

Bonnie Devine *Saturn's Rock, La Rábida* 2016
Acrylic on canvas 3.05 x 3.35 m
PHOTO MICHAEL CULLEN

ica that was not “in the actual possession of any Christian king or prince” belonged to Spain. The pronouncement was vague enough to require several follow-up bulls and negotiations between Spain and Portugal, but it gave the conquistadors the justification they needed.

Devine turned the document to another end, though, by commissioning David DeLeary's choral work, *Inter Caetera 1493 - Dudem Siquidem* (2016), which transforms the legalese into something haunting and beautiful that filled the gallery. Dotted around the space, Devine's sculptural works convert illustrations from Indigenous and Western sources into ghostly glass orbs that could easily pass for religious paraphernalia—they are as delicate as oversized communion wafers. But despite their lustrous appearance, the orbs bear horrors: scenes of torture, murder and greed, several of which were found not in historic books, but, shockingly, from existing monuments and even the racist town seal of Whitesboro, New York, which only recently caused outcry. If the 15th-century *Inter caetera* is the cause (or at least the structural support for the cause), Devine makes sure viewers know the effect.

Devine has long made a practice of the invisible supports—forgotten maps, treaties, legal documents, the effects of radiation and uranium—that enable and uphold colonialism. “La Rábida” continues this interest, but the glass works underscore that Devine doesn't need to limit herself to the invisible. There are plenty of horrors lurking in plain sight. —CAOIMHE MORGAN-FEIR



calmer, porcelain version; it is violent, for a static, identical, pristine foil. Dolores and the narrator are, or might as well be, identical. When the narrator first meets Dolores, it is in a sea of white faces—a party filled with mostly upper-middle-class strivers, some of them unpaid interns. She is immediately drawn to her, attracted yet repulsed. Hers is a curiosity that longs for capture. She recalls that, when it comes to doppelgängers, “it's said you ought to kill yours on sight.”

In Pham's erotica, the threat of death frames all her narrator's visions of Dolores, who wears deep-red lipstick. At one point, the narrator looks at her, remembering her white girlfriend, who, in their first sexual encounter, bit her “hard enough to draw blood.” In another scene, she looks at Dolores's glass of wine, which is “very full and very red.”

After bodies in the nude, blood marks the most-seen sight in the erotic thriller. In *Fantasian*, its framing is often painterly, creepily cinematic. In fact, Pham uses all colour to suggest gore, and our thrill for it. In one scene, the narrator watches Dolores sitting on the edge of the bathtub, her phone resting on the “creamy white lip of the sink—the screen on, crowded with black lines of text.”

All real and imagined liaisons with Dolores follow a colour palette, where each hue allures. These are the seductions of the imagist, the stuff murder mysteries are founded on: a desiring woman, the colour of blood, a tendril of fire. —AADITYA AGGARWAL ■

FANTASIAN

LARISSA PHAM, BADLANDS UNLIMITED, 120 PP., \$13.00

In the music video for Banks's 2016 single “Fuck With Myself,” the musician stands, adorned with dark brows and red lips, beside an almost-identical bust. It seems like it's made out of porcelain, its eyes closed, its expression still, its head spotlessly bald. “I fuck with myself more than anybody else,” Banks whispers into its ear. “It's all love,” she sings, smearing the same shade of red lipstick across its face, later licking, softly choking, then suffocating and burning her effigy.

“To watch her is surreal, it's like I'm fucking myself,” the unnamed protagonist of Larissa Pham's *Fantasian* marvels, fantasizing about Dolores, the only “other Asian girl” she knows in her college. Reading Pham's erotic novella, which centres on a young Asian-American woman in Yale University, who discovers, desires and becomes romantically involved with her doppelgänger, is like revisiting Banks's deviously choreographed falling-for-self. The attraction is queer, for a

