

THE CAPIANO REVIEW



Banal Beauty Inc. / Dr. Brute

\$1.25

This issue is dedicated to

EZRA POUND

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THE CAPILANO REVIEW

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CONTENTS

<i>Me Name?</i>	5	Peggy Keene
<i>Banal Beauty Inc.</i>	9	Dr. Brute
<i>Review of Difficult Words</i>	16	Gerry Gilbert
<i>Phillip Well</i>	17	Andrew Suknaski
<i>Cezanne</i>	19	Dwight Gardiner
<i>To Bryan</i>	20	Skyros Bruce
<i>Sea View</i>	22	Martin Jensen
<i>Lost: One Childhood</i>	23	Jennifer Jones
<i>Upon the Suicide of Friends</i>	24	Patrick White
<i>She Stays Awake</i>	26	Susan Schaeffer
<i>The Water Music</i>	27	Pierre Coupey
<i>It Is A City</i>	28	John Newlove
<i>Two Poems</i>	29	Susan Musgrave
<i>Two Poems</i>	33	Sean Virgo
<i>Three Poems</i>	37	Patrick Lane
<i>Three Poems</i>	41	Tom Wayman
<i>I Jehovah Decree</i>	46	Nicanor Parra
<i>Fisher of Night</i>	47	Johannes Bobrowski
<i>Death</i>	48	Tadeusz Rozewicz
<i>Nine Photographers</i>	50	Kathy Cosgrove
	51	Cam Williams
	52	Chris Morissette
	53	Grant Gardiner
	54	Tassilie Dent
	55	Mike Horton
	56	Jim Redfern
	57	Stewart Green
	58	Bill Weedmark
<i>Inner Landscape As Despair</i>	59	Patrick Lane
	64	Contributors

the first issue of

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

included work by

EARLE BIRNEY

PHYLLIS WEBB

GEORGE BOWERING

and

JOHN NEWLOVE

not to mention
the Russian poets

ANDREII VOZNESENSKY

and

EVGENII EVTUSHENKO

or even
the portfolio of
visual poetry
by

BILL BISSETT

ART RAT

AIR PRESS

JAROSLAV MALINA

SARENCO

DAVID UU

and many others

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THE CAPILANO REVIEW

CAPILANO COLLEGE

1770 MATHERS AVENUE

WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

As background to her characterization of Grendel from *Beowulf*, Peggy Keene writes: "Beowulf strikes me as being a bit of a pain, he is so perfect. Fair hair glinting in the sunlight, blue eyes flashing, a real winner. It just didn't seem fair for poor old Grendel to have the sins of his forefather Cain visited upon him. My Grendel is, of course, somewhat modelled on Lenny in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, and also on a kid I remember from school. I remember the joy with which he would fling himself into a game, only to find it was always the wrong thing at the wrong time. He would first of all laugh to try and curry favour, but then you could see his bewilderment and growing resentment. Then there came the day when he finally realized that he was stronger than any of the other kids."

Peggy Keene / ME NAME?

Me name? what do you want to know me name for?

O alright, its Grendel. I don't care, you can laugh if you want to. I don't have another name, I never knew who me Dad was, — tell you the truth, I don't think Mum did either — she used to say I was like him though, big and strong like.

I always was big, even when I was a nipper. I used to give the other kids rides on me back — then some of the kids wouldn't let me play with them, they said I was too rough, and that I was clumsy.

One day, there was this kid, and he had something in his hand, and he was showing it to all the other kids. I could see it was all shiny and sparkly and I wanted to have a look at it, but he kept laughing and hiding it and saying I musn't touch it, that I'd break it. I only wanted to have a look. I don't remember much what happened then I'd done something bad and Mum and me had to leave town. Mum said it wasn't my fault and I was to forget all about it. I dunno, things get sort of mixed up and my head hurts.

We got along alright, Mum and me, we had this place by the lake with lots of trees and things all around and it was all cool and shady. Never had lots to eat mind you, Mum had a bit of a garden out the back, but the ground wasn't very good, bit rocky like, but we could get fish from the lake and we managed.

There is this man in the town, Mr. Hrothgar his name is, and he's got a big house, all posh and la-di-dah, he gives big parties and everyone gets to go to them, not us of course, Mum said she wouldn't want to go in any case, bunch of dolled up tarts, and men she wouldn't bother to spit on. I used to like to look though, at all the lights and things. One night, he had this great big party, I used to watch from the bushes like, and I could hear everyone talking and laughing and joking, and everyone was excited because Mr. Hrothgar was going to give everyone presents and things. I've got this place in the bushes, like I told you, and I've fixed it up a bit, make it more cosy like, gets a bit parkey out here some nights. Well this night, I sort of fell asleep. I woke up and everything was quiet. Cor was I cold, and then I see the door was open, and I thought

I'd just nip in for a warm up. Well there was no one around, and I thought I'll just have a dekko while I'm here. Well there was this one old geezer lying there, snoring his head off and then I seen something shiny beside him, I'd just touched it, and he started to wake up. I put my hand over his mouth to stop him shouting, when all of a sudden he went all limp. I didn't know what to do. I knew I'd hurt him, so I picked him up and carried him outside, thought the fresh air would make him better. He was all heavy and floppy and I wanted to go home, Mum would know what to do — his head kept falling all over the place, so I put him over my shoulder and ran home as fast as I could. Mum's face was all funny, when I got home, and she said he was dead. She took him from me and said she would look after it. My head was hurting and I was all sweaty and hot — and I went to sleep then. When I woke up, Mum said some men had been around, in the trees at the back of us, and they had guns, and they were shouting, and that we had better go away for awhile. We packed up some things and Mum said she knew of a cave round the other side of the lake, so we went round there. It wasn't as nice as our old place, it was cold and wet and it was hard to catch any fish because Mum said that no one must see us.

I knew Mum didn't like it there, and wanted to go home. It wasn't fair, I didn't mean to hurt him.

Then one night I heard singing and music and I knew that old Hrothgar was giving another party. It was bitter cold that night, and the cave was all draughty and I thought why can't we go home all them down there laughing and eating and drinking and its all warm and everything — who do they think we are to tell us we can't go home. Mum knew who the men were who had come with the guns, and I bet they were all warm and had plenty to eat and enjoying themselves. I went down to the town and to the house, by this time it was all quiet again, and then all of a sudden I felt all sick and my head was aching and I couldn't stop my hands from shaking and I went into the house and I killed one of them. I didn't tell Mum. I knew she would be all upset. And this time it was different. It was so easy. Just a little squeeze and it was all over.

There weren't any more parties after that. No one would go to them. The house was empty.

Sometimes things were alright, then sometimes I'd get that funny feeling, and I knew I would have to go out and wait for someone and kill them.

They would try and find us but we were too clever for them, they couldn't ever get us.

Then one night I heard the music again, it was on Mum's birthday, and suddenly I thought I would go down there and pinch something nice as a surprise. I waited till everything was quiet, then I crept inside, there were people sleeping all over the place and I saw something shiny and pretty.

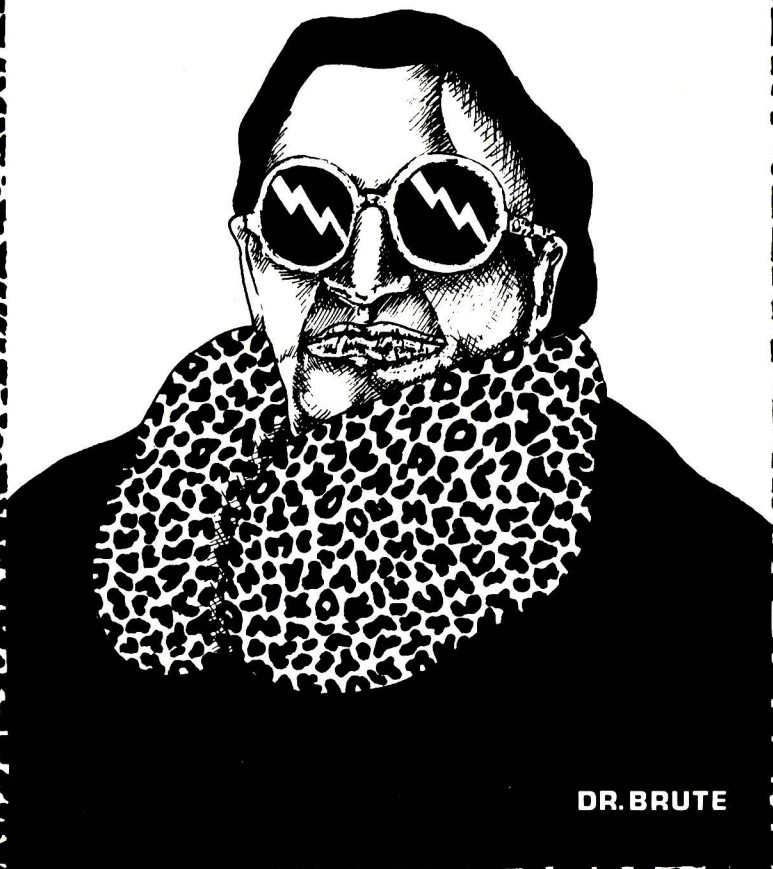
I touched it, then all of a sudden something grabbed me by the arm, I thought they've put a trap there like they catch animals with and I pulled and I pulled and I couldn't get my arm free then I saw it wasn't a trap it was a man as big as I was and he had my hand and he was twisting it and twisting it and it hurt me and I wanted to go home I pulled and pulled and suddenly I was free and running.

I must get home its not much farther I've got to get home Oh, Mum please help me please help me I can't see my shoulder hurts so.

Mister, its getting awful dark in here
its getting awful dark.

Dr. Brute / BANAL BEAUTY INC.

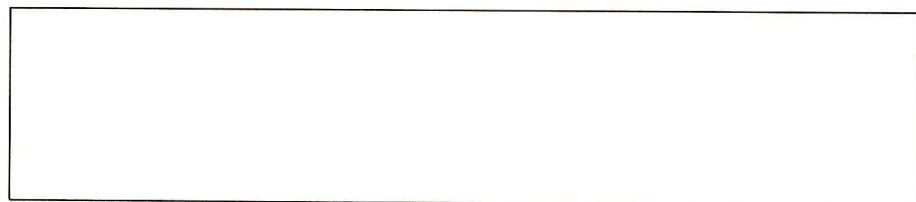
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Mysterious East

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Gerry Gilbert /

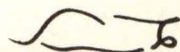
REVIEW OF DIFFICULT WORDS

REVIEW OF DIFFICULT WORDS.

unanimous. See ANONYMOUS.

hour	eight	right	no	whole	sum	tale	meet
		Sandon		聖頓			sanitary
		Sardis		沙地士			Saxon
		Saunders Harbor		山叻士下巴			scabbard
		Salmon River		沙面李巴			scavenger
		Saanich		山汝治			scenery
		Salt Spring Island		所路市丙令埃崙			schedule
		Savanas		審市嘩利			sciatica
		Sea Island		四埃崙			science
		Semilkameen		士墨架文			scimitar
		Shuswap		所市滑			scrutineer
		Shapland		澗譬鄰			sculler
		Sicamous		昔儉麼士			scythe
		Sidney Island		雪汝埃崙			secretary
		Skeena		市卷拿			secrete
		Skidegate		市結地桀			serial
		Snowshoe Creek		士弩數隙			sheriff
		Somenos		心文弩士			shrewd
		Spallumacheen		市卑路尾申			siege
		Spalsum		市卑森			sirloin
		Spences Bridge		市片士卑咧治			skye-terrier
		Spuzzum		市正砧			slaughter
		Stanley		市丹利			sorrel
		Steveston		市地廠			Spaniard
		St. Mary's Mission		媽利尾善			spectacle
		Stony Creek		市蠢汝隙			spectre
		Stump Lake		市胆渥			sprightly
		Sumas		所媽			squabble
		Surrey Centre		沙利仙叻			steward
		Union Mine		天寅米			stirrup
		Vancouver		云巧巴(即威水埠)			stubborn
		Vanwinkle		云永路			sumac
		Van-Anda		溫晏叻			summons
		Vernon		云霄			super

our ate write know hole some tail meat



Andrew Suknaski / PHILLIP WELL

in prairie spring
i stand before a wheeltightener
(two vices held by a single bolt)
thinking of phillip well
found in his woodshed on the edge
of wood mountain —
a rusty 22 still held in his arms
like a young woman
this very first day of the thaw

i ask my village: who was this man —
this man who left us?

in 1914 he & my father
walked south from moose jaw
to find a homestead —
slept in haystacks along the way
(nearly burnt to death once
waking in the belly of hell
only saved by the meuling mice
& their song of agony —
a homesteader thought he'd teach them
a lesson)

phillip well & father
lived in the side of a hill —
built fires to heat stones each day
(hunted & skinned animals to make blankets —
threw redhot stones into the cellar
& overlaid them with willows —
then slept between hides)

father once showed me a picture —
nine black horses pulling a plough
with phillip well riding behind —
breaking the homestead to make a home

Andrew Suknaski

well was a quiet softspoken man —
loved horses & trees
(planted poplars around his shack
when the land began to drift away)

in hard time well bought a wheeltightener
& tightened wheels for grasshopperthin men
of the prairies —
tanned hides & mended harnesses
(later moved to wood mountain
to be near people who could take him to a doctor)

today as men of wood mountain
(their faces altered by well's passing)
drink coffee in jimmy hoy's cafe
no one remembers if he ever had a sweetheart —
though someone recalls a dance one christmas
in a school near the montana border —
well drunk sleeping on a bench
in the corner as the people danced —
well lonelier than judas after the kiss
(the heart's sorrow like a wagonwheel's iron ring
tightening around the brain
till the center cannot hold
& the body breaks)

Dwight Gardiner / CEZANNE

I am the first pair of eyes.
Remember when you go out to dinner
to take your heart
and leave a tip under the plate
That's called waiting for the Muses
Purple will be the last color in the universe.

Skyros Bruce / TO BRYAN

the moon is a huge teardrop
in the center of me
i tell you that i am proud
and you put another judgement on it

dan george

writes that i come
from a long line of great chiefs
the mist rises white
with the sun behind it tears tears
we walk slowly around lost lagoon
i point out to you the shape
of swan wings when they hold them
in a circle behind them
you tell me that at times
i smell like this lake
i feel the freshness on my face
and i want to thank you
for telling me
i touch the sadness inside
you give me feathers
tied with leather
i ride your back to the ocean

Skyros Bruce

we separate
and walk down the beach
the sand smooth & sensual
where the water comes
over it
we crouch on rocks opposite each other
sadness flows freely down my face
your face is the color of clear brandy
in this light
i want to change your name to that
you have been my husband for a year
more than that word
i found out that you have been
unfaithful to me
oh the simplicity of words
and the feelings
of what has happened to us
you run through the water
and embrace me
i asked you if you saw
the changes in the sky
you talked about the color
orange for a while
a star appears
you hold my hand
and a deep blue settles around
a flute player with corn
yellow hair plays on a hill nearby
the happiest day in my life
and i felt pain like the moon
warm and crying inside me

Martin Jensen / SEA VIEW

Out the window down the hill
where flats of mud ebb tides
expose glisten in the afternoon
sun

a continuous clamour, strident,
of laden freight trains lumbering
past, hot iron
grinds hot iron, wheels, rails, dust
gulls overhead

with a pass of his sleeve's cuff
a young man wiping his
hot, moist brow

and the weight of the heat
hangs on his back

as he pauses

to pick from among a thick bramble
selecting those blackest, those so soft
they fall apart in his fingers stained
with their juice, sweet wild berries

A sea breeze rolls up the slope of the hill,
ruffling leaves, leaves flutter,

wrapping, moving round the houses
raising tufts of
grass or of hair

Jennifer Jones /
LOST: ONE CHILDHOOD

Lost: one childhood
Area: Earl Grey Street, Victoria
Last seen in tattered
 ears of snowsuit
Search being conducted
 in duckpond at Beacon Hill Park
 due to traces of bread crumbs
May be found running recklessly down hill
 to Glenn's house
Easily identified by
 one yellow button eye
 and one green marble
Be constantly on alert —
If you turn your head
 or blink your eye
The toothless birthday smile
 will vanish
The tide will come in
 over the sand castle
And the butterfly will
 die in its jar —
If found please return to
 Girvin Avenue, Nanaimo
Reward offered:
 The second yellow button eye
 and one sticky kiss.

Patrick White / UPON THE SUICIDE OF FRIENDS

our green sails big
 with a wind
 called death
belly us
 toward the edge
 of this world,
and some of us
 are better sailors
 than others
but all of us
 lean into that one wind
 blowing endlessly
over the original waters
 of the mind. some
 I have known
hoisted their rough canvas
 and made
 a quick journey
while others
 afraid to deliver
 the truth
to themselves
 sought refuge
 in the rib temple
of leviathan. neither
 are to be thought
 less than human.

Patrick White

both passenger
 and helmsman
 of their own lives
they saw
 from which quarter
 the wind blew
or felt
 the dark current
 moving under them
when the moon
 held state
 over the heavens.
only the man
 who believed
 a compass could save him
 was lost.

Susan Schaeffer / SHE STAYS AWAKE

In the odd hours of the night
The moon has no face or hands.
Time runs backwards; time is declawed
Like a cat.

I know that the trees can move
Like people, especially
The olive tree, with its gnarls,
And I know

That under your clothes
You are all painted over
With animals, and crescents,
And stars full of horns.

Perhaps you have done this to keep me away.
I am not sure of this yet.
I know it is dangerous to sleep.
Then all of you paint on the sky

And your clouds paint animals
And crescents, and headpieces of horns.
When I wake up, I am under the spell.
Take off your clothes

And tell me the truth.
I wish you would sleep
Like the dead,
Cloudy shapes forming and passing over
Your cold, heavenly skin.

Then I could sit in a tree
And watch;
Then the tree and I could come closer
And watch
Then it would fold its five branches

Over my two breasts
And I could close my two eyes.

Pierre Coupey / THE WATER MUSIC

who hears it from stone to stone the clear skin
of water forms & roughens sound as it turns over
& burns between those separate stones that have
their own skins to sing about with light with gold
reflections in the river bottom

war reflects in the river surface the shadow of a man
burning his hands turn into trees his eyes two polished stones
opening closing with the water flames about them
ferns & leaves float over his face they begin to burn
between them blue spaces take his face downstream

forget him he is only an old man listening to the water
do you think he cares for the fish he sees between the stones
their rainbow bodies swim about their mouths feeding from his veins
they are hungry for him they care nothing for his war
they were fire long ago

John Newlove / IT IS A CITY

Jewelly plastic shining in the machine's remove,
painful ladies striding in antimony, o
in the weeds the wet sod of war clotted
lies with pickerel eyes, with pickerel eyes
and a pike's glossy brown lungs gulping watery air —

it is a city in the muck of sharp mud,
life's stinging black slime
warm against ankles as they rise and fall,
while on the naked shoulder-blades
casual insects auction death away —

a city! Filled with sodden books,
beautiful girls with jewelly hips, filled
with admiring fishy smiles and miles
of coppery machines, enemies dead
or with bad teeth, preposterous dreams
of what had been and familiar schemes:

o Shining creation, when will you die
among the fishbones and the plastic weeds,
and let me lie?

Susan Musgrave / TWO POEMS
NET MAKER'S SONG

Bindweed bind
The little fish

Bind the witch.

Bind the crooked woman,
The bent man.

Bind the hunched-up
Humpback salmon

Bind the sea.

Bindweed bind
The hunting moon

Bind the stars.

Susan Musgrave

Bind the hollow mountain,
The dry stream.

Bind the backed-up
Broken water

Bind the sky.

Bindweed bind
My father's house

Bind the axe.

Bind the fallen arrow,
The bone point.

Bind my dried-up
Deadhand sister

Bind the skull.

Bind my dried-up
Deadhand sister

Bind the backed-up
Broken water

Bind the hunched-up
Humpback salmon

Bind the witch.

WITCHERY WAY

Sometimes an old man
Crouches at the river —
Sometimes he is someone
Whose bones are not formed.

Sometimes an old woman
With fisher-skin quiver,
Sometimes on the low bank
Is hungry after blood.

First Man wrenched a
Forked tree, spit
The bone. First Woman
Was a warm pelt
To carry him into the ground.

Susan Musgrave

*"People don't tell out
About these things;
They keep them
Down here in the body."*

Be careful
Of the wolf's cry -- he knows
Those ways well. Open
The toad's belly and you will
Find him there.

*"The bone at the back
Of the head is best,
A tongue black and swollen
From skin whorls picked
At night."* First Woman

Was a night cat
Prowling the red ant hills.
First Man was
Victim, sometimes
A grey fox.

Sometimes on old man
Whispers down the smoke-hole,
Sometimes on old woman
Furrows in the wind.
My skin is thick
With the dark seed
Of their coming —
The blade of a fine axe
Wedged between my eyes.

Sean Virgo / TWO POEMS WINTER LOON SONG

The house is
A dry mouth
Like the fish who breathes

Drum

Some nights
I see the sea
An empty stone pit

Drum

The fish breathe
They lie on
The ledges with hump backs

They lie at
Many levels
White and breathing

Drum

A bird could
Go down to them
I only stare at the pit

Waking in this
Fish house
With its slow gulping mouth

Drum

Sean Virgo

The fish
That swallowed me
Fell foul of the shoals

Drum

Gull glut
Pink light eventually
Through the rib drum

Drum

I went up
Flying towards my people
Crying before the lips of their houses

Drum

IN SICKNESS SONG

Out, hunter.
Brothers took flight to the mountain
Your shadow fell on the snow behind them
They looked behind
Their spirits failed.
Out, hunter, out.

Out, hunter.
Brothers threw gifts in their footprints
You ate their gifts you swallowed the sun
They looked to the hills
Their spirits failed.
Out, hunter, out.

Out, hunter.
Brothers threw clothes and weapons
You tore their clothes you laughed in the darkness
They fell in the snow
Their spirits failed.
Out, hunter, out.

Out, hunter.
Brothers took hulkistagay (shaman's bone necklace)
The face-shaped bones from the grandfather's chest
They called on Nan (Bear)
Their spirits turned
They called on Kwikwe (Eagle)
Their spirit danced
Under claw and wing
They faced you then.
Out, hunter, out.

Sean Virgo

Out, hunter.
Brothers came back in the morning
Their spirit had chased you under the ice
They came back strong
With blood on their hands
They came back whole
With blood on their thighs
They came back singing
With blood on their lips.
Out, hunter, out.

Patrick Lane / THREE POEMS DRINKING BAD WHISKEY

An angel's yellowed grimace
leers through the grease and steam
of the cafe window where we sit
listening to the talk of our tired bodies.

We stop to watch the small dark girl
with a scar draped across her throat
like a choker of swollen pearls.
She picks a scab off her lip

and sucks the sudden blossom
of blood into her mouth.
Her old man empties her purse
and hussles her back to the street.

The cold breath of winter
bellies the window behind her.
A year's bad living
drip from the angel's eyes.

The talk returns to the empty bottle
and the immediate possibility
of somewhere else
anywhere else to go.

WE TALK OF WOMEN

Sitting in the cookhouse
in the long last hours before sleep
I trade drinks of scotch for tea
with the chinese cook.

His skin is the texture of ricepaper
and his eyes, narrow and black
as crow's wings against the sun,
move below fine wisps of grey
that drift on his forehead
like moss on a yellow-pine.

We talk of women
in the cold distance of the Andes.
I tell him of a girl in the mountains
of my country where winter locks
the people inside barriers of snow:

Patrick Lane

All I can remember
is her hands. When they touch me
they struggle like captured birds.
Three months and her face
is the suggestion of light
in the window beyond us, eyes
cold as the barbs of stars
strung on the wire of night.

Moving like a piece of alabaster
born in stone he motions me.
I follow him into his room.
Lighting a candle he leads me
through a dance of startled moths
to the wall beside his bed
where drawings of a woman
delicate as dry wings
hang against splintered wood:

This is my woman.
She is as young as wind
that rises to melt snow
in the wrong season.

I nod and sit on the low
mattress by the wall.

Over warm wine, heated on a candle,
we quietly talk:

If I could tell you
what she is, I would say
she is made of leaves
and her touch is the sound
of the breath I take
when I climb a mountain.

Yes, I said.
And her memory is winter.

THIRTY BELOW

Men on the pond
push logs through constant ice.
Faces stubble with frost.
No-one moves beyond the ritual
of work. Torment of metal
and the scream of saws.

Everything is hard. The sky
scrapes the earth at thirty below
and living things pull into pain
like grotesque children
thrown in the wrong season.

Someone curses.
Pulls his hand from the chain.
His skin has been left on steel,
blood frozen into hard balls.
He is replaced and the work goes on.

Everything is hard.
Cold lances the slow dance
on the pond. The new man trembles
out of control.
He can't hold his pole.
Someone laughs,
says it will be spring
before they shut this damn mill down.

Tom Wayman / THREE POEMS

THE COUNTRY OF EVERYDAY: TALK

Conversation I love to share, the gossip
of literature: why Creeley builds
his line, what occurs in the clefts of Bly's brain.
Also the detail that turns a printed name
into a man: Vachel Lindsay
drinking a bottle of Lysol to die, and the night
Edwin Arlington Robinson
refused to be seduced by Isadora Duncan.

Horror tales about the scientists of art:
the senior literature course announced on "The Book as Object:
the Printed Book Considered as an Artifact, Irrespective of Content."
Yvor Winters' choice
of the three greatest American poets of the last century:
Emily Dickinson, Jones Very and F. G. Tuckerman.
And the professor of English who writes: "There will be little scope
for the teaching of writing in *this* department."

And the inside of jobs: where you hang up your coat
in the morning, and exactly what happens after that.
Newsom's stories about fighting forest fires up north:
"After the copter dropped us, we found the fire all right
but by then it was pretty well a few patches of flame
and a lot of smoke. Since we wouldn't get picked up for a week
in the evenings we'd go out and throw a few logs on
just to keep warm."

Tom Wayman

And his friend off fishing
tied up one night south of Alert Bay. Two drunks
making a racket all evening down at the wharf.
Finally about midnight, they wake everybody on board
tearing around the bay in their outboards, yelling.
Then, a silence. One man in the water, after his boat tipped
when the other drunk leaped from his own boat to his friend's.
An outboard roaring away into the channel, and a body
bumping along the dock. "I got a pike pole on it
but I couldn't lift the stiff out of the water.
I yelled for the guy who ran the wharf to help
but he said he had to go radio the RCMP. Shit,
if it had drifted away down the inlet
people would have been days looking for it. The cops
couldn't have got there for hours anyway.
Finally, somebody gave me a hand and we hauled it out."

And the hows of hitchhiking: Dennis sleeping
under an overpass outside Winnipeg
where there was already a ring of black stones for a fire.
A guy I picked up near Kenora, who'd spent
two days in the bush by the road, saying
"If I was in a hurry . . ."

Thunder Bay to the Sault the worst part of the Trans-Canada for
rides.

Steve hitching across the continent twice:
L.A. to Texas to Toronto (though some of it he did
in Georgia's sportscar).

More stories of travel. A good place to camp
in southern Oregon.

ALLIGATOR POEM

*arrest of the poet Heberto Padilla: March 20,
1971; Law On Loafing decreed from the
Palace of the Revolution: April 1, 1971*

So the day is not as beautiful as the dawn.
In the new sun, the guerilla faces sharpen
become distinct — this one now appears like a desk
crowded with papers, here an ear suddenly seems
a factory chimney, this eye is a cemetery.

Somewhere a can opener tears at a jagged lid of metal.
A hand spins the top away: something is discovering
a person is not a cartridge, everyone
does not slip neatly into bullet clips
and then into oiled magazines.

But *forward guerillas!* Here is a man to whom the Revolution
is a cement floor, another to whom it is a book that can speak . . .

For me the Revolution is lies. Lies no one asked me to tell
but lies that I told. The first lie
was that what was eaten in the Palace had something to do with me.

I ate at my kitchen table, meal after meal
between lies, mumbling more lies between mouthfuls.
They continually asked me on the loudspeaker-radio
didn't I believe that what I had to eat
was what they ate at the Palace?
What could I do but agree?

The second lie had to do with the country.
I was supposed to say that my country did not exist.
No one told me to say this. But I was supposed to say it.
Now I tell you it is a lie: the land
has to live here too. Even my uncle
and the man who delivers milk.

Tom Wayman

The third and fourth lies you know.
The fifth lie, which is entirely my own invention
and I confess this freely, is this poem.
This poem particularly denounces the Law On Loafing
because it has nothing to do with the earth.
This poem denounces the arrest of Heberto Padilla, because
while a guerilla can make history, only a poet
can make justice, which is love, which can be made by anybody.

The poem is a lie. It is a rock, hurled at the heart
of Jorge Risquet Valdes, whom I name, minister of labor
and every member of the executive board
of the Central Organization of Trade Unions. There are many
hands
on this rock, this crowbar digging at the bricks that divide us
and some of these hands are filthy with blood and you will see
only these hands. But my hands are here too:
hands that have swollen with work and gone soft and worked again.

And my hand says: though you legislate against the rainbow
I am laughing, though you imprison the butterfly
I am laughing, though you come for me with a stick or
let me live forever out on the sidewalk, I am laughing

In the night of nothing to eat but an onion
In the night of the new model Cadillac
I am laughing, I am crying
and have no slogan to end this poem

MIDWEST RAIN

The rain falls into Michigan.
On an ordinary Tuesday afternoon in the autumn
I sit reading in a house built of stone.

Jones' house: rain splashes through the full leaves.
Water runs down the stone.

But an entire floor of this place was constructed under the ground.
The bathroom, kitchen and dining corner
loom in the dull green light of windows opening at the top of the
walls.

A root cellar down here, already damp with rain
holds shelves of preserves, barrels
and tubs of the first white shoots of fall-budding
poems.

The same rain later arrives in Minnesota.
I sit in my foreign car on a green-shaded street
lined with St. Paul's mansions, watching out through the downpour.
Everywhere I have driven this year I have found old friends again.
Every city or town I have stopped in I have been made welcome.

Translated from the Spanish by Dora M. Pettinella.

Nicanor Parra / I JEHOVA DECREE

that everything end at once
I place my cross in the solar system
we must return to the maternal womb
I believe the matter is quite settled
let no one leave
let everything end suddenly
let us stop running around the bush
the war with Vietnam is fine
the Operation of the Prostate is fine
I Jehova decree old age
you make me laugh
you make me nervous
only a born fool
will kneel to worship a statue
frankly I don't know what to say
we are at the border of a Third World War
and nobody seems to worry about anything
if they destroy the world
do they think I shall create it again?

Translated from the German by John M. Gogol.

**Johannes Bobrowski /
FISHER OF NIGHT**

In the beautiful foliage
the stillness
unconsoled.
Light
with hands
goes over a wall.
The sand steps out of roots.
Sand, walk away red
in the water,
seek the track of voices,
walk in the darkness,
lay out the catch in the morning.
The voices sing pale silver,
take away,
for safeguarding,
the ears, into the beautiful foliage,
the voices sing:
dead is dead

Translated from the Polish by John M. Gogol.

Tadeusz Rozewicz / DEATH

Wall window
outside
a child's voice

beyond the window the street
a streetcar
enter King Herod
devil death

I give the King a nickel
and drive out
the whole crowd

death is
real
looks around
and shakes his finger at me

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from
Capilano College

KATHY COSGROVE
CAM WILLIAMS
CHRIS MORISSETTE
GRANT GARDINER
TASSILIE DENT
MIKE HORTON
JIM REDFERN
STEWART GREEN
BILL WEEDMARK



KATHY COSGROVE



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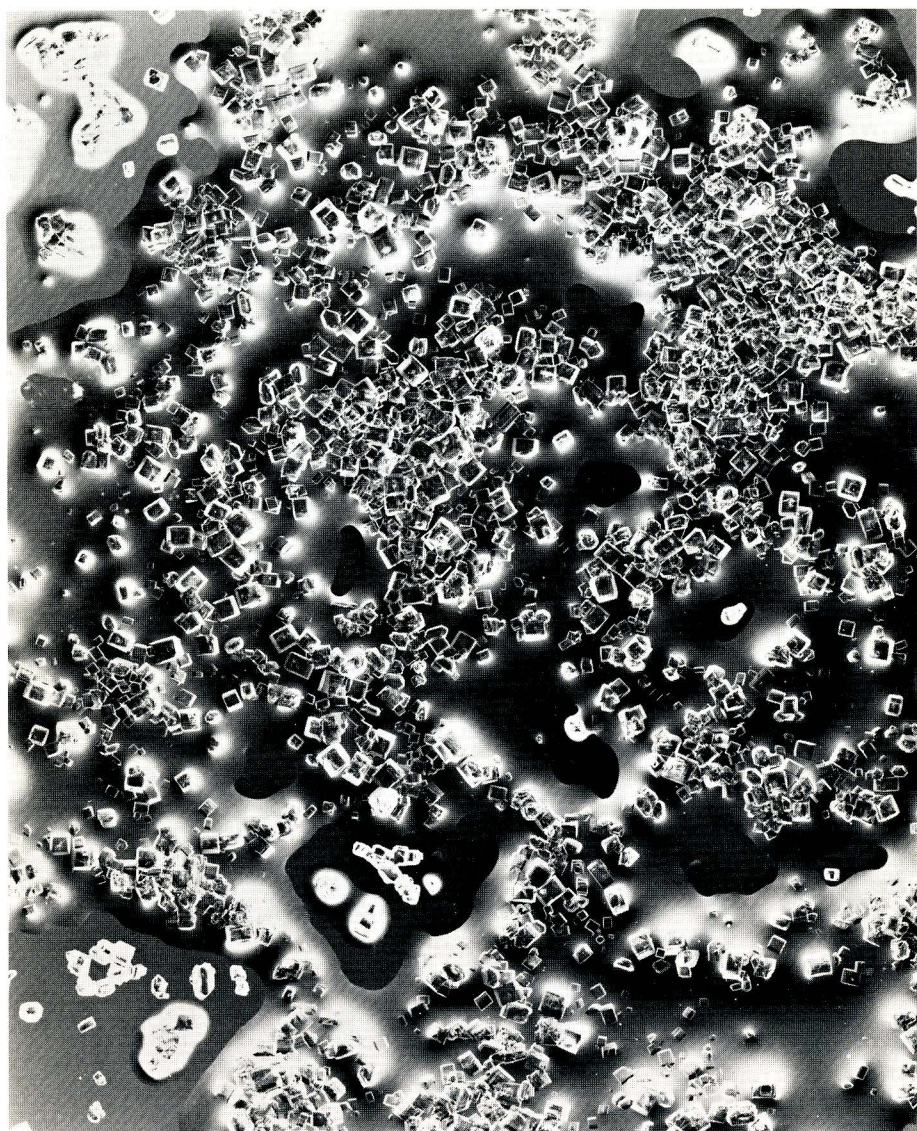
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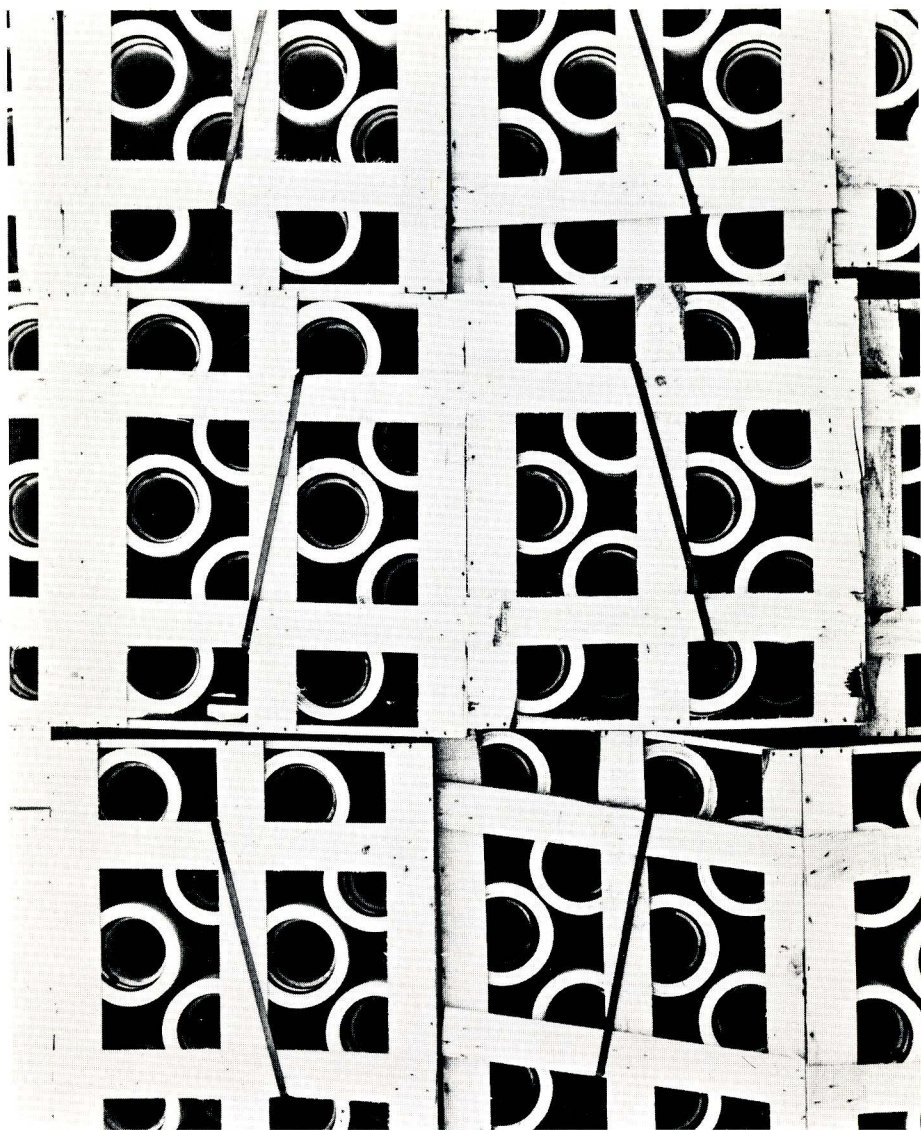


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STEWART GREEN



BILL WEEDMARK



Patrick Lane /
INNER LANDSCAPE AS DESPAIR
A review of John Newlove's *LIES*

(McClelland & Stewart, 1972)

Inner landscape as despair, but despair of what? The key to the poet's dreams are the key to the understanding of mankind. Newlove despairs of man and in so doing despairs of himself. Again and again I've heard people criticize his work as being largely based on self-pity. But you must understand that Newlove uses himself on the page as metaphor for the fall of man in a mechanized anti-human world. For John, man has died as a hero. In all his books (with the exception of *The Cave* where his poetry seemed directed to a minimalism of complete spiritual collapse) he chooses as a poet to define greatness with the hero and the Canadian hero particularly: Riel, Poundmaker, Samuel Hearn. Men who were driven by dreams into death. Historical Canadian mystics who by their own spiritual nature walked into death through mystery — it is what Newlove himself yearns toward.

From: *The Hero Around Me*

*Once heroes marched through my mind
in solid ranks, the deeds
shaped pointedly, and I knew
I could never be one of them,
though I desired it, wished for one sharp moment
in my life — thinking
of the hero as man in combat only . . .
The day came, but not as war.*

The day for Newlove was the realization that the combat was internal. He is now moving past the realization of the hero if only because he despairs of being one. He now sees the poet as man gone wrong; man somehow caught inside the abstract mysticism of language. His very worship of language torments him in a world that demands action inside experiential reality. The costume of himself as poet is the despair in seeing himself as a man gone wrong who relies on the magic of words to heal a world where no one listens.

From: *Notes From And Among The Wars*

*Among the wars
the poet walks along
in his mind
from the start
gone wrong
unable to find
some simple part
that he might make
into an easy song
or phrase to take
as medicine
when he walks along
in his mind,

when his mind soars
from the start
gone wrong*

But it isn't the poet who has gone wrong. It is the society that has, the society that no longer has room for the poet, that no longer hears his songs. The poet was traditionally the voice inside the people: shaman, witch-doctor, priest. I am struck with the image of Robert Graves druid poet standing above the battle composing the song that will lift the death and destruction of man's confrontation with himself into the purer level of myth. But now the poet has become the fool or is classed as insane, for when Newlove's mind soars there is no one to listen except for a small group of academic poetasters who treat vision and poetry as cadavers to be dissected by their machine minds. So Newlove despairs and paints the reality of himself as *everyman*.

From: *In The Crammed World*

*Painful man, your hurt lasts longer than a movie;
it will not amuse a woman or the future for so long. New turns
must be invented every day. And newer tricks. So dream; dream of
success,
and hope, though hope for what you cannot guess, but when you
slide
with your eyes closed into the universe you invented viciously,
do not complain that the wrong doors open wide, open, wait,
then close behind you,
and some friendly animal long thought of greets you and grows fat
lapping your red gore.*

Hope but no hope. A narrow vision of the hell that awaits man. For he has created a false universe and the world that is animal destroys him.

In so many poems he returns again and again to the despair of man trying to live with the reality of himself severed from godhead. Only in the historical perspective of hindsight can Newlove find the mythic proportion of man. There are no contemporary ones. Contemporarily man is the bumbler, the stumbler, the coward, and the fool. Self-pity coming out of his inability to find himself because he is ignored in his despair, anguish and sensitivity. For ultimately he can only be the primal magician,

he who heals with the magic of words. But who heals the healer when he begins to sicken in his silence? The metaphor of the poet is the stance of the abused imagination and there is no redemption, no salvation. Here are excerpts from some poems:

*There is no pleasure anywhere.
The zinc air stinks
with a persistent pain.*

*Hard crystals there are hard crystals inside them
in their bellies and their hands*

*I am becoming a statue
here in the glare of my own dead eyes
I am becoming a statue*

It is the smell of hopelessness

The wars the slaveries no dead men redeemed by poems

Hopelessness, disgust, despair, fear. Nowhere to turn. Even the self holds no source for magic. If there can be a criticism of Newlove it would be that his vision is too narrow. That he sees nothing inside. A world without spirit. But perhaps there is some hope. In the lead poem, *And The Dead Rose Up From The Water*, (a poem incidentally dedicated to Joe Rosenblatt) he says:

*Coming alive at the age of thirty,
refusing a few years
to abandon my despair,*

And then he breaks free of metaphor and myth and speaks directly of the fear he holds in himself :

*Children . . . children, what are you doing?
I despair of you.
I don't care if you kill yourselves, but
why kill me? I have only come alive
for a moment; and I wish I were dead,*

And no dead man can be redeemed by poems. No redemption. None. There is a selfishness in these poems. But A. M. Klein paints Newlove in his great poem, *Portrait Of A Poet As Landscape* :

*the world — he, solitary man — is breath
to him. Until it has been praised, that part
has not been. Item by exciting item —
air to his lungs, and pressured blood to his heart, —
they are pulsated, and breathed, until they map,
not the world's, but his own body's chart!*

He is talking of Newlove. I am not sure if John Newlove is a great poet. I am sure he is one of the finest poets in Canada. There is no question but that he is one of the finest craftsmen writing in the language today. There are few men who can handle the modern line as well as he. So many good poems. Newlove is modern man inside a costume of despair. Death dressed as a man who cannot bear his own visions. In the last poem of the book, *That There Is No Relaxation*, he calls out to God to shut out the visions, the dreams that invade him :

*Give me nothing.
Nothing to dream about.
Lord. Don't listen to me.
A little more and a little more.*

Call it God or the Muse, he will be given more. Graves called Newlove and all poets right when he named them priests of language. All I can ask is that he continue to listen and speak and doesn't go the way of Klein into a lobotomized world of schizoid spiritual death.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PEGGY KEENE, born in England, came to Canada in 1954. In 1972 she quit work to become a full-time student. She wrote *Me Name?* while a student with Bill Schernbrucker at Capilano College last Spring. She is studying at Capilano this year, and hopes to become a teacher herself, in order to help "other older people who feel trapped in their present life-style."

DR. BRUTE, a young Vancouver artist, was recently the subject of a feature article in the Vancouver *Province's Leisure* magazine. His work has appeared frequently in Vancouver and with *Image Bank*, and he is currently being exhibited in *Microprosophus: International Visual Poetry*, a show now on at Evergreen State College and the University of Washington.

GERRY GILBERT has made several books of poetry, the latest being *Money*, which was recently published by the Vancouver Community Press. His work has appeared often in Canada and abroad, and his piece "Assorted Slugs & Matches" is included in *Microprosophus*. He is also an editor of *The B.C. Monthly Magazine* (*Canada's National Magazine*).

ANDREW SUKNASKI is a fine poet, and I'd like to know more about him.

DWIGHT GARDINER is now living in Vancouver, and his fine first book of poems, *A Book Of Occasional*, was just brought out by Talon in Vancouver. He is working on a new serial poem called "Soul Station In My Ear." He is, as well, an accomplished player of billiards and draughts.

SKYROS BRUCE: her first book, *Kalala*, was published earlier this year by Daylight Press (Vancouver). Her work has appeared in *Blackfish*, *The Tamarack Review*, *White Pelican*, *West Coast Review*, and others. She is living and writing in Vancouver.

MARTIN JENSEN has been building a boat on Vancouver Island, and when not there lives in North Vancouver where he writes, reads, and travels a great deal. This is his first publication.

JENNIFER JONES, whose work appears here for the first time, is a student in the Social Sciences at Malaspina College, Nanaimo.

PATRICK WHITE is a full-time writer living in Victoria. He has published in *Prism international*, *Quarry*, *The Far Point*, *Tuatara*, and many others. He has two books of poetry at publishers now.

SUSAN FROMBERG SCHAEFFER has published extensively in the United States and often in Canada. She lives in Brooklyn, New York, where she teaches at Brooklyn College. She expects two books of poems to appear shortly: *The Witch and the Weather Report* (Seven Woods Press), and *Nearer and Nearer to the Beak of the Crow* (Byron Press, England).

PIERRE COUPEY has published two books of poetry, *Bring Forth The Cowards* (McGill Poetry Series) and *Circle Without Center* (Talonbooks). He recently returned from a reading tour of Washington State, sponsored by EYE - 5 and The Washington State Arts Commission. He is also included in *Microprosophus*, a show he helped organize with David UU. He will read at the University of Washington in January, and new work will appear in the West Coast Issue of *Ingluvín*.

JOHN NEWLOVE's latest book, *Lies* (McClelland & Stewart), is reviewed elsewhere in this issue by Patrick Lane. This is Newlove's second appearance in *The Capilano Review*.

SUSAN MUSGRAVE and SEAN VIRGO are collaborating on a large work in progress, *Kiskatinaw Songs*, from which the poems in this issue have been taken. Susan Musgrave recently returned from Ireland where she was travelling on a Canada Council Grant. Her publications include *Songs of the Sea-Witch* (Sono Nis), *Mindscapes* (House of Anansi), *Skuld* (The Sceptre Press), and *Entrance of the Celebrant* (Fuller d'Arch Smith). Sean Virgo has published in *The Far Point*, *Poetry Review*, *Second Aeon*, and *Obelisk*. He is included in *Contemporary Poetry of British Columbia*, and his latest book, *Sea Change*, was recently published by Sceptre Press.

TOM WAYMAN's first book, *Waiting For Wayman*, will be published by McClelland & Stewart in Spring 1973. He has published widely in Canada and abroad, and is presently on a Canada Council Grant in Vancouver, where he is working on new poems and on an anthology of poems about work to be called *Beaton Abbot's Got The Contract*.

NICANOR PARRA, a professor of mathematics and physics, was born in Chillan, Chile, in 1914. His poems have received critical praise in Chile and abroad, and will soon appear in book form in English translation.

DORA M. PETTINELLA lives in New York, and translates widely from Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Italian poets. Her translations have appeared internationally.

JOHANNES BOBROWSKI and TADEUSZ ROZEWICZ were both translated by John M. Gogol, a poet who teaches in the Foreign Language Department of Pacific University in Oregon. As well as pursuing his own writing, Mr. Gogol translates from German, Polish, and Russian poets.

KATHY COSGROVE, CAM WILLIAMS, CHRIS MORISSETTE, GRANT GARDINER, TASSILIE DENT, MIKE HORTON, and JIM REDFERN are all students at Capilano College this year, and are making use of Jim Bizocchi's photography studio at Capilano's Welch Street Art Center.

STEWART GREEN and BILL WEEDMARK were students at Capilano last Spring, and have since left, Stewart to teach skiing in Colorado, and Bill to work in a Vancouver photography studio.

PATRICK LANE has published six books of poetry, and is included in several Canadian anthologies, among them *Storm Warning* (McClelland & Stewart). His selected poems, *The Sun Has Begun To Eat The Mountain*, was published this year by Ingluin, and should go into a second edition soon.

He is the editor of *Very Stone House: in transit*, and is planning a new anthology of West Coast poetry. He is presently working in Vancouver on new poems that relate both to his experiences in the interior of B.C., and to his travels in South America. He is an accomplished draughtsman and billiards player.

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plus

a folio of

drawings by

DR. BRUTE

plus

photography

by

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