

These are mirror/image—image/mirror of each other and are invariably conservative.... In opposition to the calcified Canadian nation narrative we read calcified hyphenated narratives, without exception, from all other groups in the nation which stand outside of that narrative. (70)

Brand's new maps are based, at least in part, on ruptures. Because, even though people are shaped, to some extent, by their pasts, historical ruptures are part and parcel of the Canadian (mostly urban) reality that reflects the wider global reality. And these ruptures—and the sharedness of these ruptures—allow for the possibility of imagining alternatives to other people's labels (if we're lucky), and may also serve to transform both the nation and the globe into a space of potential connectedness. Brand states,

Rootlessness is not a problem for me, and it doesn't have to do with Canada in particular. I think it has to do with that door. I think that after that door, rootedness is impossible. I think that rootedness is origin for some. How can you face that history and feel any rootedness?... If we were to use it well, this idea of no place, of rootlessness, it would be an incredibly interesting starting point for relocating selves in the world. (qtd. in da Costa)

Which brings me back to where I began, with this notion of rootlessness. And yet "rootlessness" with a difference. "Rootlessness" as a starting point. As the beginning of a notion of political efficacy. But only the beginning. "We're in the middle of becoming," argues Brand, "...we haven't arrived" (da Costa). *A Map* begins to chart that state of becoming. And that moment constitutes a dialogue with the past and a refusal to be mired in history. Where this map will lead remains unclear. But Brand's

project may offer a vision for relocating selves in the world while probing the ruptures between self and place and history and language. There are obstacles to overcome (for example, Brand refers specifically to state practices in regards to First Nations peoples), but Brand's text sets out this terrain of becoming and offers a new, albeit tentative, map for the journey.

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## ALISON PRYER

### Forgive and forget

You were the first  
to pull me onto his lap  
to take me into his arms  
to bury his face in my hair.  
You were the first  
to slowly undress me  
to lie down beside me  
to run his hands over my skin.

I caress these jagged  
fragments,  
the threadbare childhood  
memories  
I've held close all these years,  
fearful of losing my past, my  
self, you,  
wishing I could remember  
more  
after a life spent on the run.  
I hold the pitiful tatters of my  
story, his story  
and wonder what happened  
next?

I left your home at seventeen—  
never went back.  
You are sixty now, and sick.  
You have a bad heart.  
I doubt we'll meet again.  
First I'd have to know:  
What will I get if I forget?  
What must I give if I forgive?

*Alison Pryer lives in Vancouver.*