

WHITE TO SPINACH WHITE

#e3e8da

BRIAN MCBAY, 221A

1. I spent one summer as an intern with the city engineering department. At that time, the department was steeped in the timely delivery of all things for the 2010 Olympics, and that meant the replacement of all the city's old brown-painted wood bus shelters with glass ones more suitable to a global audience. It turned out the design of the bus shelters was not by a local engineer, but by JC Decaux, an advertising firm who provided a suite of "street furniture", in exchange for 20-years of exclusive rights to advertising. And it turned out that my internship would be centered on a failed exchange with this advertising giant.

Key to the advertising-for-street-furniture deal was the provision of tourist-friendly "Automated Public Toilets" (APTs)—a 'total solution' for unattended public bathrooms, with a self-cleaning interior and a time-controlled occupancy sensor. Somehow when installing the APTs, they neglected to account for the people living in the Downtown Eastside, where thousands of people are homeless. The first toilets experienced constant maintenance issues, leading JC Decaux to propose a cash transfer back to the City in exchange for defaulting on the supply of the remaining toilets. It turned out the APTs were being used for more than inconvenient tourist needs, but as spaces of privacy and for cleaning, washing, drinking and cooking. My supervisor encouraged me to be defensive with the design, referring to gentrification as "the G word" and to homelessness, drug use and sex work as "untoward activities". I proposed toilets that would feature a washbasin on the exterior of the unit and he did not like it.

2. In 2016, 221A made an application to the City of Vancouver to replace our storefront facade. We were summarily rejected; our proposed design simply didn't meet the heritage requirements of the Chinatown area district. Our building fell within the general "Heritage C" classification – any new design would therefore be subject to either a) restoration of the storefront as found in 1912 photo documentation or b) the use of 'modern' materials, such as aluminum and glass panelling, to mimic the historic placement of windows and doors.

The design we proposed was a 24" thick wall, finished with a fine white stucco and framed by a strip of pale pink tile. The exterior would have had two large cut-outs. The first was for the entryway, to be fit with a sliding glass door, not dissimilar to those of convenience stores. The second cut-out would be set inwards – the window ledge becoming public seating – and would allow light to filter into our space. Finally, the storefront would also house the most important feature: a drinking fountain that would give passersby free access to a cherished and refreshing resource, for the health of our society.

3. The Vancouver Heritage Foundation, an organization created in 1992 by the City of Vancouver Mayor and Councillors, is a non-profit that has mostly spent its time protecting a European colonial legacy. In 1999, the VHF in partnership with Benjamin Moore, began a program known as "True Colours", a built-environment painting program that provides a cash grant up to \$7,500 per project to restore the exterior paint colours of heritage buildings. A 'Heritage Consultant' is dispatched to come to your home or building and scientifically determine the original colour scheme, then recommend a scheme for your project based on their existing list of accepted colours.

"Lying unseen for decades under layers of paint and hidden in black and white photographs was a whole world of colour waiting to be discovered. The True Colours palette contains 35 original colours that reflect the people and places of early Vancouver."

HISTORICAL TRUE COLOURS

Oxford Ivory, Craftsman Cream, Pendrell Cream, Harris Cream, Dunbar Buff, Edwardian Buff, Edwardian Cream, Mount Pleasant Buff, Strathcona Gold, Comox Gold, Kitsilano Gold, Mount Pleasant Tan, Bute Taupe, Dunbar Grey, Haddington Grey, Comox Sage, Victorian Peridot, Pendrell Green, Comox Green, Vancouver Green, Harris Green, Pendrell Verdigris, Edwardian Pewter, Point Grey, Harris Grey, Edwardian Porch Grey, Strathcona Red, Mellish Rust, Pendrell Red, Hastings Red, Mellish Mahogany, Craftsman Brown, Harris Brown, Strathcona Mahogany and Gloss Black.

4. Spinach White is the colour we painted the walls at 221A's Pollyanna 圖書館 Library.

LIFE OF A CRAPHEAD COLOUR

#4a4154

LIFE OF A CRAPHEAD

To create the Life of a Craphead Colour we have combined three key colours from the stories below.

1. During a magic show, when I was eight or nine years old, a white boy sitting next to me kept digging his fingernails into my arm, demanding, "Are you Chinese???" I didn't know what to do so I kept answering, "Well...I may be..." while he stared me right in the face with his blue eyes.

Pantone Matching System 14-4317 TPX
Cool Blue

2. A few years ago we lost our grey cat and I was putting up Missing Cat posters. My friendly white neighbour with long blonde hair joined me and joked that "it was probably eaten by Chinese people." Incidentally, I'm Chinese, so I take her advice to have meant, not to worry, I probably just ate my own cat.

Pantone Matching System 13-0739 TCX
Cream Gold

3. My white boss made an offhand comment about "killing off an entire race" at which I flinched. (She was explaining an idiom in her European language.) The next day I found a very big purple Lindt chocolate bar from her waiting for me at my desk. I thought it was a nice gift acknowledging my overtime hours on a recent major project, but it wasn't. When I thanked her, she blushed and said, "I know sometimes I say offensive things."

Pantone Matching System 14-1909 TCX
Coral Blush

GOING GREEN

#008000

AM JOHAL

it's not easy being green

sure, it's the colour
of glacier lakes,
alpine meadows
camo underwear
tailings ponds
chlorophyll
Colgate toothpaste
pool tables and 7-up cans
Islam, Brazil and Ireland
that's obvs

but also the seats and carpets of Parliament
and 1/3rd of
the Pan-African flag

green eyes are an optical illusion

the discredited Lüscher colour test identifies
green with "Elasticity of will, passive, concentric, defensive,
persistence, self-esteem, assertion, pride, control"¹

getting a green card means
you can live and work in the United States of America,
woot woot!

every Saint Patrick's Day,
the Chicago River is dyed green,
true or false?

verdigris was a pigment
made by fermenting wine
it didn't mix well
with other colours
Da Vinci said you shouldn't use it,
but Van Gogh did

to create the effect of green fireworks,
barium salts do the trick

let's talk about monsters for a moment:
the Loch Ness monster isn't green
but Naitake, aka Ogopogo, might just be
The left outfield fence
310 feet from home plate
for the Boston Red Sox

is called the Green Monster
I think of lizards and turtles
as little green monsters too

Derrida wrote that
"Monsters cannot be announced.
One cannot say: 'Here are our monsters,'
without immediately turning
the monsters into pets."

it's a brand of movement politics
and the colour of money

green means go, but did you know
the first-ever traffic light exploded
and injured the policeman who operated it

"Green Light" is also
a 2017 song by Lorde,
that was (momentarily) critically acclaimed
as a breakup anthem

Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, Tom Jones,
Elvis Presley, Burl Ives, Nana Mouskouri,
Kenny Rogers, Joan Baez
amongst numerous others, recorded
"Green, Green Grass of Home"
but it was, in fact,
written by Curly Putman,
whose last name is
often misspelt as Putnam

Tostitos lime tortilla chips...mmmmmm
with mint juleps—even better

After your workout, remember that:
"Adding more plant-based nutrition
to your day is easier
with Vega® Protein and Greens.
More than just a protein shake,
it's a deliciously smooth protein
with a side of veggies
to help sweeten your day."²

¹Lüscher Color Test
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/L%C3%BCscher_color_test

²This quote can be found on Vega Protein and Greens packages.

In 2014, real estate development corporation Beedie Living proposed to build a 12-storey condominium at 105 Keefer Street in Vancouver's Chinatown. If built, the condominium would cast a long shadow over a memorial to Chinese workers and accelerate the displacement of low-income residents from the neighbourhood. A coalition of Chinatown seniors and youth have waged a battle at City Council to stop Beedie Living's development of the site, yielding a series of unprecedented victories of people power over corporate interest. In November 2017, Beedie Living's latest proposal to build on the site was rejected by Vancouver's Development Permit Board as a result of community pressure. This was the corporation's fifth rejected application for the site in four years.

The fight to have 105 Keefer developed as 100% non-market, welfare- and pension-rate housing has been led by Chinatown Concern Group (CCG). The colour swatch is taken from a protest banner painted by CCG volunteer Beverly Ho.

The following text is a transcription of a speech made by Chinatown organizer Vincent Tao at a rally for the National Housing Day of Action on November 25, 2017.

This lot behind me has sat empty for as long as I've lived here in Vancouver. From the look of it, you may not be able to tell that this lot has been the beating heart of Chinatown for the last four years. It is because of this empty lot that the people of Chinatown—its elders, its youth, its poor, its working people—have forged a new solidarity in the heat of collective struggle. This empty lot holds the dreams and aspirations of a community that believes that a better city—where the once-powerless can determine how they live, and live with dignity—this city is not only possible, but can be fought for, can be won. This empty lot has been the battleground where billionaire developer Ryan Beedie has been humiliated, not once, but five times, by a coalition of the city's most marginalized. Yes: we may have beat Beedie—and boy did we beat him good—but this empty lot is not our

victory. We have not won until this lot becomes a home for Vancouver's poor and working people.

The rich and their bureaucrat cronies want us to question ourselves, want us to think that they know what's best for the rest of us. We know we see the lines that divide our society as clear as day. They call it a housing crisis. We call it class war. They try to sell us more market housing as a "solution." We know a scam when we see it. They say we don't want progress. They say we just want things to stay the same. They must not be very good listeners. Maybe we need to remind them what progress is. What do we want? [SOCIAL HOUSING!] When do we want it? [NOW!]

We don't think you fight fire with fire best; we think you fight fire with water best. We're going to fight a crisis in the housing market not with "market solutions," but we're going to fight with social housing. Is that right? [YES!] Together, we can take what's ours. 105 Keefer is just the beginning.

I want to thank you, the communities here and across Turtle Island who have struggled together to realize the dream of a just society. It is you who make life worth living for those crushed by the greed of the rich and the negligence of those that serve them. Without collective struggle, life has no heat. And yes, Beedie may have got his ass handed to him in the last round, but the fight's not over, neither here in this empty lot behind me, nor in the rest of Vancouver. They may have the money, but together we have the power to take this city. Because we dare to struggle, and we dare to win.



Photograph by Justin McElroy. Courtesy the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

SEPIA
#b9701d
HADANI DITMARS

I dreamt this morning
That my ancestors were feasting together,
My very cells
Alive with their dinnertime chatter.
Later on I explored the West End
And found that my English great-grandparents' (they met on a
steamer from Liverpool and were married at Christchurch
Cathedral in 1910) old house on Alberni Street had become an
Irish eatery, after a long stint as *Le Gavroche*.

They had lived there until my great-grandfather was caught one
day by his wife
Buying jewellery for the elevator girl he fancied
at the old Birks building, an Edwardian beauty demolished in the
70s and replaced by an ugly office tower,
And he was so ashamed, he left the very next day on a boat back
to England, leaving her to run a rooming house in the Depression
and raise their three children in the wilds of Point Grey.
Once they got running water in their cabin at 5th and Tolmie,
things improved and Jack Shadbolt was a lodger,
Even sharing Sunday roasts in the house
that has now too been disappeared.

I visited the old railway houses in Strathcona, where three
Lebanese families had once lived (when Lebanon, like Palestine,
was still part of the Ottoman Empire, and cousins trumped
Sykes-Picot borders).
I thought of my mother's ancestors, newly arrived from the
Bekaa Valley, having escaped Turkish gunboats at night, arriving
at Ellis Island to have their passports stamped *Asiatic*,
And spending a single winter in Winnipeg before arriving here.

They stayed briefly before heading to Prince Rupert, where they
opened a store, helped feed the Nisga'a in the Nass Valley during
the Depression with groceries sold on credit, (*the Mussallems*,
they had good meat, the elders told me when I visited) and were
adopted by a Haida chief.

When they lived in Strathcona, there was once a wedding and
feasting for three whole days. Families walked to each other's
thresholds, anointing doorways with rosewater and ululating,
sharing aromatic lamb dishes like *svihah* and so many stories from
the village. Now creeping condos lurk in nearby shadows.

As the light faded, I walked back to the old Alberni Street
homestead-turned-eatery (minutes from the old White Spot that
sold last year for 245 million dollars) via the seawall, around the
park where Chief Khatsalano and his band were exiled by the CPR,
And came back hungry.

But before I could dine, I stopped to ask directions at a café
run by Iraqi refugees,
To see the cheapest apartment in town, only to discover it was
across from a new twenty-storey tower construction site.
I marvelled at how all the English men in my family
had a knack for abandoning their families and leaving real estate
to second and third wives and other children,

Disappearing them like so many Palestinian villages, like so much
Coast Salish erasure,
And at how all the Lebanese women they first married had a
penchant for both suffering and delicious cooking.

I thought of my great-grandfather Ditmars who built city bridges
and Shaughnessy mansions and left everything to his second
wife, and of his grandson, my father, who abandoned my mother
and I on Burnaby Mountain in 1971, for a hippie commune, when
we were all living in the SFU married students residence named
for Louis Riel—the hanged Métis hero—now freshly demolished.

We had no car and there was no grocery store there then, before
my mother had to abandon her studies for a job in West Van
where the freckle-faced, field-hockey-playing bullies called me
paki. We still depended on weekly rides down the mountain from
a neighbour to the Safeway.

I remembered the grocery store my ancestors ran up north,
hanging the bananas in bunches just like they do in Beirut, and
unlike all the other merchants, offering store credit to the Haida
who adopted them.

As the cold Canadian night wrapped me in its chill, I suddenly
felt faint with hunger and a longing I could not quite place.

I came home to my 450 square feet and an empty fridge, but
found some frozen halal lamb from New Zealand in the freezer.
By instinct I took it out and began to prepare garlic, onions, olive
oil in a pan, thawing the lamb as I sautéed them.

I turned on some oud music and took out the pine nuts, the
allspice and the peppers, the parsley and the lemon. Soon I was
dancing in my kitchen and the whole room smelled of memory.
I used a pan that belonged to my great-grandmother Massadi,
who had seven children in a foreign land and never went back
to her village.
I ate what I had made and loved it.

Oh fickle real estate, this is much more powerful,
this deep knowledge in my DNA of how to make lamb taste
delicious, this dance of my ancestresses they can never take away.
I happily ate my inheritance,
And the ancestors laughed and laughed

THE DEATH OF VANCOUVERISM

#829cd4

PATRICK CONDON

老子道德經

Tao Te Ching by Lao Tzu

(The Classic of the Way and Its Power)

From Chapter 11

Thirty spokes share the wheel's hub;
It is the center hole that makes it useful.
Shape clay into a vessel;
It is the space within that makes it useful.
Cut doors and windows for a room;
It is the holes which make it useful.
Therefore profit comes from what is there;
Usefulness from what is not there.

What is true for the wheel, or the bowl, or the room, is more true for the city. Certainly it is the building that provides the profit, but it is the space between the buildings that make it useful. Usefulness of the city is in the voids, not the solids.

Vancouver became famous for its voids. We call it Vancouverism. Our mistake is to think that Vancouverism is about buildings, something to do with the "tower on podium" form. This is a mistake. Vancouverism is about the voids between the buildings.

Profit comes from the tower on podium form, the building, the object. We know this all too well. But utility comes from the space between the buildings. Utility comes from the voids, the streets, the waterfront promenades, the courtyards, the squares.

Vancouverism is the space of the street, the courtyard, the waterfront stroll, and the squares; spaces formed by the vertical walls of adjoining buildings. The building walls make the space of the city useful.

Vancouver planners of the 1980s and 1990s, led by Larry Beasley, knew this. He was inspired, as were many of his generation, by Jane Jacobs, author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (1961).

Jacobs was an astute observer of the choreography of the street. Her ability was enhanced by her lack of formal training in architecture, planning, and urban design. Training for all those fields focuses on what is

there, not what is not there. Her perceptions would have been poisoned if she had been trained to see only what was there, poisoned as are so many young professionals, who see only the thing of profit, not the thing of utility.

Our city is losing the soul of Vancouverism, and we cannot see the void, only the solids. Our newest buildings manifest an illness striking not just Vancouver but every global city. New buildings interest us only for their peculiar form, for how "interesting" is the thing, how different is the object. New buildings no longer interest us for how they make the space of the street, the plaza, the square; not for how they are useful in making a city.

The Origami, the Curtain, the Cut, the Stacked Cubes, and, most symbolically, the Twisted Trump, all celebrate their thingness, as if it was the thing that made the city.

Soon Vancouver becomes like so many global cities, like Dubai, like Singapore, like Shanghai—places of shiny objects designed to attract global wealth, like so many perfume bottles on the vanity of the city.

The space between the bottles nothing more than a setting, no longer a city.

This is how Vancouverism dies.

SPAM COUCH
#a13d29
STEFFANIE LING

I was caught reading on a bench outside of a condominium by a local bookseller. At first, he didn't recognize me, but we commenced small-talking at once when he realized he had placed his grocery bags down next to one of his regulars. Apparently, his intention for stopping was to take a few pictures of the cherry blossoms surrounding the bench. He remarked on their beautiful blooms as he saw them through the viewfinder of his camera phone. I agreed, because it's true and difficult to resist their charms, though I try to for the same reasons I have an aversion towards conventionally attractive people. I asked him how things were at the shop and he updated me. Sounded smooth and productive. When he finished documenting the blooms, he asked me what I was doing sitting there. It is not exactly the preference of people in my generation to be seen loitering outside a condo reading *The Communist Manifesto*. I replied that Main Street is a bit of a runway. With an amused balk, he agreed. He picked up his bags but before going on his way, he inquired about my reading material. I sheepishly raised the cover to reveal a fairly tasteful geometric composition. He said "nice edition" and "see you later". Turns out we live a couple blocks away from each other.

*

People need a place to go where they are not on display. I said let's meet at Goldstone and I want to sit in a booth. Coffee shops are weird and I don't seem to like them as much as I used to because the style of the chairs started going back in time, while the customers were clean but lumpen and obviously anxious for some future. I'm not saying that time stands still here when I'm seated in a booth, but it is felt at a comprehensible speed and nostalgia is optional, rather than parcelled into the dining experience. The host waves me over to a two-seater near the kitchen window, but Goldstone isn't busy right now so I point to the booth behind it. I'm having an off-week and I wouldn't mind a u-shaped booth. I get a text informing me that she'll be 15 minutes late, but I don't mind. I don't mind because I have a U-shaped booth. I don't mind that she's 15 minutes late even though I got

here half an hour early hoping for a solo-soak in the temporary estate of a U-shaped booth; to stare interchangeably between a book, my phone and into a cup of milk tea. I'm obsessed with the shiny milk tea oval in our cups, because reflected in them are the sustained expressions that people make when they come here for the first time and graze the litany of food items on the menu, which taunts indecisiveness from under a thick layer of glass that was wiped a bit too quickly. I know this battle of trying to hide being overwhelmed with options. It's a modern-day triumph to make a selection. To declare, This is what I like, this is where I like to go. When she arrives, I have a book open on the table, but I look up from my phone and greet her with questions about the day as she unburdens herself of all her things, orders a milk tea and informs me that she didn't have a hard day at work, but she works hard and her resilience is well-documented.

People need somewhere to go where they can start telling a story that becomes easily derailed when the person you're telling it to latches onto one of the minor details you include for context, and you let the story go and the conversation just meanders like an improv exercise. The point of the story was a complaint, anyway. People need somewhere to go with an interior that facilitates enough distance so it's not rude if I don't come over and make small talk if we happen to be here at the same time. The acoustics manage privacy without enclosure. When our food arrives, it is as unembellished as us. Not even a sprig of parsley that would indicate any given fucks. Our last priority is a dining experience. Here we talk business, neighbourhood, lasting and leaving love, and we are out of earshot of people we don't know, or like, who also come here a lot; versions of ourselves who went to management school and drive somewhere to drink bubble tea after an arena concert. There is no more pageantry reserved for the dishevelled and unamused, only U-shaped booths to ourselves on a slow night.

ROSILY PAINTED FINANCIAL BLISS

#fa8085

DONATO MANCINI

*"Microcommunities," Remember ulcers?
or picnic in a failed housing development
– Deanna Ferguson*

*"Microcommunities," Remember ulcers?
a rupture in historical memory
migraine / margarine / imagine
a youngster with an ice cream cone waves
out front a one-family cottage & yells
'My Dad got a job again!' / No VACANCY post
rosily painted financial joys / picture
tents along the Capilano River cave in
after every demolition shacks and floathouses
spring up again amazingly resilient a
Santa Claus scheme from which the City can't
retreat ¼ of these attic digs w/ insufficient
head-space excessive heat one landlord
turns Spanish-style gas stations into
comfortable cheap bungalows / blueprints
an answer to the lack: in every backyard
discarded trolleys from BC Electric / yeah
known locally as Tom Thumb or Pee Wee houses
like 1937's CLEAN UP, PAINT UP: "Make
A New Home with Fresh Paint!" rise 300%
or picnic in a failed housing development*

STANDARDIZED-CANADIAN-
URBAN-NIGHTTIME SNOW

#f8aa1a

DOUGLAS McBAY

I've chosen this colour for several reasons, but primarily because as a night owl from a young age, I recall focusing on the streetlights (I'd later learn these were sodium lights) and their orange environmental hue came to be the palette against which all other colours were compared and contrasted. It was the colour that came to signify nighttime, and throughout every season and type of weather the reflections of this colour took on major and defining aspects of the environment for me. And, as night came to be the time increasingly in which I spent most of my waking life, this became the background colour of my life. In recent years these lights (sodium lights) have begun to be replaced by LEDs (due to their efficiency; a fact which I do not dispute). However, the absence of this colour is an oddity to which I've increasingly grown accustomed to. It's as though the nighttime sun has changed colour, which is why I find it so odd to interact with a world that seems obsessed more with the colour of an area in the daylight, than those colours we perceive in the night. It is these night colours we have affected the most anyways. The day has always been coloured by the sun and clouds, while the night is something we've taken, constructed, and coloured for our use and our moods as humans. Everything from this mundane streetlamp to the flashing lights found at a rave; some might even argue that this effect on the night is one of the major differences between humans now and those of the past. I'm not arguing this is better or worse, but it's a fact that humans have taken the darkest times of the day and added light for our convenience and entertainment. We even create darkness for showing off the cast of these lights (films, etc.).

I've also selected this colour because frankly, I think white LEDs are ugly and jarring but functional. The colours they offer remind me of a surgery, and I want to move away from the clinical atmosphere of their light and towards something more obscuring. It is for these reasons I propose to recreate the colours of the sodium street lamp without the actual sodium light; this orange atmospheric hue as the colour of choice for nighttime.

This colour (when painted liberally in an area and exposed to these new white LEDs) will recreate those same scenes at night, restoring the orange lost in the technological change, making the sky and its surroundings emulate the characteristic colour of the past. No more the white snow, or the green grass; instead, the vibrant orange snow, and the grass coloured in shadows.

Having grown up in an area with a fair amount of snow, I've named the colour based on this premise.

STANDARDIZED-CANADIAN-URBAN-NIGHTTIME SNOW: Very strong tinting properties. Can be used to make LEDs more *traditional*-coloured and less blaring. Using it in the same environment as other colours outside at night will result in a hue not dissimilar to those found in many major urban centres, from the early 1970s until the mid-to-late 2010s. Correct pairing with white snow in large enough quantities during the night will result in an orange sky.

BLUES
#0247fe
ELLIS SAM

Voice from episodes 1 & 2 of *Oblique View*
video series

Originally, I shot this footage of Vancouver's Chinatown for a sitcom about a resident of the Blue Sky building, a new luxury rental property in the neighbourhood. The resident is driven crazy by the neighbouring electrical station and in a state of delirium acquires a sound system from a merchant at Pigeon Park to drown out the endless electric hum. The sound system is vintage and so large that it will fit in neither a Car2go nor even a EVO. So the resident must also purchase a shopping cart and push the towering system through downtown. Once at home, he plugs his iPhone into the system to play some music that brings him momentary comfort. Yet he still doesn't feel quite at home in his new bachelor pad. So he decides to head to a local bar to drown his sorrows. He unplugs his phone from the system and notices an electrical hum coming from the speakers. He unscrews the lid of the hi-fi and finds a panel of electrical components that is like a miniature of the power station. He looks out his window and wishes deeply to understand what has brought him to this place that he now calls home. He closes his eyes and reaches down to the amplifier, where he imagines himself beyond the barbed wire fence, standing in the middle of the power station. He feels a shock. He is shaken from head to toe. Yet for once he feels grounded. From that day on he embraces the current, soon seeking out others in his building who suffer from a similar state. Administering to them his brand of shock therapy whilst throwing parties on his humongous hi-fi. He dubs this group The Blue Sky Club and so begins a new cult in Vancouver's Chinatown.

Electric blue
I got an oblique view

Can you feel it too?
When you walk through this neighbourhood

Beyond the sights of lantern light
Could you believe in neon tonight?

So why be sad? Some say
It's not the Chinese way

Stand below the blue sky
And the new buildings strung up high

So then the question is...
What kind of hue?

Well...
Fuck you

The Blue Eagle cafe used to sell drugs
The Blue Eagle cafe used to show my grandpa love

The blood still runs blue
In old wives
Who slow down
When passing through this small town
That was once out of bounds

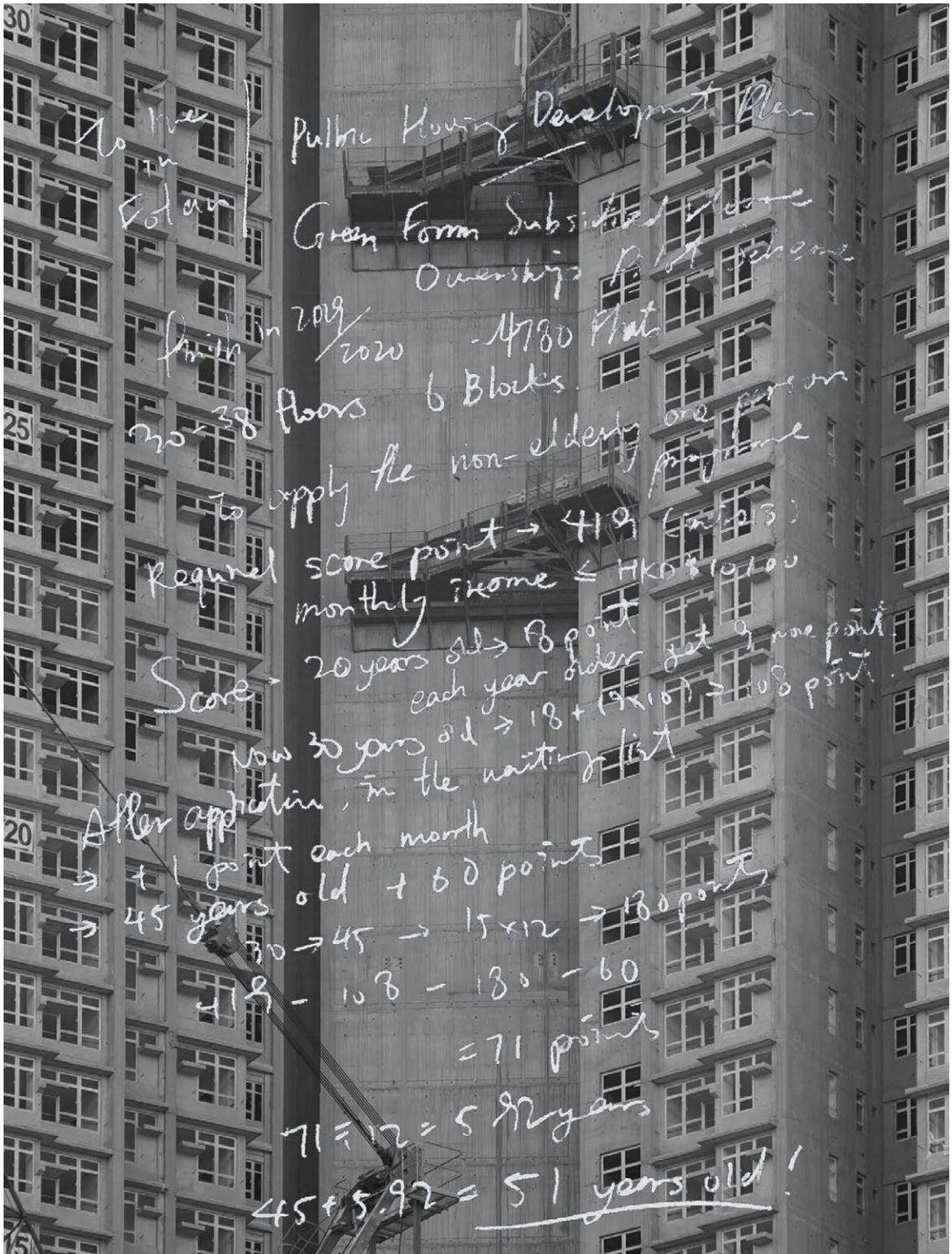
Here the Art Deco still tries
To shape old lies
That cover up the power station's high
Alongside new luxury rental suite lives

This is inscrutable change
Especially when the BBQ pork still tastes the same

I hate this colour now
I hear it buzzing loud

Even though the lantern's LEDs
Will never make a sound
And the power station's lines
Will soon be decommissioned into condo ground

Blue, blue, blue
Can you feel it too?



No free in colour Public Housing Development Plan

Green Form Subsidized Home Ownership Plan scheme

finish in 2019 / 2020 - 4780 flat

no 38 floors 6 Blocks

to apply the non-elderly one person programme

required score point \rightarrow 419 (initials)

monthly income \leq HK\$10,100

Score \rightarrow 20 years old \rightarrow 18 point each year older get 9 more point

now 30 years old \rightarrow 18 + (9x10) = 108 point

After application, in the waiting list

\rightarrow +1 point each month

\rightarrow 45 years old + 60 points

$419 - 108 - 180 - 60 = 71$ points

$71 \div 12 = 5.92$ years

$45 + 5.92 = 51$ years old!

CONTRIBUTORS

HADANI DITMARS is a fifth generation Vancouverite and an author, journalist, and photographer who has worked internationally for over two decades. Reporting from Lebanon, Israel/Palestine, Iraq and elsewhere, she has examined the human costs of sectarian strife as well as cultural resistance to war, occupation, and embargo. A former editor at *New Internationalist* magazine, she travelled to Baghdad in 2010 to write and photograph the May 2010 issue *Iraq 7 years later - the legacy of invasion*. Her best-selling book *Dancing in the No Fly Zone* (Interlink Books, 2006) recounts her time in Iraq from 1997 to 2003, and is one of the few books covering pre- and post-invasion reality. Her work has been published widely, appearing in the *Guardian*, *the Independent*, *New Arab*, *Al-Jazeera*, *Sight and Sound*, *the Walrus*, *Haaretz*, *Ms. Magazine*, *the New York Times*, *Art Newspaper*, *Vogue*, and *Architectural Review*, and broadcast on CBC, BBC, RTE, and NPR. Her next book, *Between Two Rivers: a Journey Through the Ancient Heart of Iraq* (commissioned by IB Tauris), is a travelogue using ancient sites as a narrative device to tell the story of Iraqi culture today.

AM JOHAL is the Director of Simon Fraser University's Vancity Office of Community Engagement, author of *Ecological Metapolitics: Badiou and the Anthropocene* (Antropos Press, 2015), and co-author of *Global Warming and the Sweetness of Life* (MIT Press, 2018).

LIFE OF A CRAPHEAD is the collaboration of Amy Lam and Jon McCurley. Their performance projects include *King Edward VII Equestrian Statue Floating Down the Don* (2017), an iconoclastic act of dumping into the Don River a replica of a decommissioned colonial statue from India that was erected in a public park in Toronto since 1969; *The Life of a Craphead Fifty-Year Retrospective, 2006 - 2056* (Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto, 2013), a speculative career retrospective of all the work they will ever make; and *Free Lunch* (2007), a public, anonymously advertised free lunch serving everything on the menu of a Chinese restaurant.

PATRICK CONDON is the founding chair of the urban design program at University of British Columbia's School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture. Recognizing the need for collaboration as a fundamental part of designing sustainable communities, Condon has pioneered public engagement methods by successfully focusing attention on how to make systemic change in the way cities are built and operated, notably in his East Clayton project in Surrey, BC. More recently, he and his research partners collaborated with the City of North Vancouver to produce a 100-year plan to make the city carbon-neutral by 2107. Patrick and his partners received the Canadian Institute of Planners Award for Planning Excellence and the BC Union of Municipalities Award of Excellence for this work.

STEFFANIE LING is a producer of criticism, pamphlets, stories, essays, exhibitions, reviews, bluntness, anecdotes, shout outs, wrestling storylines, proposals, applications, jokes, readings, minimal poems, poems, dinner, compliments, and diatribes. She is currently the Artistic Director of Images Festival in Toronto, Canada. She was previously a co-curator of Events + Exhibitions at VIVO Media Arts Centre with Sungpil Yoon, part of the curatorial collective at CSA Space, a curatorial resident at 221A, and organized the reading series *LIT LIT LIT LIT* with Emma Metcalfe Hurst. Her books are *NASCAR* (Blank Cheque, 2016) and *CUTS OF THIN MEAT* (Spare Room, 2015).

CHINATOWN CONCERN GROUP is an organization of Chinese residents in Chinatown and the Downtown Eastside working to address neighbourhood issues. CCG is supported by the Carnegie Community Centre Association.

DONATO MANCINI's practice focuses mainly on poetry, bookworks, text-based visual art and cultural criticism. His books include *Loitersack* (2014), *Buffet World* (2011), *Fact 'N' Value* (2011), *Æthel* (2007), and *Ligatures* (2005). His most recent book, *Same Diff* (2017), was a finalist for the 2018 Griffin Prize. The italicised lines in Donato's poem are by Deanna Ferguson, from "Anecdotal Evidence Echoes" (*Rough Bush*, 2004). Donato would like to dedicate his poem to Michael Barnholden.

DOUGLAS MCBAY is a freelance writer by trade with a range of interests as a result of having spent a great deal of time in religious studies, psychology, and classics at the University of Manitoba, and a year on microcomputer systems at Winnipeg Technical College. His most recent works are an unpublished novel ("still being written") and a philosophical treatise ("still being subjected to trial by life"), and he plans in the near future to spend six months walking the entire coast of Ireland.

ELLIS SAM currently resides on the unceded territory of the Squamish Musqueam and Tsleil-Waututh peoples. He was born and raised in Vancouver, B.C., and his work is focused on storytelling through music and video. He is in love with Rock 'n' Roll and the music of every country.

TREVOR YEUNG is an artist who lives and works in Hong Kong. Yeung's practice uses natural bodies and systems as a pretext for describing human processes and relations. Solo exhibitions include *The darkroom that is not dark* (Magician Space, Beijing, 2016); *The Sunset of Last Summer* (Blindspot Gallery, Hong Kong, 2016); and *no pressure :)* (Gallery Zürcher Hochschule der Künste, Zurich, Switzerland, 2015). Group shows include *A Beast, A God, and A Line* (Dhaka Art Summit 2018, Dhaka; Para Site, Hong Kong, and TS1 Yangon, Yangon, 2018); and *The Other Face of the Moon* (Asia Culture Center, Gwangju, 2017).

221A is a non-profit organization with a vision for a pluralistic society in which people have the means to access and make culture. 221A works with artists and designers to research and develop social, cultural and ecological infrastructure. The organization operates a distributed model of programs and services, including a living-wage Fellowship program; Semi-Public 半公開, an outdoor public art space; Pollyanna 圖書館 Library, a library collection and research office; artist studios across Vancouver; and is conducting major research studies on the development of a Cultural Land Trust, and on potential applications of Blockchain technology in cultural organizations.

BRIAN MCBAY is the co-founder and Executive Director of 221A. He was named a 2018 Fellow at the Salzburg Global Forum and is currently the President of the Pacific Association of Artist Run Centres and the Vice-Chair of the City of Vancouver Arts and Culture Policy Council.

MICHELLE FU is the co-founder and Head of Finance & Equity at 221A. She has been invited to speak on artist organizing, reproductive labour and feminist economics at a variety of organizations and is currently a board member of Artspeak.

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VINCENT TAO was the Education Librarian at 221A from 2016 – 2019. Tao's projects at 221A included *Notes on Political Ecologies [N.O.P.E.]* (2016); *Rereading Room: the Vancouver Women's Bookstore* (2016); *Parallax Study: The New Romantics* (2017); and *Deep Blue Open Archive* (2017).

Other Colours is published by

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Designed by Michelle Fu and Brian McBay
Produced by Ryan Smith at Brick Press, Vancouver

Published, June 2019
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Territory Acknowledgement

221A acknowledges that the area called Vancouver is within the unceded Indigenous territories belonging to the Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh-ulh úxwumixw (Squamish) and Tsleil-Waututh peoples. 221A recognizes that the colony of British Columbia was created through organized dispossession and colonial violence. 221A seeks to shift its organizational practices to work together with Indigenous people to end ongoing violence, dispossession, and displacement.

Acknowledgements

221A acknowledges the generous support of individuals, businesses, foundations, and governments for believing in 221A and its programs by providing their generous financial assistance. Other Colours was made possible through project-based support of the British Columbia Arts Council, the Province of British Columbia and the Canada Council for the Arts.

Colour Matching

Encycolorpedia.com is a popular website that can be used to match the hex codes in this publication to paint swatches from common manufacturers. Developed by Martin Gallagher, encycolorpedia provides insights into colours – producing complementary and related palettes for any hex, RGB/RGBA, HSL/HSLA format colour along with information and conversions to several other popular colour-spaces. Paint matching is performed in the CIE Lab colour space for accuracy. Colour profile pages are dynamically styled from the given hex colour.

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Other Colours Paint Swatch Publication



Printed plates, assembled in plastic sleeve. Qty 120, printed by Brick Press in Canada.



Display of colour swatches at Pollyanna 圖書館 Library, April–July, 2019.