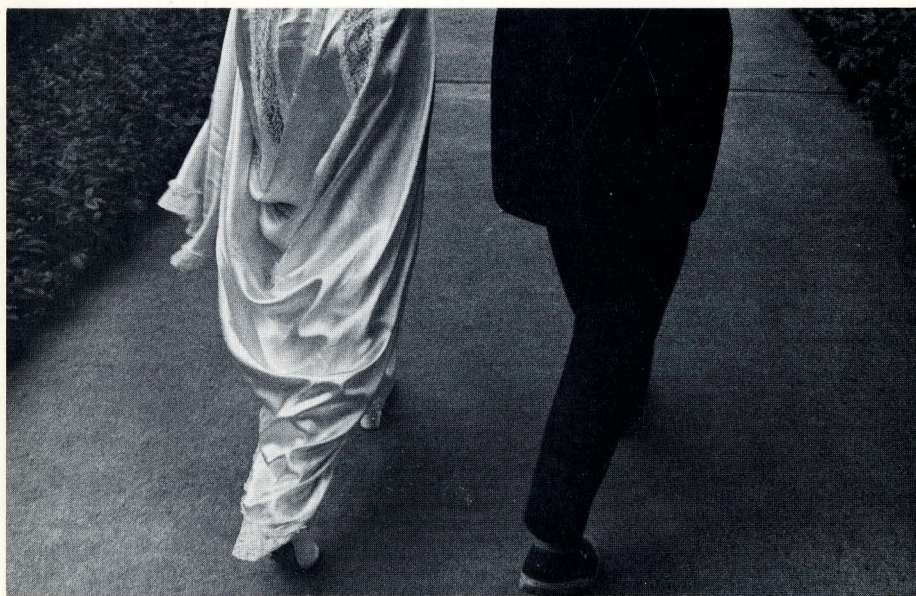
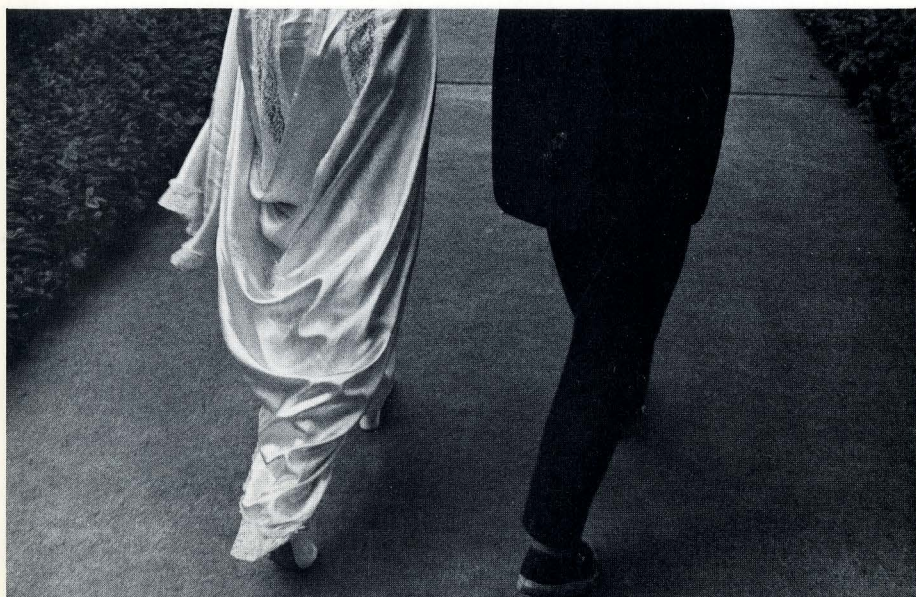


THE CAPILANO REVIEW



*“ . . . to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived
and not as they are known.*

“ . . . defamiliarization.”

— VICTOR SHKLOVSKY, *“Art as Technique”*

*“or, more simply, one can change things
by the manner in which one looks at them.”*

— TOM ROBBINS, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*

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Brenda Riches / THREE PROSE PIECES

CLOTH

I knew his right foot tolerably well, though we were in the dark at the time. It rested on my thigh long enough for me to assess the measure of its tendons and small bones, the tension of its skin, the affinity of its toes. For a while I even got to subdue that springing hair, that rivulet descent from his ankle. But one foot in repose is not a journey, and he was a steady placer of feet, a wilderness walker.

He never wore shoes because he said all ground was holy. Once I understood this it was easy for me to take my shoes off in his presence, and on the rare occasions between his spacious wanderings that I was able to see him, we would sit on dark floors and talk of pendulums and remnants, doors that swung shut, and the balance of dreams. There was a scab just below the ankle bone and I had an elastic impulse to pick at it, but didn't, because I wasn't sure if my fingernails figured in his scheme of living.

Parings, he said aloud one evening. Words are the parings of our dreams. Most people would have them swept into the garbage, but parings can be brought to order, and scum is a substance to be lifted with tenderness.

Habitual walker though he was, much as he loved his roads, he had to step out of that outdoors and take to darkened rooms every now and then, though the most he would concede to furniture was something to raise him a little way from the floor, a thick rug or simple mattress. I was going to say I always knew when he came home, but since his journeying was his home, those interludes we had are better called his disembarkments, his sidesteppings. I always knew, because he'd leave a door open.

I first saw him, thin as a fence post, in daylight. After that time, the day retreated to his personal landscape, a place I could only guess at since he never talked about it. The first and only time I was impertinent enough to question him about the details of his treks, his answer was to pull out a large leather-bound dictionary and read to me from it.

Pendulum: A body suspended so as to be free to swing or oscillate. Usually an instrument consisting of a rod, with a weight at the end, so suspended as to swing to and fro, especially as the essential part of a clock, serving (by the isochronism of its vibrations) to regulate and control the movement of its works.

Don't tamper, was all he added.

I had been so entranced by the rich sound of his voice, I hadn't absorbed the lesson he'd given me, so I lifted the book from his hands and took it to the window. The full moon was angled to light up the page. Pendule, penduline, pendulous, pendulum. I learned that I'd been unseemly in my desire to know of his life. The black leather covers of the dictionary were doors that closed on the definition he had chosen to give of himself. They shone heavily in the moonlight. Beautiful doors, framed by indented lines, a triple frame. Sparse doors whose only vanity was a silken moonlight pebbling.

He must have felt a little sorry for me because at the next returning he brought a willow stick and sat with his knees pulled up and turned outwards, whittling it. The shreds of woodskin tapered and curled, creamy in the dusk of the room. I picked one up and wrapped it round my finger. A second skin, I told him, and he nodded. The stick is ready, he said. It's for you. And gathered up the thin locks of wood and placed them in my hands.

So he left me with a clean stick and the piecemeal covering he had taken from it. And time in my hands to be whittled away.

* * * *

Take a cold and vacant paper.

He is asleep. He is lying on his side, facing me, with the sheet pulled tightly to his neck and tucked in around his shoulder. His back is to the window, where the curtains are light with the moon. His shoulder is a rock, his hip is a boulder. Since the light is behind him, the lines of his face are soft, the shadows are the blurring of thick pencil. The hair that grows on his face is grass, bleached of its juices. His eyelids are dark cavities. His face is closed and he's locked away behind it. He wears peace as a mask.

Five minutes ago his tongue lay flaccid in my mouth. His arm was heavy across my ribs. His words that grew with the evening and flowered as a night cactus in the dark, were petalled in my head, white silk over my thoughts. Now he is housed, barred and shuttered against my dark. And my thoughts are uncovered.

I think: What put him in me and left him there to take up so much space, yet all the while he is remote behind his skin, behind his shadowy eyelids? I think: Love is a weight that must be carried, and put down, and carried a little further. A burden to be shifted from one hand to the other. I think: Love makes a stooping of my days, and my nights lie hunched on the wilderness floor.

My thoughts are exposed to cold air.

* * * *

In the times between I peeled and polished. I opened the other volume of the dictionary and learned that isochronism was the character or property of being isochronous, or of taking place in equal spaces of time. So I divided the willow shavings into two equal parts and arranged one half in smoke glass, and thrust the other out into the windstorm that lifted the dust and leaves from my yard.

I was about to close the door on their curly flight when I noticed the crab apples swinging loosely under their branches and slipping off, down onto the grass. I picked them up and, leaning against the wind, gathered them into my pockets. In the house I made red jam, skimming the surface foam with care and setting it in precious bowls.

I waited while the jam cooled. I took him a pot of cool jam and a clean spoon.

Soon we came to live in a silence that was walled with tapestry woven with blue and gold and white threads. It was a silence spacious enough to contain both of us, no matter where we were. When he was away, walking his land, the threads stretched to a thin horizon, and though I couldn't see him, if I touched the fabric on the walls I could feel a steady shaking, a soundless rhythm that told me where he was. Then the tapestry would light up for a moment, and details of stubble, clipped and shining, jutting through the glaze of snow and held by a blue sky, would be something to examine and memorise. When that was done, I could roll up the picture and put it away, to bring it out when needed. When the time came for him to return, that slight horizon thickened with nearness, and he came back to the cloth twilight of our room.

* * * *

Take a fresh sheet.

Vacuum. By a process of suction dirt is transferred from the rug through a long hose into a disposable brown bag. A yellow filter placed in the centre of the machine prevents clogging. The sun tilts its rods across the room and strikes the quiet tapestry. Dust. I spit on my finger and wipe it over the threads. The fine edges of the weave are clean and fraying.

There are two ways I can dust the top of the cabinet. I can lift one object at a time (the photograph, the green bowl, the candles, the brown stone jug filled with pampas grass) putting one down before I lift the next. If I do it this way I knock the tallest candle from its holder. I never fail. Or I can take everything off and put it on the table and clear the dust with one sweep of my arm.

The tapestry is still. I shall take a walk.

The snow squeaks under my feet like a finger that rubs on clean glass. I must be alone with my walking so I can avoid the twiggy prints of birds. We don't tread the same lines. They have pencilled their footfalls with thin strokes that go beyond the places I can see. The snow is falling; thin flakes are ashes blown from burning paper. Grey against a paler grey sky. White, only if I look down at the hallowed winter floor.

PERSIMMON

Why couldn't Ambrose learn from the persimmon? If he left her alone till the frost got her, she would be soft for him. What was his hurry? Didn't he know he would live forever?

Virginia was sorting socks. Seven orange and thirteen brown. The brown were perfect, but three of the orange had holes in them. She slid her hand into one, stretched her fingers to web it, and held it to the light. Ambrose, she said aloud. As matters stand at the moment, I don't give a Chinese fig for you. She opened her sewing box and broke off a length of orange wool. Threaded a wide-eyed needle. Knotted an end and began the weave. First the tight warp through which the weft would dart and pull. She liked sewing. One. Two. Oh shit, she had to go.

Which meant she had to lodge the needle in the sock, draw out her hand, lay the work down, and hobble to the bathroom.

Ambrose, your propositions, past and present, are a load of bullshit. Fie on you, Ambrose. (Flushing with vigour.) If it wasn't for this damn toe, I'd boot you from your studio couch to the topmost branches of the elm, where you would bunch like a rook's nest.

She was back, her hand in the sock, her needle a bright splinter in the summer light.

* * * *

I love you, Virginia. I want to make you in colour. I can see you now, centre page, full spread. Your breasts are marshmallows, your nipples are cherries. Come with me, my sweet, my dainty, let me fill my mouth with your delights. But you are wrapped in cellophane and lie on the wrong side of the window. Pity your Ambrose with his nose pressed to the glass.

Oh Christ, Virginia, take your clothes off.

* * * *

Did you really think DID YOU REALLY THINK, Ambrose, that I would jump at the chance of seeing a front-cover portrait of myself leapfrogging naked over a fire hydrant? I am not a **THING** to be processed and glossed for the public. It's **NOT** art, Ambrose.

The glaring eye of June bored through the window. Four months to frost. *Come with me, my little tangerine, and see what develops.* No kidding. His opening words to her as she stood in her embroidered cheesecloth and waited for the bus. Corn, pure and golden.

There. That one was mended.

* * * *

Darn it all, Virginia, I'm a goodlooking guy and I take good pictures. Click. You're shuttered in my Pentax. I take you home, lay you in gloomy chemicals, swoosh you around, and there's your cold face, drowning into life. Oh Virginia, when can I click your naked body? I'm good. I do it better than most. Better than anyone. Classy.

* * * *

She threaded a new strand and took up a second sock. They used to call these holes 'potatoes' when she was a child. Potatoes, too, shouldn't be dug up too early. And celery should wait for frost, so her grandmother had told her.

It was Ambrose and his swollen idea that had crippled her. *Put on a robe if you must, my cantaloupe, and rest this pumpkin on your shoulders.* Lady Atlas. Him and his plaster gourd, his futile equipment, his flashes that didn't flash, his loose cables, WHOOPS! and the pumpkin dropped, SLAM, on her big toe. You and your lofty ideas, Ambrose.

She stabbed with her needle, deft in her patching.

* * * *

It can't go on like this. I haven't taken a good picture in weeks. I'm vegetating, Virginia. I'm rotting away.

* * * *

When she was well into the second sock she encountered a snag. She had miscalculated the length of wool. She would have to use another piece to finish it. How irksome. One loose end too many. Well, she wasn't going to unpick all her careful weaving, so the flaw would just have to stay.

Of all his warped notions, that BIRD'S EYE BIRTH OF VENUS was the most twisted. *No-one'll see your body, Virginia. Just the top of your head.* And how was he going to get that one? Dangling from the top of a pine tree. Fiddlesticks. You can't pull the wool over *my* eyes, Ambrose. Try again.

Yegods! It was hot by the window. She took off her sweater.

* * * *

I'll send her a letter. A cryptic billet. "Meet me at the junction of F 11 and 120th, my negative love." My wit will draw her to me like the image into the lens. I shall loosen the drawstrings of her chemise so wide she'll be over-exposed. Oh Virginia, how can you resist my professional touch?

Jesus, Virginia, I can't wait much longer.

* * * *

One more to go and she would be done. The sun was high now and would soon be on its way to the back of the house. She might get out and do a bit of weeding if she could find a boot to fit her. Should she call him first? On second thoughts, no.

It might soil her image, calling a man she barely knew.



THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

(oil on canvas)

Augustus Leopold Egg 1816-1863

She who sleeps has flesh fingers, has a torn basket of orange in paper
(wicker plaited) set aside on velvet (grey).

She who reads has blue clad fingers to leaf her book (her eyes are
dropped but not shut) has a posy, pink flowers settled at the side of her
skirt.

Silk girls both. Billowing grey. Shot with light. Hair caught in nets.
Necks collared in starch. Black hats, scarlet feather tongued.

They travel.

They lower and shut eyelids in face to face. They are fabric to fabric.
They are parentheses to window.

Window. Unfolded: sea (blue) sky (blue) trees (green) beach
(yellow) houses (white) hills (layered).

They travel.

Still.

George Bowering /

THE CREATOR HAS A MASTER PLAN

They were in a twenty-six dollar room at the Chelsea Hotel in cement Manhattan. She was lying on the bed, her hair in curlers under a bandanna.

Little flag of disposition, as at the novillero bullfight in Mexico City five years earlier he had resolutely bought seats in the sun.

Reading a book on "Blow-Up" they had found earlier in the afternoon. Just lying there in the middle of Nueva York as if they were moving in & there was no hurry to do anything but rest. The brown dresser had been painted numerous times & cream yellow showed under the brown where some predecessor had moved something.

He was standing beside it, wiggling his fingers, & were they going to see any roaches. She was also smoking a cigarette, he had seen her that way thousands of times, lying on a bed, head on pillows, smoking a cigarette & reading a book, in the one hotel where they had given up worrying about that. Thomas Wolfe should fall off a fire-escape? No sense worrying about that. But here in the middle of lower Manhattan & not walking anywhere in the early evening, even given the cold wet wind, manhole covers flush with the cement, ring out when your heel hits them in late December.

I mean it was cold. New York City cold? Movies & stories got pictures of Harlem kids with their bums turned to the gush of free city water from the fire hydrant, childless taxi drivers with shirts unbuttoned over cotton singlets on 72nd Street.

She was reading the book, reading the book. She was interested in Antonioni all right, in fact that was her favourite movie, but she had had her hair done up, she was waiting for tonight. That's why they werent at least walking around the village this afternoon, not in curlers, you go ahead if you want to, dear. She was also not going to go with him to Slugs' Bar, to hear Pharoah & his brash new group, African something, & he didnt know, but he knew, where she was going, to see him, at the convention hotel, three thousand miles from where he lived now, presumably still with his wife who never went on "these trips" with him. Reading a book & waiting for that.

The reason for coming to New York was to be in the city, to add that, & reading the what's in town page of the *New Yorker* to find out Pharoah was at Slugs', that was a bonus. But more than that, to bring her with him, to the convention he would not attend, Honey, just being with you in the automat. Sure, he had seen "Blow-Up" & it was a good movie, but there is time for that back home. But I cant remember now, did I see any tennis balls?

Wont you come out for a walk, see Washington Square, Henry James? Maxwell Bodenheim?

No, you go ahead, I need a rest.

A rest from or a rest for, he thought, & okay see you later, he took the old cage elevator out, & what did he do if not buy a *Times* & read the hockey scores at the nearest corned beef counter.

There she is, in the middle of NYC, he thought, my enamorata in a room on 23rd Street where Thomas Wolfe once lay his long frame. All alone, for now, I can go & then thread these streets in search of her, climb the fire escape or pretend my instinct takes me unerringly thru unremembered halls, & knock excitedly at that door. I brought her to New York, thousands of miles over a half-dozen years, & her only distance is the twenty-five blocks to his hotel, the fancy one, where famous scholars recline.

He felt as if he had lived here once, in a portion of his life now blankt from recall by surgery he also could not remember. It was a bright cold day, the air of cement city full of desalinated water. The sun fell in rectangles on pavement repaired a hundred times & comprest heavier than any surface he'd ever seen. They had both come from towns where shepherd's thumb grew between the blacktop & the sidewalk. In the paper there was somebody worried about handsome Rod Gilbert's spinal fusion.

He did walk alone to Washington Square. There inside the ruined ring he saw the only snow in town, grey-white, almost water, trackt with oozing footprints. Everybody was indoors, bellied to the bar in Eisenhower jackets. He didnt need one but he decided for a drink, he would find the Third Street bar he'd heard so much about. The famous poet would be there, he'd memorized the address. "Most men go down to obliteration/ with the homeliest of remembrances." He walkt around & around, coming always within three blocks according to the number, but never found it, running time & again into the facade of the downtown university. Well, he had other addresses in his book. He decided to forget them. If it can beat me the first time, I'm not going to make a fool of myself again. A fool to whom. Rod Gilbert, also from Quebec, rode on top of this town, in a velure armchair on the thirtieth floor. Everyone he saw lived here, secure in their language, safe inside the numbers assigned to the hard furrows cut across the cement island.

It was enough to be here, then. Seeing everything would not add anything to the collection. It is there in the booklet, like Duluth, let's say, & for instance El Paso.

He strode, in the wind, wearing his red toque with the mask rolled up inside, his many-coloured electrician gloves on, unattractive but interesting talismans, his green & black checkt woolen shirt, City of Westminster policeman's cape, winter-time boutique slacks, expensive Spanish boots with the deft square toes, proud of his small feet. Looking down at them, he saw a finger on the pavement of the street, quickly, Twelfth Street, flush against the sidewalk.

It was one of those wonderful ideas that come along occasionally, usually when you're comfortable but tired, & distracted by someone else's uninteresting narrative. But there it was, really, a white man's finger in the gutter. It lookt like a forefinger. Wouldnt it be interesting to take it back to the hotel & say see, look what you miss by just lying waiting for your familiar & designated tryst. But he wouldnt, he knew, pick it up, even with his stained gloves on. A few years ago, he liked to think, he would have, but he also knew, walking away, that he wouldnt have.

He was after all a visitor in town. There was no one he wanted to phone at headquarters, & it was just three inches of grey flesh in New York. Why, that is, even bother to wonder how it got there. One learns the politics of a place by effort, not by accidents.

They did have dinner together, anyway, in an overheated restaurant two steps down from the cold wet late afternoon. He never noticed the name of the place & didnt have anything to eat he could not have got at home. He told her about his failure to find the bar, but not about the find he did make. He was chattering slowly, putting off hearing what she was going to say, & giving her time to think about how she was going to say it, how say no she didnt want to go & hear his music, that's not what she came to New York for, & certainly not that place. Or if he was willing she wouldnt have to say the rest at all, how she was going to be in mid-Manhattan, seeing him who had been there so easily so often before, the expert & highly rankt star in the profession her husband had fallen back upon for security & for her.

The conference was called for the Modern Language Association but this was probably a story told since the dawn of time. He said to himself I'm here in New York anyway, distracted by that abruption, I'll have Pharoah for the first time live, the newest language in this city, I can gather up the continued story after our trip back to the other island city.

So it was. Now he was on Third Street, east of Avenue D, his electrician gloves holding back little of the imagined East River cold, his heartbeat either palpable or audible, looking for the place he'd read about on record jackets, looking for a sign.

All the innocent bystanders were inside somewhere having something done to them by the outside agitators. He had never expected the street to look like this, not even in the dark — it was more fitting in his mind for a small town that had never attained any finish, any gloss. There were none, no signs, just paintless storefronts, most of them looking like a shut-down mining town, plywood nailed over windows,

once in a while a door of plywood & tin patches, that lookt as if it might open for what business inside, Black people with unprest gabardine slacks, in one of them they were playing pool. There were mounds of old garbage on the sidewalk. He had to step into the street to get around a charred mattress. There was nearly of a certainty a discarded body behind one of these buildings, with parts missing, a wedding band that wouldnt slip off. But he was a tall man with work boots laced around the top, or so he remembered it. In the darkest part of Manhattan he walkt. It must have been neater when Hart Crane was here. There was a dull street lamp about a block & a half ahead.

And just after it a nameless place with sound for a change inside. Slugs' bar on Tuesday night. He went, white as a sheet with a pointed top, in. It was crowded, first night, hundreds of Black people in ordinary clothes, this was December, 1968, & he took his toque off before he went to the bar. He got a small beer in a thin-bottomed American glass, the music all the time in his ears, & there was one chair to sit on so he askt with his eyes & it was okay & he sat. He wanted to look as if he was used to Pharoah's music, which he was, & used to being here, which he was not. No one noticed, so his head followed his ears to the music & then he was surprised, pleasantly, he was at last thrilled. The chair was just an old wood & cane chair but at last he was sitting down in New York.

Now let's concentrate on this surprise. Pharoah usually back home on the other concrete island, from the stereo in the living room alcove, played a tenor saxophone like a voice saying let me in. Here the horn was not in sight & that's what he'd come here looking for, the instrument of that sound that had unnerved her & made him know that the horn was not immediately a "musical instrument," it was a way of speaking & he had for himself only a way of listening. Now here on the stage it wasnt Joe's Jazz Club quintet, dark suits & cool dark faces & one pair of hornrims. They were banging things together, making swellings of African banging sound, long & sweet, wearing orange & black Afric duds. Pharoah leaned his little body against a post & slapt two tambourines together, lookt like cymbals, sounded like the piece by piece concentration of making new music for a new village set into a cleared place on the forest floor.

Well, do we really have to try to describe music — go listen to “Karma,” Impulse AS-9181. There were more bodies arriving, more chairs brought from somewhere, occasionally a waitress & another small beer, his body shifted, he agreeably & unconsciously reached down with his fingers & hopped his chair closer to the next, making room. The wall of music & the wall of bodies, thickening.

So it went on, evening east of Avenue D, more bodies in the dark, smoke drifting into the light on the stage, music beating into his flesh, & he was so happy & so lonely it was just right, somewhere. A singer he didn't know was yodelling in a fashion invented for the purpose, something he had never heard but it was intended too to vocalize Africa. His name was Leon & so he reigned, there. The American beer was thin but it was cold, & in his other hand he held a Canadian cigarillo. He had no idea how he would get back to the Wolfe Hotel but presumed he would walk, thru the cement gauntlet, take a bang on his red hat. But now was now, not time but occurrence, not beat but interval. Another hand was presently lying on his thigh. He moved his knee slightly from side to side once. Would that mean fear or encouragement.

And to himself, what. The hand moved, assuredly, finger by finger, up his leg. He watched Pharoah the tiny man looking with satisfaction at the success of this totally new American music & it was old, older than the rotted piles in the East River. Now the zipper was slid easily & his flesh was in that hand so soon. He actually took a sip of beer as he came hard & god knows where on the back of a chair & as he felt the last ministrations of that hand he wondered, is it female or is it male, was it white or was it black. And as always happened in his life, he rose & left, unbelievably smoothly thru that dense crowd of knees. A few minutes later he was walking, north on Avenue D.

There was a wet flaky snow. It fell & melted on the shoulders of his black woolen cape & on his knitted cap. He walked up the wide finger of Manhattan wondering how long he could remain alive this late at night here in the dark. He felt as if his electrician gloves would protect him, something too outré for the speculators in the shadows.

To entertain himself till he got to 23rd Street he composed the conversation they would have back in the little room if she was there. She would say they got stuck in the elevator coming down from the suite in the midtown hotel. He would say he got into a fist-fight with someone he couldn't see in the dark & the falling snow. And it would go on from there.

Martin Avery / TWO PROSE PIECES

GREEN IDEAS

All week, he had been trying to buy a box of prophylactics. It was no longer the summer of '42. It was 1977, and he was not a boy anymore. You did not even have to ask for them at the counter. They were just sitting in a bin out in the open. They might have been typing erasers. Not only that; they were on sale. Usually, they cost \$3.50. They were on sale for just \$3.19. He was going to get the lubricated ones. They had *a special dry lubrication, were contoured for a better fit, made of a thin latex for even greater sensitivity, had a reservoir tip for even greater comfort*, and in a box of twelve there were half a dozen different colours.

That was not all. He was trying to make up his mind about buying a dog. He thought he wanted a dog, but he was not yet committed to the idea of having a dog around all the time. Instead he was *pretending* he had a dog. That way, he could get used to the idea of having one around all the time without the responsibility and discomfort a real dog might bring.

"Here, Skipper," he would call as he walked around his apartment. "C'mon boy: Come to Poppa!"

Then he would shake his leg as though there was a very small dog attached to his pants' cuff by its teeth.

"Down Skipper," he commanded.

He liked the sound of his voice when he gave the imaginary dog orders. He said it again.

"Down Skipper."

The whole charade was not helping him in any way to buy the box of prophylactics. Monday he had gone into the drug store for them and he had come out with a flea collar. Tuesday he bought Skipper a water dish. Soon, he would either have to buy the dog or else get rid of a whole lot of puppy paraphernalia. If anyone came over to the apartment and saw the dog dish, the flea collar, the biscuits, and the leash, he did not know what he was going to say to them. He did not know what he was going to say to his Roman Catholic girlfriend, either, if he showed up Saturday night without the prophylactics.

She was already pretty upset over this business with the dog.

Friday morning in the drug store, he had the prophylactics in his hand and he was walking towards the check-out counter. There was no-one in the store but him, the druggist, and the girl behind the counter. The druggist was busy in the back of the store, making up prescriptions for all the sick people who did business with him. It was now or never.

He had the prophylactics in hand, and he was walking to the check-out counter. The girl behind the counter already had one hand on the cash register. She was waiting for him. He stopped halfway up the aisle and looked at some typing erasers. Below the erasers, he noticed a display advertising a new product which got rid of dogs' worms. He did not know that dogs got worms.

Prophylactics in hand, walking to the check-out counter. He set the prophylactics box on the counter and reached into his back pocket for his wallet. The girl rang up \$3.50 on the cash register. He was too embarrassed to tell her they were on sale. Instead, he shook his leg as though there was a very small dog attached to his pants' cuff by its teeth.

"Down Skipper," he whispered.

And then he made a very amateurish attempt at ventriloquism. Out of the corner of his mouth, he made some foolish dog noises.

"Whorf, whorf," he ventriloquized.

"Whorf, whorf, whorf."

"What have you got there?" the girl behind the counter asked. "A little doggie?"

"Oh no," he said. "It's not a real dog. I'm just thinking about getting a real one, so all I have right now is this imaginary one."

"I see," the girl behind the counter replied. "That's very interesting."

Green ideas sleep furiously.

FOUR KINDS OF FANTASY

There are only four kinds of fantasy. That is something I have learned. It came as a surprise after two decades of dreaming all kinds of dreams, listening to all kinds of stories, and reading all kinds of books. But this is real knowledge, handed down to me through a great Canadian poet from a blind librarian down in South America.

The poet could not remember all four kinds of fantasy right away. At first, he could only remember three out of four kinds of fantasy:

1. A journey through time.
2. A journey through space.
3. The doppelganger myth.
4. He forgot.

The only movie I have seen more than six times is *2001: A Space Odyssey*. It is a journey through time, a journey through space, and it involves the doppelganger myth. The doppelganger myth is about doubles, or doppels. Everyone has been told there is someone else who looks *just* like him. If you ever see that person, you will go crazy.

One summer in Alberta, I saw Paul Newman. I almost went crazy. Later that same year, I went to a Bob Dylan concert. Gordon Lightfoot was there. I almost went crazy twice.

So much for the doppelganger myth.

The poet always remembered three out of four kinds of fantasy and now I can't remember the last one, either. It will come to me. It always does. It always came to him, too. Sometimes he would remember the two journeys and the one I forget, but he would not remember the doppelganger myth. Sometimes he would forget one of the journeys but remember the other three kinds of fantasy. The same thing happens to me, and now it will happen to you like a story continually unfolding within a story.

Don Austin /

the trimming of the hair, nails and teeth

this constant pruning is becoming tedious. no sooner are they cut than bristling, outlaw length, by just that much, again. it is an affront to my civilized demeanor. i want to be neat. and so, too soon, i gather my instruments: clippers of two sizes, scissors, a razor and blade, shaving cream and, of course, a mirror. soon, everything is normal once again. nature has been shown her place. her barbaric intrusions along the periphery of my empire have been subdued once more. the vacant temples crumble their mathematics all over the ground and tourists steal the smaller pieces, but the idea lives: we are the gardeners of the jungle that encroaches upon every inch given to its desire which is everywhere, munificent with ensnaring vines and life.

some institutions demand it in the name of hygiene and have expert measurements of its calculated subservience. the world's standard sideburn kept on a platinum slab at sea level in france.

the nails are another matter. when they are longer, i argue more, i am descended from a weasel with hooks on each paw, i scratch myself during sleep and wake up attacked. friends question me about my wounds and i lie to cover for the fugitive beast who holds me hostage. but i have lost the wonderful clippers and scissors leave my nails hexagonal and sharp and i'm not at all ambidextrous.

the teeth are much more of a problem. the one known instrument of their subjugation is not so easily obtained. however, one day, quite by accident, i came across one in an old german barbershop on queens street, four tram car stops past the last main intersection. it looks like eyelash curlers, my lady friends say, and i pretend not to hear.

and now, finally, i have managed to suppress the last visible remnant of my true character. now i can walk about the streets indistinguishable from the other two million killers (by action or consent). now the cut armour of the hands, the tiny beard hairs small as hyphens, and the little obtuse bits of bone called teeth are buried or flushed or hidden, like my desire.

Barrie Jones / HEARTS AND DARTS

These hearts are some evidence of my work for the last few years. The forms are recognizable and either strongly attract or repel. They are warm: soft breasts and bottoms and wet sub-marine creatures. Even bristling with sharp razors and thorns, or impaled by writhing arrows — I don't find them morbid but rather alive and magical.

Heart o Dixie: Alabama licence plates have hearts on them that are not breast-like.

Michael told me the other day that in Montreal they keep Brother André's heart preserved and on display. I think one has to ask to see it.

Toby asked me if I knew that Byron's friends, after he died, cut out his heart and kept it.

I can remember seeing a slide of the sculpture of a saint in ecstasy having her heart pierced by flaming arrows of passion.

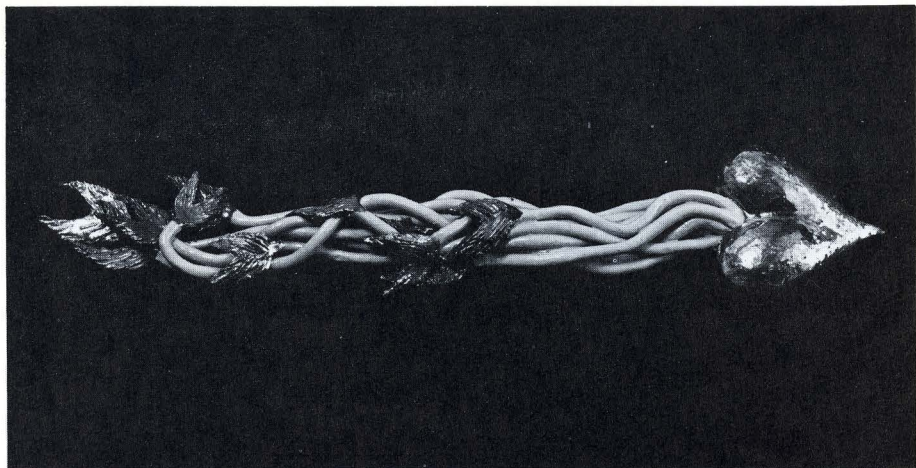
This anonymous message ran in a newspaper personals column:
"I could have loved you more but I did not have the heart."

I saw a Chinese cookie fortune that read:
"Keep a guard on your heart and obey your head."

Even Patty Hearst's jurors said in the paper:
"We all wanted in our hearts to believe her."

It is said about old athletes that the heart is still there when the legs are gone.

— BARRIE JONES



IMAGES

Arrow Heart 1, 1975, glazed ceramic, l. 21", w. 4", d. 1½".

Arrow Heart 11, 1977, glazed ceramic, l. 12", w. 12", d. 5½".

Wrapped Heart, 1977, glazed ceramic, l. 15", w. 14", d. 4½".

Winged Heart, 1977, glazed ceramic, l. 11", w. 9", d. 4".

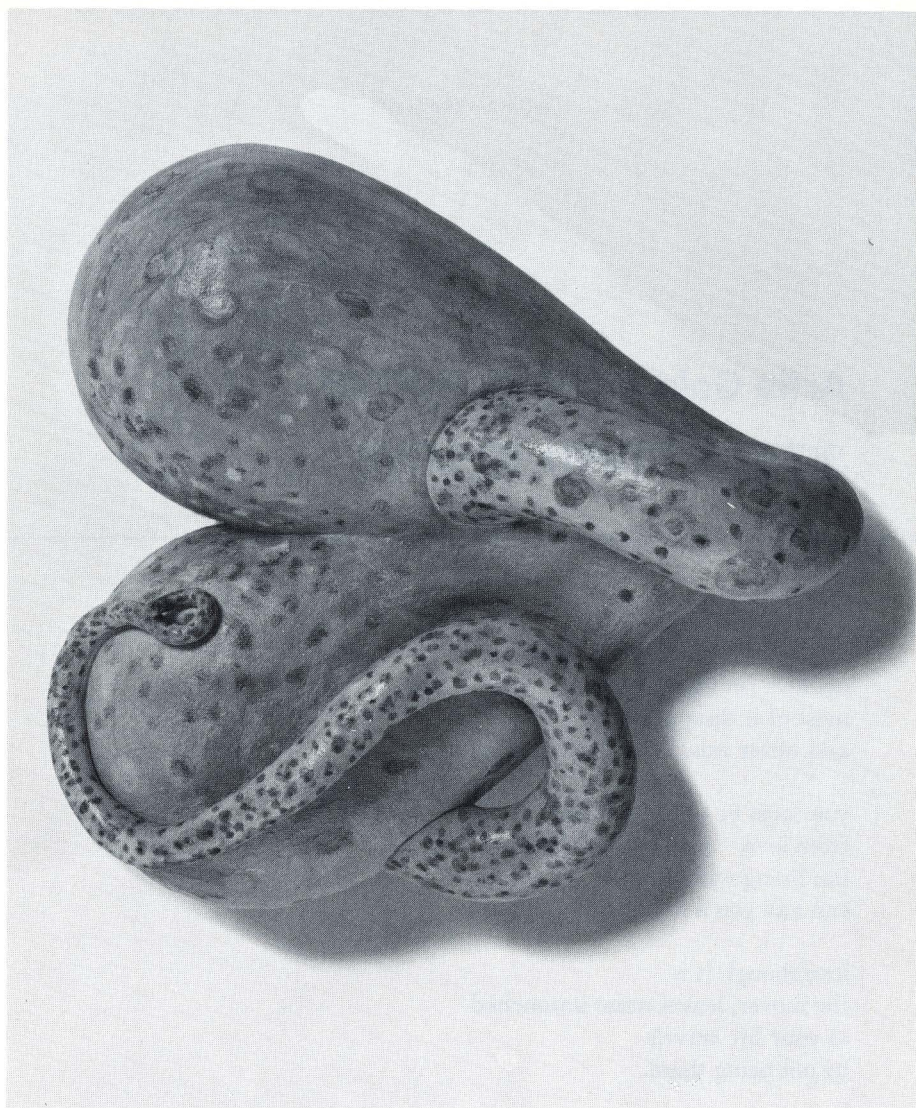
Aqua Marine Heart, 1975, painted ceramic, l. 16", w. 16", d. 5".

Photography: Tod Greenaway









Artie Gold / THREE POEMS

SITTING DOWN TO LOVE

Sitting down to love
most of the breakfast disappears
no, love isn't gratuitous
most of it disappears
and never was. To understand love

you must be old.or feel old
from love. love can do that to you
but living without love, the power,
can nail you a lot sooner.

love,though it is
the mover, leaves more untouched
as your life travels
by not being there.

hate is love's left nut.
the real grand mover however
is still and has always been
indifference. Fortunes

are struck in in-
difference, a currency coined
and fortunes are made.

SO NOW IT'S ANOTHER DAY

So now it's another day. But we
never decided did we on what
kind of cheese we were eating
and now I am eating that same
kind of cheese and wondering
just how many days was it between
this and that and what is the country
two hands carding uncertainty, no thread
of any definite consistency coming
onto the mind's spindle.

A MORALITY PLAY WITH DEATH

what are you doing?
with what father?

with those dead mice you were playing with.
I was not playing dead mice honest father wasn't.

I came in the room dead mice there you were playing
you had out your hand on floor mice wasn't crawling was dead.
No father
is mistaken.

Saw what he saw you there were on the floor and with was dead mice.
Sorry cannot understand what saw but not dead mice.
Mice never due.

Pronounce it!
Due father due.

Naughts right there mice due yes they due.
Don't think father is right.

Widshed!
Olrigh then with mouse dead was playin.

Mice not mouse!
Olrigh then with mice.

Dead too!
Olrigh dead too now what's th point eh?

Playing too!
Playin with father and was dead!

Nevertheless thou'll ha' t' cume th widshed. . . .
Widshed/bludshed . . . bludshed/them damn dead mice na better.

—the end—

Michael Davidson / THREE POEMS

SUMMER LETTERS

"The i's are skillful, distinguished and clever, have many pointed weapons, and live in caves, between which, however, there are also mountains, gardens and harbors."

— Melanie Klein

The l's live in caves under the earth,
down here, it's summer
and hotter than anything else,

when it was winter
we did all the work
and nobody disturbed us,

the letters were written
in the cool mornings
and by the afternoon

they were received
and nobody cared
how;

the i's and e's ride together
on a motor scooter,
they know where they are going

(into the wind probably),
they love one another
with a tenderness quite unknown

in the real world,
these are not my words
but those that summer gives me

in order to create love
as my cat creates another, larger cat
to hiss at,

“hiss” is made out of an agreement
between wind and tongue
not to recognize their limitations,

the way memory and summer
reveal their terrible affinities
while speaking separate dialects,

I wish the poem of satisfaction
would write me a letter
as though I had written to E

in the full flush of their conjoining
as in neighbor and weigh
where friends share a sieve

where there is little to remember
but stormy days
I would have a house of my own

words, and they would comfort
as you do
living between us,

for now, great uncertainty strides
across the film of sea
erasing all distinctions

I need
you fill
we move.

CONCRETE EXAMPLE

White fishing boat on thin strip of blue
seen above green fence on any day
but today is important
because it coincides with this
“concrete example”
in which the importance of history
must be sustained
in the face of the facts,
“the facts”
are on sale in any small country
dependent on us for aid, and “us”
is who ever believes them,
the fishing boat achieves a trajectory
of self-interest in variable space,
all it has left
is its wake.

FROM *THE NEWS*

Tally: more hand guns in American hands
than dishwashers, more dishwater
than water,
erasures cover more of the page
than words, more decisions
than desires, more presidential hopefuls
than people hopeful,
more wheat than breadwinners, money
than gold, prisoners
than guards, workers
than anything to do,
events splayed among meanings
given for them,
its new cape
wears the wrong women,
many women
among men's eyes
in this movie, in others
other combinations, inversions,
retrograde, among stars
a swan, seven sisters
an archer
the results are in.

I wanted the present tense
to make clear where we are
as if we were,
where small boats and their wakes
give distance to the channel
otherwise windy, a fog bank
lying offshore and beyond,
in that place the poem always inhabits,
a house with small rooms,
large enough to fall away
in daily sight
where a cautious cat sniffs
and enters this window.

A late quartet late at night,
glass of water, glasses
and their eyes,
too late to read "your nipples
are like rose buds, phone jacks," work
has destroyed them
needed to perform minute arabesques
in C minor
when he was already deaf
and Napoleon was Second,
by this time
even the silence is silent
in my little house of peach stones
apple cores and raisins,
brandy has a kind of hum
longer than taste,
you hear everything
in your head
including everything.

It is quantity
despite what you say about the monastic life,
guitars and whatever else
creates beauty in paper cups.

Screaming at each other, they
located a common point of agreement.

Staggering into the street,
still clutching the knife,
he agreed he had
loved her.

And the hounds go out after the fox
that the human eye can hardly see
and so the invention of the hunt
creates a need for hunger
which compared to the beach
with its bright flags of bodies
brings down the meat,
and we know who holds the gun, fangs
create a kind of smile
before the bite, non-metaphysical
and let me tell you
dear St. Jerome
kept a lion in the window
in case.

Beth Jankola / TWO POEMS

SHE CALLS

She calls/from across the river/
come/oh/lonely hunter/
leave your garden shack/come/
to my dark night/my nest is
feathered/quiet/peace/
faith in the mighty pen/

Trembling/she dares the river black/
and swollen

Naked without her clothes/her garden
shack/the other side/the other side/

The pen's been silent/breasts wither/
hair to grey/flesh to flab/the city's
getting bigger/gardens die from lack
of sun/

Off she throws her clothes/those remnants
of former lives/the river/s cold/black/
she thrashes towards the other side/the
mid-night owl swoops low/to view her from
the sky/spirals/higher/higher/laughing/
mocking/

She naked/cold/exhausted hears/the echoing
HA HA cry/

Back to shore/my clothes/my clothes

The river takes her.

GETTING AWAY

She was from the city/she needed to be in the country/
for awhile/to get away/
she needed the fishing village/
real men/the beaches/and the wild sea/

She had a reputation/for being a witch/a bitch
unpredictable/and she could write/

He whom she needed a rest from/was a poet/although
his fame did not/put much bread on the table/

She came to the village/dragging her kid behind her/
She was out/all the time/walking the beaches/riding/
in the motor boat/with this very rough/fisherman/
far out into the open sea/she'd come back/smiling
ruddy cheeked/and excited/by each of her adventures/

Then/one night/they told her/there was a phone call/
down at the pay station/on the dock/long distance/
from the city/

When she came back/she was furious/she strode/
up and down/the small apartment/her language/
was obscene/he had been/with some city woman/
from Seattle/a singer/when they got busted/

She left/the next day/dragging her kid/behind her/

Martin Jensen / IF LIVE

When he dies, or the woman dies
It's not as if they can't get back
It's only that
No more than the living
will they cross that line

If live, in sleep permitted death
dead, in sleep he lived — forever
love's metaphysic allowing

It does not allow
utter disrelation. Even
to speak of severed things
re-gathers them. The rivers of heaven
receding,
almost out of hearing,
never quite.

And if they weren't? If the girl
or the brother
were never remembered
then they had never been,
an absurdity. The point
(goring the divine flank) the point is
this: All stays. Or how can any living thing
though it passes (but it's us
passing through) how can it ever
if it happens once, fail then
of happening forever. Energy
is not undone

David Phillips / FOUR POEMS

POEM for barry mckinnon

"i wanted to say something" the
right thing

then you would talk to me

beyond this self
seeking, just then

i was trying to talk to you
& don't have to
know why

i know it makes you
some one else
in this

i think even you would use me
to say the right thing

get me past
the apparency of
this private fear

i fall into when called upon
to be anyone
in particular & press

against my chest so hard

the heart seems to stop
in the attempt to speak

asking that you see me
outside a likeness
of my desire

bound as we seem to be
in our subjectivity or

cautious, cautious at its
edge, caught
saying what should be said

strange, how saying
i want to say something changes

what is said, Hope
said he hears a murmuring of

some real speech
in our talk

Songs & Speeches
Songs & Speeches

it reaches into
my personal complaint
to ease the restraint

there is no single person
told us what we could or
could not say

you & i
you & i
begin to untie
what binds us
in the public lie

THE PICTURE

i can't hold you
in place

i stare at the picture of you
your eyes always look
so directly
out

a flicker of wildness
i catch sight of
changes me

a glance, let me follow
the movement
toward you

i wish i could say
what i really mean, the shape
in which i would
most easily make
the crossing

how love is the movement
toward you, the crossing itself, how
love is
the crossing, how long

how long it has taken
i'll never know, saying it

turns into something else,
how long will i writhe in the forms
of my intent

i can't hold you with it, the picture
of desire, can't hold

you long enough to say what i really mean
the words keep changing

THE TALK for John Pass

in the bar we talk & talk
taken away & allowed

to hear each other, allowed that
pleasure, inside it

we speak, there is no
other time

place outside of
what is said, ourselves

aloud

THE LAKE

the surface beneath the bow
reflects the sky, clouds & sun
for an instant, perfectly, deeply

then breaks & waves
apart as the paddle dips
into it

we move thru,
an occasional disturbance, buoyant
& swift
in our craft

it will not go away without us

we stop & drift, talk of it, stare
down at what is above us, the sun

our star, the blue
heaven at the edge of the clouds, so deep

it seems our gaze
is lost in the depths

suspended in a motion of lazy
tension, thinking

that is the world, that is

the world

John Pass / THREE POEMS

LAST MORNING ON CLEARWATER

The sun emerges gold
from cloud in the deep blue

of the lake
only the canoe
disturbs.

But for the noose
of the land, twined forest,
knots of mountain,

we're cast loose at the pivot
of sky upon heaven

some drifting load-
star hauling us

still
in the shimmer.

BEAUTIFUL B.C.

The photographer moves our fire twice
to get us and the length
of the lake behind

the mist, the wet wood smoke.

He's on his way up to Azure
with all his equipment.

THE PROXIMITY for Pierre

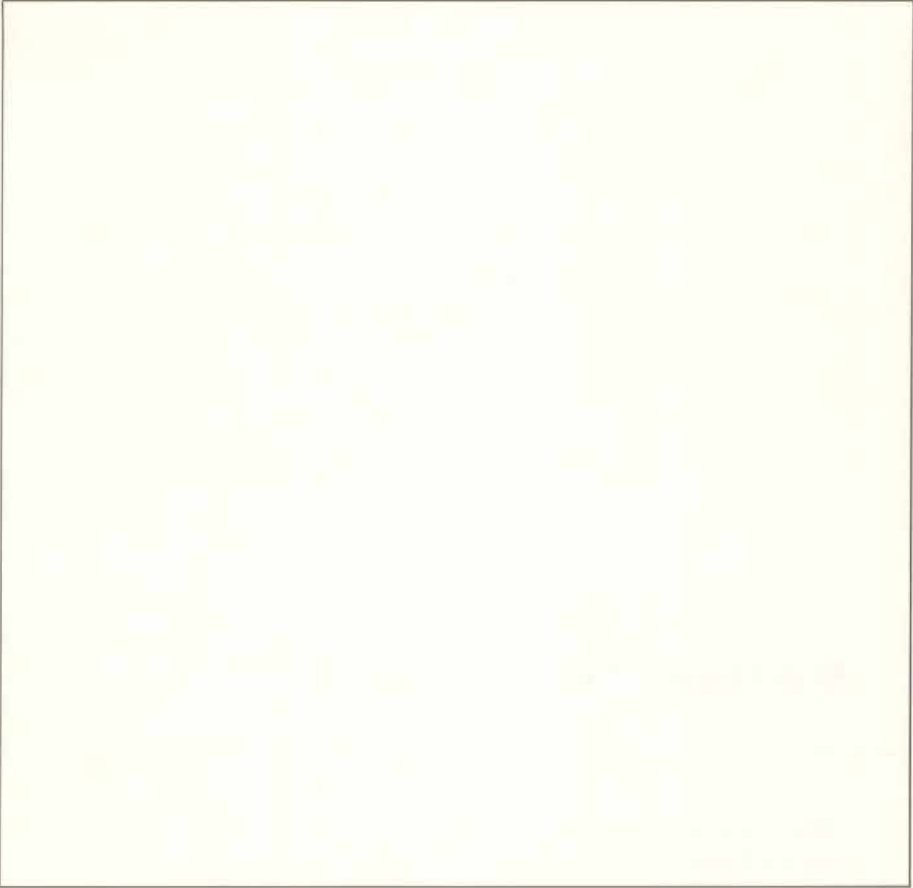
You at your corner
of the table suddenly
mad for something, not
simply women, poetry, friends
but an intimacy so far gone

your shouted words
emphatic hand-slaps
on the worn wood, pointed
gestures between the red
and white carnations

demanding it
declare its absence.
You charge me with complacency,
presume to know I can do
so much more. Pierre
I am more, composed:

My small poems
open a moment
close to me

in the light of friendship
in the light of my love
for a woman, in the shaking
light of the candle near
those carnations



and then close, gone out
from intimacy wide
of what was felt, lost
to their sources.

I am not complacent.
I am sane for something.
It leans forward, patient,

confirmed
in what excites
and continues, promises
the world

Bob Rose / EASTER SUNDAY

What a dull morning! The sky's grey again
and it's Easter with no drama. Cantigas
de Santa Maria, Livingston in humid Caribbean sun
orchata and watermelon crowds so thick they moved us
pressed against the walls like newsprint, barefoot in the swarm.

They really did whip him, pain sweating down his bearded face
and legionnaires on horseback and centurion helmets.
It was more than exciting. It was downright kenotic.

My knees scraped the dust in front of Mary
then they trussed me to the cross in the churchyard
and she wept at my feet. I couldn't take it anymore
the heat so thick and my leg swollen with *ormegas*.

It was the end of the beginning, Alpha becoming Omega :
all of us in Him, re-member?

Lois Redman / THREE POEMS

Fine bones the face revealing

I

I am built of rock walls
my legs crumble
as one vein bulges
 my face, earth-cave
my hands
tree roots, up-
turned from the last wind-storm
they fly to my hair
shade
my face.

II

I have sketched her
on her sides of hills
plunged into her fragrant
of late berries,
the moss I know
 as skin, the sound
 her voice, the tall forest
singing.

III

I am tired of all this beauty.
She is strong
as the line of snow
and I am tired
of all this beauty.

I walk in bones.

IV

I look for you before her sunrise
along the walls
of her fine house.
I look for you in her stream.
I have sketched far
within her forest

V

The rain knows my changes.
I have pushed into her
high up
 (in the fossil-beds,
 the fresh streams, heather,)
it falls upon my paper, stains
the leaves dark
 and the small berries
I was about to say
were hidden.

I WANTED A POEM WITH THE VIOLENCE

I wanted a poem with the violence

that fall has crept around
shaking dark from no season

and everywhere

the torn birds

they flew once
above the pond

now the face is empty

tracks

of once-winged sky
wings
and blown skies
remaining

GLASS HOUSES

Something scratches
at my window,
yet I do not know the hand
 would wish for
a knotted fist
 of oak,
fan of sere maple, or spines
of the iris, dying.

I would rather
the rub and weave
of the silk cat
within the spider's web
 than this print now,
of a stranger's foot,
beneath the hydrangea,
fading.

Shelley Roberts / TWO POEMS
OLD FRIEND

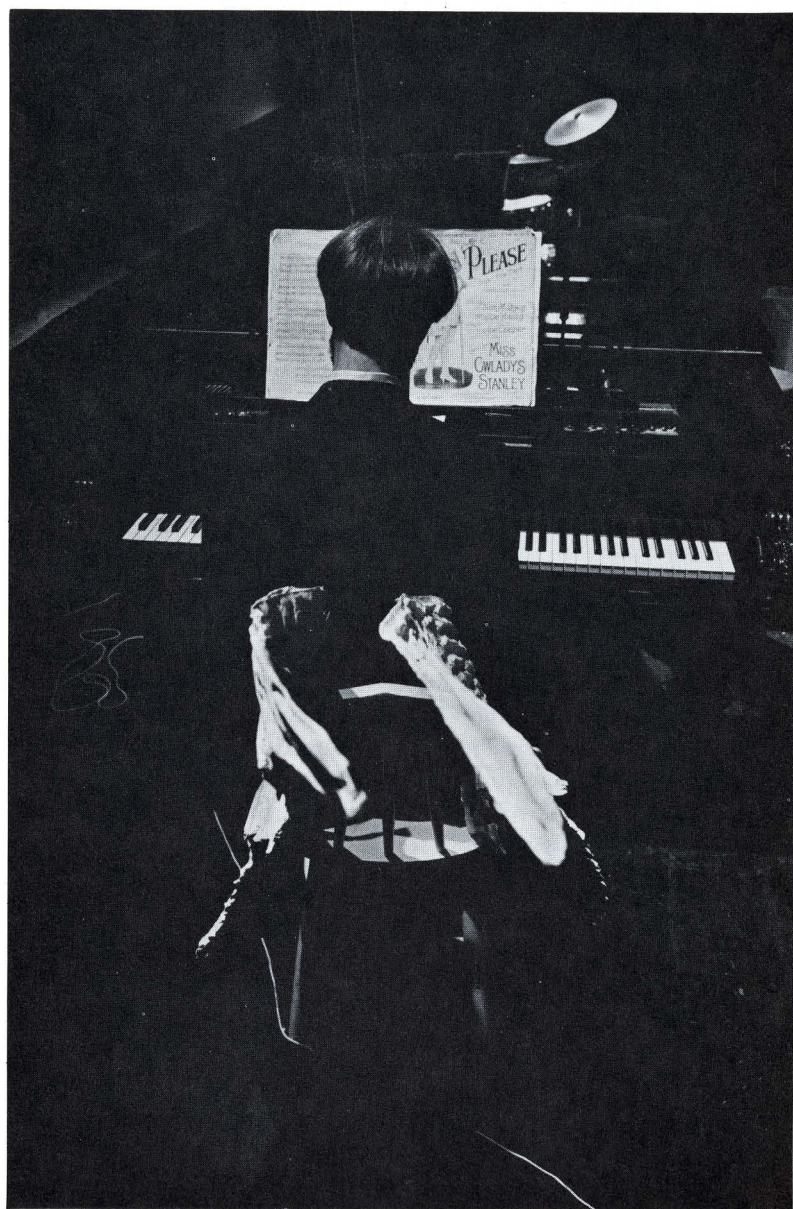
Though black and blunt against the sky
Cedar's senile;
He talks to himself and searches his sleeves.

AQUARIUM

The pulse, pulse of jaws
From noon to two

In gold and orange
Working women pick
Abandoned tables clean
To bone

It's the season of rain ;
Behind glass windows
Vanity is celebrated in new shoes
Courage in the salting of soup.



Tom Graff / WHY CAN'T MEN CRY?



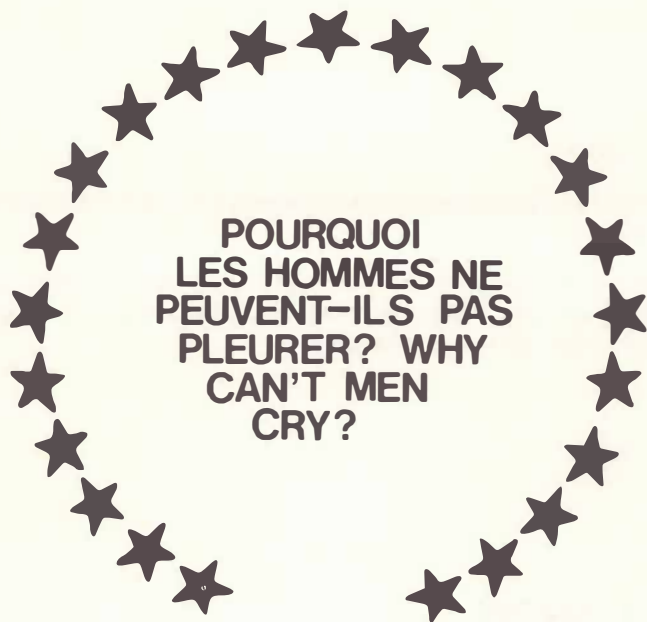
Why Can't Men Cry? was premiered by Tom Graff at The Vancouver East Cultural Centre on June 20, 1977. This new "Movement Art Work," commissioned by the Vancouver New Music Society, is evidence that the Theatre Piece or structured intermedial work is still a viable form of endeavour. Graff brought to its making many years of practice in an aesthetic form which offers him the opportunity for "a fusion of all the disciplines."

The Capilano Review scripted the performance.

IMAGES

Why Can't Men Cry?, 1977, mixed media.

Photography: Bob Keziere



ART:

A small white table covered with a red-edged cloth is placed, centre stage, on a silver and white tile (kitchen) floor. Common white chairs equipped with wings confront each other at the table. Behind this still-life arrangement to the left is a black grand piano and a chair with wings; to the right, other necessary musical stands and instruments.

Two quasi-Baroque angel drawings are suspended on pulleys from the backdrop.

MOVEMENT:

A pianist, in tails, enters and takes his winged seat in front of the grand piano.

A man in a white lab coat enters briskly carrying a dictionary, a copy of *Chatelaine* and a paper roll. He unfurls over a music stand the paper with its letraset message:



I
ONLY KNOW
I LOVE
YOU ...

LOVE ME
AND THE
WORLD IS
MINE.



Waving the magazine like a baton, he persuades the audience, Mitch Miller style, to sing along with him.

At centre stage he reads, thoughtfully, *Webster's Dictionary* definition of

“cry (krī), v.i. [cried (krīd), crying] . . .”

A woman in black Loretta Young formal dress, gardenias in her hair, enters carrying a grocery bag in her arms. The man exits. He returns dressed in tails with more “groceries”. The couple arranges a row of bags near the right edge of the tile floor. They sit together, briefly, on the winged chairs at the table.

The man rises. He unrolls over the backdrop a starry message (gold on blue) — the familiar French/English injunction (à la CN) against flushing the toilet while the train is stationary.

The couple again sits together at the table. The man and woman rise in order to take cabbages from the grocery bags. They arrange each vegetable on the white floor tiles.

They sit again on the winged chairs. In unison they reach under the table for the sheet music they will sing in duet. When they have come forward near the audience, they execute with almost undeserved seriousness the song:



The pianist accompanies.

They turn their attention now to the tile floor. They each nail down the outer leaves of Savoy cabbages into the semblance of the petals of an overblown rose. They come forward once more to sing:

The Sweetest Flower that Blows

The pianist accompanies.

The man exits. He returns to the woman who is sitting at the table with tea-for-two in a Royal Albert "Moss Rose" service. The couple drink tea from cups, but they vie for a single saucer. They select from under the table copies of *Chatelaine* (September, 1976) from which they read crucial trivia aloud in counterpoint (fugue style) from the article:

WHY CAN'T MEN CRY?

Upon the removal of the tea service, a winged saxophonist and drummer enter in white tie to accompany the duet:



The couple reposition themselves at the table to read silently from *Chatelaine*. The man rises and arranges sheets of newspaper into a large square to the right of the tile floor. Each sheet is wafted into the air with balletic grace before it is set into position on the floor. When the square is complete he crushes the sheets into balls, returning them to the bag from which they came, completing the “Newspaper Adagio and Crumple” passage of *Why Can’t Men Cry?*

The man quickly selects from other shopping bags a stack of 48 magazines — all copies of *Chatelaine*, September, 1976 — and impatiently slaps them down into a mosaic rectangle to the left of the tile floor. His lady companion then selects from a bag another newspaper and re-enacts the “Newspaper Adagio.” She completes the rectangle, but she does not destroy it. They return, simultaneously, to the winged chairs in order to be serenaded by a saxophonist (but as readily by a violist, a cellist or a ballerina), also winged.

A chorus of *angels* politely dressed files in carrying fishing poles (or unreasonable facsimiles) suspending assorted tea cups.

All sing (with passion) :

 Love me, and the World is Mine 

(*The audience is exhorted to sing along*)

The principal singers return to their tea, and to the accompaniment of tape-recorded music, pour and drink drops of tea delicately and dreamily from the suspended cups. And when this ceremony of androgynous, non-sexist domesticity is finished, the chorus exits, followed by the other musicians. And after a brief tidy-up (such as one would accomplish at home) the couple leaves.

The lights dim.
Taped music remembers fragments of:

 The Sweetest Flower that Blows

Pause, with domestic music tape.

The man re-enters, winged now and wearing an elaborate kimono.
He holds a Japanese umbrella and reads these words from
Buckminster Fuller:

“Physics has discovered that there are no solids, no continuous
surfaces, no straight lines — only waves; no things — only energy
event complexes; only verbs, only relationships . . .”

He turns his back to the audience. On the umbrella is written:

WHY CAN'T MEN CRY?

MUSIC:

The music for the performance was selected by Tom Graff from his collection of sentimental songs. "Love Me, and the World is Mine" was written by Earnest R. Ball in 1906; "Idle Words" by Stephen Adams in 1898; "The Sweetest Flower that Blows" in the same year by C. B. Hawley; "Please" in 1924 by Joe Cooper. The tape composition composed especially for *WHY CAN'T MEN CRY?* by Bruce Davis was used throughout as an equivalent for radio (domestic Muzak).

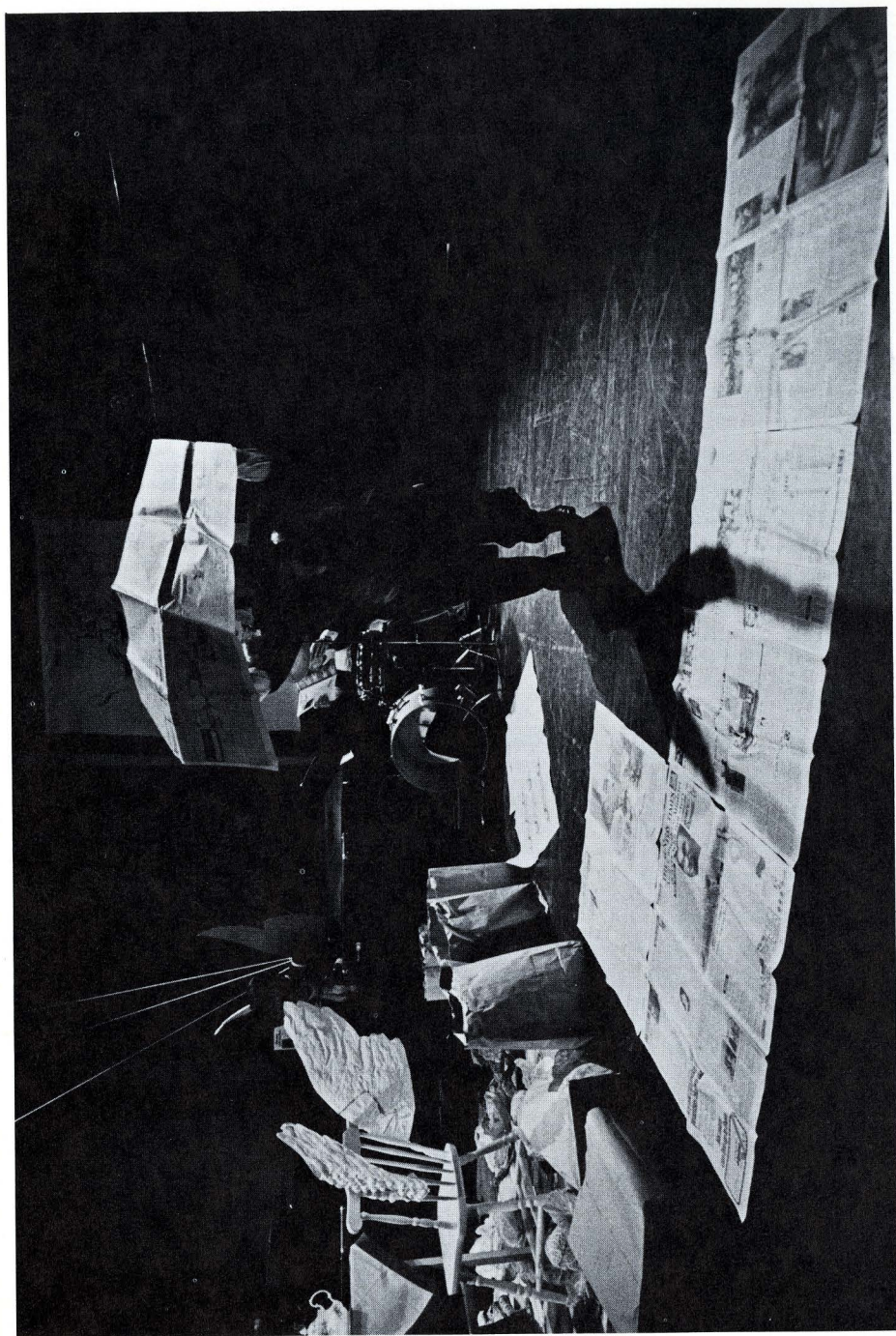
*Incorporated into *WHY CAN'T MEN CRY?* were a number of props (sculptures), songs and motifs from other Tom Graff "movement works." Most striking was the inclusion of the "Newspaper Adagio and Crumple" which is a new variation of *Russian Revolution* (1971).

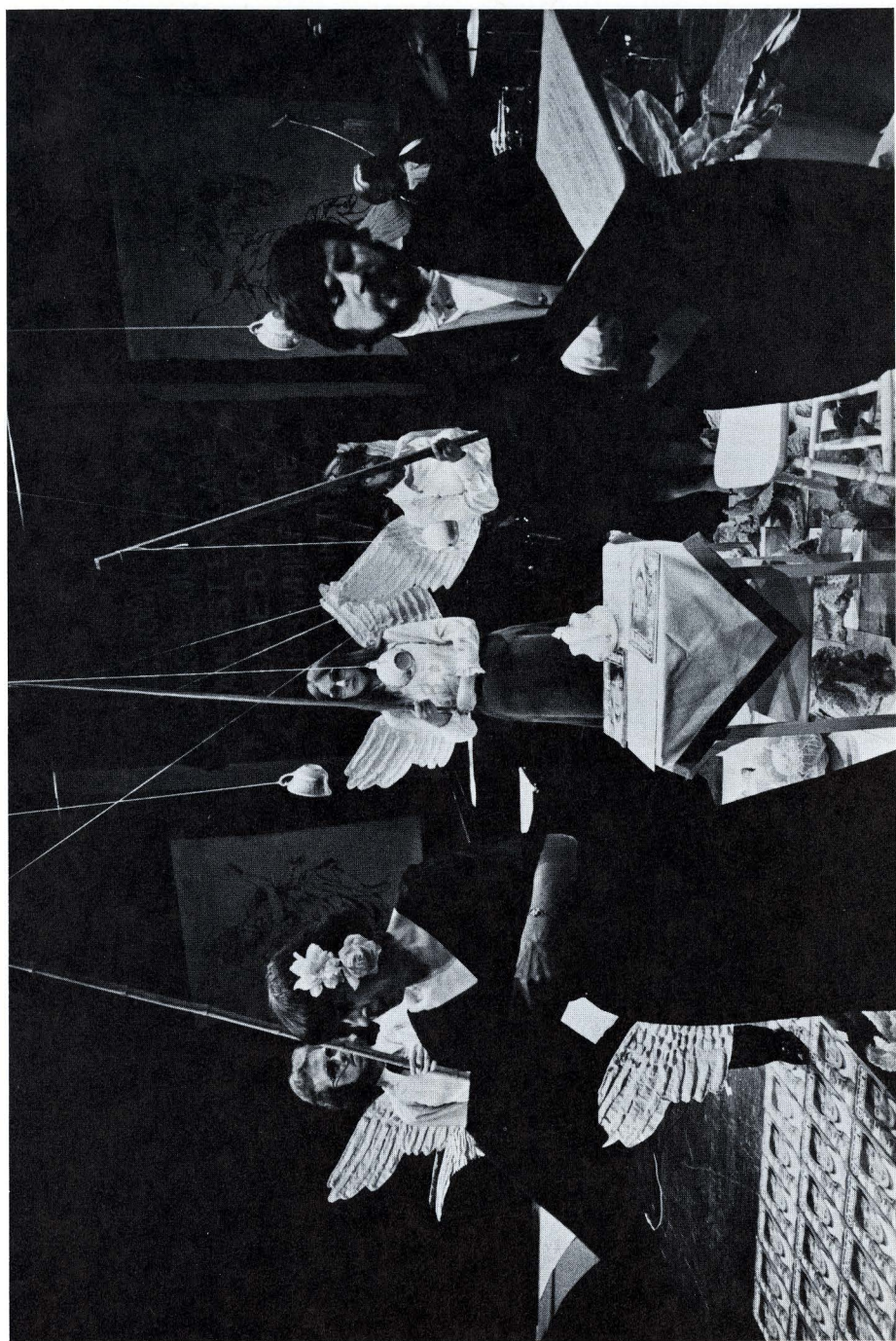
ENACTORS:

TOM GRAFF	bass-baritone, multimedial artist
PHYLLIS MAILING	mezzo-soprano
JEREMY WILKINS	set-arranger, preparer
HARVEY STENSON	piano
JOHN HUSSER	saxophone
KEN MOORE	percussion
ELIZABETH KLASSEN	} angelic chorus
ELVIRA SIEMENS	
ALFRED SIEMENS	
LAURA COSGRAVE	
JAN KOOTS	
TIM RUNCLE	
JEREMY WILKINS	} sing-alongs
AUDIENCE	

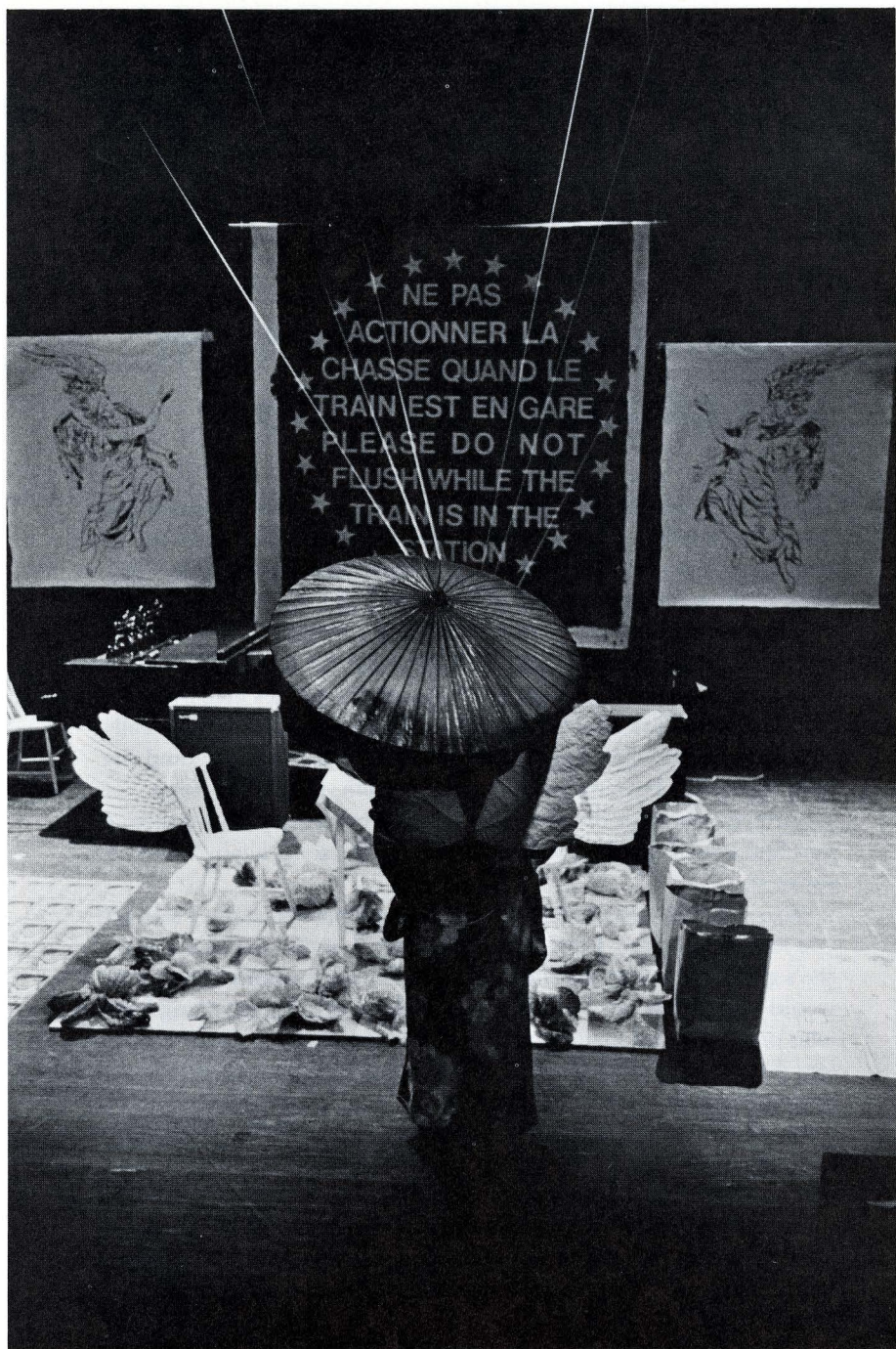












Gladys Hindmarch / A BOAT STORY

JUST BECAUSE THESE WORDS

It's past three in the morning and I cant sleep. I have to cause I gotta be up by six-thirty. I keep trying. I cant. The metal sounds of the engine go on and on and on, over and under and through me. Cant stop thinking. Cant not worry. Cant be easy. Be sure it's true, when you say I love you. Damn. I try to shake the words off, to float under the tune. Images come: Ken's blue eyes swim in and out of focus; the juke box grows large and the neon colours of its edges take over and spill into Zeballos's street (Mae West Avenue, that's what they call that, said Beebo when I got back, what a handle, eh Jan?); and the dogs fight, they have enormous tails and teeth, their teeth come towards me through the dust. I stretch out my arms to shove them off and find myself floating, floating up to, no, the song, again. I cant get rid of it.

Now I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea, cause I said girly you look good to me, I told her, I loved her, but oh how I lied, now she's getting set to be my blushing bride. I wish it would stop. I wish I would stop. What am I doing thinking about this sweet-talking bastard who made out and made promises and is afraid to tell the preacher he was drunk? what about her? how does she feel? I wonder if she believed him, I wouldnt, maybe I would want to, maybe everyone wants to, what the shit. Cross my heart and I hope to die, I'll never ever tell another white lie. White lies, black lies, what the fuck. I sit up and watch the shadows on the metal bulkhead next to me. And I throw off my cotton cover cause I'm hot. I'm next to the boiler and over the engine, what a racket, they're too cheap to fix the muffler, Puppi said, the U-Chuck's got the same engine and you can hardly hear it.

I turn over on my belly, spread out my legs and arms, and try to think of nothing. I cant. Ken again. He comes drifting towards me over mudpuddles, he grins like a five or six year old who's just learned to do something. I wish we could go back, I say. He doesnt hear me. I wish we could go back to that moment when we werent what we were before and talk about us. He splashes mud all over. I slide away. I never said I love you because I believe in love somehow and whatever we were wasnt whatever it was I thought or think love is. But what was it? Puppy love; puppies? where'd they come from? Bobby Williams, dark curly hair and blue eyes, almost exactly the same blue as Ken's, it's just puppy love, mom explained, just, just?

What nonsense. Seven years old and love. I gotta do something, I gotta get out of this. I move further to the edge of, blackness, I dont want to, I'm afraid of, I slip back and turn over and look at the shadows. They seem to dance towards each other, some merge then they break the rhythm and fold off, off like clouds into a larger whole. I trace how I got here: the job, less than a week ago, a coincidence, I wrote my last exam, took a bus downtown, got off at Main, walked into the SIU hall and Albert thought I was someone else (a coincidence, my timing, his expectation) and when I got called it was for the Nootka and when I got on Ken was here, another coincidence. OK. I say I dont believe in fate yet moments of my life and moments of others seem to have been meant to coincide and collide. I cant imagine anything happening other than what has occurred but I guess that's true for everyone, the past is what did take place and at certain moments of the present we select focusses on it that, holy cow, all day parts of the thens have been present but I never see the pattern somehow. I wonder if anyone can.

Coincide and collide. Coincide and collide. I turn onto my belly and say these words. I move my arms out, like breast stroke, and try to swim to the ledge of falling into, smoothly falling, gliding into coincide and collide, cooooinnnnnncide and colllllllllllilde. The dogs. Far below me. They collide. They are pulled together by smells by heat by rhythms that can be almost seen, lines, neon coloured lines, move in and out. They turn. One jumps through it up onto me. I am being pushed over by him, his thick paws, his big brown chest. Hair in my nostrils. He scrunches me into gravel. He is huge, teeth, teeth on my throat. I cry out. I wake up crying but I'm not awake. I hear my aunt

laugh. He was only being friendly, she says. And I wake again. But, but I was so afraid, I shout to her. She laughs, she just stands up the sunlit alley with her hands out towards me and laughs. I wake again.

I cant breathe. My face is scrunched, is covered in cloth. My arms are, loosen them, loosen your fucking arms/hands, they are your hands, let go, that's it, more, that's it. My fingers very slowly untighten but still clutch the edges of my pillow. My hands hold the slip taut. I raise my head and slowly lift myself off of it then my fingers soothe it. It is only a pillow with a pillow slip, I say, only a pillow. But that dog, that moment, I was only three, keeps coming to me. I'm afraid. What of? My fingers trace circles in the pillow, they dont complete themselves, they are open at the center where they might meet. OK . . . I'm afraid of being lonely. OK . . . I'm afraid I'll never love. That's not true, that's nonsense, you will someday. I cant imagine it. There's more . . . more? I'm afraid I'll never grow up. But you are grown up, no I'm not, not yet. I've wasted so much time already, that's all I ever did at university, fiddle and worry and worry and read and write and, and, make love, and, and I'm afraid I'll never become whatever it is I'm supposed to be becoming. I feel uncertain. I'm afraid there's no me. I'm like water, the shadows, I reflect what's around but I'm not anything yet inside. But you know that's not true.

Be sure it's true. But I just keep reacting and reacting and reacting. When you say I love you, say I love you. I havent lied about that, not yet. Cant imagine what it's really like. When I make love I sometimes go out, way out and away, and when I come back this clutter is gone. But it's not love, there is almost no sharing in this, I use men so I can go elsewhere to where I'm no longer me at all. It certainly isnt whatever it is I imagine love to be, or if it is I can love almost everyman, almost everyman here I love in some way — Beebo, Hal, Chuckles, Ken, Lefty, Buck, Don — and the only one I knew before was Ken, he's certainly not *the* one, will there ever be one? just one? That's what the song says, that's what my mom says, you will know it, it will happen, it's like chemistry almost. Chemistry? that can't be IT. I just wish it were over, I wish it were decided for me, I wish I grew up in another era or place where they arranged it all. What crap. You want to believe it will happen, the love of your life, and you're just afraid it wont, that's all.

My highschool friends, almost all of them, are married and both my university roommates, married, a home, children, they are needed. My god. Is that where you are? you want to be needed? Yes. But you're needed here. Not in the same way. I get paid for it. And I can leave. And no one would miss me, would need me, really need *me*. I'm going to have to decide what I'm going to do but I dont know what it is. Even if I got married that wouldnt change, if I had kids it would, and I want to yet I'm not ready and besides that there isnt anyone. Isnt anyone. Isnt anyone. I've got to get to sleep. I've got to focus on nothing, make everything clear, empty. A map. Just put a pin on a map of possibilities, my mom suggested, and say this is where I'll go, this is what I'll do. I cant. I cant do that — what *are* they? I cant continue this way. There's almost no connection between then, the closer then, and now.

I simply must stop this and get some sleep. The now seems more like then and the university years turn in a circle. Put them away. Let them go. I lie flat and stare at the ceiling. One shadow looks like an island covered in forest. Think of it, the tree tops, the sun in the day, rain in needles, the moon at night; be branches at the top moving, moving gently (I spread out my arms) gently, with the air, the wind. When the wind blows the cradle will rock, when the bough breaks the cradle will fall and down will come baby . . . what? down? I open my eyes and the island disappears into a chasm. Shit. Nothing works. Cradle and all. Cradle and all?

I know what. I'll think of everything I like to do and put each in order then put each of the eaches in order: dancing, cooking, eating, making love, walking, swimming, listening. I start with things I like to eat — asparagus, turkey, dad's stuffing, wild blackberry pie, strawberry shortcake, lake trout — images from here disrupt: black beef sausages, oily salmon skin, grey scummy cream corn. I boil like the corn, fat heavy bubbles plop, yuk, I see closeups of broken egg shells covered in coffee grounds with cigarette ashes sprinkled on top; and the slop bucket, fat, bacon fat sausage fat steak fat chop fat everywhere. Damn it. It's covering everything. This isnt going to work at all.

I know what. I'll think of everyone I've ever had a crush on (there's a funny word, crush, crush my heart and I hope to die) and at least three things about each and maybe I'll sleep before I get to, I start with Bobby Williams in grades one, two, three, till he moved, and Ronny Wilson and Brian Grant, also in three, and then in four . . . right up to Ken. I visualize each and remember moments, games we played and things we swapped and places we had forts; I can see the general outline of each, their features, their faces, arent distinct, but their eyes are. I put each in order by grades as if report cards of my life were dropping, dropping as rain does into the ocean away. Shit on this. I turn over, huddle into a ball, and watch the shadows again.

Back stroke, side stroke, front crawl, dog paddle, floating, breast stroke like a heart, floating. Millions of hearts have been broken. Hearts everywhere, but they cant be broken unless they've loved. They beat away, pumping, bodiless, pumping. I see them in the ocean, in the alleys, on the street, in the garbage, in the tree tops. Baby and all. Not again. It's not going to work. Just because these words were spoken. It cant be because of words, maybe if they were said and not meant, that's it, to say something and not mean it but yet it becomes the real because we expect, that's the difficulty. But we cant or I cant get away from expecting because we learn so early what we do what we see what surrounds us. I'll never get away from that. Damn it. I cant get to sleep like this. Just an hour or so left. Left over till I work again. I better get up. Get out of this. I'll make some cocoa, that's what I'll do. And then maybe, maybe.

Greg Hollingshead / TWO STORIES

YOU NEVER KNOW

1904's the first actual date Dut can remember, and he's remembering it now, very clearly, asleep in this straw. It's the kind of memory that'll be gone five minutes after he wakes up, but it'll be back, since that fact too has just occurred to him along with the memory itself and if after 55 years the memory can come back pristine like this in a dream, why not the accompanying knowledge that it will again? . . . And so the memory again, eh? He's pulling a sled up a hill and he turns to the kid beside him and says, is this 1905, or 1904?

1904, says the kid, superior.

Later, maybe next run — unless he's telescoped events — Dut's sled (wood runners a fuckup on a sheer ice patch in shade) passes through 180 degrees and whumps him *whamp!* against a frozen clay embankment (so that there in the straw he's wheezed out for breath, just remembering it) and it's like that proverbial delivery room slap on the newborn's ass that says: *All change!* (The first time he heard that order over the speaker in the subway system the whole trip so weird to him he looked around for the passengers to start doing Lon Chaney Jr.'s, anticipated there for a moment a carful of folks changing — werewolves — and him not knowing how.) *All change!* and the newborn, his lifeline clamped cut by an arbitrary man in a smock, *has* to get in there and breathe, his very first choice taken away, and no consolation either from mother, too groggy from painkillers to feel up to demanding to hold him more than a few seconds if that. Or so Dut's son Jim, Dieppe hero who's a highschool principal and was present for three of Dut's grandkids' arrivals, told him. Not for the fourth because that time Jim (who had balls then) objected to the use of forceps, grabbed the doctor's arm, so they threw him out, two orderlies in smocks and another guy in the corridor with sedative needles on a tray. *Whamp!* and little Dut's initiated into calendar time, one day after the other. Looking back on it he felt like the dog they taught language, who said, I've suffered a terrible fall.

This birth business is at the heart of Dut's concerns right now because a funny thing's happened to him and he wants to know what it is. This winter he's been working the river with Arnie Rabb cutting ice

Arnie excited today about a break-in last night his cellar window pried off its hinges his wife Ruby's ring, a ruby ring, taken not worth fifty dollars while the TV, the gramophone, the mantel clock, have all been ignored. Can Dut make it out? Sure he can. It was kids. You scared them off. They don't know things' values. Dut turning the ring over and over in his own pocket

It's their lunchtime nap now, a .32 revolver in Dut's other pocket, he's back to back with Arnie in a womb they made in this barn's straw, straw being female, hollow, and so warmer than hay which, thin and solid, male, is cold . . . but back in the summer it was septic tanks, the digging of. Arnie in hip waders, eternal red polkatrapezoid handkerchief in his overalls back pocket, pencil on his papery ear, down in the hole . . . while something's occurring to Dut, a sort of opium clarity peeling veils off his literal and mind's eyes — he's feeling outright *trepanned*. Teetering mildly ecstatic there on the clay muck edge of that hole, he gets his notebook out to check the current calendar, 1959, taped inside, with the moon's phases indicated, and sure enough, counting back, it's the fourth day before the full. His headache's due tomorrow: he always feels this way previous to it. But this time Dut's eyes, little minds of their own, are gazing at the hand that's put away his notebook and now is back in view, flexing, hair on it, cracked palms. Now, 'minds of their own' is right, because what Dut thinks they're doing they're not. What he thinks he's thinking looking at that hand he's not. Asked, he'd tell himself he was looking for new callous, at an old man's veins, Martian viaducts, how thin, like a bird's foot, his hands are growing. In fact, Dut's looking at his hand and seeing its shape, surely, but also something else about it he's never . . . what should he call it? its what? its form? its *form* he's seeing for the first time? Attending now, Dut's noticed his hand's form is altogether different from its shape, in the same way that the *form of Dut* is altogether different from his shape, which is an apt comparison for him to be making, because what he's realizing as he gazes at his hand on the edge of that hole they've spent the morning digging, with Arnie now darting curious upward looks, is that *the form of his hand is the same as the form of himself*. Whatever

'myself' is, ever-cautious Dut footnotes, his eyes resting on the backyard's willow tree, one of whose roots (thick as his leg) he's holding an axe in his other hand for passing down to Arnie to chop through. And that's when Panic drops in. Because Dut sees right away that that willow has the same form as his hand, as himself . . . But Dut's eyes are already back fascinated on his hand again and it's here that something else uncommon happens. Because suddenly he's a baby in his crib warm sunlight through dusty windows an alcove on the second floor, wooden rattle away half under the lacy pillow, wood bars to his crib he can bang on but just now he's motionless staring at his hand not a workcracked old man's at all but a baby's, pink and flexible, checked out in wonder as steps of mother now approaching to lift him surrounding a dome of blue sky and Dut's an old man, himself in future years, or his own grandfather, standing in a vegetable patch in the greenhouse shadow almost, blue sky overhead, pausing a moment to check for blisters the hoe too new he's not used to it resents it perspiration beading under the hat's hot brim shadow the scene fading . . .

Dut's eyes are everywhere now, checking the septic tank's environs for that form, and everything's got it, the peeled white back of the clapboard house, diagonally in shadow, its little venetianed bedroom windows, the never-painted screen door, the way the clothesline pole leans, the kids' swings, both of them, one's seat hanging vertical on one chain, the dog, chin across his left paw, dreaming in the sun, everything's got that form, *everything is Dut*. Nowhere else for him to look now he feels but the sky, where the afternoon moon's a white embodiment of himself, and the sun — Arnie's restive with the delay, his voice from down below, harsh, *the sound of it that same form* . . . Dut thinking the sun'll burn this bad knowledge from his eyes, but the pain's too bad he shuts them, and the sun's afterimage *is that form*. Dut steps back from the hole's edge and goes down on his knees. He lets the axe slide over the edge to Arnie, who knows the moon, has called out, Dut, are you alright? One of those headaches? It's a day early if it is . . .

Well that migraine's still due, and if it isn't it's because the energy it needed has gone into stamping Dut's soul on the world's contents. Suicidal with the weight of the whole world himself for a month, Dut, hands in his coat pockets, tried asking his son Jim — Jim in army surplus shorts, rolled up, washing his new secondhand Packard at the foot of a sod lawn browning geometrically — about it, omitting mention of the time travel and the fact that the form's his own signature. Blinking, Jim, gone to beef lately, bullocked, outlined the two possibilities. (A) It's an image, he said, Hypnotized, a man can see one shape simultaneously as triangle and circle. Of course, ask him to draw it and he can't.

It's not a shape, it's a form, said Dut, thinking, Cancel the high-school principal and there's nothing left. It took everything he was to become what he is now.

Different levels, eh?, said Jim, rubbing his neck with the chamois.

Dut shrugged. It's not a shape, he said.

OK Dad. Whatever you say, Jim irritable here, going dogmatic. The only thing else it can be (and this is (B)) is an endocept. Letting that sink in, Jim on his haunches, chamoising black fender where the paint had bubbled, Dut beside him thinking how easily he could push his fist through the rust spot under that shiny paint, thinking, I can wait as long as he can.

An endocept, said Jim, talking finally to Dut's silent reflection in the fender, is, simply, preconscious cognition. It's a mental experience you can't see.

Dut stood up. I see it alright, he said. I'm seeing it all the time.

But you can't verbalize it.

What do you think I'm talking about?

Draw it! said Jim, diving into the Packard for the glove compartment, rummaging through for a steno pad and pencil stub. These are my secretary's said Jim, handing them over. When Dut couldn't draw the form, Jim said, It's an endocept, and started polishing the hood, Dut fingering the .32 deep in his pocket along with his Sweet Caporals, matches, bus tickets, a blue handkerchief. Maybe he should shoot himself.

Actually, said Jim, straightening, and looking right at Dut for the first time that day, I don't think it's an endocept at all. It's a special kind of image, on a different level or something, and that means it has a real source. Find the source and the problem's finished.

A few days later Dut was making in his notebook an orderless list of possible sources for his self's form :

1. a terrible smudgy painting by my mother, a squat maple by a lake (thrown out)
2. the asshole of my first dog (dead)
3. a gouge or design or dirt spot in the wall by my crib (torn down)
4. the front door of my parents' house, the doorknob, octagonal door sections painted blue and tan (t.d.)
5. an English half-penny I found digging in the dirt along the side of my parents' house; the little shovel? (both lost)
6. a map, of an island (?)
7. a ruby (?)

For a long time he'd got no farther than the list, his soul's stamp not diminishing in power. It was like that vague translucent blanket possession drapes over things, except that Dut didn't feel he owned the world, only offended it, convinced it had better things to do with its existence than reflect him. He looked through a coin collection at the fair at Thanksgiving; at precious stones, cut and uncut, in the nature museum when he got a chance; at islands and continents in the atlas at the Public Library; and always he kept a peeled eye on dogs' assholes: Nothing. Finally he'd remembered Ruby Rabb and last night swiped the ring he'd given her when she was sixteen and starring (before Arnie'd given her a clown's name by marrying her) in Dut's dreams. Seeing the ring again, Dut knew the form preceded it, went deeper, and he couldn't even tell now if the form had ever had special attachment to it.

So Siamese here in the straw with Arnie he's started wondering what the world's first light's form might be from inside for the infant pushing headfirst towards it to be born. Except aren't their heads in *Life* magazine's pictures always bowed over can they see at all? Wondering, Dut's taken the .32 out of his pocket, hoping Arnie won't

wake with the oilsmell. He's tempted to fire it into the straw a little joke. Instead, there in that womb's murk (a lakebottom's winter sunlight) he looks down the gun's barrel gleaming dull and blue, and when he's staring directly down it, the sight at twelve o'clock, the butt spreading from four o'clock to eight, he realizes, This is it, my form's original. Death. I pull the trigger now. But instead of doing that, Dut snorted, reaching around to ease Ruby's ring into Arnie's overalls pocket. And hooted, because suddenly the ring, and Arnie's overalls, his huddled foetal outline, were, there in the murk, back themselves again, free of him, of Dut, of Dut's signature, Dut's stamp. And later, Arnie not having felt the ring yet in his pocket, still going on about the break-in (biggest thing lately in his daily life), Dut dropped the .32 into the hole they'd cut in the ice, having decided to see if he'd end up that old guy with the hot hat and the new hoe he resents a mean old bopper but alive . . . even if the memory's his penultimate, a revolution or a food shortage on and his ultimate of gazing, among vegetables, down a .32's barrel again. You never know, Dut was thinking

watching

Arnie the innocent magician pull a ruby ring from his own pocket amazed.

MARY DUNCAN

Garrstown, Ontario. New Year's Day, 1896, white flakes drifting out of an iron sky.

Last night, no moon, the street below a violent darkness. Mary Duncan and Randy Gibbons drinking French brandy from Boston with the lights off, watching out their window in the Macdonald Hotel. Randy said:

"One hundred dollars, between now and say two o'clock."

"They'd rip you apart."

"They know me."

"They're running in gangs. We don't need money right now."

At seven o'clock they shot a horse; that is, a horse got shot. Mary and Randy heard the shot, the horse screaming, saw the two hotels opposite pour men, spilling clumsy shoving from the same doors as yellow gaslight, heard them spilling out the Macdonald Bar door too, a floor below, saw its light go widening across the street, and then heavy boots splash mud and down the boardwalks. Randy had time to get the window up and his head out to listen, too nearsighted to see in the night, before three more shots, sane, contemplative, the echoes dying after each one, and the horse screaming stopped. After that, shouting, a fight, the crowd's whooping, and Mary Duncan, very tired of people, sat back in her chair and put her hand over her eyes.

"Randy, close the window," she said.

And Randy Gibbons, a butcher by trade, with a child's face, a child's smooth skin that Mary Duncan loved, obedient to her, unless drunk, in all small things, did what he was told. Because Mary Duncan had been to Mexico, San Francisco, and to Vancouver on the CPR, and Randy had been to Toronto only, by coach down Yonge Street. Because Mary Duncan was thirty-four years old, and had stunned Randy Gibbons, who was eighteen-and-a-half, with a love for him beyond his imagining, and like a stunned creature he obeyed, aspiring to her approval and thereby her wisdom in all matters, except perhaps meat and whoredom, about which she, a vegetarian and were she a whore surely incompetent, knew nothing, having no interest, and therefore no wisdom concerning cuts and grades, concerning the sale of the temporary use of the human body.

"I got a gun," said Randy.

Upright on a bench that New Year's morning in front of Garr House across the street, a farmer snoring in a beaver coat, the snow turning it white. To wake up, thought Mary, with a mouthful of snow. Her eyes hurt. She took some medicine, crawled back to bed and curled there waiting. Randy came back at noon, and woke her up. He counted forty dollars onto the mattress by her nose. It smelt like smoke; his hands, she thought, like bleach; his breath when, being nearsighted, he looked at her close, garlic. She opened her eyes.

"After Christmas," he said. "Nobody has any left." The side of his face was bruised.

He took her downstairs for lunch, only drank an ale himself, looking around. She ate an enormous meal. The Macdonald Hotel dining room in Garrstown served the best dumplings in Ontario. And then she said:

"I'm going back to Vancouver."

He started, his eyes gone big at her, the pupils gigantic as ever. His chair thudded down on all four legs. His right hand, moving forward on its own, knocked his glass of beer on its side. When he left the dining room, the taps on his boot heels sounded loud against the floor. She set his glass upright and finished her meal off with bread pudding and two cups of tea. She talked to Mrs. Macdonald and paid up the room to the eighth of the month, this being the first. The coach left for the Holland Landing connection at seven-thirty the next morning. She went back to the room. Randy was there drinking brandy.

"I've been with you now," she said, "for two months."

"I'll butcher," he said. "I'm planning to. Not up here. In the city." He wasn't looking at her but at the bottle he was pouring from. She was standing by the window. The farmer in the beaver coat was gone, the bench only lightly snowy where he'd sat. It wasn't coming down anymore. A sled went by, drawn by a pony. She wondered how Randy could butcher with his eyes poor. They'd live down on Queen Street. She'd buy him spectacles which he'd never wear. In twenty years he'd have his own shop, two fingers remaining on his left hand. And her past fifty. Doing what? Writing poems for the magazines. Taking medicine, and lovers. Boys, children with smooth skin, restless between the bone squeezing of her legs. Asking for money.

"I'll butcher," said Randy. "In Toronto. I've been there."

"Haven't I?" she said.

"What does that mean. I'll bloody marry you." That was all he said. His lashes long and fair, beautiful the way their tips curled. He didn't care, though. Once in Woodbridge had sat around the room all evening talking to her with his eyelids turned inside out. And now Mary hunched on the edge of the mattress pulling her skirts tight over her knees. Butchering, poems for the magazines, medicine, boys. "Marry you!" he shouted and hammered the floor with the bottle for each syllable. But her answering was too slow. He pushed her into the hallway.

Mrs. Macdonald collected Mary's clothes and sent her son Jim over to Mary at Garr House with them. Mary told him to thank his mother and sent him along to the druggist for medicine. She was at the window watching the Macdonald boy cross the street, when the farmer in the beaver coat, a wounded expression around his eyes, came to her door with a bottle of Scotch whisky. His teeth were yellow and black, his nose thin like a blade. A snorer. He and Mary were having a drink when the boy returned with Mary's medicine. She gave the boy two pennies.

"What is that? Medicine?" said the farmer when the boy left. "Are you ill?"

"Yes," said Mary.

Later, when the bottle was empty, the farmer slipped his coat off and pulled Mary onto the bed. "Where your hand is," said Mary, "is where I'm ill." The farmer took his hand away and washed it in the basin. He drew a folded linen towel from the top dresser drawer and dried himself on it. He put his coat back on and left the room without saying a word. Randy shot him dead in the hallway with a shotgun held a foot from the back of his head.

"I couldn't trust myself with the .45," Randy stood in the doorway telling Mary, "my eyes being so poor." She was pouring medicine for herself, the bottle clanking against the tumbler. Randy locked the door behind him. Garr House was absolutely silent. The noise was coming from the street. For the first time, Randy took a pull of medicine when she offered it.

"I think you should surrender," she said. "You found him trying to rape me."

"In the hallway with his coat on," said Randy. He was pushing the room's one armchair up to within a few feet of the door. He sat in it, the butt of the shotgun resting not against his shoulder but alongside his ribs, against the chair. "It was Henry Henderson, a gentleman. Now he's splashed all over the walls. That stuff you take is bitter."

"Come out!" said the Chief Constable.

A fan of buckshot left Randy's gun and made blond pits in the door. Next he shot out the frosted glass over the lintel. "Jesus," Mary heard a constable say as she squeezed down between the bed and the wall. "That's opium you drink," Randy told her, "I can read too."

"What's that, Gibbons?" said the Chief Constable.

"I said I can read, Constable Duff," called Randy. "All I need's some good light."

"Gibbons!" said the Chief Constable. "Open the door and throw your guns out."

"Get us a horse or I'll shoot Ma'm'selle Duncan here," replied Randy.

Ten minutes later the Chief Constable said the horse was waiting in the street. As Randy got up and turned to cross the room to see it, he was shot twice in the neck and once in the heart by a deputy constable leaning from a ladder resting against the wall outside the window. The face and right hand of the deputy were bloodied by the pane burst by his own bullets. Randy fell against the door and forward onto the chair. The deputy descended the ladder slowly, and blubbered at the foot of it into his hand. Mary came out from under the bed and pulled Randy, blood welling up in his mouth, away from the door. The

constables and their deputies crowded in. She sat on the bed with Randy under a blanket the whole time until they carried him out. The Chief Constable asked her a few questions and went away. Mr. Garr-Thomas, the manager, asked her please, for the good of his establishment's name, to leave it. She went back to the Macdonald Hotel where Mrs. Macdonald showed more kindness, and gave her for the night a new room, away from the street.

The next morning at seven-thirty Mary Duncan left in a one-horse coach for Holland Landing, the only passenger. Two miles out of Garrstown the coach stopped and the Macdonald boy climbed in saying, "Ma'm" as he sat down across from Mary. She didn't recognize him until he'd finished unwrapping the scarf from his long face.

"Where are you going, Jim Macdonald?" she asked then.

"Don't know," he said, curiously final, not looking at her.

"Running away?"

"I might be."

Mary didn't say anything. The boy wiped his nose on his sleeve.

"Your mother's a good lady," she said at last.

"I know how good she is."

At Holland Landing Jim Macdonald sat next to Mary Duncan in a crowded room around a hot wood stove. When Mary pushed out a spoonful of medicine, Jim asked her why she took it. Mary looked at him with apparent great deliberation. "For no reason at all," she said at last and didn't say anything else until the coach arrived. In the commotion then she said, "You weren't kidnapped."

And Jim Macdonald, who was nearly seventeen, a dog-faced boy with long arms and a broad thin chest, said, "No, I wasn't."





Tom Burrows / RECENT SCULPTURE

The Capilano Review interviewed Tom Burrows on the day of his May opening at the Pender Street Gallery. Ann Rosenberg, Annette Hurtig and Peter McGuigan (neighbour, friend and helper) were present.

While Tom Burrows' work is occasionally similar to that of Barry Cogswell, it has a very different basis. There is a tension created *between* the interviews that asks questions but cannot answer.

IMAGES: THE TEMPTATIONS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

detail '*Hermaphrodite Meditating on the Heart Chakra*' (see below).

Tom laughing.

The Temptations of Mao Tse-Tung at The Pender Street Gallery.

A Log Floating: Life Cast of a Hermaphrodite Meditating on the Heart Chakra, 1976-77, mixed media, ht. 2', l. 6', w. 22".

Cement Pyramid in 32 Pieces, 1976-77, when assembled pieces form a pyramid with a 5' base and a height of 28".

Another Surrealist Trick: Air, Earth, Fire, Water, Oysters, mixed media, ht. 6', l. 8', w. 6'.

Yellow Phallus, 1976-77, mixed media, ht. 41", diam. approx. 25".

Chinese Landscape, 1976-77, mixed media, approximately 3'-5' high. (Tops are cut from Hornby Rock).

house at Hornby

Yellow Phallus in studio at Hornby

Cement Pyramid in 32 Pieces on Hornby

Chinese Landscape on Hornby

Another Surrealist Trick in preparation before exhibition

Photography: 1-2, 4-8, Fred Douglas, 3, Ann Rosenberg, 9-14, Ursula Connelly

INTERVIEW

AR *The Temptations of Mao Tse-Tung* is a provocative title for a show. What did you mean by it?

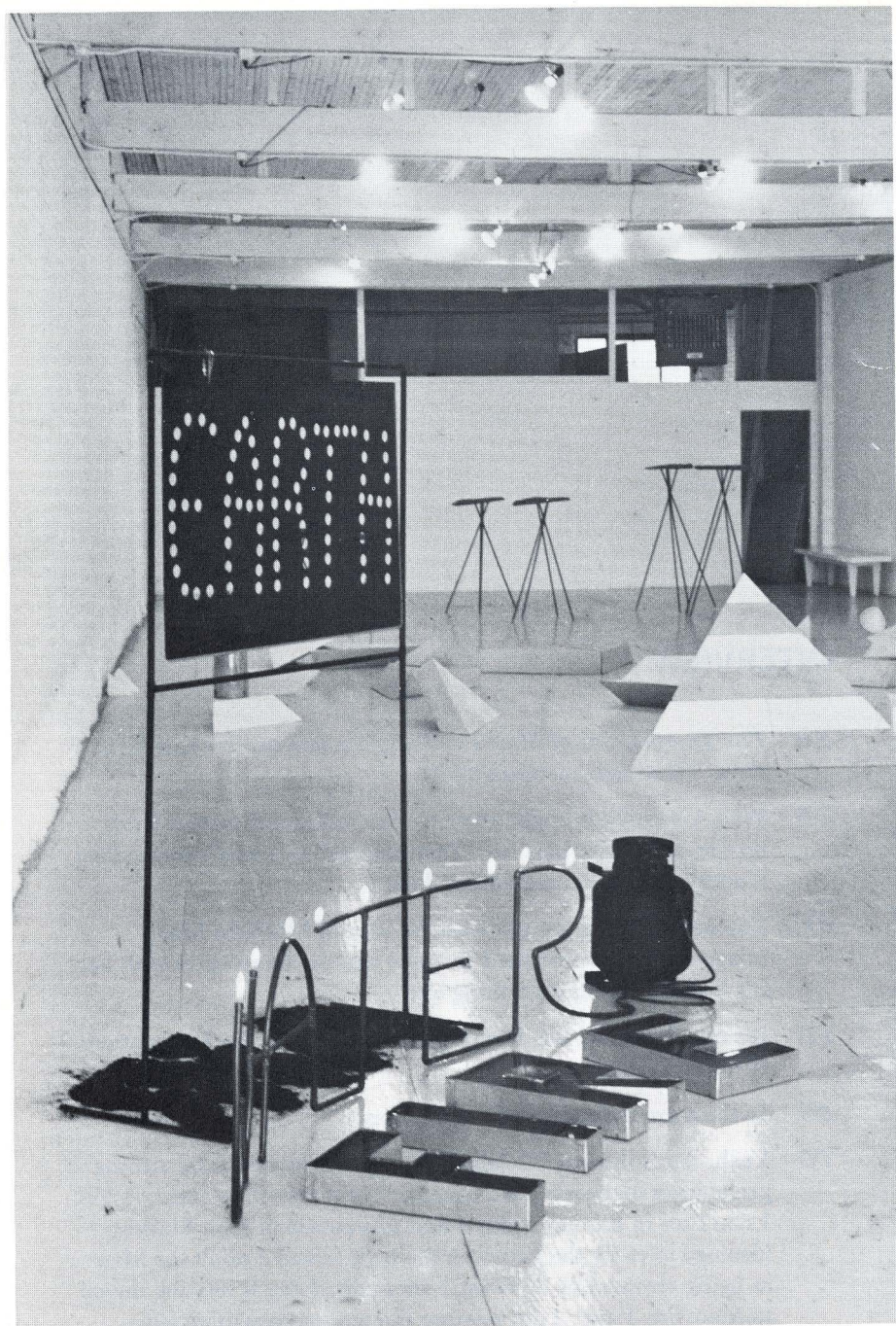
TB Well, I thought it might attract a few restaurant owners from up the street. The idea for "Temptations" — I don't know when it arose . . . can you remember, Peter?

PMc You were playing around with the idea of Madame Mao's image . . . and you realized that she was the temptation with her silk bed sheets and everything else.

TB It's on a level like the Temptations of Christ or the Temptations of St. Anthony. . . .

AR So these are the *seductive* temptations.

TB Yeah, that's the way I relate to them . . . I do seduce by turning proletarian materials (like concrete) into seductive ones. . . . Yet I don't see in this any inducement to a person of high Marxist ideology to enjoy the glitter on the surface and I don't see Mao as being tempted by it. What I am really doing is relating myself to Mao Tse-Tung; I am relating the temptations to myself.



AR O.K. now the individual *temptations*. Which one comes first?

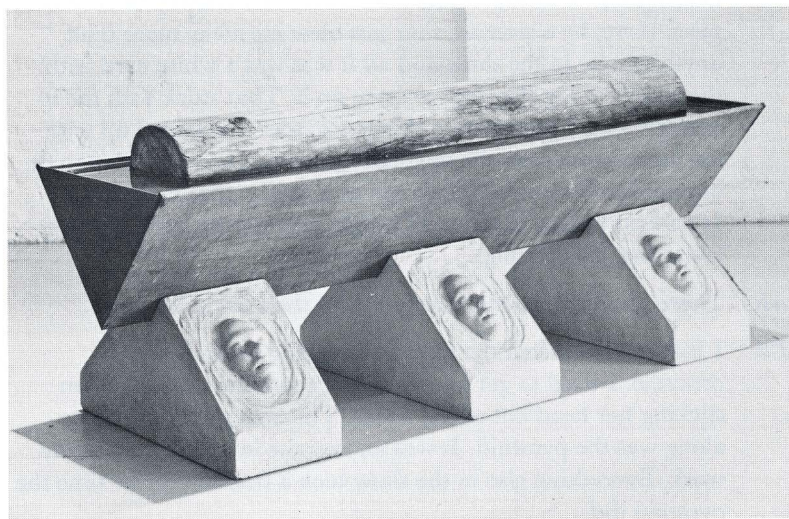
TB Actually, the earliest things in the show belong to *A Log Floating*: the casts of faces below the trough. They were done at a time when I knew a person who made light casts for the theatrical world. I had to alter the process to get it to work for cement, but I got excited about making a concrete image of a person. So I worked first with masks and from the masks I began to build up to the solid face. It was a problem to find a person capable of lying underneath a mask of dental gel and plaster with just straws sticking out of the nose while keeping the face together, but I had a very close friend called Sherry who is experienced in meditation. She could put herself into a trance-like state, keeping a very beneficent expression. So I was able to get a cast of her without any telltale wrinkles of agony and take it from there. We were really close to each other; we were going through this process of trying to be each other, hermaphroditic in attitude to each other. And then a long time ago in the Conceptual Art show at the Vancouver Art Gallery there was a piece there, by a woman, that just blew me away more than anything else in the show and all it was was a white card with the words "a log floating" written on it. That stuck with me so strongly that I put the two things together and ended up with the log floating over the meditating head. It was intended to be hermaphroditic, yet it hangs out as a strong phallic number. . . . It's a heavy piece in terms of weight and yet the log is floating, levitating, meditating.

AR There are lines around Sherry's face; she's like a Medusa.

TB I just tried to soften the material, making water relate to concrete. I tried to get a surface like a swimmer makes when sticking her head out of the water. The next piece that came along was the pyramid. It was an exercise in making myself do work. Everything else in the show took a fraction of the time the pyramid did.

AR You've been making pyramids for a long time. . . .

TB Yeah, but I'm not a pyramid freak. I'm into it as a basic elemental constructivist image, a universal symbol. The pyramid is something that I just wanted to do again a different way. I am dragging my pyramid like other people drag other things through their lives; it's my particular cross to bear. I see the pyramid as the toy element of architecture. You are taking blocks and *imposing* on them like power structures impose on you. Real construction on the work you see here began after I participated in Habitat. I was blown out by the pragmatic realities and came back thinking Third World, wanting to get into natural materials. I used white aggregate with white cement with an added tint. Making the *Cement Pyramid in 32 Pieces*, I was involved in cosmetic alchemy. . . .



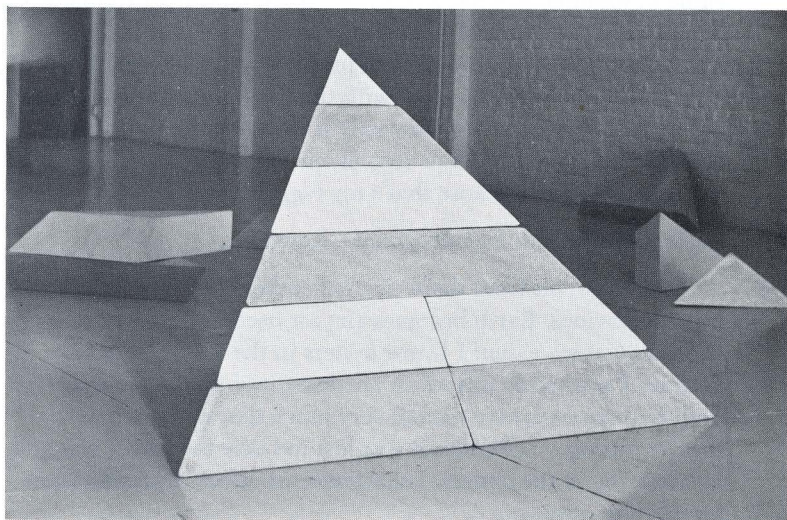
PMc Yeah . . . it's alchemy in the fact that casting lets you spend so much time transforming those basic materials into an object of lasting value, like gold or a pyramid. . . .

TB I really worked on the colour, worked on the surface. I polished the pieces with car Simoniz. . . .

AR But what's the Pyramid got to do with Mao Tse-Tung?

TB You mean it's too Egyptian? O.K., a one-line justification would be that it has to do with proletarian materials and a kind of power, [not only the power of transmutation], but [also] the power of being able to impose your architectural taste [on the populace as the Egyptians did, and as Mao did]. . . .

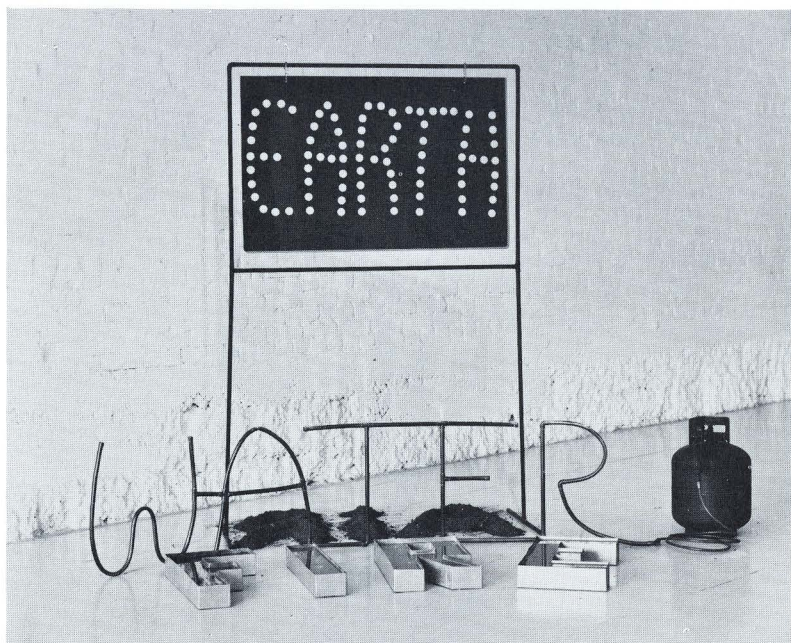
AR What about the *elements* piece?



TB *Another Surrealist Trick: Air, Earth, Fire, Water, Oysters* is a *total* power trip, because here I was able to step out so far that I could transpose the elements . . . although *surrealism* is something that embarrasses me. This piece came about when I was doing plumbing in my house about a year ago and Jerry Pethick came in flashing on what a beautiful material copper tubing was and finally I got around to making something out of it. I've always been playing around with propane and I figured that I could write the word "water" with the tubing and let *fire* come out of it. I was surprised how easy it worked; the thing went together in a day. I had fire coming out of water; I could have *left* it at *firewater* because that's my *biggest* temptation . . .

AR Let's not make this a confessional. (Laughter.)

TB . . . but I went on from there to create other elements. It just became obvious. Earth becomes air; air becomes earth; fire becomes water — then I threw oysters in the water troughs because I wanted to introduce an element of sexual tension. I find that oysters create a smell very much like sperm when they're rotting. . . . Besides it was just too easy the way it was and by throwing in the oysters, I shattered the strong transmutation level of the piece.



- AR Although it will also transmute in its own way, like it will be a real organic piece by the time you're finished at this gallery. It's going to be here for a month; watch it *move* out. (Laughter.)
- TB The *Yellow Phallus* was next. The phallus was. . . I don't know how it happened. Anyway on Hornby there was yellow cedar going around. It came from a log that was the same size as the ones I cut for my fireplace. On one level I burn stuff like that; on another, it's for sculpture; it's the traditional sculptor's dream. So I'm looking at this log one day, on one of those boring February days and a friend of mine had just returned an electric chainsaw that I lent him a year before, so I thought I'd get into carving with it and I thought that the easiest thing to get out of this piece of wood, this size and shape, was a phallus. So I hacked it out with the chainsaw, ground it down with my grinder and while I was going through this number, a friend of mine told me that the Spanish colloquialism for abortion is "spoon", so I went to the Salvation Army store and got some spoons and made this *spoon ejaculation* out of it. . .
- AR Sure gives a new connotation to the word *spooning*. (Laughter.)



TB Wait, it was hard, *very hard*. I'd never done a phallus in my life and it was good to do, maybe it was the most personal thing I was dealing with and soon the title began to happen for me when I was sitting around with Peter discussing Madame Mao and I thought of, you know, a yellow cedar and an oriental phallus and I thought, *Temptations of Mao Tse-Tung*, f a r O U T ! And I tripped out on the fact that I was doing a piece of real kitchen hippie art, spoons and hippie art, right? I had blackberry wine around — just the right colour for the cap — so I dunked it in. Yeah, I just did that whole earthy, hippie number which *repulses* me:

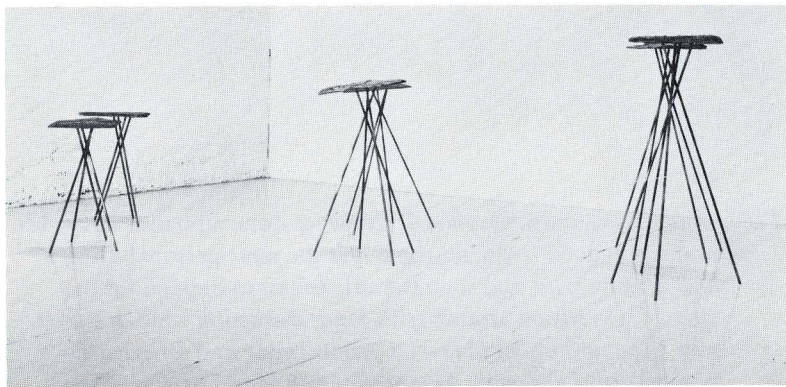
(LAUGHTER.)

AR I might have to edit this out. . . . (Laughter.)

TB Use it! Use it! Use it, really, because it is true. Because in some ways [the hippie trip] is my *nemesis*. I think in terms of some kind of international fine art network and I live in the midst of pleasure fairs. I've never been able to get over that boundary. . . .

AR *Chinese Landscape* is more straightforward. . . .

TB The title just came, *Chinese Landscape*, for that's what it is. It was the easiest piece I did and, in some ways maybe the most successful and [yet it too is a dichotomy] : it is almost a return to the Constructivist (St. Martin's) level and it is organically constructed out of rocks from Hornby landscape. I had a hard time with the copper tubing because I find it too close to a standard justification of sculpture in bronze. And to take beautiful stone away from the landscape could be sacrilege — you really have to stand behind doing a number like that. The whole show was composed to deal with the tremendous space of the Pender Street Gallery.



AR Where do you keep the stuff on Hornby?

TB I have a hard time. It's just spread around.

PMc You're just totally disrespectful of your own work.

TB Yeah, I guess I am. I've let some horrible things happen. The pleasure is in making them and I've got the documentation. I realized about a decade ago that I can't cart grand pianos around the world with me. I can keep my life from being cluttered up by forgetting about my works once they are documented. And not in my furthest dreams do I imagine selling anything out of this show. It's a trip working on this beautiful blank page of a stage. I obviously don't sell things to make a living; I hustle around. (Laughter.)

AR I really like the way the various *temptations* are so different, yet fit together. When you get right down to it, the phallus and the pyramid belong together. . . . But I'm still wanting to know more about the intention of the title for the exhibition. In relating yourself to Mao, are you saying that the role of the artist and the role of the politician are similar?

TB Only if the artist wants power. Some artists want power; others want money; others want to carry out their fantasies. . . .

AR O.K., what do *you* want?

TB I don't want the responsibility of power; I don't want the responsibility of money. So maybe I just want to carry out my own fantasies.

PMc What about the responsibility of change?

TB The responsibility of change is heavy enough. . . .

AR You want the responsibility of *self-change*?

TB Sure, it's like show and tell . . . the reason I call myself an artist is that I show and tell every now and then and tell people I've changed a little bit. The basic Maoist credo is a *revolution of the mind*. You can say . . . materials revolve, evolve, go through transmutations [but] the materials are secondary to how the mind changes.

AR Look, you're offering Maoist dicta [or the visual equivalent]. What you do is self-contradictory, open-ended, poetic, seemingly non-dictatorial. My problem is that I think in China the ideas you are using to speak for you could be used against you. . . .

TB Well, I'm not living in China and anyway, I'm dealing with my *own seductions*, as I say.



AR I knew you when you were involved in your formal training as an artist, but I forget if I ever knew if you did art as a kid.

TB When I was young my older sister was into art. She was good, really good, and I was just an ordinary little boy who liked to play with guns and that sort of trip. But she kept on showing me how to use the crayons so I could get volume. When I was about eleven she married Tony Onley. I wasn't a good student . . . I was just tripping around going for hikes, collecting snakes, stuff like that, and Tony took me out and tried to show me how to paint landscape water colours. I did one, brought it home; my mother hung it on the wall . . . a friend of my father's saw it and bought it for a quarter. He thought it was really good. After my sister died I took all her paintings from the basement and hung them in a cabin out in the bushes . . . I tried to paint a bit myself, but it was like a "Come-up-and-see-my-etchings" *come-on*. The cabin burned down with all those paintings and I felt really bad. . . . Then I started writing poetry because in poetry you can justify your spelling. (Laughter.) I did a year of university in

Ontario and after that I worked for a stockbrokerage firm. Then I went to England, worked at a Wimpey Bar, met a friend who had come back from Morocco with a bunch of marijuana which, in 1961, I thought was the same thing as *junk*, but I got turned on to it and one day, about the second day I was stoned, I was walking along the street and lo and behold in this crummy front window there was this Picasso print and we were totally ripped . . . and this print just made so much sense to me, Picasso became an idol. So then I got stoned and went to the Tate Gallery, you know the rest. . . .

AR UBC and St. Martin's. . . . Is there anything English about this show?

TB Oh, basic reference points like, "Thou shalt not have a pedestal," the randomness of the placement of the pyramid that's not together, the placement of the phallus *in* the pyramid setting, the material factor concerning what casting is about. . . . [I admit that St. Martin's is] still my strongest reference point, [but on the other hand] I have broken free of St. Martin's' abstraction and constructivism. [I'm in touch with people like] Dean Ellis, George Sawchuck, and Gerry Pethick has pushed my head around.

AR The last question is, and I ask it because when I asked Barry Cogswell the same question, he said, "AAARGH," then tackled the answer! What's art, Tom?

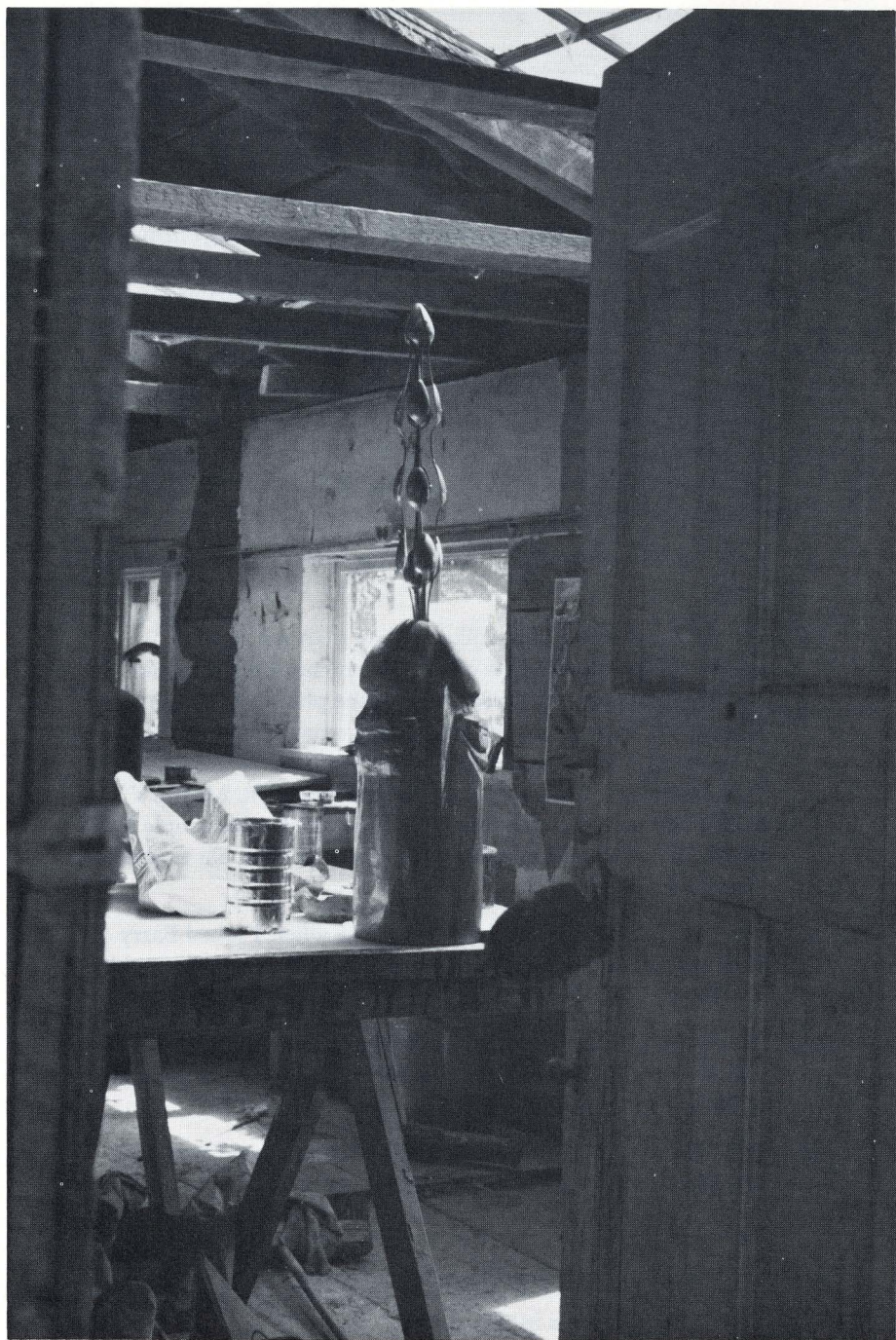
TB To me art is philosophy presented in terms of material. But it is very hard to define personal philosophy and make an analogy to whatever you require.

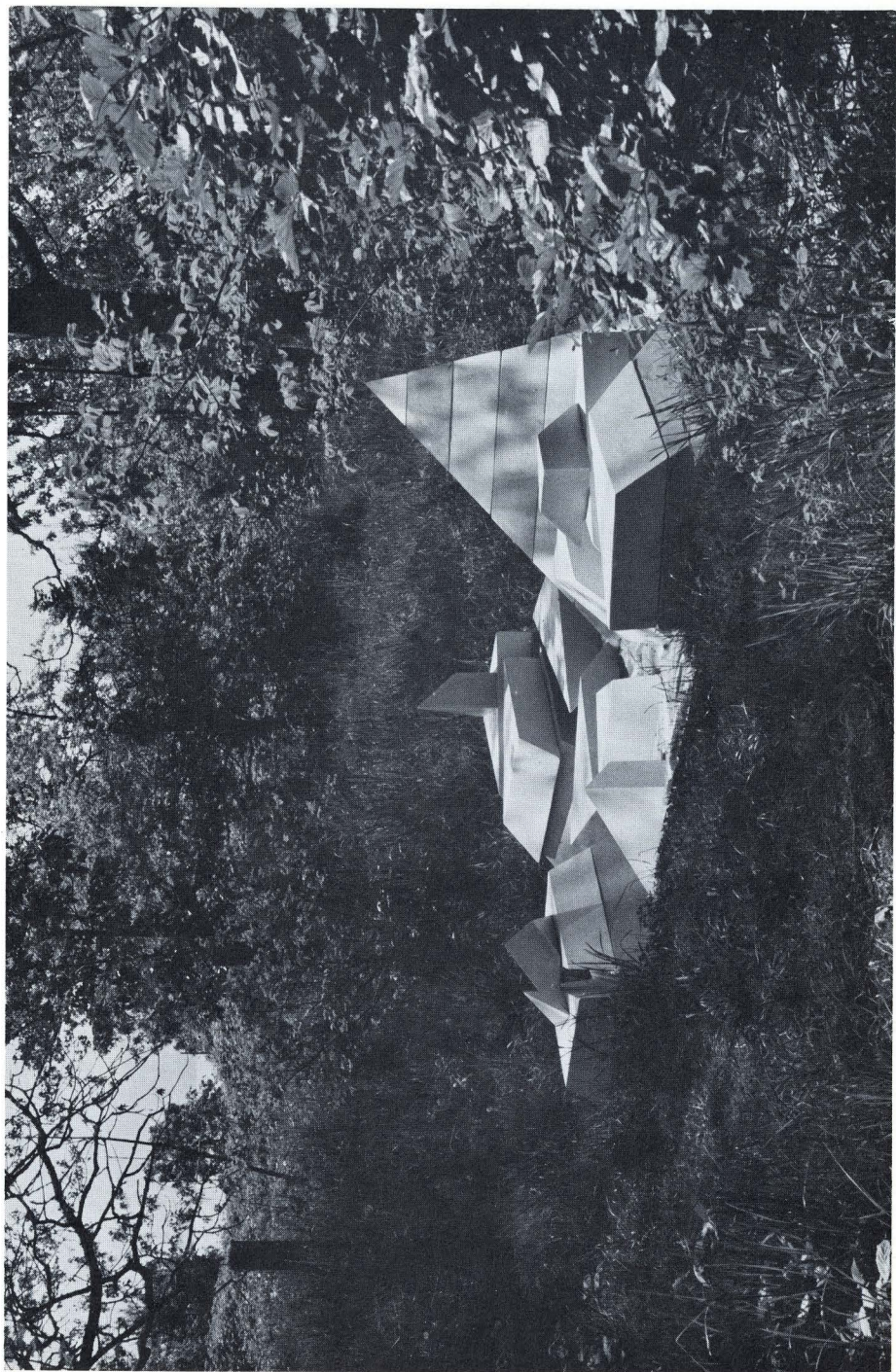
AR Are you trying to say that when you are into a good personal philosophy you can make fire into water?

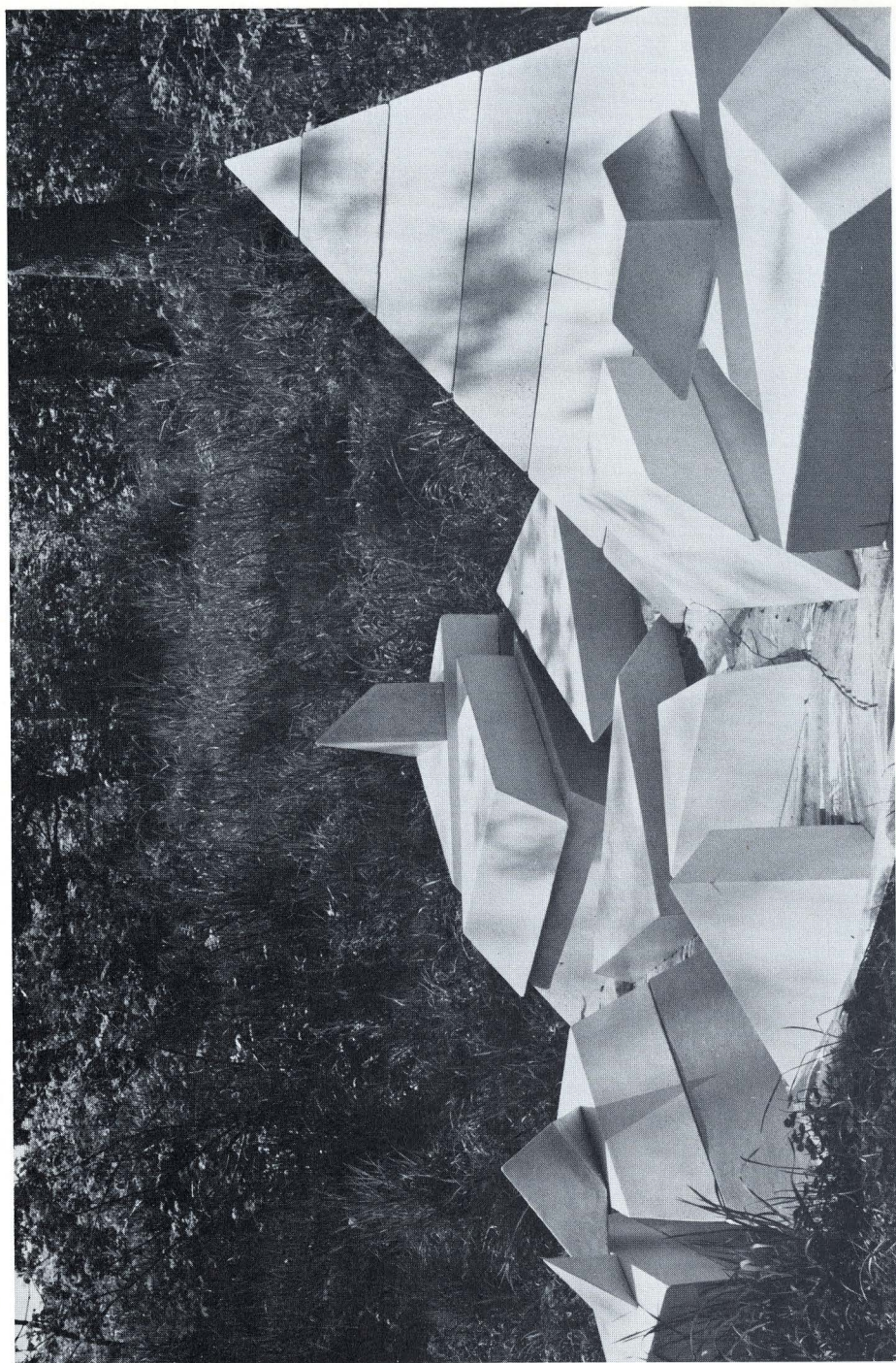
TB I just did it. . . .

AR Sure, okay, but let's face it you're just human.

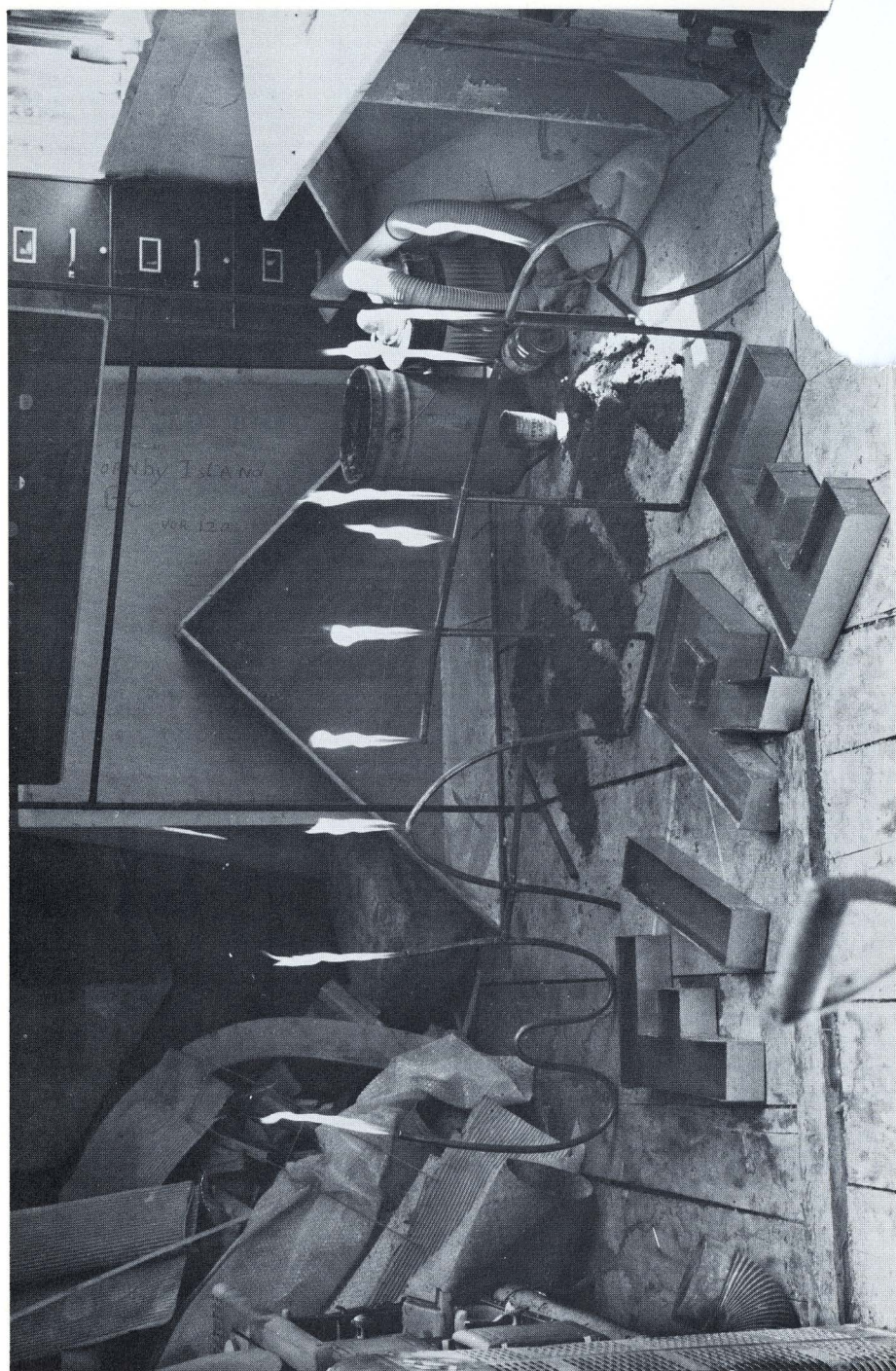
TB Yeah, there's oysters in the water.

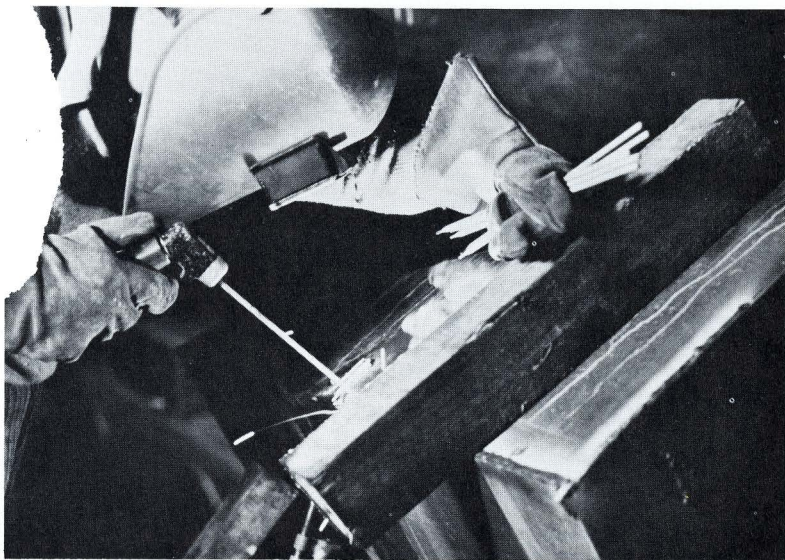












Barry Cogswell / RECENT SCULPTURE

The Capilano Review interviewed Barry Cogswell at his home in May 1977. Ron Sandor (who has assisted Barry with his work) was present with Ann Rosenberg.



The drawings shown next are details from *Working Drawing #2: Two Columns of Space*. The working drawings were made to finalize and clarify all aspects of the sculpture's design. Detail One shows a sectional plan and side elevation of one unit of *Two Columns of Space*; Detail Two illustrates an exploded view of the unit drawn to clarify the shape and placement of each plate, and a transparent view to make final the placement of the inner structure.

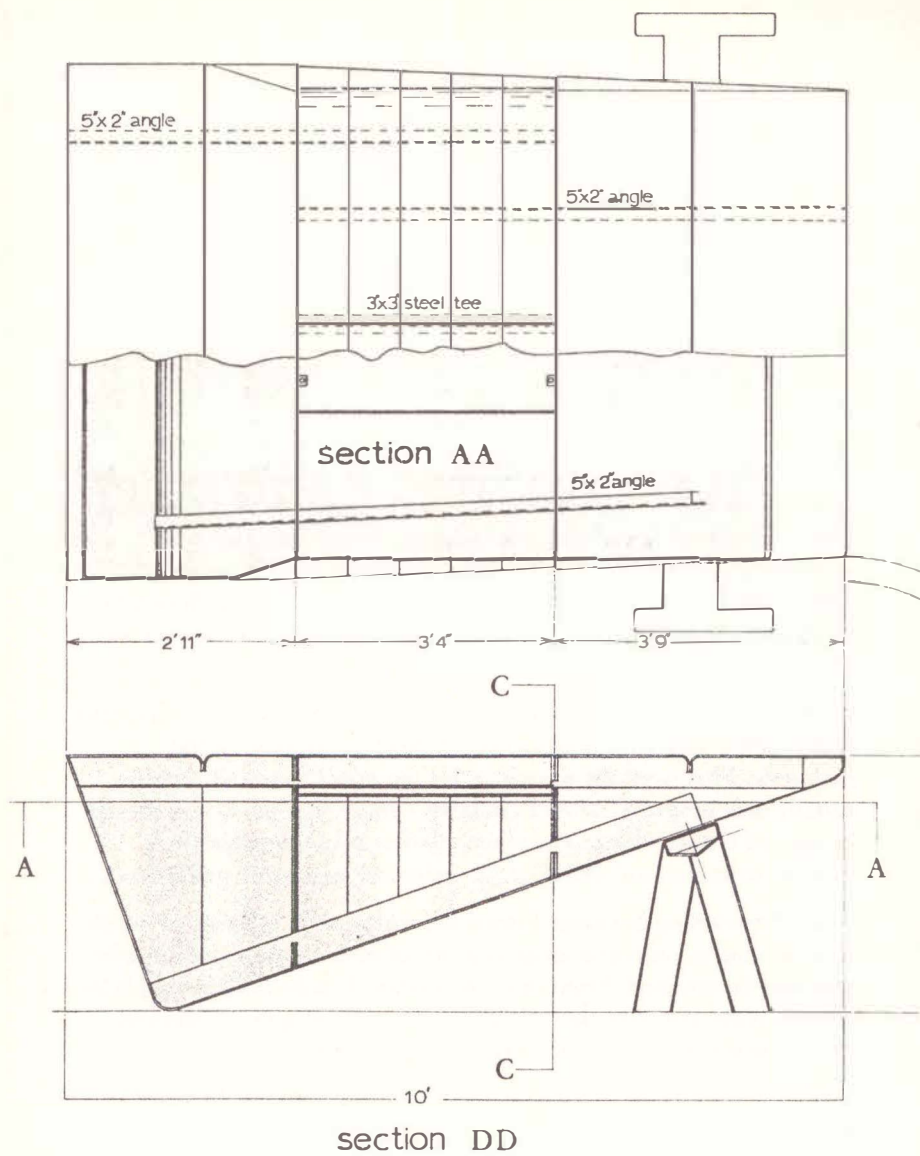
Most of my sculptural ideas are developed through sketches, maquettes and rough working drawings to the stage of a final balsa wood maquette. Final working drawings like the ones illustrated here are usually only produced when I am fairly certain that the design should be carried out in full size and when all aspects of the fabricating process, structure and details of the sculpture are clearly understood.

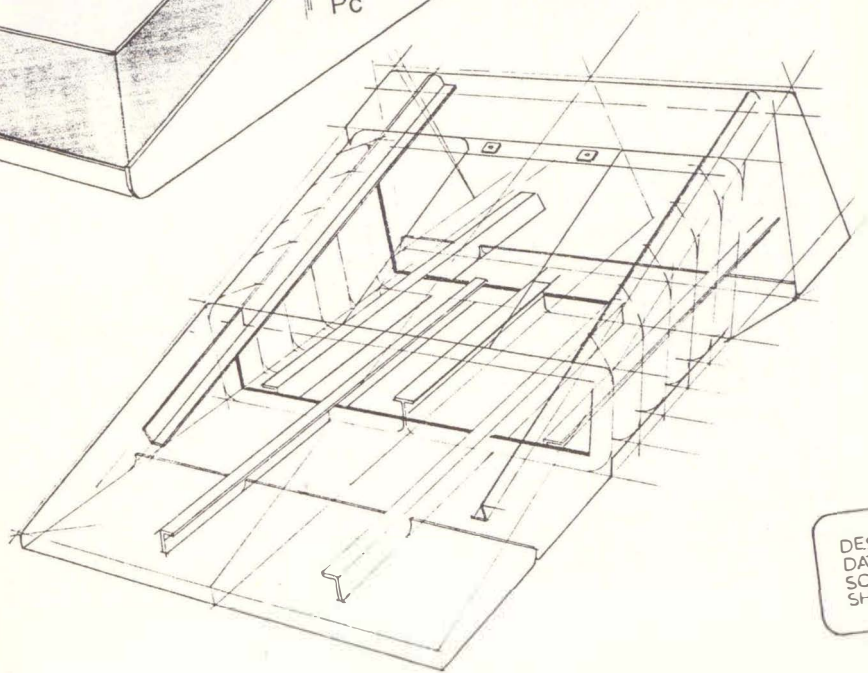
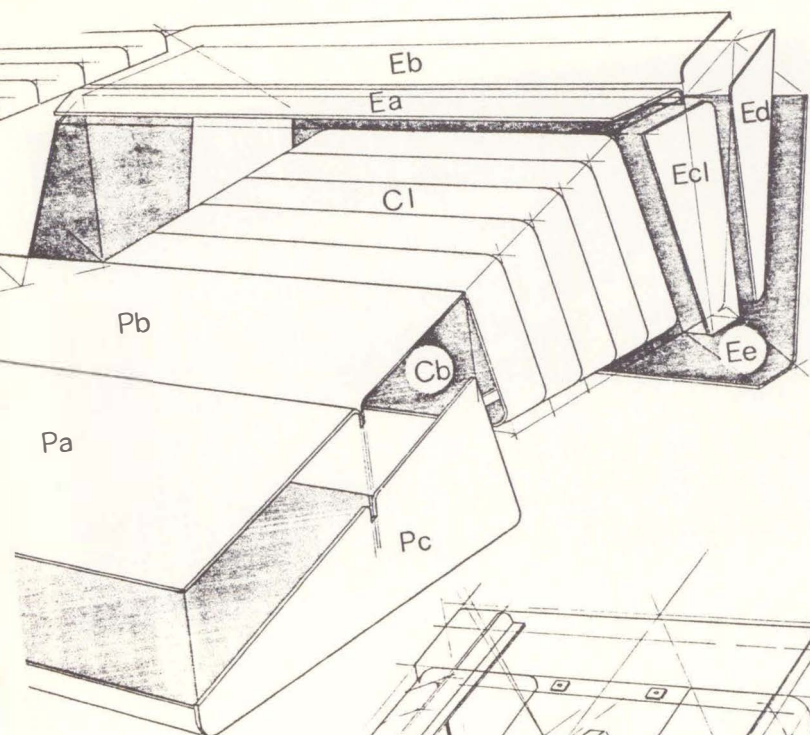
From the working drawings I draw the sculpture in full size, at which time all angles, radii and measurements of each separate plate can be precisely determined. From this information I make fullsize templates of each plate and from these templates the steel supplier shears and bends the metal to the tolerances of $\pm 1/16''$ and 2° .

I then fit, weld and finish the plates to the form that was finalized in the working drawings.

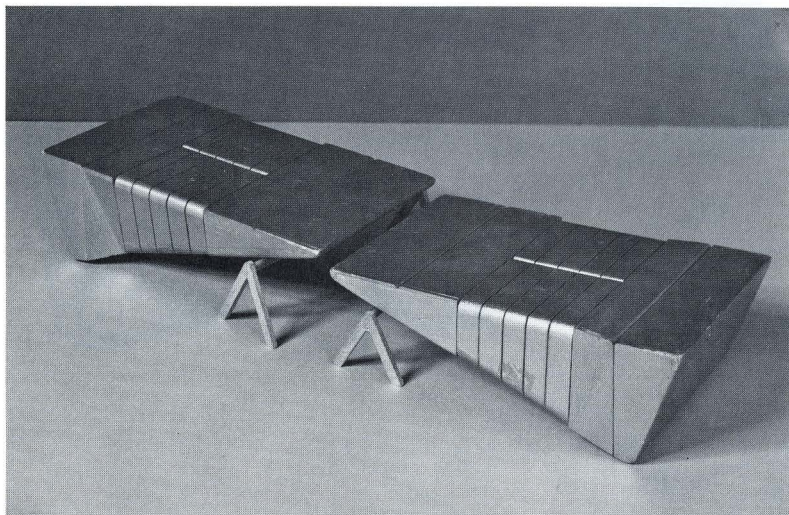
As each unit in a given sculpture may be fabricated upside down and in a number of sections, it is rarely possible to make any changes once the plate has been delivered. Only after the sculpture is completed and lifted into position do I see the piece finally and know whether my concepts of scale, material use, form and space were actually correct.

— BARRY COGSWELL





DESIGNED
DATE
SCALE
SHEET NO



IMAGES

arc welding

Integrated Plane, 1975, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, ht. 5', l. 8'6", w. 8'6" (commisioned for the City of North Vancouver).

detail one: *Working Drawing #1: Two Columns of Space*, 1975, scale approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ " to a foot.

detail two: as above.

early maquette for *Two Columns of Space*, 1976, balsa wood.

working the metal.

Barry and Ron moving sculpture.

Barry placing *Pressure Group 5* in site.

Pressure Group 5, 1976, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, ht. 6'8", l. 11', w. 5'6"

Two Columns of Space, 1976, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, ht. 3'4", l. 20', w. 8'.

Photography: 1, Pierre Coupey; 2, 9-13, Barry Cogswell; 3-4, Dominion Blueprint Company; 5, Tod Greenaway; 6, Elizabeth Wooten; 7, Maureen Wight; 8, a passer-by. Printing: Abbott & Tincombe; Tod Greenaway; Murray Skuse.

INTERVIEW

BC I grew up in a house where people seldom ever sat down. Everyone was working the whole time. . . . I feel guilty, *terrible*, when I don't do any work. I've been making things since I was small.

AR Were they usually hollow?

BC Well, when I had some horrible disease as a kid of about five, I made trucks out of paper. Three-dimensional cars and trucks. I can't remember where I got the information from, but I made the pieces with little tabs on them so there'd be something to fold and glue and it was really kind of weird because people were rather impressed by these things. They were just little, only about three inches.

RS I bet you didn't tear the paper either. . . .

BC Oh, no, I was *terribly* careful. (Laughter.) There was a total lack of freedom. . . . I came from a non-artistic background [which was, however] kind of cultured in the rigid English sense where everything is academic and correct. . . . I was at boarding school and we never did any art there. I took my examinations in art but we never did any classes in art . . . and if you'd mentioned the name of anyone other than Picasso, I wouldn't have known who it was. So it was very difficult for me to understand what the guys at Hammersmith Art School were talking about. I was older and more mature than the others (I had been in the army) or I was older but artistically less mature. And I don't think that was a help at all because I really didn't understand what art was. There was very little intellectual process involved in my getting into art. *It was all tactile*. That's why I chose pottery because it was something that was easy to understand, simple, fundamental; it has only been recently that the processes of art have become interesting to me. Principally I was concerned with function and design.

RS Well, did you want to be an artist when you were a kid?

BC I always wanted to draw; I never wanted to go to art school . . . (at least that's how it was for the three or four years before I *decided* to go to art school). I was always going to be a farmer, till I was seventeen. Then I wanted to be an air force pilot. But I was always painting and drawing; there's a houseful of paintings beginning when I was nine and they're really pretty good. . . . They were water colours of the things I liked — country cottages — although they showed a total lack of understanding of what art is about. When I was at art school . . . I was totally turned off painting because we were all expected to paint figures, Impressionist-type figures. . . . It was just the style of art that was expected amongst first and second year students at that time and you were supposed to be excited by people and essentially I wasn't. I used to do very tight figure paintings which for example, were of a bird's eye view of things. So this one snow scene I did was a totally white canvas (like Malevich) ; at the bottom was the top of a railing, at the top was the bottom of some stairs. It was a very, very high perspective of a snow scene; it was a street with a kid at one corner and another kid at the other and a snowball in between. And there was another one of a window cleaner with a view of the building as though looking down from a high perspective. That was the thing that excited me, *perspective*. I sketched buildings, not people, and light. I used to like to sketch at night when the light was shining on the buildings and you got this perspective thing with different planes of light, different planes of colour. . . .

AR Ah, now it's emerging. . . . Did the English sculpture scene have any effect on you?

BC I took sculpture as a student up to second year level but it was just a foundation course. When I came to Canada my interest was in design, centred on Italian design; the focal point of my interest was Milan. While I was aware of all the usual British artists like Kenneth Armitage, I really wasn't influenced. . . . The one event that really excited me was an exhibition at the Royal College of Art in about 1964 and most of the people in it made very large plaster forms like huge beds. I've never seen anything develop from them . . . essentially they were like rooms with figures in them, all full size, characters lying there . . . principally the show was concerned with space.

RS Process is really important in your work, isn't it.

BC Yes, in the fifteen years since I started art school I have essentially been concerned with learning how to handle materials, so that when I finished working with cast ceramics and plastics, I started with wood, and since then I've been working with steel. The thing is, that I was trying to be a designer. . . . Being a designer implies that you are making "products" — they have to be things that are going to sell and I realized that the concerns that I had with the things I made as a furniture designer, for example, had little to do with these concerns. I wanted to make things exactly the way my imagination wanted them and if I designed something that would require three weeks to achieve a certain piece of detailing, it's not going to be produced [commercially] by anyone. I was more or less requiring a piece of furniture to be considered as a work of art because I brought to its making the same kind of concerns that I think Richard Prince would put into his pieces (*The Capilano Review*, Issue No. 7). So I saw a piece of furniture as a piece of sculpture, really. . . .

AR So it was more of an evolution than a decision that brought you to sculpture after you came to Canada.

BC Yes. . . . (Pause.)

AR Then, what makes you tick?

BC I see myself as a perfectionist in my work and the same thing applies to a lot of other things. The fact that I feel uncomfortable when I'm dealing with people is therefore rather like a way of being imperfect, so I tend to cut that side out. And if I'm dealing with other people and things just don't seem to be going right, then I hate it. . . . I don't have the ability to say hang on for three years when it'll be O.K. I want it to be right now, or I don't want it at all. [On the other hand] . . . it would really be nice to sell something now, so I'd have the resources to make more! The only thing that really worries me is getting killed in a car crash or something, I need time — I have enough work planned to keep me going for the next five years. I see that everything I'm doing is just a process and in time something is maybe going to come out of it.

AR Do you consider your work a success?

BC Since I was at art school my whole time has been something of a disappointment . . . [yet] actually, I'm glad there's nothing that I've ever done that became *successful*. . . . or I would be turning out desks [for example] . . . by the hundreds, and another thing about rejection . . . is that you keep on trying. I don't really get much stimulation from conversation — I just really like to make things.

Youth is supposed to be a formative time and I used to spend my holidays then with my dog on the cliffs at my parents' home on the Isle of Wight. And that is how I need to spend my time now, walking, and all the ideas flow out. I believe that the process of creating or imagining art has to do with the realization of the subconscious *historic* mind which has taken a lifetime of [learned] material and bonded it with a prehistoric memory of things, and brought forth a personal . . . a kind of material realization of these influences. . . . So while I'm doing everyday things, like walking the dog, I'm actually planning a piece of sculpture.

AR Is the kick that you get, then, highly abstract and intellectual?
Not so much the doing of the work — that's not even fun — but
the whole process of drawing through, visualizing something that
will take up half the yard.

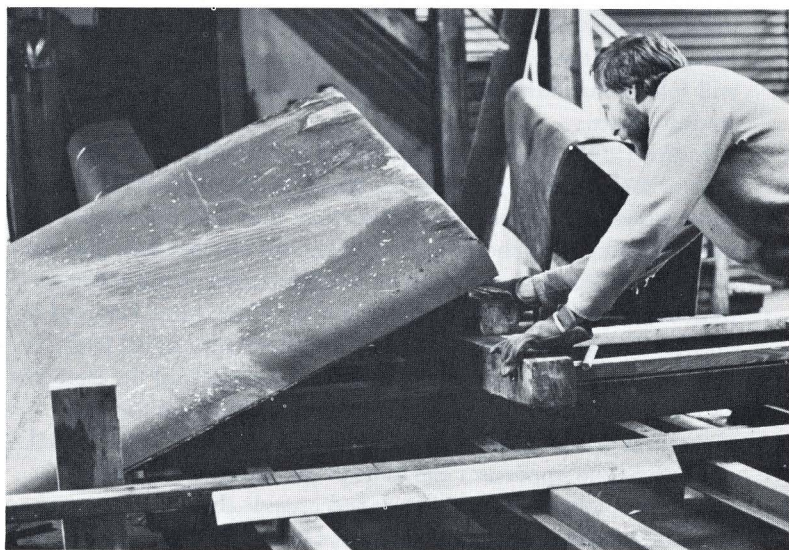
BC I don't know where the kick comes from.

RS I was going to say, *kick's* a bad word. . . .

BC I don't know where the pleasure comes from; I just find that I
spend my time thinking [about my work].

AR Well then, you must enjoy thinking about it or you wouldn't do it.
I don't mean some kind of *cheap* pleasure.

RS I think the pleasure he gets relates to . . . to the fact that when he
learns something totally . . . then he is intrigued to put himself
into the position to start all over again. The enjoyment comes
from learning a new process . . .



BC Yes, I think you're right. The pleasure or the kick comes from knowing that you can do something. When I first came over here, one of the things that I knew I wanted to do was to become self-sufficient. . . . I made my own clothes, my own pots, grew my own vegetables. It's great to be able to handle everything that you're going to need. I don't like the idea that we use so many things that we're totally out of contact with.

RS In a sense I get a picture of independence, almost to the point of isolation.

BC I see myself as being a hermit.

AR You were saying earlier that you're trying to understand what art is, but you've never said what you think it is. Do you want to try that one?

BC No, I don't! (Laughter.) But what we could talk about is what my stuff is about.

AR O.K. Shoot!

BC At one point, about 1973, I became involved in making sculptures that were attempting to describe forms in space. I came to the conclusion that energy is created *off* a plane, so that if you take a flat surface and finish it sharp, there is an energy created that is *continued* beyond that point where the plane is physically terminated. If you put a curve on it (the flat surface) the energy will follow that surface so that it wraps around the curve to contain space.

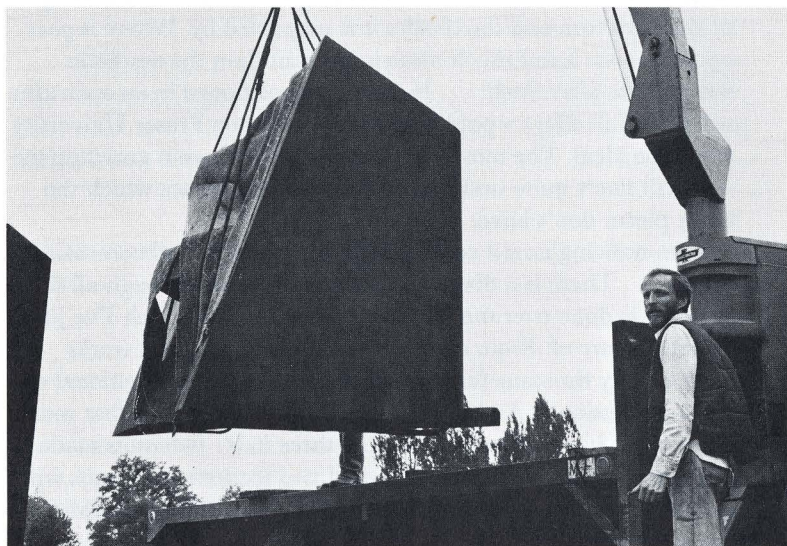
In the *Triple Plane Series* (polished aluminum cubes with three slots in them) the idea is that the pieces of sculpture should somewhat, visually, disappear in part because they take onto their surfaces everything that is around them but also because they are such simple forms they should be less interesting to the spectator than the way the planes go off to infinity. Then, what I started to do with *Integrated Plane* (North Vancouver Municipal Hall) is to re-emphasize the piece itself by letting it absorb all the elements on the North Shore (the sun, mountains and sea) on the one plane that contains them. From then on I started to work in such a way that the important elements of the sculpture become, equally, the planes that are described outside the sculpture, and the sculpture as object itself — always trying for a balance.

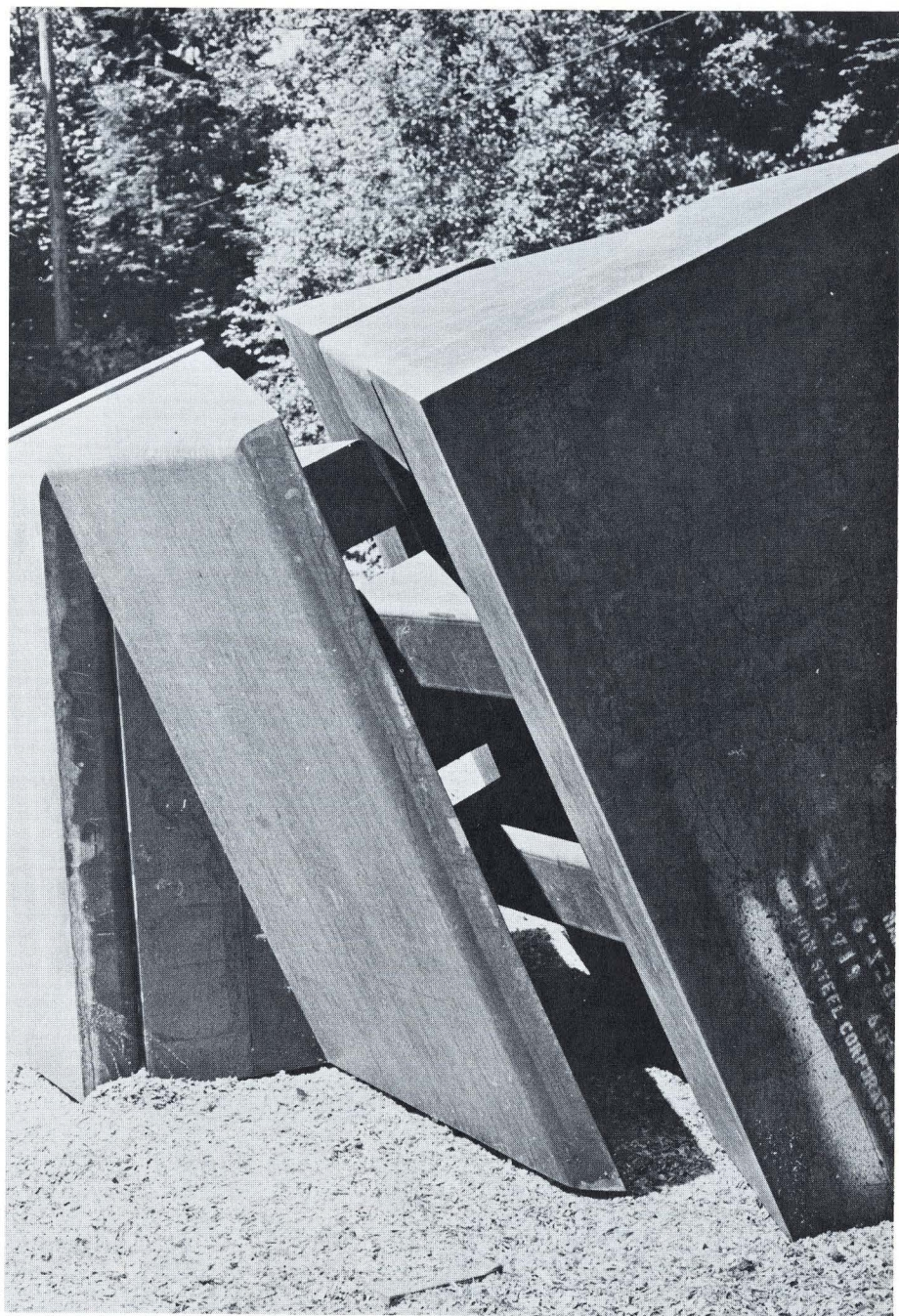


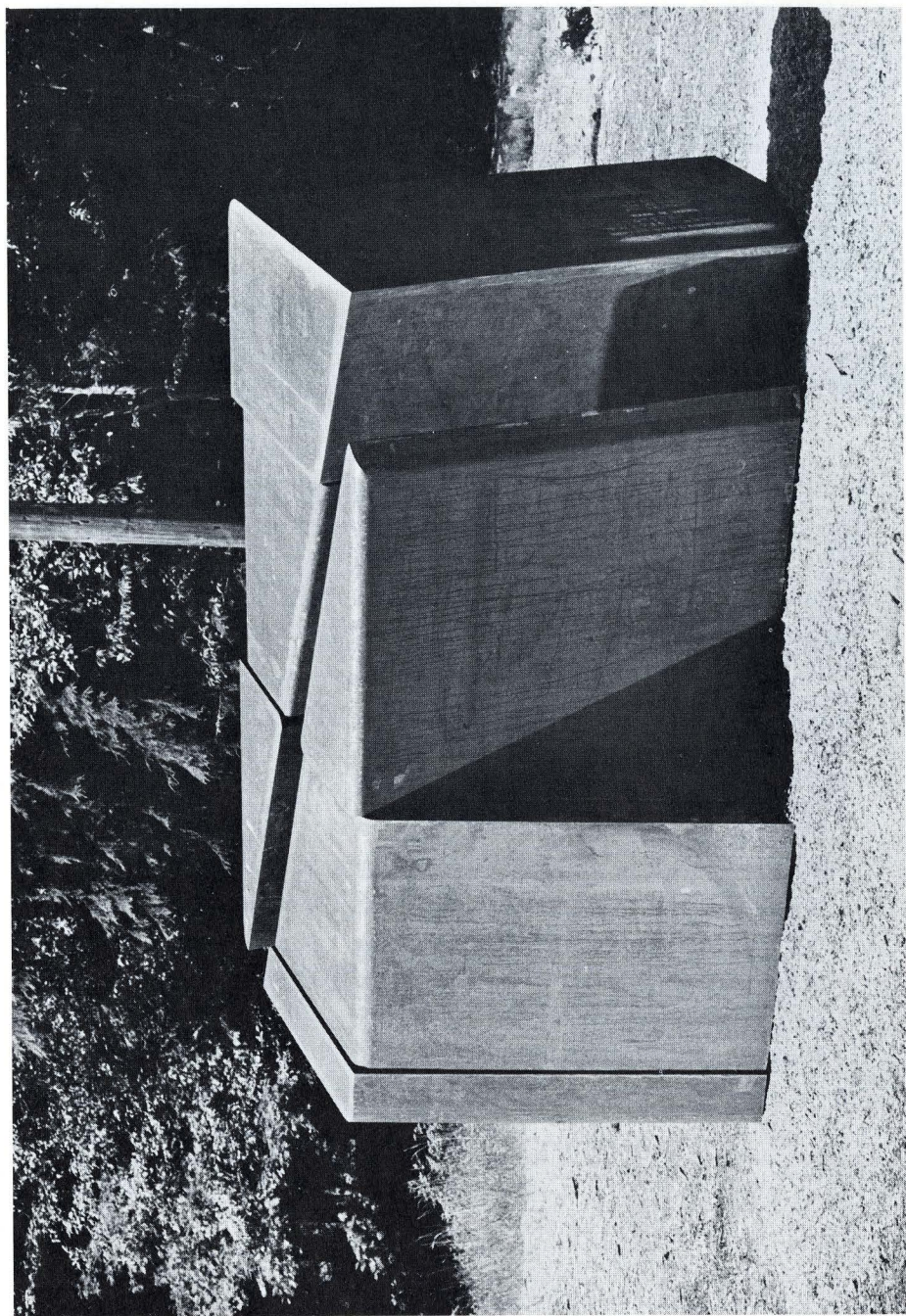
... What I am trying to do in *Two Columns of Space*, for instance, is to suggest two columns of energy in space and at the same time the weight of the “columns” is indicated by the weight of the sculpture and the trestles it is supported by. Where it *goes off into space* is not much more important than the aesthetic sense of the piece itself. ... It should be positioned in an open area where its full effect would be possible — Simon Fraser University would be ideal. The more I see this piece the more it grows on me — I still don’t quite understand it. It has a presence which the other pieces don’t have.

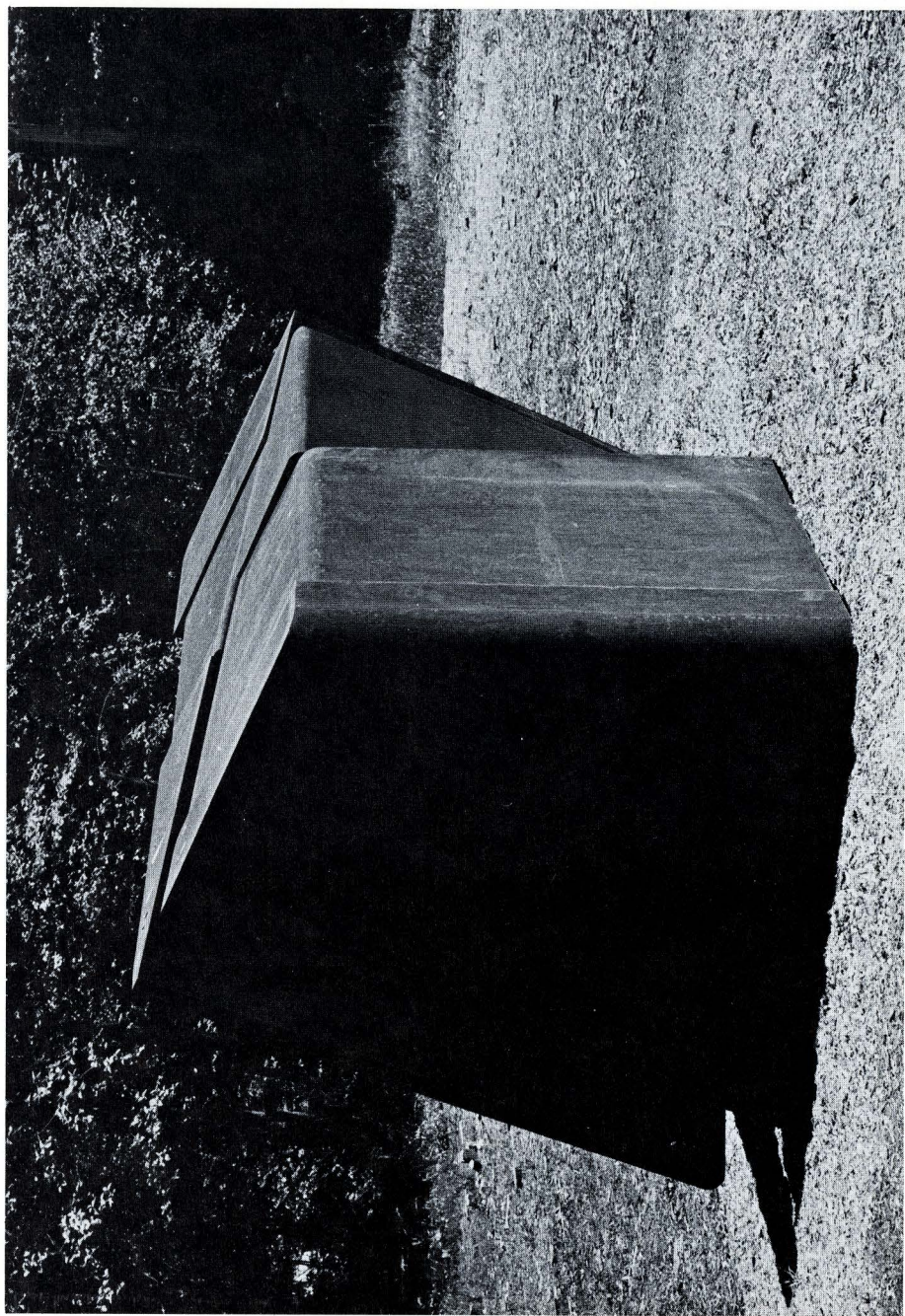
I am noticing now a continuity in my work, the subconscious things. ... There is a diagonal element that runs through all the pieces I’ve done over the last seven or eight years which I’ve just become *aware* of. From certain viewpoints some of my works have exactly the same form whether they are two-dimensional or three-dimensional. And it was ages before I recognized that much of my work has elements of two and three in it: two units made of three sections; three units made of two sections; two units with three minor units supporting them; two units with three planes cut in each. ...

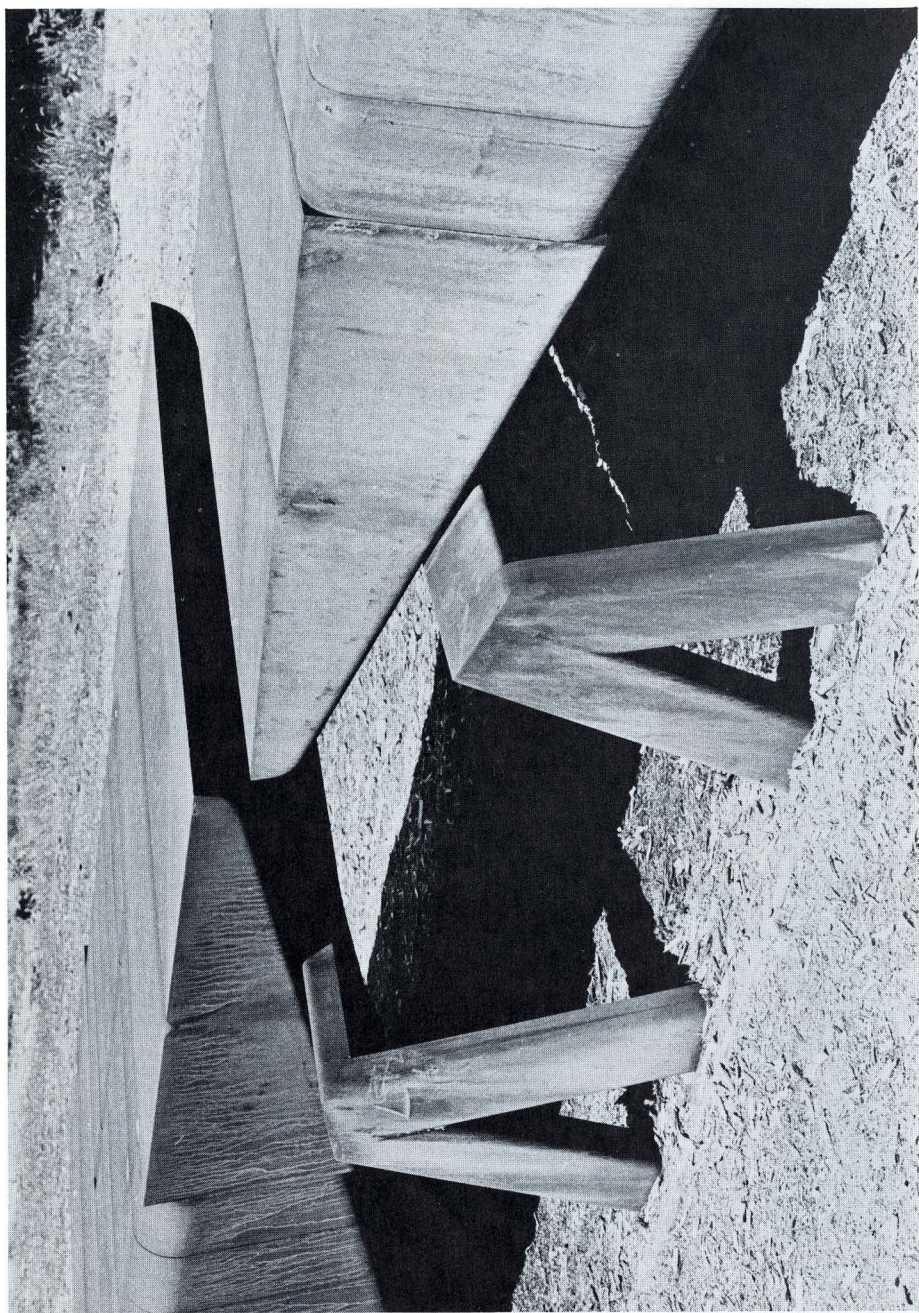
In the final design for the piece I am working on now, called *Single Column*, there's a big breakthrough into five elements. When I was finished with the final design I saw that the elements came together and, lying in bed one night, I realized that from the side it had a series of vertical elements (except two diagonal lines) ; that from the end, horizontals . . . well, I can't explain all aspects of the mathematical proportions . . . and I realized that the plan view is a series of trapezoids and although I hadn't planned it all the angles relate: they're either 10 degrees, $12\frac{1}{2}$ degrees or 15 degrees — a two-and-one-half degree progression. The sculpture is concerned with creating a column in space that everything supports. At the moment I am working on a three-dimensional plywood mockup of *Single Column*. I am making it like a piece of sculpture (though it won't hold together very long) because I want to see it in three dimensions and full size, to ensure that everything is correct before I make it into steel. I estimate it will weigh close to 12,000 pounds and I can't afford to make mistakes with that kind of material commitment.













Michael Rumaker / CROW DOG AND BLACK ELK

*At Washington Square Methodist Church In A Benefit To
Raise Funds To Keep Crow Dog Out Of Federal Prison*

May 20, 1976

After the singing and drumming
a circle is formed
there is a breathing rhythm begun
led off by a stoutish man with bushy hair
Our breaths go from one to the other
around the huge circle
and out among the rest of the audience
Listening to the harmony of our breath
Crow Dog seated in the circle
the magnificent red of the thin blanket about his shoulders
his face in profile
head bowed, eyes closed
the wing of the eagle held before his face
utterly relaxed and emanating an alert stillness,

the silence of animals, of stone
It evokes the same in me as I watch him
and listen and breathe with the others
Crow Dog can't read or write this language
which is not his native tongue
his native tongue speaks powerfully and quietly in a delicate
gesture
a swoop of his body as he speaks
holding the eagle wing outstretched
his body glides down, his extended arm becomes a wing
his body feathered
square substantial body becomes light
his round face hones
he is eagle
standing on wind currents
then swooping to earth
Dusty floor of the church becomes danced ground
shadowed arches of the ceiling sky
Then to see that ancient and always new language
compacted in this figure
bowed in intensity and stillness
I could see he is a holy person
backed at the spine of things

Earlier, as Black Elk spoke
telling how it has been with the Sioux in this land
Crow Dog was sitting on the edge of the altar platform
with the young singers and drummers
himself at ease, grinning and joking with them,
a face that is a playful boy
then it is the face of respect and silence —
the clouds in his face, and a sense of sun from within
that lights it and darkens it
in a quickness of running light on mountains

Then, with the breathing, deep intakes and long out-breathings,
droning of the people seated in the circle begins,
and others in the far reaches of the church picking it up,
the droning coming on strong from one quarter and fading,
dry rings of sound
and then another quarter beginning another drone
as that dies away
so that there is no real dying of the steady and powerful
drone, like a drone of bees
A young woman seated near Crow Dog
lifts her arms and lets them fall slowly, in the breathing,
and others begin to do the same,
following her, their arms rising and falling
the slow lift and fall of arms all over the nave

The young woman begins to sing
Her voice is clear and high and the drone of the others
 accompanies it

 I feel in a hive, alive and protected
The singing and the sound of the droning takes me
into some sanctuary in myself, I feel enclosed and strong,
 being myself and being with the others

I feel right and in my center
 which is any point in the room
 and in the center of the others, too
 it is the center of the earth then

Crow Dog's hands flutter
and places come out of his hands
 Crows in the wetlands walking up stalks of marsh grass
 to sway on the tufted tips in the wind

The circle of people
 bisects into a black trail
 and a red trail

Crow Dog's fingers shake out copperheads
 looped arrows
 deep red and earth-marked,
thickish middle bodies
 that slide across the dirt-trod floor
 their flat triangular heads point
 in all the directions
around the ring of people
 Gliding easy and singular,
each has a containment and concentration
 the same that is in Crow Dog's body
 a profound quiet and shyness that listens
 and will not harm us

Yellow butterflies,
surprises
like bits of sun
twinkle down on these trails
around which, in our many breaths
we have become a hoop of breaths
from the back of the world
where the rainbows live
with the spine of
the rainbow that
lifts us all





Sid Marty / THREE POEMS

THE HUNTER

Maybe looking at a dead bird
in your hand, you think
it is a metaphor of autumn
For you appreciate the symbols
and the burning bush of the seasons
as you throw it in the bag
there with the others, dead
Their throats are stuffed with rose hips
they have gathered in the coulees
For all the land is bleeding
and the pyres of the year are smoking

Maybe you remember, how like a baby
a plucked bird looks
All beasts look the same
under their thin veneer

But the land is under your feet
And you have the means to reach
into the sky, so you go on gathering
the birds out of the air

And those that are crippled
are timid in the grass
They are beautiful
as you take them up

to feel their captive wings
quivering in your heavy hands

AT CRAIGELLACHIE

At Craigellachie a phallic tower of stone
remarks each locomotive horn since men drove steel
through these scarred canyons

But women are everything

Wind in the trees, the passage sings
of survey gangs and powder monkeys
blown to bits by tamping
nitro with a crowbar, bad jokes
in the pride of the builders
Pride of men

But women are everything
Wind on the winding curve
Wheels that catch the shoulder
Margins of passage are narrow
and the forest falls into the streams
forgetting the travellers

Women are more, are all of these

May it always be
Land of hope and sorrow
Flesh at the edge of our dreams

HARVEST

Raking leaves and Coyote
floats by the house
a ptarmigan in his mouth
Hapless fool hen, she
clucks and trembles

Ken Cathers / TWO POEMS

in wait

tideless winter.
a few kickers lie
dormant belly-up

paint-peeled on the
icy landing. off
shore a loon thrashes

the water,splashes
the lagoon with crack
of shell-ice breaking.

turn around. there is
a face below the
grey surface,a force

in the dark shallows
waiting. hold to this
place. mark the way

tossed shells break
perfect ripples.
corrugated language.

listen. in the echo
there is something
to be heard.

this poem is a lie

this poem is a lie:
I am not in a forest
I have never been lost.

I have simply stepped
to another room,a
vacancy & this room

is the other room &
the door turns on itself.
I thought,once,I knew

the meaning thought
these lines were flowing
a river bending into

forms,a part of a cycle.
I thought I was
like the poem,a river,

a part of a going,of
becoming, I thought
these changes meant some-

thing. but this room
is the other room,the
door turns on itself.

there is only the illusion
of change; the words are
disguised and spoken again.

Mark Madoff /
from **SULPHUROUS POEMS**
sweating out cold day

scouting out the ridges
for the love of you
hands deep
in my jeans to keep
my thoughts warm
morning eats evening
and i eat
you slowly
in my mind

wait for
the life of the head
to end
i'm waiting for that
cripple sun
to go down

let me scrub your back
let me bring you water
let me turn the jet up higher

i'm waiting to start
forgetting you
any day now

walk down to
the muddy bones
to try

Winter dreams

night, liquor of stars
i open the hole for water.
through the dark passage enter
those i failed in love
tumid lips suck at the surface
i turn for bait, the opening freezes.

in the ice we
see clearly, we
step on the backs of fishes
on broken boats, black waves

the recoil is the pleasure, first
we fire against trees harmless
bucking up bark slurry, ice
angels, but the coyote mask opens
white the grouse mask opens blue
and timorous. Our pleasure
in the recoil.

by the lake named No name
i fell behind
surfeit of speech drips
on the red duck
trees by the
lake without Name.

Elizabeth Hay / JAZZ POEMS

JAZZ

hot piano
ivory
in the left eye at
5 o'clock

jazz

birds are on the carpet
brilliant
Persian

they come out of my mouth

the restaurant was very dark
you asked the piano player what he was playing
we walked under the streetlights

jazz

(birds fly through snow

catch in the shutter
a finger
at the waist
in the eye
slammed
by light

in the eye the heart

jazz

NEW ORLEANS / YELLOWKNIFE

I

jazz New Orleans/Yellowknife
 saxophone/raven

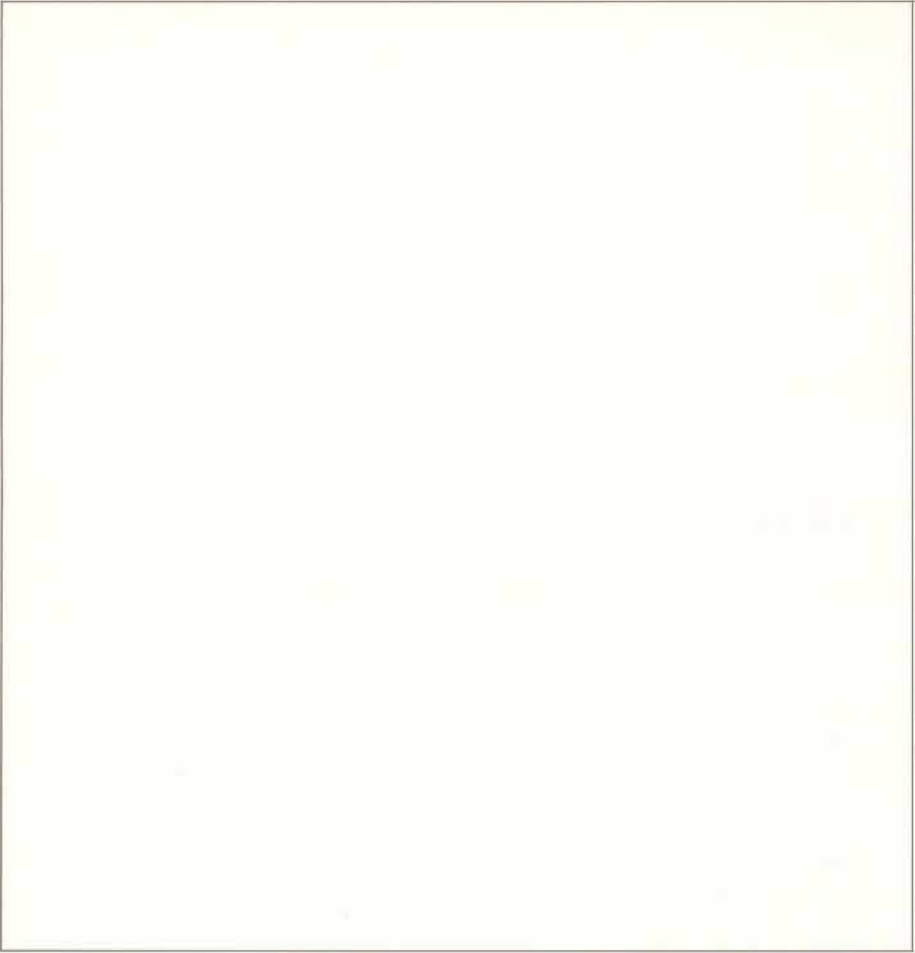
 never been to New Orleans
never seen a picture
 of New Orleans

jazz sax
hot instrument
cold bird
same sound
squawk

I hear them on the roof
noises, walking

a saxophone player in New Orleans

here — a little snow
and ravens



II

jazz/Yellowknife

they play Desmond's Take Five
they get it on the second try

jazz makes sense
people want warm weather the music has a longing

light like a saxophone

III

tickle the ivories
hard and cold

geese
are dead and soft

Sophie Football came out of the bar and slid
into a snowbank

and slept
and died

Sophie was soft and hard and cold and dead

and dead

how long before she died

IV

Sophie Football wore red

I imagine they wear red in New Orleans

Sophie sings

they sing in New Orleans

Sophie sang in chiffon

frothy — seafoam

turns to snow

dies in snow

desire

drunk

V

how does Summertime sound

hot

nervous
— New Orleans

a screen door bangs

a

leg
into summer

piano starts here

VI

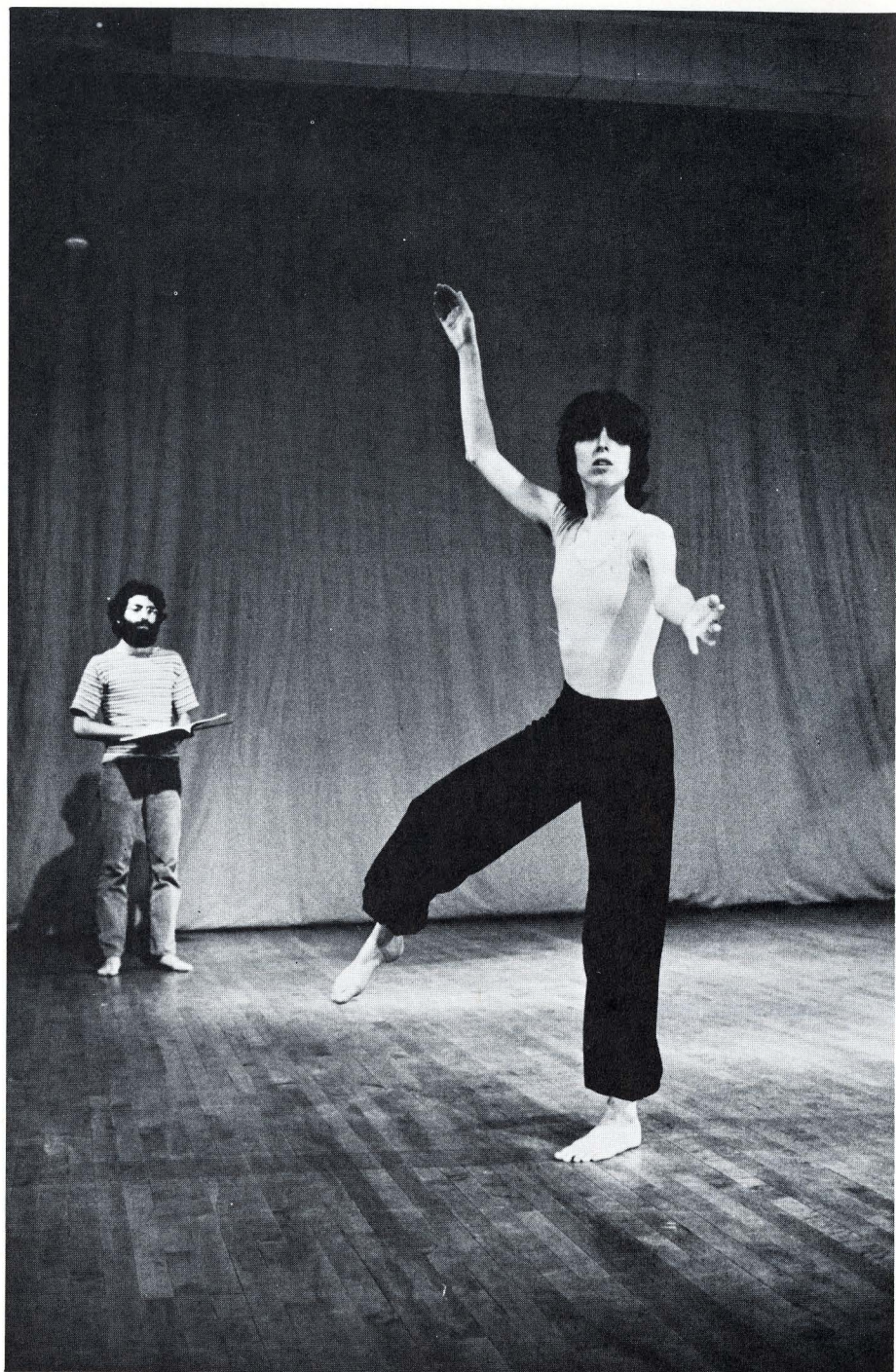
found

a picture of New Orleans

a body after snow melts

Sophie

untouched by ravens



Paul Kahn /

THE STORY OF FROGWOMAN

"The Story of Frogwoman" has been excerpted from Changing Faces, a three-poem work by Paul Kahn. The accompanying photographs by David Lucal show Deborah Chassler as dancer and "second voice". The event was presented by the Institute of Contemporary Dance at 212 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts on December 3, 4, 5, 1976. The version printed here has been improvised by the editors.

sit on it
the spine curves
mind
on the tip of the nose

Coyote says to Frogwoman
"you are the fourth woman I've seen today"
"no" she replies
"you are the man I am meeting for the fourth time"

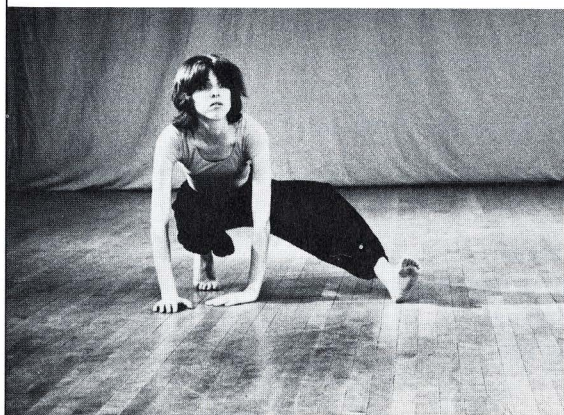
thinking falling

thinking sitting the world began
color speaking from the tips of tree branches
speaking of the world beginning
thinking with the breathing tips

sitting on the world
began the breathing
meeting Frogwoman Coyote got confused
he had never met another person
in the world
“you are the man I am meeting” she said
speaking with a clear mind

speaking of the world
beginning

sit



sitting falling

thinking with the breathing

thinking falling

mind

on the tip of the nose

"no" she replied



"you're the fourth woman I've seen today"
"no" she replied

the world began
colours speaking
from the tips of tree

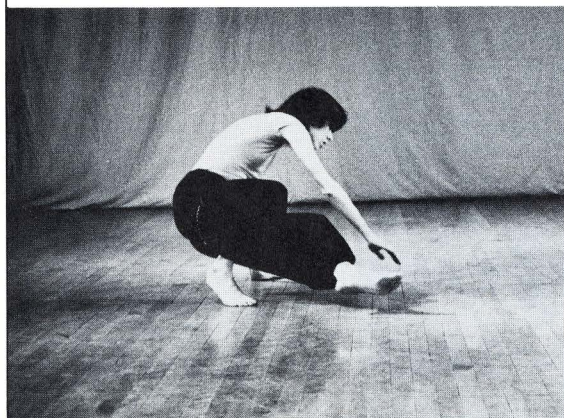
Coyote got confused
he had never met another person

falling

thinking falling

branches speaking of the world

"no" she replied



"you are the man I am meeting for the fourth time"

Coyote got confused

speaking with a clear mind

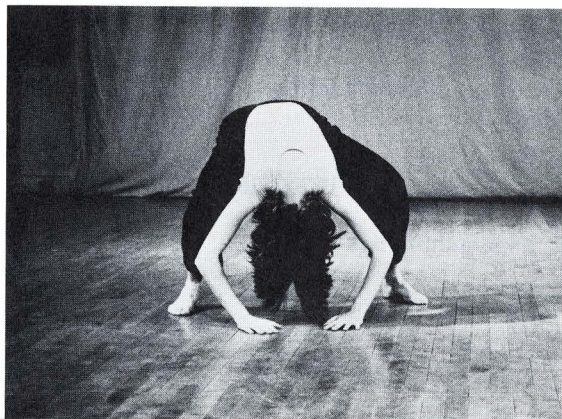
the world began

Frogwoman said

the spine curves

"no"

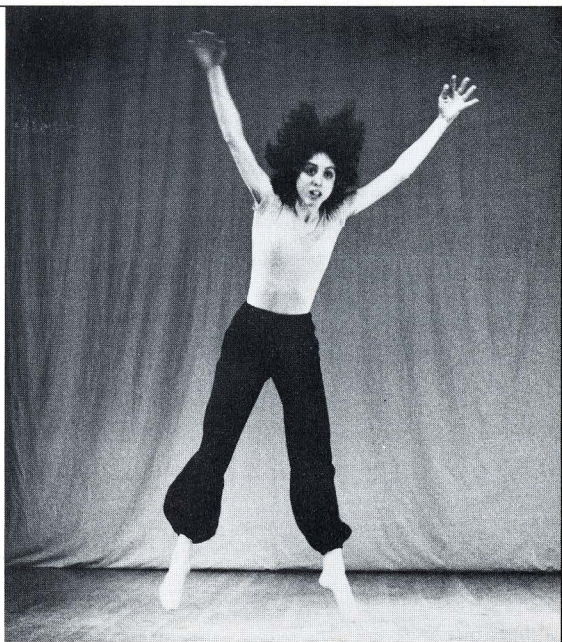
"I'm the woman you're meeting"



"I'm the woman you're meeting"
"for the fourth time"
"for the fourth time"
"you're the fourth woman"
the world began
"I've seen today"



thinking falling
breathing
breathing colors
speaking of the breathing tips



Coyote got confused
speaking with a clear mind

from Program Notes for CHANGING FACES

What had created the possibility of beginning for me was Deborah's use of talking in her Release classes, which I attended. In the process of this talking, which is one way of directing the internal perceptors of her students . . . she made use of imagery in a way that I felt was similar to the use I made of it in my own writing. This imagery is not an illustration; this is a way of perception; in Deborah's words a way of creating feeling/states, which thru memory, decidedly a physical process, can be called back by the dancer into the available vocabulary when needed. The use of verbs as pure actions (walking, running, falling, etc.) suggested to me a possible transformation process of language to movement and movement to language. . . .

I have come to see these pieces as an active discourse, based on the understanding that verbal imagery has a direct effect in kinesthetic activity and visa versa. The language results from movement observed; the movement results from language heard. These performances result from both simultaneously. . . .

The rules that we set down after the first run-thrus were these:

The text of the poems is fixed. The syntactical units, the coherence of the imagery with which the poems are composed is to be respected. The order in which they occur is to be determined by the interaction between the poet and the dancer. The possible juxtapositions of given material, both in relation to its own parts, and in relation to its statement and silence, is dependent on the dialogue established between sound and movement, as the piece is being performed. The dancer is allowed to speak at any point and say anything. She is familiar with the given text, and may call out particular lines from the text, paraphrase it, or even misquote it. Her intentions are irrelevant, in any case. The poet may not alter the text in any way other than the order and duration of the lines. The piece is over when the sound and movement is over. No set visual or verbal signals are used. The end should be an ending of shared attention.

— PAUL KAHN

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

BRENDA RICHES lives in Saskatoon, is married and has three children. Egg's *The Travelling Companions* (25 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 30 $\frac{1}{8}$ ") is in the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham. Reproduced from *Victorian Painting*, ed. Graham Reynolds (Macmillan, N.Y.: 1966).

GEORGE BOWERING ("a former poet now writing stories") has new books coming out soon: *Protective Footwear*, stories from McClelland & Stewart and *A Short Sad Book: A Novel*, from Talonbooks. George edited Red Lane's *Letters From Geeksville* for Caledonia Writing Series (1976) — an intense and unforgettable book.

MARTIN AVERY lives in Toronto. His fiction has previously appeared in *The English Quarterly*, *direction*, *Freefall*, and the *Bracebridge Herald-Gazette*.

DON AUSTIN was born in Newfoundland three years before Joey "dragged it kicking and screaming into the 20th century." He began writing when he was ten or eleven by supplying new lyrics to the popular song "Battle of New Orleans" and "hasn't looked back since."

BARRIE JONES moved to Vancouver in 1965 from Ottawa. He was among the first graduates of UBC's BFA course and now is studio technician for the program. When he travels he always takes a hockey stick, goalie mask and Montreal Canadiens' sweater so that he can be photographed as a Canadian "cultural investigator" in the countries he visits. Some documentation of this activity will shortly appear in *This Magazine* (Toronto).

ARTIE GOLD lives in Montreal most of the time. The poems in this issue were written during a stay in Vancouver this summer and form a collection called *B.C. Trys*. Other poems from this work will be published in *Repository*.

MICHAEL DAVIDSON lives in San Diego and teaches at UCSD, where he is also the Director of the Archive for New Poetry. Sand Dollar Press has published two books by Davidson: *Mutabilities* and *Two Views of Pears*. Other sections from *The News* appeared in *Gnome Baker I*.

BETH JANKOLA is a practising, published, performing poet from Burnaby, B.C. *THE WAY I SEE IT* was published by Intermedia Press in 1974.

MARTIN JENSEN works at a local fine press. He wrote his first poems in English classes, aged 12, and then discovered Olson, Pound, Williams, etc. "If Live" derives from the premature deaths of father and brother, and "a perhaps mistaken reading of Rilke, Ouspensky and A. N. Whitehead."

DAVID PHILLIPS. These poems were part of a reading Phillips gave at Capilano College in March of this year. They are part of a collection entitled *Love, Work and Friendship*, to be published soon by Oolichan Books. He lives in North Vancouver.

JOHN PASS teaches at Capilano College. The B.C. poems are from *Lure*, which will be published by the Caledonia Writing Series, and "The Proximity" is from *Dedications*. Works from *Blossom, an Accompaniment* appeared in the recent issues of *B.C. Monthly* and *Repository*.

BOB ROSE now lives and works on Whidbey Island in Washington, from which vantage point he co-edits *B.C. Monthly*, does carpentry work, writes, and holds big summer parties. He has nearly completed a major work on Michael McClure.

LOIS REDMAN was born and lives in Vancouver. She worked as a room clerk at a ski resort, a legal secretary, an accountant, an insurance clerk and a self-employed dressmaker before she decided to return to school full-time in 1975. At present she is working part-time as a typesetter and is a Creative Writing student at Capilano College. These poems are her first publication.

SHELLEY ROBERTS, 26, was born in Vancouver. She has worked as a bookseller, waitress, reporter, and last year, Editorial Assistant for *The Capilano Review*. This is her first published poetry.

TOM GRAFF came to Vancouver in 1969. Trained as a singer, he became an artist with a special interest in the Theatre Piece after being introduced to its practice by John Cage and Gathie Falk. He soon became known in his own right in this difficult medium involving choreographed movement, sound and visual material. Graff is also a curator of exhibitions (notably *Hey Diddle Diddle*, Burnaby Art Gallery, Christmas, 1976) and designer/author (with Alfred Siemens) of books on music. He is currently preparing *St. Mark* for the Legatoria Piazzesi, Venice.

GLADYS HINDMARCH began writing her boat stories, based on her experiences as a mess girl and cook on coastal freighters, in 1967. When they are completed, which she hopes will be this year, they will be published by Talonbooks. In the past two years she has read at Yellowknife, Nanaimo, Castlegar, San Jose and Vancouver. She has two books in print — *A Birth Account* (New Star Books) and *The Peter Stories* (Coach House Press). "Just Because These Words" follows "Zeballos, B.C.," the boat story which appeared in *The Capilano Review* #4.

GREG HOLLINGSHEAD teaches Eighteenth-Century Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Alberta, Edmonton. He writes short stories while working on his third novel to date.

TOM BURROWS has lived in B.C. since the early 60's and became a sculptor after graduating from UBC. For several years he taught Fine Arts at UBC. He was an important participant in the Mud Flats community on the beach off Dollarton Highway until it was demolished through community pressure. He now lives on Hornby Island, B.C.

BARRY COGSWELL was born in England in 1939. He studied pottery at the Hammersmith School of Art in London. Two years after his emigration to Canada, in 1971, he began to make sculpture. His work has been exhibited at the Vancouver Art Gallery, the Burnaby Art Gallery and, most recently, at the Pender Street Gallery and SFU. He is participating in a sculpture symposium, *Wood Sculpture of the Americas*, this summer in West Vancouver. He is currently working on *Single Columns*, for the Vancouver Art Gallery show *From This Point of View: 60 B.C. Painters, Sculptors, Photographers, Graphic and Video Artists* in September 1977.

MICHAEL RUMAKER lives in South Nyack, N.J. His first new published story in a long time, "A Night at the Movies," is in Issue No. 1 of *periodics*, a new Vancouver prose magazine edited by Daphne Marlatt and Paul de Barros. Rumaker also has three long poems in the recent issue of *St. Andrews Review*, and *Credences* will be publishing his lengthy reminiscence "Robert Duncan in San Francisco." "Crow Dog and Black Elk" first appeared in *Bezoar*. (*periodics* is \$3.00 per issue, 4/\$10, Box 69375, Postal Station K, Vancouver V5K 4W6.) We hear that Crow Dog is now out of prison, on parole.

SID MARTY was raised in Alberta, educated in Montreal. He has worked as a Park Warden for most of the last ten years. His first book, *Headwaters*, was published by McClelland and Stewart in 1973. Sid says: "For the past two years I have been working on a kind of autobiographical book on the life of a Park Warden, an attempt to punch out the limits between fiction and non-fiction. What I'm basically trying to do, is tell the truth and pay off a mortgage at the same time. It is proving to be impossible." He presently lives in Canmore, Alberta, and works in the Stoney Creek backcountry area of Banff National Park.

KEN CATHERS was born in 1951 in Ladysmith, B.C., where he lives and works in a mill. He has published poetry in *The Tamarack Review* and in *Skookum Wawa*, and has one book recently published by Oolichan Press: *Images on Water*.

MARK MADOFF was born in Detroit, raised in Windsor, and is now living in Sidney, B.C. He has had two books published, both of them poem series: *Paper Nautilus* (1973) and *The Patient Renfield* (1976). Poems have appeared in *3¢ Pulp* and *Canadian Poetry Annual 1976*. More *Sulphurous Poems* will be included in *3¢ Pulp, an Anthology of Subversive Writings*, coming out this spring. He is currently working on a poetic memoir of his great-uncle, tentatively entitled *Max and the Bees*.

ELIZABETH HAY lives and writes in Yellowknife, N.W.T. Her work appeared in Issue No. 7. "jazz" is from a series called "More White."

PAUL KAHN has been living in the Boston area for the past 4 years. Currently he is working on a collection of new writing and some critical essays, and co-editing the monthly newsletter-magazine, *BEZOAR*. Tuumba Press in Berkeley will be publishing his *January*, a poem-in-parts, as part of their Second Series of chapbooks this year.

DEBORAH CHASSLER has been dancing and teaching Release Technique in the Boston area since 1975. Previously she taught at the University of Rochester, MoMing in Chicago and Dartington College in England. In addition to the Boston performance of "Changing Faces" with Paul Kahn, she toured the eastern U.S. with trombonist/composer James Fulkerson this past winter, improvising music and dance within the structures of Fulkerson's "C.S. #1".

RONNIE TESSLER is still pursuing her interest in the Rodeo (lately in Calgary), and works on the North Shore as a free-lance photographer. *Wedding in August* was originally shot in colour in The Butchart Gardens. The groom wore red running shoes.

TOD GREENAWAY, who does regular assignments for *The Capilano Review*, is a free-lance photographer working out of his home in Vancouver. He is currently working on a series of family portraits of the inhabitants of his Chinatown co-operative condominium.

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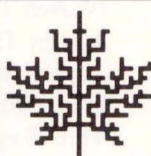
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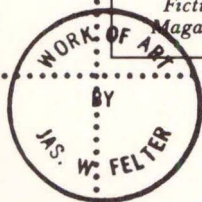
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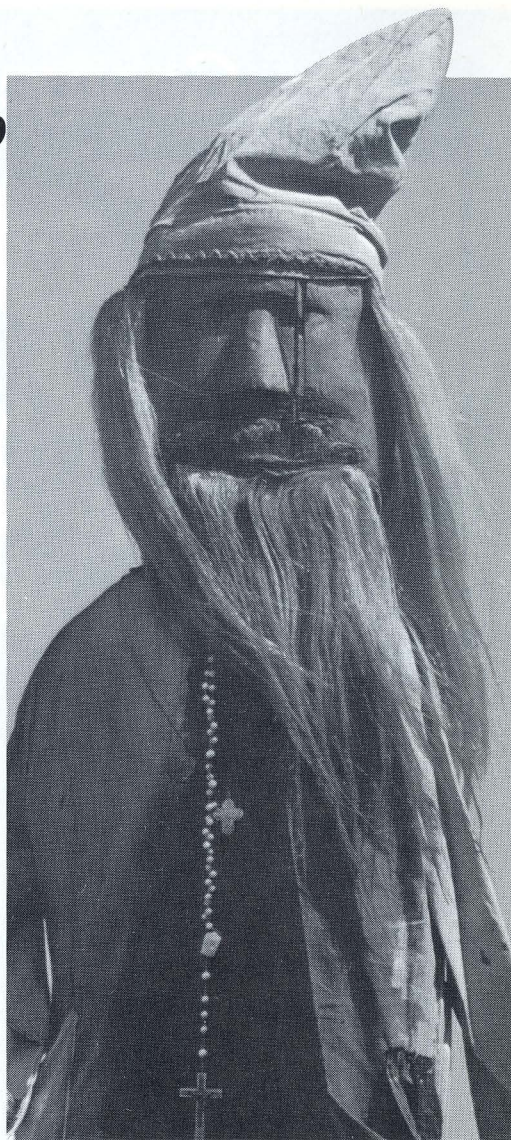
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Wolfe's News Depot, 1570 de Maisonneuve Boulevard West

SAINT PAUL, MINN.

Truck Distribution Service, 1645 Portland Avenue

SEATTLE

Agenbite Bookshop, 2300 - 24th East

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The S.C.M. Book Room, 333 Bloor Street West

York University Bookstore, Central Square Plaza,
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Simon Fraser Bookstore, SFU

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