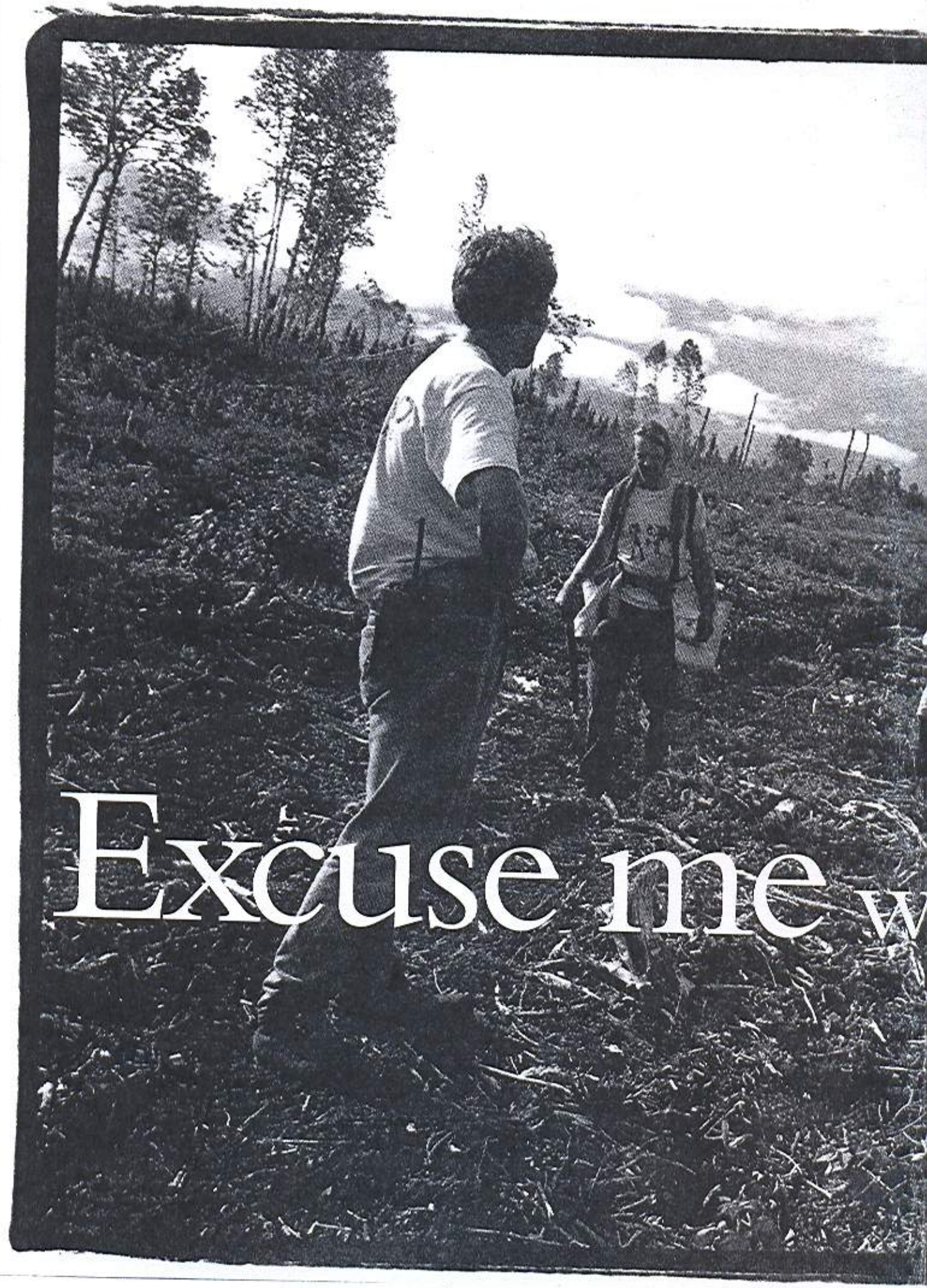
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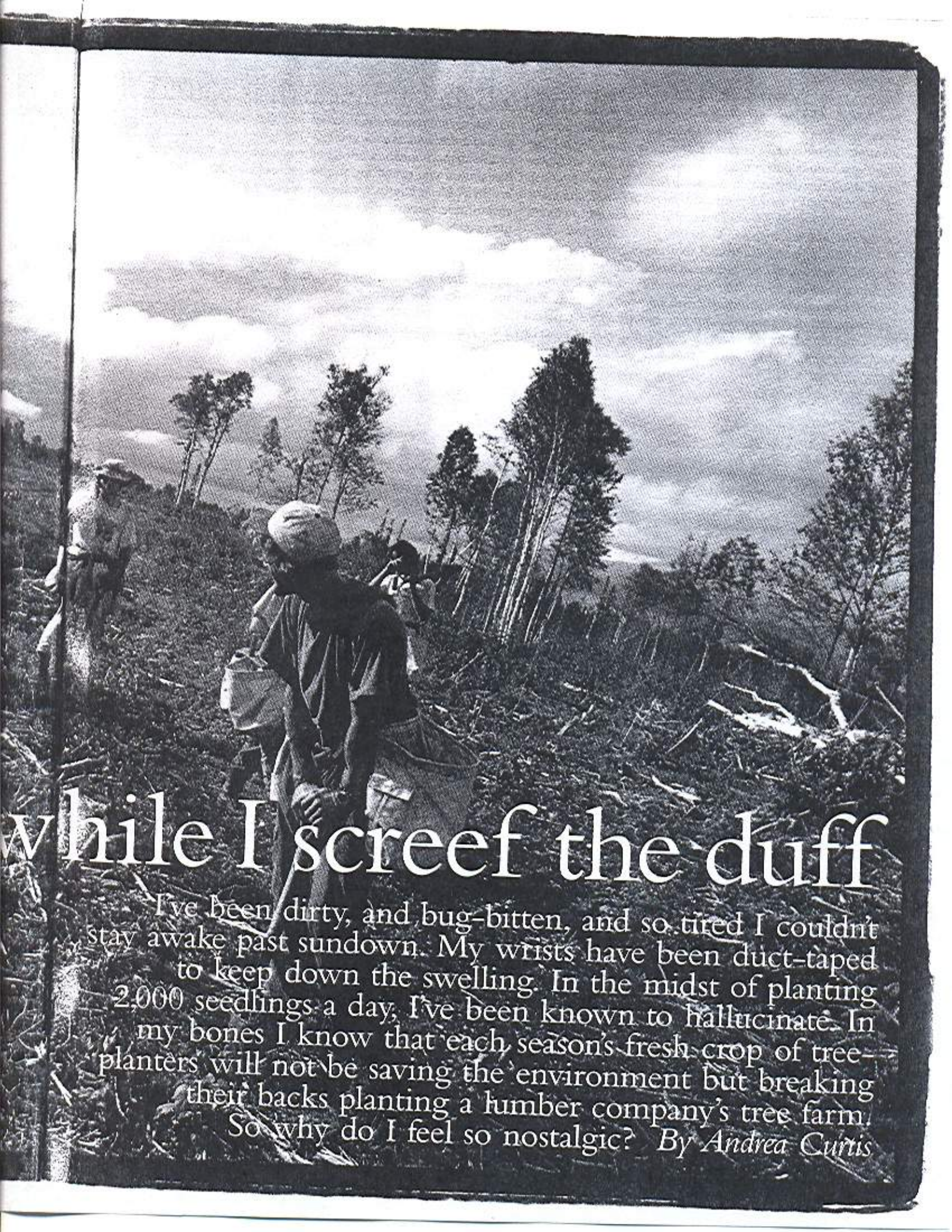


While I screef the duff

I've been dirty, and bug-bitten, and so tired I couldn't stay awake past sundown. My wrists have been duct-taped to keep down the swelling. In the midst of planting 2,000 seedlings a day, I've been known to hallucinate. In my bones I know that each season's fresh crop of tree-planters will not be saving the environment but breaking their backs planting a lumber company's tree farm. So why do I feel so nostalgic? *By Andrea Curtis*

Sometimes it's hard to believe the earth is round.

Like when you're up north in the middle of a clear-cut and the air is brittle with the last breath of winter and the sky is huge like a great blue dome and there is nothing but land—not one tree, not even brush—extending far into the horizon. It's hard not to think of the world as one of those dime-store souvenirs that you turn upside down to rain sparkly chemical snowflakes on the idyllic scene below.

Except this is no paradise. It is nothing like the pristine Canadian north Lawren Harris and Tom Thomson and A.Y. Jackson have engraved into our collective consciousness. And it's definitely not like the pretend north of Muskoka, where sweatshirt renditions of knotty cedars and clear, placid lakes stand in for the real thing. This is Timmins or Hearst or Kapuskasing or Shining Tree or Smooth Rock Falls or Geraldton. North north. It's a place where winter is long and bitter and summer a bug-ridden blip on the calendar. It's a place latticed with logging roads, where over and over, all year long, the land is stripped bare of its forest cover. And it's the place where each May hundreds of students, poets, ski bums and struggling artists come to replant the denuded land.

Planting in Kapuskasing

May 10, 1991

Back to Hornepayne again to plant trees. What am I doing? I think I forgot how horrible it is. It's ludicrous. Wet, tired and miserable most of the time. But at least after last year, I know how to plant. I need to get pumped to rake in the cash and just survive the next seven weeks.

At the airport in Toronto, I enter the same grey gate my friends and I did seven years ago when we headed north for our first season of tree-planting. It feels as if this spot has been trapped in a time warp: fresh-faced young tree-planters sit on the floor and lie sprawled on the benches, their backpacks overflowing with sleeping bags and work boots and camping gear. There's a hum in the air as they swap stories and compare their various stages of preparedness. They're excited, expectant, afraid. So am I. I'm not sure I'm ready to revisit the many indignities of tree-planting life—even if it's only for a couple of days.

From the Timmins airport, the bush camp is a two-hour trip across highways and down roller-coaster logging roads. There's a rhythm to the jolting and bumping, and it lulls me out of my city mode, reminding me how quickly time has passed since my last season four years ago.

The camp is pitched on the side of a steep embankment. But unless you're willing to plow through some tall, thick brush, you can barely see the brown river below. A narrow strip of trees follows the river half a kilometre up to the logging road, where a big old orange school bus is stuck deep in a patch of soft, dry sand. Elsewhere I can see nothing but the burned-out remnants of a clear-cut: sharp, blackened sticks, dark soil and dried-out, half-burnt brush. If you look closely, you'll notice fist-sized spruce seedlings planted the summer before, each one carefully placed six feet apart. But the tiny shoots of green are mostly lost in the monolithic blackness.

The insect plagues

When the buses and pickups pull up at the end of the first day of planting, I've already been in camp for a couple of hours, chopping broccoli and hanging out with J.P., the camp's cook. He's worked in the bush for four seasons, two of those as a planter, the other two cooking, and he knows the drill. Up at 3:15 a.m., cook, sit on the truck horn for wake-up at 5:30, serve breakfast. "I love it," he says. "It's great when the miners—that's what I call the planters—wake up and they're all dirty and groggy and ugly and I'm just, like, doing cartwheels." Literally. He's a skinny, jumpy thirty-one-year-old, an opera-singing Italian with dirty-blond dreadlocks who punctuates his sentences with flourishes like *fromaggio!* and *bravissimo!* Or becomes a startling human beat box to illustrate how cooking in the bush is really about improvisation, about working on the fly. But he's deadly earnest about the responsibility he carries for feeding the forty-nine planters in his camp: "I consider food a gift of life. I have a lot of respect for the food and for the planters. I empathize with them quite a bit. I remember stepping off the bus when I was a planter, it

Photographs: previous spread by Catherine Lash; this spread, from left, by Jackie Gerrow, Katie Macauley, Catherine Lash, Katie Macauley

wasn't really how much I made that day, it was like, *What's for dinner tonight?"*

J.P. has a working kitchen—two stoves, a double sink, a giant freezer and a fridge—set up in a small trailer attached to a generator. His tent is pitched just outside, although he tells me most nights he prefers to sleep on the counter in the trailer. When the planters are in camp, their world revolves around the cookshack. Food takes on epic significance when you have nothing better to think about for ten mind-numbing, back-breaking hours a day and because, as J.P. tells me happily, "the cook is the social convener, the mother. All the domestic caregiving qualities are bestowed upon the cook."


Kick, cut, plant, stamp, at six to ten cents for each tree

"J.P., man, what happened to the fucking bus?" blasts Malcolm, the camp's supervisor, over the walkie-talkie.

"I fucking augered it, man. I fucking augered the bus."

I can see Malcolm talking into his walkie-talkie from a white King Cab at the end of the road leading toward the camp. He's muttering and shaking his head.

May 12, 1991

Hot day. Thought I'd pass out from sunstroke. Put 2,100 trees in the ground, though. That means I bent over at least 2,100 times today, kicked the dirt, jammed in my shovel, tucked in the roots 2,100 times. Egad. Not exactly looking forward to bad days, the rain, bugs, depression, etc. I'm so dirty, it's disgusting. But it'll be over soon enough. ... Do I sound like I'm trying to convince myself?

Stumbling down the road toward camp, the planters have an infectious kind of buoyancy. But it is the first day of the season—most of them aren't as bone-dragging, head-hanging tired as they will be tomorrow and for every day of the next eight or ten or twelve weeks. Their Mountain Equipment Co-op gear in shades of red and purple is not yet embedded with the caked-on grime that will never—not after repeated washings, doses of Spray N Wash, bleach and industrial detergent—ever come out. Their faces and hands, too, retain the pinkish glow of the city. They even seem cheerful, or at least the rookies do. They've heard all the stories about tree-planting. About the powerful bonds people make, about the lingo they'll have to learn, about the hard work and the insane partying on days off, the wild sex, the shack-ups, the dope smoking. They've heard that Outland, the reforestation company they're working for, has a reputation for being good to its planters and for holding the best blowouts this side of Thunder Bay.

I've been on a nostalgia buzz all day thinking about my three years of planting. Flying into Timmins, I could see the clear-cuts from the air, snow still clinging to the low-lying areas. The pulp mills with debarked trees stacked like matches. It brought back an avalanche of memories: the exaggerated intensity of the work and play; the cowboy culture that invades you whether you are a crunchy-granola type or a citified aesthete. It's something about the rugged landscape, the down-and-dirty manual labour, about being so far away from your regular life. While I've been hanging out with J.P., my mind has had time to wander, looping back to dwell on the romance of the bush, the fun, the outlaw pride. But with the planters back in camp—watching them peel off their soggy boots and layers of T-shirts and sweaters, shove mittens over their already blistered and aching hands—I'm reminded of the tricks memory can play.


Breaking the monotony with a hat party

May 15, 1991

Day off tomorrow and I can't wait. Today was truly awful, didn't put in very many trees and I started hallucinating. Thought god had sent me a message and that the land was bubbling. Hot, hot, hot. Miserable. And although I know that time will pass, I can barely stand it. What am I doing here? I have terri-

fying thoughts about B. dying in a car crash. Horrible things come to me when I'm out there all alone for twelve hours. I'm starting to lose it. Today a piece of birch bark landed in front of me and when I bent over to pick it up, I realized that I had expected it to have a message for me written on it. Eek! The tendinitis in my wrist is starting to act up. I had to duct-tape it down this morning to keep the swelling at bay.

Conan is nineteen and has just finished high school in Waterloo. He keeps his blond hair in a ponytail most of the time, or underneath a droopy Guatemalan hippie hat. It's the night after the first day of his first year planting, and it was very frustrating. "It's a bit more than I imagined. I imagined it was going to be hard, but you don't really know how hard until you get out there." He looks at me thoughtfully. "My sister's done this for a couple of years. She was amazing, a superstar. I want to be good at it, but you can't for the first couple of days."

Maybe even the first year. Tree-planting is piecework, and planters are paid for each tree they plant in the ground. The more trees, the more money for the planter. It often takes rookies an entire season to really get the hang of it. It's not that the actual act is complicated, it's just that doing it fast and planting quality trees requires an economy of motion that must be learned. There is nothing in regular life to prepare you for it, for the monotony or the punishing physical conditions. Surviving tree-planting is one of the most satisfying—and the most romanticized—of achievements.


Planter's feet

It's more difficult to make the actual nitty-gritty of putting trees into the ground sound glamorous. It's just plain old back-breaking labour, and it goes something like this. Bag up: put 300 baby trees into cold, wet nylon tree bags. Tree bags are held on the body using a hip belt and knapsack-like straps (the sacks themselves are positioned around the body, one on each hip and one at the back). Grab shovel. Walk two steps, swing shovel and simultaneously screef (kick aside) the dead organic matter (duff) hiding the mineral soil. Screef again until you find optimum planting soil. Jam shovel into the earth, making a single cut deep and big enough to bury the tree up to the place where the roots meet the trunk. Insert the tree, holding it at this root collar, stamp on the hole to close it. Ensure the tree is upright and tight in the ground. Strip off a layer of sweat-soaked clothing. Hobble over stumps, fallen trees, through swamp. Do it again two or three thousand times a day.

May 20, 1991

I think I still have a hangover from the day off. It was graduation day from Western for a bunch of the guys, so we decided to have our own ceremony. We found these hilarious clothes at the Sally Ann in Kapuskasing—I picked up a skintight white number with snaps all the way up the front. J. set up the blender and things got more and more out of control from there. I woke up fully clothed—including red pumps. It seems so funny that the Queen of England once visited the Kap Inn, this crappy hotel/motel where we were staying....

Back to the bush. Today was the first full day in shitty land. And the bugs have descended. First it's the blackflies, then the mosquitoes start to appear. Had a planting dream last night, dreamt that I had to plant myself, my own body, and kept waking up stuffed in the bottom of my sleeping bag.

"Wake up miners!" J.P. wails on the truck horn, and I sit up in my tent feeling the familiar clutchings of dread, as if a heavy ball of lead is trapped in my stomach and is sinking further down with every breath. For a second I forget that I don't have to plant today. That my last season was four years ago, that I will be home in my warm Toronto bed in only a few days. The realization makes it bearable, even vaguely funny, that last night was way below freezing and I barely slept at all trying to stay warm.

Along the road, from the augered bus all the way to where last year's seedlings were planted on the south side of the camp, people have pitched tents. Some are placed beside the road at a discreet distance from their neighbours, others are in clusters of twos and threes, but I've set up in a kind of tent city running along the edge of the burn between the outhouse and the cookshack. The problem is it's very high density, and it's proving slightly treacherous. Tent pegs and laundry lines are tripping early-morning pilgrims to the two-seater outhouse with a breathtaking view of the clear-cut. All this doesn't come cheaply: planters pay twenty to twenty-five dollars a day in camp costs for the various pleasures of living here.


The romance of the bush: school bus as beer parlour

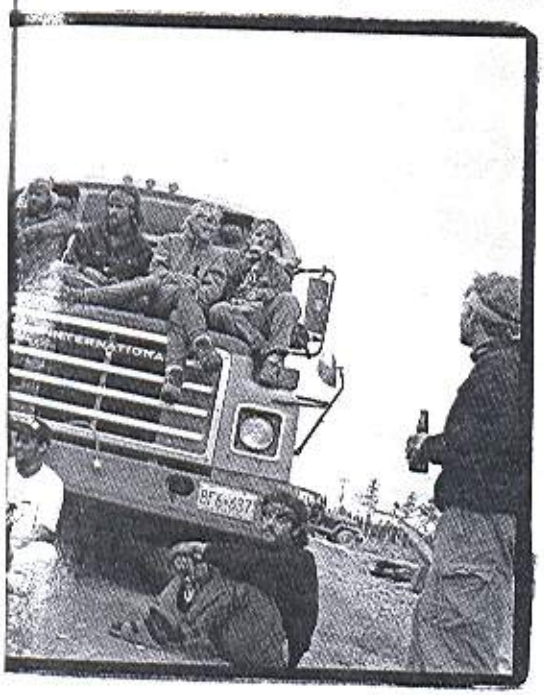
The planters are like zombies sitting around the mess tent, a floorless plasticized-canvas longhouse with big tables and narrow backless benches mounted on tree stumps. It's too early for small talk, and this camp is fifty-per-cent rookies—mainly twenty-somethings from the Toronto area, university students from Guelph and Western, McMaster and U of T—who don't seem to know each other. With breakfast inhaled, planters bumble around trying to get their bag lunches ready, their teeth brushed, their water bottles filled, their knapsacks packed with duct tape and snacks and bug dope and extra clothes.

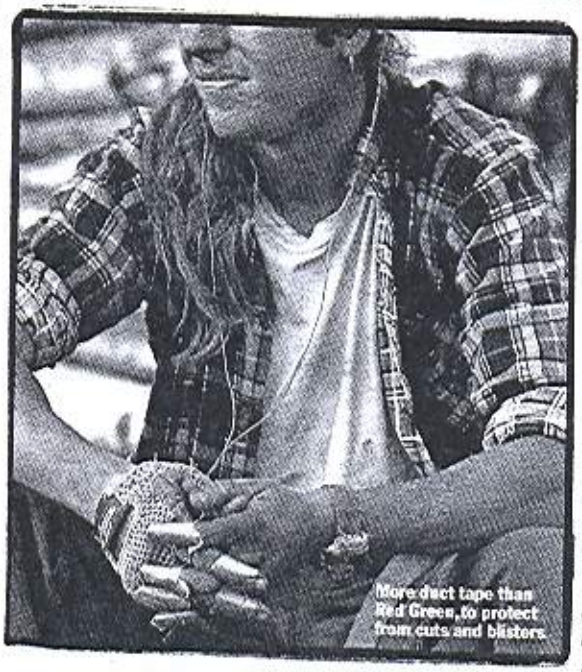
Malcolm and I stay behind while the second orange school bus and various pickups load up to take planters to the planting block a couple of kilometres down the road. They are divided into crews and led by crew bosses who act as both taskmaster and support system. In a nod to the real world, there are approximately equal numbers of male and female planters while only one out of six managers is a wo-

Photographs (left by Megan Palmer; centre and right by Catherine Lash)

man. It hasn't changed much since I started seven years ago.

Some other things haven't changed, either. Like tree price. The amount reforestation companies pay per tree is determined by a number of things, not the least of which is the difficulty involved in planting the seedlings. Which means if you are working on a ninety-degree slope and screefing through a foot of duff, you should be paid more than if you are working in a flat farmer's field with no obstacles at all. When I began planting in 1990, prices ranged between six and ten cents a tree. They are about the same today. That's because there's a giant willing labour pool of tuition-indebted university students, and also because there are fewer trees to plant in Ontario than there were even eight or nine years ago. (There were about 126 million trees planted in Ontario in 1997, down from a peak of around 190 million in 1990.) Timber companies are required by law to ensure the regeneration—through planting, aerial seeding or by other means—of all the land they cut; reforestation companies, in turn, bid on the planting contracts. Part of the bid price is the planters' wage. With fewer trees to bid for, competition between reforestation companies is fierce. The market belongs to the lumber companies. If a company ends up lowballing the bid in order to win an important contract, planters take the cut worked into their tree price.





More duct tape than Red Green, to protect from cuts and blisters.

The sun is still low in the sky when Malcolm and I roll out of camp. We've been reminiscing about back when we first started planting. When a rookie could actually make money. When the people were more intense, more focused on making money, on going hard, on getting laid. Or at least that's what we told ourselves.

Malcolm and I were both in a camp near Hearst our first year. The ground was frozen for an entire week after we arrived. We played euchre and had snowball fights to pass the time. He seemed like a little kid then, his open, boyish face and mass of dark curly hair giving him a mischievous look. He was part of a group of guys known as the Butt-Heads—as in smokers. It's hard not to think of him as a kid, although now he's the head cowboy and he wears the role with authority.

Seven years after that first season, he still loves being in the bush for the summer. And despite telling me he can't imagine having the same job every day of the week, all year long, he's a company man: he's been with Outland for all of his seven seasons. And he says that the company is expanding, branching out into other areas of forest maintenance: "We're doing thinning, spraying, firefighting and tree-planting. Basically we're trying to become the ultimate silviculture company, where we can look after all of a lumber company's needs."

I'm starting to understand something I couldn't quite put a finger on when I was a planter myself. Tree-planting is like a parallel universe; everything is different—the environment, the language, the people—but it is eerily the same. It doesn't adhere to the same formalities and structures of city life, but it's not complete anarchy, either. It's a theme-park rodeo, a world run by cowboys who try to balance their outlaw attitude and lifestyle with a corporate ethos based on the bottom line. Maintaining the mythology is the best way to keep the kids coming back.

June 13, 1991

Today when I looked down at my bare arm I couldn't see any skin. It was crawling with blackflies. I almost threw up. But the T-shirt option is still better than last year's boiling hot turtleneck with duct tape around the wrists to keep the bugs out. Even if they're swarming me, at least I'm not frying in my own sweat—now I'm just frying in Muskol. It is hilarious to see all the bug getups people come up with. S. has this ridiculous bug net he can barely see through and T. wears a T-shirt arranged around his head so the only thing exposed is his eyes. My crew is great, although out on the block I can barely bring myself to talk to them. Especially with the bugs. If you stop, they swarm you. And anyway, I don't want to break The Zone. Being totally mindless is the only way I can cope.

Near the river just outside camp, about 100 trays full of spruce seedlings sit on a grassy embankment. There's just a hint of silver on the needles, but the frost hasn't made its way to the fragile root systems. Malcolm and I load the trays onto racks at the back of his pickup so we can deliver them to the block. The trays aren't heavy, although there are about 400 trees in each. McChesney, the lumber company that manages this land, expects about ninety per cent of them to survive. In fact, they count on it for their future harvest. According to Gilles Fortin, a big, affable Franco-Ontarian who is one of McChesney's quality-control monitors, each tree costs the company somewhere in the neighbourhood of a dollar. That's factoring in the labour and material costs involved in picking the cones from mature trees, getting the seeds out of the cones, growing the seeds in a nursery,

preparing the land to be planted (that's called scarification in forestry lingo) and paying the reforestation contract. With such high per-tree costs, the company needs to make sure they have the best possible chance of survival. That means hiring checkers like Gilles, who do random inspections. Trees must be snug in the ground, solidly buried in mineral soil, planted up to—and not higher than—the root collar, spaced a certain distance apart, and the cut must be deep enough so the roots don't stick out or get bent into a J shape in the ground. Checkers are almost universally feared and loathed for their power to annihilate an entire day's work with the stroke of a pencil. Badly planted trees must be pulled and the entire chunk of land replanted with no extra payment.

Malcolm drops me off at the back of the block. It's creamy, in the lexicon of tree-planting: flat; not too much duff; the scarification is clean; the land is divided into twelve-foot corridors created by a machine that clears the brush and old stumps (collectively called slash) to the sides and plows the bigger slash into huge piles that are deposited at the logging roads. From the road, the planters look like soldiers in a black-and-white war movie, tripping through a muddy, treeless wasteland. Their bright yellow and green hard hats bobbing up and down in the arid landscape are the only anachronism.

"My boot just blew out," says Conan. "I'm, like, I think it's a bad sign." I've found him near the back of his land, a stand of trees and a pile of snow marking the end of the corridor. There's a slight quiver in his voice. "I'm feeling a bit daunted by it all. Kind of feel like quitting already.... But there's no quitting."

Undoubtedly the most difficult part of planting is the mental stamina it requires, the ability to remain motivated for ten hours by yourself, to stay sane while doing what often feels like crazy and futile work. Some people do quit. Others become so desperate they resort to stashing—sinking their seedlings deep in a bog or digging a hole to bury an entire tray (they are invariably caught and fired). Others lose it in different ways. They ruminate about their life and obsess about family problems, failed romances, the future. I remember one guy who blessed every tree before he put it in the ground. Another whom I saw running out of his land, stripping clothes off as he screamed, "I can't take it anymoooore!" For others, the monotony of the work is oddly liberating. I used to spend entire days trying to remember the words to TV jingles from my childhood or creating useless games like "Sex Words From A to Z."

"Tree-planting is a meditation," Matthew tells me. "A meditation in pain." He's on the other side of the logging road in the middle of a relatively flat piece of land. He's motoring through it. A gentle twenty-two-year-old, Matthew is a poet, musician and self-described Gypsy Boy. This is his second season tree-planting, and he's hoping to make enough money to travel the rest of the year.

He continues planting while we talk, the techniques he learned in his first season in B.C. putting him far ahead of the rookies on his crew. He's totally immersed in the action, the forward momentum of his stride giving the swing of his shovel a kind of violence, the kick, the cut into the soil. He doesn't even stop planting while he recites a poem he wrote a couple of weeks before:

> One motherfucking tree for the republic *{kick, cut, plant}*
> Two motherfucking trees for the republic *{kick, cut, plant}*
> Three motherfucking trees for the republic *{kick, cut, plant}*
> And this one's for me.

Matthew stops his kicking and cutting for a moment and leans on his shovel to talk. "We're definitely not out here doing a noble duty to replant the forests," he says. "I lost that in the first couple of days. I did sort of think it. But it is pretty much tree farming. Still, it's pretty amazing to be out here." He looks up at the hollow sky where a single bird is cutting a white streak through the blue. "There is still a lot of life in the clear-cut."

June 18, 1991

I had my best day so far. I put in thirteen trays at seven cents a tree. $286!! It was especially great because I woke up with The Claw and I didn't think I'd be able to plant. It was excruciating. I couldn't pry my fingers open. I thought they were permanently stuck in the shovel grip. There was a bear in our camp last night. We nicknamed him Yogi because he was so friendly. Much more interested in the doughnuts the guys from the Ministry of Natural Resources brought to trap him than us or our food. We've got another day off soon. I feel like getting drunk.


"Dirty and groggy and ugly" and totally focused on food

Meg is drop-dead gorgeous—even in cutoff army shorts, ripped leggings and a filthy blue T-shirt. She's also smart and a formidable crew boss. Only twenty-five, she's already spent six seasons in the bush. "The highs are *so* good," she says. "The lows are so low that the good times are that much better. You really get to see people at their best and their worst." Every planter I speak to says this. They repeat it over and over, like a mantra, like they need to persuade me, like experiencing these extremes makes the agonies worth it.

This year Meg will be working in a camp farther north; she's only here for a couple of days before her own planters arrive. And anyway, her boyfriend, Steve, is a crew boss here. They met planting and then spent a winter out west teaching skiing. Both of them prefer crew-bossing to planting because of the challenge, the mental gymnas-

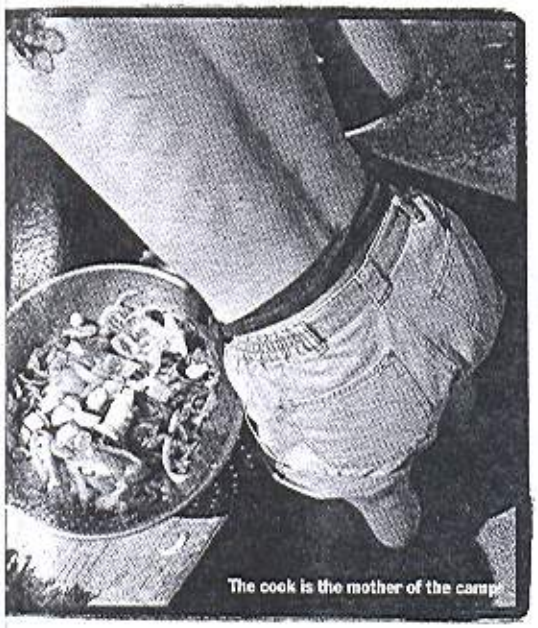
Photographs, left by Rose Matsuoka; centre and right by Guillermo Lash

tics required to keep on top of ten or twelve planters.

"A tree-planting crew is like a big machine—all the planters are the moving parts and I'm the oil," explains Steve. I've been following him around while he double-checks the land his crew is planting. He's bending over checking trees, in the truck, on the little ATV burning down logging roads, talking to planters, running through the corridors. It's exhausting just trying to keep up.

Steve's going to have to make two people on his crew replant. The trees are supposed to be six feet apart, but there's only about five feet between them. To make it worse, they are friends of his from back home. He's going to have to tell them their efforts have been in vain, they have to do it over again. He feels rotten about it, and I think he would just fix it himself if it weren't such a massive chunk of land.

Not every crew boss is so understanding. Fleur, a twenty-year-old second-year planter, tells a story about her crew boss standing on a fallen tree in land she was forced to replant, hitting her on the hard hat with a long stick and screaming, "*Repo*, baby! *Repo!*" Fleur smiles as she tells me about it. "Abuse," she says, laughing.


The cook is the mother of the camp.

Maybe it was funny. Or maybe the macho cowboy shtick goes a little far sometimes.

June 23, 1991

Incredible how things can seem so horrible on the block and when we get back to camp, it's not so bad. Wilful amnesia. It's nearing the end and there's a kind of weird euphoria on my crew. Everyone's gearing up to finish the season. Other people are bringing in the big numbers, but I'm having trouble staying motivated. All I can think about is having a shower, processed food, being a girl again.

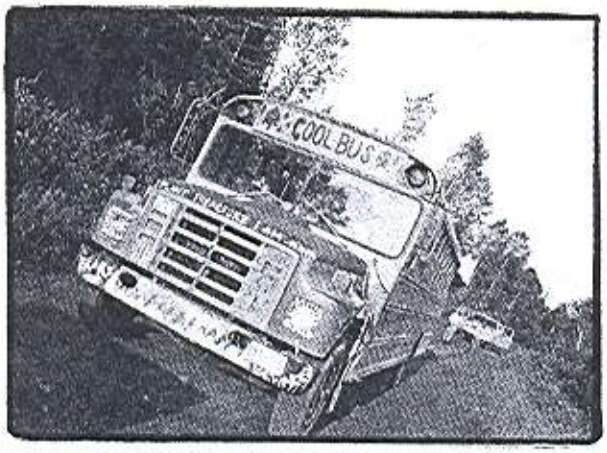
"We're mostly a commie camp, but not totally a commie camp," Malcolm explains to the planters assembled in the mess tent after dinner. "You get to make most of the decisions, but if you don't get what is going on, I'll overrule you."

Not very sophisticated management rhetoric, but it *is* kind of refreshing. No doublespeak, no joining of hands, no teamwork bafflegab when what they really mean is toe the line or else.

J.P. loops around the side of the mess tent and enters near where Malcolm is standing. He's swinging his arms and grooving to his human beat-box routine. He must have sensed a hint of ennui in the tent, and he's ready to lighten the mood. "So, I was thinking we do a talent show and stuff like that. Anything people want. I saw a few guitars at the train station. Poets. Singers. Stuff like that. Maybe we'll have a little Christmas in July type of thing. Get dressed up type of thing."

There's a general murmur of approval. A few smiles. A laugh. I'm surprised. These people seem too old and too ironic for this kind of summer camp stuff.

But it really shouldn't come as a surprise—nothing is ever what you expect up north. Even the weather can go through all four seasons in one day. People who felt virtuous for their dedication to the environment realize after a day or two in the bush that they are really planting a lumber company's tree farm. People who think they will be getting laid all the time will be surprised to learn that most people pass out at eight or nine at night, unwashed and alone. Planters who think they are joining a radical alternative community that lives off the land will be shocked by the "Go Hard or Go Home" mentality and the corporate ethos that values productivity above all. When the reality of the dirty, difficult work settles in, maybe talent shows and theme dinners are the only way to maintain the necessary loyalty, the sense of living in a happy, self-contained world. A flat-earth society.



June 29, 1991

Today was the last day of the season and my boots finally blew out. I screefed the steel shank right out of them. I buried them on my last piece of land.... We did a group plant to finish the block, and then hobbling back to the bus I had one of those amazing lump-in-the-throat kind of feelings—this weird mix of profound elation and melancholy. The landscape was mostly grey, but there was this brilliant spot of gold lighting up the sky behind the bus. I wanted to scream, to jump up and kiss the sky.

I've got my nose pressed to the plastic glass of the plane's window. It feels strangely lonely to be going back home, leaving the planters to their relentless labour. This morning I was beginning to remember the comfortable cocoon that used to settle over my bones when I was planting—the refuge from school demands, the release from the worries and anxieties of city life. When planting was over, I'd be reluctant to let go, so I'd meet up with other planters in the city to sit around rehashing the twisted hilarity of bugs and rain and cold and The Claw. We'd talk about how strong we'd felt and how drunk we'd been. We'd try to simulate the feeling with big, crazy, debaucherous parties at decaying halls dotted around downtown. We'd forget the trials and the horrors. I'd actually crave sleeping in a tent, the fragrant earth under my fingernails, the weird, beautiful simplicity of life in the bush.

The plane is rising above the clouds, and I've got this amazing lump in my throat. ▬