

KAPSULA
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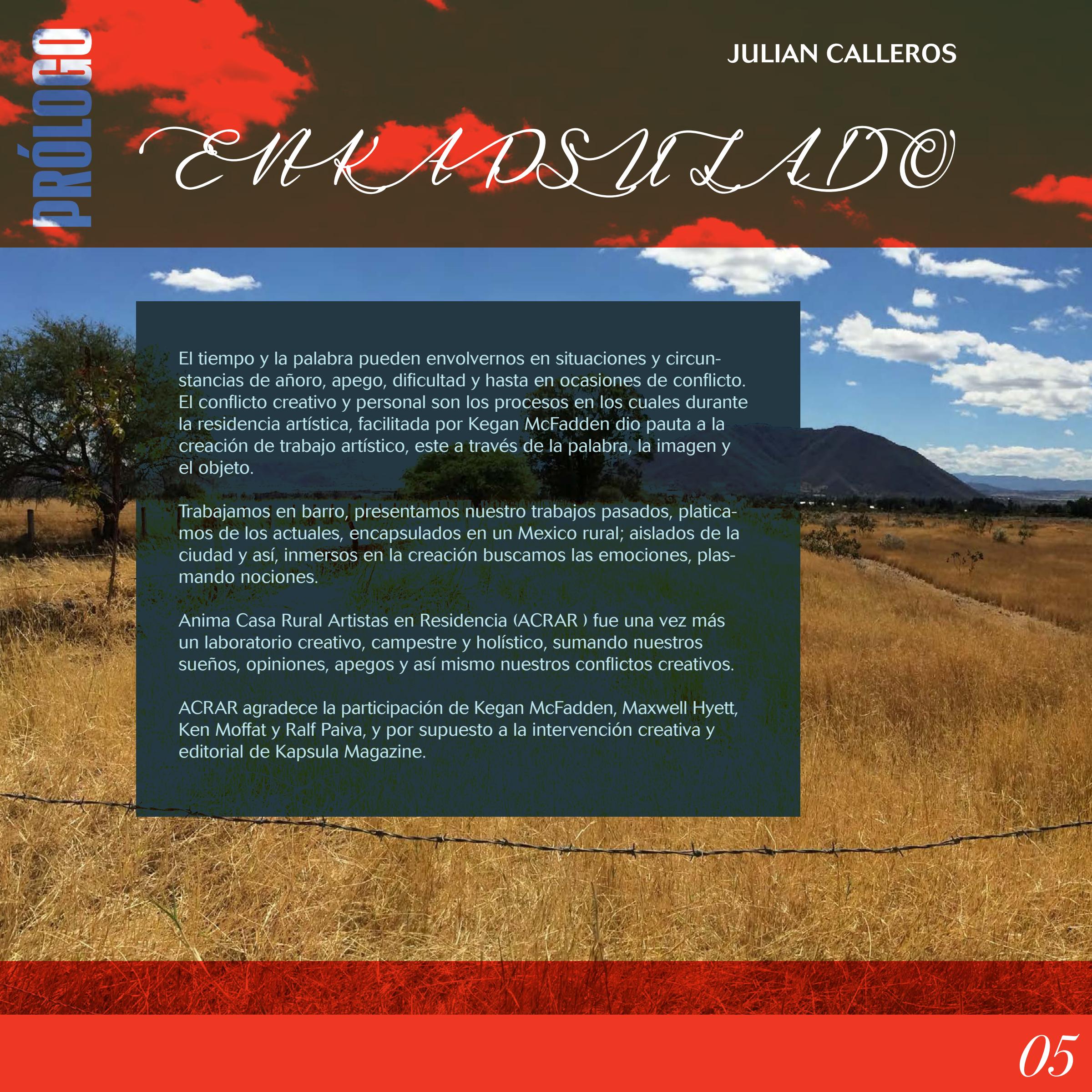
ANTIMIA
ONDA
LITURGIA





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ENKI PSDUZADO



El tiempo y la palabra pueden envolvernos en situaciones y circunstancias de añoro, apego, dificultad y hasta en ocasiones de conflicto. El conflicto creativo y personal son los procesos en los cuales durante la residencia artística, facilitada por Kegan McFadden dio pauta a la creación de trabajo artístico, este a través de la palabra, la imagen y el objeto.

Trabajamos en barro, presentamos nuestro trabajos pasados, platicamos de los actuales, encapsulados en un Mexico rural; aislados de la ciudad y así, inmersos en la creación buscamos las emociones, plasmando nociones.

Anima Casa Rural Artistas en Residencia (ACRAR) fue una vez más un laboratorio creativo, campestre y holístico, sumando nuestros sueños, opiniones, apegos y así mismo nuestros conflictos creativos.

ACRAR agradece la participación de Kegan McFadden, Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffat y Ralf Paiva, y por supuesto a la intervención creativa y editorial de Kapsula Magazine.



JULIÁN CALLEROS is the Director of ANIMA Casa Rural. His love for the arts and culinary creativity have led him to the creation of many different projects such as Naco Gallery in the city of Toronto, Knaves Kitchen, a guerrilla culinary project in Mexico and Canada, and, in the past five years, the creation of ANIMA Casa Rural Artist Residency alongside his family and collaborators. Calleros revisits his historical, social, and political interests in all his projects and artwork—not only while painting, tattooing or cooking, but also while interacting and dreaming. He is always considering how we look at food, art, community, and collaboration.

Triangular Affairs

This issue is a testament to the difficulty of translation, on more than one account. First, there is the question of experience: as the result of a site-specific residency taking place in Tala, of Jalisco, Mexico, this issue's development began far from our reach. Its contents depict the experiences of those who spent time in Tala, over a two-week period last winter; none of our staff shared in that experience, and yet our task, through this digital document, was to assist the participants in communicating it. (On this note, a strong contender for the epigraph opening this introduction was author Ken Liu's apt claim that "every act of communication is a miracle of translation.") The problematics of translating experience linger in the following pages, as our resident, Kegan McFadden, and his collaborators Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffatt, and Julian Calleros attempt to depict the conversations and feelings that represent their stay at Anima Casa Rural. What lay behind these words? We can't exactly say.

Then there's the question of language. Most of the issue has been translated into Spanish, apart from this introduction. Our decision to include a separate introduction by Anima Casa Director Julian Calleros, written in Spanish and not translated into English, is intended to speak to the conceptual impossibility of translation and its consistent failure to produce an exact replica of the original. Of course, this limits accessibility (usually one of our publication's priorities); but when it comes

...true translation is not a binary affair between two languages but a triangular affair. The third point of the triangle being what lay behind the words of the original text before it was written. True translation demands a return to the pre-verbal.

Editorial

Arriving in Guadalajara around midnight, the pilot tells our half-empty flight that there is another plane on the runway; we'll have to circle in the air until it moves to make way for us...

I lose track, but I think I saw the moon outside my window come into and go out of view three times before the wheels dropped from their cubbyholes with a familiar clunk, disappearing into the dark air as we descend with a thud onto the tarmac. The moon is somewhere behind me, out of sight, but the lights of the city have yet to show me how bright they shine.

This is nowhere.

...

I navigate the empty airport and see Sebastian waiting for me. We make our way into the white truck and through the spotlit city, down the rough roads and onto the farm; I fall asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow. With the break of day and a tour of the property, it becomes quickly apparent that everywhere at Anima is a studio.



KEGAN McFADDEN

Llegando a Guadalajara, alrededor de la medianoche, el piloto informa a nuestro vuelo a medio llenar que otro avión está ocupando la pista de aterrizaje, por lo que vamos a tener que dar círculos en el aire hasta que lo retiren y haya lugar para nosotros...

Perdí la cuenta, pero creo haber visto la luna a través de mi ventanilla entrar y salir de mi campo visual unas tres veces antes de que las ruedas del avión descendieran desde sus nichos con su sonido característico, para desaparecer en la oscuridad del cielo en tanto nosotros tocamos el suelo con un apagado impacto sobre la pista. La luna está en algún lugar a mis espaldas, fuera de mi vista, pero las luces de la ciudad todavía no me han dejado ver qué tanto resplandecen.

Esto es ninguna parte.

...

Recorro el aeropuerto vacío y veo a Sebastián, que espera por mí. Nos encaminamos hacia la furgoneta blanca y nos abrimos paso en la ciudad tan precisamente iluminada,



Ralf and Maria spent the afternoon cutting up stained glass and skinning rabbits, his Portuguese and her Spanish mingling into the warm air shaded by the terracotta canopy next to the pink Bougainvillea. Their words meet somewhere above the mangled mass of white sinew and muscle, while they do their best not to gauge or pierce the hide with their tiny blue-handled knives. Everything is delicate, everything is explored.

After they massage the last bits of tendons and remaining sinew away from the surface, the two hides are stretched and nailed to a board and left to dry for days. They resemble two countries, addressing one another in their make-shift cartography. When Ralf leaves the following day, Maria hands him a soft, tanned rabbit fur as a parting gift.

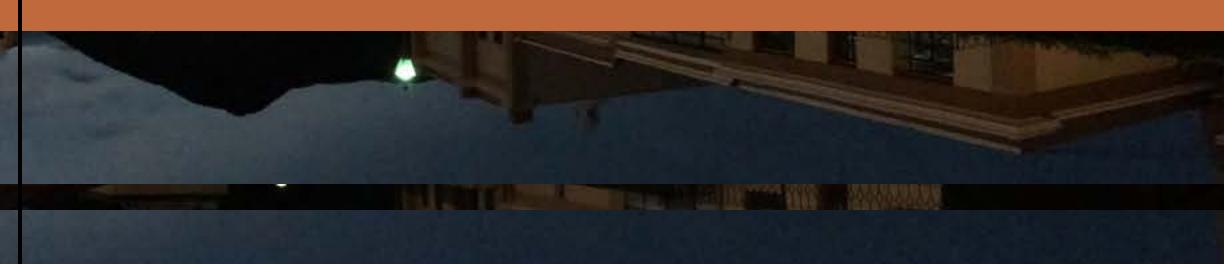
...

Yesterday would've been Kurt Cobain's fiftieth birthday.

I took my mid-thirties self for a walk and wound up somewhere in my mid-teens. I'm still trying to understand the road from there to here.

I walked and walked in a strange town, not knowing if I'd get lost in the dust—something I loved to do twenty years ago.

The lyrics of *In Utero* filled my head.



atravesando carreteras rústicas que nos llevan hasta la granja: caigo dormido tan pronto como mi cabeza entra en contacto con la almohada. Con el romper del día y el recorrido de bienvenida por la propiedad, comprendo rápidamente que todo rincón de Anima es un taller.

...

Ralf y María pasaron la tarde cortando vidrio teñido y desollando conejos. El portugués de él y el castellano de ella se funden en la atmósfera cálida bajo la sombra del dosel de terracota, junto a la buganvilla rosa. Sus palabras se cruzan en algún punto por encima de la masa enrevesada de nervios blancos y músculos, mientras ellos hacen lo mejor que pueden para no arruinar la piel con sus pequeños cuchillos de empuñadura azul. Todo es delicado, todo es explorado.

Después de limpiar los últimos rastros de tendones y nervios de la superficie, las dos pieles son tensadas y clavadas en una tabla de madera, para que sequen durante días. Tienen el aspecto de dos países, converriendo en su improvisada cartografía. Cuando Ralf se marcha, al día siguiente, María le entrega una piel de conejo curtida y suave como regalo de despedida.

...

Ayer habría sido el quincuagésimo cumpleaños de Kurt Cobain.



Where everywhere is a studio, and everything is full of possibility, I sometimes like to defer to the latent memories of a place—what has been here before. I listen to a story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez in which a poor schlub surfaces along some shoreline in some body of water and he is pulled onto the dock by fisherman. The villagers clean up this giant of a man, and as the detritus from the sea is peeled away from him, the women start to notice he is the most beautiful man they have ever seen. The name for such a beauty, they figure, could only be Esteban.

...

Friday night in the studio, with a bottle of tequila, we talk about everything from love to theory, from rhizomes to rancheros.

Tucked behind the tomato processing plant, amid the valley where deer once roamed and ran from coyotes, when there were many more hills and even mountains before the value of sand outweighed the price of a view, lays Anima Casa Rural.

The semi-trailers move the tiny tomatoes all day and all night long so that the bright fruit can make their ripe ways to dinner tables throughout North America.

...

There is a banana tree outside my bathroom window. As I shower I can just make out the blue sky behind the green palms. A pineapple grows in the yard; eggplant, too. In the night, a possum takes a baby bunny whose eyes have yet to open, and by the following afternoon, the hole in the fence has been mended.



Saqué a caminar a mis mediados treinta y terminé en algún lugar en medio de mi adolescencia. Sigo tratando de entender la trayectoria desde allá hasta acá.

Caminé y caminé por una población extraña, sin saber si me perdería entre la polvareda – algo que me encantaba hacer hace veinte años.

Las letras de *In Utero* retumban en mi cabeza.

...

En un lugar que es un taller en todas partes, y donde todo está preñado de posibilidades, a veces me gusta abstraerme en las memorias latentes del sitio– lo que ha estado aquí anteriormente. Escucho un cuento de Gabriel García Márquez en el que un pobre tonto es devuelto por algún cuerpo de agua en una línea costera y es recuperado por un pescador que lo arrastra sobre el muelle. Los lugareños lavan a este hombre descomunal, y a medida que los detritos del mar le son removidos, las mujeres se percatan de que se trata del hombre más hermoso que jamás han visto. El nombre para un hombre de tal belleza, deciden ellas, solamente podía ser Esteban.

...

Es viernes por la noche en el taller y, con una botella de tequila, hablamos de todo; desde el amor hasta la teoría, desde rizomas hasta rancheros.

Escondida detrás de una planta procesadora de tomates, en medio de un valle en el que una vez moraron los ciervos, huyendo de los coyotes, cuando había muchas más colinas e incluso montañas, antes de que el valor de la arena superara el precio de una buena vista, se



Sebastian chooses a chicken for dinner. He puts his palms around the bird, cradling her to his chest as they leave the coop. A knife on his belt glints in the midday sun. He brings her to a shaded spot under a nearby tree, like just another Casanova on just another date—calculated, with all the right moves. He holds the bird and whispers his thanks, and then slits her throat and strings her up to bleed out into a bucket. The dogs have to be tied up during this dance, so as not to disrupt the delicate maneuvers involved, and to ensure there will, after all, be something for us to eat tonight.

...

There are nightly burns that compete with the sunset (if such a thing is even possible). The local farmers burn the sugar cane in order to harvest the crop. Thin black plumes wrap themselves into the night breeze and get mixed up in our sight-lines from the rooftop terrace.

...

Julian has a lover in Canada.



encuentra Anima Casa Rural.

Los camiones de remolque transportan los pequeños tomates todo el día y toda la noche para que la brillante fruta pueda llegar a las mesas de comedor de toda América del Norte.

...

Hay un banano que es visible desde la ventana de mi baño. Mientras me ducho, solo alcanzo a atisbar el cielo azul al fondo de las palmas verdes. Una piña crece en el patio, también una berenjena. En la noche, una zarigüeya atrapa a un conejito recién nacido que aún ni abría los ojos, y para la siguiente tarde, el agujero en la cerca ya está reparado.

...

Sebastián escoge un pollo para la cena. Rodea al ave con las palmas de sus manos, acurrucándola contra su pecho al salir del gallinero. Un cuchillo en su cinto cintellea con el sol de mediodía. Lleva al animal a un lugar sombreado bajo un árbol cercano, como Casanova en otra de sus citas—calculador, preciso en sus movimientos. Sostiene al ave y le susurra las gracias, justo antes de degollarla y dejar escurrir su sangre en un balde. Los perros tienen que mantenerse atados durante esta danza, para evitar que interrumpan las delicadas maniobras en curso, y para asegurar que, después de todo, quede algo que comer para nosotros esta noche.



The menagerie at Casa Anima includes: two cats, as many dogs, numerous chickens, roosters, turkeys, fish, sheep, a single goat, some cows, a donkey I never saw and only heard.

...

It's too hot for pants most of the day.

...

We go for runs in the morning, and lounge by the pool in the afternoon—sharing the water with three large coy fish. The three beautiful and thoughtful meals provided throughout the day remind us there is a schedule, and that maybe work should get done. I make notes to transcribe later.



Hay incendios nocturnos que compiten con el sol naciente (si tal cosa fuera posible). Los agricultores locales queman la caña de azúcar como método para cosechar el cultivo. Delgadas humaredas negras ascienden en tirabuzones en medio de la brisa nocturna, e invaden, disueltas, nuestros campos visuales desde la terraza.

...

Julian tiene un amante en Canadá.

...

La colección de animales domésticos de Casa Anima incluye: dos gatos, dos perros, un número indeterminado de pollos, gallos, pavos, peces, ovejas, una sola cabra, algunas vacas, y un burro al que nunca vi y solamente escuché.

...

La mayor parte del día hace demasiado calor como para usar pantalones.

...

Salimos a correr en la mañana, y nos metemos juntos a la piscina en la tarde – compartimos el agua con tres grandes peces koi. Las tres bellas y generosas comidas ofrecidas a lo largo del día nos recuerdan que existe un horario, y que quizás se debería adelantar algo de trabajo. Tomo notas para transcribirlas más tarde.



this morning i
read octavio paz:

"My hands
Open the curtains of your being
clothe you in a further nudity
uncover the bodies of your body
My hands
invent another body for your body"

sitting for julian
letting words fall
while his pencil
captures my likeness
trying to not
move too much

a goat wanders
into the studio
but we persist
tequila then lunch

esta mañana
leí a octavio paz:

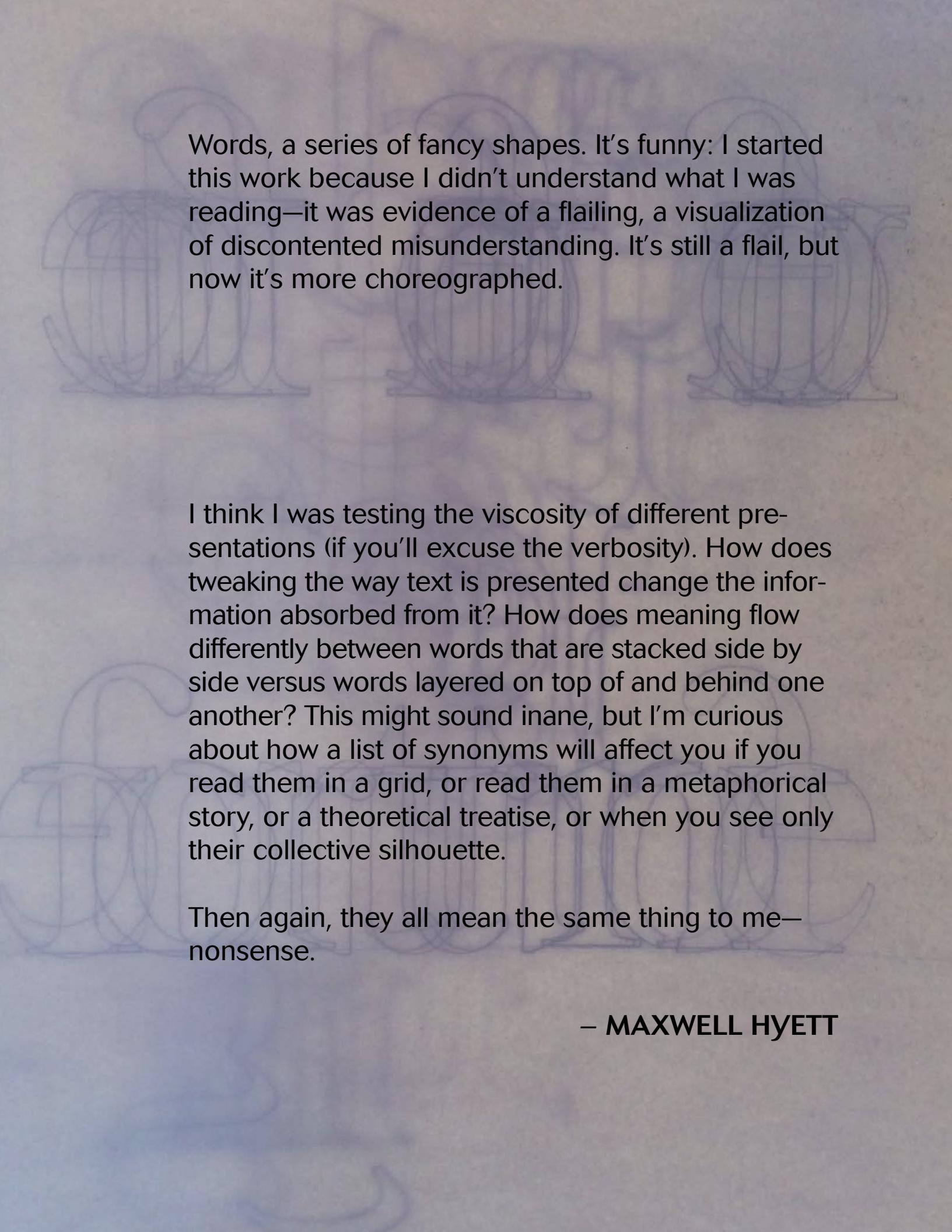
"Mis manos
abren las cortinas de tu ser
te visten con otra desnudez
descubren los cuerpos de tu cuerpo
Mis manos
inventan otro cuerpo a tu cuerpo"

posando para julian
dejo las palabras ir cayendo
mientras su lápiz
aprehende mi apariencia
y trato
de no moverme demasiado

una cabra irrumpie
errática en el taller
pero persistimos
tequila, luego almorzar



KEGAN McFADDEN is a writer, curator, and artist living on Vancouver Island. His recent projects—in print and exhibition form—explore intersecting histories, living memory, and the potential inherent in ambiguities. He co-edited [The Poetics of Queer](#), a special issue of CV2 (The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing, 2015) and is the founding editor of [As We Try & Sleep Press](#), an imprint that explores the overlap between the literary and visual arts. Kegan is on the advisory panel for the artist book library, [Also As Well Too](#) (Winnipeg), and has his work archived with the [Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art](#).



Words, a series of fancy shapes. It's funny: I started this work because I didn't understand what I was reading—it was evidence of a flailing, a visualization of discontented misunderstanding. It's still a flail, but now it's more choreographed.

I think I was testing the viscosity of different presentations (if you'll excuse the verbosity). How does tweaking the way text is presented change the information absorbed from it? How does meaning flow differently between words that are stacked side by side versus words layered on top of and behind one another? This might sound inane, but I'm curious about how a list of synonyms will affect you if you read them in a grid, or read them in a metaphorical story, or a theoretical treatise, or when you see only their collective silhouette.

Then again, they all mean the same thing to me—nonsense.

— MAXWELL HYETT

involvement

mix-up

mix-up

tangle

ee

ploy

check

complication

invo

enticement

shambles

connection

oil

net

sh

mistake

clutter

deception

skein

industry

tar

machination

tan

derangement

shu

confusion

invo

project

fixer

squabble

ju

cobweb

invo

subject

invo

argument

invo

involvement

abashment

federation

el

elaboration

turtl

league

snare

snares

conflict

dilemma

conf

mess

conf

confusion

contortion

altercation

conf

hookup

chaos

proceeding

difficulty

complexity

conf

organization

gridlock

disorientation

conf

intricacy

conf

gossamer

conf

company

conf

conf

snare

conf

occupation

conf

labor

conf

pitfall

conf

entanglement

conf

mesh

conf

embroilment

conf

bickering interchange question embroilment broil link task intricacy complica
tissue multiplicity agitation society web bemusement union spat bind pain snag complexity
awkwardness fray difficulty difficulty pain bind embroilment bemusement union
cabal confusion contrivance disarrangement disarrangement hitch tangle gnarl reticulation wreck
entrapment entanglement blockage difficulty net jungle close disarrangement pitfall
quagmire fiber snare sweat allurement gossamer trap nine-to-five artificial
trap

transaction entrapment complexity thing
demoralization tribe webbing chagrin
involvement predicament clumsiness squable intricacy
farrago deal helix screen wreckage
combination dilemma noose mass cutoff
maze discontinuance
travail ambuscade interconnection
involvement
turnout jam
lure flight
pains ruse
tangle

| | | | | |
|--------------|------------|-------------|-----------------|---------------|
| sight | splice | mess | machination | lasso |
| tiny | trifles | walkout | involvement | plait |
| snarl | middle | monstrosity | standstill | plant |
| small | ruse | muddle | middle | middle |
| slight | middle | middle | middle | middle |
| intrigue | congress | abashment | confederacy | episode |
| morass | pitch | web | tie-up | tangle |
| intricacy | salmagundi | salmagundi | knock-down-drag | falling-out |
| sit-down | trifles | trap | -out | mission |
| jumble | potpourri | trap | tie-up | happening |
| mess | stratagem | pickle | tie-up | hindrance |
| plan | mess | inhibition | exigency | confederation |
| mishmash | mixtures | inhibition | confederation | confederation |
| snag | plan | tie-up | exigency | confederation |
| spiral | mess | tie-up | exigency | confederation |
| salmagundi | mess | inhibition | confederation | confederation |
| reticulation | mess | inhibition | confederation | confederation |
| lure | mess | inhibition | confederation | confederation |
| construction | mess | inhibition | confederation | confederation |

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|-----------------|--------|
| plot | profession | blurring | cluttering | laboriousness | tumble | warp | prank |
| texture | ensnarement | addling | fellowship | puzzle | little game | twirl | noose |
| snarl | occupation | family | lun | poverty | o | shuffle | tangle |
| perplexity | web | labor | occurrence | ensnarement | game | every which way | muss |
| twist | crew | predicament | province | crowd | twirl | twirl | noose |
| untidiness | impasse | scramble | enmeshment | knot | little game | every which way | noose |
| tie | plight | wile | addling | cluttering | o | shuffle | tangle |
| mix-up | maneuver | snarl | ensnarement | ensnarement | o | shuffle | tangle |

quicksand

toil

stratagem

warp

plight

shambles

struggle

whirl

yoke

mélange

mess

muddle

painfulness

quandry

self-conscious-
ness

fraternity

confounding

hookup

discomfiting

order

pursuit

responsibility

undertaking

undertaking

re-

disarray

embarrassing

disturbing

mob

obstruction

shyness

snarl

gang

whorl

vinculum

misfortune

snag

scrape

weave

trellis

subterfuge

weff

while

tangle

woof

seduction

mess and a half

stew

paradox

tangle

trile

mystification

ting

perturbation

outrit

mixup

timidi

quagmire

timidi

rat's nest

office function

dumbfounding

pool

embroiling

sodality

snag

perplexity

strait

inveiglement

wicker

trouble

temptation

webbing

inveiglement

wicker

screw-up

uneasiness

quandary

boo boo

stew

faux pas

tie-in

passing

sorority

tangling

situation

stirring up

syndicate

scrape

obscurin

awkward

tie-up

situation

stirring up

ity

obscurin

syndicate

stirring up

tie-up

egg on face

strain

awkward

situation

scrape

ity

deep water

tipulation

strial

toops

zoo

hot water

unsettling

troupe

rat pack

strenuousness

hot seat

dead end

impecuniosity

sumplicating block

hot water



MAXWELL HYETT is a theorist and interdisciplinary artist. His artistic work explores issues of meaning, simultaneity, and the relationship between language and reality. While his academic work plays along the same lines as his artistic production, it focuses on the relationship between truth and doubt in post-truth culture. These issues emerge in writing and image primarily as a concern with information and its reception: how is information/meaning/truth made; where do we keep it; how do we retrieve it; and how does it translate through these processes of creation, recognition, and storage?

Te para la tos y gripe
(CaTurro)

1 Litro de agua

10 hojas eucalito Limon

20 Flores buganvillas de escocho

1 Roma gordo Loko

1 Raja da canela no muy grande

Se pone a hervir el agua
alestas hiernas do sola
pone a las hierbas a goe de
un horor y apagar tomas
Como se durante el dia Caliente



Technique, Connection, and Anima in counterpoint

The field

Technique and connection are troubling, troublesome concepts.

Technique values most highly those matters and processes that are efficient in delivery and reductive in expression. Our love affair with technique is instantly gratifying; it allows for rapid communication, fast relationships, quick answers. Technique has no emotional expression, but only flashpoints that demand immediate, unforgiving response.

Connection is presently mediated through technology. While mediated connection feels intimate, it constantly demands performance and exposure; while mediated connection feels private, it is under constant surveillance. While mediated connection feels immediate it is always defined through the frame of technique.

Technique and technology together act as an ontology that floats beyond space and place and is defined by a belief in efficiency and management. Capitalism cannot rest until it

El campo

Técnica y conexión son conceptos problemáticos.

La técnica da el más alto valor a aquellas materias y procesos que son eficientes en su desempeño y reductivas en su expresión. Nuestro romance con la técnica es instantáneamente gratificante, permite una comunicación y unas relaciones rápidas, de respuestas inmediatas. La técnica no tiene expresión emocional, solo estímulos críticos que demandan una respuesta inmediata y sin miramientos.

La conexión está mediada en la actualidad por la tecnología. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente íntima, constantemente demanda ejecución y exposición; a pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente privada, está sometida a una vigilancia constante. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente inmediata, siempre está definida por el marco de referencia de la técnica.

La técnica y la tecnología juntas actúan como una ontología que flota más allá del espacio y el lugar, y está definida por la creencia en

absorbs craft, infiltrating every domain that is not yet available for profit. Our barons are technologists. And the capital for technologists is data: the extraction of minute detail about, and the micro analysis of, our behaviours, ideas, movements, beliefs, and sexualities. Data about our bodies and brains are the new primary resource industry.

I learned that when you bake donkey shit with clay in a kiln the result is a jet-black clay object. I learned that donkey shit is dry and clean when picked from a semi-arid field under a burning sun. I learned that when you are in the field you need to attend to the curious donkeys—interested, but not domestic. I learned about differing types of micro interventions. Swat at a fly, pick a perfectly-dried brick from the field. Stare a donkey in the face.

In this case, technique is rescued as craft and becomes precise, peculiar, and queered.

la eficiencia y en la dirección. El capitalismo no puede estar tranquilo hasta que no absorba lo artesanal, infiltrándose en cada dominio aún no dispuesto para el lucro. Nuestros barones son tecnócratas. Y el capital de los tecnócratas es la data: la extracción del más mínimo detalle sobre, y el microanálisis de, nuestras conductas, ideas, movimientos, creencias y sexualidades. La data sobre nuestros cuerpos y cerebros es la nueva materia prima de la industria.

Aprendí que cuando horneas mierda de burro en un horno para cerámica, el resultado es una arcilla muy negra. Aprendí que la mierda de burro es seca y limpia cuando la recoges en un campo semiárido bajo un sol inclemente. Aprendí que cuando estás en el campo debes estar atento a los burros curiosos—están interesados, pero no domesticados. Aprendí sobre diferentes tipos de microintervenciones. Aplastar a una mosca, levantar un ladrillo perfectamente seco en el campo. Mirar a burro a la cara.

En este caso, la técnica es rescatada como artesanía, y se vuelve precisa, peculiar y extrañada.



The studio

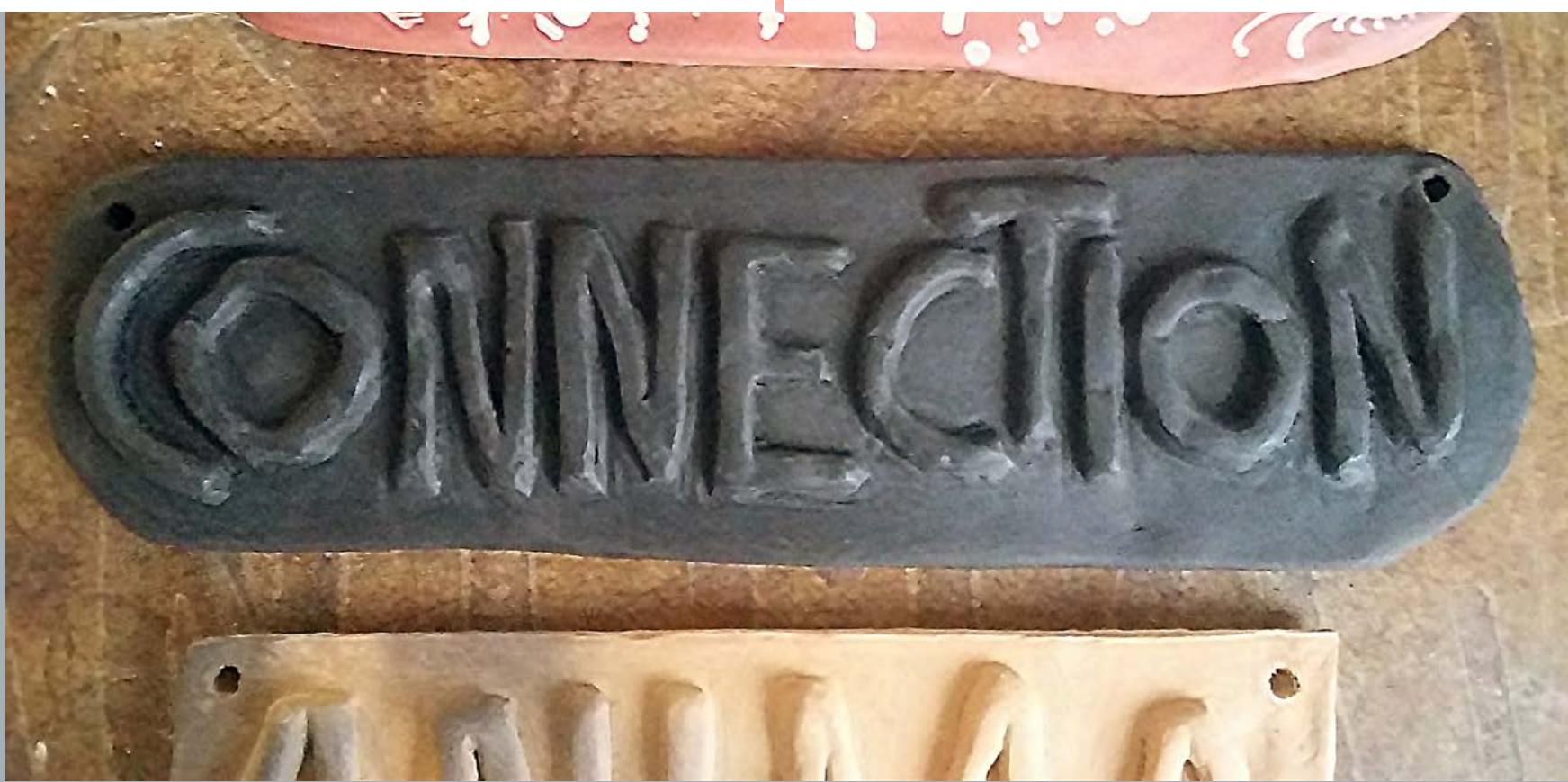
While forming the clay we talk through a divider. We cannot see each other. He paints. We both know the music. It feels like late night, but is it? As we talk about the cold place where we first met, we correct impressions of each other from another time. No, I was not so connected then. No, he was not so connected then, but struggled for it (and if I remember correctly, gained it). Now we are glad to make this correction/connection, through words floating in this studio, beside the kiln, beside the donkey's field. I can smell the goats in the stable next door. Water splashed in clay, clay cut with a knife. Specific, unmediated, gentle words in a floating time. Efficiency and connection are queered.

These clay words—Technique, Connection, and Anima—are not reductive, not fast, and the resulting form is not sublime, not perfect in form and aesthetic. They have not been corrected by technologies that operate beyond this place.

El estudio

Mientras doy forma a la arcilla, hablamos a través de una mampara. No podemos vernos entre nosotros. Él pinta. Los dos sabemos cómo es. Se siente como si fuera entrada la noche, ¿pero es así? En tanto hablamos sobre el frío lugar en el que nos conocimos, corregimos impresiones mutuas de otros tiempos. No, yo no estaba tan conectado entonces. No, él no estaba tan conectado entonces, pero luchaba por estarlo (y si recuerdo correctamente, lo logró). Ahora nos alegramos de poder hacer esta corrección/conexión, por medio de las palabras que flotan en este estudio, junto al horno, junto al campo con los burros. Puedo oler a las cabras en el establo vecino. Agua salpicando en la arcilla, arcilla cortada con un cuchillo. Específicas, no mediadas, amables palabras en un tiempo flotante. Eficiencia y conexión están extrañadas.

Estas palabras de arcilla –técnica, conexión y Anima- no son reductivas, ni rápidas, y la forma resultante de ellas no es sublime, ni perfecta, ni estética. No han sido corregidas por tecnologías que operen fuera de este lugar.



The kiln

After dark, while the fire glows, a truck moves across the horizon. It seems bright, brash, and loud in this quiet, dark space. Headlights reveal the vast and ancient land. As the truck turns up the drive, its machinery feels oddly violent. I suppress fear and exhilaration. The truck arrives and men in space suits walk across the yard. They are headed to the bee hives that had been set up earlier in the day. They are there to do their special alchemy.

There two types of alchemy going on here: the hives, and the kiln. Both are in the dark.

Something explodes in the kiln (a different type of flashpoint); it is the gourd we mistakenly tried to bake covered in clay.

Anima recalls my own time in a northern countryside, something about jumping in a river and screaming after dark. Smelling the pigs in a barn, after dark. I imagine unmediated connection with my educator in clay, with those strangers who are experts in bee lore, to my close ones in the cold place. Crackling.

Anima is dark, anima is unknowable, anima is alive to the sensate.

Anima is specific to this place and time.

El horno

Después de caer la noche, mientras el fuego resplandece, una furgoneta se mueve a lo largo del horizonte. Parece brillar, temeraria y ensordecadora en este espacio tan silencioso y oscuro. Sus luces frontales exponen la tierra vasta y vetusta. A medida que aumentan las revoluciones del motor de la furgoneta, su maquinaria se siente extrañamente violenta. Suprimo el temor y el regocijo. La furgoneta llega a su destino y unos hombres vistiendo trajes espaciales caminan a través del terreno. Se dirigen a las colmenas que habían preparado más temprano. Están ahí para practicar su alquimia particular.

Hay dos tipos de alquimia en proceso aquí: las colmenas y el horno. Ambas, en las tinieblas.

Algo estalla en el horno (un tipo distinto de punto de inflamación) es la calabaza que erradamente intentamos hornear cubierta de arcilla.

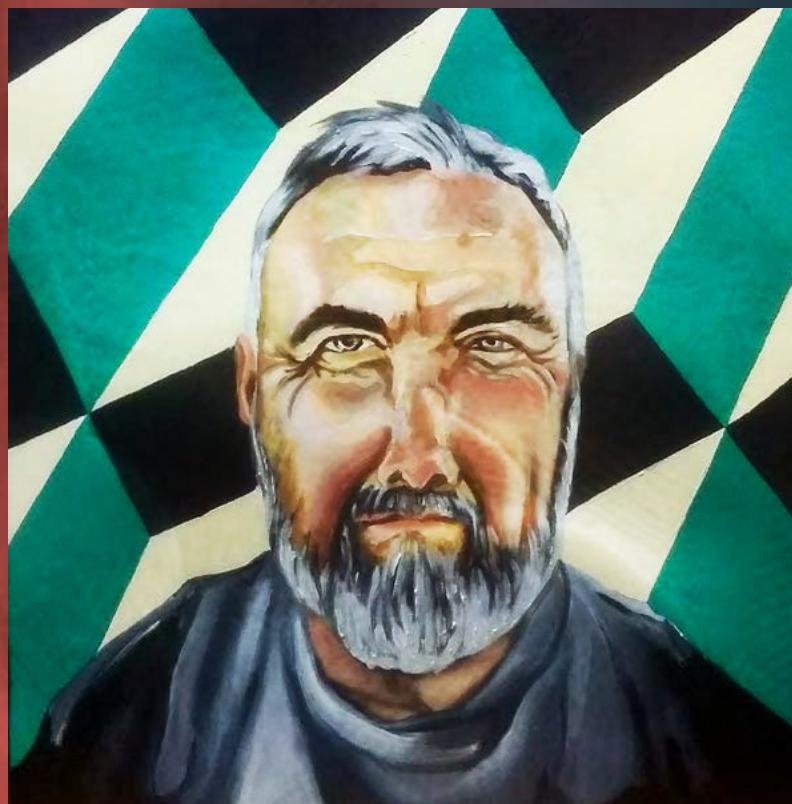
Anima me hace evocar mis días en una campiña del norte, algo sobre zambullirme en un río y gritar después de caída la noche. El perfume de los cerdos en el granero, después de caída la noche. Imagino una comunicación no mediada con mi maestro de la arcilla, con aquellos desconocidos expertos en las costumbres de las abejas, con mis allegados en el lugar frío. Crepitando.

Anima es oscuridad, anima es incognoscible, anima está viva para quien es sensato.

Anima es específica a este lugar y tiempo.

KEN MOFFATT is an educator, curator and writer. His interests include affect and emotions; queer art and culture; the corporatization of culture and education; the effects of technology on communication; and the control of symbols in the context of capitalism. He is currently working on a book about reflective approaches to teaching. He works at Ryerson University.

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overthrow

rupture

stoppage

overthrow

oaf

scolding

overthrow

reverse

stoppage

nitwit

rupture

stoppage

overthrow

rupture

stoppage

rout

upend

stoppage

rout

upend

stoppage

rout

upend

stoppage

unfitness

skimpiness

stoppage

stalemate

bring down

stoppage

turkey

do away with

stoppage

the skids

rotting

stoppage

wreck

louse up

stoppage

impairment

perdition

stoppage

ruin

mishap

stoppage

insufficiency

scalping

stoppage

rout

reverse

stoppage

vitiation

decaying

stoppage

overthrow

rupture

stoppage

rout

stalemate

stoppage

relapse

repulse

stoppage

rotting

spoiling

stoppage

padding

it

stoppage

hurt

misadventure

stoppage

stumble

fall down

stoppage

perishing

road to ruin

stoppage

unfulfillment

overthrow

stoppage

scantiness

unsuitableness

stoppage

overthrow

tumble

stoppage

minny

upset

stoppage

nunskull

rupture

stoppage

transgression

repulse

stoppage

social blunder

rout

stoppage

nonperformance

padding

stoppage

nitwit

rebuff

stoppage

overthrow

rebuff

stoppage

rout

rout

stoppage

stalemate

stalemate

stoppage

defeasance

fair game

insuccess

lamebrain

defeasance

bad luck

insuccess

mislaying

ineffect

whitewashing

dowithrow

nonsuccess

losing

misplacing

wreckage

easy mark

halfwit

whitewashing

dowithrow

moocalf

softlead

vanquish

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