possibility? Is it possible to conceive of a position of enunciation which is not already that from which all meaning emerges and to which all things return when their existence is under consideration?

Without lines of movement, development and dislocation, the thinking with matter opens up lines of interrogation regarding both the relation between the mathematical (logic and scientific), juridic and economic mechanism and process that facilitate the capital's (colonial, industrial and global) mechanisms of extraction, expropriation and exploitation as well as the ethical program that supports it, which is contingent upon the figuring of humans as humanity (abstract principle) and subjectivity (abstract existence).

When existence is conceived without presupposing such modes of presentation much becomes possible including a sensibility that finds humans as like everything else that is of the world, which cannot abstract their existence and for whom noxious extraction, that is, the abstraction of the efficient element would not be the mover for its attention. When vibration, that which signals the actual existence of matter and/or energy, instead of relation guides the approach to the manifold, there is no need for a point of origin, delivery or departure.

Each experiment and the questions that animated and emerged from our film works signal something that can be called an elemental aesthetic. Each does so as it foregrounds echoes across, through and as spacetime. Encountering what vibrates, that which permeates immediately, it recalls existence as movement without dislocation, as re/de/composition, and all that it renders imageable, that is imaginable and thinkable.

##

After experimenting with the elemental for these many years, we take this moment to pause and reflect on our practice. Not an inward turn but as an outward reflection. For we know, in fact we bet on the ways that our films echo images, modes and practices

of existence that are not informed by, that do not re-produce, the image of the human and the notions of nature and world it presumes and produces that has prevailed in the past two hundred years or so.

With gratitude to our friends who gifted us with poetical and theoretical contributions which express and reflect Indigenous ideas, principles and practices of existing as humans, on this planet, otherwise, that is, in besides/with/in/against modern capitalist's extractive and expropriative violent and indifferent mechanisms and institutions.



# WORDS TO A GRANDCHILD

## Chief Dan George



Perhaps there will be a day  
you will want to sit by my side  
asking for counsel.  
I hope I will be there  
but you see  
I am growing old.  
There is no promise  
that life will  
live up to our hopes  
especially to the hopes of the aged.  
So I write of what I know  
and some day our hearts  
will meet in these words  
— if you let it happen.

You are a person of little,  
but it is better to have little  
of what is good,  
than to possess much  
of what is not good.  
This your heart will know,  
— if you let it happen.

Use the heritage of silence  
to observe others.  
If greed has replaced the goodness  
in a man's eyes  
see yourself in him  
so you will learn to understand  
and preserve yourself.  
Do not despise the weak,  
it is compassion  
that will make you strong.  
There is good in everything,  
— if you let it happen.

As I see beyond the days of now  
I see a vision:  
I see the faces of my people,  
your sons' sons,

your daughters' daughters,  
laughter fills the air  
that is no longer yellow and heavy,  
the machines have died,  
quietness and beauty  
have returned to the land.  
The gentle ways of our race  
have again put us  
in the days of the old.  
It is good to live!  
It is good to die!  
— This will happen.

An excerpt from Chief Dan George's 1974 poem, *Words to a Grandchild*, reprinted with permission from Kayah George.





# *WORDS TO A GRANDPARENT*

## Kayah George

Grandfather,  
As we walk through this life  
We walk with the gentle footsteps of our people  
We walk so we don't leave a footprint on our mother earth  
Although I have never met you,  
these are the things you have taught me  
These are the ways that have been passed down  
Throughout my life I have discovered there are ideas and ways of being that people now  
call radical and new  
But these ideas of compassion tolerance and equality  
You and I both know to be ancient  
I have discovered, grandfather  
That there is no extent to human cruelty  
I have also discovered there is no extent to human kindness  
Grandfather, there have been times where I sought out your counsel and wished for you  
to be by my side to guide me  
And so I pray and there you are  
This is happening



A SELECTION FROM  
*REHEARSALS FOR LIVING*

Robyn Maynard and  
Leanne Betasamosake Simpson

From *Rehearsals for Living* by Robyn Maynard and Leanne Betasamosake Simpson  
(Toronto: Knopf Canada, 2022). Reprinted with permission from the authors  
and publisher.



Robyn,

I also can't ever sleep and sometimes I watch so much Star Trek that I start to refer to the characters as my actual friends. Miigwech for your last letter. Sometimes I think your letters are the only good thing in the world. I've started reading Octavia Butler's *Parable of the Sower*, alongside some N.K. Jemisin. Oh you are so right. We were warned. Octavia told us.

I also love the exchange you shared between Baldwin and Lorde—her flat-out rejection of the American dream. In the days since you wrote, I've carried her rejection with me. She was never part of the American dream. Indigenous peoples were never part of the American dream—our bodies and lands were the resources for white people to build their dream on. I'm trying to think through how Nishnaabeg elders would think about that dream—a dream that from this perspective is flawed from the beginning. Why would one work hard for their own individual benefit? How is that ethical? Doesn't Nishnaabeg ethics require everyone to work hard, not for themselves but for the collective web of life? How could a people be so broken that their dream of a better life focused only on their individual wealth—at the world-ending expense of so many other living beings? This is exactly Dionne Brand's question in the face of individual or even collective recognition: how do we change the air? That is such a profound instruction. How do we refuse the recognition, the invitations to perform, the individual validations, the crumbs, and change the thing nearly all living things require, the air?

I come from a society that, prior to colonialism, didn't have police or the practice of policing—not because we were primitive or simple or nomadic, or because our population was too tiny to need policing, but because Nishnaabeg society was structured and practised in such a way that, for the most part, the violence of policing wasn't required to maintain social and political relations. For me, the foundations of this way of collective living are spiritual and come from a belief that the spiritual world is alive and animated and interacting with the physical world. Each living being is responsible for its own path in relation to the other living things with whom we share time and space. This means that I'm responsible for monitoring myself and my own behaviours and actions within that matrix of relationals. I'm not at liberty to interfere or judge or surveil the life paths of other living things. Nishnaabeg spiritual practices teach that everything alive also has spirit, and that these spirits are in constant interaction with each other. This means that my ancestors are always around me, as are those yet to be born. This means that I have a relationship to the plants and animals I am dependent upon in the physical world, in the spiritual world. This becomes most prominent during our harvesting practices. In Nishnaabeg society, harvesting animals or plants first requires their consent, and we believe that if the animal appears, it is giving up



its physical life and returning to the spiritual world. There are a series of rituals and procedures that, when practised, ensure this transition from the physical world to the spiritual world is done with respect and honouring.

I understand this as an anti-capitalist society in a particularly Nishnaabeg formation. The practices of taking only what you need, using everything you take, sharing everything you have and giving up what you can to promote more life, created a bush economy that gave way to a very different relationship to land and water than the one dictated to us by racial capitalism. Systems of conflict resolution, repair, restorative justice, and building consensus were practised to nurture balance and peace, amongst individuals and groups of people—and not just between and amongst humans, but amongst a diversity of living beings. The idea of authoritarian control in leadership or education was relaxed and even rejected in favour of individual self-determination, consent, and non-interference. Labour, material goods, and the gifts of plants and animals were shared. Of course, things were not always perfect. Abuse, toxicity, and conflict occurred. We know because there are stories. Conflicts sometimes escalated, but the responsibility for creating safe and caring spaces didn't rest on leaders or institutions; those responsibilities were carried by individuals and families as well as the larger collective. What I learn from the way my ancestors lived life collectively is that if you build systems based on relationality, reciprocity, consent and diversity, if you refuse hierarchy and authoritarian power in both collective and intimate settings, if “laws” are practices embodied in deep relationality rather than rigid authoritarian rules, if “justice” repairs and restores and if your practice of living is also a practice of consent, you eliminate policing.

What I learn from my ancestors is that if you have a profoundly different relationship with land, with the earth—one grounded in diversity and based on consent, sharing, respect, and minimizing one's impact, instead of mass exploitation of natural resources for the benefit of a small group of people willing to exercise authoritarian power—you have a profoundly different relationship to all of life, profoundly different intimate relations, and profoundly different diplomatic relations.

When I speak about Indigenous resurgence and Indigenous self-determination, my vision is to take wisdom and inspiration from my ancestors to actualize Nishnaabeg political formations outside of nation-states, economies outside of extractivism and enclosures of racial capitalism. This means deep connections to land outside of dispossession, and relationships to each other outside of heteropatriarchy. This means abolishing and reconstructing every aspect of life in North America and beyond. It is a reckoning, a complete overturning. A remaking of a Nishnaabeg world.

The vision for the future in this way of thinking is not a fixed map, but a set of ethical practices giving way to continual making and remaking processes without an ending. In my understanding of Nishnaabeg origin stories, not even Gzhe Manidoo knew how to build the world on their first try. It took many engagements in world-building to get it right. The planets in our solar system are examples of their failed prototypes for life. Of course, in our current context we have additional challenges because we are tasked with remaking a world in a place still wholly invested in world-endings. We have been both individually and collectively harmed by four centuries of oppression. There are huge losses in terms of land, knowledge, and practice, and of course not all Indigenous peoples agree, not all Nishnaabeg would share my interpretations or visions. I still find inspiration in my ancestors, and this inspiration only grows when I experience glimpses of this way of living.

Dear Leanne,

I've been delaying this letter because I was waiting for the right words to come my way. A few days ago, I finally heard the words that helped me to articulate my response to you. This happened while I was roasting a chicken, of all the things, which I had soaked in a seasoned brine overnight.

As a sidebar, this is an absurd amount of food, really, for one person. But given my newly single status since the pandemic began, I was proud of myself. Was feeling like a butch and a boss in the kitchen, in life. (I take great satisfaction in making small parts of my life symbolic.) But this is otherwise beside the point. Because what is more important than *what* I was cooking is that *while* I was cooking, I was watching a documentary about Ousmane Sembène, the Senegalese anti-colonial novelist and film-maker. It was grainy and slightly difficult to follow, as the film had been pirated onto YouTube, but brilliant, nonetheless. Something that he said jumped out at me, made me interrupt the cooking process, wash and dry my hands so that I could scroll the film backwards and take note. In this particular scene Sembène is sitting at a table, wearing dark sunglasses, at what appears to be an outdoor café. In response to a question about Europe's colonization of Africa, he answers this, about the colonizers: “They've never invented anything to make earth habitable. Everything they do is to destroy the land.” After this, he gestures, silently. The interviewer, in turn, gestures silently. After a long pause, the scene closes. What more needed to be said, anyways?

Everything they do is to destroy the land.

I've leaned in for a few days now to your gentle but firm insistence that the abolition of police and prisons must be a pillar of decolonization, *and* that Indigenous land-based struggles could/should/must be considered within what abolition demands of

us. #LandBack. Land. Back. In this crisis of the earth's habitability, your words are pushing me to think more extensively about abolition and land. About my own responsibility to you, to the place that I live. Your words are a necessary reminder that, in addition to the role of policing in enforcing Black people's unfreedom (and perpetuating an economy that relies on a multitude of unfreedoms), policing has always served, and serves, still, to sever Indigenous peoples from their lands, from non-capitalist ways of relating to land and to all other non-human relations. That policing functions in the service of those who destroy the land. That one opposite of policing is Land Back, which is, after all, an end to the imposition of private property regimes and the carceral technologies developed to enforce them.

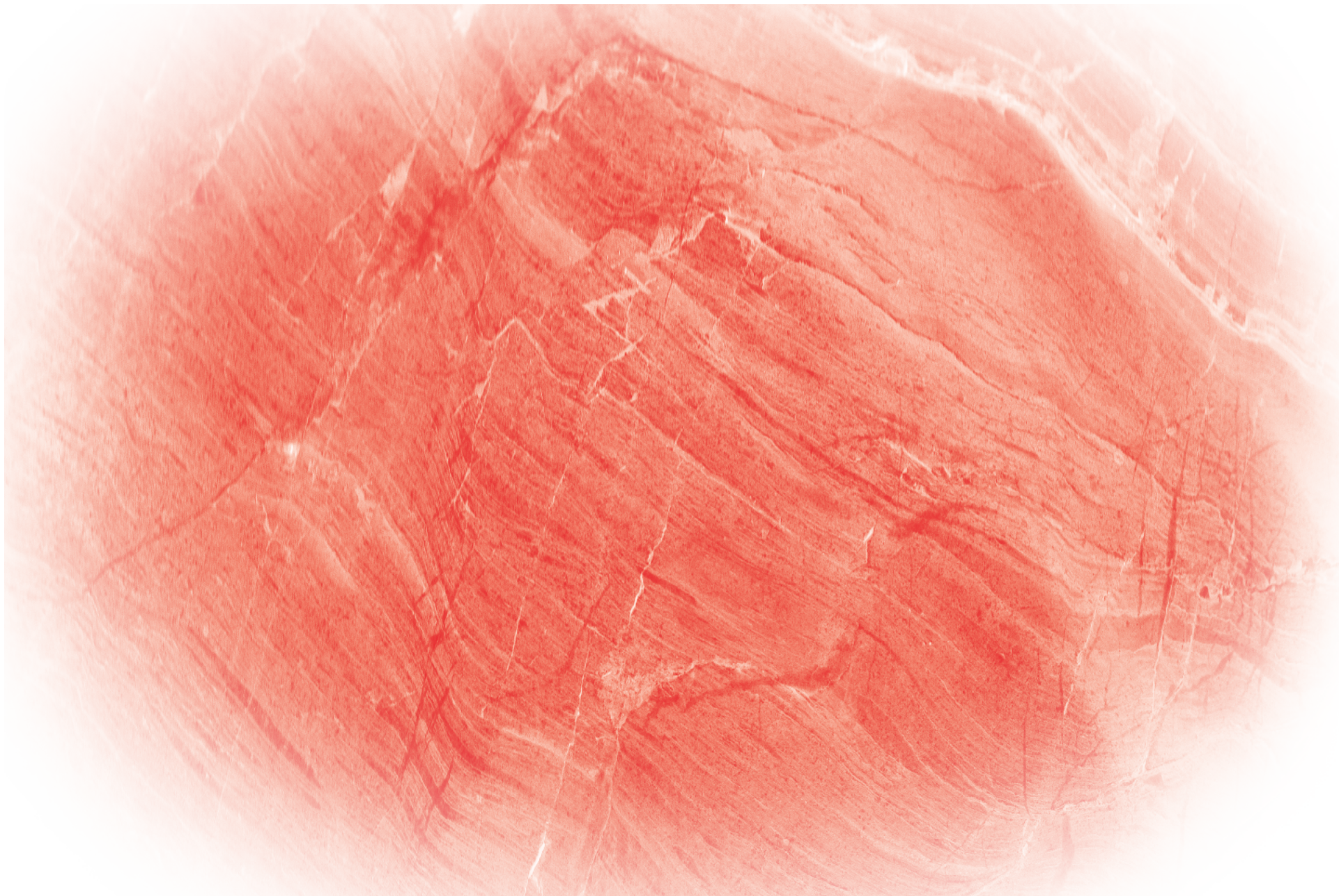
Everything they do is to destroy the land. Indeed: aren't *all* carceral sites and technologies, at some level, really, about cementing the theft of the land, to cement its (purported) transformation into capital, for some colonizer somewhere? (...) And so, as we enter a crisis of the earth's vulnerability, I do not see a contradiction between Black-led abolitionist struggles against carcerality and the Indigenous struggle for white settlers to rescind their purported ownership of land. Instead, I see a site where struggles can/should/must/do overlap.

This is partly because within Turtle Island and across the Black global south, prison serves, everywhere, among other things, toward the destruction of the land. For the colonizer, for the multinational corporation (these are not necessarily distinct in a meaningful way). Because not just settler colonialism, but all colonization was itself a project of land theft. As written in 1900 in the *Lagos Observer*, “Forcible concessions of land in places where there are any prospects of vegetable or mineral wealth, and oppressive Lands Bills have left the Natives of the soil hardly any control over their ancestral possessions.” To hold and keep African territories and peoples under European control, colonizers built substantial networks of prisons, with technologies perfected in the coastal forts built for the slave trade, and with technologies of forcible confinement and constraint that were developed over centuries of Black enslavement. In Kenya, the settler colonial government, as part of a broader program of brutal and spectacular forms of violence, used detention to cement the process of massive land grabs that extended from 1890 onward. (And if you were wondering: this violence was tacitly and at times formally supported, as most global violences are, by Canada: former RCMP officer John Timmerman was the assistant to the chief of police during the anti-colonial uprisings.) This land theft continued into the so-called independence era, now at the behest of the neo-colonial rulers. This practice was satirized in a play (that took to task, as well, other neo-colonial hypocrisies) by Ngugi wa Thiong'o. And prison continued to serve its same purpose: for levelling this critique, Thiong'o was duly placed in detention in the nation's Kamiti Maximum Security Prison. They could not, however, hold his mind captive: he published a series of prison writings that would have him join the ranks of Wole Soyinka, George Simeon Mwase, and J.M. Kariuki, entering a tradition of incarcerated African radicals who would write freedom from spaces of captivity. Who were punished for dreaming, among other freedom dreams, of how land could be held, lived, owned, shared, otherwise.

Everything they do is to destroy the land. In Haiti, the Lavalas movement undertook educational and labour reforms and a radical project of land redistribution for the mass of Haiti's landless peasants, with broad popular support. And, of course, was overthrown by a *coup d'état* orchestrated by the governments of Canada, the US, and France in 2003. The land program, and all the other moves toward ending privatization and mass impoverishment, was thrown out by the brutal puppet government of Gérard Latortue, installed by the coup leaders. This government would go on to police and incarcerate those who had deigned to organize land and life otherwise, with Canadian “aid” money funding, and providing training for, Haitian police and prisons. I think that few Canadians realize just how substantively their country's carceral practices extend beyond its national borders. In so many instances the same police forces that we are protesting here are used to uphold a *global* economy of racial and gendered subordination (headlines like this one: “Quebec police officers engaged in sexual misconduct in Haiti,” have not made waves in the broader discourse). And yet the RCMP, the Montreal Police Services, and the Correctional Service of Canada are all Canadian exports which serve to contain and confine much of the Haitian population, preventing Haitian peoples from adopting less oppressive forms of land ownership and less exploitative labour practices.

Everything they do is to destroy the land.





# A SELECTION FROM *CREELAND* Dallas Hunt

From *Creeland* by Dallas Hunt (Gibsons, BC: Nightwood Editions, 2021). Reprinted with permission from the author and publisher.

## *PORCUPINE II*

my kôhkom's rib-cage plumage wrapped around a plum skeleton of  
barbed wire and electricity bones that catch in the throat of those  
that wish any of her grandchildren ill cartilage that bends but doesn't  
break bends and bends and bends until the slack tightens up and slaps  
white men in the face cumulus cloud that rumbles grey battering the  
side of houses gale winds that utter Cree like a caress and a threat  
(whisper like a brick wall) astam if you know what's good for you



WAHKOHTOWIN

on our  
window-  
sill  
sits  
a succulent,  
bending  
its stem  
to swallow  
the sunlight  
hunched over,  
desperate,  
it leans toward  
the glass,  
hoping  
to be filled  
like a  
Mason jar  
brimmed by  
a pouring  
spout—  
before  
the  
water  
rushes over  
how wonderful  
to be so  
dependent  
on another, how  
terrifying  
alarming, how  
and yet,  
what else is  
there to do,  
but to have  
our beings  
bound up  
in others,  
so restless, so  
full  
of  
thirst  
that  
we might  
spill over

RUEFUL

for Doris  
our apartment  
smells like onions  
in the way  
a grandmother does,  
like the back  
of a prune-soaked  
hand—  
a cartography  
of swollen  
lines and  
deep  
creases  
he stands  
on his hind legs,  
gulping, eyes  
bulging, desperate,  
communicating  
the news cycle  
is exactly that—  
recursive, numbing.  
headlines read:  
“this world is one that insists  
on constant bruising  
and yet adamantly encourages us  
not to be tender.  
that is to say, it asks us to house  
bruises, but not the way  
a bruise feels”  
a world unto itself, ignorant  
a constellation collapsing, beguiled  
i want more than  
what  
this world  
can give me.  
i want to flourish,  
be mirthful, to burn  
down a bank, hi-  
jack a Tesla,  
preferably with  
Elon Musk  
in the passenger seat  
as i swerve  
into a rock bed  
what does it mean to be tender?  
desire, tentative:  
to hear  
your voice and  
your voice  
only  
tender like your vocal cords  
straining, stretching,  
a voice overburdened,  
quivering  
the last time  
i saw my  
grandmother  
she lay on  
a cot next to  
the freezer,  
dying of  
cancer  
the deep-freeze  
she'd rustle  
around in  
when we  
were children,  
digging deep  
to find us  
stray freezies,  
and freezer-burnt  
popsicles  
with sticky  
wrappers  
the last time  
i saw my grandmother,  
we travelled  
330 kilometres to  
watch her die,  
all knowingly.  
her body  
in revolt,  
with her  
unable to  
explain or  
articulate  
how or  
why  
a body tender and  
still betrayal  
the last time  
i saw my grandmother  
i could  
see creases:  
the world  
nestled  
in the back of  
her hands,  
layers  
unfurling  
like an onion  
her cot  
a map  
of the world,  
her death  
the north  
folding in  
on itself  
propped  
on her elbow  
at a forty-five-degree  
angle, stripping an  
orange of its  
rind, at  
once violent  
and tender



SMALL

i used to not  
like to be made  
to feel small

but now,  
i like it down  
here with

the mulch,  
ladybugs,  
loam; the sticks.

aphids in  
arms, hand  
in hand

with the mites  
and gnats,  
mycologist in

miniature,  
fungi my  
friends.

i'm happy,  
now, in my studies,  
to gaze upward,

to scheme,  
plan tactics,  
nascent strategies,

to set the stage,  
if you will,  
for alimentary outbreaks.

mushrooms and me  
blueprints in tow,  
toxic cocktails of aleukia

at the ready.  
yes, i don't mind  
feeling small

'cause you can  
see, and plot,  
a lot from down here.

THE CREE WORD FOR  
CAREENING

thin air during the day,  
prior to 4:30 p.m.

i am a particle  
dust dispersed,  
stars the mother  
i'll never see again  
diaspora my clinking bones

my teeth are  
galaxies, asteroids  
clambering together,  
my molars the  
afterlives of  
solar flares

the freeing residues  
of stars letting go  
of being undone—  
what else is there  
to do when you're  
a star, but let go?

i am the rising  
tides, the moon's  
orbit my waistline,  
flooding is love  
(to be) made in  
overflowing, pipes  
bursting

a comet  
with no end,  
in a word:  
intergalactic.  
a shooting  
star crestfallen  
and plummeting.  
faint, fatigued  
and regretful

but willing to fall  
again

what's the Cree word  
for careening?



# KÔHKOM FREEDOM

*for nikâwiy*

freedom is selecting the  
premium cable bundle  
even though you can't  
afford it,  
and even  
though all you  
watch are the film  
channels and TLC,  
falling asleep to  
John Hughes  
movie marathons  
or reruns of  
*90 Day*  
*Fiancé*

freedom is when  
the low-fuel  
light shines  
bright on  
your dash-  
board,  
but you  
drive  
to work  
anyway,  
lifting your  
foot off the  
gas  
pedal as  
you careen  
downhill,  
momentum  
carrying you  
forward

freedom is a phone  
bill that will  
never be  
paid, but  
you call  
your niece  
anyway,  
to see if  
she'll come  
over to visit,  
gossip  
and mop  
your floors  
for twenty  
dollars

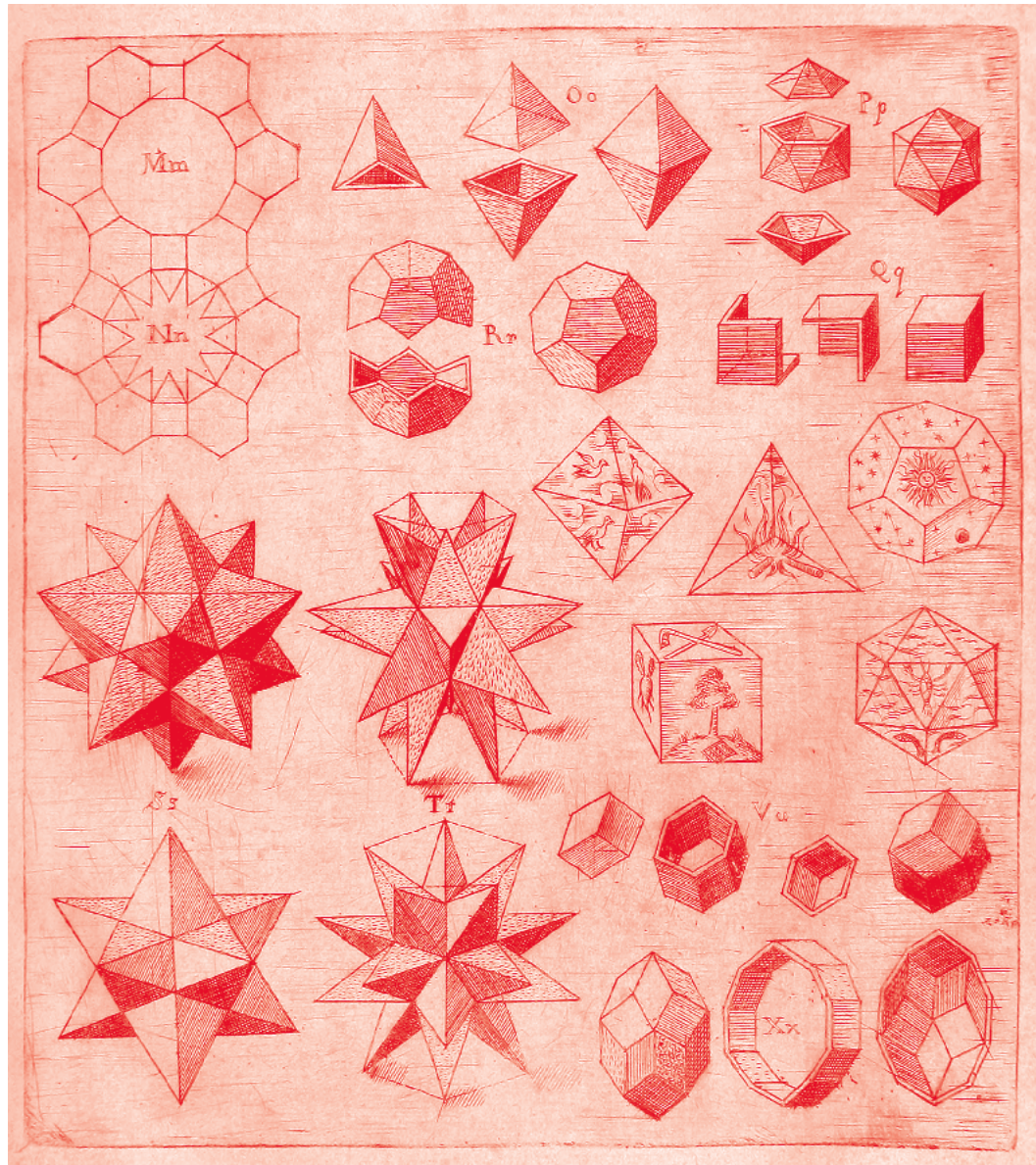
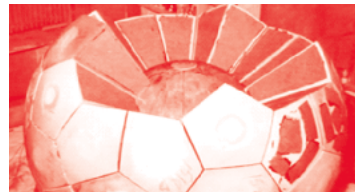
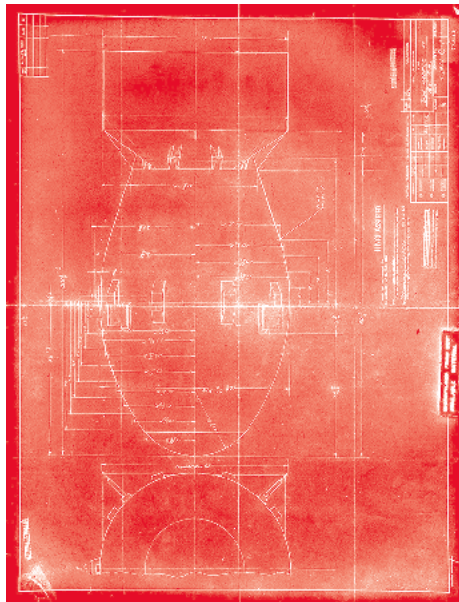
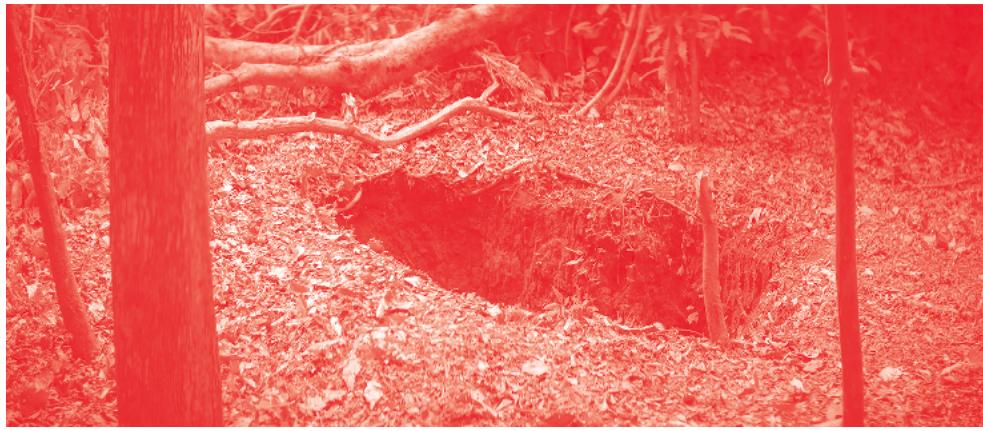
freedom is a bingo  
dabber that  
never runs out,  
because  
when it  
does  
you remove  
the top  
and  
pour  
coffee in,  
to mix  
with  
the ink

freedom is a debt  
you can't escape  
yet you charge  
another Slurpee  
to your overdraft  
debit  
card 'cause  
it's sizzling  
outside, and  
blue  
raspberry is

your favourite  
flavour, and  
they have  
it this  
time of  
year (and  
fuck them  
anyway)











# FLAMBOYANCE: A PLUMALOGICAL DIALOGUE

Ariel Bustamante and  
Camila Marambio

I'm holding a Flamingo feather in my left hand.  
I light it.  
While it smokes,  
I sing.

*Permission to be like Flamingos,  
ancient lovers,  
one leg in the water, one leg in the air,  
in between states.*

*This humito is a smoke-song.  
Here goes this humito.*

*Permission to be like Flamingos,  
for me to be with you.  
Gliding between deserts and peatlands,  
joining Karukinka and the Collasuyo,  
worlds apart.*

*Here goes this humito.*

*Permission to be like Flamingos,  
by knotting your hair with this feather,  
I ask permission from Isluga, the land of commitment,  
unconditional, like the love of Flamingos.*

*Here I breathe this Flamingo-Smoke  
inside of me.  
May the combustion of these words plea for me,  
for this contact to last.*

The riddle emerges. It stretches across the continent, looking for answers, searching for gaps, for watering holes, for feeding grounds, for transitory homes to soak one's feet. Suddenly, or seemingly suddenly, like an aroma that's been suspended in the air for centuries, we enter a new era of dreaming; a series of pressure and temperature changes make the dreaming unexpectedly land on your eyelids. I sniff your lashes, and inhaling the sweet discovery I am overwhelmed with clarity. A flood of salty tears breaks the dam. A cleansing.



Is it by walking together that we might make it across horizontal avenidas in the Collasuyo?

In the Collasuyo, the sovereignties of air are tricky. In the vertical pacha, each air stream seems to be governed by a different principle and custodian. The breathing, governed by the Uru-Chipayans, that lies on the surface of the desert is not the same as the air occupied higher up by the Flamingos. In turn, their airway is totally different from the emerging paths created by Thamis (wind-people), which tend to be much higher up. Air is not a Wind-Person. Asado, however, is one of the technologies that connects these distinct avenues. Asado burns the flesh of the living, creating smoke. From the ground, wiggling slowly upwards, as the smoke cuts through all the strata, it penetrates each reality. Asado feeds whomever is hungry. It is a spiritual airplane that connects the flight of many. The one that sniffs its smoke of life, the one that digests the offering of Asado, assumes a commitment.

Don German taught me about Asado and also taught me about how to walk with wind-people. We walked together, as he used to walk with his grandfather Geronimo Lazaro—some of that knowledge lives now in me as well. Don Geronimo Lazaro, Wind-Person, I owe you continuity. The right food creates the right attention, the right organ can only create the right form of listening.

*Oh, that sweet anus burning up in toroidal shapes,  
sweet sniffs by my Thami  
Now it is convinced in helping (us),  
convinced by the wisest organ of continuity.  
Each bocanada a new awareness.*

Forced out of separateness and into each other's arms by the smoke that blew into the tight, bony strictures of your ossified character, your body, like a pan flute made of bones, unraveled, disarmed, and changed pitch. Now, you and I live inside of *its* doing.

Words come in sets of three. Now four.

Fumed feathers.  
Phoenix rose.  
The arrival.  
Intention. Invocation. Ceremony, to lessen the load of abandonment.

To prove,  
– no, no –  
to provide,  
provide providence by letting laughter swoop into the quaking heart.

Parched,  
though patient,  
the present slips off my tongue  
into your mouth.

Over and over again.  
Cycles,  
wanting softly to cycle,  
flush the white flats.

“Not to settle is a ritual,” I say,  
until it begins to pour.  
Then, we break from flying and swim  
in air-distilled water.

Before the sun existed, the Uru-Chipayans and Flamingos both survived, as nations, by going underwater. Both Qoñas Soñi, both water people. For generations, the Uru-Chipayans have been persecuted and pushed away to the most remote and harsh areas in the Collasuyo desert. Perhaps this is the reason why they had to become one with the wind? Wind passengers, as they say. Do I travel with them to learn how to transit wisely through the dangers of colonization?

I hear the rusty voice of an old Uru-Chipayan man through the magnetic strip of a 1980s cassette tape. Above the hiss, I hear that Flamingos, in the past, were military, and that once, Flamingos were marching in the field when a well-armed person surprised and killed a few. In revenge, the Flamingos, who had no guns, worked out a plan: “Together, all of us, with our diarrhea, we will pour shit on this person's head and body.” But that did not work out, so a final resolution was agreed upon amongst the Flamingos: “We'll move away, we'll retreat, we will go in search of another place, to live peacefully.”<sup>1</sup>

Aloft complex evolutionary novelty,<sup>2</sup> Flamingos migrate across worlds, words, wings, and winds. Unsettled space travelers, meeting in evaporation, co-dreaming wind and water, Flamingos find “peace and love” all the way from the Collasuyo to Tierra del Fuego. The 4,000 kilometre path is not a long distance but a strong desire, to transcend violence.

Trespass, lack of hearing, and ungenerosity. These descriptors travel through the air, prod the atavistic disturbance, and the birds prepare for flight. To or from?

I'm awake and wandering.  
I'm an island, a drift,  
you're a desert, sandy.  
There is a whole long country between us.  
It is not my country.

The ground jumps,  
jolting me into a deep trench,  
so deep it divides sensing from speech  
and I'm left munching on the phrase *water is not a metaphor*.

There will be water between us, it is a consequence of archipelagic delirium. Another is the ineludable fact that the past is ahead of the future; a traffic jam in the making, a confusion waiting to happen.

*Somos chinos que duermen despiertos.*

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1 Liliane Porterie Gutiérrez and Martín Quispe, “El Flamenco,” 1984. Fonds Liliane Porterie Gutiérrez sur la Langue Chipaya, Centre d’Etudes des Langues Indigènes d’Amérique, Paris, 2007. Translation by the authors.  
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# SPIRIT AS AFFECTIVE ETHOS

## Dian Million

<sup>1</sup> Mishuana Goeman, *Mark My Words: Native Women Mapping Our Nations*, First Peoples: New Directions in Indigenous Studies (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2013), 5.

“Unlike the maps that designate Indian land as existing only in certain places, wherever we went there were Natives and Native spaces, and if there weren’t, we carved them out.”<sup>1</sup>

What if we took it seriously what our elders told us, everything is spirit? What would it mean for our Indigenous spirits to rise, as ethos? To make our relations, or presence and spirit permeate and move what is now only thought of as ineffable inert matter?

“[I]ndigeneity is a viable tool toward transformation of the people-to-be into being part of the social order as tmix\* and to be a life-force in a life-force place rather than being part of the social order of depletion and destruction.” <sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Jeannette Christine Armstrong, “Constructing Indigeneity: Syilx Okanagan Oraliture and tmixcentrism” (PhD diss., University of Greifswald, 2009).

the interview  
I want to differentiate us as groups of people who have been racialized in  
3:48  
the united states and in canada and all over the world and so  
3:55  
while people might think of us as a racial uh group actually  
4:01  
what we are is the myriad, myriad societies that once inhabited lands  
4:07  
that have been subjected to settler colonialism for  
4:13  
many hundreds of years at this point so whether or not the united states has  
4:18  
made us into racial others meaning indian or aboriginal or whatever  
4:24  
we see ourselves very differently we see ourselves as place based peoples  
4:32  
so that when i introduce myself from a place  
4:38  
what that meant is a set of relations that is um inextricable from my identity  
4:46  
and we have been in diaspora like many peoples  
4:51  
that means we have been through wars and impoverishment and other you know  
4:59  
ways in which uh people tried to dismantle our places and our nations  
5:04  
we have been dispersed, everywhere—we’re in cities, we’re



5:09  
everywhere, obviously i’m not in alaska right now  
5:14  
i live in what is actually the backyard of the nooksack and near swinomish people so i  
always talk about the way in which it was  
important for me when i came here as an Athabascan, a native person to make rela-  
tions with the  
5:32  
people that i actually lived with because that was their place and it was my  
responsibility  
5:38  
then to them to announce myself as a friend, not an enemy and to be helpful  
5:45  
and and to be in relation with them and their place  
i felt like that I needed to convey what makes indigeneity an ethos not a racial identity  
7:40  
and to me an ethos is character  
7:46  
it’s an atmosphere it’s a climate it’s a mood it’s a feeling it’s a tenor it’s an essence it’s a  
7:53  
disposition a rationale a morality a moral code a value system

It is a value system that exists that settler colonialism has not been able to erase for the  
five or six hundred years of contact here that we have had with other value systems so

one of the first things that i tell people...you know just to shake them up a little  
is that everything is living  
everything...has  
a spirit and *everything* has the power to act  
with you or against you or on you  
so, for us that  
is the innate power of all things

if we know that it might make us act differently in the world  
If an indigenous ethos is guiding us  
it means that we have respect for other life forms not because we think they’re cute  
9:33  
we have respect for the different beings because we might depend on them and most  
certainly if we don't  
9:41  
respect them or treat them right they can kill us

our social systems were ideological systems that enforced this respect  
in very direct ways<sup>3</sup>

*indigeneity*  
Ethos...character, atmosphere, climate, mood, feeling, tenor, essence; disposition,  
rationale, morality, moral code, value system, principles, standards, ethics. What does  
it mean to resurge our Indigenous presence in “urban” centers of capitalism—or,  
anywhere we are, “recognized” or not. What would it mean to act if our presence was  
always potential, that our living lives “otherwise,” is witness and transformative, mor-  
phing, having effect on our own relations as well as on the relations of capital? I believe  
it is dangerous to imagine our presence in these “urban” places as solely corrupting, or  
corrupted, unable to acknowledge potentiality in what appears as concrete. We look to  
home, to land to be the places of our heart, our spirit. I claim that anywhere we are—is  
*already* an Indigenous place first. An Indigenous ethos rises when we take responsibili-  
ty for where we are at, in the power and depth of our relations and responsibility to the  
Indigenous peoples of the places we are—to know and honor their ancient relations in  
*that place*. We have a responsibility to know the languages of these places and recognize  
them in the land, in their names for food and kinship. We need to honor and uphold  
these relations first, and to know that our Indigenous spirit reconnects any lands we  
are on, even, and especially when these lands appear to be encased in concrete. To  
remind, we already (RE)Indigenize these places by pointing out their considerable and  
continuing relations to spirits and Indigenous presence prior to any settler...

I think about flows, rivers, kinships and knowledges that do not create enclosure, but  
that create relations, help, support, other ways of thinking and moving concrete. These  
are familiar words now, relations, reciprocity, resurgence, but it is also our responsi-  
bility to look closely at what we practice bringing these into living acts of sovereignty.<sup>4</sup>

I suggest that Indigeneity *is* foremost a practice of governance, ontologically and  
epistemologically lived within places that are not imagined as static—but it is not a  
mindless reflection of settler nationalism. Indigeneity is a global practice in living that  
liberal humanism / racial capitalism has tried to eradicate from the Earth for over 500  
years. Indigeneity posits ways of living that create governances that are never the same  
across places or times. Indigenous practices emerge specifically within a set of rela-  
tions that are material, spiritual and dynamic. Indigenous practices form governances  
not nation-states. Our peoples have variously expressed their ontology, their premise  
for being as a set of relations where all are sentient and possessing agency. Indigeneity  
strives to create relations of care and reciprocity, understanding the interdependence  
of all in a “place,” with a shared goal of thriving in a place without destruction. This  
is governance that seeks to continue the conditions for all life. This is the core of what

became understood as Indigeneity globally: the oft-expressed caretaker relations of  
peoples with “land,” denying a singular understanding of land as property. Land is  
not property. It is part of a relation—and “land” is not the entirety of any relations  
as they are understood in any place. In North America, this living dynamic became  
reduced and severed by the racialization of myriad peoples into a managerial identity  
of “Indian” or “Aboriginal.”<sup>5</sup>

3 Dian Million, “Be like the wind—or better, like water: Resisting racial capitalism’s fascist forever wars,” in *For Antifascist Futures*, eds. Alyosha Goldstein and Simón Ventura Trujillo (Brooklyn, NY: Common Notions Press, 2022), 211-12.

3 Dian Million, “Indigenous Perspectives on the Environment,” recorded October 13 2022, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YsyGJ1RQZ1g>.

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# A SELECTION FROM *FROM THE POPLARS*

Cecily Nicholson

From *From the Poplars* by Cecily Nicholson (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 2014). Reprinted with permission from the author and publisher.



[...] toward light  
collecting light

pressure  
a quip of skin  
catches in the briars  
bloody then freer

not your typical foment

the use of language past  
winded bleached individuation

toward conscious listened horizon [...]

~

cut, securely ore  
steel away Rosie  
ain't I

closest on the train  
the light bulbs, drops  
my window

one-track construction delay  
thorns bloody gums

the greyhound quality of love  
kept in the loop  
each crooked strange fruit  
every stoop (we had)  
we were used to  
*domination and death*

purpose

kept cages matched blue jack streets



corner mind the bloc fiscal ditches manner

wit thunder long after lightning the

*prescriptive voice rather makes me cringe. But...yes.*

~

*ain't coca-cola it's rice—railways...a summation*

paid shill for Big Oil  
fuel-injected big-block on cowboy boots suns  
the Diamond Club where real men come to play

*the basic industries*

resort siphons

there in a cenote, few miles off the free highway  
dissolution fracture flows catfish coffer

no asylum here winter is hitting  
tent frame shed shack trailer SROS

service infrastructure extension cord coil  
generations come to work in the cold lapis glitter

*spanned a river in one stride*

~

designated pathways prison guards shine  
a light through bars check  
alive and in your cell

multi-level means maximum valuation  
cash-flow risk requirement return on equity

*pathogens than is a plantation that is a si-  
ting target*

emerge all along languages tip  
mouth ulcers preceding settlement

laminated root rot refractive indices

hunger in neighbouring parts of the body  
dull internal organs engage an outside

movement extends  
sense location looking at or going to attend  
place eroded by tugboats in the river's north arm

~

straight ahead in the dark shore verses away night  
raft twenty-seven and a half acres

traditional variola vera droplets express

quarantine, and bury there the government  
not taking the island's graves into account

warships were built view down the launch ramp

hundreds of workers walked the parcel  
a rancherie, *raw roll up raw* connected corridor

over the north side's shadow moonlight streams  
through a dark duppy comb of reeds, nerve-

ribbons flail angles strain out of water breathtaking

~

come out of time for this turn  
silent shore just a burb to poplars

wild cherry cottonwood English ivy  
black willow empathy

*great choiring branches far beyond*

perches on the downed limbs

not a hand while it was writing  
wilds the island not the factory  
while there shifts they were family

figures with sloped shoulders sell newspapers  
and bags of cherries on Jefferson Avenue

come out to Heidelberg Street for this sculpture  
of stacked oil drums  
“USA” stencilled on the side  
partial sighs deep into patinas public purpose

open area strive starve up-and-come

zones to light across warm faces glassed-in places  
all the vacant land the wide-open spaces we produced

every autonomy opposed and committed

~

birds kept off the crop

once harvest was done  
harvest done worried some  
worried men sing a worried song

songs common in the red humming  
their whole lives prayers or persons likely to  
become property spreading blacktop

master degrades the name  
an owner tracked down and returned to the fields

*“finance” is a slave's word      ima read*

walk into any establishment  
write your own newspaper

often hours rain curious converted speeches

on freedom's long road higher ground

rising wind dust began to rise again that wound  
sucked ground rains a wind-funnelled lake

not enough and day after day

~

winter boots leak plastic bags incisor  
cavities tire and sipe aggressive

bleeding-cause consciousness  
the right to quiet enjoyment

the back a chitinous shield

sift the roving fragments attentively  
subatomic cosmic clearing agents  
incised spirals circle winch shapes  
sinuous bands interlocking lace  
so delicate it is weightless  
hints of a watery primordial world  
radiating appendages slender  
cities like galaxies tend to cluster  
spiral to elliptical oscura poured fire  
rational primes disposed to struggle



river road for the duration securely ore  
red slip surface and the orange clay below

*not a question of knowledge but alertness [...]*

~

rise on the stigmatic nature of bondage

benevolent abolitionists, remember your status  
early frontiers and all matters of transport

unemployed workers attack the threshers

*moments of embodied risk*

the flag or which banner

rite river pit lined with cedar boughs  
wait daylight hours and leave only to eat

sleep *conflicting rebellions*

by hand

curriculum who is classroom needs production  
transitive havens

fresh lake walk wakes shoreline peppermint

tools under everything

*anti-emblem entire freedom and any other light*

~

prices will please the highest bidder. the purchaser shall be  
entitled

and time shall be of the essence of the contract

when the cable snaps

*found a few days ago  
this side of the Serpentine  
in an exhausted and helpless condition  
he had dropped a bundle of blankets and body of acumen*

the proceeds of the sale of said lands shall be applied  
feet of frontage

the slash burned as a precautionary measure, under control  
at all times

spark from the old sound embers  
at the shoreline of resuscitation. breath on tinder

~

hungry heavy equipment folds context  
back into experience (then back out)

teeth make contact with the glass in the atrium  
cracked and cut lips closest to you wood press back

isa sunk soil cut red clay south  
in a merger step line

the black square becomes interesting only in context

pointillism in *the anarchistic notion of*  
*a society freed from work*

fabled books for so *imaginative militancy*  
slices—rows and rows

shoot-you-then-remove-the-bullets                      silence

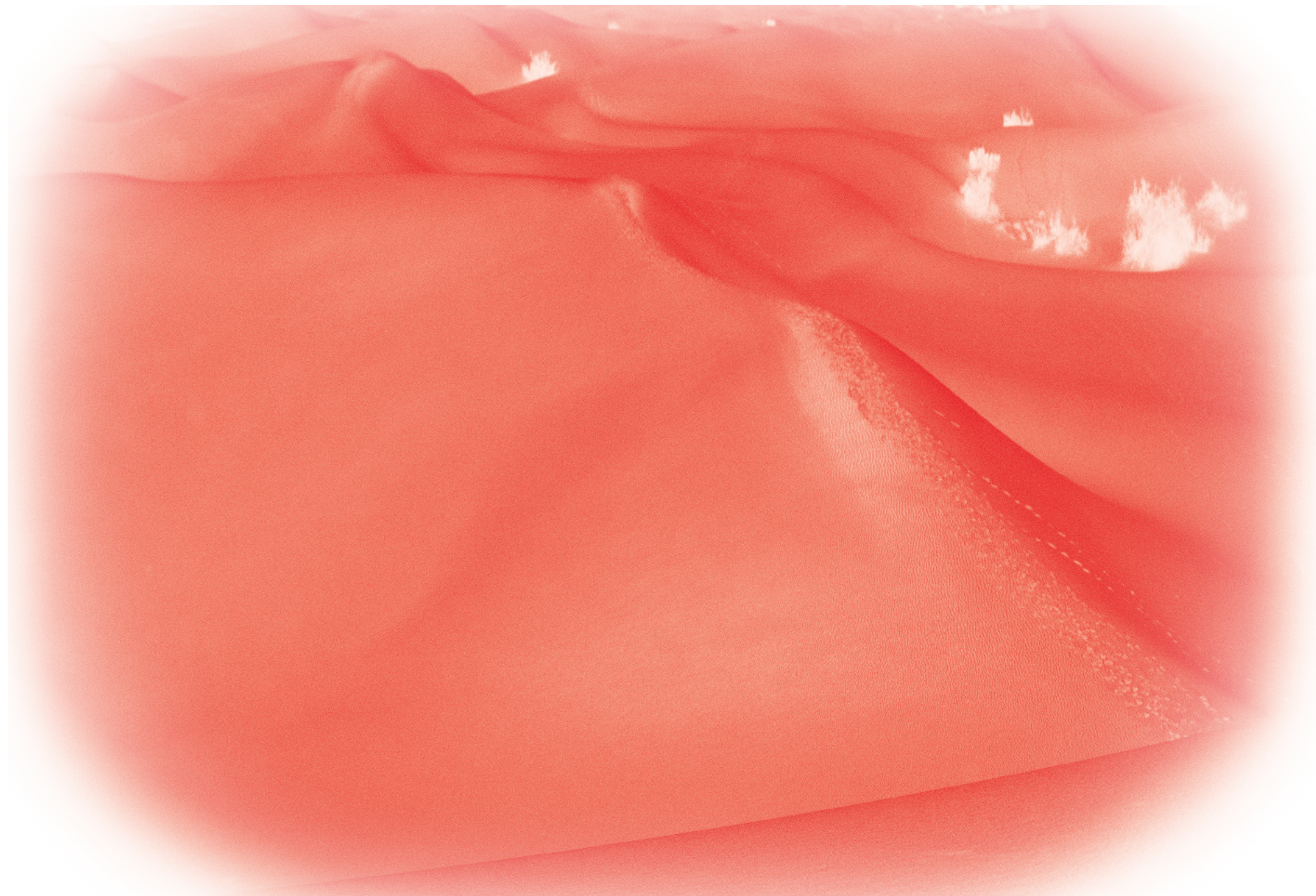
to all you out there on the land                      *good morning*

massa day done dreams run high got the  
long count counts marked wall beside blade beside take





# A CONVERSATION WITH GLEN COULTHARD AND DENISE FERREIRA DA SILVA



Denise Ferreira da Silva:

**Capital is a Colonial Relation.** I would love to hear more of your thinking on how your formulation of capital as a colonial relation impacts political theorizing as well as historical materialism.

Glen Coulthard:

The relationship between capital and colonial dispossession always seemed obvious to me. It's what also was so frustrating, historically speaking, with the gulf between western Marxists and Indigenous struggles against colonial dispossession in places like Canada and the US. If capital is under constant pressure to expand itself, then it is *inherently* colonial. This is why I returned to a reading of Section 8, Volume 1 of *Capital* in my first book, *Red Skin, White Masks* (RSWM). As a young adult, I was annoyed with the lack of concern regarding Indigenous struggles that many Marxists in BC (and elsewhere) exhibited, especially when Marx himself clearly outlined dispossession (in his chapters on "so-called primitive accumulation") as a clear feature of the emergence of capitalism and its reproduction across the globe. So I figured he was as good a place as any to start. If the left won't listen to me, then they sure as hell ought to listen to their hero.

The interesting part, though, is how all this theory stuff intersects with practice. The well-known anarchist, Peter Kropotkin, provides an early critique of Marx's notion of primitive accumulation by suggesting that it is a process inherent in state formation. The consolidation of territory at the core of state formation always involves violently removing people from their autonomous livelihood and means of production—which, in our case, is still very much the land. This is, of course, a fundamental characteristic of capitalist states, but is also true of socialist ones. I don't think my anarchist sympathies came out as much as they could have in that book. I don't think the violence of states can be redirected or redeemed.

DFS:

**Ground Normativity and Global Indigenous Struggles.** It would be fantastic to hear you theorize and speculate about how ground normativity supports a theorizing of Indigenous struggles across the planet.

GC:

This is the subject of my new book. It looks at the internationalism that was at the core of Indigenous land struggles, particularly in Canada, in the late 1960s and throughout the 70s, both in theory and practice.

As you know, it's difficult to cut a book off when you clearly have more to say. This was the case with RSWM. When the book hit the shelves, the Idle No More movement,



which was the largest pan-Indigenous expression of self-determination in Canada for at least 40 years, had all but dissipated and the Movement for Black Lives was moving into high gear. When I spoke about the book in cities or universities with a large Black presence, I got questions about the relationship between Indigenous and Black struggles, including my use of Frantz Fanon to theorize settler-colonial dispossession under the guise of recognition. I had incorrectly assumed that the theory had done the work in the text, when clearly it should have been contextualized more. Hence my new book explores the historical cross-fertilization that informed Red Power organizing in the two places I call home, and which stood as the unspoken political background or inspiration in *RSWM*—British Columbia and the Northwest Territories. In both contexts, Black and Indigenous freedom were understood as mutually constitutive—in Vancouver through organizations like the Native Alliance for Red Power and their working relationship with the Seattle Black Panthers, through the interior of BC and George Manuel’s friendship with Julius Nyerere, and in the Northwest Territories through the influence of Manuel, Nyerere, and Tanzania’s program of “socialism and self-reliance.” The articulation of freedom that Indigenous organizers had as a result of these influences was rooted in land and place but also non-exclusionary: our land struggles had to facilitate the mutual self-determination of all oppressed people or else it would simply replicate another colonial hierarchy.

This is why Philip Blake, a Dene participant in the Berger Inquiry into the proposed Mackenzie Valley Pipeline in the 1970s, insisted that if the project were going to be built in such a way as to redistribute the benefits and burdens so as to assist those struggling against, say, Shell in Nigeria, then we would be required to consider the venture *as Dene*. But, of course the corporate interests in the pipeline weren’t calling for that.

Or, a similar logic underscored the Native Alliance for Red Power’s analysis of the oil crisis of the early 1970s and the subsequent demand it created to increase colonial exploration and capitalist development in the Canadian North. They too suggested a link between the local and the global, essentially calling western imperialism’s continued wars in the Middle East as a source of the oil crisis, which resulted in the West’s simultaneous call for extraction projects that were more “safe for investment”—meaning more extraction at home. And, of course, similar dynamics remain at play today, which is clearly demonstrated in the resistance of the Wet’suwet’en and Secwépemc land defenders against the marked increase in proposed pipeline construction and liquefied natural gas development on their traditional territories, now being justified under the guise of reducing the West’s dependence on Russian oil.

DFS:

**Dechinta Centre for Research and Learning—Land-based education and decolonization.** Can you comment on the work done by Dechinta and how it has or has not changed your views around land-based education? What have you learned? What expectations have been met? What myths have been dismantled?

GC:

Now, while it is true that Dechinta started as an “education” project, I say so somewhat hesitantly. From my perspective, at least, it was always supposed to be much more than this.

To put it bluntly, Dechinta was and still ought to be about the liberation of our communities from the racist, hetero-sexist, economic and state discourses and institutions that have converged over now centuries to undermine our relationships with one another, to the lands that physically and spiritually sustain us, and to the other working, Black and communities of colour that have been forced to endure similar violences at the hands of similar enemies. It was in this context that “education” was broadly conceived as a vehicle for this anti-colonial project.

Education for me is nothing less than about fostering individual and collective empowerment for our peoples in the context of colonization in all of the forms it takes. Colonialism has functioned, in part, by deploying institutions of western education to undermine Indigenous intellectual development and community self-reliance through genocidal assimilation policies geared towards the theft of our land. The vicious pairing of colonial domination with western education has had a devastating effect on everyone in our communities, from elders to children, women and men, to queer, two-spirit and gender-diverse members of our nations.

As Indigenous educators, then, it is our job is to upend this situation and combat the ignorance that sustains it. It should be our aim, in other words, to sever the historical relationship between education and the ongoing colonization of our minds, bodies and land.

This is what the spirit of Dechinta and land-based education was always envisioned to do. To repair the violent rift that has been created within and between our diverse communities and the lands that sustain us.

DFS:

**Reconciliation and Resurgence.** I’m curious about how you theorize these two concepts.

GC:

I’ve always seen them as contradictory. Reconciliation—and its twin concept of forgiveness—involves moving on from the past, especially from those practices that have injured us in some way. Whereas resurgence involves learning from the past in order

to better frame our present and future by dismantling the structures that injure us. The rub is, when the structure that continues to injure us and the land is demanding that we forgive and “move on”—to reconcile—our unwillingness to do so gets blamed on us, as resenting, wounded subjects. This is what’s wrong with the statist discourse of reconciliation. It seeks to reconcile us with the structure of settler-colonization.

My new project draws explicitly on movements of the past. For example, I look at the Native Alliance for Red Power’s adoption of the anti-revisionism of Maoism, which taken as is involves a critique of Soviet Russia’s decision to “reconcile with the West” following the atrocities associated with Stalin. NARP’s anti-revisionism, however, was concerned less about the Soviet Union trading communist internationalism for “peaceful co-existence” with the capitalist West; that is, their non-reformist position was not a naïve reproduction of Stalinist orthodoxy within their theory-building and organizing. Rather, it was adapted and applied to a shift in the reproduction of colonial relations of power that began to consolidate in Canada in the late 1960s, from an openly repressive structure to one that operates through the carefully scripted recognition of “Aboriginal rights.” It was this “co-existence”—the peaceful co-existence offered through a neo-colonial politics of recognition and eventually reconciliation—that they refused. NARP, it could be said, theorized and anticipated the “death of reconciliation” that has been declared in the bush and on the streets over the past couple of years.





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## EDITORS

DENISE FERREIRA DA SILVA is an artist and Professor at the University of British Columbia's Social Justice Institute-GRSJ and Adjunct Professor at Monash University's School of Art, Design and Architecture. She is the author of *Toward a Global Idea of Race* (University of Minnesota Press, 2007), *A Divida Impagavel* (Oficina da Imaginação Política and Living Commons, 2019), *Unpayable Debt* (Sternberg/MIT Press, 2022) and co-editor (with Paula Chakravartty) of *Race, Empire, and the Crisis of the Subprime* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 2013). Her artistic works include the films with Arjuna Neuman and the relational art practices *Poethical Readings and Sensing Salon* in collaboration with Valentina Desideri. She has exhibited and lectured at the Centre Pompidou (Paris), Whitechapel Gallery (London), MASP (Sao Paulo), Guggenheim (New York) and MoMA (New York). She has written for publications from Liverpool Biennale, 2017; Sao Paulo Biennale, 2016, Venice Biennale, 2017, and Documenta 14 and published in journals such as *Canadian Art*, *Frieze*, *Pass*, *Texte Zur Kunst*, and *e-flux*. She has held visiting professorships at major universities in Australia, Brazil, Britain, Denmark, Germany and the United States and is a member of the collective *EhChO.org* and an editor of *Third Text*.

ARJUNA NEUMAN is an artist, filmmaker and writer, with recent presentations at CCA Glasgow; Centre Pompidou (Paris); Manifesta 10 (Marseille); Showroom Gallery (London); TPW Gallery (Toronto); Forum Expanded, Berlin Biennale; Jameel Art Centre (Dubai); Serpentine Gallery (London); Gasworks (London); Or Gallery (Vancouver); Whitechapel Gallery (London) and Istanbul Modern, amongst others. As a writer, he has published essays in *Relief Press*, *Into the Pines Press*, *The Journal for New Writing*, *VIA Magazine*, *Concord*, *Art Voices*, *Flaunt*, *LEAP*, *Hearings* and *e-flux*. Recently, he has been dropping mixtapes about the “ecological unconscious” on NTS, Dublab and Ja Ja Ja Nee Nee Nee.

## WRITERS

ARIEL BUSTAMANTE is a self-taught sound artist based in La Paz, Bolivia. He is a member of the Ontological Multispecies Laboratory at the University Mayor de San Andrés, Bolivia, and a recent fellow at the Academy Schloss Solitude residency program in Stuttgart, Germany. For the last five years, he has walked the shared deserts between Chile and Bolivia, practicing old and new ways of attending to wind-persons. He uses breath and conversation as cosmological forms of accompaniment. His work and collaborations have been presented at the 59th Venice Biennale, SAVVY Contemporary (Berlin), Het Nieuwe Instituut (Rotterdam), The Transitio Electronic Arts Festival (Mexico), Liquid Architecture (Australia), National Museum of Fine Arts (Santiago), Gessnerallee (Zurich), Centro de la Revolución Cultural (La Paz), among others.

GLEN COULTHARD is a member of the Yellowknives Dene First Nation and Associate Professor in the First Nations and Indigenous Studies Program and the Department of Political Science at the University of British Columbia. He is the author of *Red Skin, White Masks: Rejecting the Colonial Politics of Recognition* (University of Minnesota Press, 2014), winner of the 2016 Caribbean Philosophical Association's Frantz Fanon Award for Outstanding Book, the Canadian Political Science Association's CB Macpherson Award for Best Book in Political Theory in 2014/15 and the Rik Davidson Studies in Political Economy Award for Best Book in 2016. In addition, Coulthard has written and published numerous articles and chapters in the areas of Indigenous thought and politics, contemporary political theory and radical social and political thought. He is a co-founder of Dechinta Centre for Research and Learning, a decolonial, Indigenous land-based post-secondary program operating on his traditional territories in Denendeh (Northwest Territories).

CHIEF DAN GEORGE (1899-1981) was an author, poet, activist and actor and was chief of the Tsleil-Waututh Nation from 1951-63 (then called the Burrard Indian Band). Born Geswanouth Slahoot, George's surname was changed when he started residential school as a child. George began acting in 1960, starring in numerous CBC productions as well as in the films *The Outlaw Josey Wales* (1976) and *Little Big Man* (1970), for which he was nominated for an Academy Award for best-supporting actor. George worked to promote a better understanding of Indigenous people; his soliloquy, *Lament for Confederation*, was an indictment of the appropriation of Indigenous territory by white colonialism. This speech is credited

with escalating native political activism in Canada and touching off widespread pro-Indigenous sentiment among the settler community. His goal was to create a better quality of life for his descendants and all native people in Canada and preserve a connection to the earth and animals. This can be seen through his poetry, much of which was published in his book *My Heart Soars* (1974).

KAYAH GEORGE “HALTH-LEAH” (she/they) proudly carries the teachings of her Tulalip and Tsleil-Waututh Nations and has been on the frontlines fighting against the Trans Mountain pipeline for more than half of her life. She is a young Indigenous environmental leader, activist and filmmaker. George has spoken globally about climate justice and shared the teachings of her nations to honour and care for the earth. She has worked with several environmental organizations, including Indigenous Climate Action (an Indigenous-led organization guided by a diverse group of Indigenous knowledge keepers, water protectors and land defenders), to build capacity for an Indigenous-led divestment movement. George is currently working on a short film that shares the intrinsic connection the Tsleil-Waututh people have to the “Burrard” Inlet.

DALLAS HUNT is Cree and a member of Wapsewsipi (Swan River First Nation) in Treaty Eight territory in northern Alberta. He has had creative works published in *Contemporary Verse 2*, *Prairie Fire*, *PRISM international* and *Arc Poetry*. His first children's book, *Awâsis and the World-famous Bannock*, was published through Highwater Press in 2018 and his book of poetry, *CREELAND* (Nightwood Editions, 2021), is concerned with notions of home and the quotidian attachments we feel to those notions, even across great distances. Hunt is Assistant Professor of Indigenous literatures at the University of British Columbia.

CAMILA MARAMBIO is a curator, writer and performance artist. She holds a PhD in Curatorial Practice from Monash University in Melbourne, Australia (2019), a Master of Experiments in Art and Politics from Sciences Po in Paris (2012) and an MA in Modern Art from Columbia University (2004). She was a postdoc fellow at *The Seedbox: A Mistra-Formas Environmental Humanities Collaboratory* in 2021 and in 2022 she curated the Chilean Pavilion at the 59th Venice Biennale. She is the founder and director of the nomadic research practice *Ensayos*, which focuses on the political ecology of the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego. Her writing has been published in numerous art journals and her co-authored book *Slow Down Fast, A Toda Raja* with Cecilia Vicuña was published by Errant Bodies Press (2019). Her upcoming book *Sandcastles: A Planetary Ethics of Softness*, co-authored with gender studies scholar and poet Nina Lykke, thinks/feels cancer from an environmentally embodied perspective. The creative research for this book gives rise to the ongoing performance *Transit in The House of Cancer* in collaboration with Ariel Bustamante.

ROBYN MAYNARD is a Toronto-based writer and scholar, the author of *Policing Black Lives: State Violence in Canada from Slavery to the Present* (Fernwood, 2017), and the co-author of *Rehearsals for Living* (Knopf/Haymarket, 2022). She holds the position of Assistant Professor of Black Feminisms in Canada in the Department of Historical and Cultural Studies at the University of Toronto-Scarborough. Her work on policing, borders, abolition and Black liberation has won multiple awards and has been translated into French, German and Mandarin.

DIAN MILLION is Associate Professor of American Indian Studies and an affiliated faculty in Canadian Studies, the Comparative History of Ideas Program and the English Department at University of Washington. Million received her MA in ethnic studies in 1998 and her PhD from the University of California, Berkeley, in 2004. Million's most recent research explores the politics of mental and physical health with attention to affect as it informs race, class and gender in Indian Country. She is the author of *Therapeutic Nations: Healing in an Age of Indigenous Human Rights* (University of Arizona Press, 2013) as well as articles, chapters and poems, including “Felt Theory: An Indigenous Feminist Approach to Affect and History,” “Intense Dreaming: Theories, Narratives and Our Search for Home” and “A River Runs through Me: Theory from Life,” in *Theorizing Native Studies* (Duke University Press, 2013). She teaches courses on Indigenous politics, literatures, feminisms and social issues.

CECILY NICHOLSON is the author of four books, and past recipient of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize and the Governor General's Literary Award for poetry. She has held the Ellen and Warren Tallman Writer in Residence at Simon Fraser University, and Writer in Residence at the University of Windsor. She teaches

at Emily Carr University of Art + Design, and collaborates with community impacted by carcerality and food insecurity.

LEANNE BETASAMOSAKE SIMPSON is a Michi Saagiig Nishnaabeg scholar, writer and musician. She is the author of seven previous books, including the novel *Noopiming: A Cure for White Ladies*, shortlisted for the Dublin Literary prize and the Governor General's award for fiction. Simpson's latest album, *Theory of Ice*, released by You've Changed Records was released in 2021 and shortlisted for the Polaris Prize. Her latest project in collaboration with Robyn Maynard is *Rehearsals for Living* (Knopf/Haymarket, 2022).

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### IMAGE CREDITS:

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Fat Man Atomic Bomb Blueprint, Los Alamos National Laboratory/Science Photo Library; Johannes Kepler's Platonic-Solids Model of the Solar System and Assignment to the Elements from *Mysterium Cosmographicum*.







