

The book cover features a teal background with a subtle, painterly texture of clouds. A large, dark teal triangular shape, resembling a folded corner of paper, cuts across the left and bottom portions of the cover. The author's name, 'Nic Brewer', is printed in a white, elegant serif font. The title, 'Suture', is rendered in a large, flowing orange-red script font, positioned centrally and partially overlaid by the teal triangle.

*Nic Brewer*

*Suture*

A NOVEL

PRAISE FOR *SUTURE*

*"Suture* is Nic Brewer's transgressively taut storytelling. The notes in these pages write desire, connection and art from the body's vivid capacity for tenderness where the hard stuff tears. A nimble, fearless debut."

CANISIA LUBRIN,  
AUTHOR OF *THE DYZGRAPHXST*

*"Suture* is a daring, visceral debut that examines the painful side of the creative process. Blending body horror with meditations on love, art, and forgiveness, this novel will startle and captivate you."

CATRIONA WRIGHT,  
AUTHOR OF *DIFFICULT PEOPLE*

"I read this book with wonder—Brewer's confident prose swept me along. Hers is sure, sharp writing that doesn't flinch from tenderness. I felt this book in my body. I ached (in my heart and bones, along an old, spidery scar that split my chest in two) long after I set it down. What a privilege to read this work."

GILLIAN WIGMORE,  
AUTHOR OF *GLORY*



*Suture*

*Suit*

*Nic Brewer*

*ture*

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ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL  
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO  
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Book\*hug Press acknowledges that the land on which we operate is the traditional territory of many nations, including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee, and the Wendat peoples. We recognize the enduring presence of many diverse Nations, Inuit, and Métis peoples and are grateful for the opportunity to meet, work, and learn on this territory.

*For Tab,  
and for anyone who needs it.  
I love you.*



*A map of  
your journey*



*T*he women were three storeys tall and the police were trying to shatter the crowd. They couldn't find the projector. So these twenty-foot-tall cunts and bushes played the whole time, right on the side of the station. The baton sticks so appropriately phallic while these ghostly Amazonian women sat naked and read police reports to each other over a pot of peppermint tea. Some days I hate that that's my legacy: cunts and bushes and a blushing riot. Imagine, your edgy undergrad thesis haunting you for the rest of your career. I love it, I love what we did...but I wish it didn't show up on every list of great feminist film projects. They have all been feminist, you know? Not just the one with naked giantesses.

*A woman falls in love with women.*

My right eye was still in the camera when they arrested me. They knocked off the eye patch when they pushed me into the back—you should have seen it. Have you? An empty eye socket? It's disgusting. Everyone thinks it's going to be black, but they don't remember the blood. It crusts under the eye patch after a while, this ring of scabby brown right where your makeup would smudge. Clumping the eyelashes. And the eyelid sags dreadfully, with the extra weight of the blood, the eyelashes. Into the concavity, a little wrinkly, too soft without the eye there to support it. But if you lift it up out of the way, the inside is more white than anything. A slick white with smears of the brightest red. Not like when you bleed; brighter. Almost translucent. Shiny. It's not dark at all in the socket—it's eerily light. Light and wet.

*A woman falls in love with injustice.*

People started yelling "cunt" at me everywhere I went. It felt like I had accomplished something.

*A woman falls in love with rage.*

I learned to fight after the third time someone tried to take my eyes.

*A woman falls in love with justice.*

My aunt's best friend gave me her son's camera for my thirteenth birthday, but she didn't tell me how to use it. She didn't tell me anything. Her son had killed himself at film school a few months earlier, and how do you tell someone that? Maybe the way I just told you, or maybe

you hand over a used \$3,000 video camera and say “careful, honey,” and “sorry we don’t have the box anymore,” and you let the memory harden just a little bit more and you hope it doesn’t happen again. This was before the internet, remember. There was nowhere for me to go to learn how to use a real camera. But there was a movie being filmed just around the corner from my friend’s house that summer, and I snuck onto the set every day to try to catch the directors in the act. Eventually I saw them, calmly popping their eyes into their palms, slipping them into their cameras; there was a lot more blood when I tried it.

*A woman falls in love with potential.*

I went blind for the first time shortly after I had finally mastered taking my eyes out and getting them back in. Now I was ready to use the camera, I thought. But cameras are custom made, and this one was custom made for a dead kid. I shoved my eyes into the battery slot and started filming. I pointed it ahead of me and turned in a circle in the middle of my room. A crushing pain in the back of my head cut the adventure short, my view dark around the edges and getting darker. When I took my eyes out of the camera, they were smaller, wrinkled, almost dented in places. And when I put them back into my own sockets, I couldn’t see anything but a soft, borderless grey. Shapes appeared after an hour, blurry and greyscale, sharpening slowly; I didn’t move the entire time.