

Obituary, a novel whose English poetical idiom is significantly impacted by the presences, undercurrents, proliferations of Quebec's French and Aboriginal languages.

– At the same conference, a talk by Claudia Lucotti (a professor of Canadian Literature at Universidad de México) on the translational affect of *Expeditions of a Chimæra* (an impish, multilingual exploration of original/copy by writers/translators Erín Moure and myself) in Mexico today.

– Launch of *Petits Théâtres*, a translation of Erín Moure's *Little Theatres* by Daniel Canty, voiced through the mouths of several interlocutors, including Martine Audet, Nicole Brossard, Steve Savage, François Turcot.

This is not *the* Montreal, but *one* Montreal; it is not everyone's Montreal, but the Montreal that excites, urges, challenges me to keep probing, to keep bridging.

Rebecca Brewer & Tiziana La Melia
CAPILANO STYLE COLUMN
Not-poetry in Vancouver

OR

ADMONISHMENTS ON WHAT TO WEAR AND, SOMETIMES,
THE SPECIAL OCCASION ON WHICH TO WEAR IT...

1984. IN A FICTO-DOCUMENTARY ON 20-YEAR-OLD CHOREOGRAPHER MICHAEL CLARK'S life, clothing signifies freedom and free spirits are a motif. London street urchins dress up like royalty and a dress made of sores adorns a leaping male body. Inside his dance studio, tall mirrors lean into Charles Atlas' absurdist camera angles. Dancers in immodest dance attire are the height of joy; Michael glides through life in a tasseled leather jacket and a kilt, pouting. The contrast between formal sensibilities in Clark's dance pieces reminds us that there is something moralizing about the structure of ballet. With post-punk sarcasm, *Hail the New Puritans*, by its very name, carries an ironic message about moderation and morality. Mark E. Smith provides lyrics that inflect the film with its attitude; he also features as the film's chain-

smoking Mahatma. Leigh Bowery's cross-dressing production design sets the stage for a manic constellation of club kids and ballerinas, performing an elaborate satire of Thatcherite misery. Did this cast of untrained squares and skilled queers feel bad for the forlorn Neo-Cromwellians of the time and want to invite them to join their dance party of taboo, rhythm, decadence and style?

The conventional is now experimental

2013. WRONG WAVE'S SCREENING OF *HAIL THE NEW PURITANS* PROVIDED US WITH ONE long, vivid and glamorous Commedia dell'Arte puppet show.

*The grotesque peasants stalk the land
And deep down inside you know
Everybody wants to like big companies*

1928. A WELL-DRESSED MAN LEAVES THE CROWD AND CROSSES THE STAGE. BRECHT'S version of *The Threepenny Opera* incites ten thousand jazzy European performances with its modern, anti-capitalist charms. Devout Marxism begets a masterpiece of musical schlock with a criminal for an anti-hero and a fusty old Dad who uses his influence against this lower-class nemesis.

1990. WHILE CONSIDERING THE SCENE OF THE FAMOUS EXCHANGE OF \$200 000 CASH for a kidnapped daughter, social inequity gets complicated by aesthetic preoccupations. In this recasting of Brecht's play, Jimmy Pattison is the baron who controls the beggars, and the beggars include bored teens obsessing over logos in Pacific Centre shopping mall. Dan Starling's *The Kidnapper's Opera* is a heist movie and piece of epic satire set in Vancouver, with suburban teenagers dressed in pastel hues and tumble dry fabrics listening to Vanilla Ice. Shot over three years, Starling's hilariously distorted fantasy of anti-capitalist motivation as it plays out in the banal lives of privileged youth is a montage of video technologies and techniques, generated from multiple collaborations (locally and in Frankfurt and Brussels), ranging from the incredibly lo-fi to the extremely choreographed. Picture a scene where the camera catches a glint from the brass door knob and a kidnapper practices her bubble cursive while writing a ransom note. Replace the grubby crowds of London with a group of intrepid youth scheming at the Orange Julius booth and contemplating the violence of the law. B.U.M. Equipment™ sweatshirts spark debate over rising price-points. Clothing signifies freedom and Esprit™ is the motif. The logo-centricity of Starling's antiheros is a self-actualization of political desire.

All decadent sins will reap discipline