

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW



# IN MEMORIAM

bpNichol

September 30, 1944-September 25, 1988

our bodies, our sounds, words, this page, even as you read,  
even as your vision, your life — uneven, even — fade, fades.

bpNichol, *TCR* #45.

|                     |                  |
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# THE CAPIANO REVIEW

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1988

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COVER

*Stacked Falls (detail)*

Alan Wood

## Gordon Turner / TWO POEMS METAPHORS WHERE COHO

To swerve and vanish in the river  
is a way to life. (So many fish  
seeking the same shoal.)

I'll send you messages on a ripple  
of water, a tremble of leaf. I'll find  
metaphors where coho are hurrying  
to spawn.

I'll stroke a dapple of sunlight  
each dawn till a purring fills  
your city room. I'll strike my latent

senses against these cedars that seem  
to darken the sun hoping  
for a fire that can be seen  
where it matters.

## IN A MOMENT / BECOME LIFE

Not wanting to leave this valley, these  
mountains I am glacier moving on  
not wishing it. Could I

take this thin thin air into my  
lungs, hold it forever in a moment  
become life, would I  
find the vertebrae of rock-slides  
reforming along my spine, tree-line  
ridged into the folds of my neck, could I

rearrange the scars of logging cuts  
gashed across the timbered slopes into open  
sores along my ribs, would I  
reassemble my tissue and crystallize it  
silver-white an early-frost poplar  
against the sun, should I  
allow snow-laden firs to etch  
themselves fossil-prints  
upon the mind's days ahead?

remain still, let the avalanches  
rumble where they will, a distant  
heartbeat

## J. Michael Yates / THREE POEMS

SA 2 JUL 1988 3:11 AM

5

The numberlessness of northern green.  
Silver of dead yellow cedar flames high across cobalt  
sky.

Detail of young summer abstracted by winter dying in the  
altitudes.

Panic bullets low: an ashen bird flashes over the snow.

SA 2 JUL 1988 10:52 AM

6

Photograph of me holding in both hands the pierced heart  
of a grizzly bear.

The laughter and death of grizzly pumped what was north  
of north into north.

The holed-heart of the grizzly has become me.

The ears work fine, the nose is sharp, the eyes  
unreliable as always, but the massive adrenals still pumping, the  
beast keeps on coming.

Wet you can bear being wet      Cold you can bear being  
 cold      But never      both wet and cold      The idea of plant  
 growing on naked rock      under ice      falls with difficulty on  
 naked mind

# Chris Warren / TWO POEMS

## RED ROCKET

From a great height I watch  
the streetcars move.

I see  
them move and hesitate  
(move and hesitate).

Now one  
lifts, heaves itself into the air!

It's cold and grave above the clouds  
but finer than the crowds down there.

I watch it pass me. No-one  
is amazed. The sun  
glints off the motionless wheels.

A child gnaws the metal window trim.  
No-one moves to scold him.

Roads and blocks, neighbourhoods, wards  
pass beneath the oil-dripping streetcar belly.

It angles through the clouds, the bell  
is clanging madly: then a swell of air  
jolts the standing passengers, who  
curse and apologize to their immediate neighbours.

It was the last of the streetcars I saw, and all  
of them went that way:

lurching loudly through the clouds  
then

not a sound: nothing left  
behind but a slight  
very quickly mended wound in the clouds

## JERUSALEM

The stars  
in the blue black sky  
they blur  
around the stars  
of Orion's belt

The grave  
stones in  
the military  
cemetery  
all  
revolve around the central  
cross

and all  
the bus  
passengers move  
around the man  
the old man  
aging  
and  
the numbers  
vague, blue  
through the hair  
on his arm

Jerusalem  
moves around  
the bus around  
some spine  
below the stars  
in the blue black sky

and all  
the hills  
around her  
heave  
dance  
like the bride  
groom  
on a blanket of arms

## Margaret Horvath / TWO POEMS

### PAINTING OF LADY PLAYING VIOLIN

The hand fingering missing strings  
Is larger than the head.

Her presence, part in pencil, part in oil,  
Is dimmer than the baroque moil of music

Which we do not hear except in the limbo curtain  
Flat behind vermilion hair and eyes.

There is no wisdom here, nor warmth  
Except for the abstract mind which feeds on abstract form

And, triptych in itself, does not mind  
An image in three parts, and finds

All music for ear is also eye.  
Shape persists. Trend dies and dies.

## WATER

The wound carved by water    deep  
    slowly seeped  
    into me

I'm caught in its oozing gloom  
    deadly  
this madwoman complacency

## Kathy Fretwell / THREE POEMS FLASH UP IN DRYDOCK

Weighed by failures I depart  
this flimsy course and enter

a shoreline paralleling the fogged horizon.  
Gulls catcall, a child's fiery ball  
slides between crayoned sky and water.

Particles sneeze silver dust on the horizon  
flexing into an elastic band  
I pull and snap at will.

A primitive vessel  
I'm a spy in nature's house.

The seascape is stoked crimson,  
even gulls blush, chattering beach bums

hushing to my gull commands, I find  
poetry in their calligraphic tracks.

Sunset suspended, navy hovering,  
this eggshell-blue seam splits —  
I sail out, full tilt.

## HIATUS

Anemic blue, summer beaches  
under a white yawn.

Clouds urinate  
on maple flame.

Frosted and cross-  
legged, I ache

for spring's extroverted twitch:  
the horizon hums, a party line.

For luck I toss salt over  
my shoulder and butterfly through cobalt.

## THE LEAP

Doubts twist the aerial view,  
I'm dizzy chasing these altitudes.  
Ill-wind scorches today  
with tomorrow's chimera, yesterday's crash.

Success to success is not easy,  
not like a crow's flight where I'd forget  
each updraft's lit moment.

I blowdried feathers so often  
I've stopped  
testing waves for flotsam,  
clouds for hidden mountains.

Lowering gold-tipped on wavelets  
the sun is best viewed  
from below with Daedelus's faith.

Alan Wood /  
PROCESS AND PROGRESS: THE ROCK



## INTRODUCTION

Alan Wood's presence in the Vancouver painting scene over the last fifteen years has been and continues to be large and influential. Generous to a fault to those whose work he respects, he has little tolerance for the superficial, the trendy, the dogmatic. If this makes for a certain abrasiveness in his personality, it also underscores the seriousness of his commitment to painting.

That commitment is large: the evidence is in the range and quality of his production: charcoal drawings; watercolours; prints; paper collages; canvas collages; unstretched canvas pieces; stretched canvasses; wood/canvas/aluminum/plexiglass constructed pieces; and, of course, the monumental/environmental constructions that compose the *Ranch* piece. Through all the shifts in scale and combinations of media, Wood's concentration on the nuances and dramas of paint application demonstrates his love for the raw basics of painting: the paint is stained, dripped, poured, speckled, brushed, layered, scraped, impastoed, transferred and "cast" into and onto the surfaces with a vigor and sensitivity that enliven the eye.

Wood is resolutely in the modernist tradition. He is an abstractionist who understands modernism from its European origins, through the contributions of post World War II American, Canadian and European painting, up to and including those contemporaries who also believe in the continuing vitality of abstraction, painters as diverse in their own production as Paterson Ewen, Brice Marden, Jake Berthot, Elizabeth Murray, Anselm Kiefer and Gerhard Richter, to name a few. Along with these and others, Wood is making a significant contribution to the formal language of modernist abstraction.

Wood's contribution is not only through his paint application, but also through his expansion on the structural possibilities of collage, the method Motherwell considered the major invention of the modern period. Wood explores collage, and its analogous modes in larger scales — assemblage and construction — by combining a variety of techniques and materials. His exploration of collage, especially in building the structural elements of his larger pieces (as in *Ranch Piece with Field Fan and Gate*) demonstrates his experimental approach to the formal elements of picture making. For Wood there is no singular or "right" way to realize the image, and it certainly doesn't have to obey the confines of the conventional rectangle.

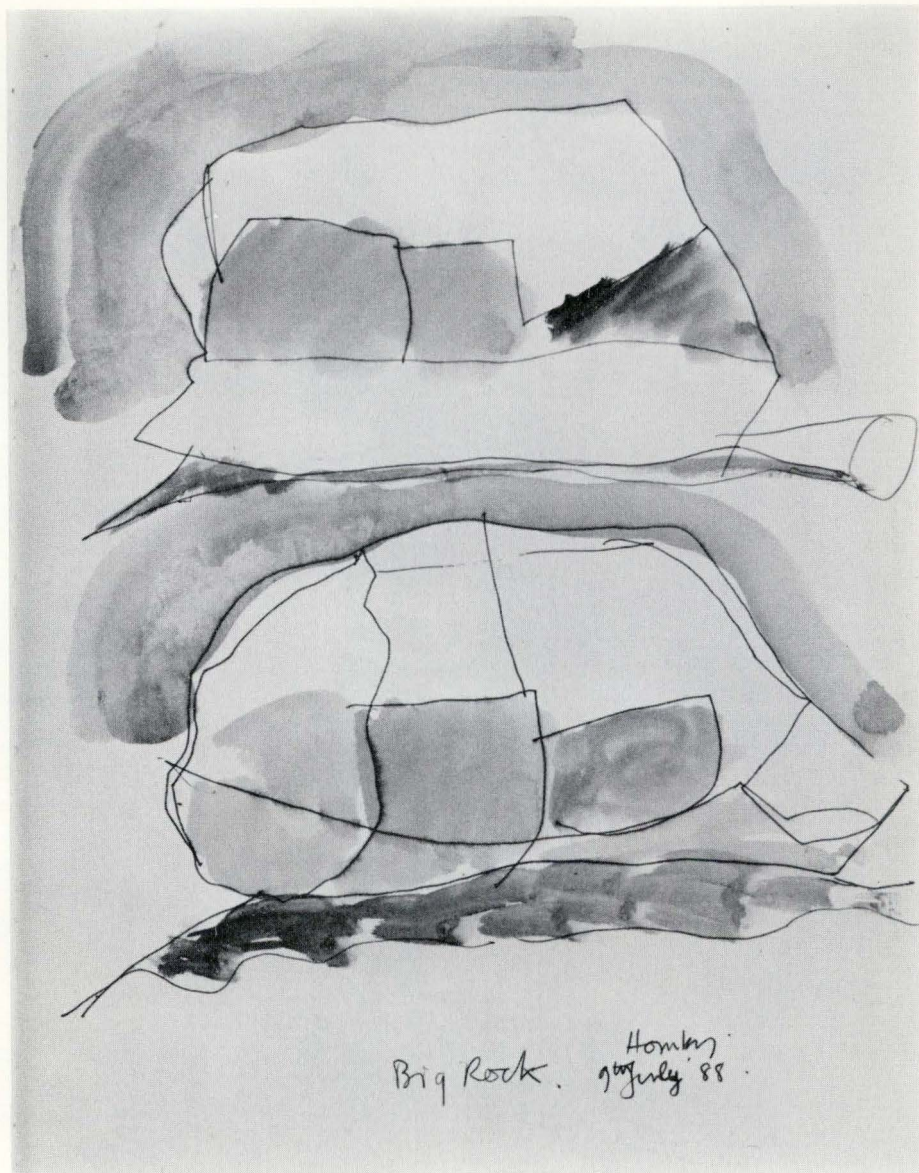
Wood's painting activity isn't merely experimental or formalist, however. His enduring subject is the landscape, in particular the vast expanses of sky, field, forest, rock and coast of Western Canada. His stance toward this varied terrain is never simply descriptive: his paintings re-enact both the energies of the natural objects he observes and the energies of his observations. But Wood's visual ambition has been deepened and made more complex by the recent death of his son, Danny, who was a young and promising painter himself. The closeness of their relationship, not only as father and son, but also as painters equally committed to observing and making, continues in Wood's current work and contributes to his re-evaluation of his task.

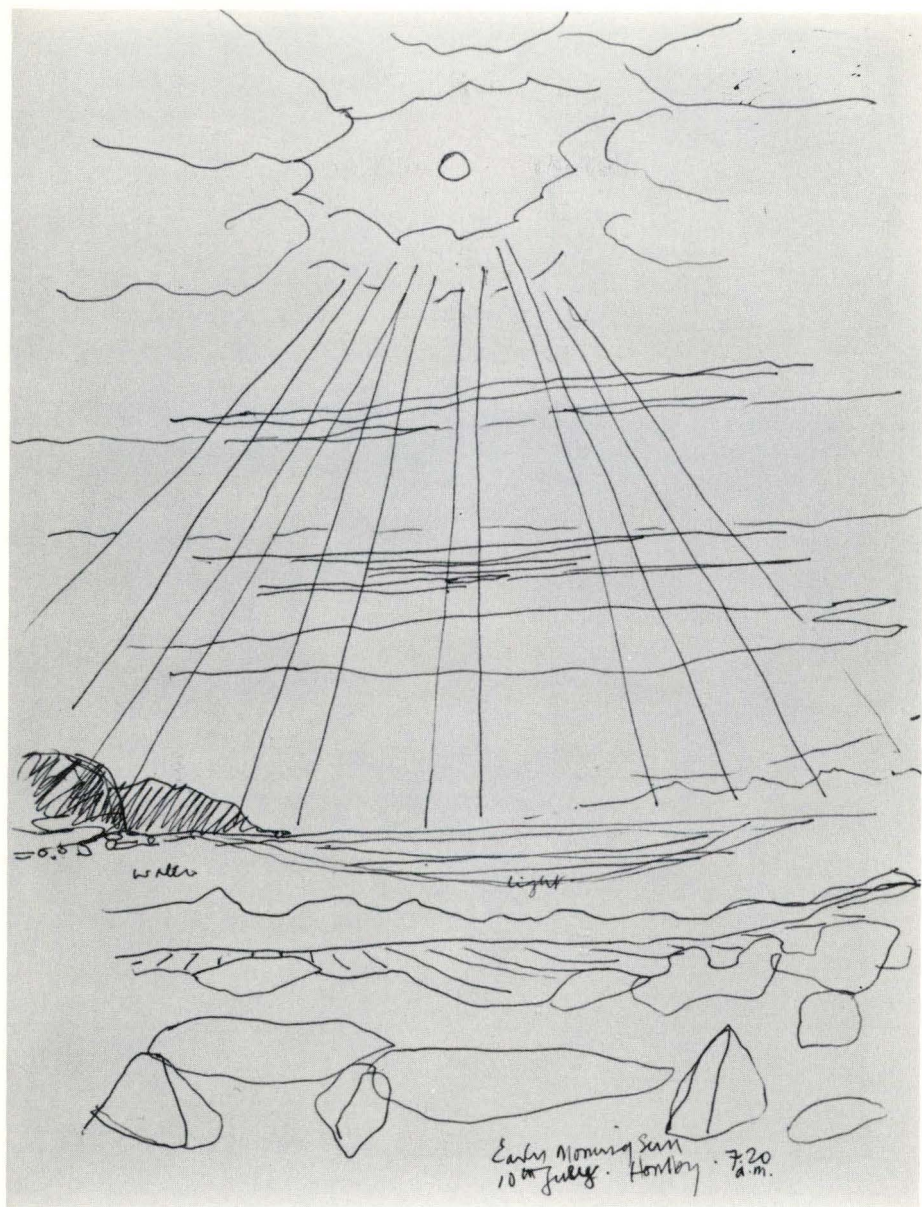
In this section the emphasis is on Alan Wood's visual processes: how he starts with close observation of a landscape element, in this case a specific rock on a beach on Hornby Island, and works his way through various stages — photographs, sketchbook drawings and notes, watercolours, collages — and arrives at what may be the starting point for a series of large scale works focussed on the initial motif and its formal implications.

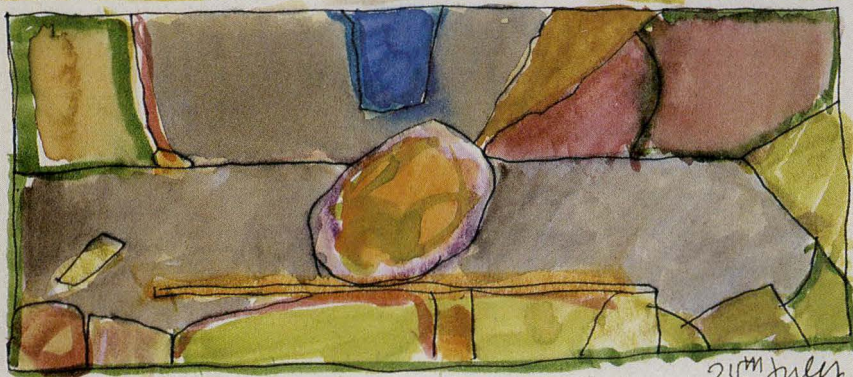
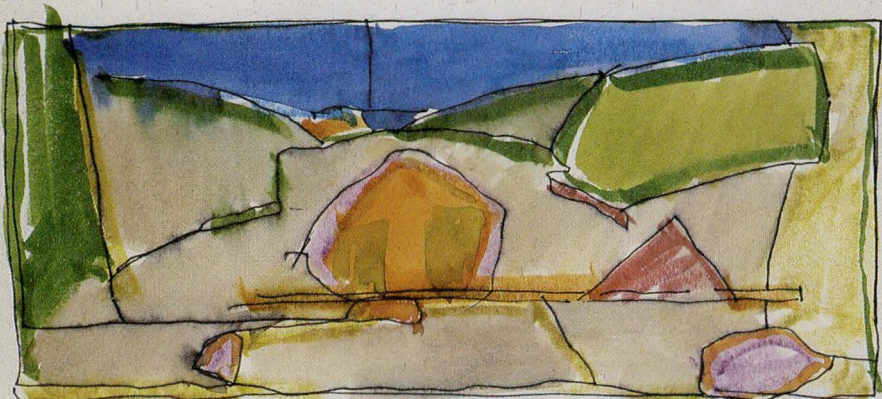
Pierre Coupey  
Assistant Editor











24<sup>th</sup> July



26<sup>th</sup> July

Art as metaphor for life.

Jonathan Borofsky  
"State of the Art".

The Rock : a soul.

Surface appearance - texture  
light / dark.

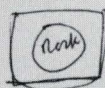
Colour.

(Core / centre / heart / spiritual centre) { soul. }

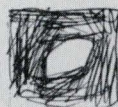
Surround

world / nature / sky / earth

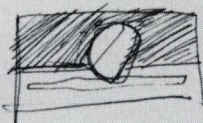
use oil  
paint  
over acrylic.  
on canvas  
or plywood  
etc etc.



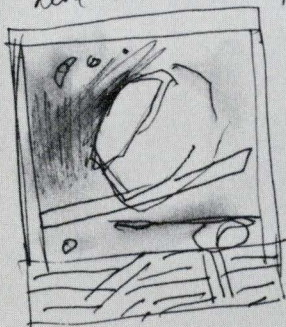
Tree



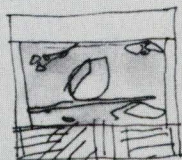
light / dark



Not just to deal with appearance but to use  
light / colour / texture / range of surfaces to  
deal with the spiritual presence of rock / tree etc  
or spiritual quality within the rock.

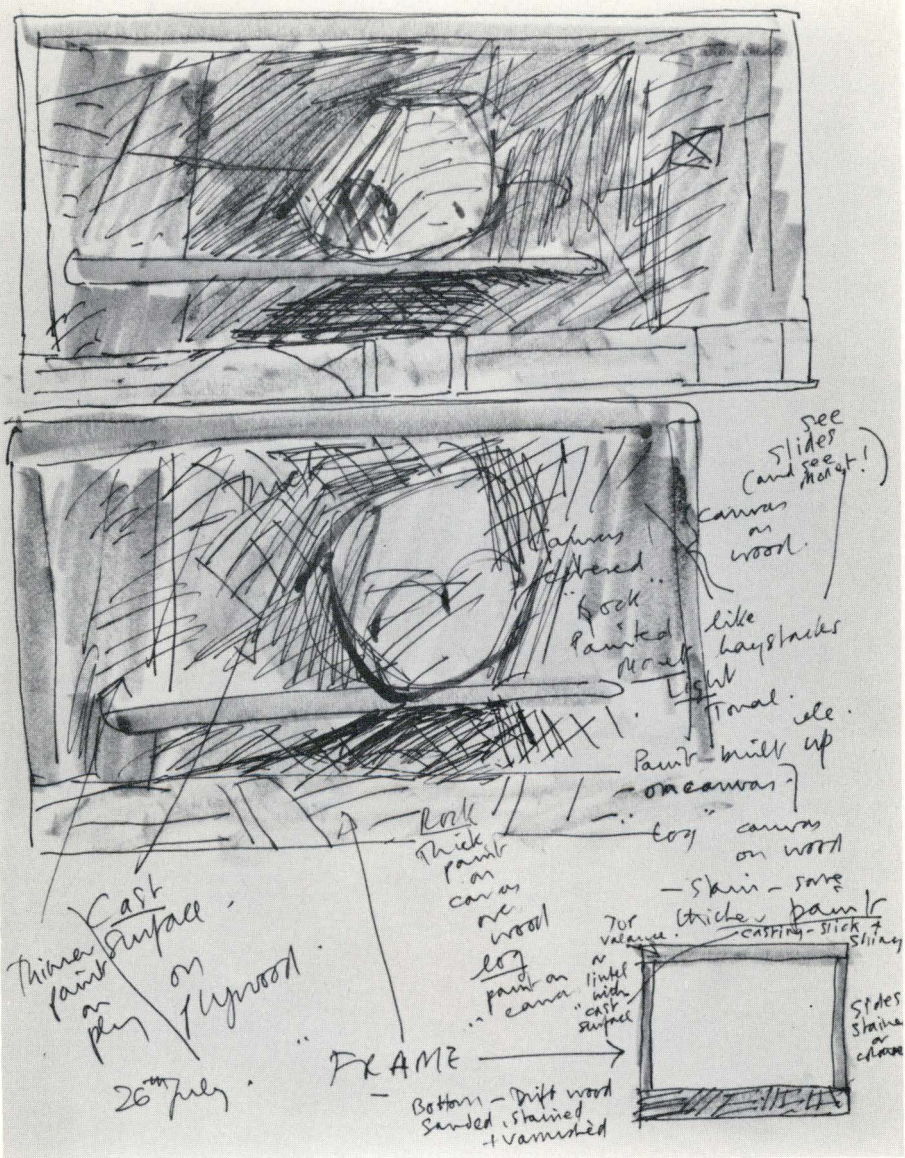


rock  
↓  
past / present / future



TIME  
PAST LIFE      THIS LIFE      FUTURE LIFE (AFTER LIFE)

IMBUE THE WORK WITH A  
SPIRITUAL LIGHT.







Rock + Sunlight Study #6    Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> '88.  
A.W.



Study for Rock & Sunlight. Sept 12<sup>th</sup>  
#3 '88. A.W.

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

On occasions I like to draw in the landscape. It is not always intended that this activity will lead to other works. Sometimes it does.

I have looked at this large rock for a number of years now. It is on Hornby Island, isolated on the shore, close to the ocean, below Arne Olsen's farm. Often it is high and dry, sometimes the tide washes right up to it, never over it. A huge log got wedged under it during a storm, maybe last winter.

I made a series of rock paintings and canvas collages, years ago, in Cornwall and Wales. Recently, I've known that my work had to have a deeper meaning both to myself and the viewer, to become more spiritual. Colour, texture and process remain important, but I need something else now, as well.

The rock drew me to it. I drew it and photographed it. I climbed on it, sat on it, slept on it, talked to it. Being close to the rock, touching it, was both comforting and stimulating. I could think new ideas, dream and weep. Proximity to the rock put me close to an inner force in myself and nature. I also felt very close to my son, Danny.

The sequence of illustrations shows the development from the drawings of the rock, made on the spot in a sketch book, to idea studies, through paintings and collage on paper.

It is quite likely that my work will move on and beyond this illustrated selection, perhaps to huge relief constructions or big loose canvas collages, three-dimensional pieces and walk-in dioramas. This is a small part of the ongoing development, beginning with an experience and becoming art. It will continue for the rest of my life.

Alan Wood,  
September, 1988



## IMAGES

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- 20 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 21 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 22 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 23 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 24 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 25 *The Rock, Hornby Island*, 1988, 35 mm.
- 26 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 27 *Sketchbook page*, 1988, mixed media, 11" × 8½".
- 28 *Study for Rock & Sunlight #4*, 1988, watercolour & pencil on paper, 10" × 7".
- 29 *Study for Rock & Sunlight #6*, 1988, watercolour & pencil on paper, 10" × 7".
- 30 *Study for Rock & Sunlight #3*, 1988, watercolour & pencil on paper, 10" × 7".
- 32 *The Rock #1*, 1988, acrylic and paper collage, 40½" × 28½".

### COVER

*Stacked Falls* (detail), 1988, acrylic and canvas collage, 95½" × 115¼".

Art photography by Robert Keziere.

## Erin Mouré / SIX POEMS ORDER, OR RED ENDS

If the order is not certain. The woman in the red cape  
lighting a cigarette.  
The red end of the cigarette.  
What is known, known,  
guides us, our tentative hands.  
At night, I dream my mouth deep into your body, my hands.  
We are looking at each other.  
There is a door between us. Our hands touch.

Open.

### ORDER 2

To connect for the first time, "this  
remarkable love."  
The arm entwined with the body, & entwined again,  
leaving the fingers. Reflex points for  
the sinuses, not the heart.  
I test them. We test them.

We like this.

We go on.

### ORDER 3

A light scramble over the dance floor  
leaves us breathless. The grey shale above,  
& over that, the sheer mtn passes.

What we can, or cannot  
speak to. We move on.

With our backs turned, you can see  
o reader, not what you recalled  
of women's beauty, but

ropes, & crampons.

#### ORDER 4

Don't be afraid of thinking  
otherwise. All poems have  
their own amazing order,  
by which we decode  
"the author's intention."

Millions of people get sick of this in Grade 10  
& never  
read  
poetry again.

Later, I tell a group of supervisors that  
solving a problem has its ontological aspect,  
& is like making a poem.

I read them one by Miklós Radnóti  
that starts:

"The moon hangs on a clouded sky.  
I am surprised that I live."

We go on.

Don't make the mistake of thinking this  
is poetry. It's not. I just had to say this.  
It was in order.

(It is also o.k. to say "ontological"  
at this point  
in the narrative.)

## ORDER 5

If so, this is narrative.

## ORDER 6

The problem of our  
disobedience.

*You are tied to your Catholic upbringing.*

G. says.

But Catholicism in Alberta was different, she insisted.

Both ascetic and opulent.

The poor were ascetic and the rich opulent.

We could pass thru the eye of a camel,  
or whatever.

I tell you.

We were that insistent, & thin.

The rich, too.

It's enough now.

*We remember everything.*

## ORDER 7

So much influence just ends up  
sounding like mockery.  
For example: "The red end of the cigarette."  
Who said that?

Certain tests can indeed be applied to  
the chemical surface of the poem.  
Neurasthenic glamour is everywhere, wobbling  
on "dude" knees.  
But nothing about the author.  
*Is she a good lay?*  
*Can she kiss?*  
Who knows.

## ORDER 8

This remarkable love. Certain  
pressure points of touch, by which  
the world is made manifest  
to the inner organs, the liver, heart, lungs.

It all fits.

The pancreas sees thru a horizontal slat  
just over the joint of the thumb, under  
the middle fingers.

The feet too. Feet & hands, by which is visible  
the internal order.  
Red ends of the cable, open

When they touch any being, the  
impulse begins

## ORDER 9

Sybilline light of the women, dancing  
The air bladder of a fish,  
turned upward

These comparisons, what we can or  
cannot, etc., compare to  
At night, remarkable or

hilarious.

Oh, do what you want, friends of mine.  
I'm putting my coat on, holding my arms  
up over my head, hair, not  
*with it*, having danced in the cigarette smoke,  
unable to breathe now, having

had or not had  
"a light scramble over the dance floor," or  
"two kisses," or should I say  
"the eye of a camel," or even  
"two beers"

## SHUTTER DOOR

A woman behind  
a shutter door. Concentrates. On the radio, the  
word "rain." Over & over, those  
immutable sentences, jewels fallen  
to the earth.

The cat tears at her leg. The cat jumps up  
on the table.

The woman looks up.

"Those immutable sentences."

—

A world where "this," & "this"  
come together. People bring wine into  
the restaurant, as is the custom.  
Coats on the backs of chairs.  
They sit down, their good shirts  
& elbows, the signs to one another, hello.  
We eat. More wine.  
Laughter.  
Our heads bow closer.  
This, & this.

—

If a woman steps out from the restaurant  
into the starlit  
night. Wanting to speak  
about those stars.  
Not "light," but "time."  
The presence of the "past."  
The intertwining of this, or any,  
moment.

—

A line drawn from the sky to the ground produces  
amiable behaviour. Another woman passes &  
looks out, they both smile, look down, look  
up again. Look over. Wanting

to speak about those stars but not daring.  
Wanting the intertwining of this or any  
moment.

In the restaurant, at the table,  
the others are still eating.  
The crowd  
howls.

—

Specifically, habit of speech over food.  
Break bread, they say, leaning forward,  
laughing it up a bit.  
Oh, enough wine. No, more!  
Someone puts a coat on & leaves, comes  
back again. We laugh. Oh,  
the stars come on over the table.  
As if we were out in the field, & the granary,  
dark & full,  
had come over the hill, to join us.  
Talking that loud.

—

The woman behind the shutter door. The line  
between ground & sky is, in fact,  
the word “behind.” Without which, would you  
know what was happening?  
The *woman*?  
The *shutter door*?  
Where are they?

—

What is the shutter door hiding.  
The people in the restaurant have been noisy  
for a long time, interrupting each other.  
The woman concentrates, not “oblivious”  
but calculating  
specific differences: the space between  
the elbow & the end of  
the arm

The hand, say.  
The hand opening the shutter door.

—

On the street the woman passes, or (please)  
*hesitates*, watching her,  
seeing those stars.

—

How can saying “opening the door”  
make it open?

How can saying “make it open”?

We all can be sure of this, can’t we?

The dust of the stars in their hair?

Who knows, afterward.

Who knows if the door is open or  
shut, because you say so.

Who knows if the woman has heard any of this.

The people in the restaurant have stopped eating.

The field has shut up.

If the door is shut, maybe the woman is not even  
there.

We are left with the shutter door.

Oh, time, in the form of  
stars.

—

Help us.

cure our sentences.

## THIS ICE, OR THE AUNTS

O nineteenth century houses.

Where is your breath in the doorway when I walk in?

Holding my handfuls of pure scribble,  
pure sensible, pure corn.

Where is the thousandth year of frost, in a year of storm,  
in a year where the trees are in cold leaf & we  
wash our faces with those leaves, spiting the frost.

In us there is nothing of a century.

In us no mark of a single day!

Our t-shirts are knitted, their plant-life whispers to the trees.

Already we remember nothing!

Nothing but pure corn.

Where is your century?

Your houses?

Feminism?

Rain?

We are wearing our arms like possible love.

As if there could be one more or less embrace!

Not seeing the storm!

I think of the black coats of our aunts

in the world, pensive or furious at the uncles,  
scraping ice from the doorway.

O summer! The avenue, hot houses. Look at it!

Today!

Do you remember the aunts in their overcoats. . .

Do you remember their tears,

they, who with their eyes could say nothing.

Nothing with their voices.

Where *is* this ice?

# PLANES OVER ICELAND, OR MODERN TRAVEL

## A DESCRIPTION

It is a description of a woman. She's out in the grass  
before the flat-roofed houses, long herringbone  
coat done up at her neck, scarf & same-coloured *boina*,  
or tam.

She wears her hair inside her hat, hearing it  
better & better, her hair talks of the tree.

She walks toward it.

She is her own description,  
only. The sky is blue & the drapes pulled  
in the windows. The air light sings, coldly.  
Her hair listens.

O ocean.

*Perestroika*,\* she thinks. The tree sings.

*Planes over Iceland*, she thinks.

\* Perestroika: "restructuring": refers to the restructuring of the Soviet economy, part of Gorbachev's "glasnost."

## THE GREEN ISLAND

What says enough, or doesn't say  
at all: the voyage over the pole traverses  
the green island.

The woman's coat done up for warmth  
in front of the flat-roofed houses:

*Belfast, Edinburgh, London, München.*

Or the Plateau Mont Royal.

Brown trees risen on the edge of the Mountain,  
not a mountain, a Rock land, not a rock land.

Her breath in the air.

She pushes her hands deeper into  
her pockets, no, into the description  
of her pockets.

## & BLUE SEA

One night she dreams she has  
a ticket on a plane that will pass over Iceland  
on its way to Edinburgh or Paris.

In the dream she packs her coat  
then lifts it out & wears it.

The coat is cold, as if left outside a long time.

What does it matter if she went to the  
desert in the previous poem, she thinks.

It's so much description.

The flat-roofed houses of the Plateau Mont Royal  
traded for the volcanic rock of Iceland.

The clouds part, or dawn comes, she wakes up  
with the stale taste of the plane in her mouth,  
& looks down, over the green cliffs  
& blue sea of the island.

## VISIBLE

More or less, the street & tree appear  
Visible. The white iron fence  
marks the perimeter of her house, her coat  
buttoned high up, & a scarf too.  
November & the cold air biting the throat  
& fingers,  
a description of cold air.  
To afford to go anywhere you need a ticket.  
To think of this & describe any trip  
you want to, costs you nothing,  
for example, the route over the pole  
to Europe.

First cross Iceland.

She turns toward the house again  
& touches the door handle, pulls her coat  
open, bows to  
the ancestor of the doorway, the cliffs of Iceland,  
walks in.

## STYLE, OR COURAGE

The fact is, more women are not murdered by their husbands.  
The fact is, it doesn't give you courage.  
The fact is, the disappeared woman was in fact found, her body, etc.  
Not many details. An autopsy, the skull  
bludgeoned, & shot. He told her, after all,  
he'd come & kill her after he got out of court where he was  
for hurting her.  
The facts make, poor  
poetry.  
A whole class of people, prefer, the light in the green  
leaves, the tremulous  
unusual wordings that indicate  
the poem's author. *Style*, they say.  
But the woman is dead.  
The body stares up at the green leaves,  
meat, for maggots.  
A few yards away, the highway.  
People go where they go.  
Women lie down, even tonight, with their murderers.

## TRIX

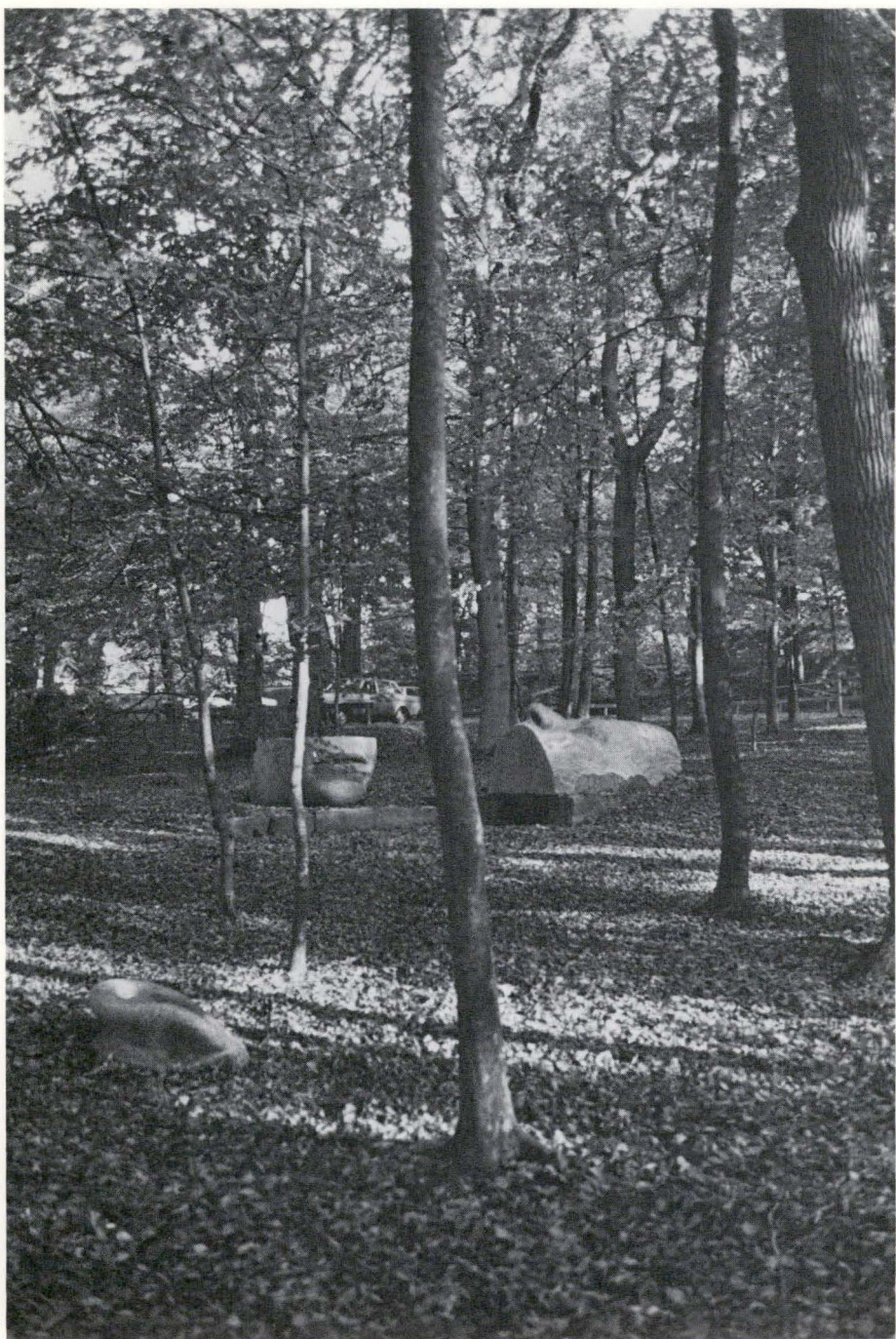
I'm starting to write like a dog. To scream like a dog chained to a post in a yard. Then lie down, close to the post. Rolling over on the post & writing with the pen in my right paw. You've seen me there, the heroic spot on my forehead, or between the ears, my paw on the fresh page, a few crumpled ones nearer the post or farther. Or just snoozing. Hair on my face, dreaming the undersides of cars. The cement foundation of the garage. The light between the fence pickets, with brief movies of the neighbour's children, their fat little knees & knickers, screaming. I can't write when kids are screaming, I'm a dog. I'm starting to write like a dog. When the light comes up over the garage I move into the shade & leave my papers near the post I'm chained to. I'm chained to a post, I can dream, can't I? You can see my white spot between the ears, or on my chest is it. Where dogs have spots, I want a spot there. I'm a dog, I'm not going to howl! People own me. It's a big yard. I can take it.

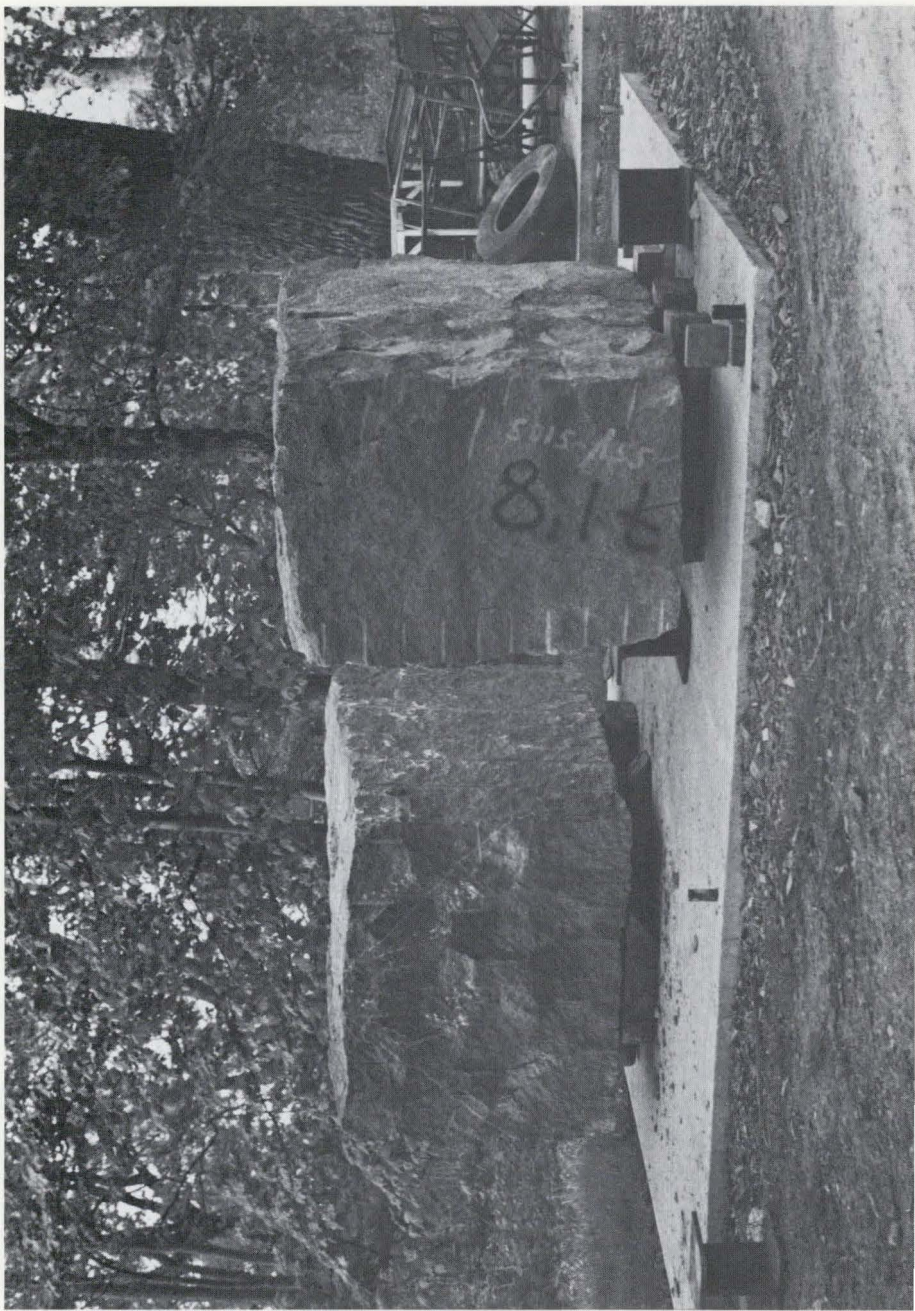
## George Rammell / SEEING RED: ÄTTEHÖGENS ANDE ARTIST'S STATEMENT

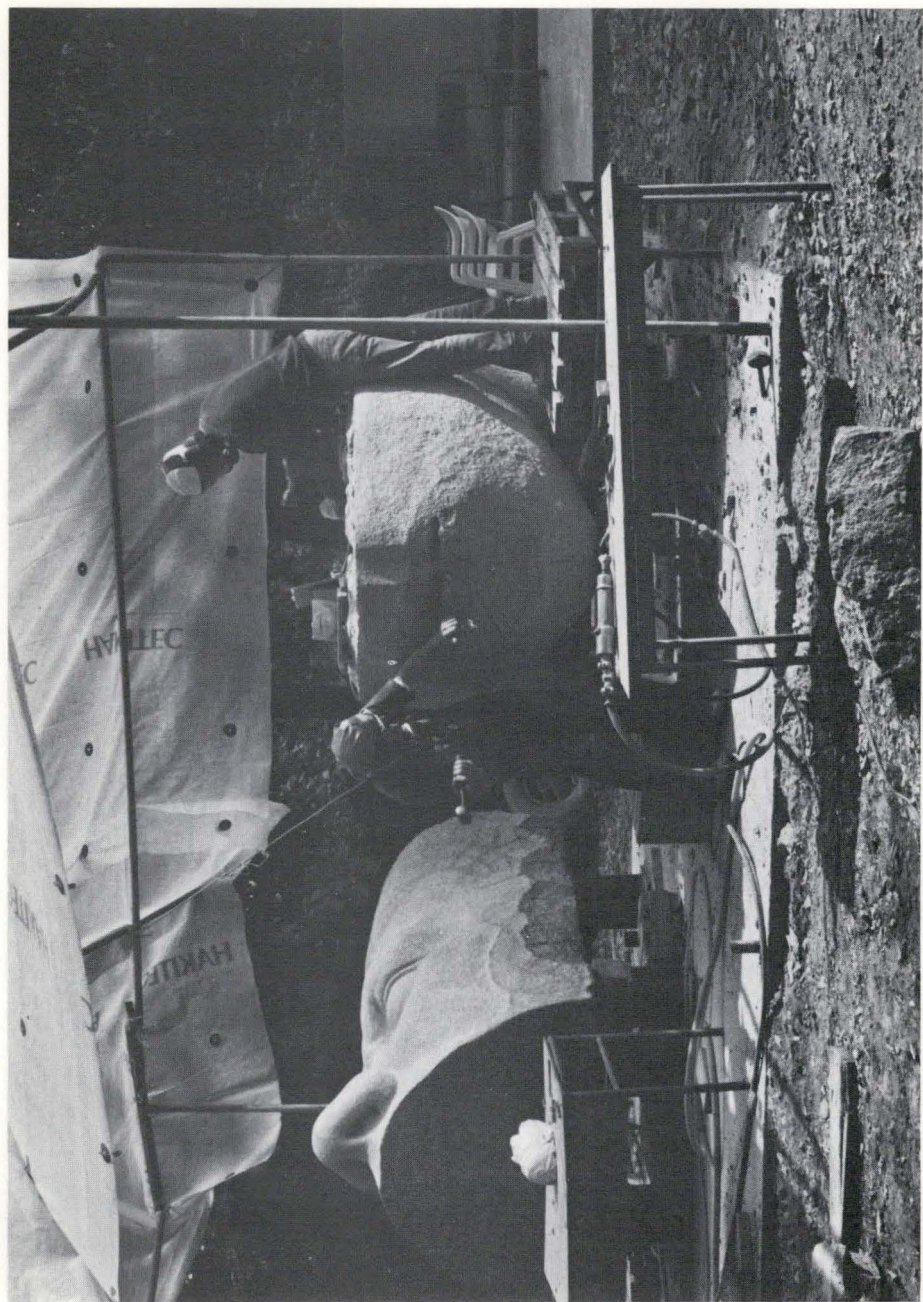
*The Capilano Review's* article, "George Rammell / Works in Progress," published in *TCR* #42 (1987), included an illustration of a projected sculpture entitled *Black Mound*. Sculptors frequently plan works for which no site, production-time or money is at the time available. It is, therefore, encouraging when an opportunity quickly arises which enables the sculptor to produce a development of that concept. For the summer of 1988, Rammell was invited to a sculpture symposium at Helsingborg in Sweden, and during that time he produced the granite sculpture *Seeing Red*.

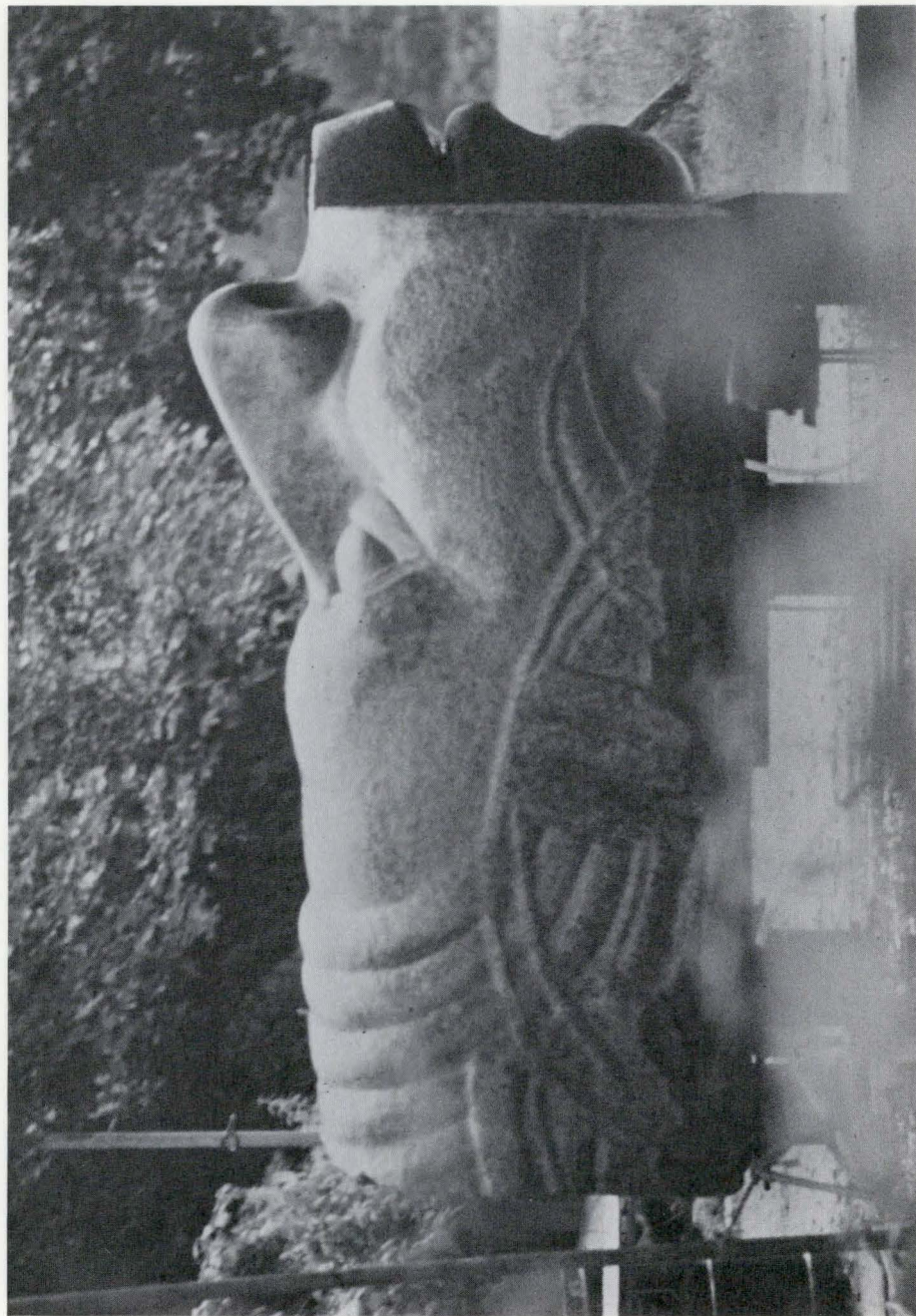
The piece was carved from three blocks of red granite weighing a total of 16 tons. The first piece that is seen when approaching the sculpture is the  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton ear, which is sited amongst the trees. The jaw block sits vertically 20 metres away, while the upper head lies back, partly landscaped into the hill and partly supported on columns which allow access into a small chamber beneath. The ear was carried to its final resting place, logs lashed to its sides, by a huge crowd on the evening of the unveiling, the evening of the full moon on August 27, 1988, the Swedish Crayfish Festival.

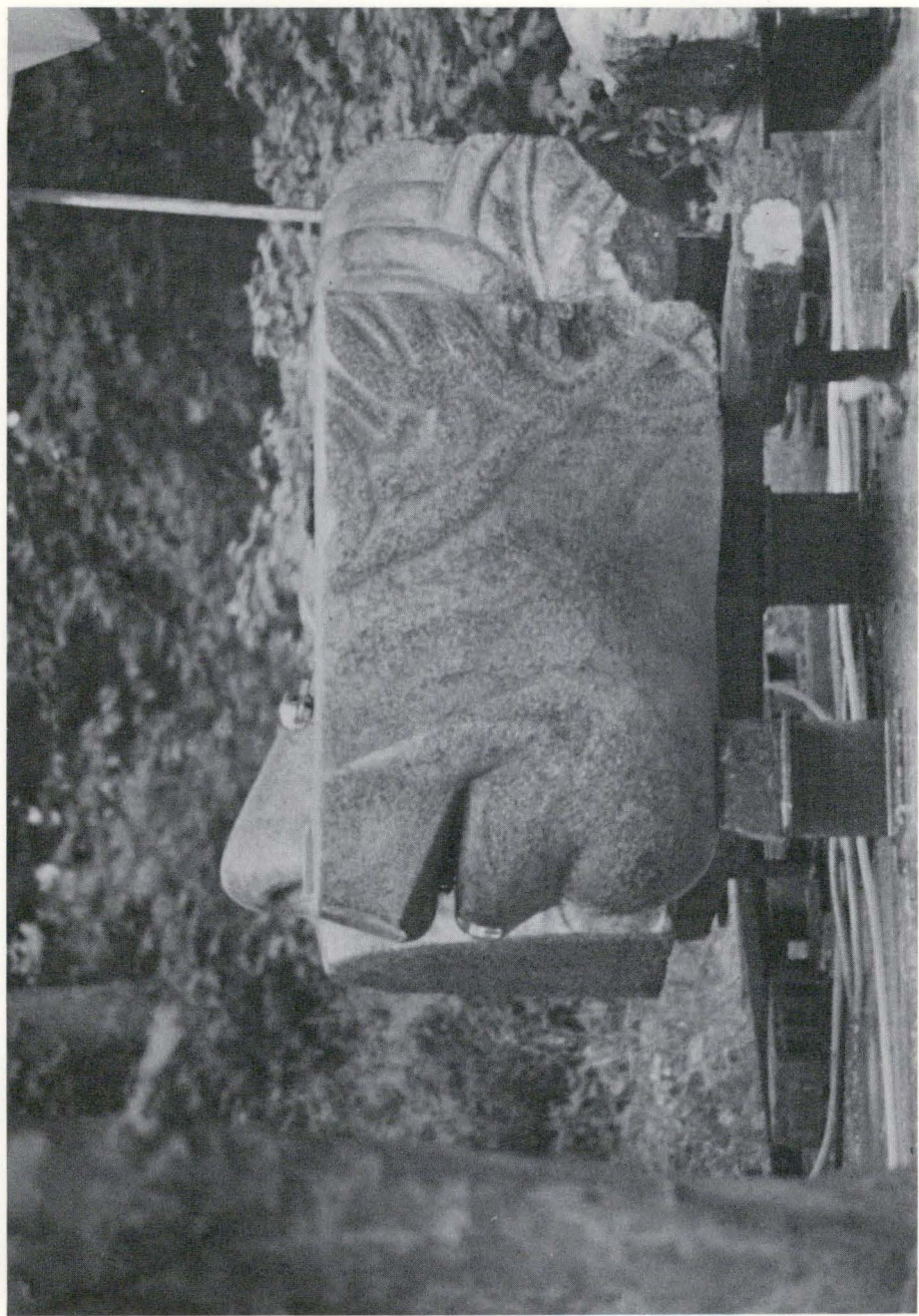
Barry Cogswell  
Visual Media Editor



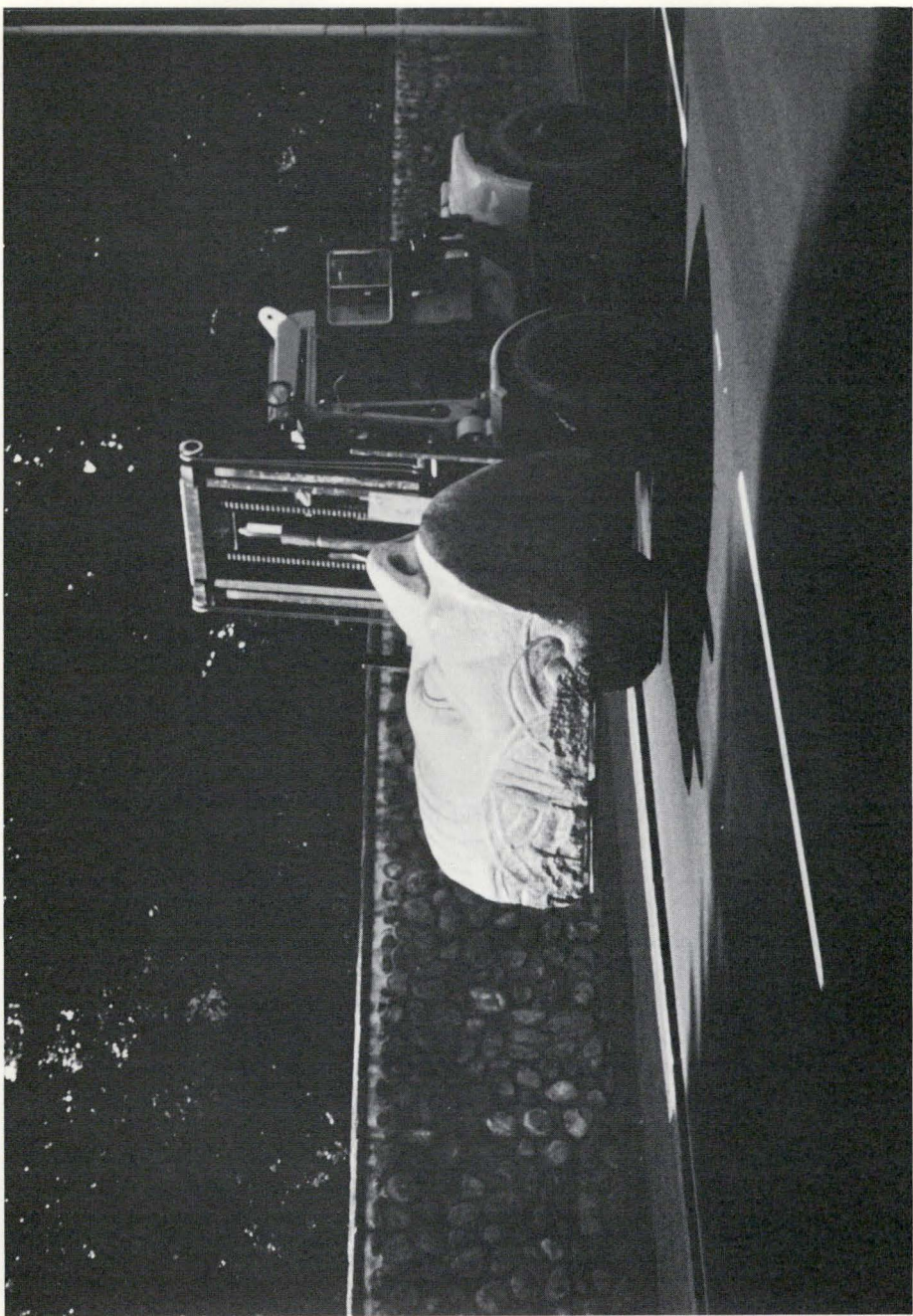






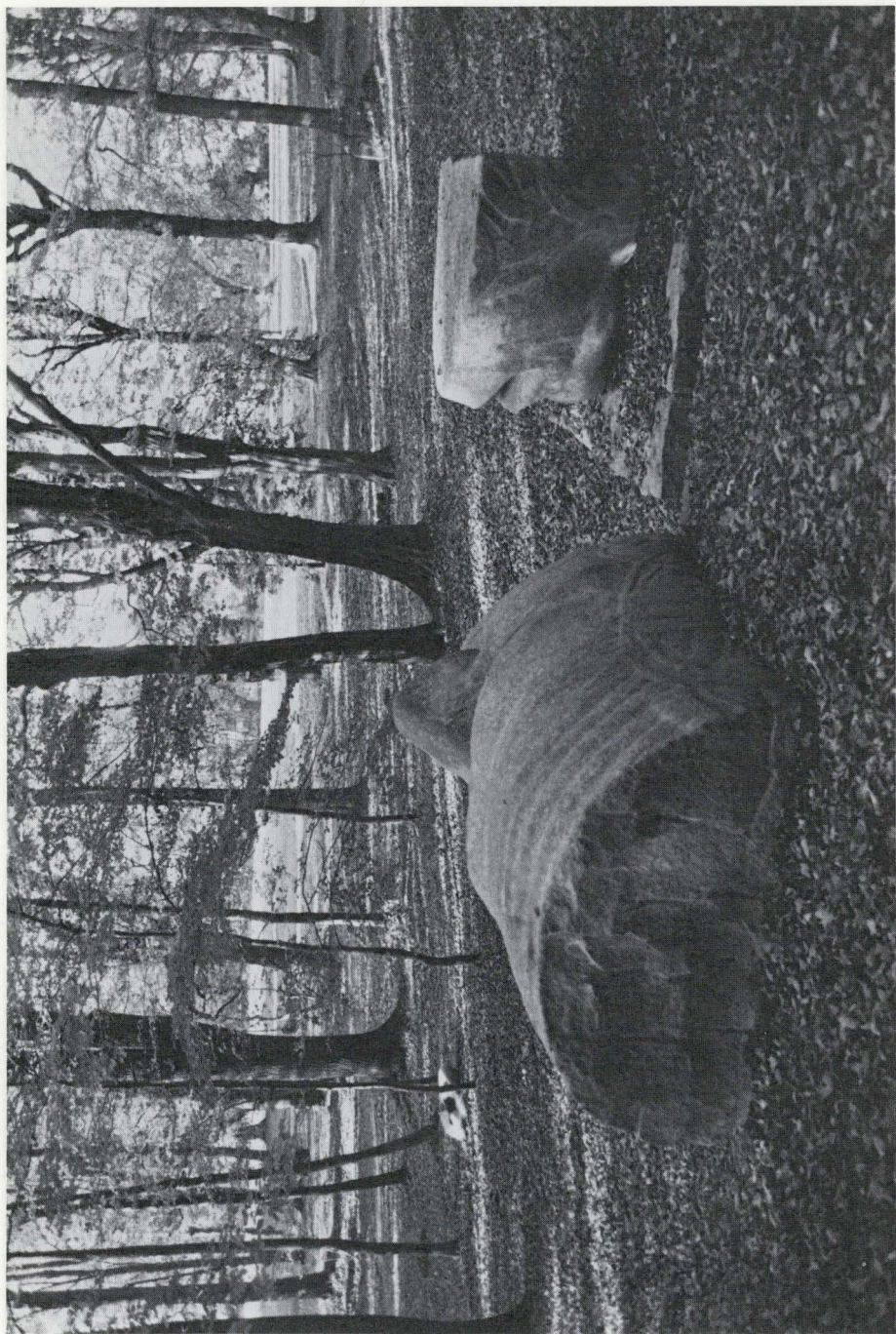


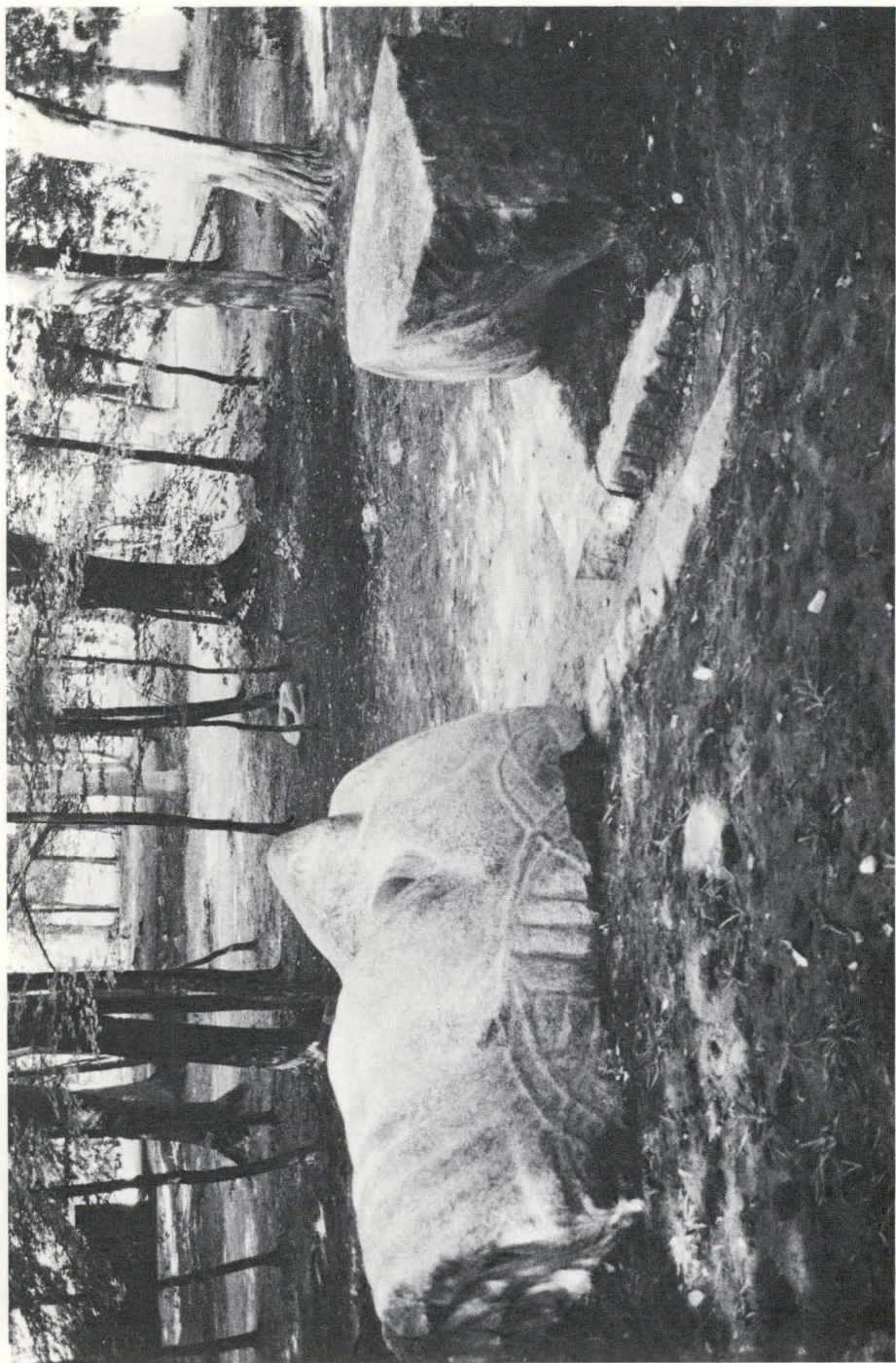




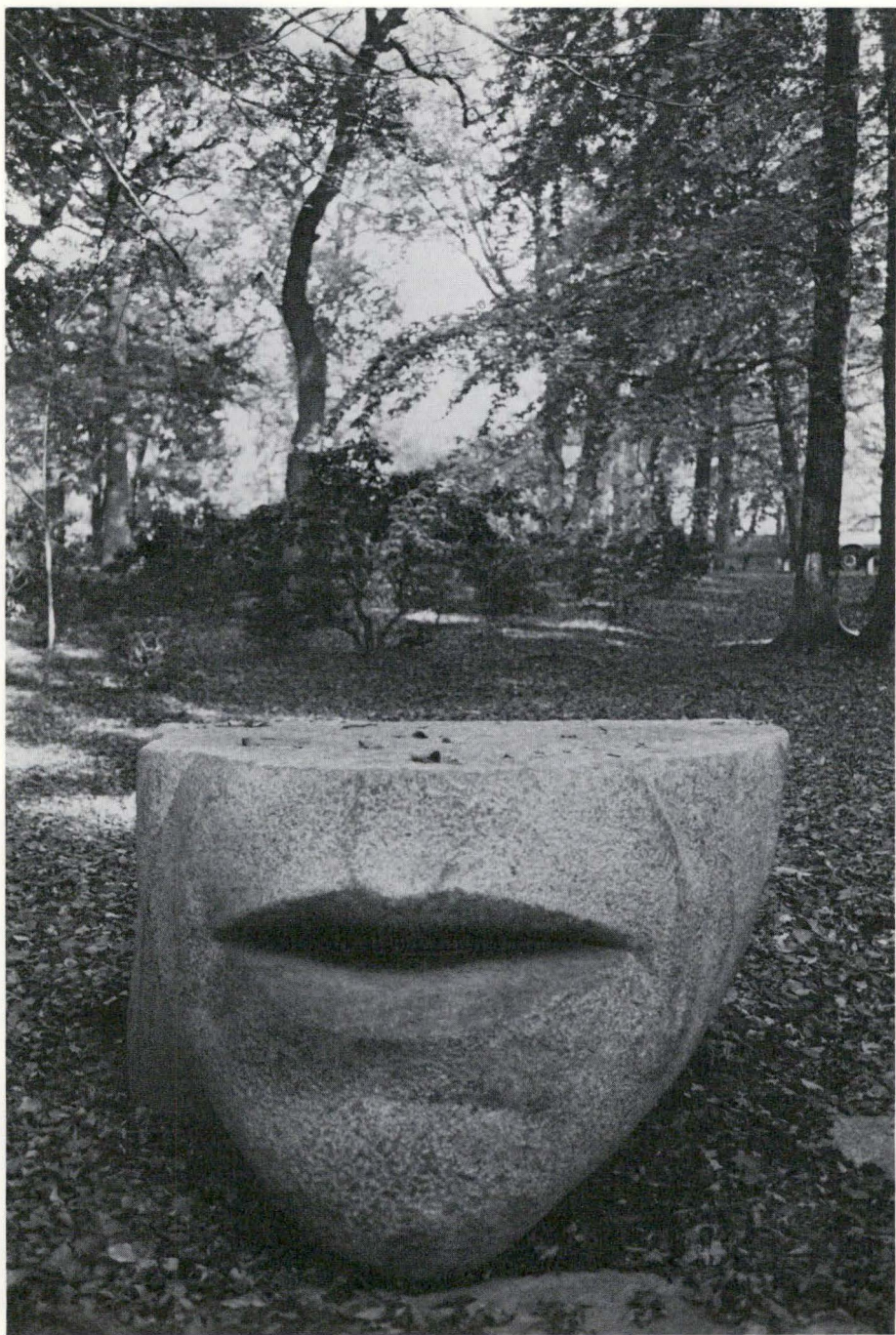
An ear to listen  
An ear to listen for centuries  
An ear that has listened for centuries  
Now home in the moss carpet of the forest floor  
Silently listening  
Hearing the wind in the trees  
The footsteps of your little ancestors  
Like mosquitoes hovering around your ear  
As you rest  
Your long rest here  
Since the days when you ruled  
With your sons and daughters,  
Now buried in mounds  
Scattered under farmers' fields  
Beneath our homes  
An ear still connected to the world below  
A clear line to the ages  
An eternal ear to hear  
Like a mother who will always listen  
To her children's fears and aspirations  
I want your advice in times of trouble  
I put my ear to the ground and hear the distant rumbling  
You face the sky and hear the distant drumming  
The sounds of war in your day I'm afraid  
Would be drowned out now on a peaceful day  
Eardrum membrane in rejection  
Acid rain and ear infection  
If you hear me deep below  
If in your chambers my voice echoes  
Resounding sounds of quest and longing  
The origins of our belonging  
Impart to us survival skills  
Buried now inside these hills

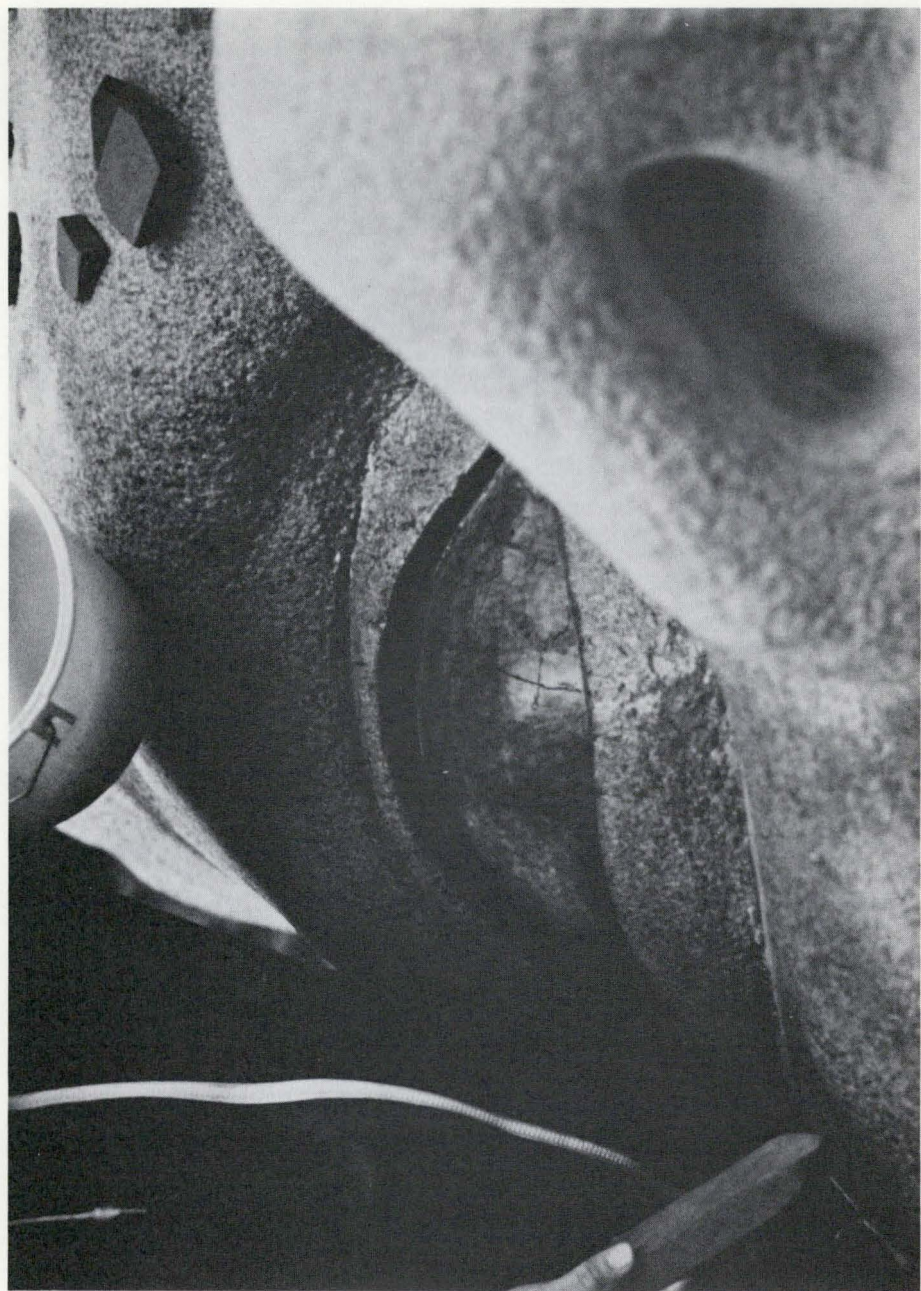


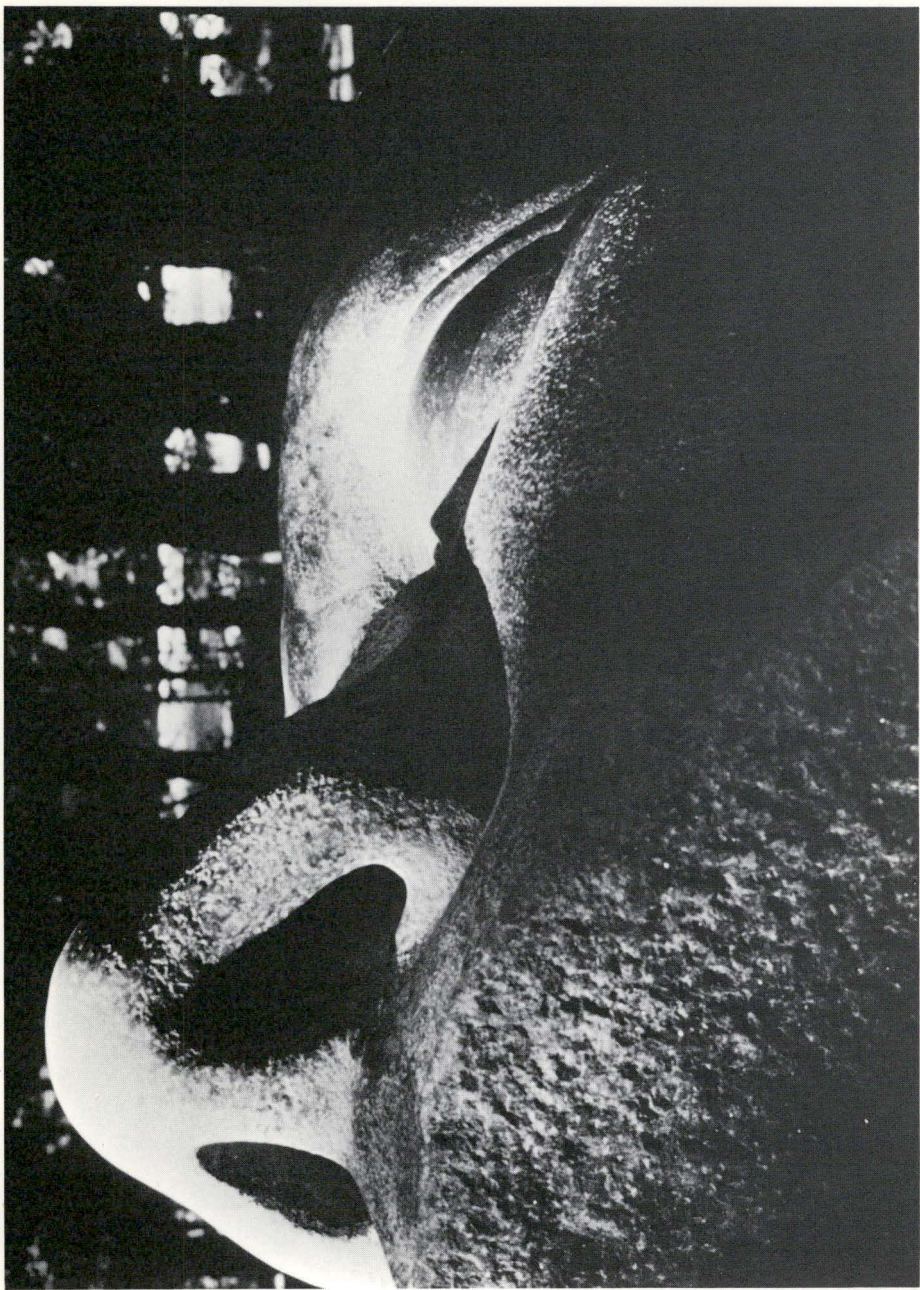




Songs for falling granite crystals  
Wire saws and carbide chisels  
Cranes and slings of space age fibre  
Pounding drill steels, pins and feathers  
Air compressors' hoses whistle  
Tunes to lift away the rock  
Explosives in deep holes will shock  
The Gods of Pre-Cambrian Ages  
In stone yet uncarved faces  
Feel the pounding on the surface  
Ceramic steel and diamond matrix  
New sensations you are feeling  
Rhythms to confuse your being  
The years of ancient engineering  
Those who built the monuments  
Stone circles, mounds and dolmens







Seeing red  
Gazing upwards in confusion  
Your senses through the forest spread  
Battle with the generations  
Now you lay your severed head  
Angry with competing children  
You foresaw  
Still seeing red  
Hilltops upon which you rest  
E 6 traffic overhead  
Power lines across this place  
Worry lines that scar your face  
The first to cultivate these lands  
With your Neolithic hands  
Did you see the power shifting  
When your eyes were clear and white  
Now the power plants emitting  
Atomic giants game to fight  
Are your children now abusing  
The world you bore in sacrifice  
Retired here the moss your bed  
Looking up still seeing red



## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

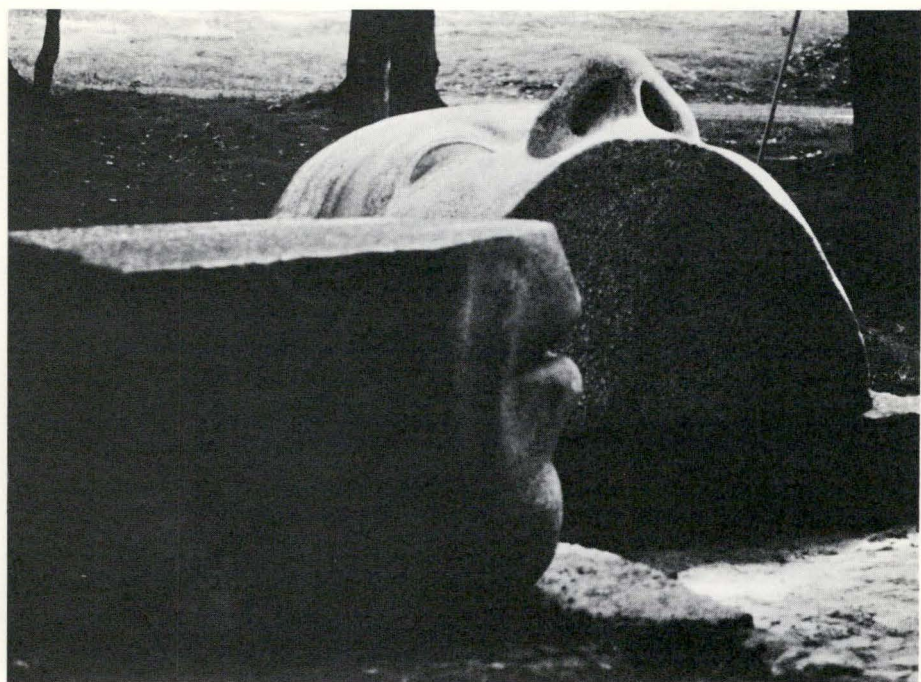
My work, "Seeing Red: Ättehögens Ande," pays tribute to the descendants of the ancient Nordic people, indigenous to Scandinavia since the post-glacial period. Sweden today is criss-crossed with train tracks, freeways and power lines, but for me it feels dominated by the massive Bronze Age burial mounds on the hills along its shores. These mounds, which contain dolmen tombs, are revered and protected by the Swedish people.

I chose the brilliant, red Swedish granite to represent the giant Ymir's demise. Ymir was the first Nordic giant of human form to emerge from the retreating glaciers. When attacked by his descendants in a struggle for power, he flooded the cosmos with his blood in revenge. The two survivors of the flood rebuilt the world from his remains.

"Ättehögens Ande," the Swedish title, describes the genealogical composition of the burial mound and the spirit or presence entombed there.

My sincere thanks to Bill Nederman, the sculptor who coordinated the Sofiero Granite Symposium.

George Rammell





## IMAGES

### PAGE

51, 59, 60, 61, 63   Photography by Sven Bortz.

52-57, 64, 65, 67, 69, 70   Photography by George Rammell.

## Karen Petersen / TWO POEMS

### TREES IN MENSES

Such a frail time  
you told me

Damn  
happens every year  
and reason won't  
dispel it

(poor me, poor me)

Midol doesn't help  
pre-winter wistful  
autumelancholia  
seasonal angst

(poor me! poor me!)

The Fall reference  
more metaphysical  
than anyone would  
want to admit

Bloody good thing  
leaves aren't bricks

## SEEING THE LIGHT

winter dusk drips extraterrestrial glow  
dazzled with the flavour of one full moon  
on still air pretending to smell of fennel

not a wind winds its way around  
wounded bones of Fall-pruned trees  
but grey green light erupts to earth  
where not one dead leaf is not stirring  
in this green and motionless air

parched sheets of last season's reason  
wee heroes matted in each other's tendrils  
are combed from the hair of stoic catalpas  
by the invisible air which refuses to budge  
while branches ripple green and purple  
like old veins in weary hands reaching  
lit from within and radiant

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

GORDON TURNER is the author of *No Country For White Men* (Turnstone). His manuscript, *A Poem As Big As a Mountain*, is being considered for publication. He teaches creative writing at Selkirk College in Castlegar.

J. MICHAEL YATES's poems published here are excerpted from the next book in the ongoing process which began with *The Great Bear Lake Meditations*. Having been a writer and teacher for some time, he is now a prison guard in the correctional system of B.C.

CHRIS WARREN's poetry has appeared in *Quarry*, *Poetry Toronto*, *The University of Toronto Review*, *Grail*, and *The Northward Journal*. He is a graduate of York University and works at a hospital in Toronto.

MARGARET HORVATH's work has been published or accepted for publication by *Prism*, *Frogpond*, *The Malahat Review*, *The New Orleans Review*, *Haiku Canada*, and *Descant*.

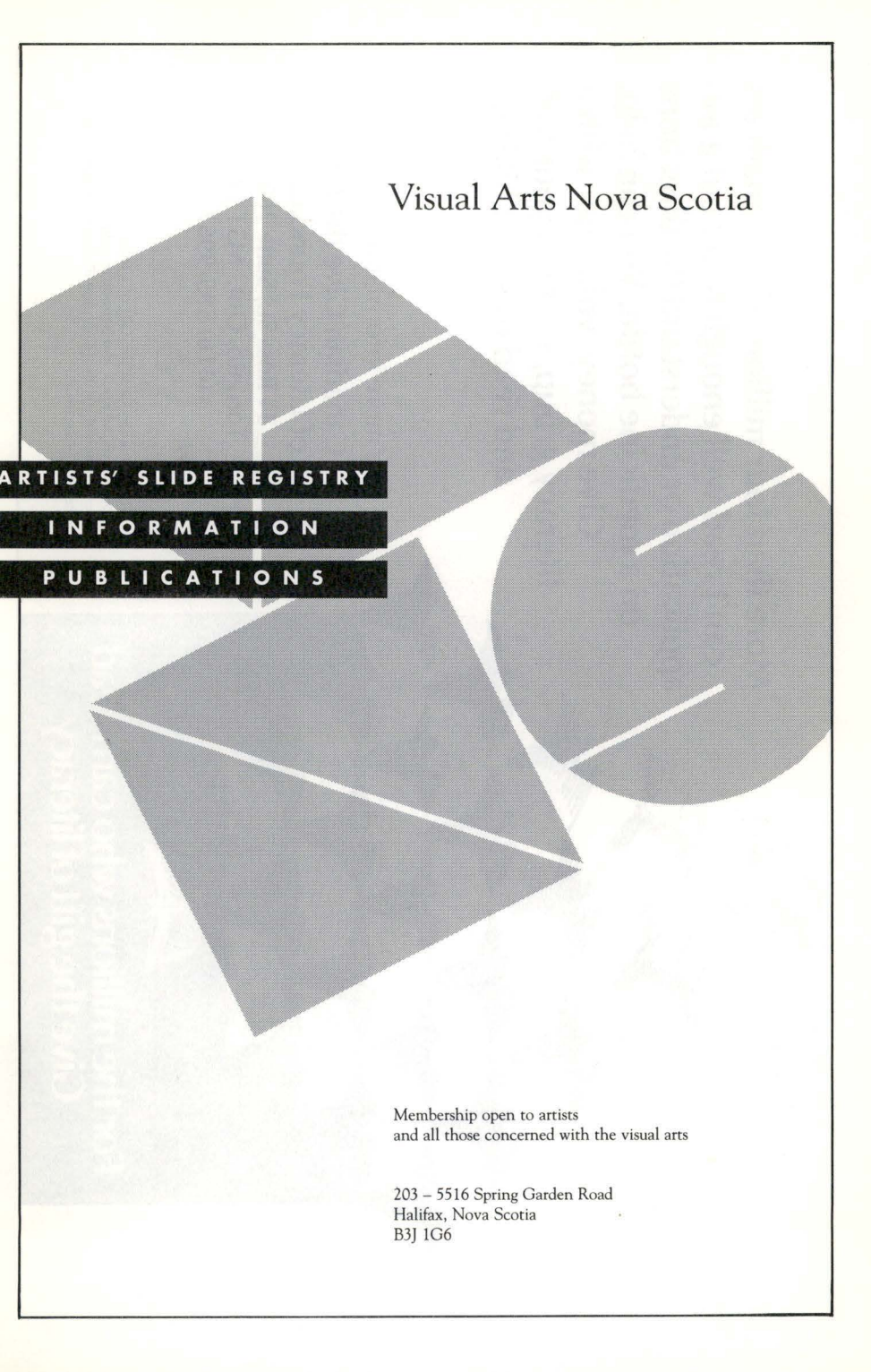
KATHY FRETWELL's recent work is or soon will be published in *Quarry*, *Implosion*, *Taproot*, and *Canadian Women's Studies*, among others. "The Poet As Walking Dictionary" appeared in the March 1988 issue of *Poetry Toronto*.

ALAN WOOD currently exhibits with the Heffel Gallery in Vancouver and with Gallerie Franklin Silverstone in Montreal, where he had his most recent solo show. As always, Alan has numerous projects in the works, amongst which is a survey of his work at the Vancouver Art Gallery in the near future.

ERIN MOURÉ lives in Montreal. Her most recent book, from Anansi, is *Furious*.

GEORGE RAMMELL has taught at ECCAD, Capilano College, and the Visual Art Center of Alaska. He produces large monumental works which combine such materials as stone, bronze, glass and steel. He is currently engineering a major sculpture for Bill Reid to be sited at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, D.C.

KAREN PETERSEN writes from Vancouver, and has had work published previously in *The Antigonish Review*, *NeWest Review*, *Quarry*, *Rampike*, and other publications.

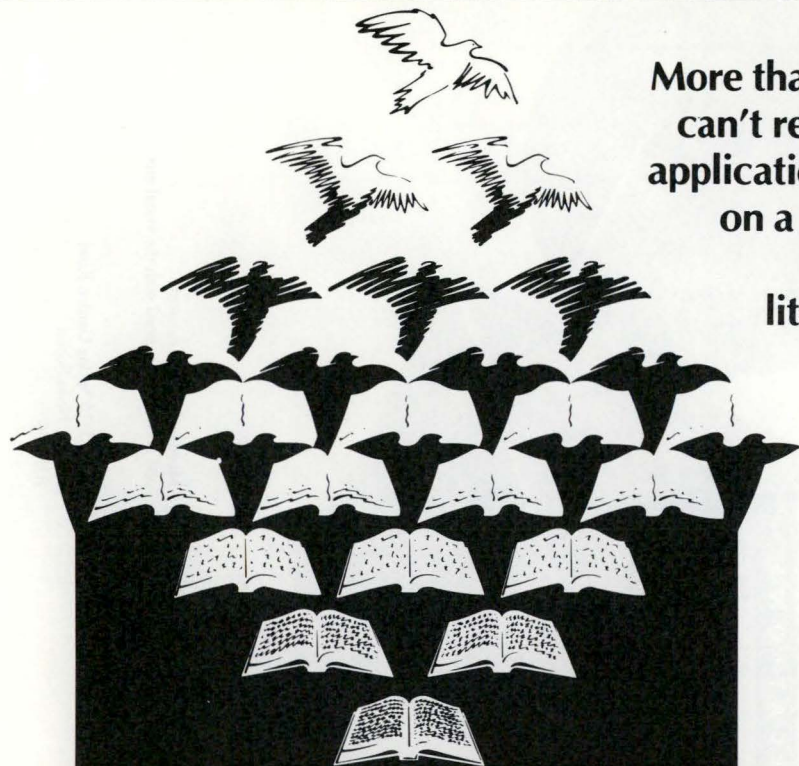


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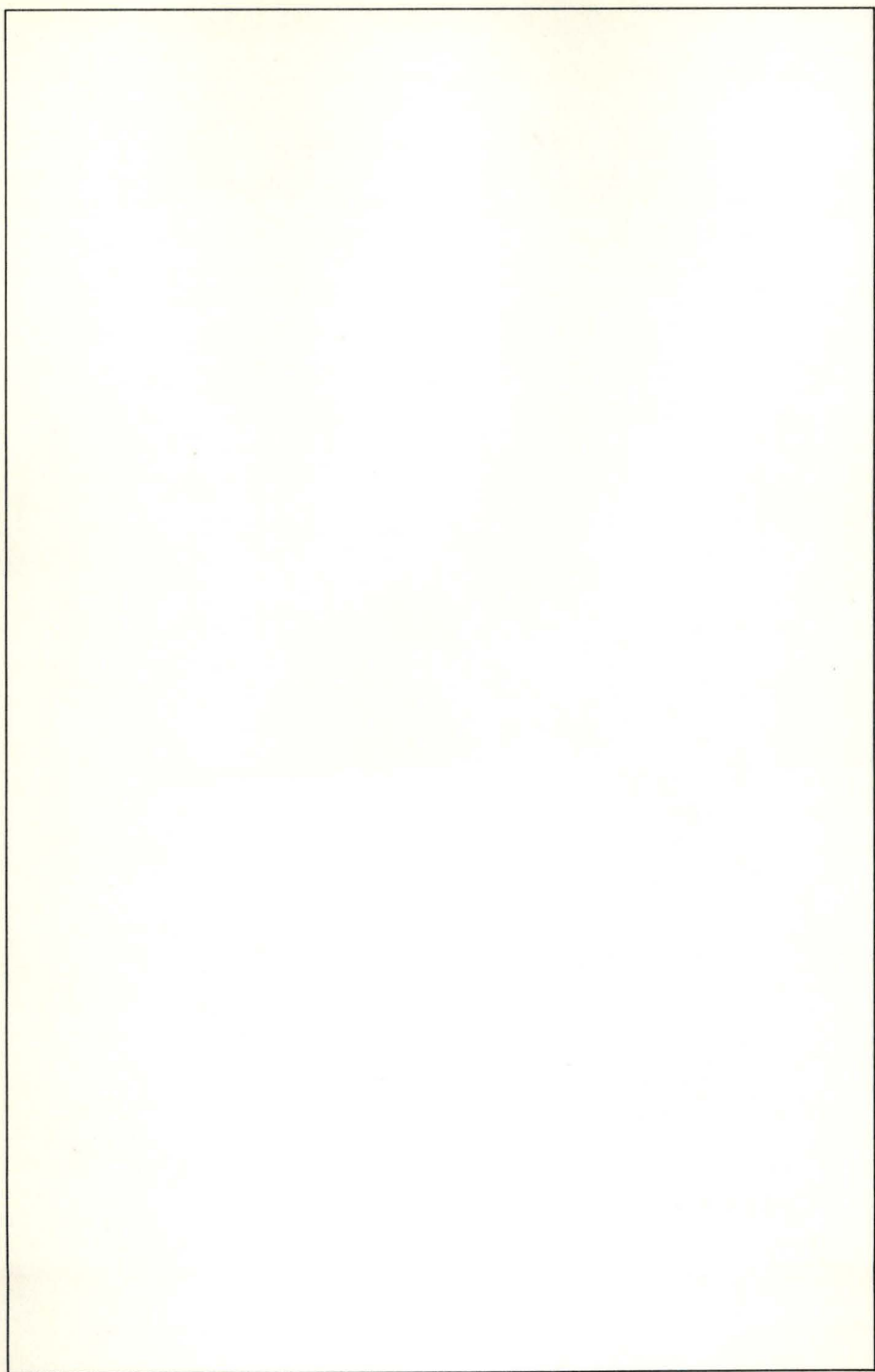
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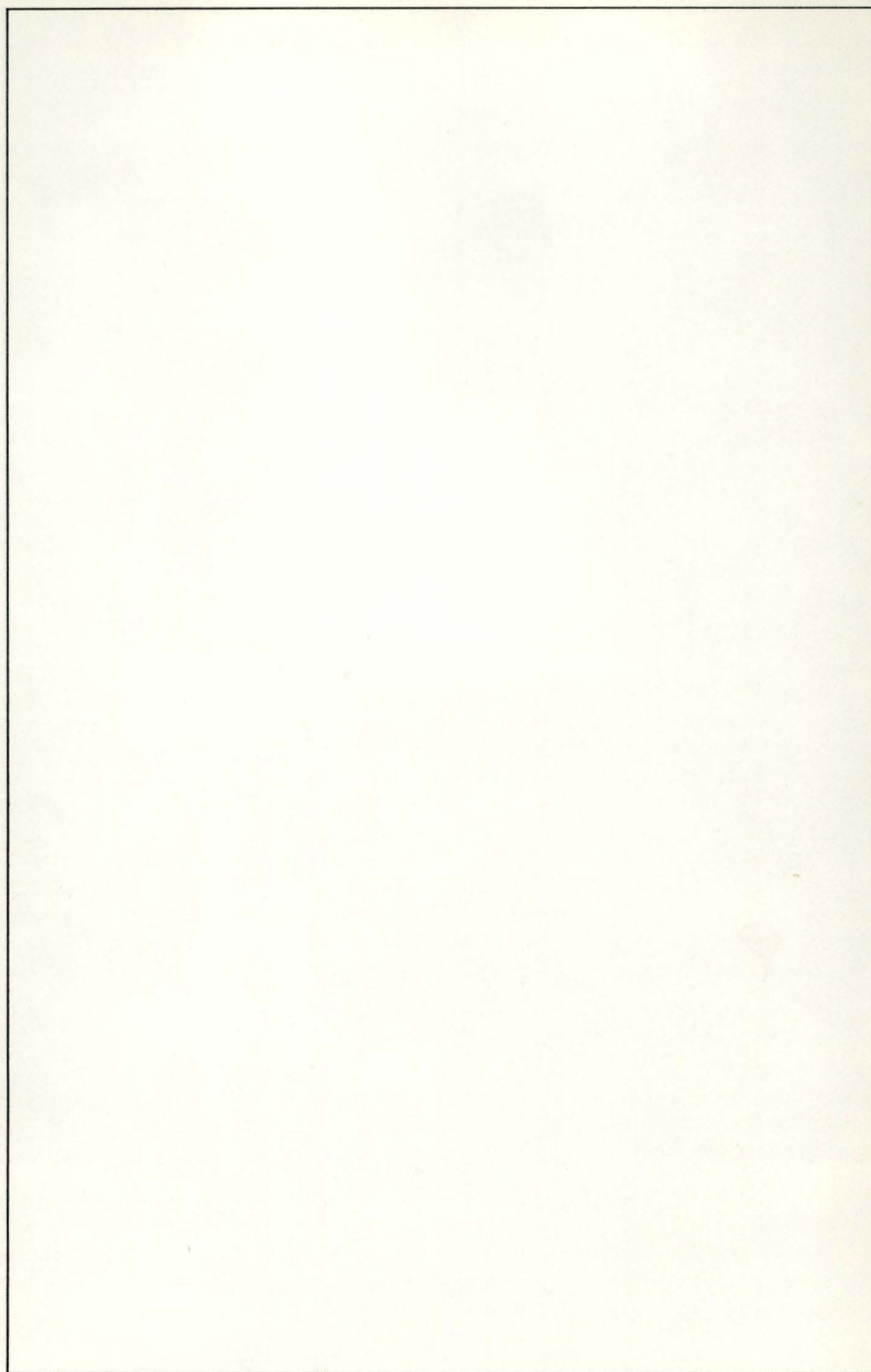
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