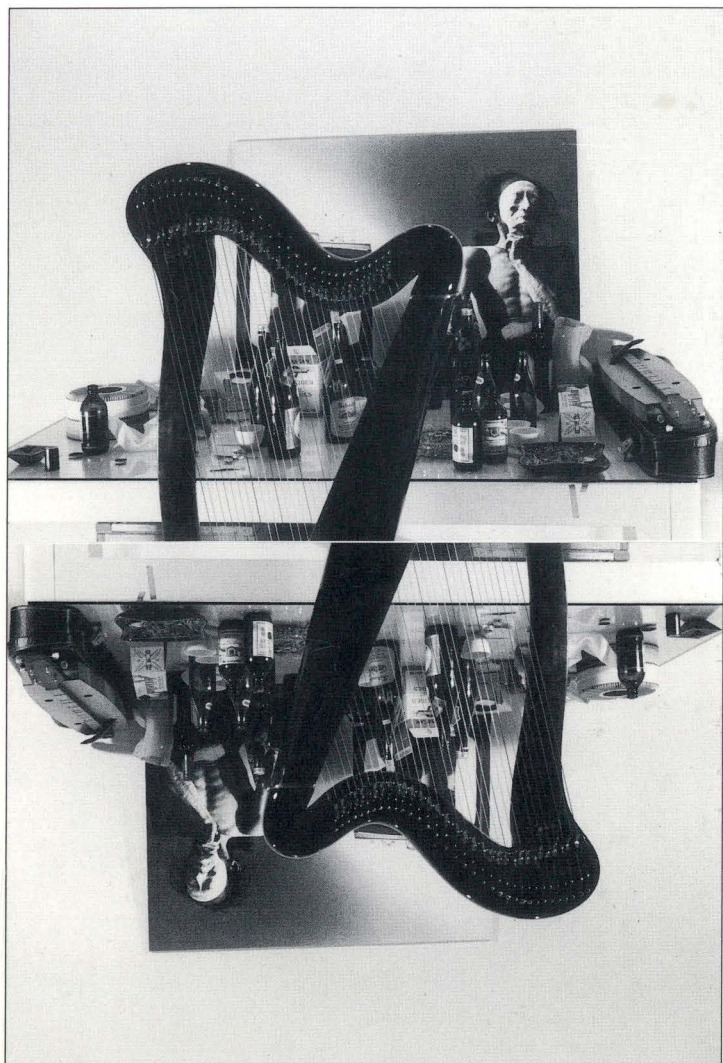
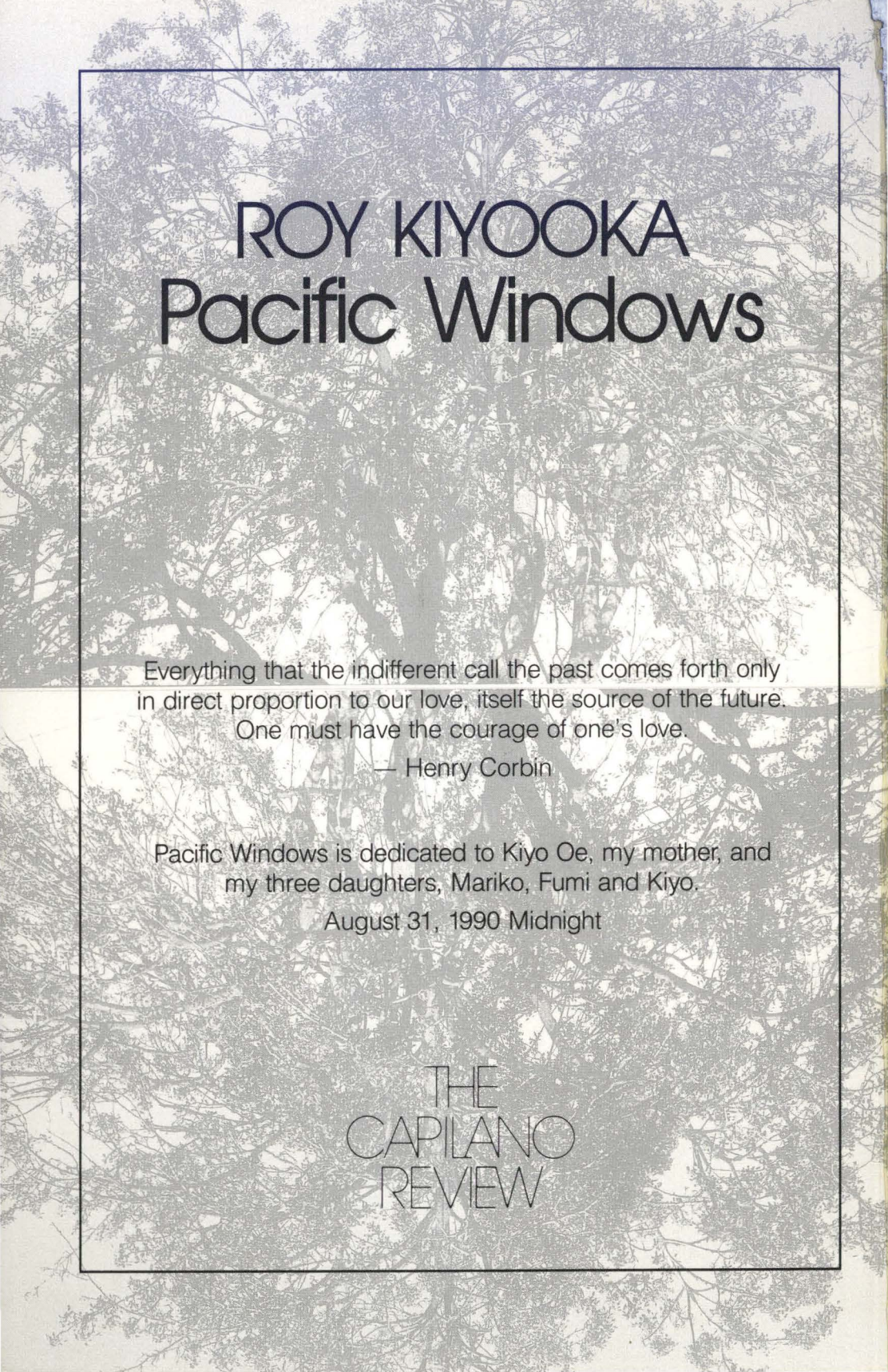


THE CAPILANO REVIEW





ROY KIYOOKA

Pacific Windows

Everything that the indifferent call the past comes forth only
in direct proportion to our love, itself the source of the future.
One must have the courage of one's love.

— Henry Corbin

Pacific Windows is dedicated to Kiyo Oe, my mother, and
my three daughters, Mariko, Fumi and Kiyo.

August 31, 1990 Midnight

THE
CAPILANO
REVIEW

PREFACE

Here, as promised in the last issue, is Roy Kiyooka's *Pacific Windows*, "a Photoglyphic Narrative of a Neighbourhood with Autographical Images." Through the summer and this fall, Kiyooka finished the printing of the photographs and worked on several versions of the text. The version printed here is quite apposite to the original, which functioned more as poetic "captions" or "headlines" to each pair of photographs. Instead, we now have a more sequential narrative focussed on the process of memory, which was stimulated by his mother's recent visit to Vancouver. The text is a poignant, tender and reverent homage to his mother and an evocation of his experience as an artist and a Japanese-Canadian living in Vancouver East. Running as a continuous ribbon that reads from front to back, and repeats from back to front, the text offers two different experiences. I urge you to take the care to read it in both directions, as each journey will afford a new series of juxtapositions with the photographs, and therefore a completely new set of evocations.

•

This issue's masthead introduces two new names: Bob Sherrin as Assistant Editor brings to the magazine his background in photo-based visual art and his expertise in contemporary fiction. His own work has appeared in *TCR* in several issues, most recently in #50 and in #2 (2nd Series). Jane Hamilton is our new Managing Editor and brings to the magazine an extensive background in desk-top publishing, editing and marketing. Her design work has been recognized by the Alcuin Society, and she continues to work on the editorial collective of *Room of One's Own*.

•

We extend our warmest congratulations to K.D. Miller, whose story "Sunrise Till Dark" (*TCR* #50) was nominated for the Journey Prize and appears as the lead story in *The Journey Prize Anthology* (McClelland and Stewart, 1990).

•

Our next issue, *TCR* #4, will present new poetry, fiction, essays and visual art. We are especially pleased that a major focus of the issue will be a presentation of unpublished concrete and visual poetry by bp Nichol, including a bibliography and critical note by the guest editors of this section, J.W. Curry and Richard Truhlar. We will also present new poetry by Robin Blaser, Toni Sammons and others; new fiction by Bill Gaston, the author of *Deep Cove Stories* and the novel *Tall Lives*; a special section on George Stanley featuring a book-length poem, *San Francisco's Gone*, and a critical note on Stanley by Brian Fawcett. With Stan Persky as a guest editor, we hope to put together a section of creative non-fiction by such writers as Bruce Serafin, Myrna Kostash and perhaps others.

We trust this issue will contain some fresh surprises for our readers and that its late December appearance will provide stimulation over the holiday season.

•

And in that vein: To ensure the appearance of #4, and to ensure you receive it, I urge you to subscribe, give *TCR* to a friend, or make a tax deductible donation to our Friends and Benefactors Program (which has been quite successful so far). You will find information on the program and a postage-free subscription card and envelope in the issue. Please make use of these before December 31 to avoid the insidious GST.

Pierre Coupey

Roy Kiyooka/PACIFIC WINDOWS

"Everything that the indifferent call the past comes forth only in direct proportion to our love, itself the source of the future. One must have the courage of one's love."

— Henry Corbin

A Photoglyphic Narrative of a Neighbourhood with Autobiographical Images to add verisimilitude to one man's Polis. Printed on Sea Gull paper and endlessly re-combined to shape a kaleidoscopic narrative: *P.W.* evokes Photography's bitter-sweet, past-tense, poignance. The more *The Globe & Mail* touts the big brass of the multinational Corporate World the more I want to burrow into the particulars of a 'place' I can see touch and smell.

The pulpt trees of the whole world lie like a monstrous Palimpsest beneath these habitual image gestures.

Pacific Windows is dedicated to Kiyo Oe, my mother, and my three daughters, Mariko, Fumi and Kiyo.

August 31, 1990. Midnight.

The Capilano Review

FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

The Capilano Review has been fighting the funding battle successfully for over 18 years. Now, however, with the combined threat of rising postal costs and the GST, we feel the magazine is facing a more urgent challenge than ever before. To continue publishing excellent new writing and work in the visual arts, *TCR* needs your immediate and generous support. As a Friend or Benefactor, you will feel the immediate gratification of donating to Canada's cultural health; you will receive a tax receipt, mention in subsequent issues, and a free subscription. We hope you will consider this request favourably. Please fill out the form below and mail it in the enclosed postage-paid envelope.

Friends: \$50 - \$500
Benefactors: \$500 - \$1000



The Capilano Review

FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

Yes! I want to help publish *The Capilano Review*. I am enclosing my tax-deductible contribution. (Please make cheques payable to Capilano College, *The Capilano Review*.)

I want to be a **Friend** of *TCR*.
Enclosed is my cheque or
money order for \$_____.

I want to be a **Benefactor** of *TCR*.
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order for \$_____.

Name: _____

Address: _____



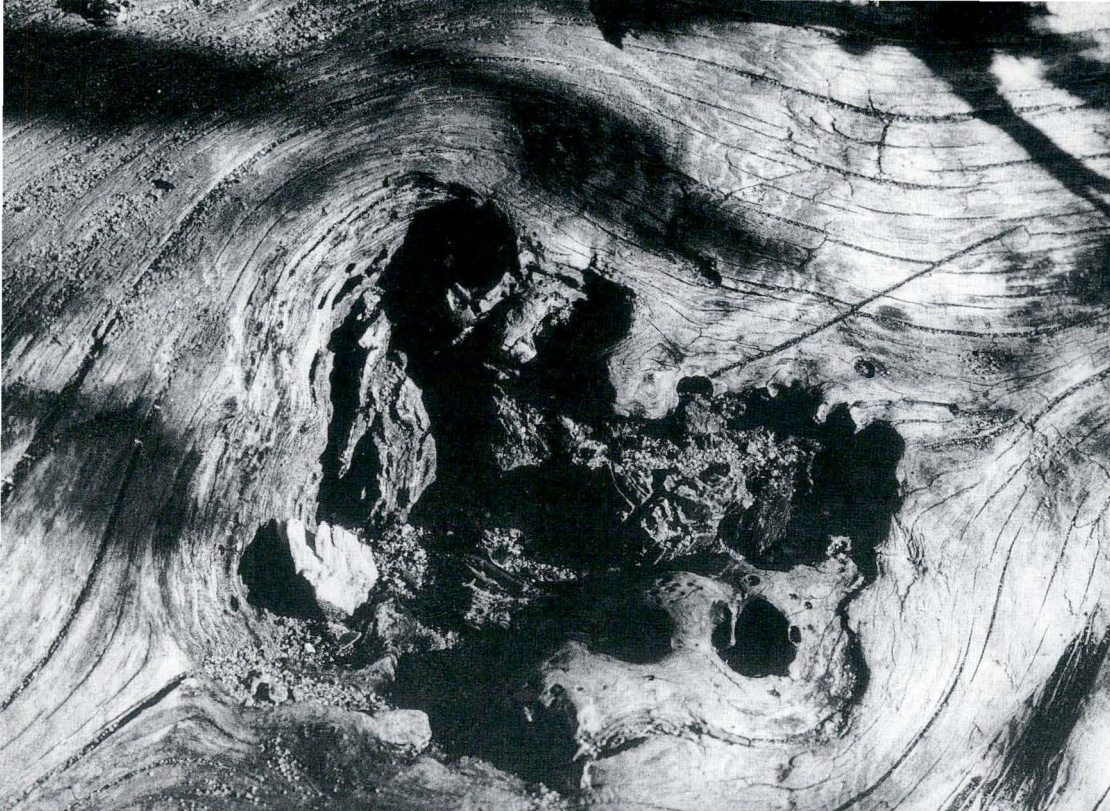
Like the rain-spattered pages of a Romance novel left behind on a holiday
the first rain in weeks came through the open window and laved his eyelids.



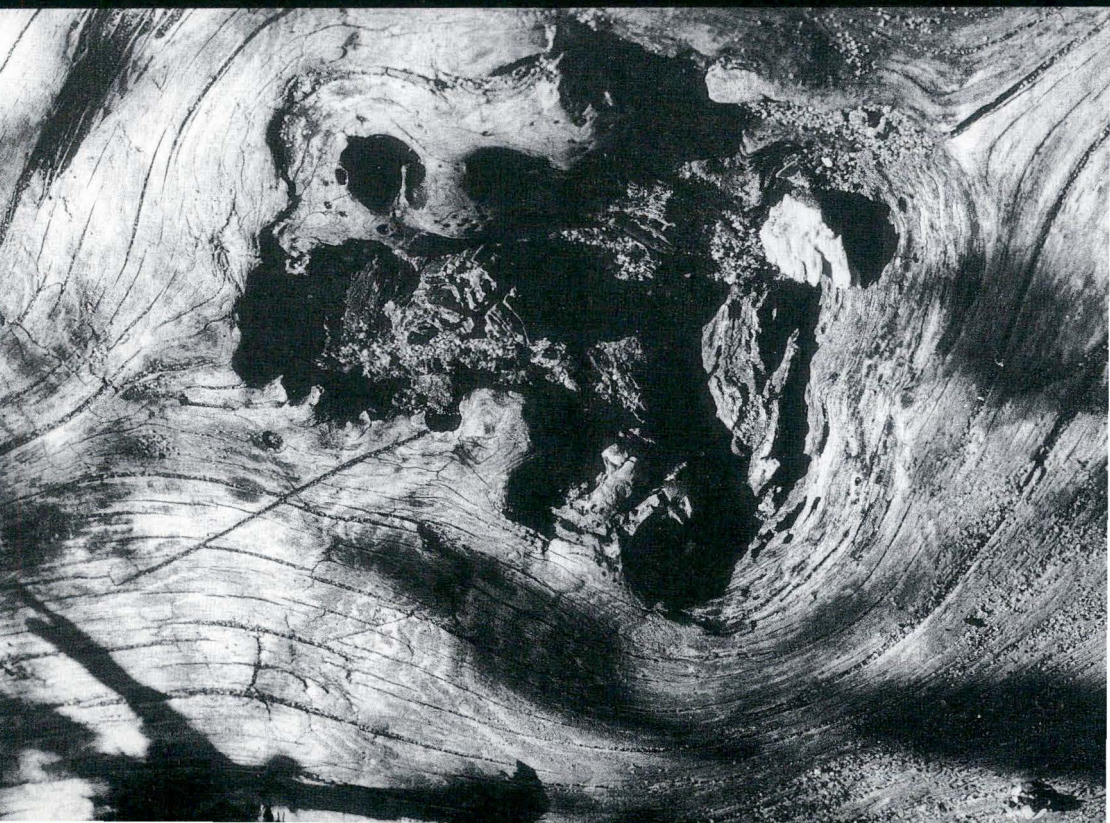


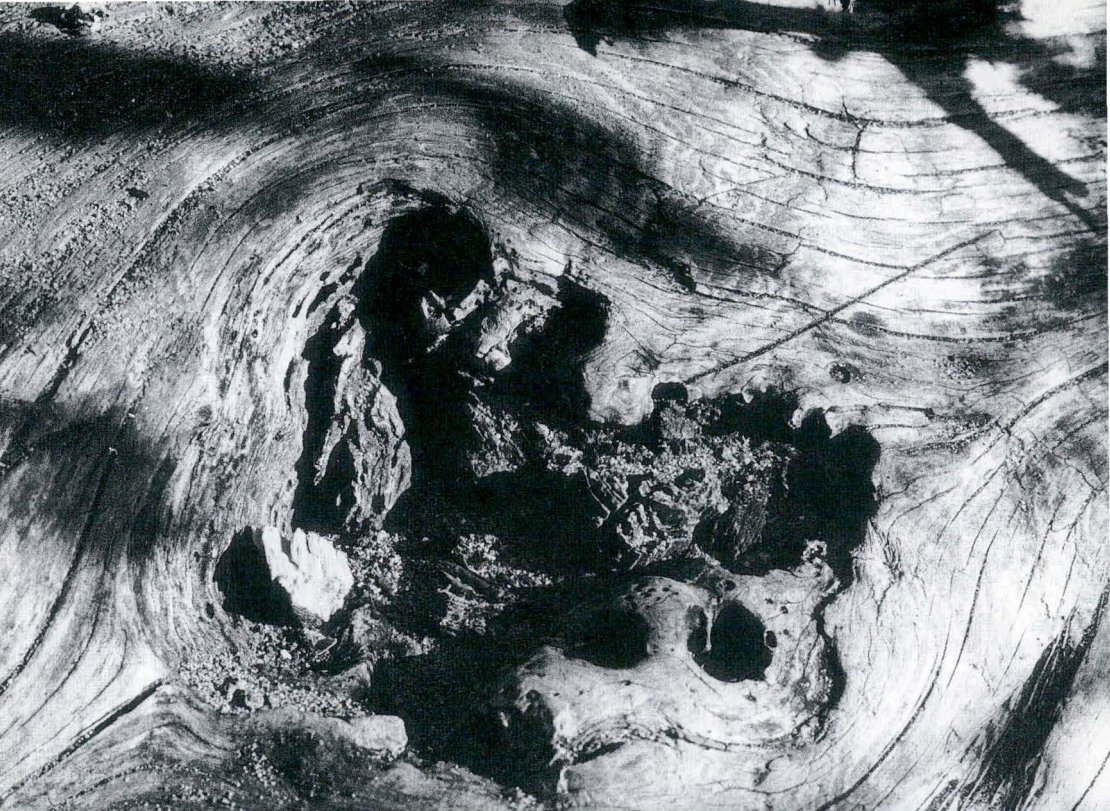
page reassumed its silences the book fell out of his hands. Closing his eyes,
beach: All the photographs of windows and doors, all the lintels, ledges,



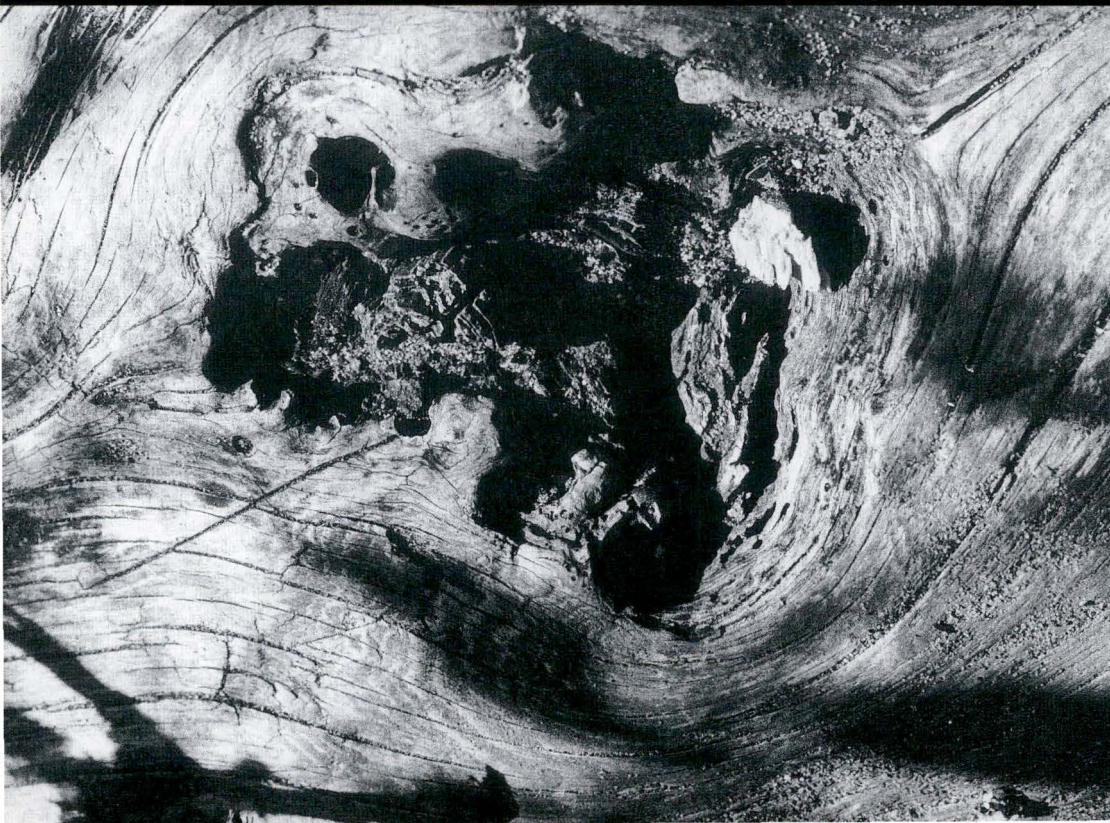


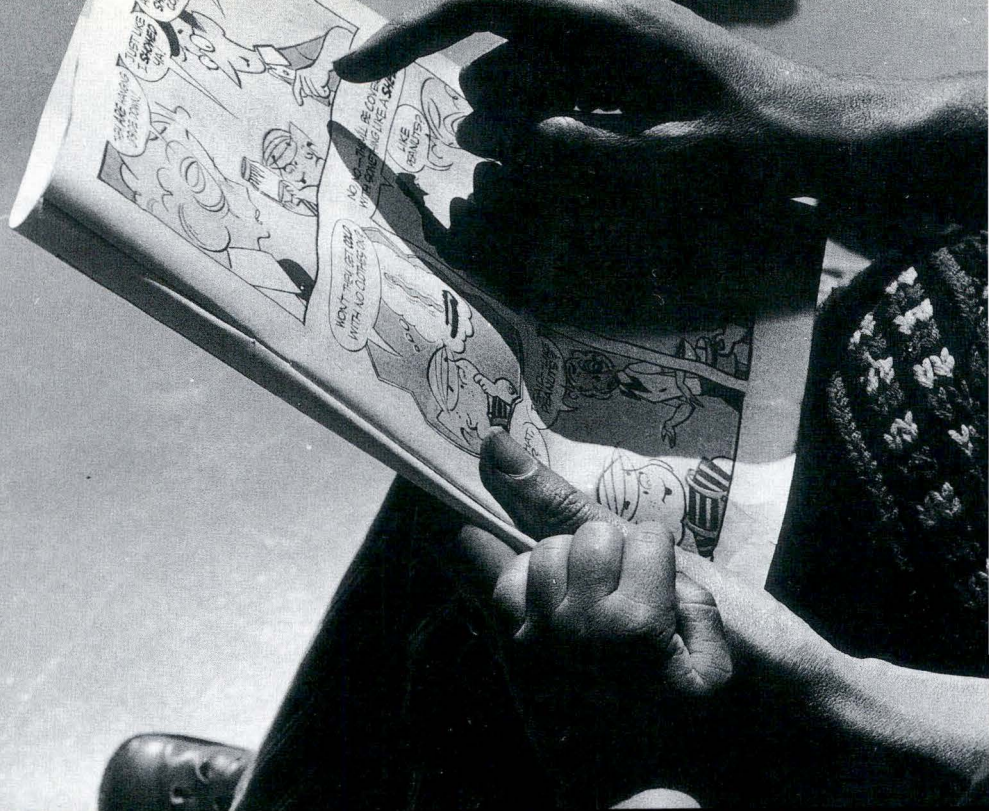
he had taken of him got included in Pacific Windows. Then, as each darkening unspeke captions, no longer belonged to him. He looked at each passing



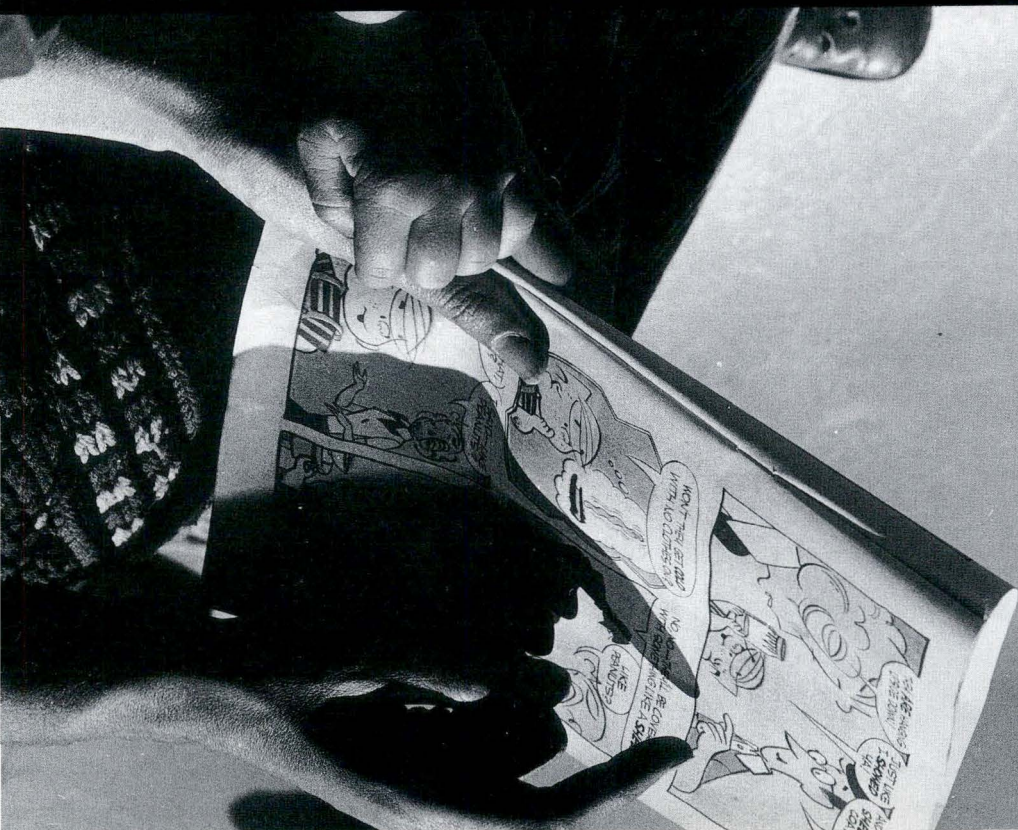


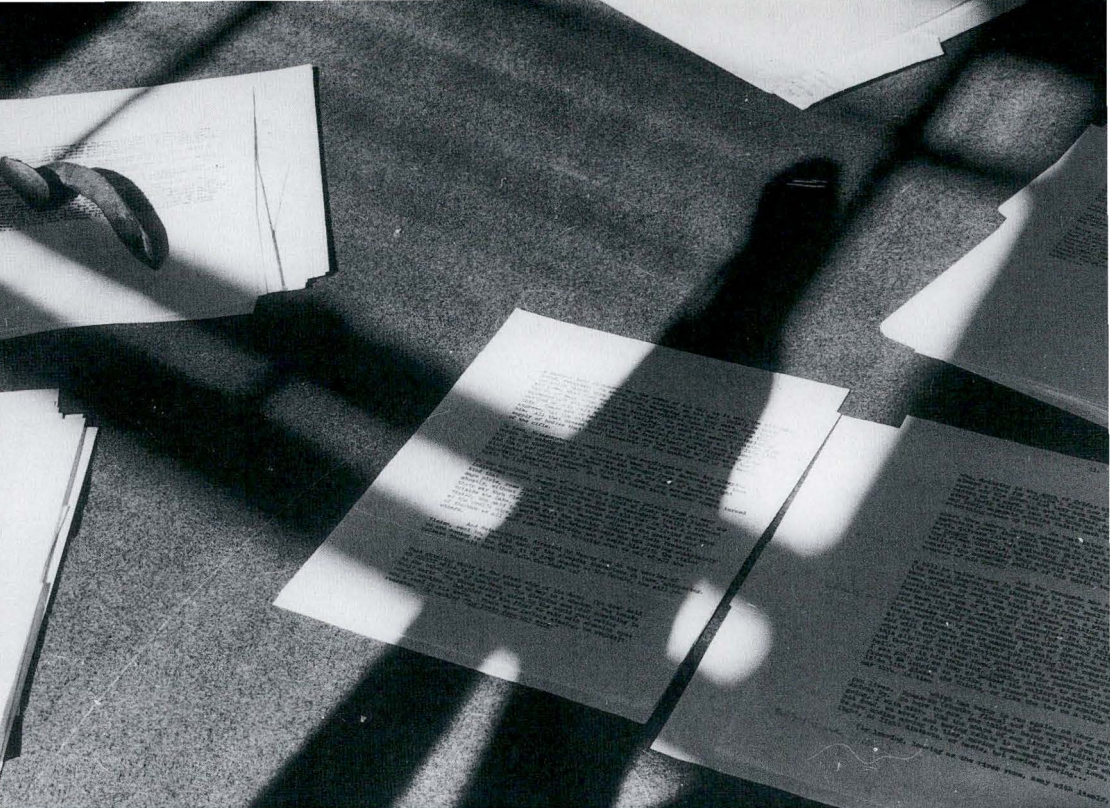
face, with its own thatch, its half-shuttered windows and closely-guarded door; early years in Kanada after the first world war, he felt gladful that the last snap



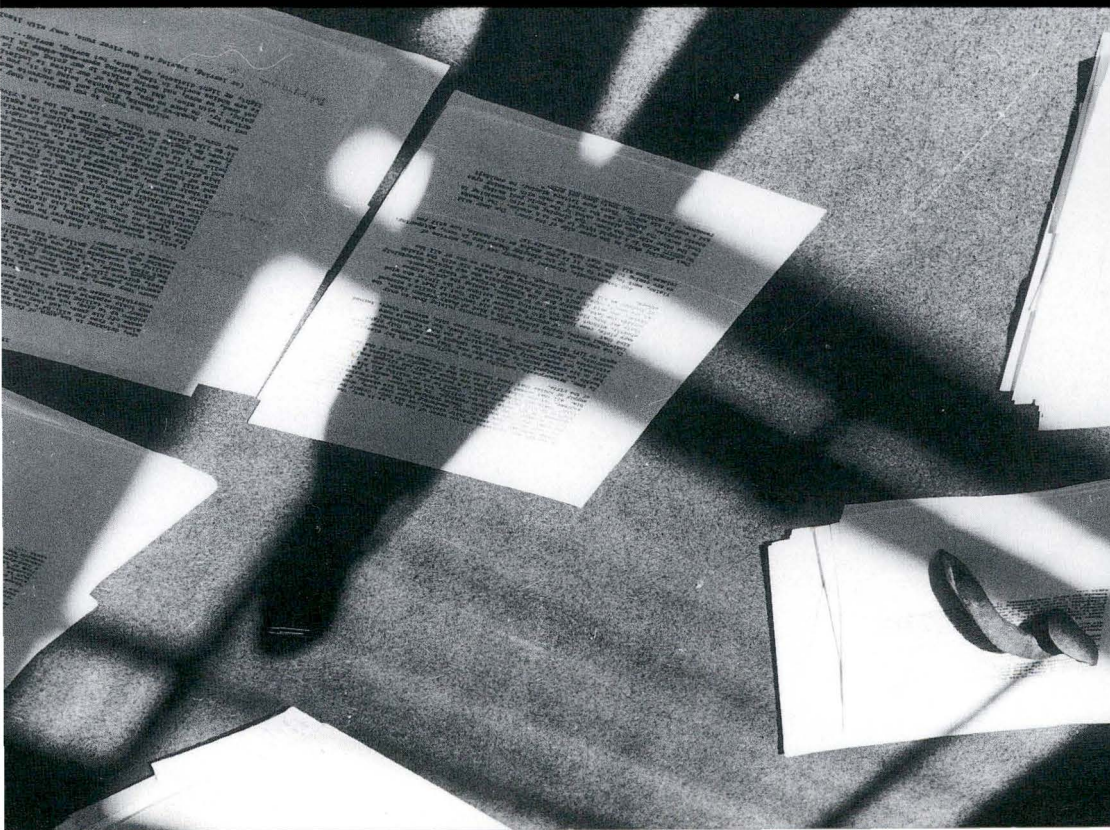


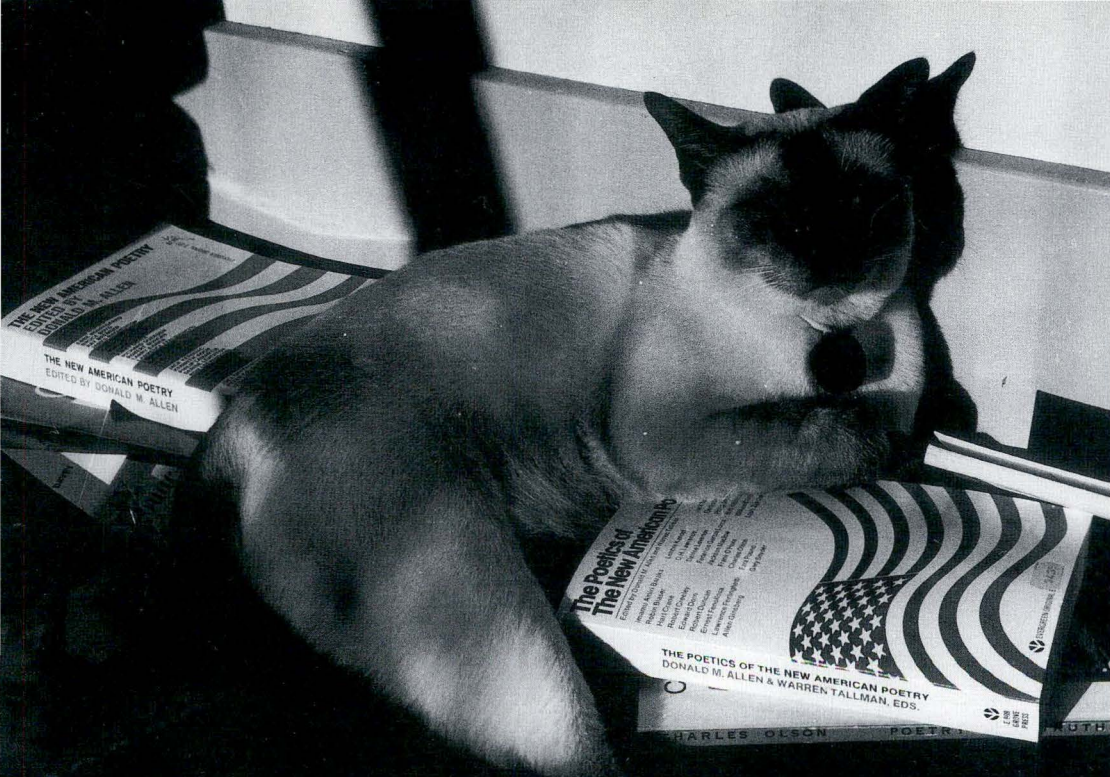
And, because she had often spoken of her late husband, particularly their he had seen that façade impress itself on his own face and had turned away



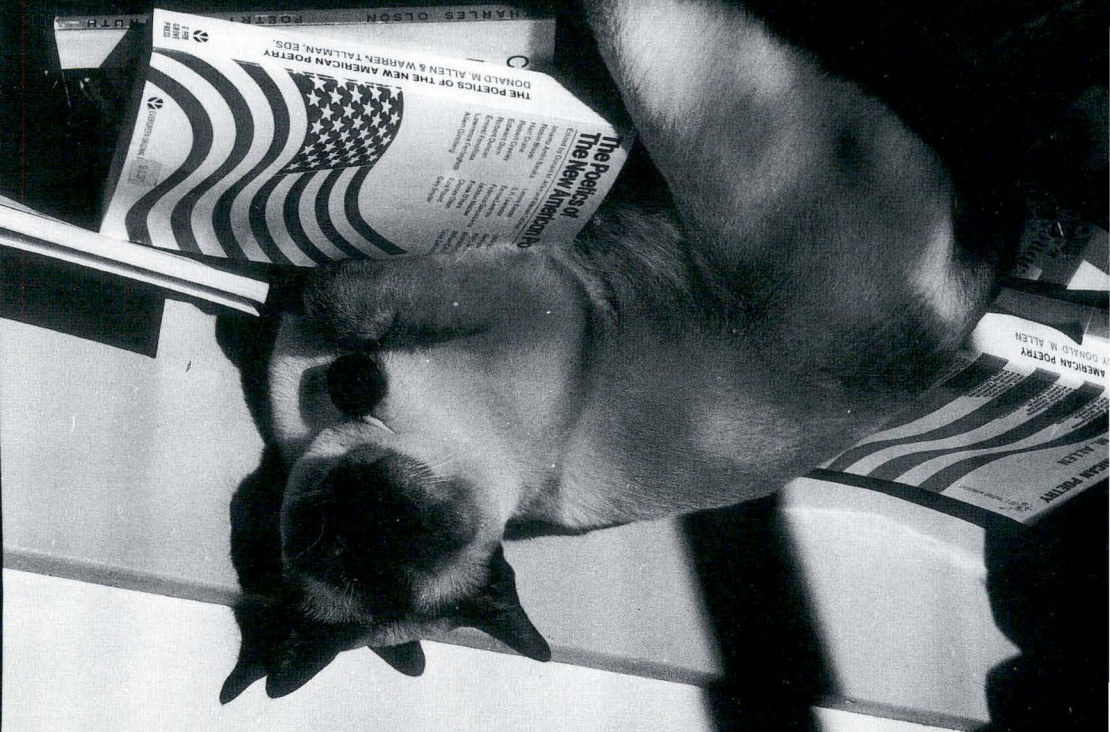


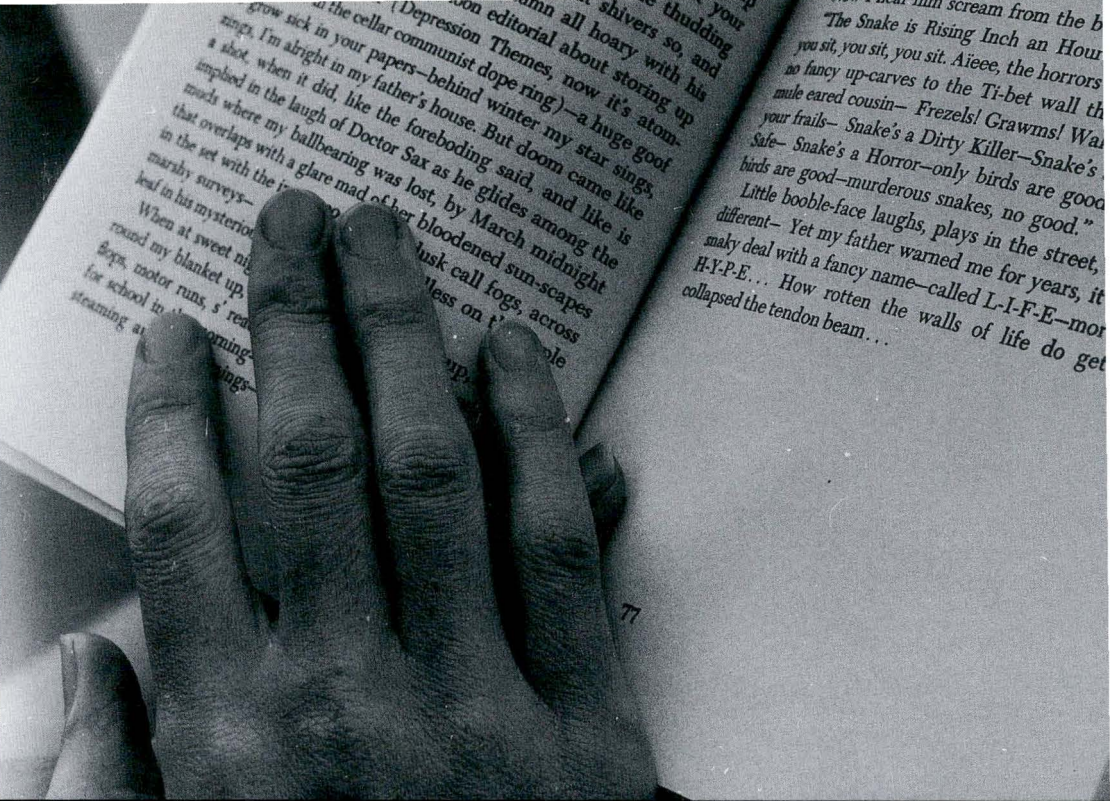
from it, his beard half-trimmed. Lately, he was appalled at how often a barely ripe pears his once-upon-a-time 'pear tree' yielded each summer, without stint.



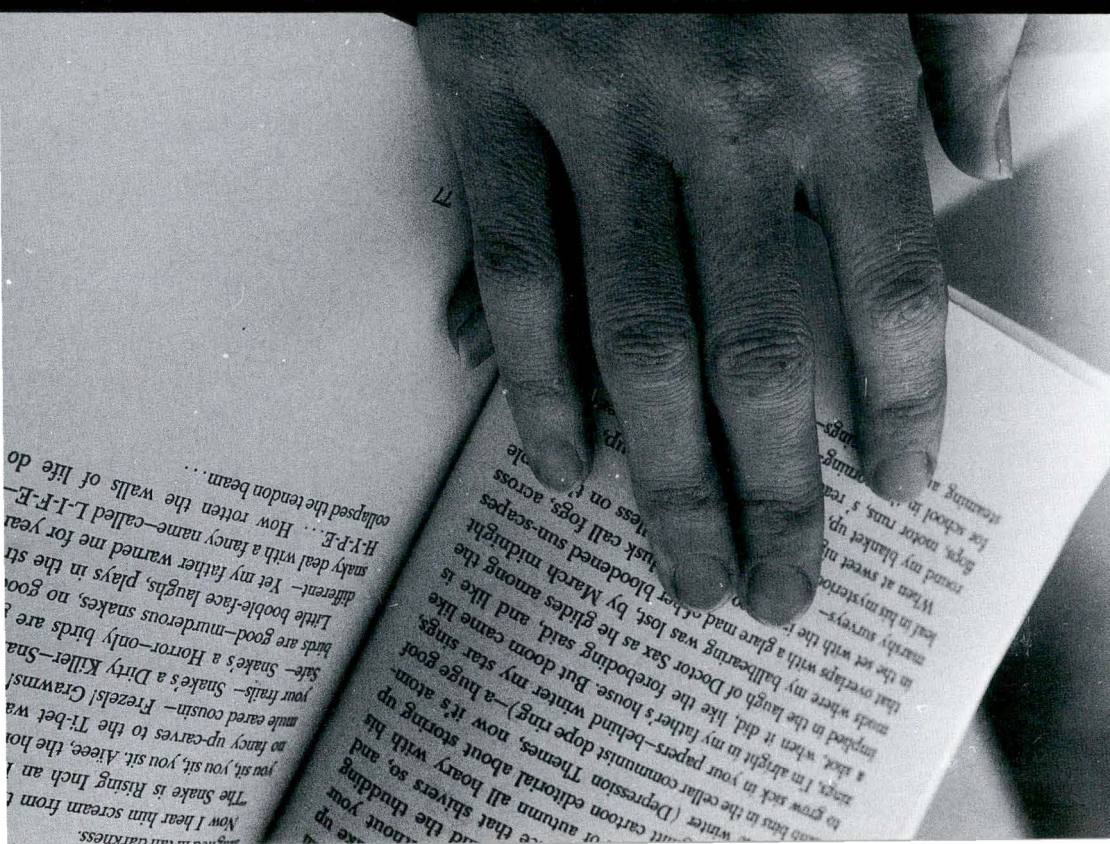


audible scream issued from an unknown throat. All that summer his own already lofted, he had a hunch that the gift of sight simply augmented all the





windows cast their attenuated shadows on his every footstep. His own throat cutting capers on the Fall air and the last year of his idiosyncratic pedagogy





often felt parched dry. With nothing but the unilluminated images of his own enacted the perdurable blessings of light. Now, with the first dappled leaf



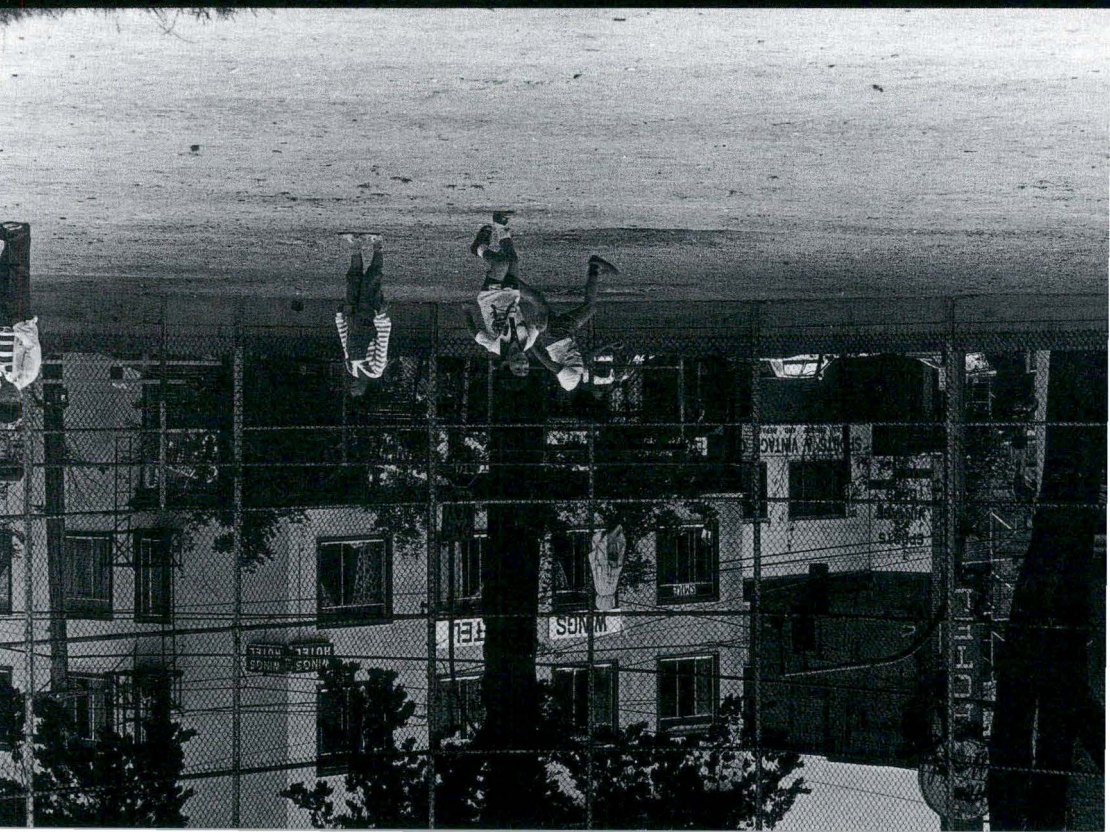


mind to abide, but too wrought up to sleep he opened 'the book of books'
genflections, replications and gross representation: Thus, each photo





and read a seraphic passage that told how all the tears shed in the name of each thing and its facsimile: It all had something inexplicable to do with



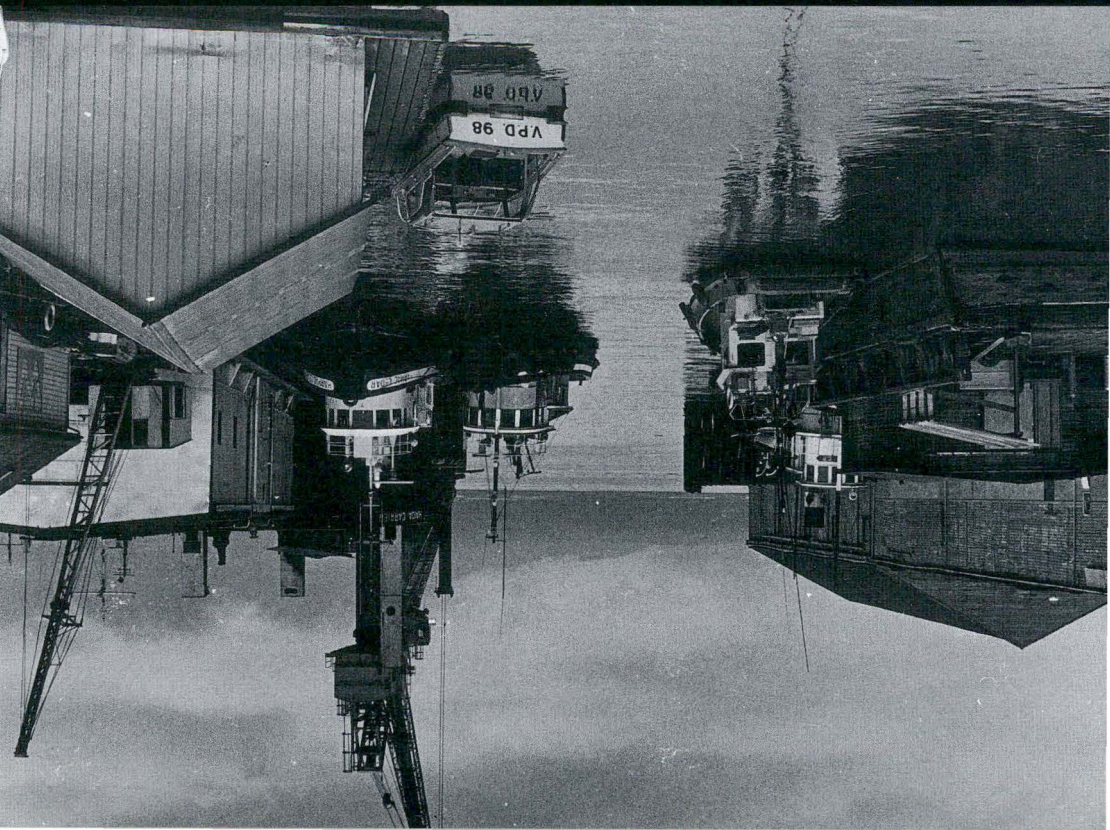


an omniscient God – almost drowned the hitherto thirstless earth. Everywhere narrative, their prefigurements disclosed the unspoken symbiosis between





he walked that Fall pages out of his past spoke of inchoate presentiments
initial disclosure. But now as each photo fell diffidently into its place in the



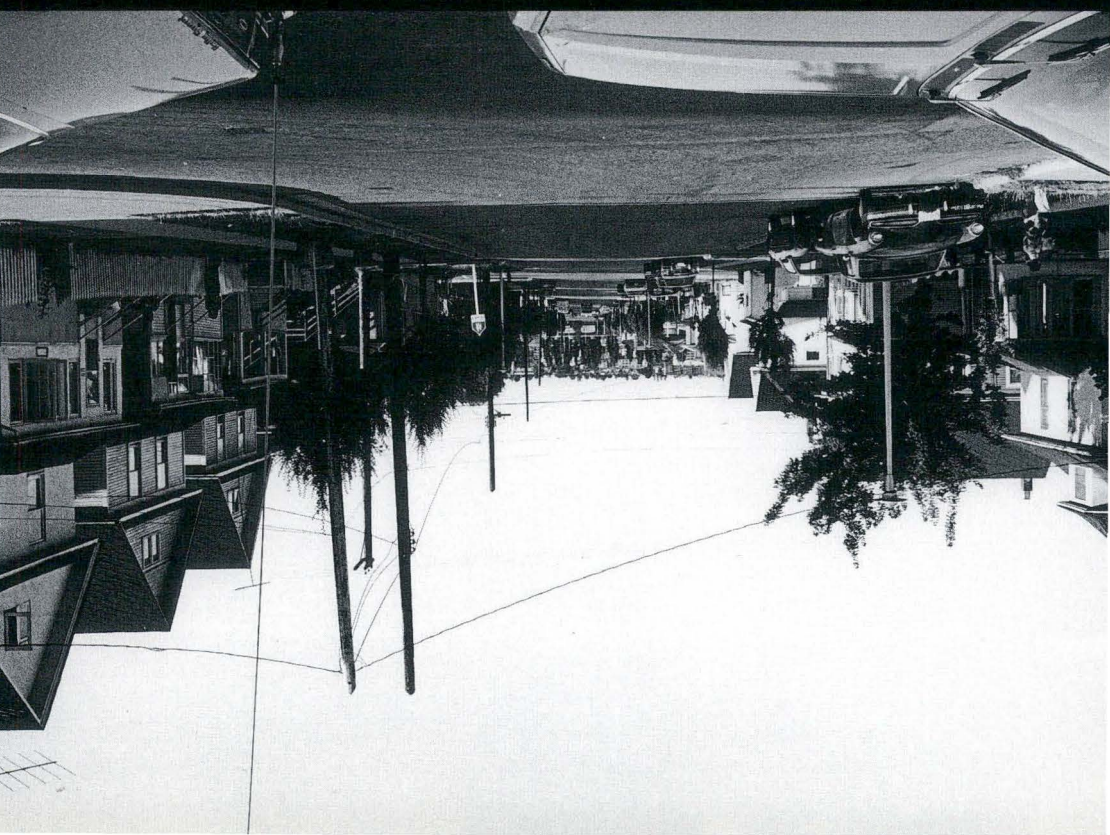


His mother turned ninety-four that summer. In former years she would sit and photos he found himself leaving through, he habitually revisited the site of their





lie unbidden under the photographer's black cloth. While he was printing the
knit thick woolen slippers in an array of colors for members of the family while





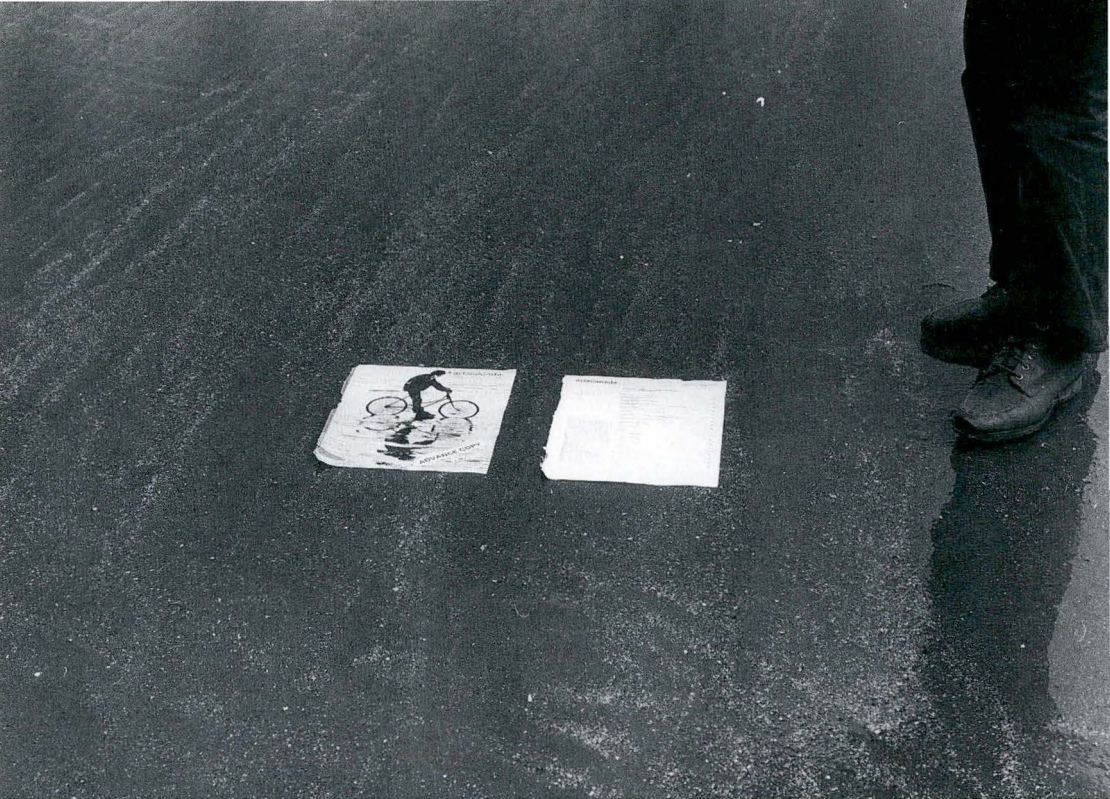
she kept an eye on her favourite soap opera, but this year she did one or the oceanic tide, all the tumultuous brine infecting 'the ten thousand things' that



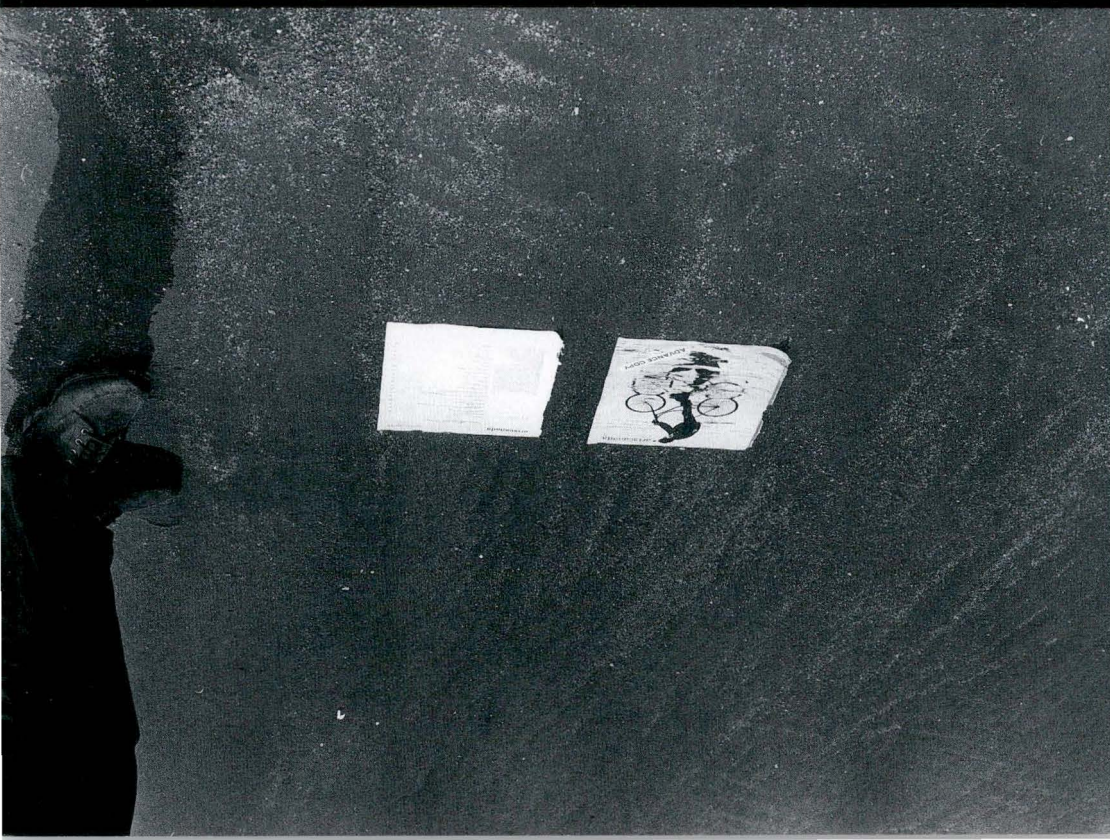


other and as often as not nodded off with the unkut slipper on her lap. They glamour of our patry urban desires, all the phases of the moon infecting the





the turn-coat policies of our bread-and-butter erotic life, all the simulated
spent long summer evenings together remembering distant 'names' and



Singing Sands 1935-1971



Until May of 1971, Singing Sands on the west coast of Vancouver Island has been haven and sanctuary for naturalists, artists and tourists who love the rain forest and the open Pacific shoreline. Singing Sands was established on 65 acres of water frontage in 1935 by Mrs. Peg Worthington and her husband. Her husband lost his life four years later taking an active part in shipwreck rescue operations. Through the 35 years on the beach, Peg has hosted countless hundreds of people on a year round basis and generously fostered the careers of many young artists, permitting them to live and work at Singing Sands, to convert old sheds to workshops and studios for activities and events as boat building and pottery. Among these artists who have made Singing Sands their home at various times are the sculptors Mark & Susan and Michael Hayden.

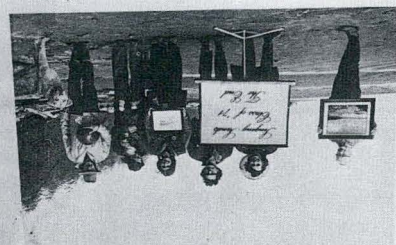
During the past two years, the provincial and federal governments of Canada have been investigating an expropriation of property from the landowners on the beach for the purpose of establishing a massive provincial park. This action brings to a close an era of life style that has come to be highly esteemed by artists on the West Coast of Canada, and it is with great sadness that I note the passing of such an era.

Mark & Susan and Michael Hayden

29

'faces' and they recounted all the kindred and alien time-warps. Each summer tattoos on their winsome arms and legs, all the condom-strewn back alleys,

of such an era. Singing Sands on the west coast of Vancouver Island has been haven and sanctuary for naturalists, artists and tourists who love the rain forest and the open Pacific shoreline. Singing Sands was established on 65 acres of water frontage in 1935 by Mrs. Peg Worthington and her husband. Her husband lost his life four years later taking an active part in shipwreck rescue operations. Through the 35 years on the beach, Peg has hosted countless hundreds of people on a year round basis and generously fostered the careers of many young artists, permitting them to live and work at Singing Sands, to convert old sheds to workshops and studios for activities and events as boat building and pottery. Among these artists who have made Singing Sands their home at various times are the sculptors Mark & Susan and Michael Hayden.



Singing Sands
1935-1971



she cited the names of those she knew who had recently passed away, and all the asian vernaculars, the bruised bodies of teen-age hookers with delicate





in her obits she would cite how each of them passed their presciences onto
logical visions in nooks and cranies, all the la chinoise aromas and smells,





those who were alive and kicking: Her many great grandchildren not the least
noughts at anchor off ballantine pier, all the protean artists hatching their eko



Emily Carr: Legend and Reality

by Doris Shadish



Emily Carr, 1907. Photo by George F. R. Jones. Courtesy of the Emily Carr Museum.

When in 1907 as an artist she came to British Columbia, she was already known as a painter. She had been studying in London, and her work had been exhibited in the Royal Academy. She was a woman of many talents, and her art was only one of them. She was a writer, a poet, and a social reformer. She was a woman who lived on the edge of the world, and she was a woman who lived for the world. She was a woman who was not afraid to be different, and she was a woman who was not afraid to be alone. She was a woman who was not afraid to be a legend, and she was a woman who was not afraid to be a reality.

amongst them. Thus for a month each summer since the early seventies she the cruise ships flat-bed freighters rusty russlan trawlers, all the yankee dread-



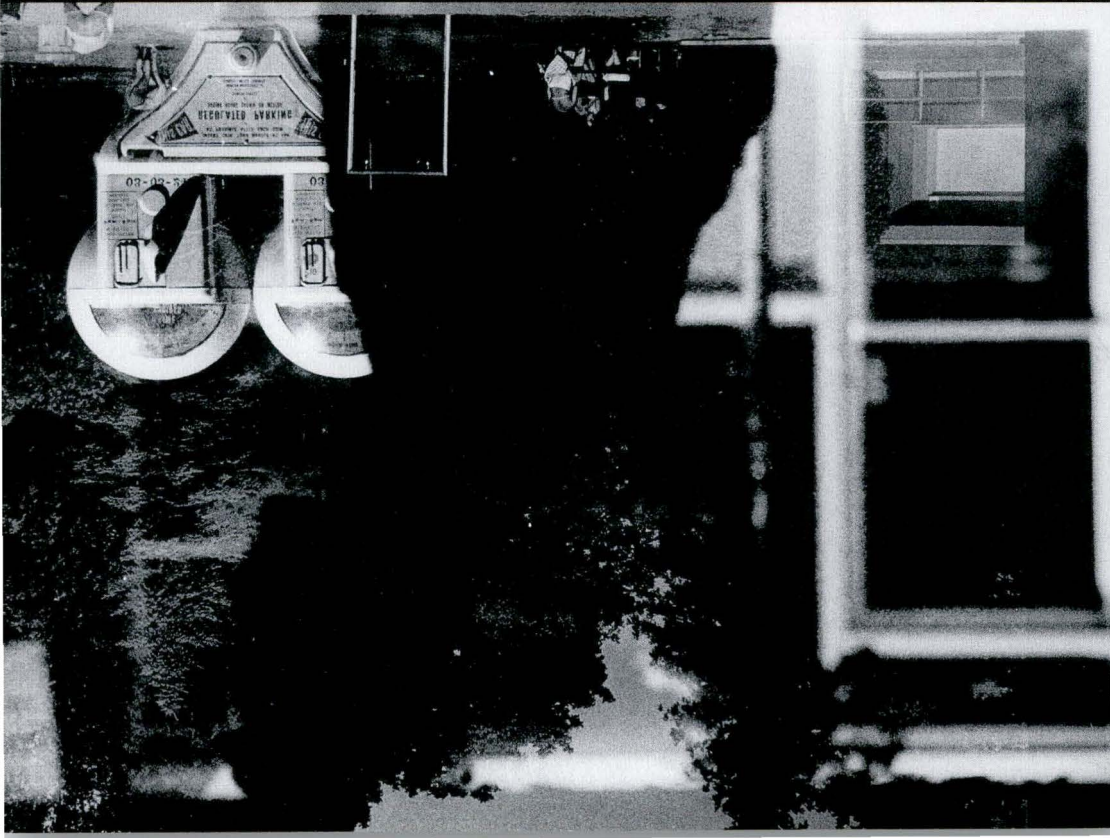
Emily Carr: Legend and Reality

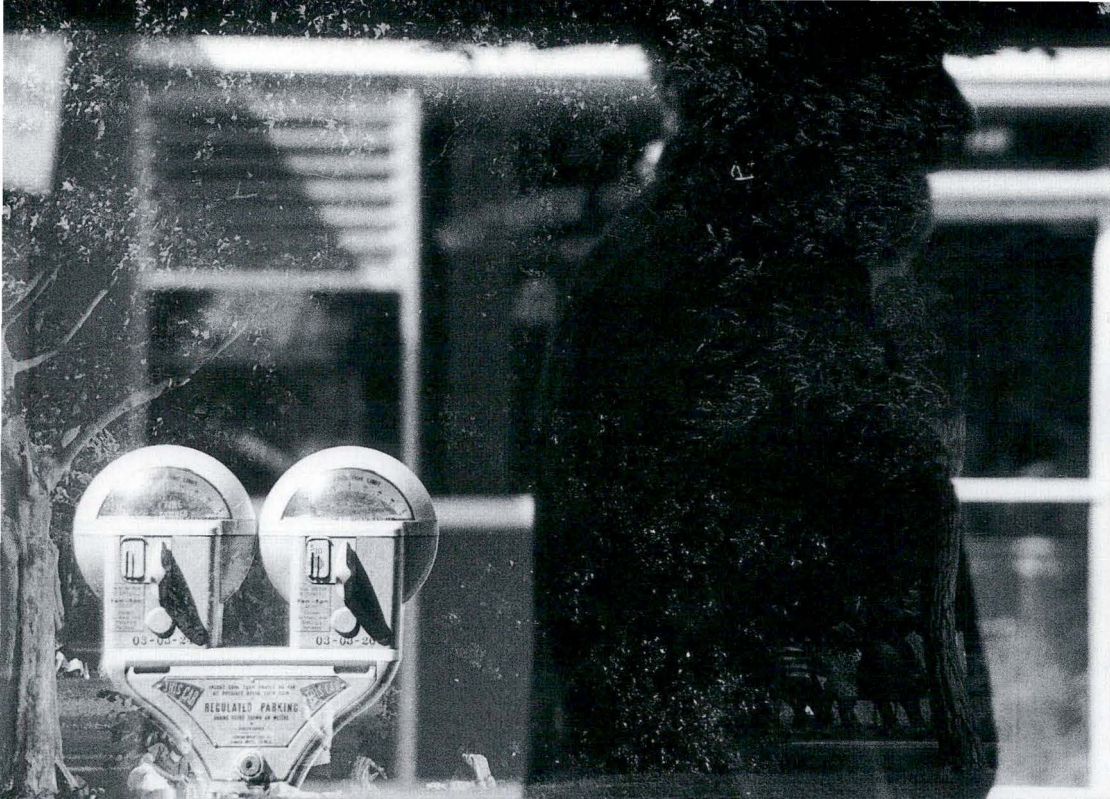
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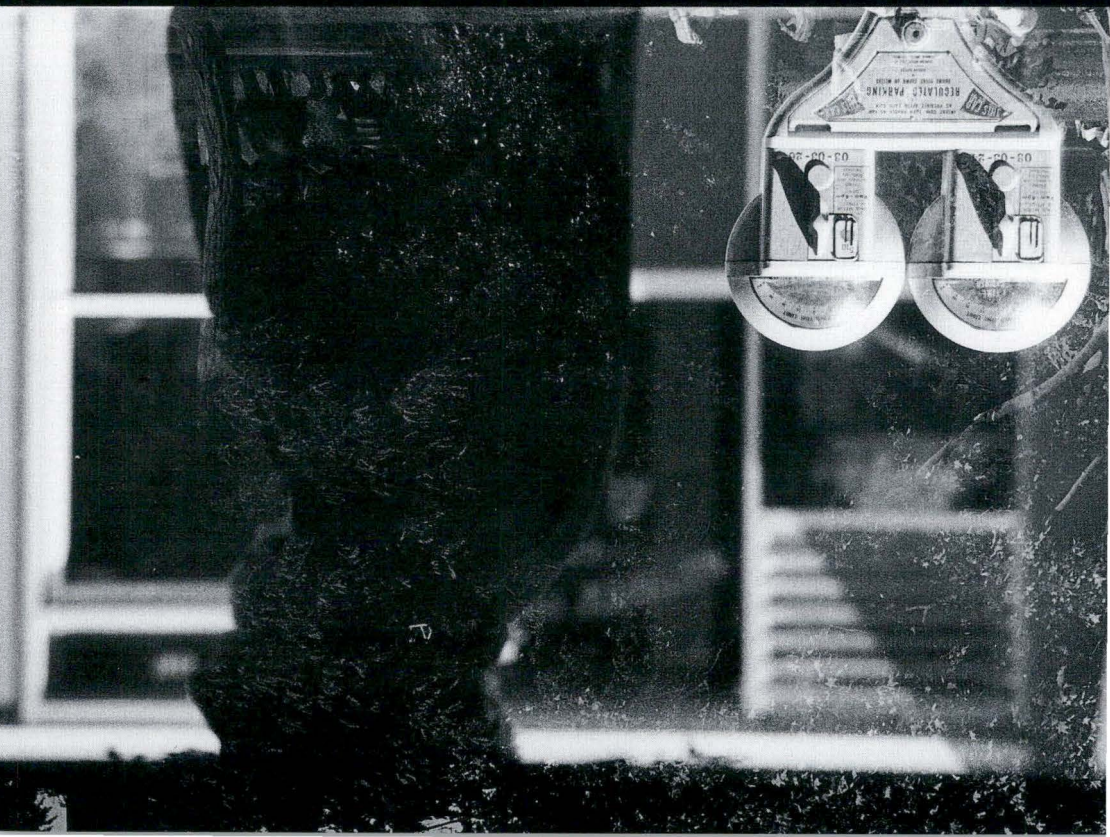


flew over the mountains to be with him: And though it was never enough to taking their early morning promenade in the Sunday morning school yard, all





simply sit and knit she would finish a vest for a son or a pair of slippers for a
lines and hand-me-down thrift stores, all the untethered dogs large and small





daughter, and when she felt like talking she invariably talked about all the fiercely-proud poor taunting him for a hand-out, all the sudden east-end bread





family ties they had on both sides of the pacific, and though she never
prowling the runneled asphalt, all the flagrant back-alley garbage pickers, the





mentioned it, they both knew she was the last link to the sad and glad tidings
the unflappable gulls on top of asphalt roots high above the guerrilla alley cats





of the floating world. When they had talked at length and had little but silences
Street Bohdissatvas, Mary's plum tree, her purple mums and tiger lillies, all



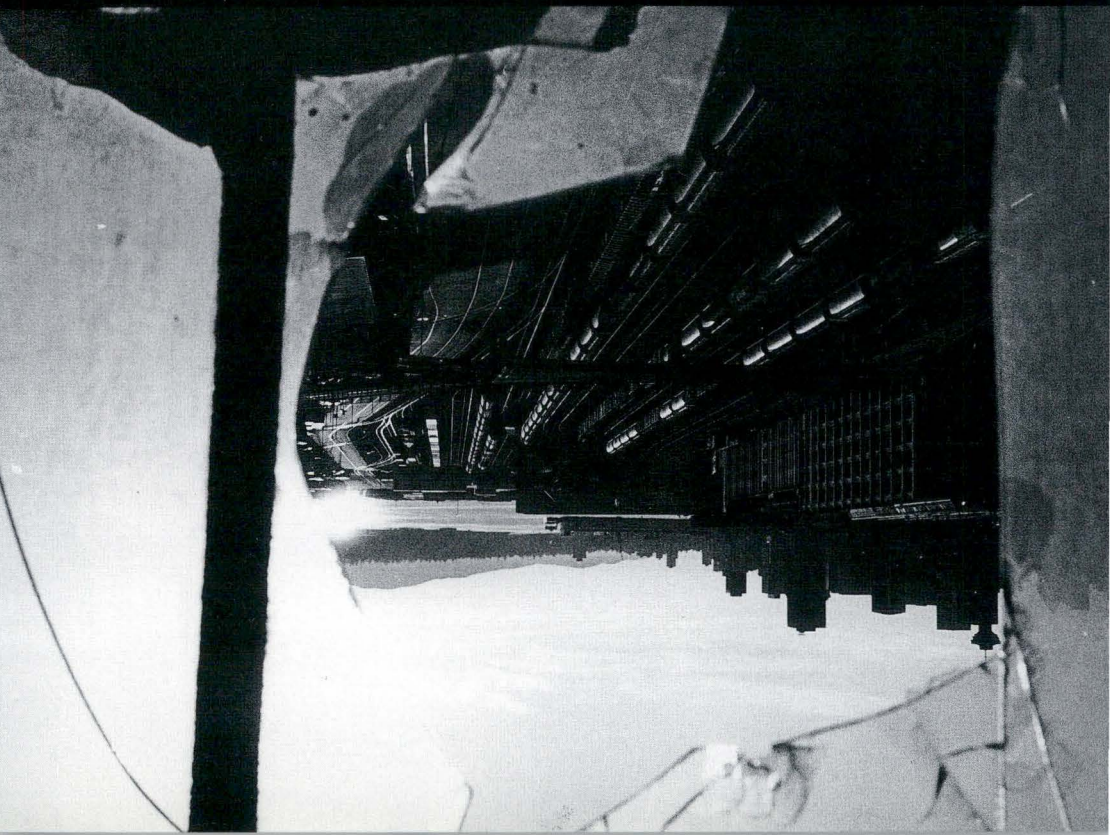


to add to the tally of their summer days they sat and watched television: One airport din. Peripatetic images haunt his waking hours: Hastings and Main





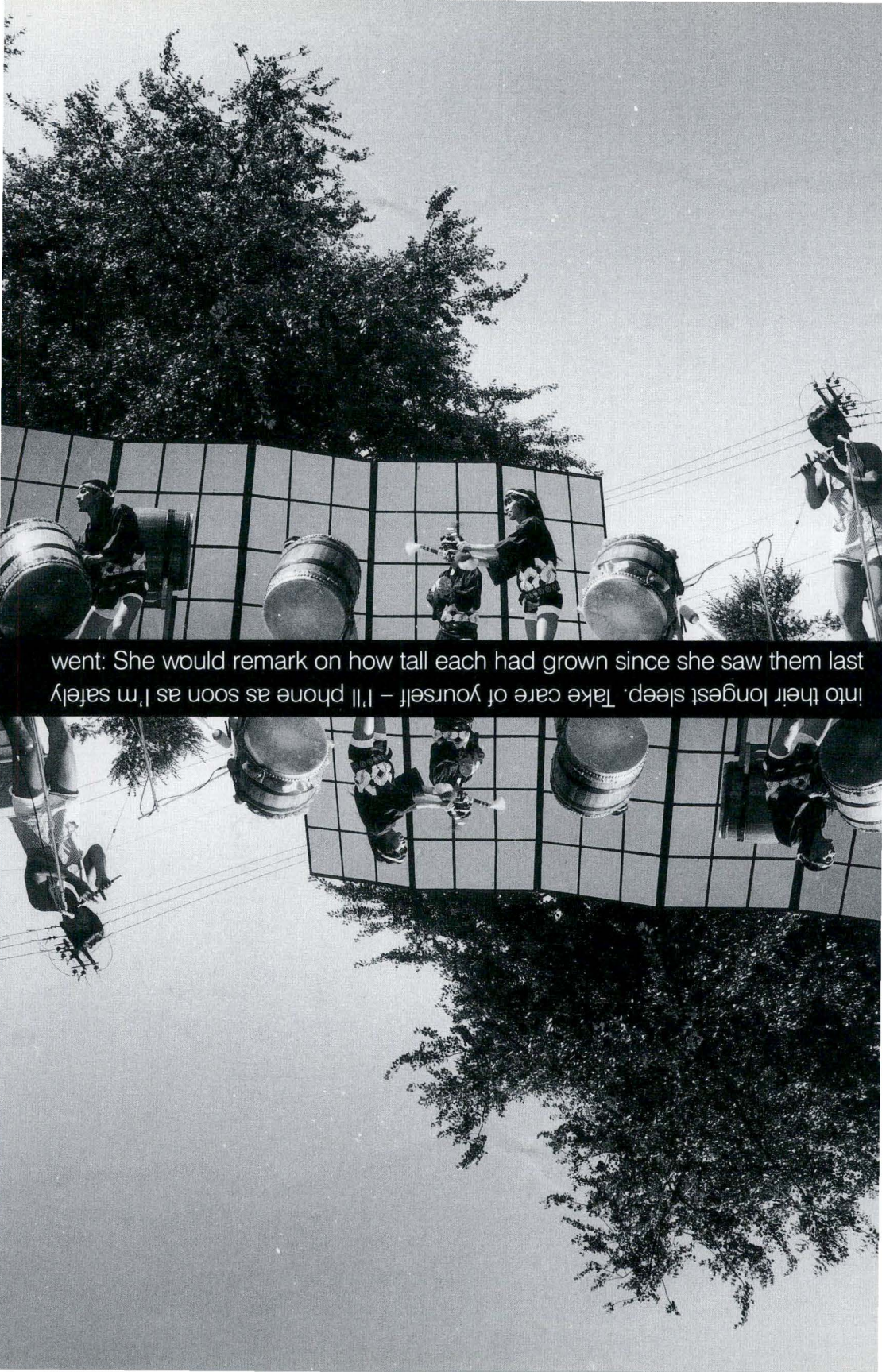
night it would be The Bill Cosby Show, another night Rashomon. And all wheeled her through the check-point, his broken syntax collapsed into the





home — in that moment before the tall stewardess took over and gently
through the summer her grandchildren and great grandchildren came and



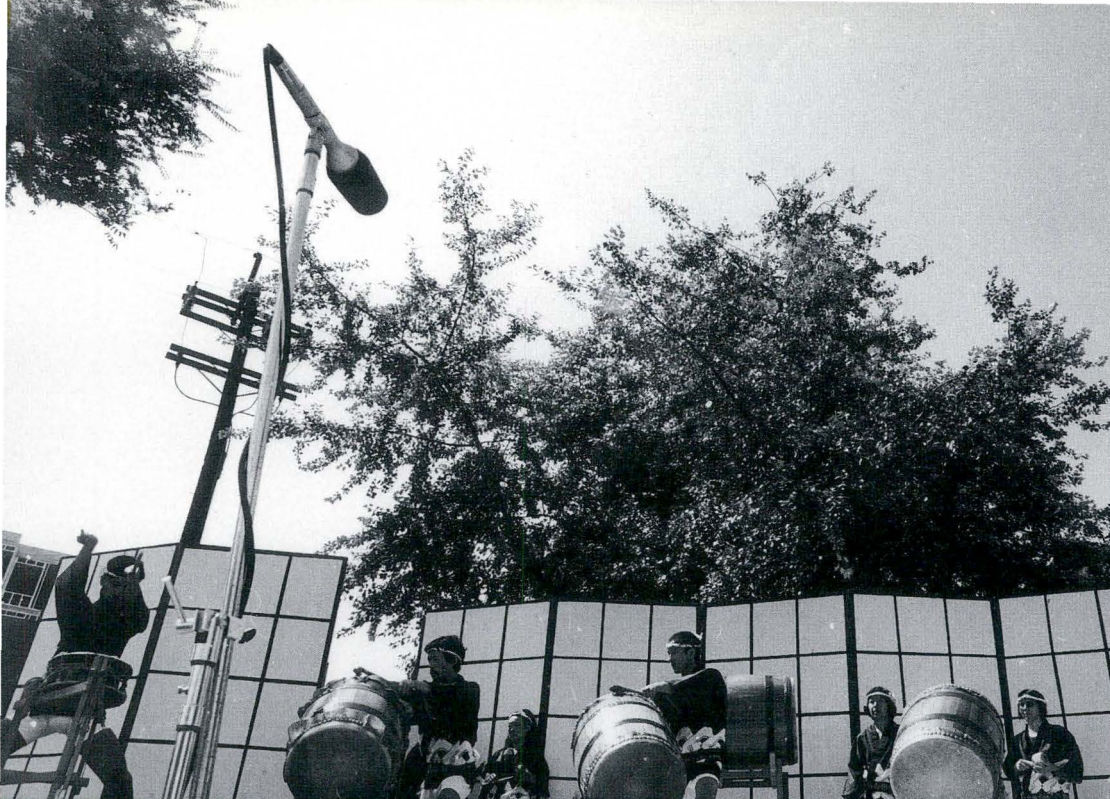


into their longest sleep. Take care of yourself – I'll phone as soon as I'm safely
went: She would remark on how tall each had grown since she saw them last



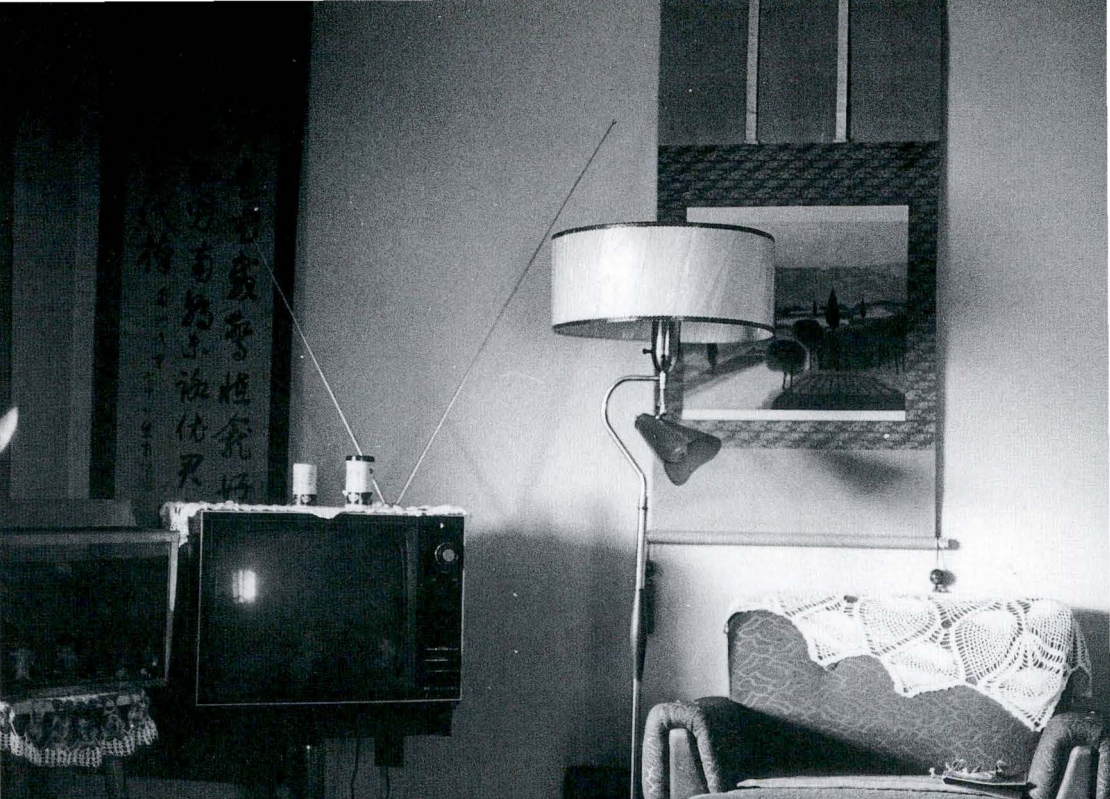
and how they looked more like one or the other parent, and even as she they will never wake up. Others like her close their eyes one night and die



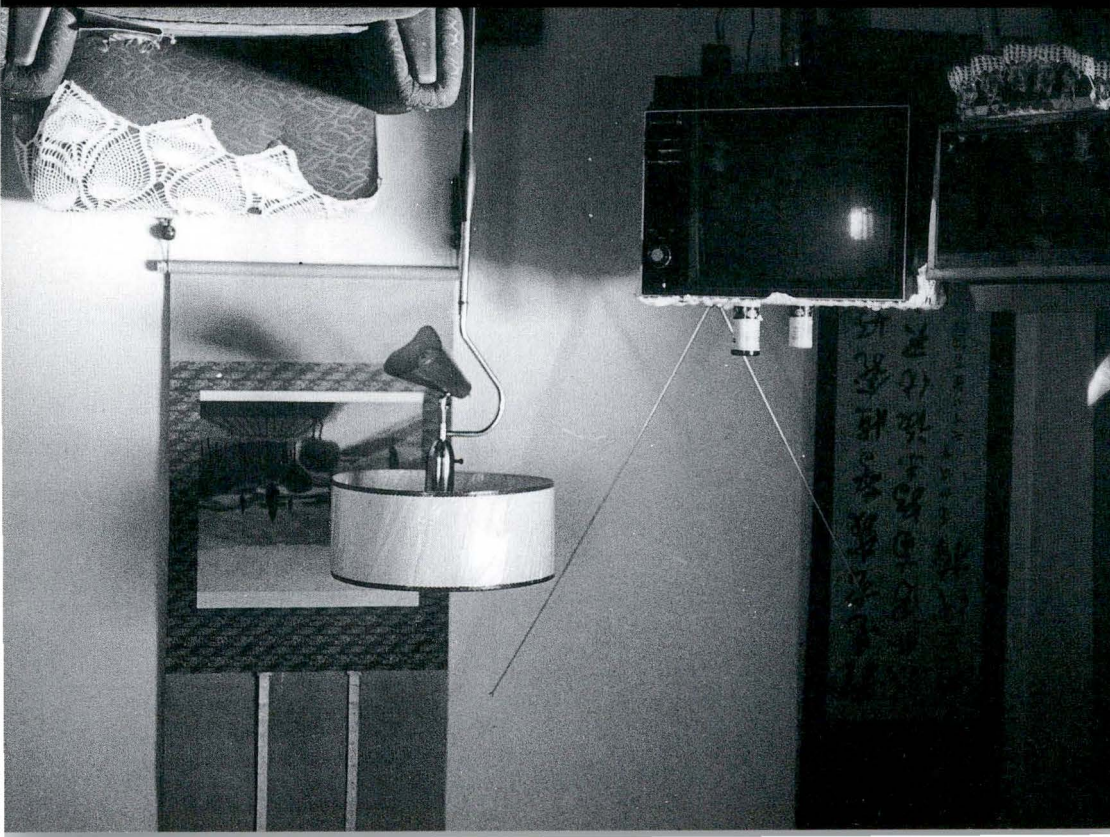


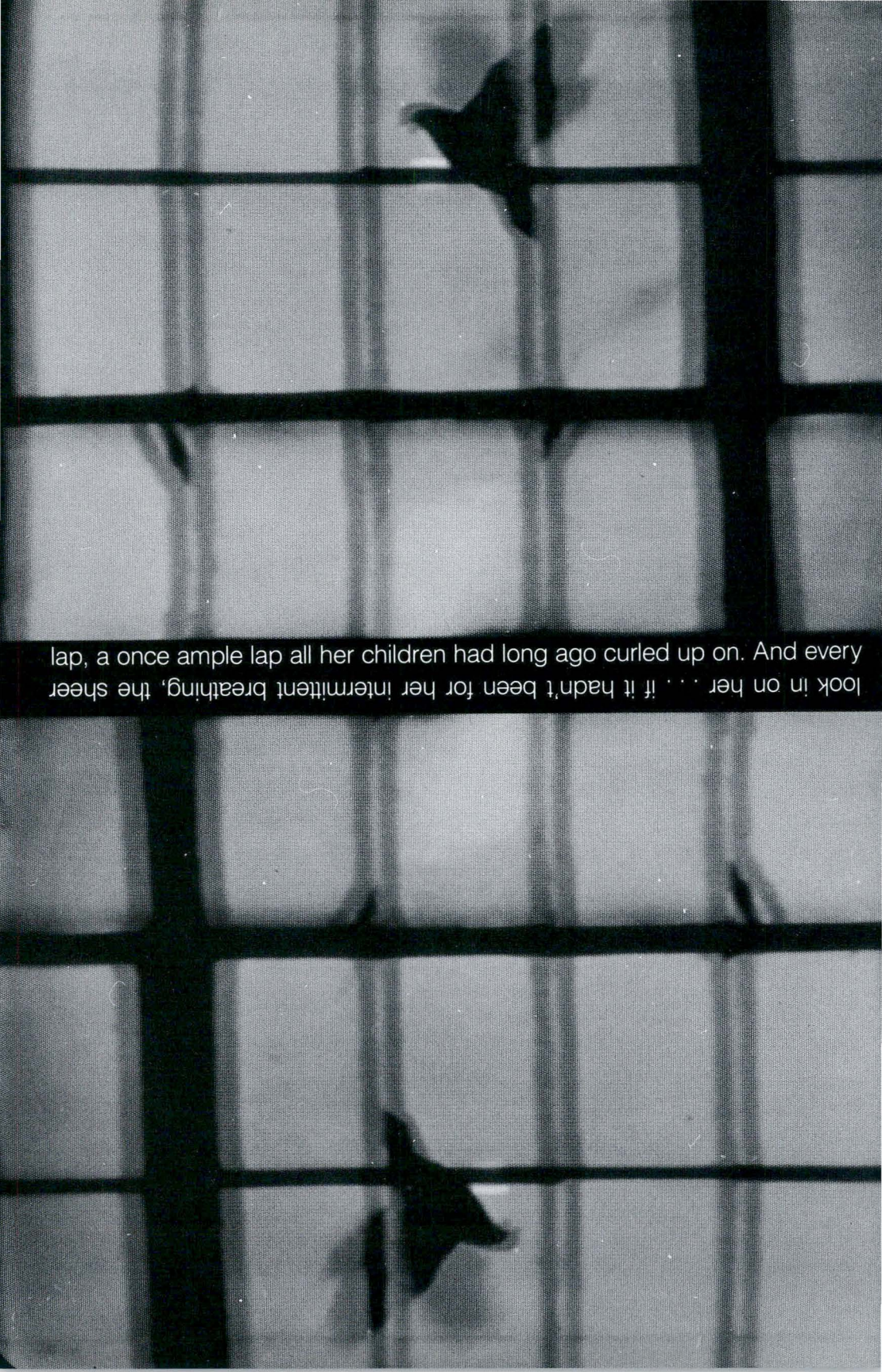
gave each of them a gift and talked to them in broken-english, she knew that people tell her they lie awake every night terrified that if they shut their eyes





even the smallest grandchild was too heavy to lift let alone take on her small abandonment of her sleeping posture would have daunted him. Some old





lap, a once ample lap all her children had long ago curled up on. And every
look in on her . . . if it hadn't been for her intermittent breathing, the sheer



ning after she said "goodnight" and went upstairs to her small bed he would
morning, just before he got up, he wondered if her eyes would gleam the





bright morning sun and for the ten thousand times with faultless but frail
name to had composted an indigenous pan-pacific midden. And each eve-





gestures would dress herself before she slowly made her way downstairs, how all that had befallen her in a country too vast to imagine let alone put a





and as she turned the corner and placed a tiny foot firmly on the livingroom beloved daughter: Thus, this past summer he had plainly seen and heard





floor, would say, "good morning," and the pleasure of it was in her voice. So penurious but full-hearted was after all the very hallmark of a meiji samurai's





they had breakfast together each morning and together got another day on
selves; even their roles as a mother and son had a portent. To die if need be





its way. For many summers he didn't acknowledge to her how a mother and peeled away layers of cross and became more and more their essential





a son enacted the role of a peerless seer and a faithful acolyte, but now in foretell what the post-war years had in store for them. Each summer they





her dwindling years it all came home to him with a dumbfound clarity. He poignancy for both of them, though they agreed that even these couldn't





took another long look at all the old photos they had perused together: Except photos sandwiched between Pearl Harbour and Hiroshima that had a special





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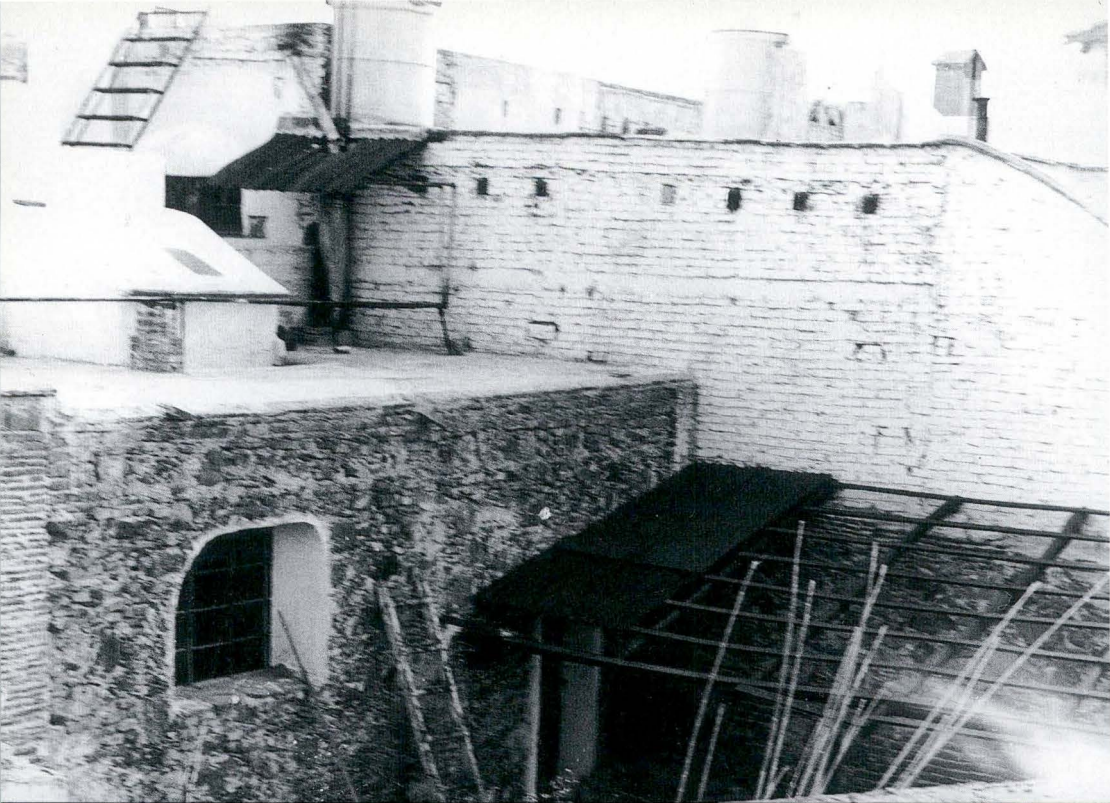
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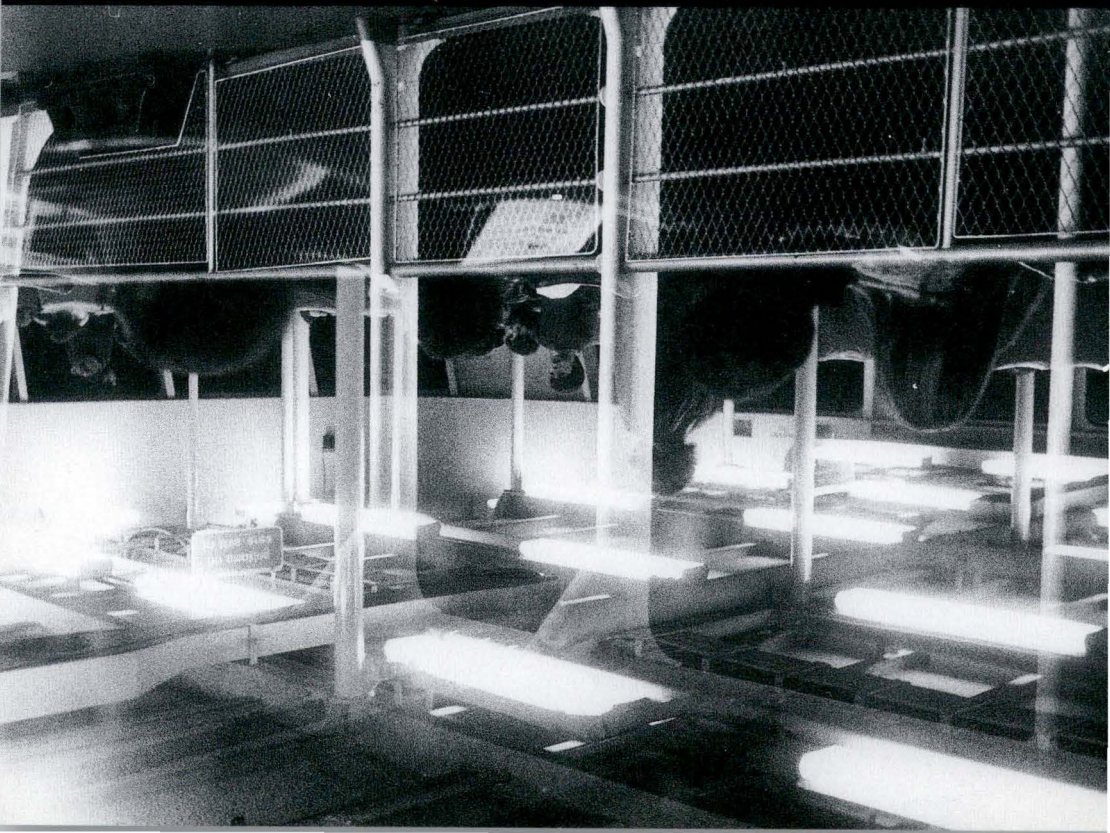


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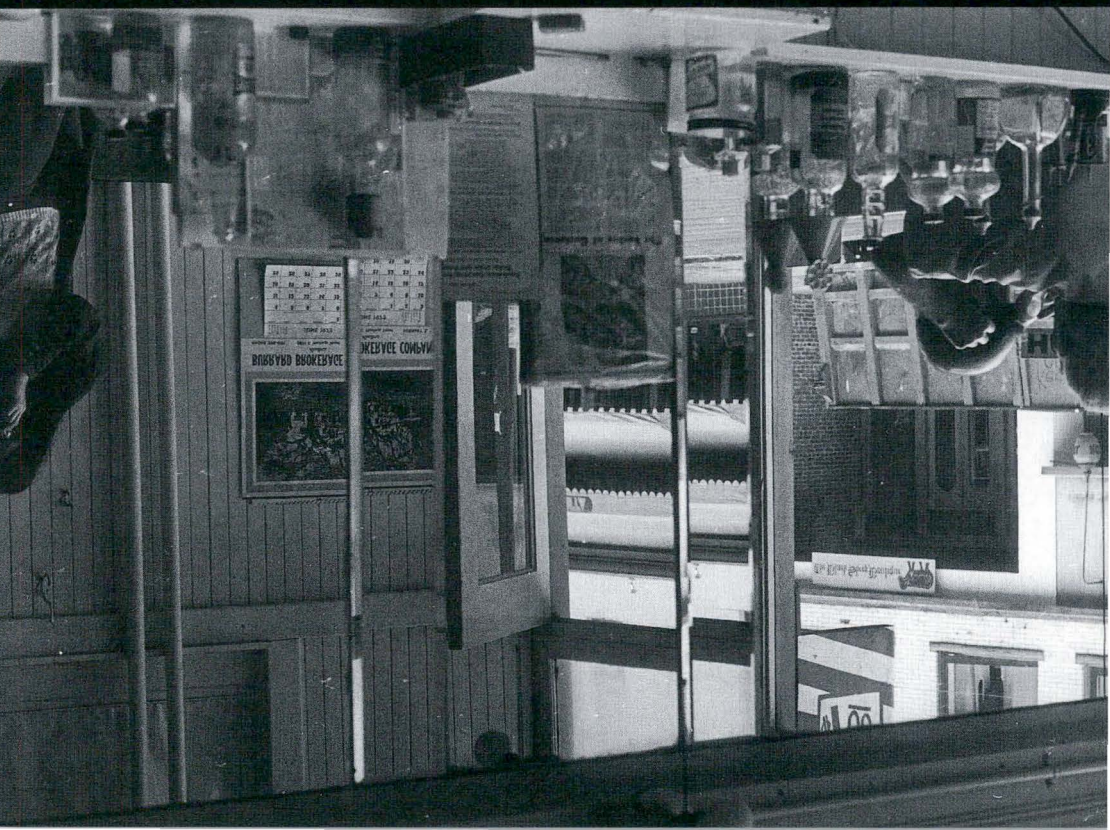


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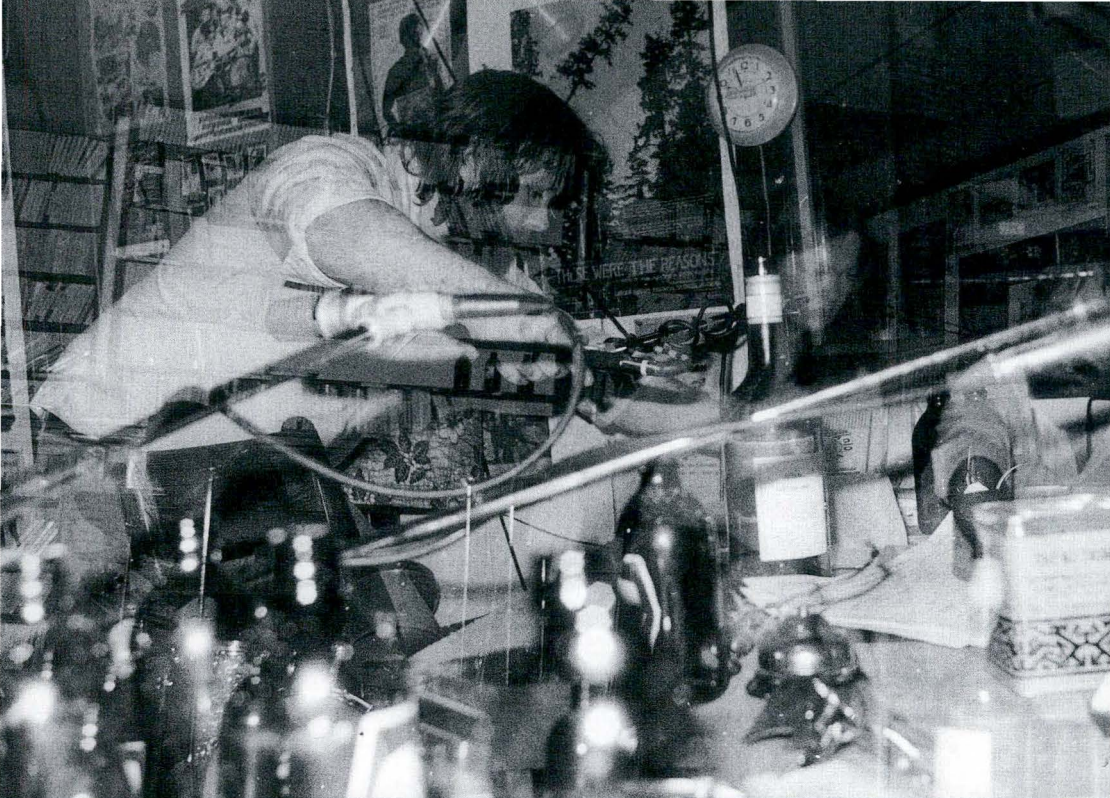
abandonment of her sleeping posture would have daunted him. Some old even the smallest grandchild was too heavy to lift let alone take on her small



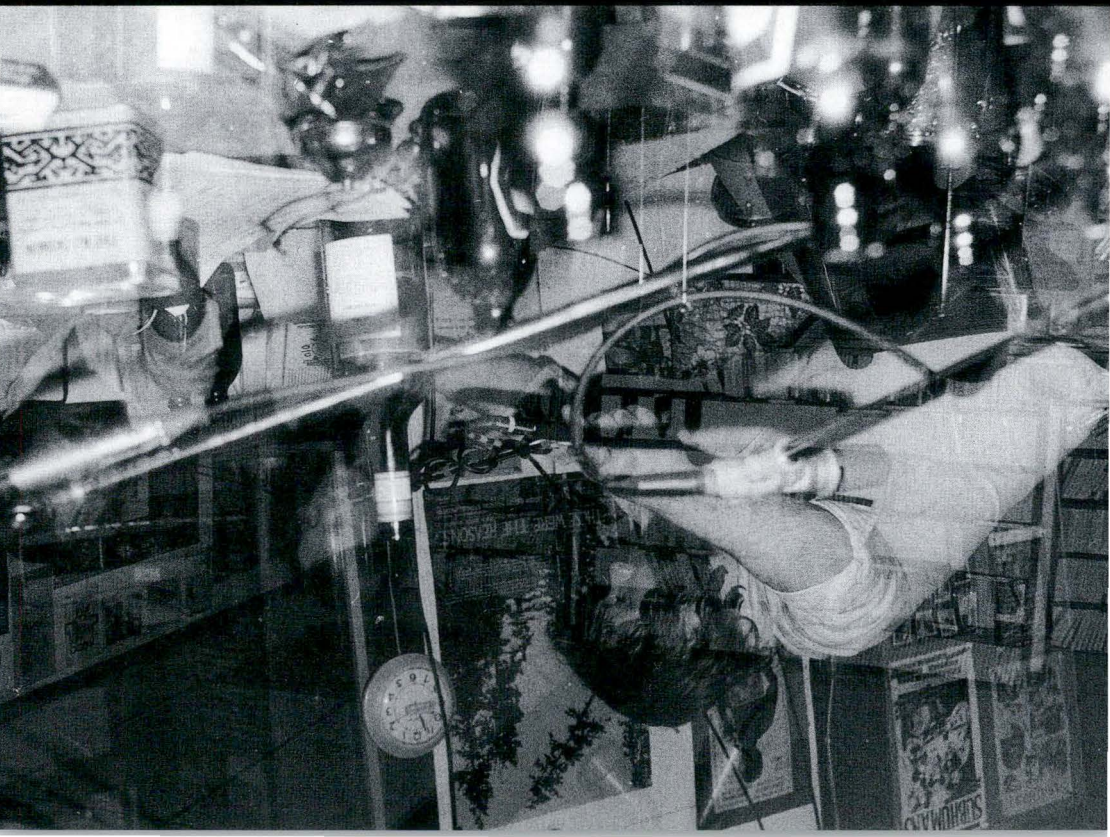


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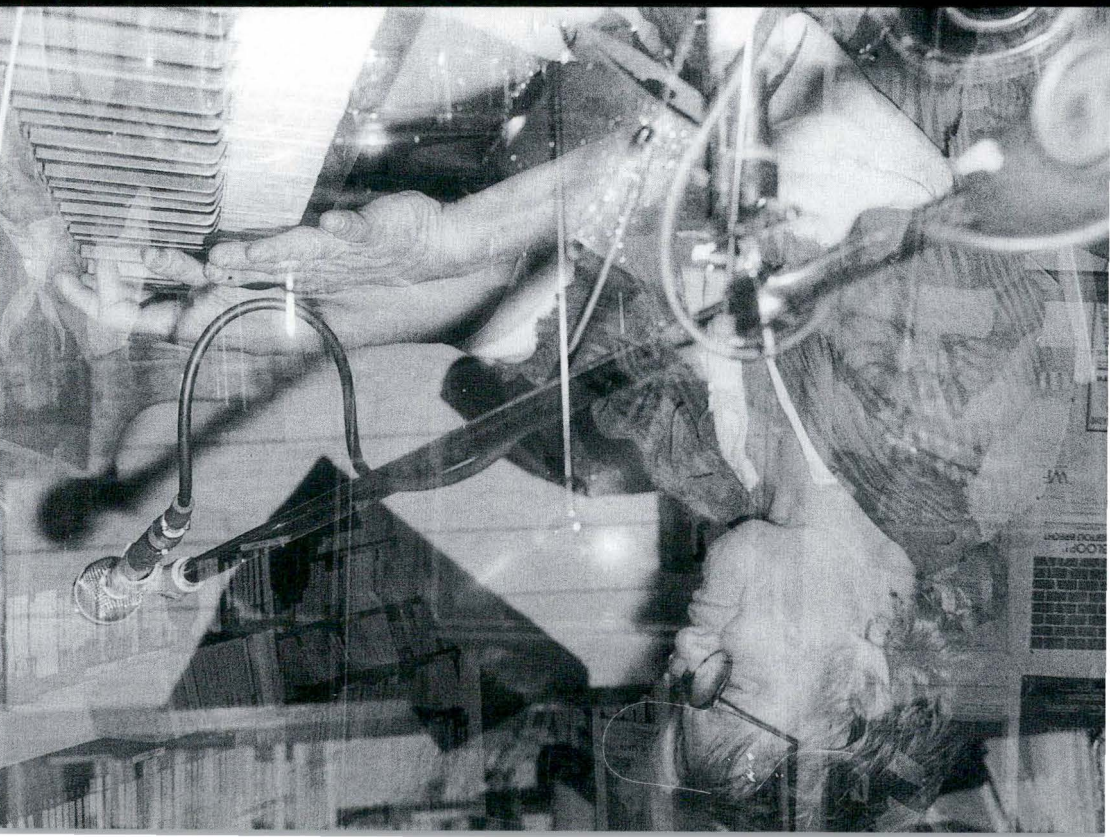


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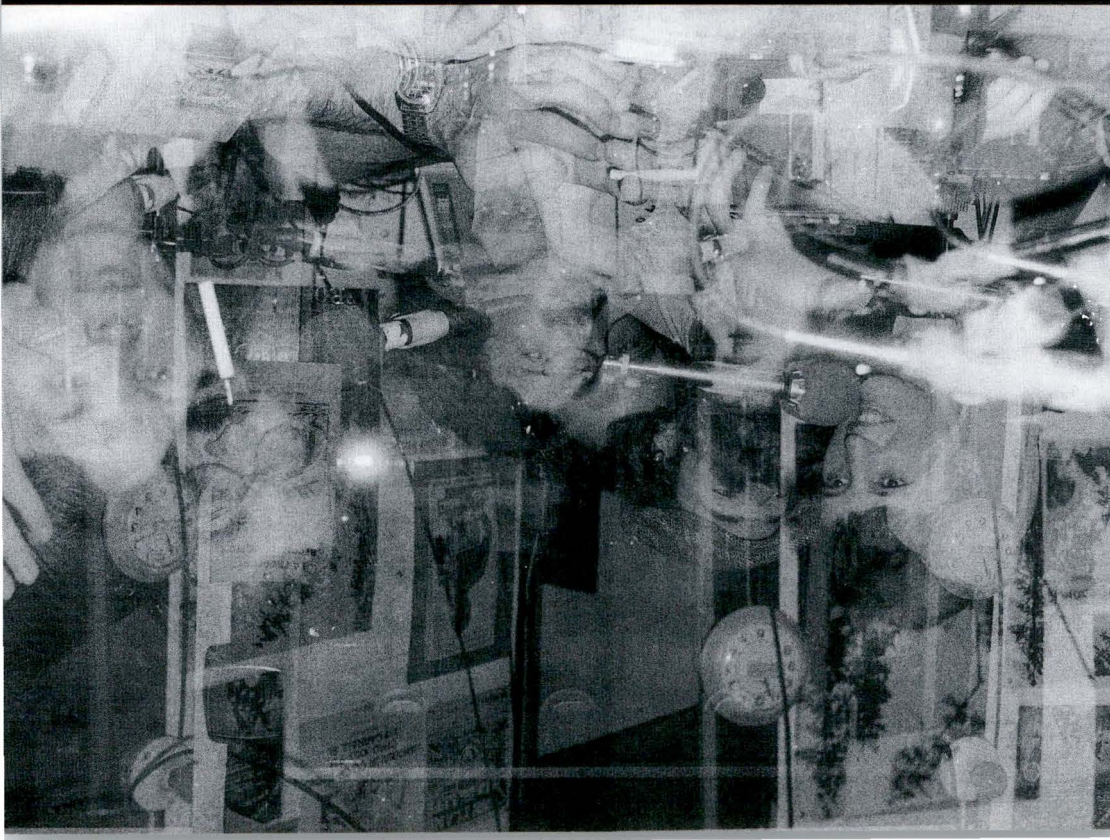


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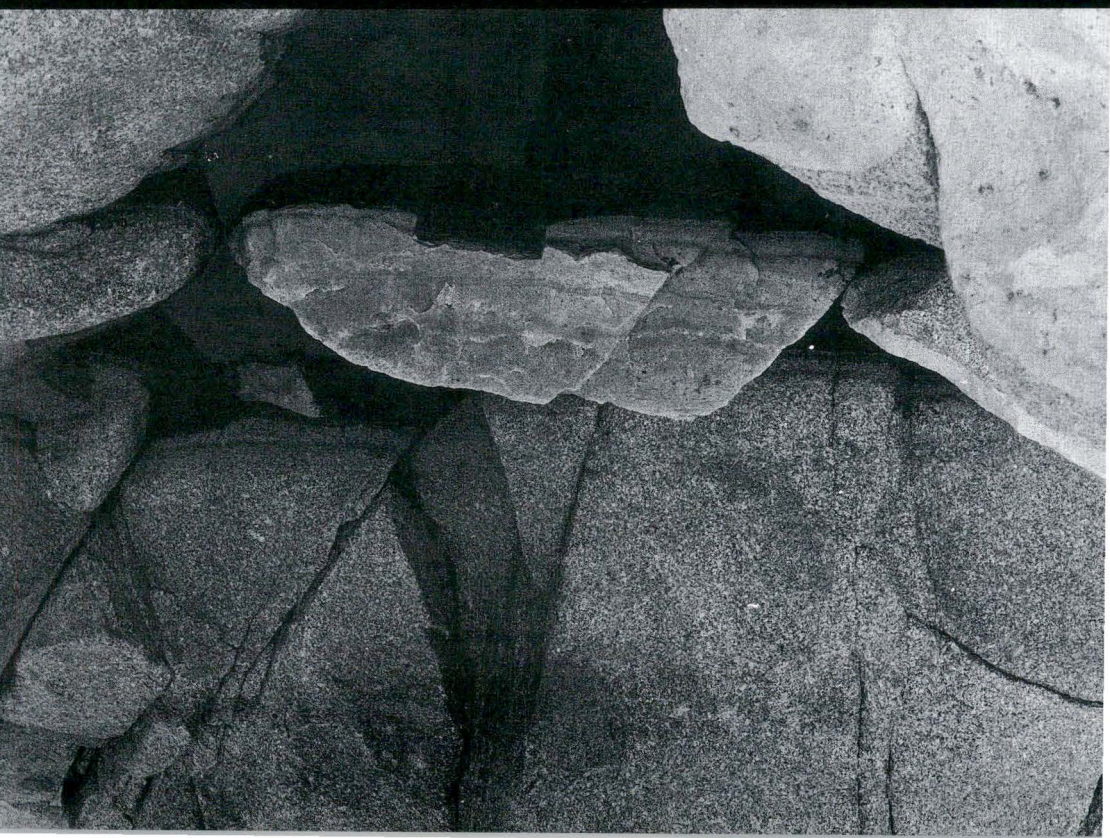


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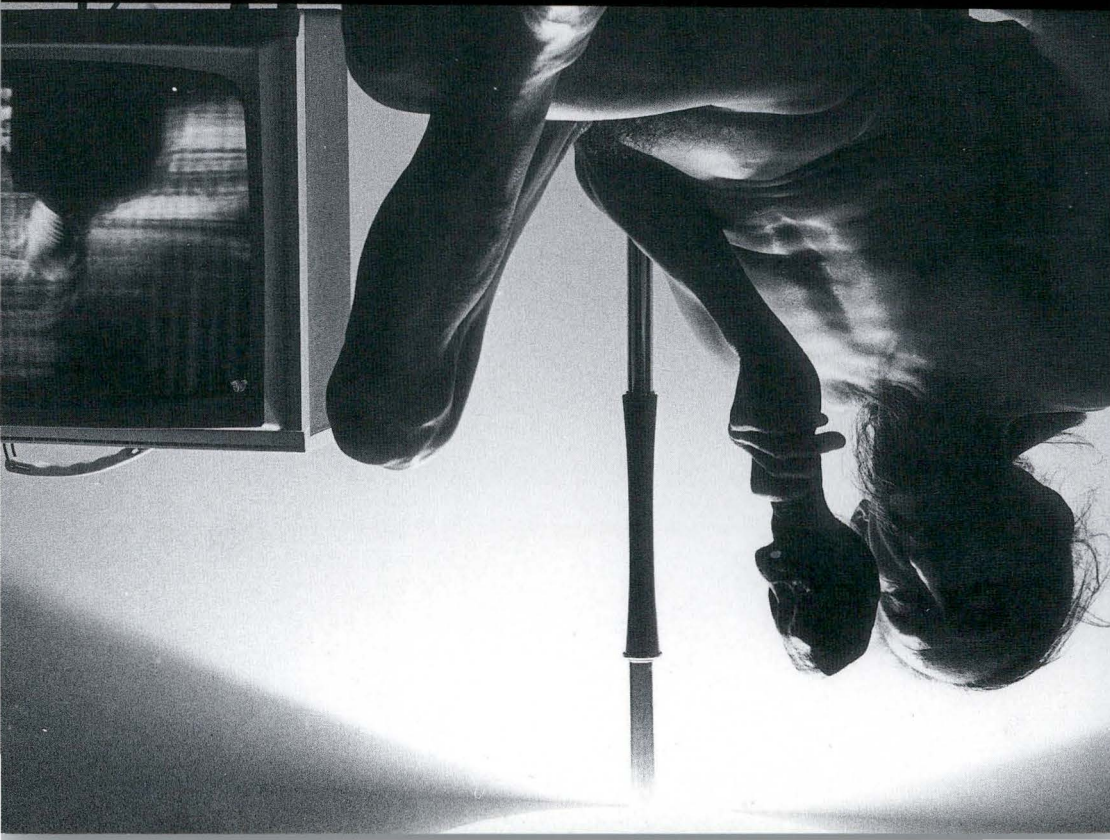


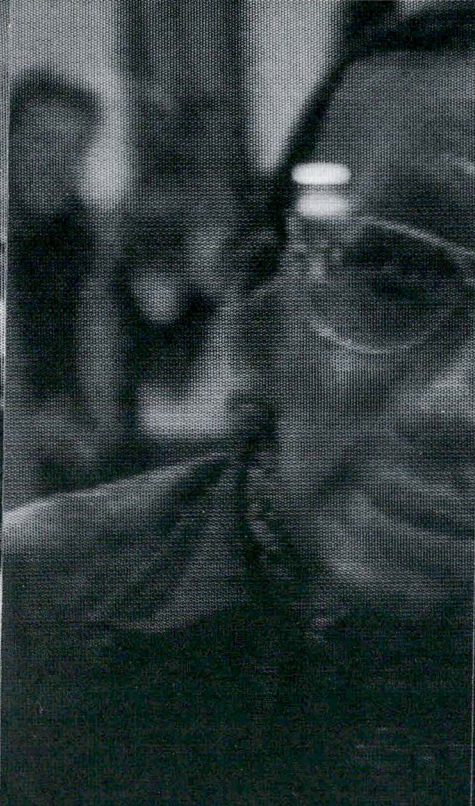
fiercely-proud poor taunting him for a hand-out, all the sodden east-end bread
daughter, and when she felt like talking she invariably talked about all the





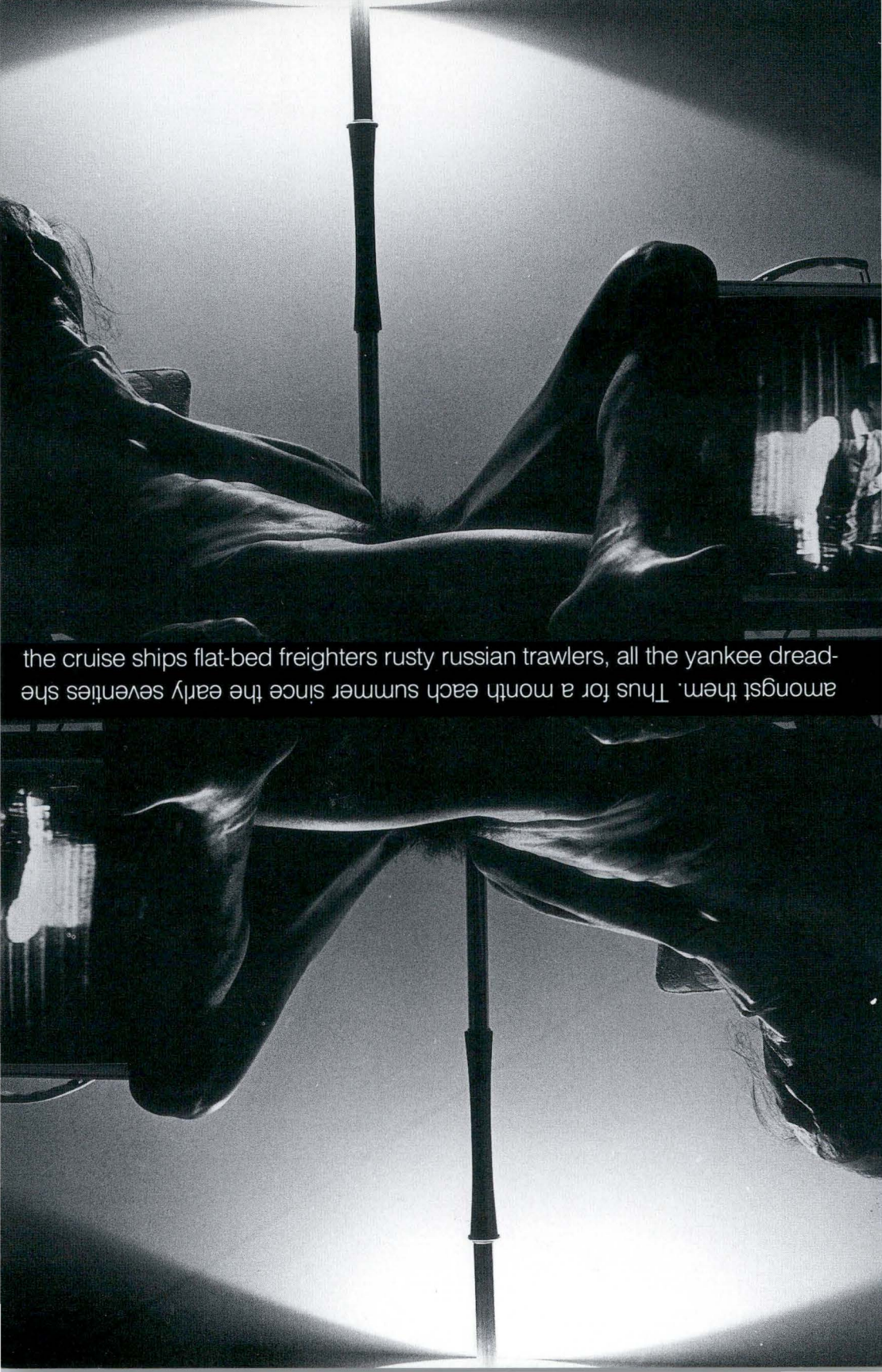
lines and hand-me-down thrift stores, all the untethered dogs large and small simply sit and knit she would finish a vest for a son or a pair of slippers for a





taking their early morning promenade in the Sunday morning school yard, all
flew over the mountains to be with him: And though it was never enough to

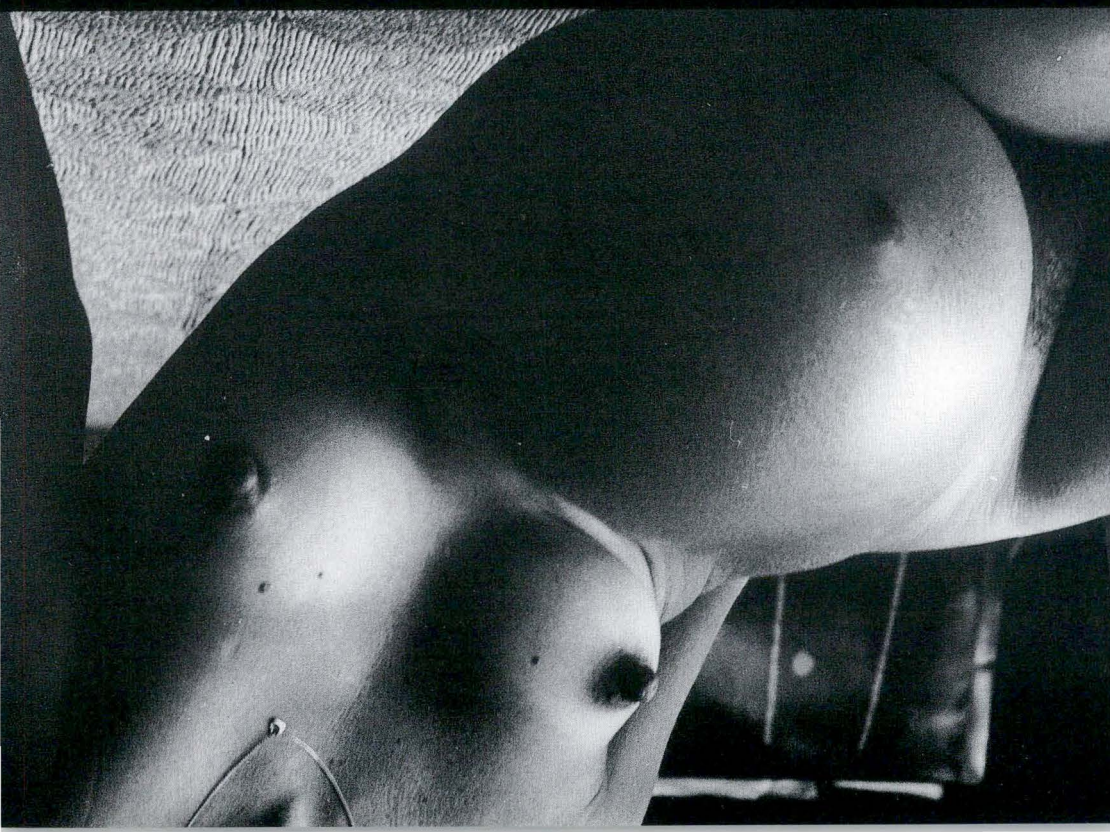


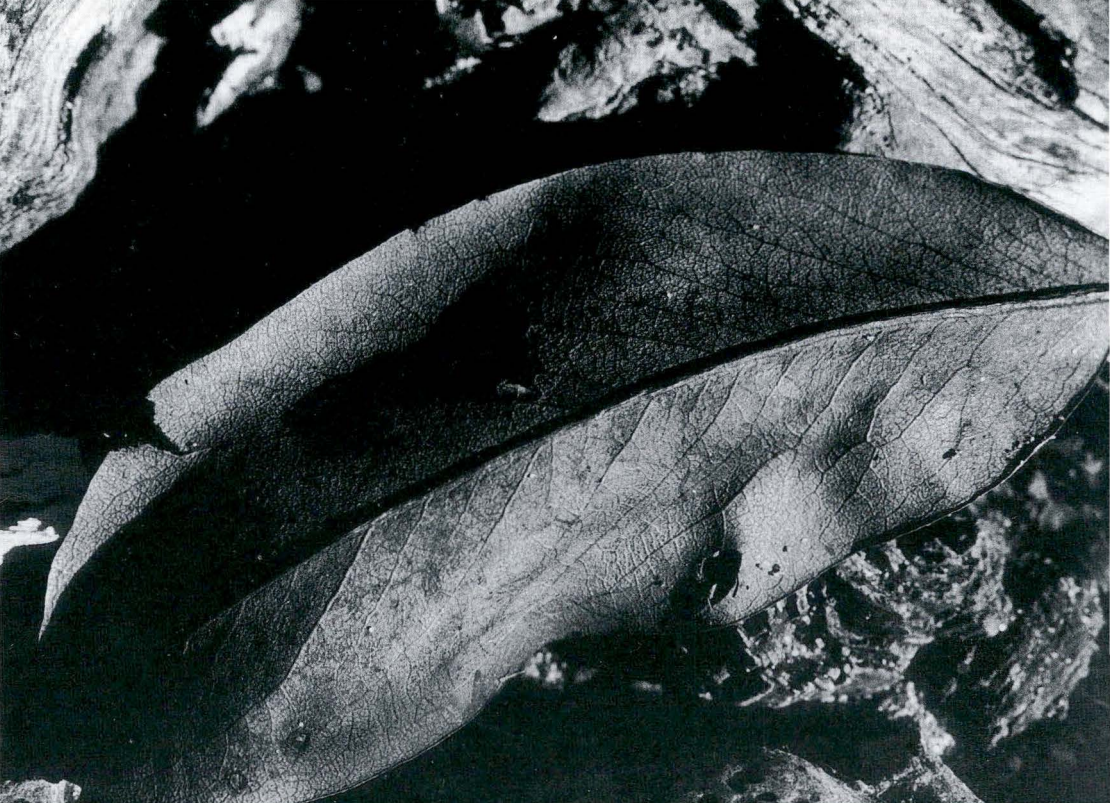


amongst them. Thus for a month each summer since the early seventies she
the cruise ships flat-bed freighters rusty russian trawlers, all the yankee dread-

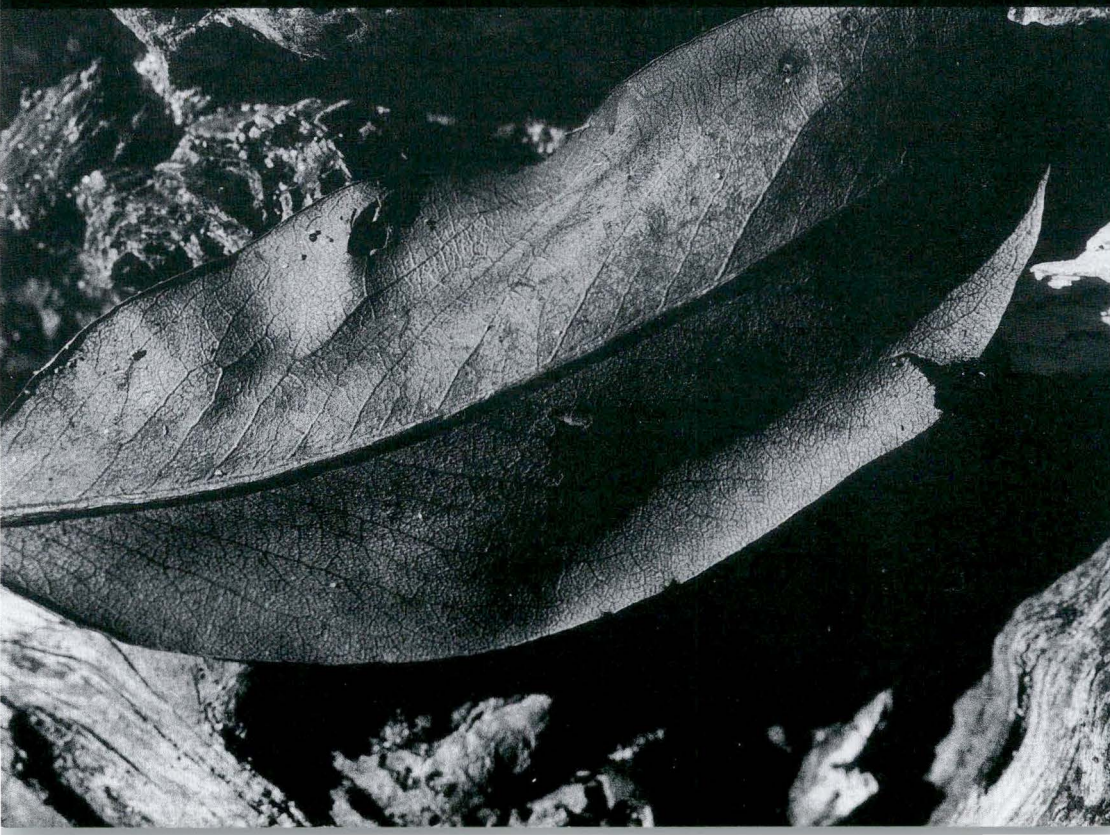


those who were alive and kicking: Her many great grandchildren not the least
noughts at anchor off ballantyne pier, all the protean artists hatching their eko-



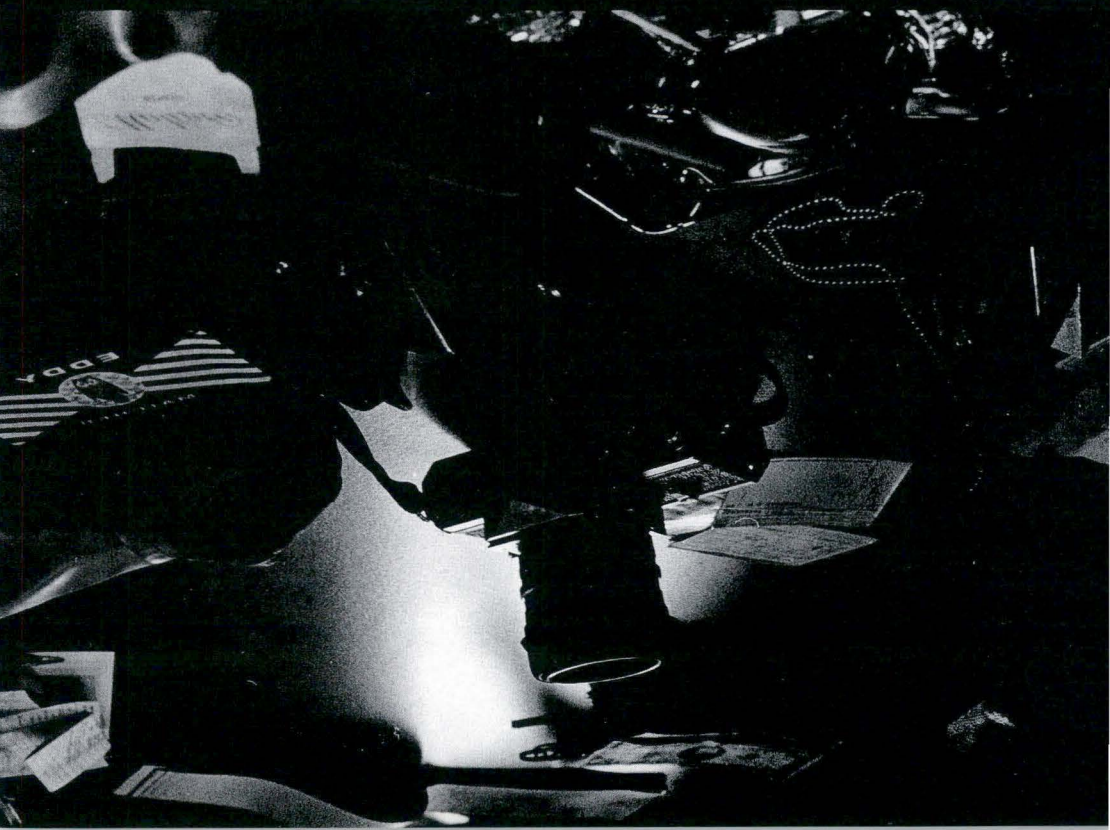


logical visions in nooks and crannies, all the la chinoise aromas and smells,
in her obits she would cite how each of them passed their prescences onto





all the asian vernaculars, the bruised bodies of teen-age hookers with delicate she cited the names of those she knew who had recently passed away, and



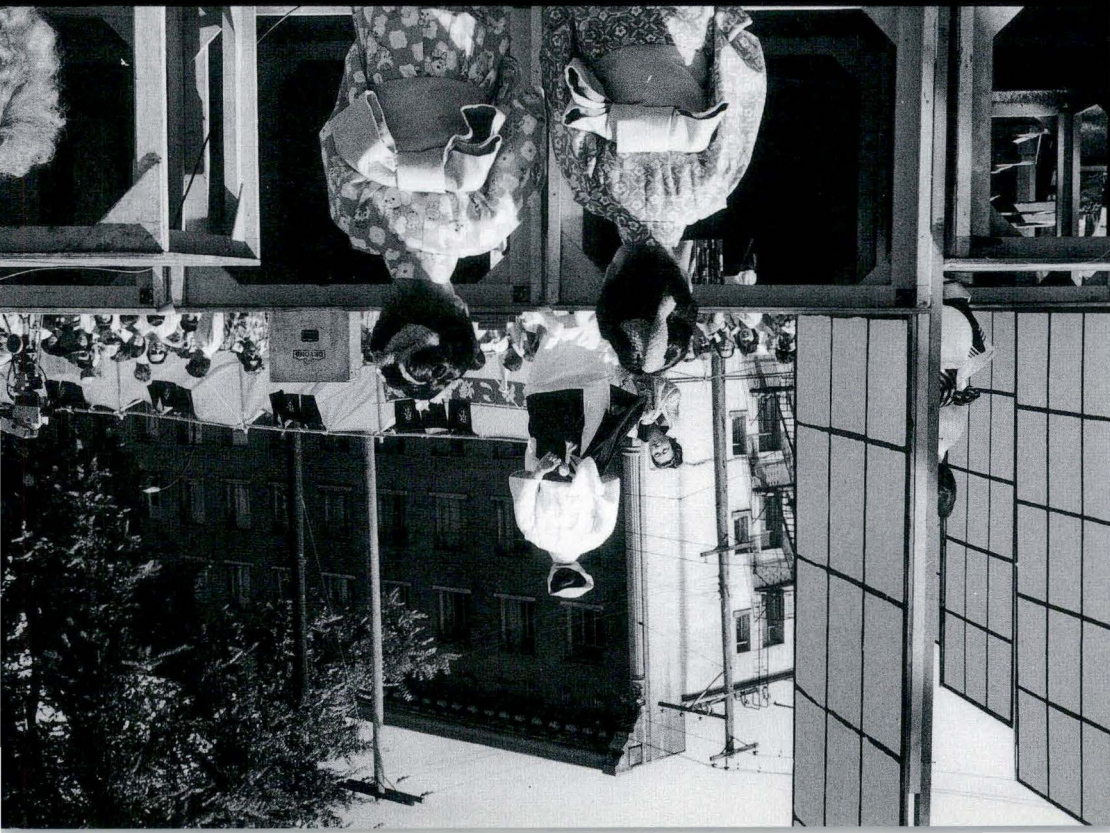


tattoos on their winsome arms and legs, all the condom-strewn back alleys, 'faces' and they recounted all the kindred and alien time-warps. Each summer





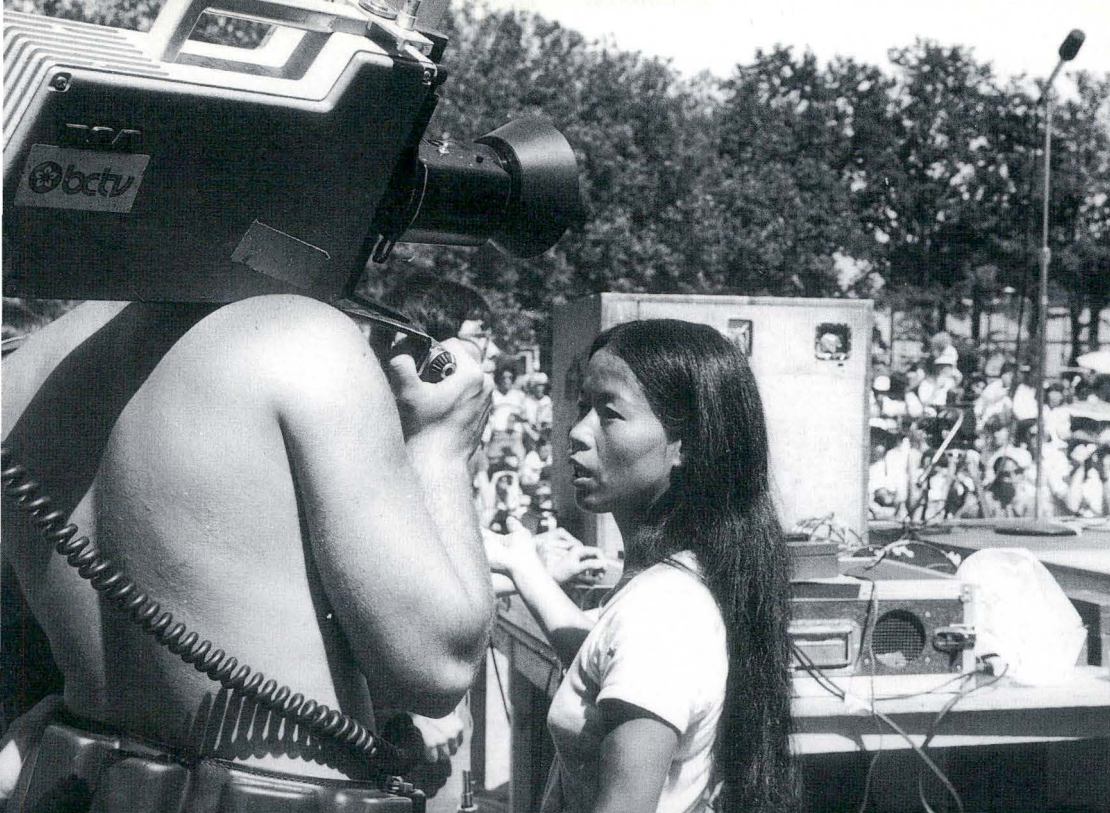
the turn-coat policies of our bread-and-butter erotic life, all the simulated
spent long summer evenings together remembering distant 'names' and





glamour of our paltry urban desires, all the phases of the moon inflecting the other and as often as not nodded off with the unkut slipper on her lap. They





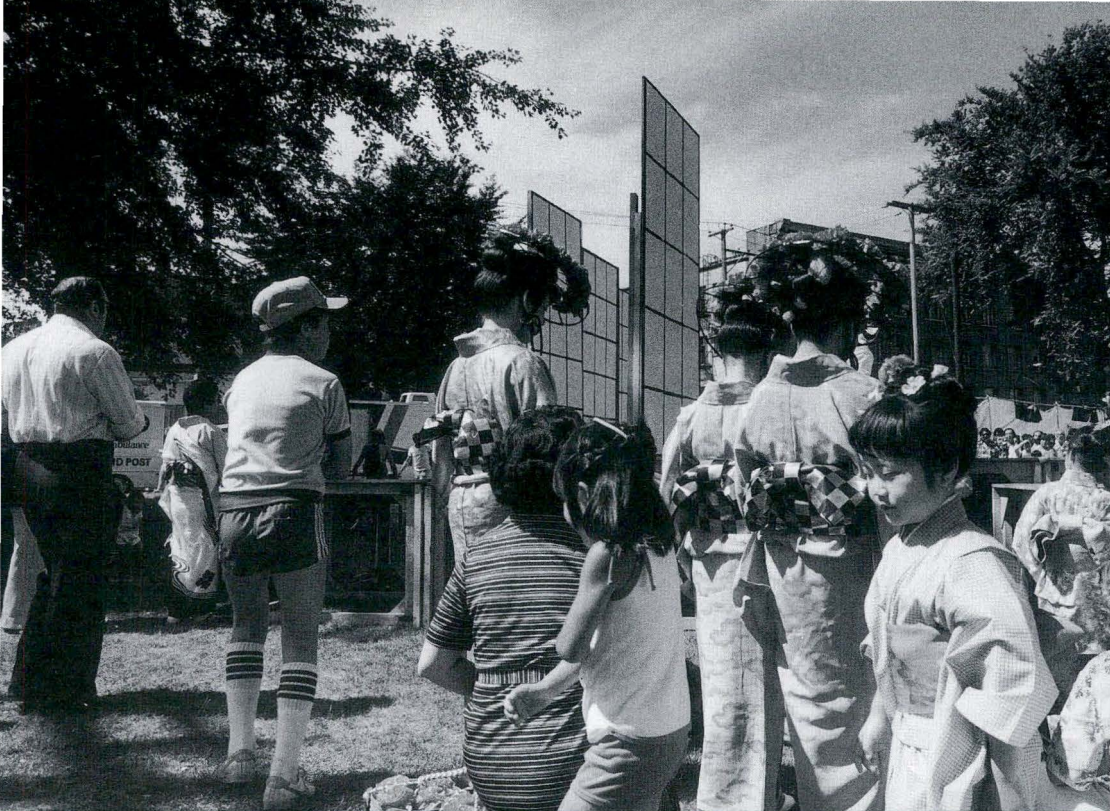
oceanic tide, all the tumultuous brine inflecting 'the ten thousand things' that she kept an eye on her favourite soap opera, but this year she did one or the



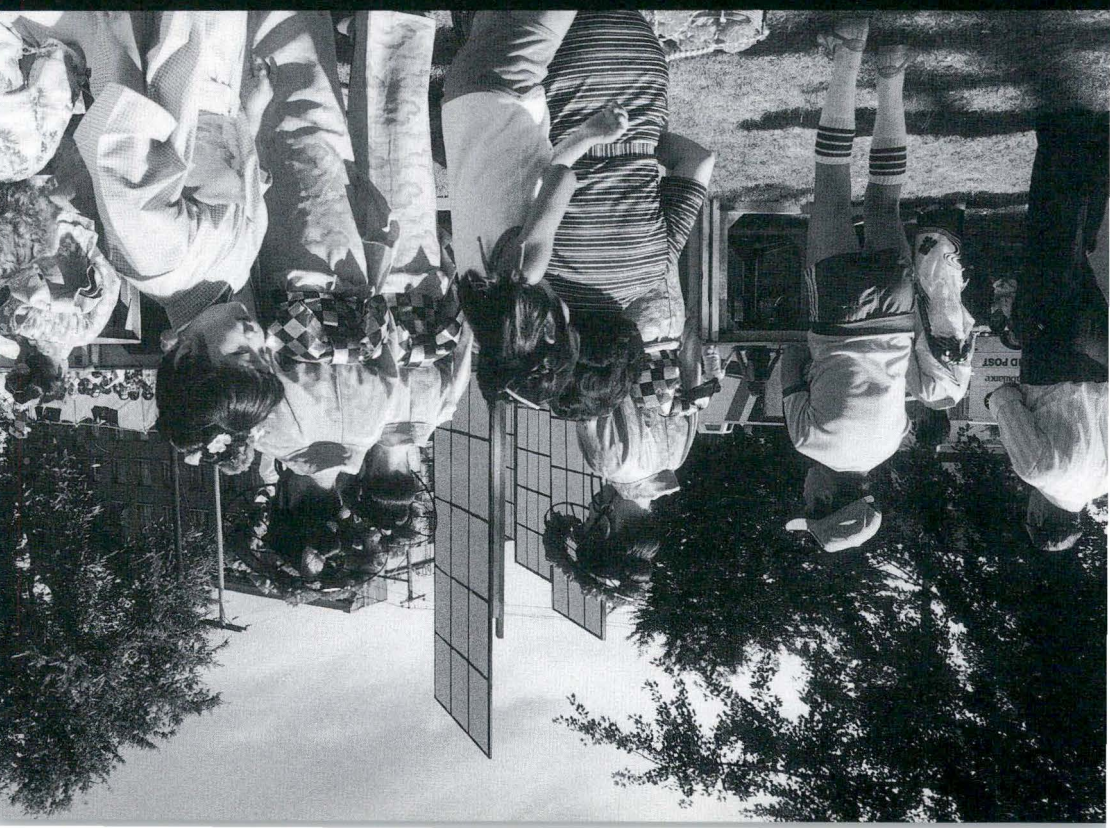


lie unbidden under the photographer's black cloth. While he was printing the family woolen slippers in an array of colors for members of the



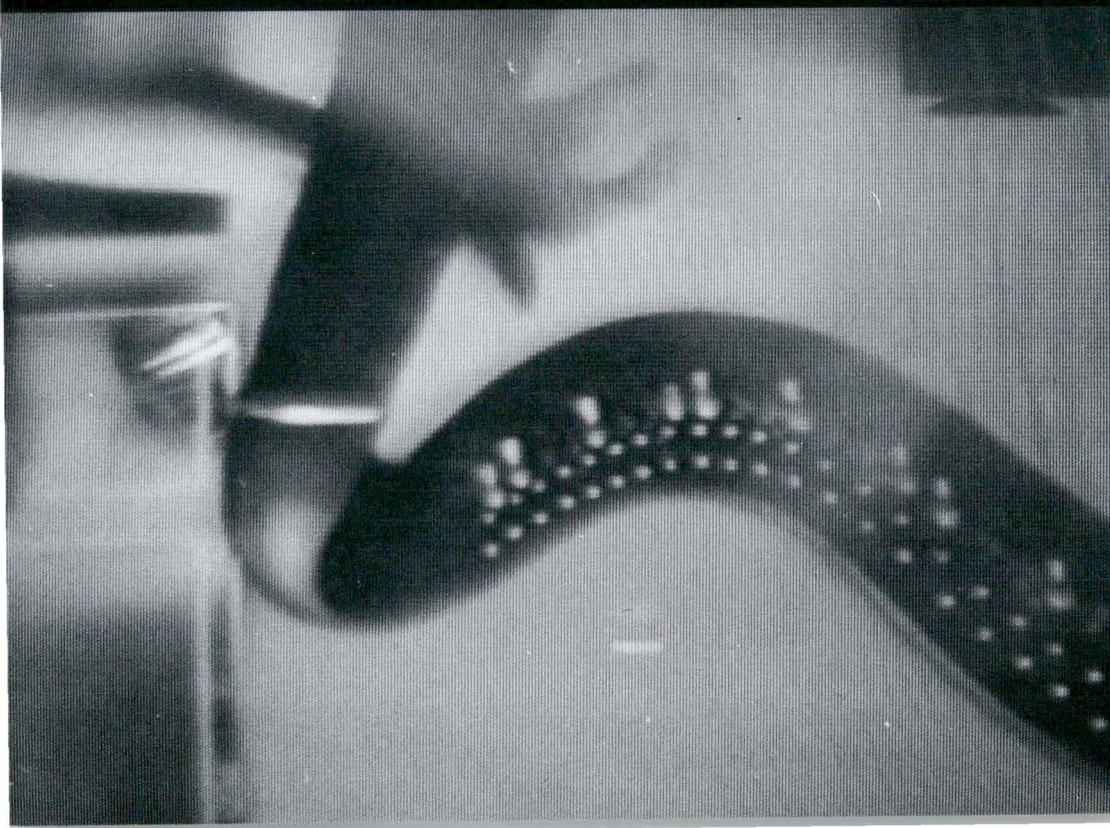


photos he found himself leafing through, he habitually revisited the site of their
His mother turned ninety-four that summer. In former years she would sit and





initial disclosure. But now as each photo fell diffidently into its place in the he walked that Fall pages out of his past spoke of inchoate presentiments.





narrative, their prefigurements disclosed the unspoken symbiosis between an omniscient God – almost drowned the hitherto thirstless earth. Everywhere





each thing and its facsimile: It all had something inexplicable to do with
and read a seraphic passage that told how all the tears shed in the name of





genuflections, replications and gross representation: Thus, each photo mind to abide, but too wrought up to sleep he opened 'the book of books'





enacted the perdurable blessings of light. Now, with the first dappled leaf, often felt parchment dry. With nothing but the unilluminated images of his own





windows cast their attenuated shadows on his every footstep. His own throat
cutting capers on the Fall air and the last year of his idiosyncratic pedagogy





already lofted, he had a hunch that the gift of sight simply augmented all the audible scream issued from an unknown throat. All that summer his own





ripe pears his once-upon-a-time 'pear tree' yielded each summer, without stint. from it, his beard half-trimmed. Lately, he was appalled at how often a barely





And, because she had often spoken of her late husband, particularly their
he had seen that façade impress itself on his own face and had turned away





early years in Canada after the first world war, he felt gladful that the last snap face, with its own thatch, its half-shuttered windows and closely-guarded door;





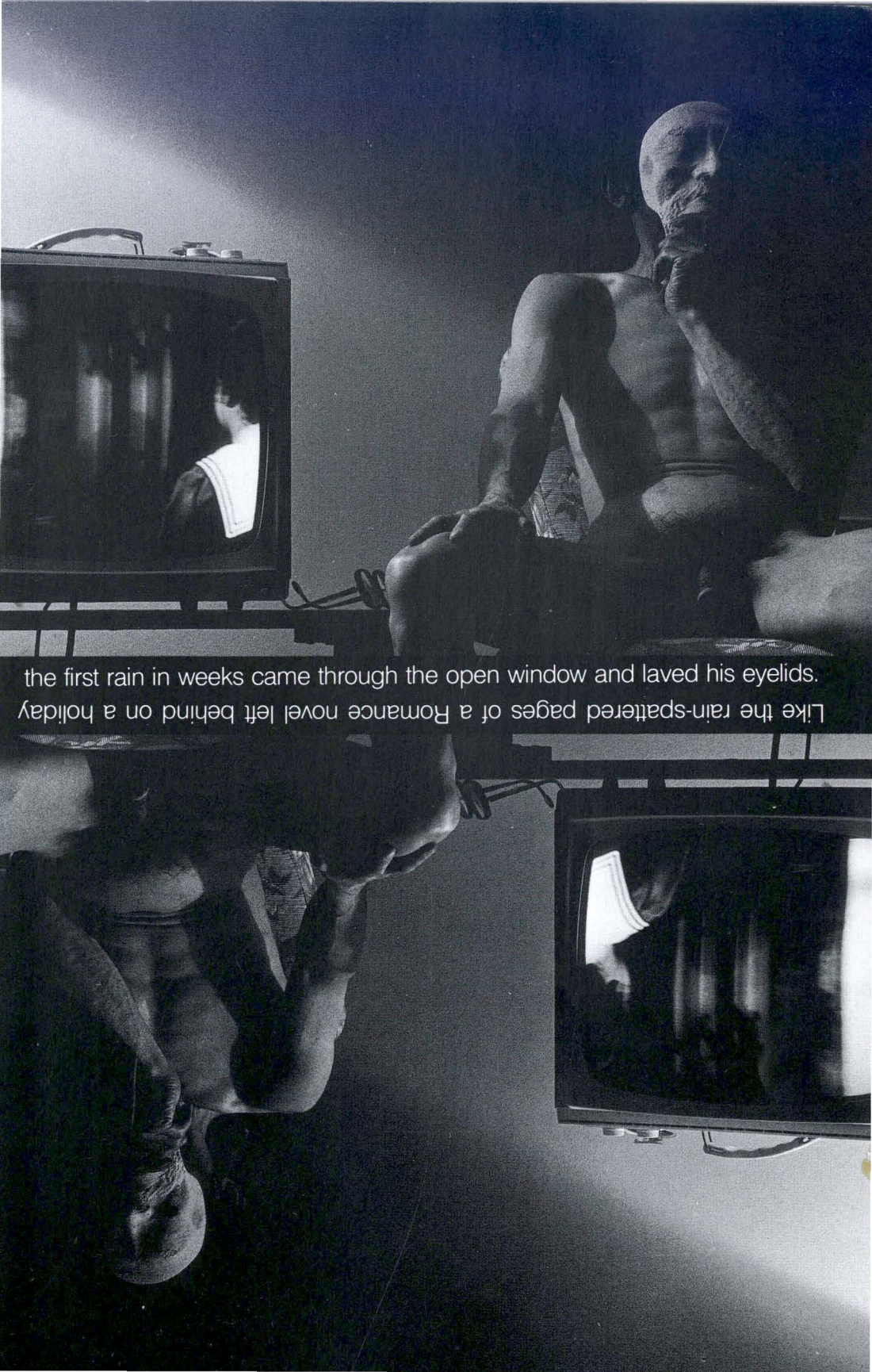
he had taken of him got included in Pacific Windows. Then, as each darkening
unspeke captions, no longer belonged to him. He looked at each passing





page reassumed its silences the book fell out of his hands. Closing his eyes
beach: All the photographs of windows and doors, all the lintels, ledges,





the first rain in weeks came through the open window and laved his eyelids.
Like the rain-spattered pages of a Romance novel left behind on a holiday

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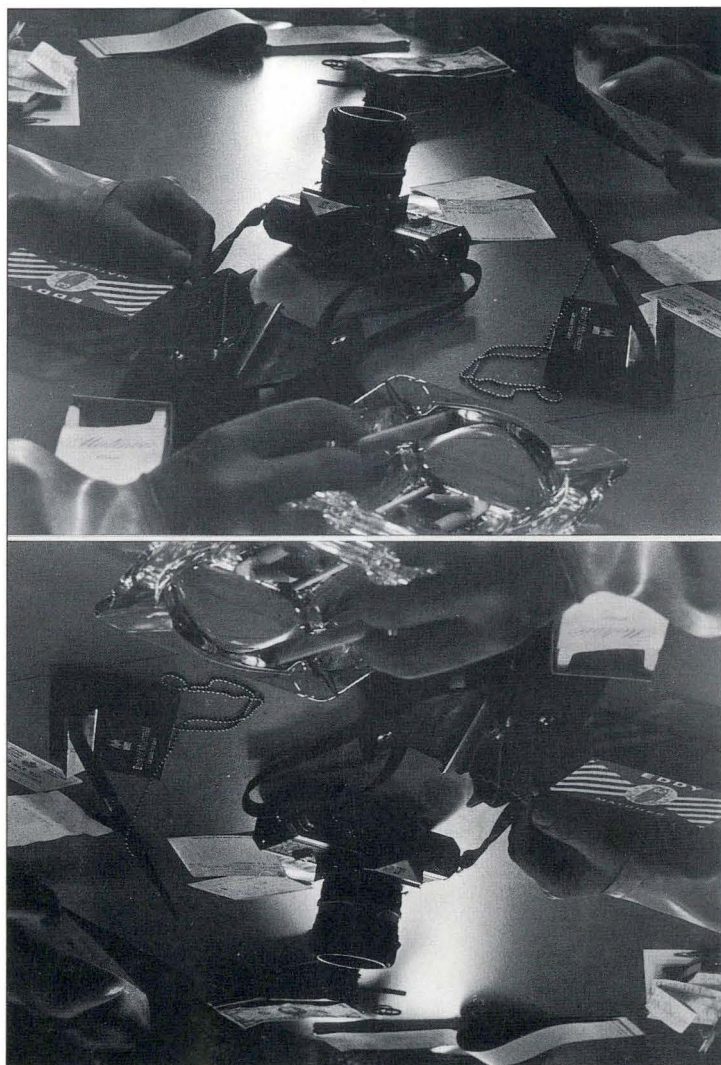
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