



Faculty of Art

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## Images of Canada: Canadian bank notes

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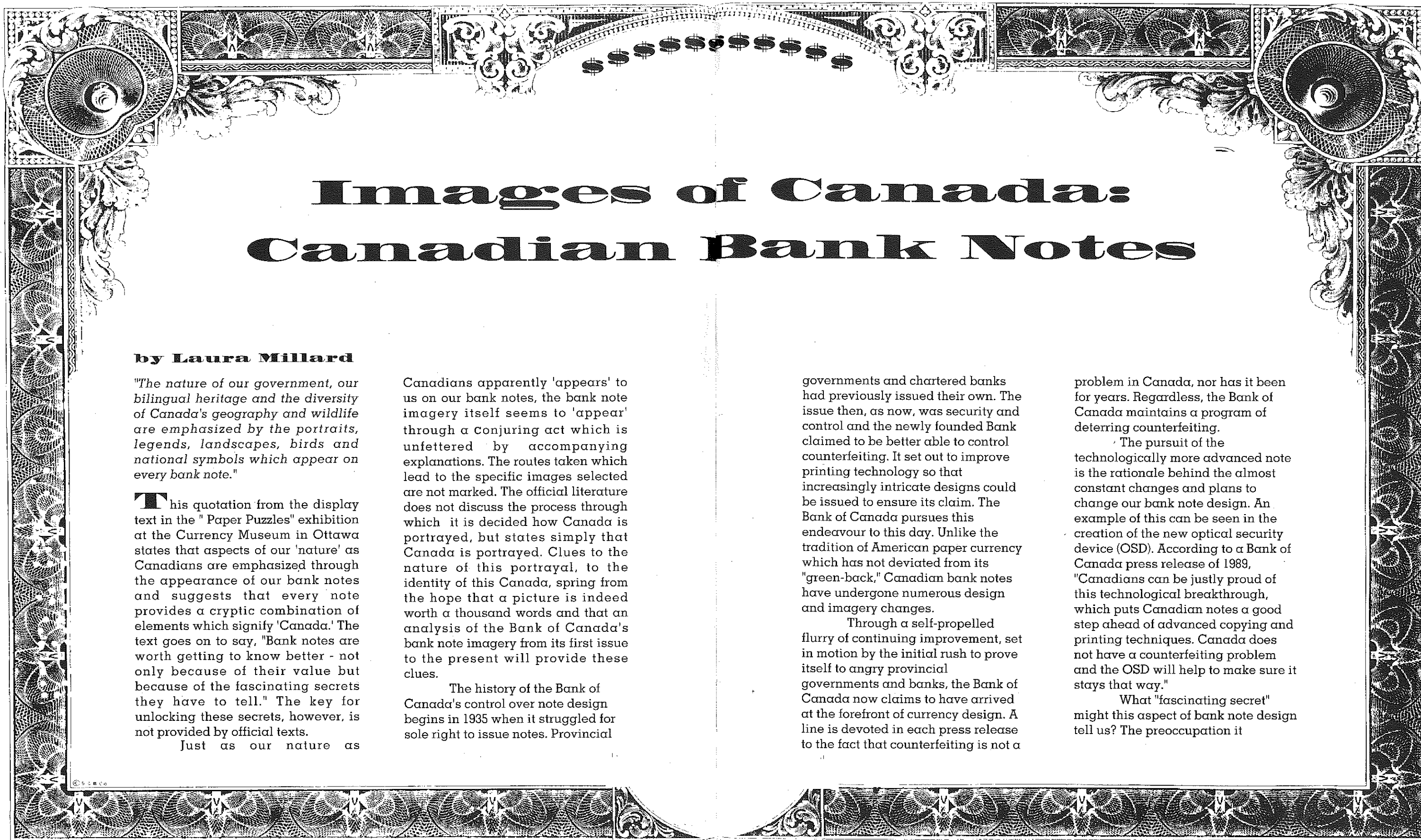
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# Images of Canada: Canadian Bank Notes

by Laura Millard

*"The nature of our government, our bilingual heritage and the diversity of Canada's geography and wildlife are emphasized by the portraits, legends, landscapes, birds and national symbols which appear on every bank note."*

This quotation from the display text in the "Paper Puzzles" exhibition at the Currency Museum in Ottawa states that aspects of our 'nature' as Canadians are emphasized through the appearance of our bank notes and suggests that every note provides a cryptic combination of elements which signify 'Canada.' The text goes on to say, "Bank notes are worth getting to know better - not only because of their value but because of the fascinating secrets they have to tell." The key for unlocking these secrets, however, is not provided by official texts.

Just as our nature as

Canadians apparently 'appears' to us on our bank notes, the bank note imagery itself seems to 'appear' through a conjuring act which is unfettered by accompanying explanations. The routes taken which lead to the specific images selected are not marked. The official literature does not discuss the process through which it is decided how Canada is portrayed, but states simply that Canada is portrayed. Clues to the nature of this portrayal, to the identity of this Canada, spring from the hope that a picture is indeed worth a thousand words and that an analysis of the Bank of Canada's bank note imagery from its first issue to the present will provide these clues.

The history of the Bank of Canada's control over note design begins in 1935 when it struggled for sole right to issue notes. Provincial

governments and chartered banks had previously issued their own. The issue then, as now, was security and control and the newly founded Bank claimed to be better able to control counterfeiting. It set out to improve printing technology so that increasingly intricate designs could be issued to ensure its claim. The Bank of Canada pursues this endeavour to this day. Unlike the tradition of American paper currency which has not deviated from its "green-back," Canadian bank notes have undergone numerous design and imagery changes.

Through a self-propelled flurry of continuing improvement, set in motion by the initial rush to prove itself to angry provincial governments and banks, the Bank of Canada now claims to have arrived at the forefront of currency design. A line is devoted in each press release to the fact that counterfeiting is not a

problem in Canada, nor has it been for years. Regardless, the Bank of Canada maintains a program of deterring counterfeiting.

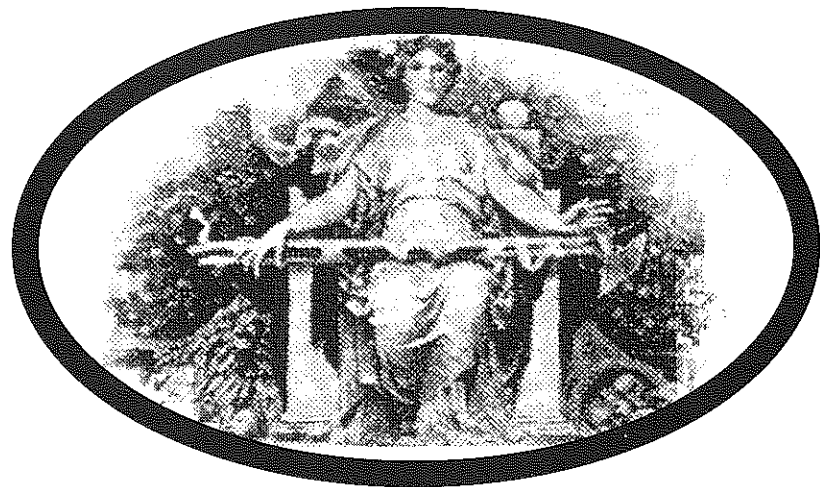
The pursuit of the technologically more advanced note is the rationale behind the almost constant changes and plans to change our bank note design. An example of this can be seen in the creation of the new optical security device (OSD). According to a Bank of Canada press release of 1989, "Canadians can be justly proud of this technological breakthrough, which puts Canadian notes a good step ahead of advanced copying and printing techniques. Canada does not have a counterfeiting problem and the OSD will help to make sure it stays that way."

What "fascinating secret" might this aspect of bank note design tell us? The preoccupation it

suggests with security, control and the law, is met with the relentless pursuit of a technology that will ensure the maintenance of that preoccupation, in spite of the fact that there are no real threats or enemies to protect against. Compare this with the situation in the United States which have, according to the Currency Museum's employee, the most counterfeited currency in the world, and yet employ design technology equivalent to what ours was in

1935. Perhaps the American government is just less inclined to interrupt the cash flow of its spirited entrepreneurs, but more certainly it shows that country's own preoccupation with its history and the tradition of its "green-back."

Beginning with its first issue in 1935, which was issued in separate French and English versions, the images presented on both versions were as follows:



**ONE**

"Agriculture allegory: Seated female with agricultural products."

\$2.00 bill: "Harvest allegory: Seated female with fruits of harvest."

\$5.00 bill: "Electric Power allegory: Seated male with symbols of electricity."

\$10.00 bill: "Transportation allegory: Mercury with ships, trains and planes."

\$20.00 bill: "Toiler allegory: Kneeling male exhibiting the produce of the field to the Spirit of Agriculture."

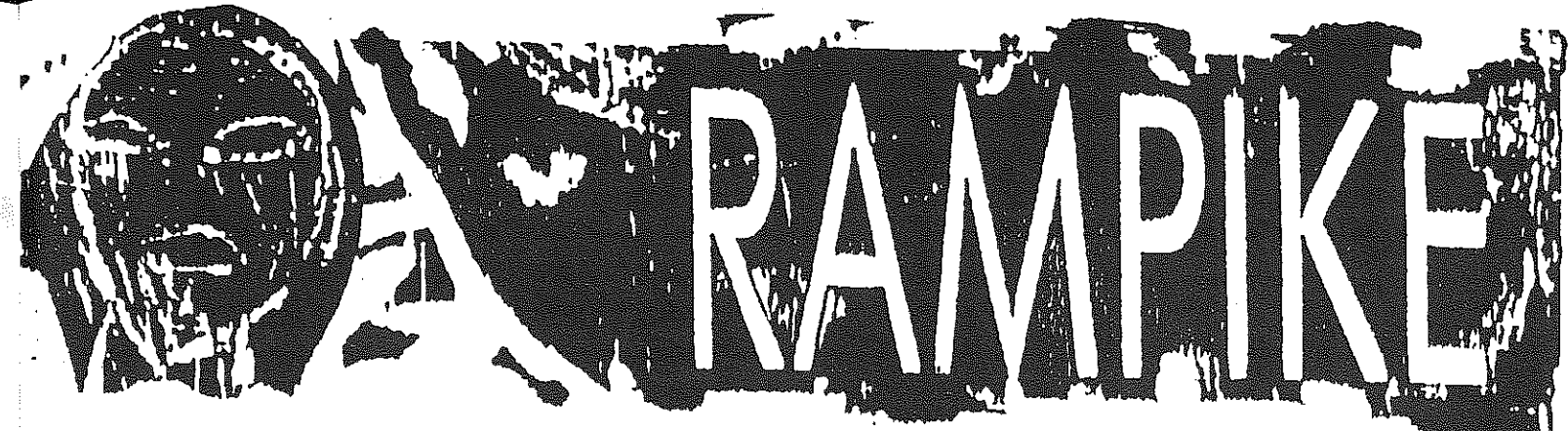
\$50.00 bill: "Modern Inventions allegory: Seated female with symbols of radio broadcasting."

\$100.00 bill: "Commerce and Industry allegory: Seated male showing ship to child, harbour scene and blast furnace in background."

The same images were used on the following 1937 bilingual issue. When I first saw these images I was taken aback by how foreign they appear, slightly European but predominantly American. The promise, the optimism and the reassurance offered by the supernatural beings portrayed are not aspects of the nature of Canada as I understand it. Portrayed in these bank notes is what Gaile McGregor, in *The Wacousta Syndrome, Explorations in Canadian Landscape*, describes as the American colonist's experience of the New World environment: "Under the influence of the millennial expectations of the 17th

century, the early American colonist, borrowing concepts from scriptural explication, tended to interpret the empirical environment predominantly in terms of signs or types of supernatural events." Through this association, "the entire world became charged with cosmic significance and every human life was seen as part of a cosmic conflict between the forces of Good and Evil."

The landscapes in these images have been won over by Good. The landscape is set in the distance and poses no threat, only the promise of space fully inhabitable and hospitable. It is almost



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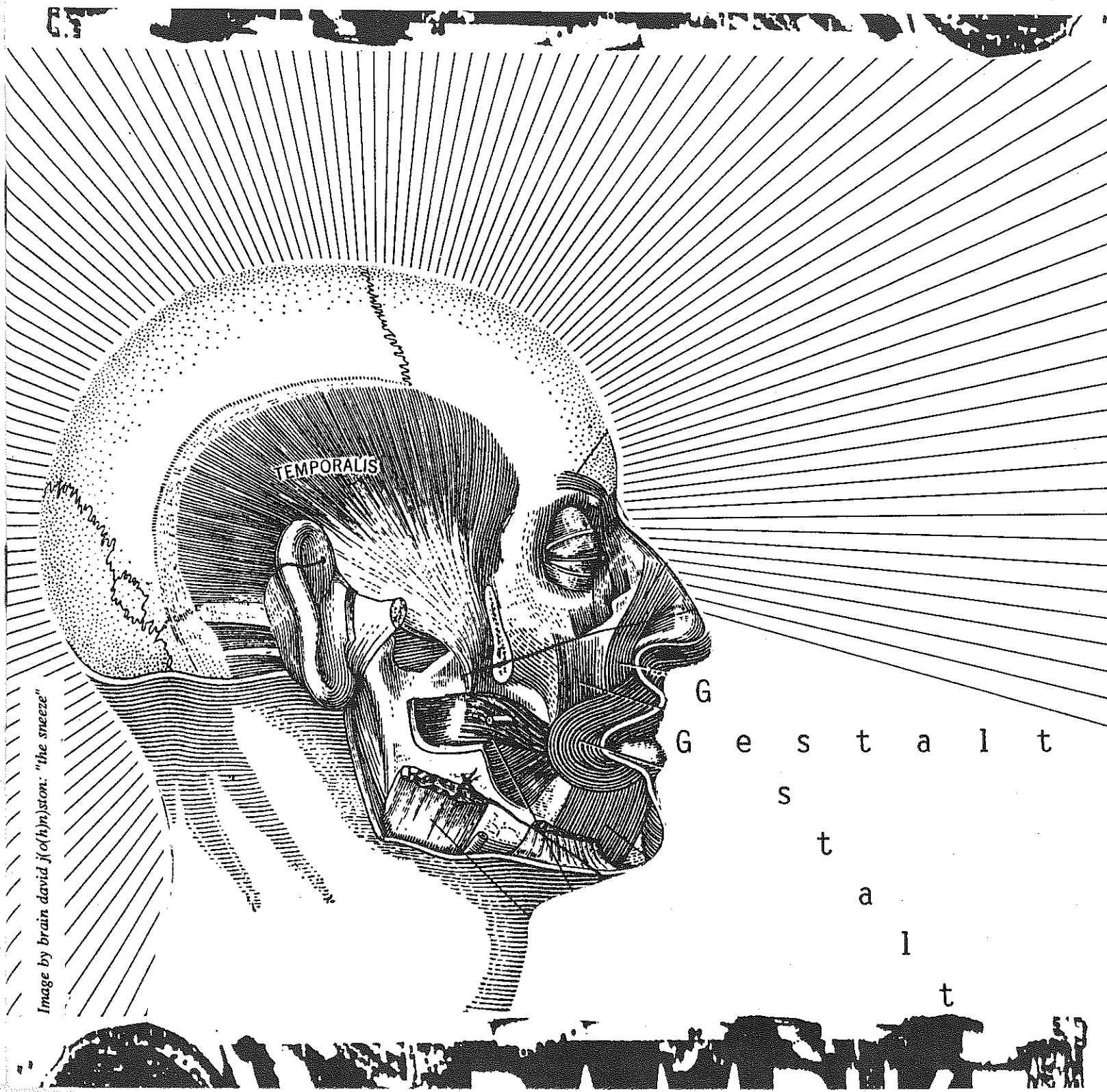


Image by brain david j(ohn)ston: "the sneeze"

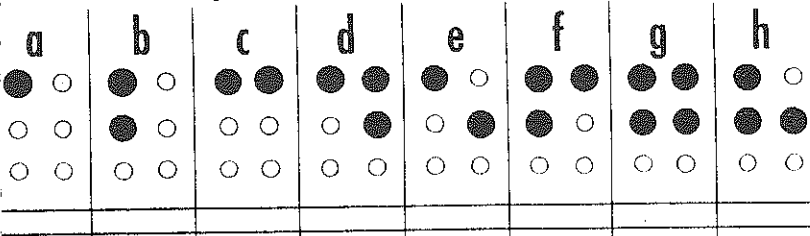


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EDITORIAL: This is the first *Rampike Literary Supplement* to appear anywhere. In the spirit of cooperation, *Borderlines* magazine has generously invited *Rampike* to include a literary supplement within its pages on a semi-regular basis. This current edition includes a range of works by writers and artists from across North America. In future, we will expand our horizons and continue our policy of publishing the new and the innovative in recent art and writing by emerging as well as established talents from around the world. The *Rampike Literary Supplement* will continue the tradition of *Rampike magazine* which has an on-going policy of seeking out modes of expression that are inventive in structure and/or concept. Upcoming supplements will include interviews with writers and artists, and will feature a range of texts & images by authors, visual artists, performance artists and theoreticians. Within the context of *The Rampike/Borderlines Literary Supplement* we will indulge in a polyphony of voices, a ram-blur-border-pike-line that lies beyond the inspected, rejected, expected, and disconnected. *Rampike* regularly enters into a textual subterfuge and celebrates the disjunctive, the genre-bending and the heretofore, unknown. As editors of this modest first edition, we look forward to this new forum. We thank our steady readers for their on-going support in the past, and we welcome all new readers to these pages!

Sincerely -- J. Francis, C. Turner, K. Jirgens, 1993.

# Chippoke Na Gomi\*

by Misha

It is raining sand and dirt. It slithers down in truckloads and flows around his feet, spattering his shoes and his gray slacks and the hem of his duster. The red bricks of the station platform spit at him as he leans forward to catch sight of his connection.

His leather bags heel at his feet like two black lizards. He grabs their collars and drags them hissing across the gritty floor of the station.

He frowns, straining with the luggage. It grows heavier with every mile.

He focuses on a shadow etched against the wall. It is a shadow of a missing person bent over in thought.

His eyes bounce the room. He sees the eclipsed woman in a soft sable coverall. The coverall has a flame colored lantern patch on the shoulder. She is leaning forward with her elbows on her knees. Her head is down and her hands are lightly held in interlocking fingers. When he blinks she is all flat again, like a shadow.

He slides the bags over to the bench and sits down. He brushes the raindust off of his coat and stares at her. The sun slides through an opening in the cloud. Small strings of dust float from the ceiling toward the floor.

He sneezes. A brown bottle bounces across the tile floor. He turns and sees a tattered derelict stagger out of the door. From him rags unravel and fall into the debris of the station. The sake bottle rolls up against a hairy dust bunny under the benches.

A huge column of purple and orange flame is rising. A phone jangles and echoes in the station. He turns his head. The stationmaster croaks into the receiver. He cocks his head expectantly, listening.

He hears someone crying on the other end of the line. He looks at the shadow woman. Her coverall is stained at the knees and elbows with a thick white ash. She is wearing scorched hightops with yellow flames embossed on them.

Carbonized timbers and beams twist and burn hundreds of feet above the ground.

He can't ever remember being this tired. Or this thirsty. He hopes to waken himself in her conversation.

"In Japan they have trains that travel 120 miles an hour and this one is 120 minutes late."

She looks straight ahead, then slowly turns her head toward him. She has the dusky complexion and features of an Aino but he decides she is American Indian.

"Were you in Japan?" Her voice is soft bran. It makes his throat itch.

"That's right." He coughs into his white gloves. "I've been studying Japanese dust."

Although her eyes are huge and dark, he can't help but notice that they are inflamed and sticky at the corners. A little whitish matter clings there.

He rubs his nose. "I'm a konologist."

An inch thick of gray ash covers everything. As he tries to write her a letter, the brush drags into the ash falling on the rice paper.

She chews the inside of her cheek. Her feral look and a strange efflorescence on her cheeks alarm him.

He pulls out his white kerchief. She scrunches up her nose. "Konologist." The word breaks in her mouth, as if she spoke around grains of sand.

Her voice grates on him but he continues.

"The study of dust." He slides closer to her to obscure her shadow. He notices she is wearing a fine covering of face

powder which makes her skin look slightly farinaceous. Her bruised looking eyes fasten on his bags. "And what is in there? Dust I suppose."

He is reluctant to answer. A strange weakness sluices in his bowels and travels down his legs. He wants to lie down.

He has no energy to hunt her ashes in the ruins. That the train is late is amplified in the cave-like hollowness of the station. The only sound besides the falling of the dust and his raspy breathing, is the heavy impact of the freight cars slamming together in the yard. Metal couples spark against metal couples, throwing minute particles of oil soaked dirt into the air. Rusty filings grind on the track as steel rolls on steel.

He smiles at her. Her return smile is hot ice. A terrible thirst.

He is feeling better, more at home. He calls to the stationmaster. "Could you please tell me what the hold up is?"

"Bad dust storm about thirty miles out. They're clearing the tracks now." After he speaks his face disintegrates into chalky disinterest.

He rolls his eyes at the woman shakes his head slowly. He brushes some lint off of his knees.

He checks his watch, then slaps his hand over it. He has just changed it to pacific time and finds it is still reading Tokyo time July 15, a whole day ahead.

Boats of lantern fire. The sable woman stares at his bag.

He sighs and stands up. "Excuse me," he says and walks to the pay telephone. It is grimy with use. Little circles of white had been cleared by fingertips dragging in the caked dirt beneath the dial wheel. He removes his gloves.

He dials his house and after a time there is an answer. It is his wife-- living migraine.

"The train has been delayed. I didn't want you to worry." "I was napping, asleep." There were hisses in the Migraine's mouth, between her sharp white teeth.

"I'll be along anytime." He is cutting into her chest with a letter opener. Her skin is like a paper bag. Lint and thick gray dust pour out of her lungs, along with pins, seeds, and an apple green condom of a kind he never wears. It is sticky with semen and dog hair.

His wife is silent while he does this, then answers "Fine." in a voice that means he is not welcome.

He feels his whole life comminated into this one emotionless phone call.

A miasma of heat and dust. He sits near the shadow woman. She seems to crumble in front of his eyes. Dust swirls in the open door of the station.

"I think some of the dust is leaking out of those bags." Her face is deadpan, as if she is serious.

A laugh splinters his throat. "No, its all sealed in vacuum jars." He reaches into his bag and pulls out a small glass jar of ashy looking dust.

The woman shimmers in a sudden bright shaft of light. Lightning, roar, rice white calx, black soil.

"I think some of that dust has escaped." She repeats. He studies the jar closely, shaking it in the air to catch the light. "Impossible."

She doesn't seem convinced. He feels he needs to make an explanation. "You see, dust is a fascinating thing. Have you ever, for example, looked at dust under an electron microscope?"

A sheet of sun falls through the window. She shakes her head.

He sets the jar of dust on the bench, reaches over into his bag and removes a thin green book.

He opens it to a page that is covered with large grains of grayish rice.

"What do you suppose that is?" he asks as he hands her

the book and slides close enough to see it over her shoulder. She shrugs. He sniffs her odor of baby powder. He wonders why women wash off and then dust themselves with talcum.

He glances at her and seems caught in her flat black eyes. A line of sweat pops out on his upper lip.

She stares at the plate a moment and then speaks in a dull, uninterested voice. "Dust."

He draws the kanji for man in the powder. He is disappointed she knows his answer. "That's right!"

Though most people would say 'grains of rice'. Look at this." It is a 100 times enlargement of a piece of pollen. It looks like a small moon pitted with craters.

He points to another grainy photo. It is a monstrous creature with a vicious set of mandibles and repulsive grape-like clusters on its hairy legs.

A mass for dead insects. "This tiger mite is too small to be identified by the naked eye, and yet--" he points to the clusters, "It has its own parasites even smaller."

He looks closely at the plate himself, though he has seen it many times, this time he sees something different. He sees a human face trapped between two tiny pieces of dust.

He snaps the book shut and tosses it in his bag. He holds up his jar of dust and peers at the label. "Dust tells us much about our history. You might be interested to know," he says boldly, "That this dust from Nagasaki is still radioactive. Even after all these years."

A crimson display of pyrotechnics explodes in her eyes. "Yes, that's right." He replaces the jar carefully, as if it is worth its weight in gold. "This dust is full of pulverized buildings, books, dinnerware, bamboo stalks and grains of rice - remnants of a great city."

A field of carbonated bone. He talks on a bit, but notices her obsession soon enough.

"Excuse me but," he captures her attention. She looks at him with cold mineral eyes.

They are like highly polished mirrors and in them he can see it. A huge column of dust traveling up and up and finally spreading out in a horizontal bank of cloud. In the cloud, thousands of faces, ancestors come for bon mitsuri.

She points at his shoes. "They're covered with the victims of Nagasaki."

Before he replies, the bellowing of the diesel horn, the grating of steel on pitted steel and the roaring of the engine meet his ears.

From the west a terrible arimitama wind. He jumps forward to grab her hand and the skin peels off just like a glove. She suddenly flares in a pillar of fire and a wave of intense heat sears his eyes.

He falls to his knees and cries out in terror and pain. The train roars in and pulls away while he is still kneeling in the station with a handful of crematory ashes.

It is pale dust, gray and gritty and still warm. A fine sandy loess blows about his knees.

The station is whirling with small dust devils. Through them he can see a dark shape.

"Ahhh!" He staggers to his feet and runs forward. She is not there but her shadow remains permanently scorched into the station wall.

He exclaims again and holds the ashes tightly in his fist. The tighter he holds them, the more they slip through his fingers.

\*\*\*

With each step he takes he shakes the dust from his feet. His eyes seem to stare blankly ahead.

But he is focussing very intently on one thing. The tiny motes of dust dancing in a red shaft of sunlight.

\*tiny dust

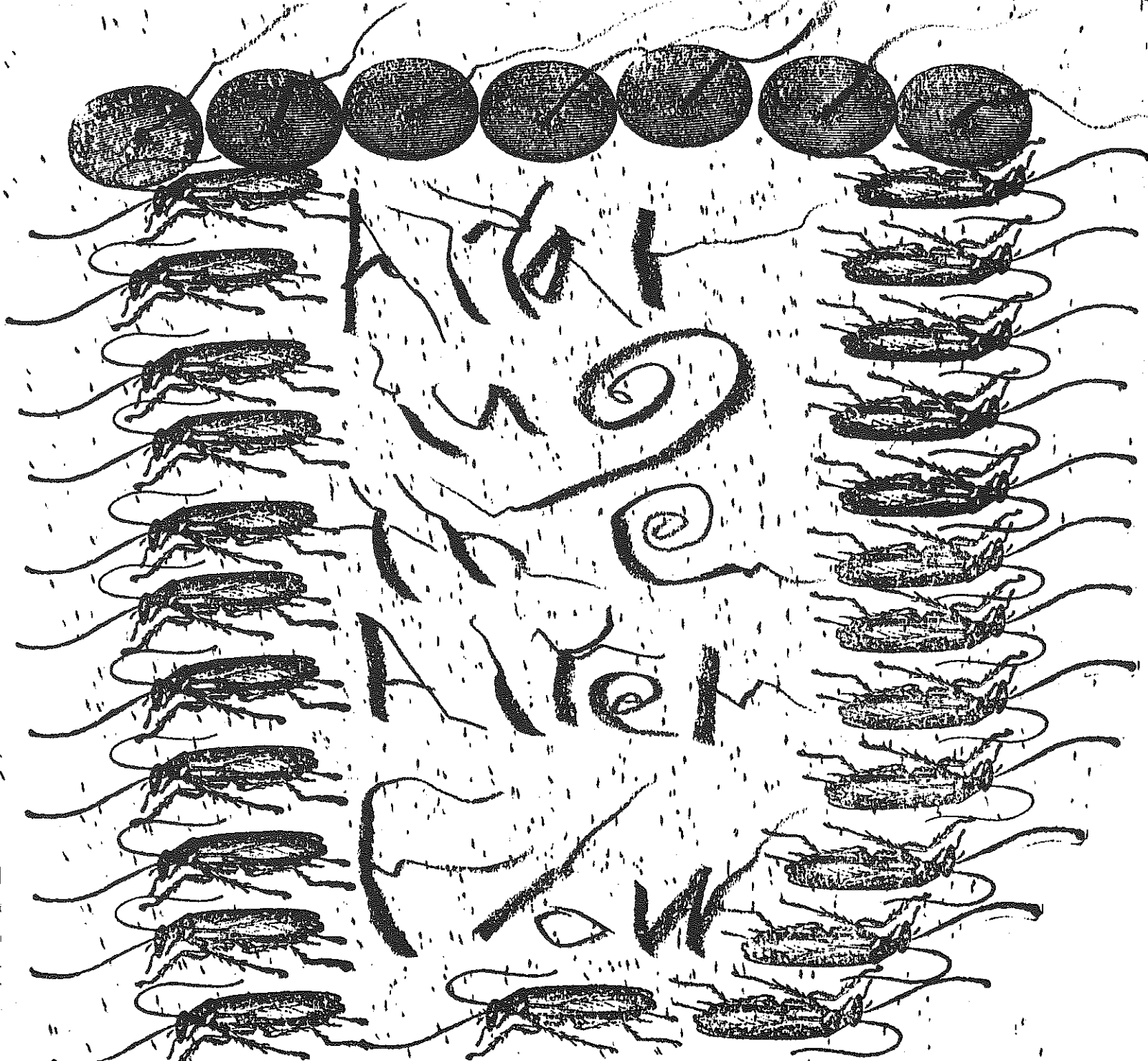


Image "Altering" and text "Autophagia" by John M. Bennett

But I lint from that table at my pants brushing,  
 thin stacks of skin completion, off the edge slipping,  
 where you, on the door lentils chewing, staring (at  
 me?) with leguminous eyes; Ah's all swarmed in a  
 cloud-of-hats, different brimmings o'er the same  
 sweaty hands' holding-it-on (but I went from that  
 cradle in my grave rushing, laughless as I scraped  
 my chair and my face brushed off, just a grin under  
 my back pockets' inversion) So I, toward you, took a  
 step sloped, swallowed my eating, tried for my  
 tongue's conversion...

## Two Poems by John Donlan

### The Me

I'm not hip here.  
 I can never get enough credentials!  
 Don't take yourself for too real.  
 Easier to carry a frog than a snake.  
 All those looking for a short-term relationship  
 raise your right paw.  
 Eyeshine, ardent talk shimmer and pop  
 self, bubbleshell between  
 nature and nature.  
 Flying out of our skins, we  
 sparks rush into the gap left by John Clare.  
 TV vampire romance queen reclines  
 on bourgeois icon,  
 timesharing memory, will, sense  
 for the effect of simultaneity,  
 life-based thinking...  
 Forget who's watching  
 secret raccoons wash and eat.  
 Repeat No Voice, No voice, walking through  
 unimproved land.

### Just Do It

This was Zhou En-Lai's cot, with its worn blanket -  
 nearly all he owned.  
 He was part of the new style, the new  
 attitude they call reckoning with death.  
 He aimed to violate some principles,  
 firmly held beliefs that look so different from the back.  
 Let's empty just one day of content, let's  
 dump its time out and waste it.  
 Martha I'm mourning,  
 painting the sacred book black.  
 Even grief has its utility,  
 plastic, molten, raging at the shapes  
 imposed on it by its handler.  
 They burn us, and we burn back, until the bars  
 between the crowd and the caged crazy animal  
 are gone at last. Symbols of old order  
 go next, and then the long forging begins  
 again, those chains of chilling generations.  
 Some of us by the stove were missed out. Water beads  
 racing over the iron: where do they go?

## The Photographer Listens As the Shutter Closes

by Serge Mongrain  
translated by Judith Cowan

Shed by the intestines of the buffalo  
 the Altamira fresco  
 sculpts itself into the rocky conformations  
 the destiny of the walls  
 and the movement of the stones.  
 This which is possible to the eyes  
 this anarchy of the hands  
 forges in the very iron itself  
 its alliance with the flames

In the silence  
 there is the blonde stretched out on the bench  
 who listens, inviting absence  
 there is the frame of bone, pulling muscles  
 there is the weight of the eyelash  
 In the gnawing silence  
 everything unfolds as foreseen  
 everything halts for the flight of the fly  
 everything cries out as if its throat  
 had been cut by song  
 In these silences of ecstasy  
 an everydayness sees to everything  
 a week is worth what a week is worth  
 a century as weightless as an eternal beginning

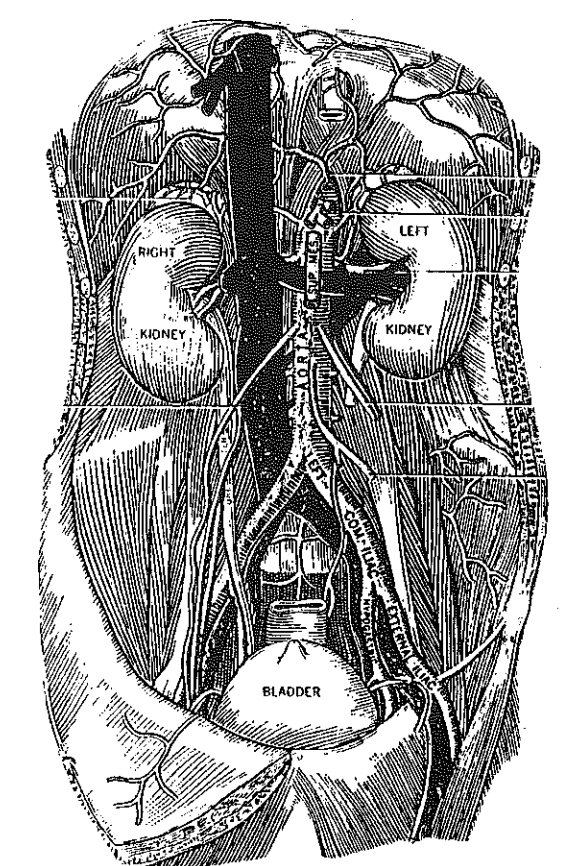


Image by brian david j(o(h)n)ston "melancholy"

# Riddle in Silk

by Yves Troendle

A young woman parts the crimson velvet drapes and tiptoes into an ornate but deserted drawing room. Except that now she's standing in it. She looks very pretty, and very French. A maid's lacy cap is perched atop her waves of dark hair. Silk stockings give a magical sheen to her shapely legs. Pinned, as it were, on an unseen stare. The story is mainly about these stockings, though they're artfully introduced as incidental. They were sent by a pilot, Mike Traynor, from Cuba to this place, the palatial home of Ralph Vallon, a deep-voiced, silver-haired man who radiates wealth and distinction. Enable a can, elicit kneeling, diamond bursting from the certainty, flash seams a thunder. Vallon, you see, had hired Mike to develop long-range photography in the lonely air lanes above the Caribbean. Mike had a top-notch collection of sky maps. Down the corridors of cumuli, doors are numberless. While scurrying down the marble hallway, the maid glimpsed a man's swarthy face in a passing mirror. Or rim. .mir rO .r im...

Now she's haunted by the fear that he glimpsed her own!

You mean a plane flying over enemy territory could map their location and beam images back to headquarters? A deathly quiet, except for the maid's frightened panting, and rain hissing on the windows. You could almost hold the room in your hands, like a box filled with magic light. The pretty maid's lips are vivid scarlet, her face dead white-- chalky with terror. There is a telephone on a carved oak desk. The desk, with gilt griffin feet, and hiding tiny compartments, comes from successively older mansions (counting backwards); the telephone comes from a factory. Trees and spires attract lightning, just as a needle does electrical fire. Nanette, the maid, walks briskly up to it. Exactly! And Mike did it! He promised to send the secret in code, but all I ever got was... silk stockings from Havana! Nanette unhooks it furtively. After drinking scotch, the men lit cigars. Lubricity his hand down spiked, slap jasmine, grip the balustrade. "Ello. Important. I want ze policeman!"

But before Mike could send an explanation under separate cover, he was downed somewhere over the Gulf-- killed by agents of a war-like power. The last postcard he sent showed an orange sky, and sounded like a distant bugle. Images flicker, memory shaves, departs by the light of his shirt. So it was up to Vallon to figure out how the secret message was encoded in the silk. He walked up cold marble steps, leaving prints in the dew. Hold still so I can scribble all over you. He asked his niece, the gorgeous Dorthea, to wear them.

The perfect place to hide an invisible message-- for all eyes to see! First of many paradoxes. All guises of desire. We gaze her into life. Her whisper is barely audible. And nobody replies. The various brass fixtures on the telephone reflect the electric bulbs that light the room. And silver lightning shudders in the polish of the oak desk-top. Nanette spins around and clutches the edge of the desk, her knuckles turning white, but sees nothing.

And, standing by this very desk, Dorthea Vallon will soon be telling Scott Brickley, private investigator, that after drinking down some strangely bitter-tasting scotch in her room that evening, she'd fainted. Satin, sink, colossus, kiss, red dust, his ornaments. Now all Nanette can hear is the pulse

of blood in her ear. Dorthea recovered her senses-- and leapt upright with a gasp! Nanette glances behind the desk, and gasps! Someone had removed Dorthea's slippers-- and her garters were unhooked! The telephone wire is slashed! Those stockings meant the difference between peace and war on the Continent! Then the room is plunged into utter darkness.

Nanette can only see vague gray and yellow shapes swimming in the black. Darkness apprehends her. This excites the rest of us. Looking, after all, requires a distance at which to focus; darkness flows right in, pressing on her beating chest. Leaping into the room, the intruder will swing the muzzle of his Luger dead on Brickley. "Do not moof!" From out of the dark, a silver blur leaps at Nanette. Everyone will record surprise-- Ralph Vallon by gripping the carved crest of his walking stick, Dorthea by tossing back her honey locks, her eyes spitting ice. Her skin is like moonlight. Our hands are in huge black velvet gloves sprinkled with stars. And clouds are out collecting electrical fire. Go now, king one, dawn affront like knowledge cry. Except, that is, the private eye, at whose chest the barrel will be pointing! "I will need ze stockings, Mademoiselle. Remoof dem!"

"Do as he says, Dorthea," Ralph Vallon will coolly advise. Taste decorum, label ecstasy askew. She released enormous florid fans, their heads in milk. Slowly, with her face flushing, Dorthea will lift the hem of her silver evening gown to her knee.

She will hold the gown bunched like silver froth against her thigh while the other hand vanishes to deftly unhook the garter. Rain rippling down the tall windows will hammer its patterns across the room on stuttering lightning. The manor is on a hill. The hill is in America. In Europe, soldiers are dying. Ralph Vallon will cough, and then gaze at the intruder. This intruder, a swarthy man in a dark suit, who seems to block light, will glance apprehensively from Brickley to Dorthea's leg and back. Brickley will be resting against the writing-desk-- exactly where Nanette stands now as her red mouth flies open to utter a scream. Dorthea's leg is caught in a sinister web on doubles, symbols, ciphers. Sapphires you when Orion peel her fingers wing, memory, the ruby chamber, shin. There will be a faint sound of moist crackling as she peels the stocking down. A hand gloved in cool leather clamps over the maid's open mouth.

It was, or it seemed to be, a perfectly natural sequence of events. The windows were unfortunate. A man passed within six feet, but they did not see him. Suddenly the figure dissolving rushed together must have turned stone bright, magnificently clad. Himself stunned in the palm trees, he risked loosing his man in pillars of ink. A warning touch on his sleeve sent them both. Moonlight. Gesticulating at the window, Vallon will sputter: "B-but aren't you going to chase him?"

But the figure hurtling through the rain for the rope hanging from the garden wall will be going nowhere. Paradox. What do you mean? Lay it on the table! Crotchety bell-masters dropping wooden dreams. Huh? I don't get you. Resolution. Well, when Nanette found her mistress lying unconscious on her bed, she knew the thief was lurking somewhere in the house. And remember Della Street perched on Perry's desk for the wrap-up? Her long legs crossed. The *sense* life makes when viewed from the right keyhole! So the plucky girl quickly peeled off Miss Vallon's silk hose, and exchanged stockings with her so as to foil a spy plot. Unfortunately... The body goes limp in the murderous arms, and falls with a thud behind the desk. It will be Nanette's body, and the Vallons will gasp.

But that's a dick's job: produce the body, and expose the random as inevitable, after all. While overhead, rosettas converge. He'll realize soon enough that the prize he thinks he's clutching is still here, on the cold limbs on the very maid he slew! An overturned chair is set neatly back on its legs. Ask the

ants, glass departure, spoons. Wait-- isn't that an infra-red lamp on the desk? The dangling telephone receiver is dropped back into its cradle. Why, look at this weird purple bulb-- yes it is! Turn out the lights! With a dry snap, the ceiling lights blaze again, revealing a deserted room.

Except for the murderer's gloved hand, just now pulling the door shut. And of course Nanette's limp body. She lies there like an open book. One arm is thrown above her head. The concept "flesh". Under the infra-red lamp's ghastly glow, her legs will be suddenly covered with brilliant diagrams and glyphs, arranged in sinuous rows.

All those years, and now this ring. The sea churning and churning its dark harps. Break the body into webs that map out wholeness regained. The carved oak and brass clock on the mantle indicates the time. Late train, lizard blue, such is what is, or anyway, faces glass told. Exactly 11:17.

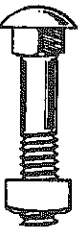
Muffled by the tightly-shut double doors, hurried steps and anxious voices can be heard coming down the hallway. Gazing at the legs while Brickley holds the lamp aloft, each person will betray a shock of recognition. The lenses of Ralph Vallon's glasses will reflect the glyphs in bright inverted miniature. Someone just outside exclaims, "Pray to God we're not too late!" as the brass knobs turn.

# Rose World

by Edward Mycue

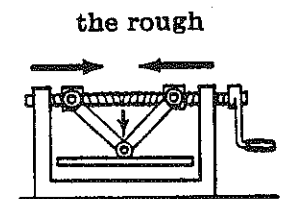
(for Donna M. Lane, inspired by her own story, STUCK, published 8 March 1992 in the Sunday San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle "Image" magazine, pp.20-23).

Carthefts  
makeup  
cellular phones  
the beggars are bone-thin, filthy  
a thin paper crust surrounds an electronic core  
--an interface you read the data on,  
and then recycle it--  
songs, drawings, stories, tearful memories  
: phantom memory patterns  
in huge computer databanks  
reduce to one small chip  
or grain  
like phantom hair  
that itches where the hair had been  
where the amputated little finger was  
but not where the radiophone stolen  
from the Toyota  
was --  
but all, feeling and unfeeling, are  
addicted, squeezed, stung  
by fate lurking under the rose bush  
in the form of a bent, used hypodermic needle  
wrapped in a newspaper  
like some piñata paper balloon  
surrounding a virus hand grenade.



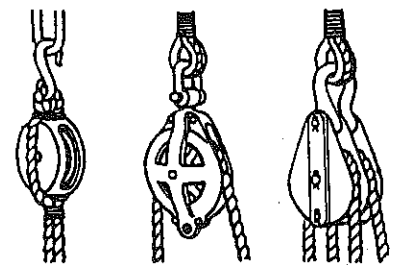
ab-sence

in the work of removal.



b eating

B locks



beheaded.

Textual Images by W. Mark Sutherland from: "Have you been DUCHAMP' d? Part 3"

# The Spacious Chambers of Her Heart

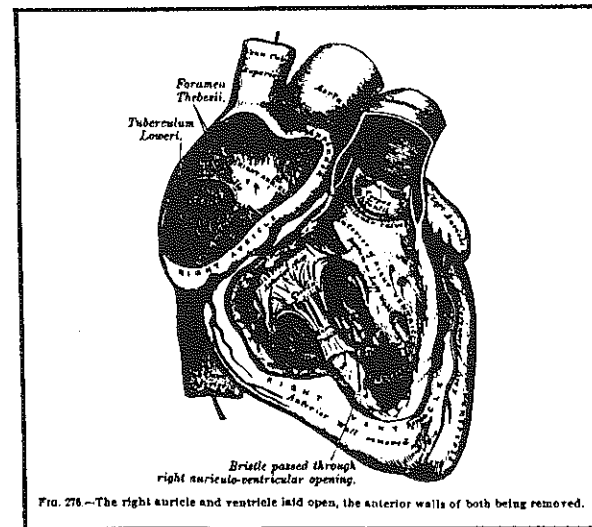
by Diane Schoemperlen

"The heart, in the adult, measures five inches in length, three inches and a half in breadth in the broadest part, and two inches and a half in thickness. The prevalent weight, in the male, varies from ten to twelve ounces; in the female, from eight to ten: its proportions to the body being as 1 to 169 in males; 1 to 149 in females. The heart continues increasing in weight, and also in length, breadth, and thickness, up to an advanced period in life."

--GRAY'S ANATOMY, 1901 EDITION

Evangeline Clark loved four things, and four things only. Her heart having only four chambers, spacious though they might be, she had limited herself to loving four things.

First there was music.



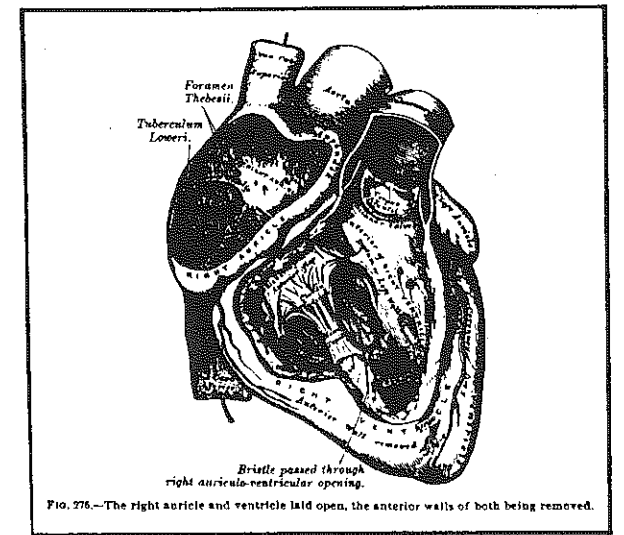
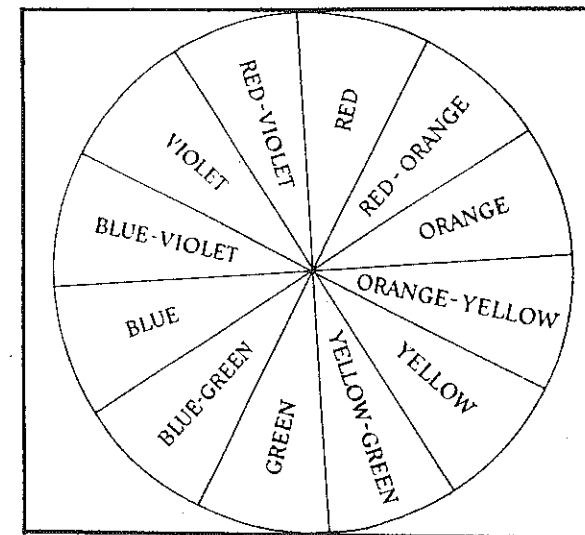
"The Right Auricle is a little larger than the left, its walls somewhat thinner, measuring about one line; and its cavity is capable of containing about two ounces."

This love she learned from and shared with her mother who was a pianist, long dead now but still an inspiration to Evangeline. The home of her childhood was always filled with music, her mother at the piano all morning and all afternoon. The meals were slapdash, the house was a mess, but always the air in the cluttered stuffy rooms was saturated with beauty and truth and just plain joy. Sometimes when she had insomnia due to the weight of the world on her slender shoulders, her mother would play Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words* in the middle of the night and the sound would come gently to Evangeline safe in her little bed, the high notes sprinkling around her like confetti, the low notes like an August downpour, quarter-sized raindrops on warm asphalt.

At the crucial moment of her life, when she might have become a concert pianist, her mother had become instead her mother. For that was how things were done in those days, one or the other, not both, multiple loves in those days being deemed mutually exclusive. Regret and resentment, like infidelity, were not acceptable maternal manifestations. For this, Evangeline was grateful.

Although she had no musical talent of her own and so had never learned to play any instrument, Evangeline kept the air in her house too always filled with music, any kind of music. There was country and western for hurtin', rock and roll for dancing, jazz for the nerves, blues for the blues, and classical for catharsis. And especially there was Mendelssohn for the middle of the night, to smooth the wrinkles out of the weight of the world.

Secondly there was colour.



"The Right Ventricle is triangular in form, and extends from the right auricle to near the apex of the heart. Its anterior or upper surface is rounded and convex, and forms the larger part of the front of the heart...The walls of the right ventricle are thinner than those of the left, the proportion between them being as 1 to 3...The cavity equals in size that of the left ventricle, and is capable of containing about three fluid ounces."

This love she was learning from and sharing with her husband, who was a painter, a very good painter whose vivid larger-than-life canvases were shown all over the continent. "Brilliant" and "electric" were the words most often applied by the critics, used indiscriminately, it seemed, to describe both the man himself and his provocative and penetrating use of colour. Her husband was indeed a brilliant and electric man, a volatile over-stimulated genius who was always painting in his studio or wanting to. Evangeline quickly discovered that most of the manoeuvres and mechanics of daily life struck him as mundane, if not a downright waste of time. From him she learned that all things, animal, vegetable or mineral (also plastic, polyester or nylon), were intrinsically important not because of function but because of colour, which is all the naked eye naturally cares about anyway. He spent a lot of time mixing colours, trying to create the true green of grass, the true blue of sky, the true red of blood, and the true ineffable colour of the sun, which was not yellow at all, though we had all been tricked from an early age into believing that it was. This search for the true colour of everything was, he said, like trying to create life in a test tube. But what is life, what is truth, what is the colour of your breath in the summer, what is the true colour of flesh?

Although she had no artistic talent of her own and so had never painted a painting or anything, Evangeline took great pains to keep her house (his house, their house) full of colour. She had a stained glass window installed in the bathroom so that her husband's naked body (also his naked eye) would glow like an illuminated prism in the shower. This calmed him down considerably because any form of clarity (plain glass, cellophane, Saran Wrap, or water) tormented him unbearably because it was unattainable. She was careful to dress herself in bright colours, yellow scarf, green blouse, blue skirt, red tights, purple shoes, because clearly her husband adored her when she appeared before him like this, with the bands of colour encircling her body like a rainbow or pretty ribbons, like wondrous bandages from her head to her toes.

Every morning her husband sat in his blue shirt at the breakfast table, surrounded by the still life she had so carefully arranged: the yellow egg yolks, the red jam, the brown coffee, the purple lilacs on the windowsill, his red lips, white teeth, chewing and smiling. And while he admired the orange juice shot through with sunlight, Evangeline was left breathless and intoxicated with the pleasure of her own power. Of course she didn't put it to her husband that way. Instead she said she was smiling because she was happy.

Thirdly there was language.

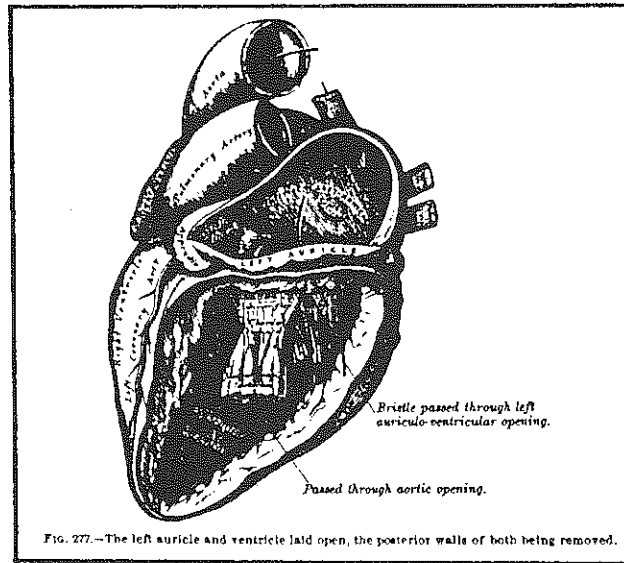


FIG. 277.—The left auricle and ventricle laid open, the posterior walls of both being removed.

**hearse** (hɜːrs) *n.* A vehicle for conveying a dead body to a cemetery. [ME *herse*, frame for holding candles.]  
**heart** (hɑːt) *n.* 1. *Anat.* The hollow muscular organ that pumps blood received from the veins into the arteries, thereby supplying the entire circulatory system. 2. The heart regarded as the seat of emotions, as: a. Mood. b. Compassion. c. Affection. d. Character or fortitude. 3. a. The innermost area or part. b. The essence: *the heart of the problem*. 4. Any of a suit of playing cards marked with a red, heart-shaped symbol. —*vt* *heart*. Essentially: fundamentally. —*by heart*. By rote. [*<* OE *heorte*. See *heave*.]  
**heart-ache** (hɑːt'æk) *n.* Emotional anguish; deep sorrow.  
**heart attack**. 1. Partial failure of the pumping action of the heart. 2. Any seizure of abnormal heart functioning, as a coronary thrombosis.  
**heart-beat** (hɑːt'biːt) *n.* A single complete pulsation of the heart.  
**heart-break** (hɑːt'breɪk) *n.* Intense grief or disappointment. —*heartbreaking* *adj.*  
**heart-burn** (hɑːt'bɜːn) *n.* A burning sensation in the stomach and oesophagus, caused by excess acidity of stomach fluids.  
**heart-on** (hɑːt'ɒn) *v.* To give strength or hope to; encourage.  
**heart-soft** (hɑːt'sɒft) *adj.* Deeply or sincerely felt.  
**hearth** (hɑːθ) *n.* 1. The floor of a fireplace, usually extending into a room. 2. The fireside; family life. 3. The lowest part of a blast furnace or cupola, from which the molten metal flows. [*<* OE *heort*. See *heave*.]  
**hearthstone** (hɑːθ'stoʊn) *n.* 1. Stone used in constructing a hearth. 2. The fireside; home.  
**heart-less** (hɑːt'lis) *adj.* Without compassion; ruthless; cruel. —*heartlessly* *adv.*  
**heath** (hiːθ) *n.* 1. An open, uncultivated tract of land covered with heather or similar plants. 2. A plant, as heather, that grows on such land. [*<* OE *Adri*. See *kello*.]  
**hee-thun** (hiː'tʊn) *n., pl.* *-thuns* or *-thun*. 1. One who adheres to a religion that does not acknowledge the God of Judaism, Christianity, or Islam. 2. One who is regarded as irreligious, uncivilized, or unenlightened. [*<* OE *Adriþun*. See *kello*.] —*hee-thun*, *heathenish* *adj.* —*hee-thun-dom* (*-dɒm*) *n.*  
**heath-er** (hiːθ'ɜː) *n.* A low-growing evergreen shrub having small purplish flowers and forming dense masses. [*Prob* *<* HEATH.]  
**heave** (hev) *v.* *heaved* or *chiefly* *heaved*. *heaves*. *heaving*. 1. To raise or lift. 2. To throw, esp. with great effort. 3. *Naut.* a. To pull on or haul. b. To push. 4. *Naut.* To come to be in a specified position: *The ship heaved alongside*. 5. To breathe or emit: *heaved a sigh*. 6. To rise up or swell. 7. *Informal*. To vomit. —*n.* 1. The act or strain of heaving. 2. *Informal*. A throw. 3. *heaves* (*rocks sing.* or *pl. v.*). A respiratory disease of horses characterized by coughing and irregular breathing. [*<* OE *heaban*. See *kap*.]  
**heav-en** (hev'ɒn) *n.* 1. *Often* *heavens*. The sky or universe as seen from the earth. 2. The abode of God, the angels, and the souls granted salvation. 3. a. *Heaven*. The divine providence. b. *Often* *heavens*. A supplication for God: *Good heavens!* 4. *Heavens*. The celestial powers; the gods: *The heavens glorified our plan*. 5. A place or thing that affords supreme happiness. [*<* OE *heofen*.] —*heavenly* *adj.* —*heavenward* *adv.* & *adj.*  
**heavy** (hev'i) *adj., adv.* *heavily*. 1. Having relatively great weight. 2. Having relatively high density. 3. a. Large in number or volume. *heavy rainfall*. b. *Heavy* person. c. *Heaviness* or

"The Left Auricle is rather smaller than the right; its walls thicker, measuring about one line and a half; it consists, like the right, of two parts, a principal cavity, or *sinus*, and an *appendix auricularae*."

This love had come to her of its own volition, right out of the blue (long before she'd married and discovered the meanings and messages of sky blue, the wild blue yonder or any other mutation of blueness). This love she was sharing with and passing on (she hoped) to her son who was just learning to read. He followed her around asking, "What does this say? What does that say?" For every room, when you looked at it that way, was filled with the printed word. Besides all the books which covered every flat surface, there were cereal boxes, labelled canisters, shampoo bottles, toothpaste tubes, postcards and notes to herself stuck on the fridge, all of these covered with instructions, ingredients, reminders, names and warnings. He came home from school with little books which she read to him every evening after supper. She nearly wept with happiness when he learned to pick out words by himself: "the, you, go, no, pop, hop, hop on pop". She printed out lists of rhyming words like: "book, hook, took, look, nook, rook, crook, shook", and they hugged each other with excitement. When she thought about all the words in the language, she had to marvel at the miracle of anyone ever learning to read in the first place. They were all geniuses, when you looked at it that way.

Although she had no literary talent of her own and so had never written a story, a novel, not even a poem, Evangeline kept the whole house full of books. There were bookcases in every single room, even the bathroom. The meals were slapdash and the house was a colourful mess, because when Evangeline was not changing the music or arranging the new purple and turquoise jewel-tone towels in the bathroom, she was reading. She had a special little bookstand which she carried around the house with her so she could read while she cooked, while she ate, while she did the dishes, vacuumed, washed the colourful floors. Often she went to bed with a headache (and so had to say to her husband, "Not tonight dear, I've got a headache") caused no doubt by eyestrain. But she preferred to think, in her more whimsical moments, that it was caused by the weight of all the words she'd jammed into her brain, all of them in there whirling and twirling, doing magic tricks and juggling for position. Some words were better than others, she knew that by now. All words were not created equal. All words were more than the sum of their parts. A word like "wither" was better than either "with" or "her", for instance. "Solipsism" was better than either "soul" or "lips". "Synergy" was better than either "sin" or "energy". Something was better than nothing. Her over-stimulated husband usually grunted and suggested Aspirin or therapy but she said she'd rather suffer.

Finally there was light.

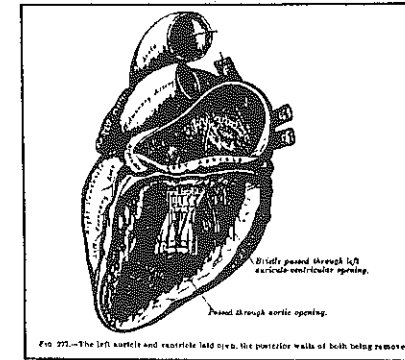
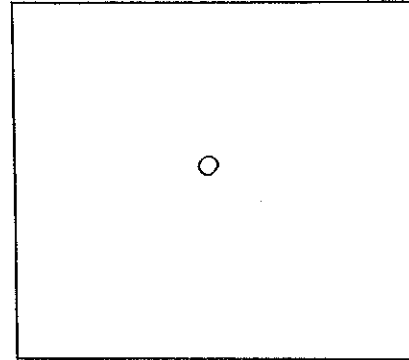


FIG. 278.—The right auricle and ventricle laid open, the posterior walls of both being removed.



"The Left Ventricle is longer and more conical in shape than the right ventricle, and on transverse section its cavity presents an oval or nearly circular outline. It forms a small part of the anterior surface of the heart, and a considerable part of its posterior surface. It also forms the apex of the heart by its projection beyond the right ventricle. Its walls are much thicker than those of the right side, the proportion being as 3 to 1. They are thickest opposite the widest part of the ventricle, becoming gradually thinner toward the base, and also toward the apex, which is the thinnest part."

This was her secret love which she had learned from and shared only with herself. For years she had carried it on privately, in love with the muffled pacific light of the bedroom in the morning when it had snowed overnight. Or the amiable pink light of a clear summer morning (which she refused to believe, as her husband warned, was really a result of all the pollution in the dying air). Or the fast-fading light of a mid-winter late afternoon which made her legs go weak with lassitude. Or the garish lurid light of a flamboyant sunset, a cliché certainly, but thrilling and unforgettable nonetheless. Or the spring sunbeams on the kitchen floor which her son, as a baby, had liked to sit and smile in like a little Buddha on the green linoleum.

All of these explicit and unconditional lights she had recorded, not with her naked eye, but rather with her naked heart which, she imagined, operated much like a primitive camera, a pinhole in the centre through which the illuminated images were funnelled and then amplified.

As she grew older, her heart was growing heavier (also longer, wider, thicker) and this spot of light was growing too. This process did not require talent. It only required patience and the imponderable passage of time. Right now, she figured, it was about the size of a regular incandescent lightbulb, sixty or maybe a hundred watts. Soon it would be the size of a spotlight, a perfectly circular beam of lucidity. It would mutate then to a strobelight, rendering all motion robotic and frenetic. From there it would transform itself into a searchlight, its radiant beacon searching out the secret corners of everything. Next it would stop moving altogether and expand smoothly to the size of a floodlight, washing away all colour and confusion within its vast range.

Finally the light of her life would achieve its apex, expanding inexorably and infinitely to illuminate all the spacious chambers of her heart.

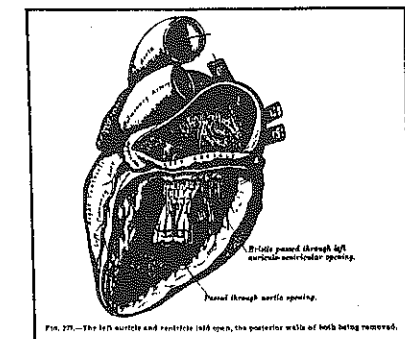


FIG. 277.—The left auricle and ventricle laid open, the posterior walls of both being removed.

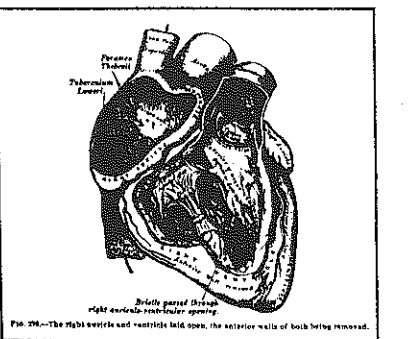


FIG. 278.—The right auricle and ventricle laid open, the posterior walls of both being removed.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE FOLLOWING SOURCES

Gray's Anatomy, 1901 Edition, The Illustrated Running Press Edition of the American Classic, 1974.  
 The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians, ed. Stanley Sadie Volume 12, Macmillan, 1980.  
 The Artist's Handbook of Materials and Techniques, by Ralph Mayer, Viking Press, 1970.  
 The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Paperback Edition, ed. Peter Davies, Dell Publishing, 1973.



# The Two Gentle Ladies from K-Mart

by M.A.C. Farrant

I'm in the basement coffee room at K-Mart, the downtown store. I came in here looking for cheap dish towels and the two women in charge of household items told me to wait in here, in their coffee room, a small dingy room located somewhere in the basement of the building.

There's some cold pizza in a box on the coffee table and they suggested that I might like to help myself to some or make myself some instant coffee if I get thirsty. Then they went away and locked the door.

I had a look at the pizza but declined a slice. With curling bits of dry salami sprinkled over its surface it hardly looked appetizing.

For some reason the K-Mart ladies think I am wonderful. Every now and then they peek in at me to show me to the other sales ladies from Home Furnishing and Lingerie. They point me out to them, smiling, and are extremely polite and deferential. Then they all giggle together and agree that I am quite a unique find.

I can't understand why they regard me as some kind of marvelous jewel they have just discovered or happened upon, so marvelous they wish to keep me here for their own private viewing.

Still, they are trying to keep me happy - I can't fault them for that - by telling me that they have an especially good bargain in dish towels (just for me!) and that they are arranging the items upstairs, this very minute, stapling them all together and sticking on their price tags. All marked down to one cent apiece. A bargain indeed. So I am grateful for their endeavours on my behalf and hesitate to protest my capture. Because that is what it is. A capture and imprisonment of sorts although I am quite sure that the two gentle ladies from K-Mart would not call it that. They would be offended if I were to suggest it. To them I am merely a tempting, interesting specimen they have found to ferret away and marvel at on their coffee breaks.

All well and good. I hate to disappoint them but my wife is waiting for me in front of the Bank of Commerce on the corner of Yates and Douglas streets. I told her I wouldn't be long - just stopping in at K-Mart to pick up some dish towels, I said - and, knowing her, she's still standing there, out front of the Bank. She will wait all day and longer if I ask her to and I worry because she doesn't know how to wait correctly.

That is, without drawing attention to herself. Anonymously. She will wait rather too far out on the

sidewalk, for instance, so that she becomes like an island in the pedestrian flow that people must break apart and steer around. This will cause her to draw stares of fear and perhaps even hatred from the passerby as if she were some madwoman because she is slightly off course with her not-waiting-properly. The other problem is that she twirls. She's an expert on twirling, on her heel and bending down. Sometimes she can manage two, three twirls at one go. This is fine for our backyard Bar-B-Q's but suicide on a busy street.

So I really am worried for her. But what can I do, captured as I am like some fabulous insect? The K-Mart ladies seem to regard me as a model house-husband which I certainly am not. It's just that I like a bargain. It would be all right if they regarded me as an ideal shopper, though, because there could be some commercial advantage in that. I could have my picture taken and appear on their advertising flyers drying dishes with my new dish towels. For a small fee, of course; there's no denying I could use the extra money. But, no, the K-Mart ladies prefer to keep me for themselves, a found object, somehow giving meaning to their daily work at the store. Meanwhile I worry about my wife.

There's a small window near the ceiling of the basement coffee room. By climbing up onto the coffee table beneath it, I am just able to peer out well enough to see the church across the street and for the past while I have been occupying myself by drawing a likeness of this church in the lined notebook I always carry with me. It's a large church resembling three same-sized blocks with a stick on top, quite simple to draw.

When the K-Mart ladies peek in on their next coffee break they are disappointed that I have not eaten a slice of their cold pizza so to accommodate them, because they really are nice ladies, I summon up my courage and eat a piece. This pleases them so much that I am encouraged to show them my rather crude drawing of the church, torn hastily from my notebook. They take it solemnly, with tears in their eyes and seem to study it most appreciatively. What do they see there, I wonder? But before another moment has passed they have handed me a set of bargain dish towels (at no charge), unlocked the door and waved me farewell. (But keeping the picture, I might add, for themselves.)

Now that I am free to go and have hurried off in search of my wife.

I have found her, standing in front of the Bank, too far from the curb and twirling, as I had feared, drawing angry stares from the passing crowds.

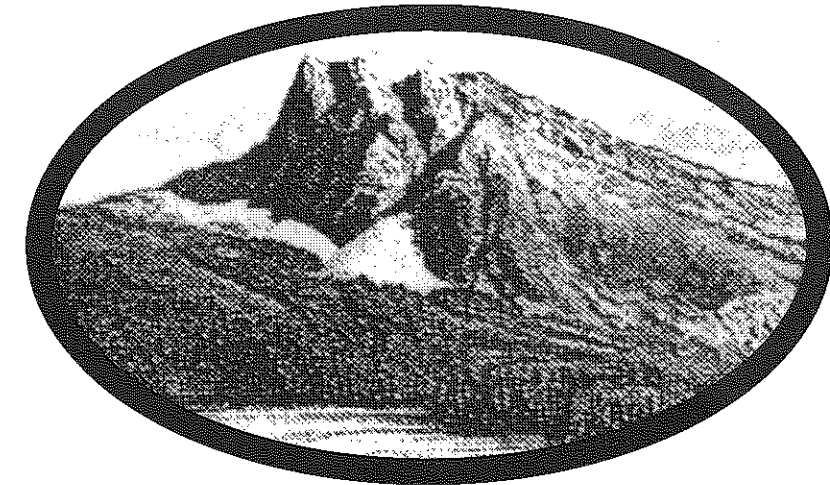
So I have taken her now by the arm and together we are hurrying up Yates Street. Correctly, on the right side of the sidewalk, because in this life the journey is perilous enough - what with the chance imprisonments that can befall you at any moment - without inviting further misery by disobeying the rules of the road, as well.

completely obscured by the archetypal and supernatural figures which foreground and fill the frame. As allegories for the human domination and domestication of the New World, these images clearly present the wilderness as tamed.

In 1954, when the Bank of Canada issued its next series, it did so with the stated aim of creating "a Canadian dimension" through a complete change of these note images. Concerning the selection of the new images, the Bank of Canada stated only that "a

prominent Canadian dimension was created by replacing the earlier allegorical figures with Canadian landscapes." They are described simply as a series of "realistic landscapes and seascapes."

Clearly the Bank of Canada felt that the previous imagery was not Canadian enough. The difference between the 1935 images and the 1954 images is startling. The 1954 images are as follows:



10  
"Mount Burgess, Alberta"

\$1.00 bill:	"Prairie View Saskatchewan."	\$20.00 bill	"Laurentian Winter."
\$2.00 bill	"View of Upper Melbourne, Richmond, Quebec."	\$50.00 bill	"Atlantic Seashore."
\$5.00 bill	"Otter Falls at Mile 996 of the Alaska Highway."	\$100.00 bill	"Okanagan Lake, British Columbia."
\$10.00 bill	"Mount Burgess, Alberta."	\$1000.00 bill	"Anse St. Jean, Saguenay River, Quebec"

It is assumed, or hoped, that the Canadian dimension that these images create is self-apparent. How does this created dimension imagine itself and how do these images locate it? The allegory of garden paradise in the previous images is gone, replaced by realism. This realism is attained by beginning the image production process with a photograph of the landscape. The photograph is then used as the source for a painted image, a procedure also employed by many Canadian landscape painters from Tom Thompson to Jack Chambers. The painted step in the procedure, which brings in a "human" touch, is almost

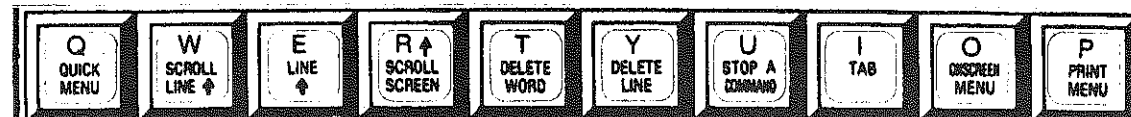
apologized for in the Currency Museum's display text: "Because of some of the technical and esthetic considerations of Bank note design, the illustrations may vary slightly from the actual locations depicted." The engraving made from the painting renders it mechanically reproducible but so intricately detailed that it is as difficult to copy as possible. The resulting landscape has a technological esthetic, a realism devoid of subjective interpretation or of the mythicized encounter with the landscape in the 1935 series. This process of demythicizing the landscape is also commented on by McGregor: "Too extensively

#### CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES:

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THE NEXT "RAMPIKE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT" WILL APPEAR IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF BORDERLINES MAGAZINE TOWARD THE END OF THIS YEAR. IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF RAMPIKE MAGAZINE WHICH WILL FEATURE THE TOPIC OF "CREATIVE MISUNDERSTANDING" AVAILABLE AT A NEWSTAND NEAR YOU IN SEPTEMBER!



demythified the environment tends simply to become a kind of void that resists all human connection. This is what happens in Canada."

What evidence of this void can be found in the Canadian dimension series? Whereas all the previous issue images celebrated the inhabitable and benevolent landscape, only half of the 1954 series show any sign of a human presence at all and it is revealing to look at how this human presence is portrayed.

For example, the \$1 bill presents the landscape as a vast expanse under a stormy sky. Cutting through it are telephone poles, a dirt road and a barbed wire fence that recedes in one-point perspective to a distant grain elevator poised on the horizon. A large thunderhead hangs just above the tiny structure. It is a far and rather lonely cry from the Agriculture allegory seated in her throne surrounded by heaps of produce. The thin threads of transportation (road) and communication (poles) provide little reassurance against the distant storm and vast space.

The \$2 bill shows three or four small farm houses and a church clustered in the center of the mid-ground. The distant houses are alone and unreachable. The \$1000 image is like the \$2 one, showing a few structures in the mid-ground, but here the foreground is greatly reduced and mountains loom on the horizon which almost obscures the sky. The vast landscape again engulfs a few buildings. This image is also in stark contrast to its previous image of the Security allegory.

The remaining images of the 1954 series depict landscapes devoid of human presence and of these only the \$100 one has a foreground which it seems possible to enter. The other images do not suggest possible passage through them, their foregrounds blocked by rapids, trees or snow. The images on the \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills specifically appear utterly wild and alien. McGregor suggests that, "The real relevance of the wilderness mythos to Canada can be seen only if we pay attention to what its proponents show us unconsciously, rather than giving too much weight to what they say they are doing."

What do the 1954 images show us, given that they are to create a dimension that is Canadian? With regard to the portrayal of Canadians within the Canadian landscape, they unquestionably show a great deal of It and a little of Us. We huddle together while the landscape surrounds us and look out at a

wilderness that prohibits our entry. Northrop Frye has termed this response to the Canadian landscape the "garrison mentality" and McGregor has termed it the "Wacousta syndrome."

Between 1969 and 1975 a new set of images replaces the 1954 issue. They are as follows:

- \$1 "Parliament Hill across Ottawa River."
- \$2 "Inuit hunting scene on Baffin Island."
- \$5 "Salmon seine, Johnson Strait, Vancouver Island."
- \$10 "Polymer Corporation, Sarnia, Ontario."
- \$20 "Morraine Lake, Alberta."
- \$50 "Dome Formation, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Musical Ride."
- \$100 "Waterfront scene at Lunenburg."

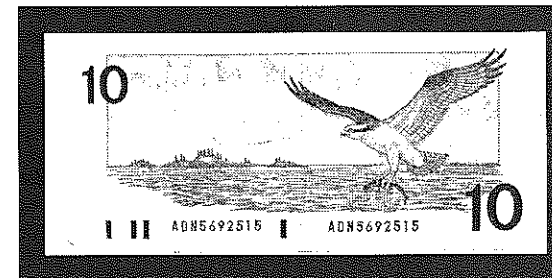
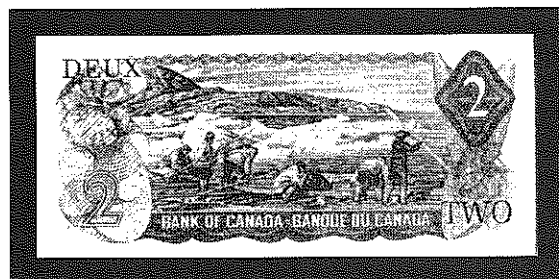
**T**hese images again provide an interesting set of comparisons. In this series the landscape becomes inhabitable again, but without the assistance of supernatural beings. Technology, government and the law are now featured and, with the exception of the image on the \$20 bill (found within the confines of a National Park), all these new images show clear signs of human presence.

In the new \$10 bill this presence overwhelms the landscape: it presents a techno-landscape where not a trace of Nature remains. This complete reversal is all the more remarkable because of the extremes it represents.

Into this new configuration of It and Us, a third term is introduced by the first appearance of Them in Bank of

Canada notes. "They" are the Inuit pictured on the \$2 bill, appearing in the harshest of the series landscapes. With minimal (low-tech) means, they interact with the icy environment in a nostalgic hunting scene. Nostalgia plays a part as well in the ship building industry pictured on the \$100 bill with its sailing ships of a bygone era.

The government is presented on the \$1 bill back and center, crowning Parliament Hill and overlooking the river. The threatening storm and the vast distances portrayed on the previous \$1 bill are replaced by an image of a log-choked river (prosperity through natural resources), overseen by government's central body. It is worth mentioning here that the industrial scene on the \$10 bill of this series depicts Polymer Corp. which was at the time of issue a crown-owned company.



While the government is portrayed on the \$1 bill centrally placed and looking outward from its vantage on the hilltop, the law is portrayed as a ring looking inward. The R.C.M.P. Dome Formation on the \$50 bill gives the unfortunate impression of a law force poised to attack itself, its weapons pointed in. The threat of the sea presented in the previous \$50 bill is replaced by an image which shows the national police force ceremonially closed in on itself in a circle with nothing at the center save the threat of its own spear.

The idea of generalized landscapes reemerges with the current series issue. The current series began in 1986 and the Bank of Canada's decision to make the change is described as follows: "There were three principal reasons for its introduction: technological advances in printing and photocopying of coloured graphic material that made the earlier series more vulnerable to counterfeiting; the need to facilitate the operation of high-speed, note-sorting machines by means of a bar code; and the development of features to assist the visually impaired." These new notes which come to be through "advanced Canadian technology" and make "le Canada à l'avant-garde de la conception des billets de banque" picture the Canadian landscape utterly devoid of any human presence. The word "CANADA" now fills the sky of a landscape solely inhabited by birds.

Buried under assurances that these new notes are even more secure and are more helpful than before, the question that lurks is "Where did We go?" Optical security devices, electronic readers and high-speed note-sorting machines do not provide an answer. Perhaps the question is not a relevant one, the "predominantly Canadian dimension" being technology itself and not the imagistic concern of locating Us, Here.

The 1986 issue images are as follows:

- \$2 "Robin."
- \$5 "Belted Kingfisher."
- \$10 "Osprey."
- \$20 "Common Loon"
- \$50 "Snowy Owl."
- \$100 "Canada Goose"

**T**he bird images are constructed so that they best accommodate the advanced security printing technology. The design criteria state, however, that specific birds were selected because they have wide nesting ranges and would therefore be most familiar to Canadians. There is a concern, then, for recognizability.

While the birds are specifically named, the landscapes are general; the wetlands, the grasslands, the northern wilderness. The specific locations of "here" in most of the previous images (Otter Falls at mile 996 on the Alaska Highway, Upper Melbourne, Richmond, etc.) is now replaced by a general image of "there." The placement of birds, large in the immediate foreground, right of center and facing left, is done for reasons concerning printing and verifiability. The landscapes are minimal, primarily to contrast the detail in the birds, and for reasons of cost. Because of this, the birds seem separate from the landscape - momentarily halted, ready to fly off again.

The Canadian landscape here is seen as utterly uninhabitable and unenterable, the possibility of moving through it blocked by the apparition of its own name in huge block letters. The unconscious treatment of this landscape may be more familiar and

more recognizable to Canadians than are the birds that fly in front of it. Looking out across a sparse and unlocatable land we see only the ghostly name of ourselves, a mirage which names our country but prohibits passage over its own horizon.

Laura Millard teaches at the Nova Scotia School of Art and Design.

#### Further Reading

Walter D. Allan (ed.), *The Charlton Standard Catalogue of Canadian Government Paper Money* (fourth edition. Toronto: The Charlton Press, 1991).

Micheline Lefebvre-Manthrop, Department of Banking Operations, *Designing Canada's Bank Notes* (Bank of Canada Review, January, 1988).

Gaile McGregor, *The Wacousta Syndrome, Explorations in Canadian Landscape* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1985).



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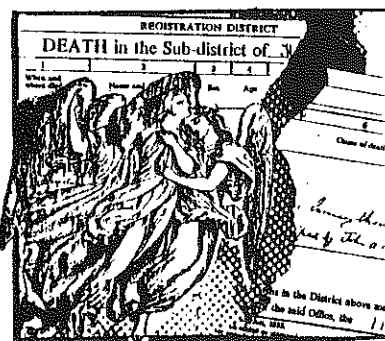
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**Border/lines** aims to fill the gap between academic journals and specialist cultural magazines. Our audience is diverse and eclectic; so too are our contributors, drawn from a broad base of writers, cultural producers and animators. Potential contributors should bear this diversity in mind, and try to address cultural issues with spunk, humour and the occasional sideways glance. For example, we would hope that theoretical debates would be opened up to the intelligent, but non-initiated reader.

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