

ELI MANDEL'S FAMILY ARCHITECTURE: BUILDING A HOUSE OF WORDS ON THE PRAIRIES

It's difficult to be a "memory-tourist" on the Prairies, to return to relics and ruins and examine our own lives in light of the absence and brokenness of our forbears' world.¹ The cities are new, built and rebuilt so a minimum of history remains visible. As early as the 1940s Canadian architects bemoaned the "dead hulks" western cities and towns inherited from earlier generations and began the transformation of their main streets, stripping them of the venerable structures they saw as "dull monuments" to "ignorance and sentimentality."² What can the avid memory-tourist find of interest on the Prairie? What places remain that are evocative of the past, and which objects resonate so richly with the lives of the dead that they have the power to shape our understanding of the present? Poet and critic Eli Mandel made his way back to the ruins of Saskatchewan and wrote what are arguably his finest poems about the Jewish ghost towns of Hirsch and Hoffer, the battered landscape called badlands by the locals, around Weyburn and Estevan, where he encountered not only physical ruins but the ruins of memory—in his words, "the endless treachery/that is remembering."³ In a collection called *Out of Place* (1977), Mandel depicts the visit he made with his wife Ann to the abandoned homesteads and one-street towns of his Saskatchewan youth, to the relics of an era separated from ours not so much by the passing of many years, as by the brute change of our society from one that

was largely rural to one that is increasingly urban. In a landscape that would read for most of us like a blank page, a sheet of brown dusty scrub, Mandel conjured the “ghostly jews / of estevan,”⁴ and stranger still, the absent Jews of the Europe that Hitler made.

I

Western Canada is often characterized as having a “short [and] exclusively ‘modern’ ”⁵ history, but such appraisals tend to gloss over the distinct stages of transformation the landscape and built environment of the Prairies have undergone. Over twenty years ago, in an article entitled “Time and Place in the Western Interior,” John Warkentin noted how farming practices had obliterated native systems of land use, and went on to describe how the gradual decline of many agricultural communities had brought about another “remaking of the face of the land in the prairies”:

The pace of change is increasing. Examples of ordinary-seeming buildings, the ones which were most common and hence all the more important, are those we are apt to lose Many kinds of rural buildings are disappearing rapidly. Churches, schools and halls, essential facilities for community activities in any farm district, were scattered through the countryside in pioneer days. Numerous structures of this type are abandoned and have fallen to ruin, because of the consolidation of social activities in villages and towns.⁶

Among the once common structures that are now largely preserved through photographs are the round barn, designed to shed snow and withstand wind; storefronts marked “Saloon”; the wooden onion-domed churches of Ukrainian farmers; and washed-out billboards that advertised Bull Durham, Chinook Beer, and Stanislaus Flour from the sides of barns.⁷

Mandel, interestingly enough, does not include any of these vanishing melancholy sites in the Saskatchewan poems that appear in his early collections, in increasing number in *Stony Plain* (1973), and as the focus of interest in *Out of Place*. Instead,

he returns repeatedly in his writing to Estevan, the city of his youth on the edge of the Souris River Valley in Southeastern Saskatchewan, near to which the Jewish pioneering settlements of Hirsch and Hoffer struggled and eventually sank. The colonists Mandel encountered as a boy at Hirsch and Hoffer came from Russia, Poland and Romania — most of them were shopkeepers and tradespeople in their native towns — to pursue the promise of a life free of persecution and the opportunity to work their own land. During the late nineteenth century the Canadian government was eager to settle its western territories, and 160 acres of Prairie could be had for ten dollars.

As Mandel offers almost no explanation of what brought such settlements into existence, and only obliquely describes the kind of lives that were lived there between the 1880s and the outbreak of the Second World War, the reader might mistake the poems in *Out of Place* for surrealist experiments, wild impositions of Chagall's Vitebsk onto the glyph-marked banks of the Souris River. In "near Hirsch a Jewish cemetery:" Mandel writes: "the Hebrew puzzles me / the wind moving the grass / over the still houses of the dead."⁸ In "slaughterhouse:"

grandfather leading me back to the kitchen
the farm unpainted weathered grandmother
milking guts of shit for skins and kishke
it's not a place for boys she says
her face redder than strawberries
her hands like cream⁹

Mandel's juxtaposition of worlds must read like a fantasy, a daydream, to anyone without memories of such scenes, to anyone who has not stumbled onto their ruins. And in fact, Mandel does not hide his urge to play with this unusual juxtaposition of Prairie landscape and Jewish culture, to come up with his own fiction using the facts at hand. Included in *Out of Place* is a letter he received from a citizen of Weyburn, a town near to Hirsch and Estevan, which takes him to task for his reliance on poetic licence. The letter reads:

Dear Professor Mandel,
Heard you on "This Country in the Morning"

and was more than surprised when you mentioned that your new book on Poetry and Prose will be about the ghost Jewish Colony of Hoffer (or Sonnenfeld Colony which is the correct name).

Whereas my husband and I were both born in the colony and are still carrying on farming operations there and have a great interest in that area we were wondering where you got your information.

It was interesting to hear you say that your wife has been out taking pictures. Would it be possible to know of this, and when and where do you plan to have your book published. We would like to buy it when it becomes available.

Thank you.

Yours Truly.

Mrs. N. Feldman¹⁰

It is difficult to judge if the tone of these three neat paragraphs is sarcastic, a dismissal of Mandel's version of history as a sloppy fiction, or if it is simply searching, open to all possibilities. In his poetic response to Mrs. Feldman's letter Mandel admits that his own imagined sense of the landscape had "disappeared" those still living on it:

Mrs. Feldman

I say to myself softly
I can't see you in the picture
there is no one there.¹¹

Mrs. Feldman is, in a sense, one of the survivors who didn't fit into the fiction Mandel derived from the absence and total abandonment he found on the Saskatchewan Prairie.

In an essay discussing his poem, "On the 25th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz," Mandel makes a striking connection between his struggle to develop a "Poetics" appropriate to writing about his Prairie past and the challenge of writing about the Holocaust:

The place of death, Europe and the Jews, I had identified as tradition, fathers, all that named me,

connected me with the past, the prophetic, Hebraic, Judaic sense — in its alien and tragic sense not in its ethical and legalistic aspects. If the camps recorded death, it was that death I had to record, an attempt too horrible to contemplate. But the possibility of re-enacting that death began at the same time to occupy me. Its substitution, the graves of the war dead, in Europe, for example, the place of the Jewish dead on the prairies. . . .¹²

Without making any explicit reference to this “substitution” in *Out of Place*, Mandel intimates that there is an uncanny doubleness between the alien European deaths “too horrible to contemplate” and those of his forbears on the Prairies: the unlikelihood of a Jewish pioneer by the Souris River mirrors the unlikelihood of meeting a Jew today in Cracow or in Munich; European towns and countrysides, emptied of Jews, are the tragic double of the abandoned town sites at Hirsch and Hoffer. The “town lives,” Mandel writes of Estevan, and “in its syntax we are ghosts.”¹³ Just as memory-tourists visit the sites of death camps to view the ruins of an architecture of death, Mandel finds at Hirsch and Hoffer far more benign but equally moldering ruins.

In his earlier collection, *Stony Plain*, Mandel points to the similarity in identity and world view between those who perished in Europe and his own forebears on the Prairies. But he does so to evoke the vast difference between their respective fates:

and father knew father
mothering the last of the jews
who in the Hirsch land
put in new seed
and new codes
and new aunts

so we survived
but had become
being as
we were

solutions

the seed

the new seed

final solution¹⁴

The Holocaust exists as an after-image of the Mandels' survival on the Prairies, the two experiences like opposite ends of an hourglass, flaring away from each other but still inextricably connected. This doubleness that exists between two vastly different vanished Jewish worlds lends Mandel's ruminations on the ruins of Saskatchewan a deeper resonance.

In his effort to tell the stories of the Jews of Hirsch and Hoffer — stories he calls “heroic”¹⁵ — Mandel must return to the ruins of these places as well as to the ruins of his own memories. At the town sites themselves he finds relics: seed catalogues, “machinery bills” and “clapboard buildings,” “quebec heaters,” iron bedsteads,¹⁶ recollections of “wild strawberries cocoa-butter” — what he refers to as the “taste of Hirsch.”¹⁷ In *Out of Place* Mandel's poems are juxtaposed with Ann Mandel's photographs of the southern Saskatchewan landscape. In black-and-white the storefronts and Prairie roads of Bienfait and Hirsch look like vacant film sets, peopleless under a sky so clear and vast the galaxy seems to have been emptied of all its heavenly bodies. Abandoned frame buildings are shot through with sun and the brilliant still air. But Mandel himself undercuts any sense that these stills provide proof that Ann Mandel's vision of the landscape, her account of relics and recollection, reveals the truth. The photographs are anything but sure representations, he says: “we take the photographs to be the reality. But they're not, they're only photographs. They're interpretations. . . .”¹⁸ So how much *less* reliable memory must be. In “lines for an imaginary cenotaph:” Mandel erects a monument that serves as his own interpretation of the landscape:

george hollingdale
bruce carey
george chapman
jacob barney mandel

William Tell Mandel: sd
Capt A.W. (ab) Hardy

Isaac Berner
 Annie's
son

all the kinds of war
we say our kaddish for

chief Dan Kennedy
singing
beneath the petroglyphs
hoodoos we sd
at Roch Percée

Assiniboine songs¹⁹

But the poet is quick to point out the blind spots in his own interpretation. With the rush of years, and his inability to confidently read the landscape and its ruins, he admits that he must inevitably lose contact with the past. Standing before the glyphs in the badlands left by the Assiniboine, Mandel asks, "do they mean anything?"²⁰ In the same way, disinterested travelers fly by on the highway beside the Jewish cemetery at Hirsch; "no one there," Mandel writes, "casts a glance at the stone trees / the unliving forest of Hebrew graves."²¹ What you don't know, quite simply, isn't there, in or out of place.

II

Architecture in the city means hope; it means home-building. Its practitioners build structures evocative of the stories of progress

and prosperity every community needs to hear to believe in its own strength and good sense. In Canada, Calgary and Toronto have most wholeheartedly embraced the tower. Our sky scraping needles strive to counter the legendary fiasco at the Tower of Babel; with their tops in the clouds they are unfettered by heavenly decree, much less by concerns over usefulness or expense. These buildings assert a narrative at once archetypal and modern, with all relics of the past and the stories they might convey removed from sight. But on the Prairies, in the wild places abandoned by their short-lived communities, the human art of architecture is reversed by the weather. Windows turn in on themselves, roofs furrow and fall, fence posts and cornerbeams bed down, softened to termite dust and mulch. Buildings are slowly unmade as the world reverts to form, or formlessness.

One might assume then, that Mandel returned to Hirsch and Hoffer to undo this process of transformation and obliteration, that he wrote with the reassuring hope that his poems would “reconstruct the original artifact . . . by returning to the scene of it,”²² and that through his poems he would erect a monument to all the dead Mandels and Berners of Saskatchewan, a “version of history calling itself permanent and everlasting. . . .”²³ But the outcome of *Out of Place* could not be more contrary to this urge. Mandel goes to great lengths to leave documented history *out of his poems*. He fashions instead an almost purely personal and imaginative meditation on Prairie ruins. Left out of *Out of Place* is any background information on the colonies themselves. The development of Jewish farm settlements at Hirsch, Hoffer, Moosomin, Wapella and Lipton, as well as at sites scattered across Manitoba and Alberta, has been documented by Jewish community leaders, historians, and parliamentarians alike. John A. Macdonald and his High Commissioner in London, Alexander Galt, had low expectations of the Jewish newcomers who applied through their co-religionists in Montreal for land titles in the West. They will “at once go in for peddling and politics,” Macdonald wrote to Galt in 1882.²⁴ Galt, however, believed that by taking an interest in the Jews willing to homestead in the wilds of the Prairies he might instill greater interest in Canada in the famous Jewish

philanthropists of Europe.²⁵ Galt had in fact tried to interest the German-born Baron Maurice de Hirsch in investing in the Canadian Pacific Railroad, having heard of Hirsch's success at developing and running the Oriental railway linking Constantinople and Europe.²⁶ Nothing came of this, but it was the philanthropic efforts of Baron de Hirsch that allowed the first Jewish settlers to go West in numbers, and through his support of the Montreal office of the Jewish Colonization Association, families continued to join established colonies. Settlements like those founded in Canada sprung up, with the baron's support, in Palestine, Brazil, Argentina, Oregon, South Dakota and New Jersey. In 1929, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* referred to Hirsch's Jewish Colonization Association as "probably the greatest charitable trust in the world."²⁷

Although Mandel conjures his relatives' life on the Prairies in *Out of Place*, he does not claim for his forbears the central role they played in the history of the Hirsch settlement. His grandfather, Rabbi Marcus Berner, was the rabbi and *shochet* at Hirsch for thirty-two years, marrying and burying two generations of pioneers. The synagogue in which he taught and led services was the first synagogue building erected in Saskatchewan.²⁸ Berner was also an established farmer, a chairman of the school board and a municipal councillor.²⁹ Among the intermediaries who connected the colonists at Hirsch with their often snobbish benefactors at the Baron de Hirsch Institute in Montreal, was Lazarus Cohen, the grandfather of Leonard Cohen, a literary peer whose career Mandel followed with great interest. Lazarus Cohen, a lumber and coal merchant in Montreal, spent five weeks at the colony, working and studying with the settlers.³⁰

Mandel positions the poems in *Out of Place* almost entirely outside this rich history, recounting none of it. Rather than turn to communal history he includes, almost perversely, a footnote more relevant to literary than Jewish historical archives. Instead of mining the rich stories concerning Israel Hoffer, the patriarch who gave his name to the colony he led, Mandel notes that Hoffer's son Abraham is mentioned in Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell* :

A psychiatrist, Abraham Hoffer has done pioneer work in the uses of lysergic acid as a means of exploring the nature and causes of schizophrenia and alcoholism. His father was a wheat farmer.³¹

This urge to avoid recounting documented events, to present instead a portrait of personal encounter with the memories conjured by a visit to the Hirsch area, accounts for the treatment in *Out of Place* of the old Hoffer community “vault.” There is no precise description in the book of what it is Eli and Ann Mandel discover in a vault they visit on what was the Hoffer family farm near Estevan. It is said to contain documents and artifacts of the history of the Jewish Prairie settlements. The vault’s floor is “littered with prairie,” and Mandel recounts how he began “to feel gloomy” as soon as the discourse of “family lines,” of the “census” and “newspapers” began to intrude on his own recollections and vision of the landscape.³² One critic has written that “Writing, the subject and matter of *Out of Place*, finds its first configuration in the image of the vault.”³³ Yet surprisingly little is read out of this configuration. The archive is a mess, a disappointment that brings on the poet’s gloomy mood. In Ann Mandel’s preface to *Out of Place* she describes herself and Eli Mandel as two memory-tourists who used pages

for mattresses, sheets, and head rests. When we decided a page was insignificant for our purposes or saw it was blank we placed it in a pile to use for wiping ourselves or for after love. Others became serviettes, sunshades, etc.”³⁴

This extravagant image of the archivists actually *making use* of history, bringing it up to date by including it in their daily lives, offers the most explicit condemnation in *Out of Place* of the urge to represent “any version of history calling itself permanent and everlasting,” the kind that is presented through a monument or museum exhibit.³⁵ To quote James Young, whose recent book *The Texture of Memory* examines Holocaust memorials, Mandel would have us see that sites of historical importance and communal experience need not assume the “polished, finished veneer of a death mask, unreflective of current memory, unresponsive to

contemporary issues.”³⁶ Ann and Eli Mandel live in the vault, eat and make love on top of what it contains. For them, the Prairie ruins are ripe with history, bearing the traces of the “ghostly jews / of estevan.”³⁷

By forcing us to meditate on the absence and brokenness of the vanished lives of Hirsch and Hoffer, the poems and photographs in *Out of Place* enliven the landscape and re-people the empty Prairie. The “magic of ruins persists,” Young tells us, in a near mystical fascination with sites seemingly charged with the aura of past events, as if the molecules of the sites still vibrated with the memory of their history.³⁸

Such sites of memory “begin to assume lives of their own. . . .”³⁹ And so it is with the landscape surrounding Estevan. In “the return:” Mandel writes,

my father appears
my mother appears
saying no words
troubled⁴⁰

And for Mandel absence provides as sure a marking on the landscape as presence:

I read the land for records now

wild strawberries cocoa-butter
taste of Hirsch
bags of curdling
warm spent streams

tested on the hair of berner’s beard
the ritual slaughter knife

even the blood has disappeared⁴¹

Within the gates of the cemetery at Hirsch, where the dead were brought from the surrounding communities, Mandel describes himself standing “arms outstretched / as if waiting for someone.”⁴² Even in a dead graveyard the past threatens to send an emissary.

III

Mandel's approach to history and forms of memory jibes nicely with what might be termed a postmodern suspicion of any effort at freezing the past like a death mask, at preserving an official record of events.⁴³ It is this suspicion that has led contemporary architects to reject what they judge to be the exhausted forms of their predecessors: nineteenth-century historical facades bearing tableaux of national and mythic heroes; the neo-classicism exemplified by public buildings whose style, borrowed from Revolutionary France and ancient Greece, promotes "the ideal of universal laws ... science, art, government and justice. . . ."⁴⁴ After the shock of this century's killing fields these public myths no longer thrill us, and architects have begun to find inspiration for their buildings in "narratives which resonate with the history of a specific place,"⁴⁵ and which derive their inspiration from "personal stories grounded in life."⁴⁶ In the words of Vancouver architect Richard Henriquez, such work situates

the individual in a perceived historical continuum
 . . . which includes both the built and the natural
 world, real and fictional pasts, and allows members
 of the community to project their lives into the
 future.⁴⁷

Within this historical continuum, ruins and relics can be built into a new building, as a structure is made to take into account its site, the buildings that preceded it there, as well as its relationship to geology and native culture. In *Out of Place* Eli Mandel finds inspiration in a similar historical continuum. He reads the landscape for the leavings of the Jews, of the Assiniboine, even of the identityless parade of travellers who roar by in their cars, and he devises from all this a portrait of intricate depth and particularity a scaffolding of story and image supported by ruins.

For Mandel, it would seem, the richest site for the memory tourist is an accidental one rather than a deliberately cared for monument; it is one that is overgrown and infested rather than one that politely offers an officially sanctioned commemoration

There is no rhetoric in *Out of Place* pronouncing on the absence of official signs marking the history of Jewish settlement in the Hirsch area. Mandel makes no rancorous request that his ancestors' first home in Canada be better preserved.⁴⁸ In what appears at first to be an enigmatic utterance — “no one has the right to memories”⁴⁹ — Mandel affirms the rightness of ruin, the need to let the land sweep back over failure and abandonment, to let it take back its ghosts.

ENDNOTES

¹James E. Young, *The Texture of Memory: Holocaust Memorials and Meaning* (New Haven, 1993), p. 70.

²W. Bernstein and R. Cawker, *Building With Words: Canadian Architects on Architecture* (Toronto, 1981), p. 12. In Calgary, the architects working during the city's boom years chose modernism's mirrored facades to replace the brick and sandstone blocks that had been discredited as old world monuments with little relationship to local mythologies. Glass towers, the eventual replacement for these monuments, were thought to “reveal the truth of the modern world to those who lived in it.” And in Calgary, the truth of the modern world might be traced back to the oil find at Leduc No. 1 that initiated the area's unprecedented growth in the postwar years. H. Muschamp, “How Buildings Remember,” *New Republic* (28 Aug. 1989), p. 27. The icons of industry, of progress and technological development became so close to the heart of Canadian architects that one devoted a 1937 article, published in the *Royal Architectural Institute Journal*, to a celebration of “Gasoline Stations,” praising the automobile, and going on to enthuse about the “romantic” qualities of certain Canadian Tire “pit stops.” Bernstein, *Building With Words*, p. 11.

³Eli Mandel, *Out of Place* (Erin, 1977), p. 19.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 13.

⁵A. Pérez-Gómez, “The Architecture of Richard Henriquez: A Praxis of Personal Memory,” in Howard Shubert, ed., *Richard Henriquez et le Théâtre de la mémoire/ Richard Henriquez: Memory Theatre* (Vancouver, 1993), p. 13.

⁶John Warkentin, “Time and Place in the Western Interior,” *artscanada* 22(1972): 20-35.

⁷See photos numbered 51-63, and 232 in R. Woodall, *Taken By the Wind: Vanishing Architecture of the West* (Don Mills, 1977).

⁸Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 20.

¹¹Ibid., p. 37.

¹²Eli Mandel, "Auschwitz: Poetry of Alienation," *Canadian Literature* 100 (1984): 213-218.

¹³Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 14.

¹⁴Eli Mandel, "Earthworms Eat Earthworms and Learn," in *Stony Plain* (Erin, 1973), pp. 54-55.

¹⁵Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 75.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 38.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 23.

¹⁸David Arnason, "Interview with Eli Mandel, March 16/78," *Essays on Canadian Writing* 118/119(1980): 70-90.

¹⁹Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 30.

²⁰Ibid., p. 34.

²¹Ibid., p. 20.

²²Robert Harbison, *The Built, the Unbuilt and the Unbuildable: In Pursuit of Architectural Meaning* (London, 1991), p. 108.

²³Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 4.

²⁴A.J. Arnold, "Jewish Immigration to Western Canada in the 1880's," *Canadian Jewish Historical Society Journal* 1(1977): 82-96.

²⁵Ibid., p. 93.

²⁶"Hirsch, Baron Maurice de," in *Encyclopæia Judaica*(1971).

²⁷*A Worldwide Philanthropic Empire: The Life Work of Baron Maurice de Hirsch* (Tel Aviv, 1982), p. 3.

²⁸Louis Rosenberg, *Canada's Jews: A Social and Economic Study of Jews in Canada* (Montreal, 1993), p. 218.

²⁹Cyril Leonoff, *Jewish Farmers of Western Canada* (Winnipeg, 1984) p. 34.

³⁰After Lazarus Cohen left Hirsch the settlers wrote to him in Yiddish "You know what we have — or to put it better — what we don't have. You know everything and we have nothing more to say. All we want to say and plead is: Do not forget in Montreal your brothers in Hirsch! Do not forget the more than forty families are praying daily for you and we call your name a our saviour and protector." A.J. Arnold, "The Life and Times of Jewish Pioneers in Western Canada," *The Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada Second Annual Publication: A selection of Papers Presented in 1961-1970*, pp. 51-77.

³¹Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 15n.

³²On a recent visit to the Hoffer vault, I discovered the Mandels' portrait of it to be a fiction, another imagined monument to the ephemerality of history. I was told by Usher Berger, on whose property the vault stands, that when the Mandels came to visit the structure — which once acted as a safe for the profits from local businesses but never as an archive — it looked as it did when I found it, full of nothing but loose board, twig and newspaper scraps, its concrete walls stripped of their wooden panelling. Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 38.

³³Smaro Kamboureli, "Locality as Writing: A Preface to the 'Preface'"

Out of Place,” *Open Letter* 6.2/3 (1985): 267 -277.

³⁴Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. i.

³⁵Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 4.

³⁶*Ibid.*, p. 14.

³⁷Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 13.

³⁸Meditation upon motifs of brokenness and loss plays an important role in Jewish traditions of mourning: “The rent garment and broken artifacts of daily life have long served as communal signs of mourning. . . . Tombstone reliefs of broken candle-sticks, or a splintered tree, or a bridge half torn away, are among several images recalling life interrupted by death.” Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 119 and p. 186

³⁹*Ibid.*, p. 120

⁴⁰Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 13.

⁴¹*Ibid.*, p. 23.

⁴²*Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁴³Definitions of postmodernism proliferate like the leaves in spring. Umberto Eco, however, offers one that is relevant to the context of this paper: “The postmodern reply to the modern consists of recognizing that the past, since it cannot really be destroyed, because its destruction leads to silence, must be revisited: but with irony, not innocently.” Umberto Eco, *Postscript to the Name of the Rose* (New York, 1984), p. 67.

⁴⁴Muschamp, “How Buildings Remember,” p. 44.

⁴⁵Shubert, *Richard Henriquez*, p. 44.

⁴⁶Pérez-Gómez, “The Architecture of Richard Henriquez,” p. 14.

⁴⁷In the plans for a condominium to be built on Vancouver’s English Bay, Henriquez includes the footprint of the apartment building that stood on the site, the houses that preceded it, and the first-growth forest that preceded the beach houses is referred to by concrete cast stumps set into the yard. Shubert, *Richard Henriquez*, pp. 32, 44.

⁴⁸Without commenting on it in poem or note, Mandel includes at the end of *Out of Place* a letter from a representative of the Jewish Colonization Association in London to a Canadian Member of Parliament who suggested the site of the cemetery at Hirsch be marked. Beside the letter is Ann Mandel’s photograph of the cemetery gates. Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 69. A plaque is in place at the cemetery today, which reads: “Hirsch Colony 1892-1942. Erected in Commemoration of the Baron de Hirsch Jewish Agricultural Colony. Jewish Immigrants who mostly came from Czarist Russia, Roumania, Austria and Poland were assisted by the Baron de Hirsch Colonization Association. These Colonists were motivated by a keen desire to escape religious persecution and racial discrimination, with the rights to own and farm their land and freely adhere to their orthodox faith.”

⁴⁹Mandel, *Out of Place*, p. 27.