

# poweru gaizette

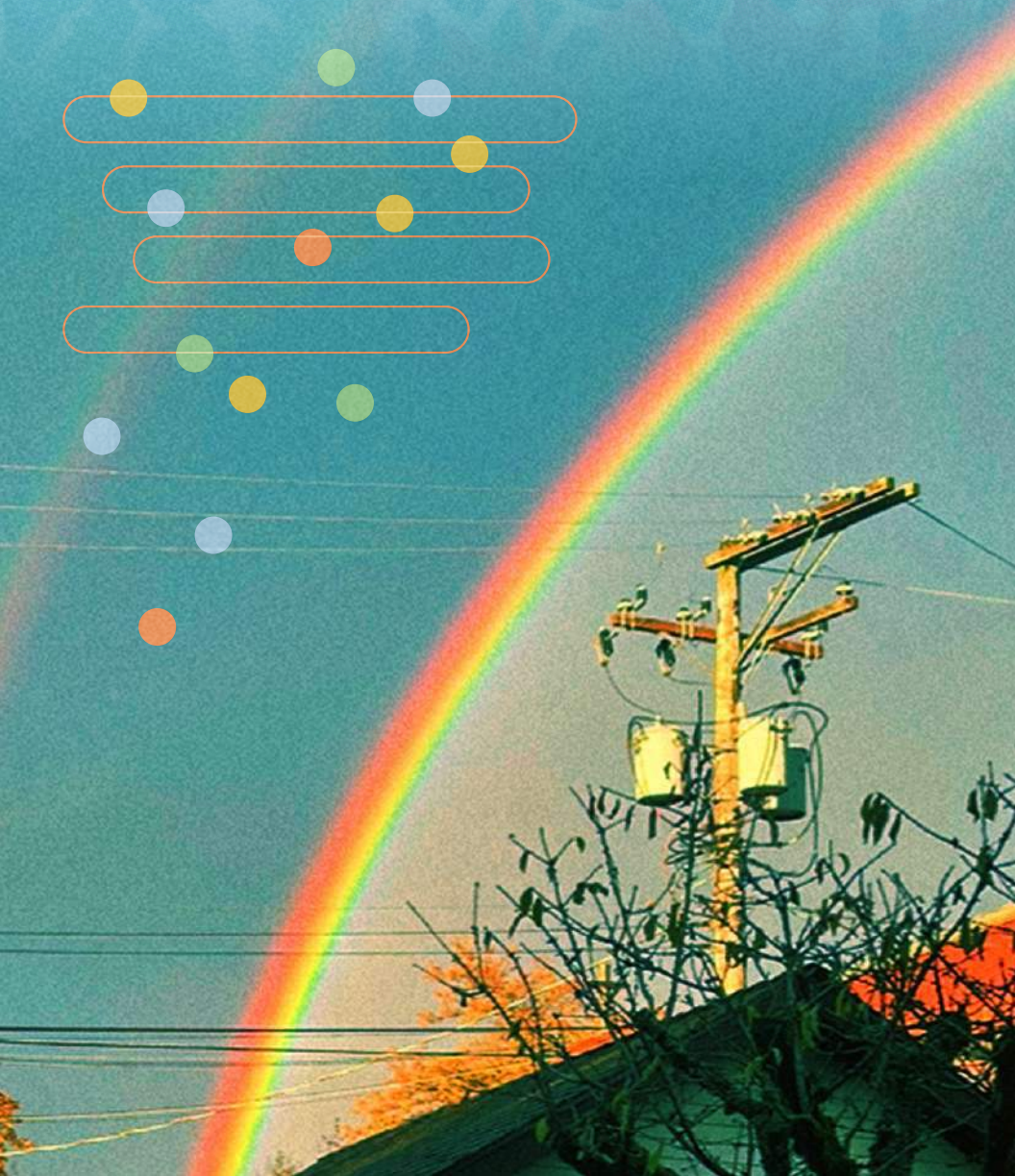
パウエル街ゼット

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sounds like home

a zine of the powell street festival society



Hello dear readers,

After a brief hiatus, we are so thrilled to be back with another issue of the Paueru Gaizette.

This fourth edition is coming off many changes, massive thanks to our enthusiastic community of writers, artists, and helpful cool people that volunteered to make this issue happen! Special thanks to Angela and the previous editors who laid the foundation of the zine.

Everyone involved maintains the same vision for this publication: a low-stakes space for Japanese Canadians, Powell St Festival, & Downtown Eastside community members to express themselves without having to justify, give context, or undergo heavy editorial intervention.

We're thrilled to be featuring so many talented Japanese Canadian artists and community members.

For the theme of this edition we asked our community what 'sounds like home'?

What embodied sensations make us feel belonging?

What sounds, songs, or vibrations remind us of home?

What even is home, and can we hear it?

As individuals we tend to take the concept of home for granted.

The phrase 'sounds like home' is going to depend on the circumstances that one lives in, and how thoughts/feelings are processed in one's body. For example, some people don't have homes, or had their houses taken away, and so their concept of home may be vastly different. Similarly, some people may hear the sound of home in a conversation with a new friend, the memories of family, struggle with language and identity, or just the quiet moments of intimacy with themselves.

For myself, having grown up around a big extended family, I think about people gathering in the kitchen at my grandparents house. Working together to cook dinner, tell stories, set tables, gossip, argue, celebrate, laugh, cry, etc. Not all at the same time usually, but with the common goal of being together and making a nice gathering for everyone to enjoy.

Though oftentimes it goes unsaid, this is an expression of love.

Similarly, when we work together on a shared endeavour, like this zine, we're expressing our love, even if we don't say it. I hope that amidst the submissions you are able to find your own sense of connection to home and unconditional love, even if it's too quiet to hear sometimes.

Please look forward to our next edition that will start taking submissions at the Setsubun event in February 2024. You can stay connected by following Powell St Festival on social media, and subscribing to the newsletter.

Kyle 八ヶ代

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Daruma-chan by Kathy Shimizu


Leaves rustling  
blossoms scatter  
falling gently like rain

Endless stairs and  
torii gates  
bring my heart to rest  
in this place  
I wish was my home.

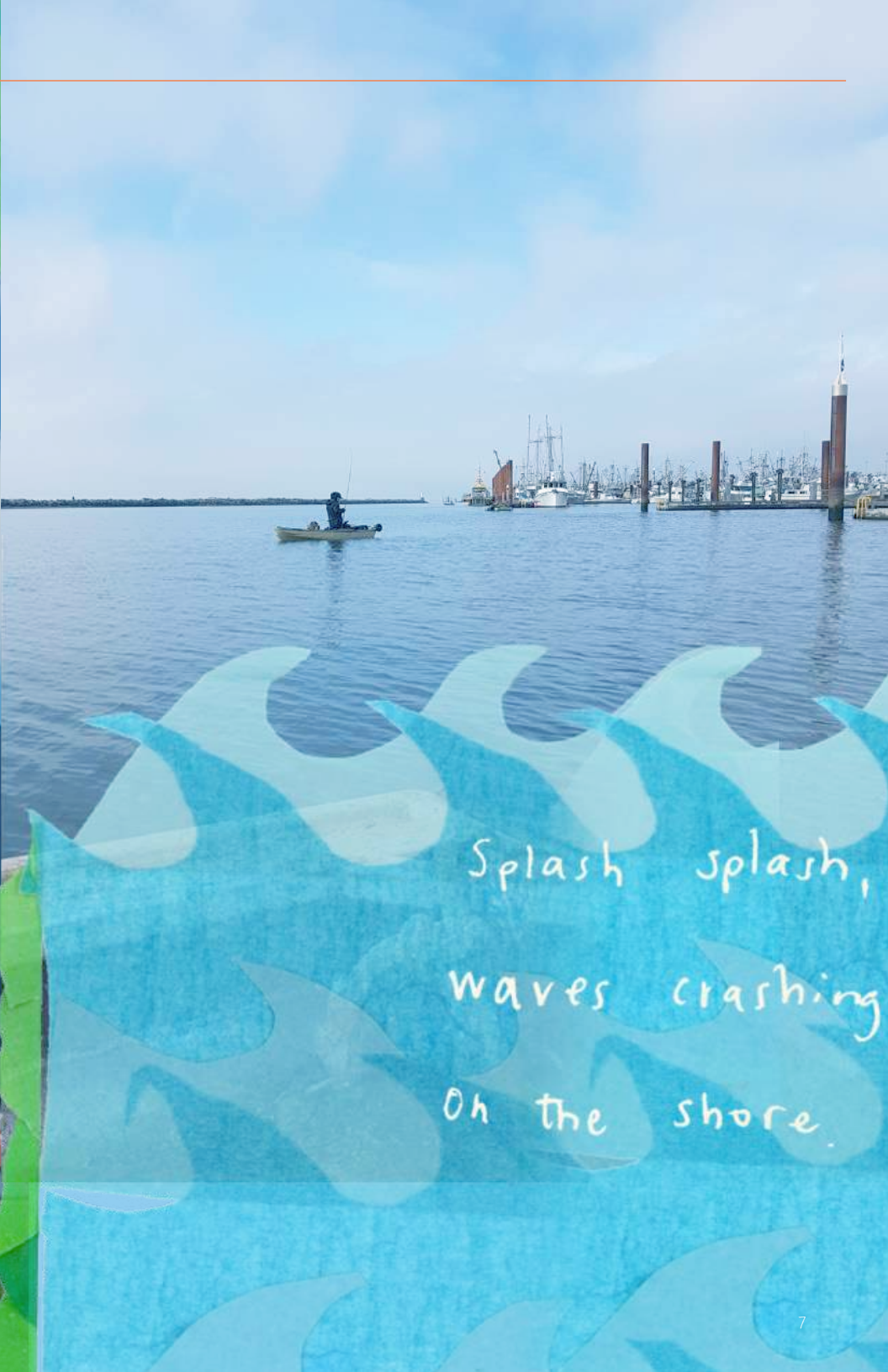
Temple bells add to the chorus  
prayer wheels squeak  
burying the prayers  
of those of us  
who call this mountain top  
home.







Gently blow on the  
leaves to hear the  
sound of spring  
winds through new  
leaves.



Splash splash,  
waves crashing  
on the shore.

Our foot steps go crunch,  
Pitler patter through the snow  
Quiet steps take us home.

Haiku ft. Miki K





in the big blue house — anonymous

Plates shattered, frozen I stood. Echoes of arguments rumble in my head, while violent memories intrude. I plea to her to seek help, but she says we can heal each other.

As I flee again, I leave her abandoned

They confess reluctantly, speaking as though misery is a pill prescribed to them. I urged them to move, but their unwavering concern for her persists.

We fled and we fled again

Until we find a place free from holes punched & TVs smashed. A place to rest, nightmares dissipating. Where I can start to heal from the past.



Hey! What's up? I'm Makoto, I live just a block away from here.

Julien Age: 16  
half Japanese, born in East Van

Makoto Age: 17  
Recently moved from Wakayama to East Van.

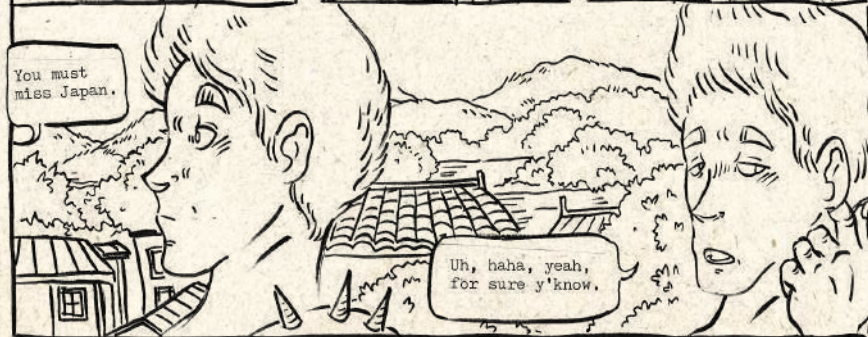
# SUSHI PIZZA

BY: ELLA TANI

Oh, uh, hi? I'm Julien.

Ju-ri-en!!

焼室はスシの  
ぶつなく(5)が125円!  
それは何をやるのか?!



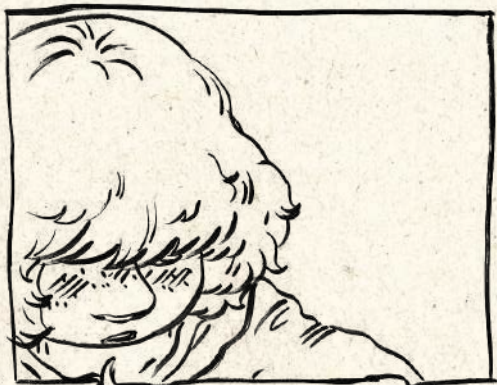




Uhm, alright.

you're already  
cool though...

Huh?



Ya  
okay.

Why don't we get some Pizza?  
I hear there's a good place  
on Hastings.



Nothing... Wait, in return can  
you teach me about Japan or  
something? Like what you guys  
do there?

Wanna come to my house then?  
I got all these cool video  
games from Japan that I can  
show you.

Sounds good  
to me.

There's a million  
Pizza places on Hastings.

END 4

sounds in silence ー Hanako Teranishi

i.  
I wonder about the quiet.

The quiet spaces  
between and within us  
what went and will go unsaid?  
what whispers will weave their way  
between our roots?

and why do they feel so warm.

ii.  
My baachan sits  
at the kitchen table

flipping through and  
smoothing out  
magazine pages.  
They recite the sounds  
of her skin.

She looks towards  
the whispers from NHK  
and sees me  
standing in the doorway  
she squints  
adjusting her gaze,  
I open my mouth, and  
she smiles.



Locks release in a succession  
twenty if I remember right.  
Except for one door that doesn't open  
the kid who has tested positive  
for AIDS, has a bio hazard sign  
attached to it.

He just looks at us  
Walking by with our hands  
behind our backs  
velcro shoes replaces  
shoelaces

so they can keep us alive  
to serve our punishment,  
our debts to society  
is more important than  
our free will.



survivor stories





"my windowsill is my fridge"

" my  
window  
sill  
is  
my  
fridge "

she has moved three times  
in three months.  
displaced,  
against her will,  
not the first time.

her fragile awareness  
of reality  
has become dangerous  
for her wellbeing.

she wonders where  
her microwave went,  
the food mom makes her  
chills by the window.

my windowsill  
is  
my fridge"

four:death — Megan Kiyoko Wray

i first cursed myself  
when i first learned to count  
in my first second tongue

ichi: 一    ni: 二    san: 三    shi: 四  
1        2        3        4

shi: 四: four

しせい: shisei:

四世: fourth generation

死生: death life

i die

before

i begin

perhaps this is why i do not fear death  
or perhaps why it surrounds me

i hail from people who mourn before glory  
lay flowers at the grave of shi: し

し: 史: history

し: and

し: 市: city

し: and

し: 子: child

し: and

し: 師: master

し: and

し: 氏: clan

し: and

し: 詩: poem

し: and

し: 其汝: self

し: and

i am the しせい:  
death generation:  
死世

し: and

i am the しせい:  
fourth life:  
四生

the forth life

shi: し  
and

shi: し  
and

shi: し  
and

shi: し  
and

shisei: しせい  
shisei: しせい  
shisei: しせい

shi: し

しせい:  
and life  
し生

しせい:  
and life  
し生

しせい:  
and life  
し生

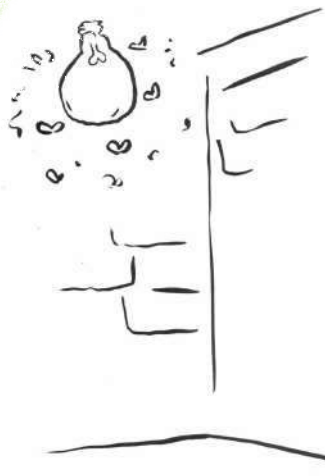
し:  
and

Waves breaking  
seagull cries  
remind me of home  
at different times



The sand & sea  
were always safe to me  
even when i had nothing





Concrete floors  
& buzzing lights  
cars driving by  
bumping tunes  
through the  
night

bring me back to when I had  
no place to call my home

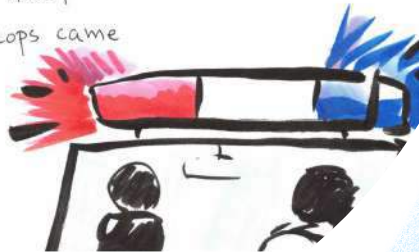




backpack zippers  
and  
pocket change  
echoed as I  
arranged...



my things for the day  
to leave my hovel  
before the cops came





this would split  
my memories  
of childhood dreams  
and reverie

dolphins dancing  
and pelican silhouettes  
framed by sunsets  
I'll never forget  
everytime I hear the  
ocean breathe.

Cover image ..... Olivia  
Cover design ..... Tamiko Chase

