



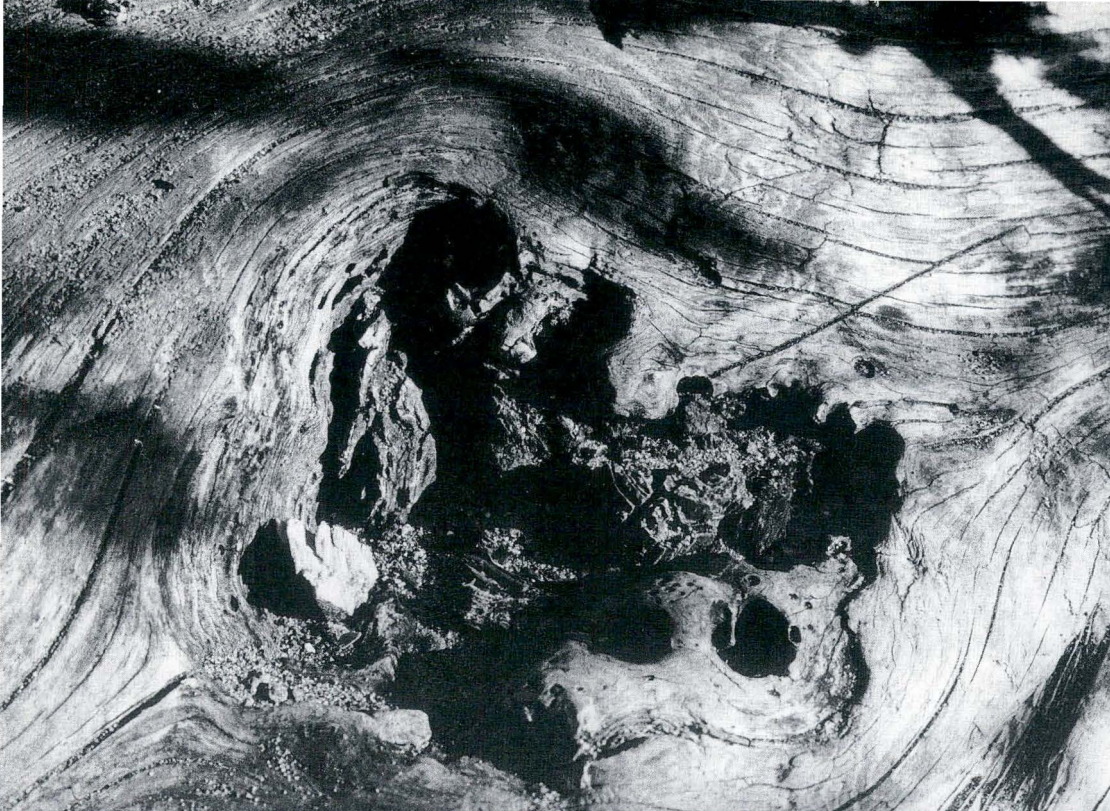
Like the rain-spattered pages of a Romance novel left behind on a holiday
the first rain in weeks came through the open window and laved his eyelids.



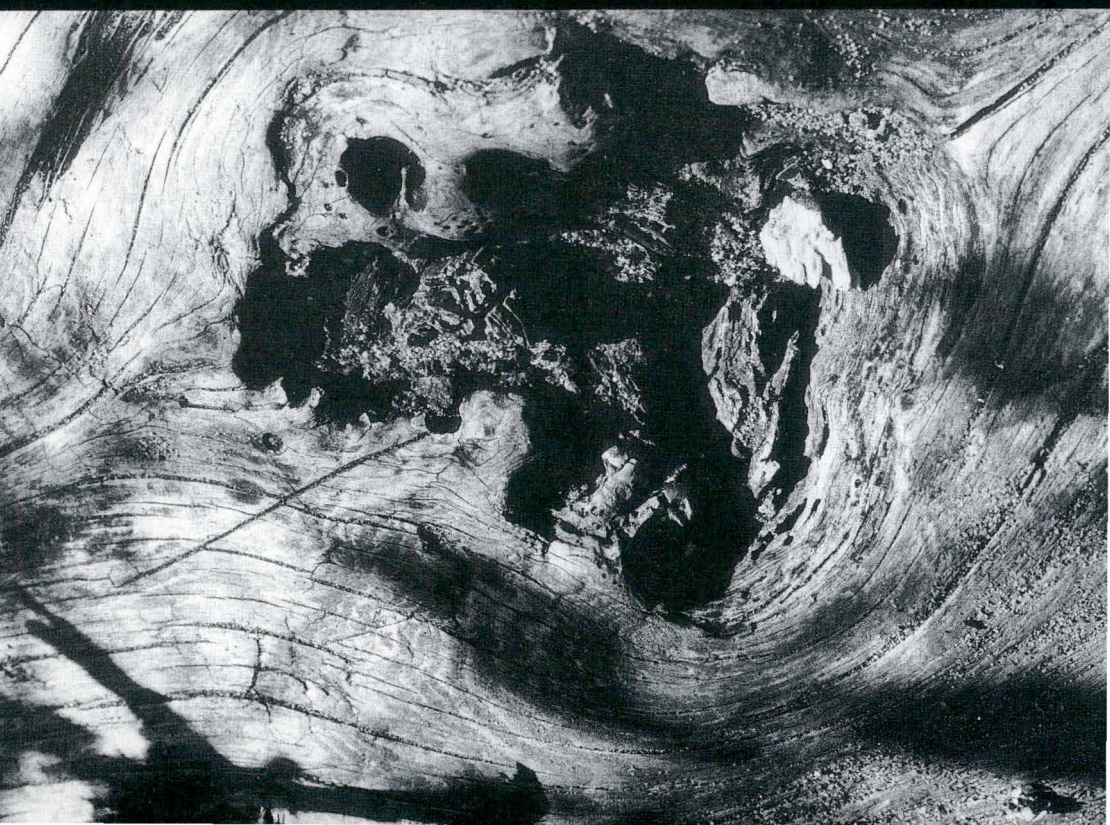


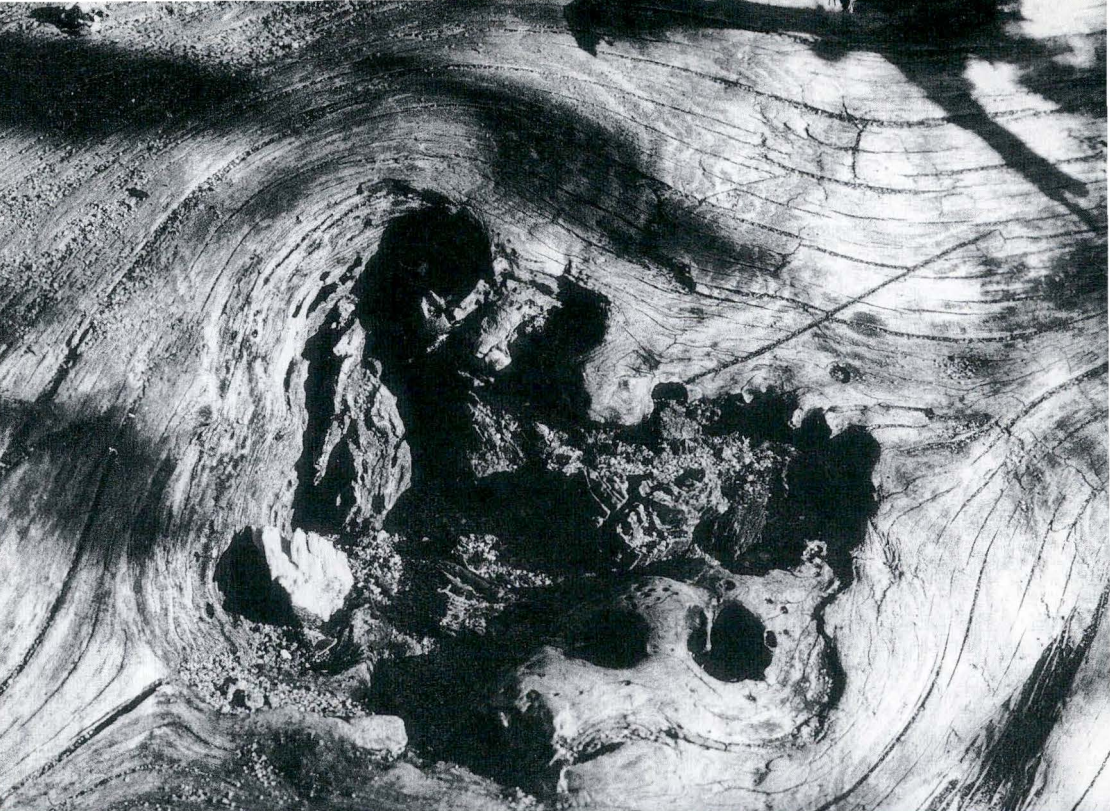
page reassumed its silences the book fell out of his hands. Closing his eyes,
beach: All the photographs of windows and doors, all the lintels, ledges,



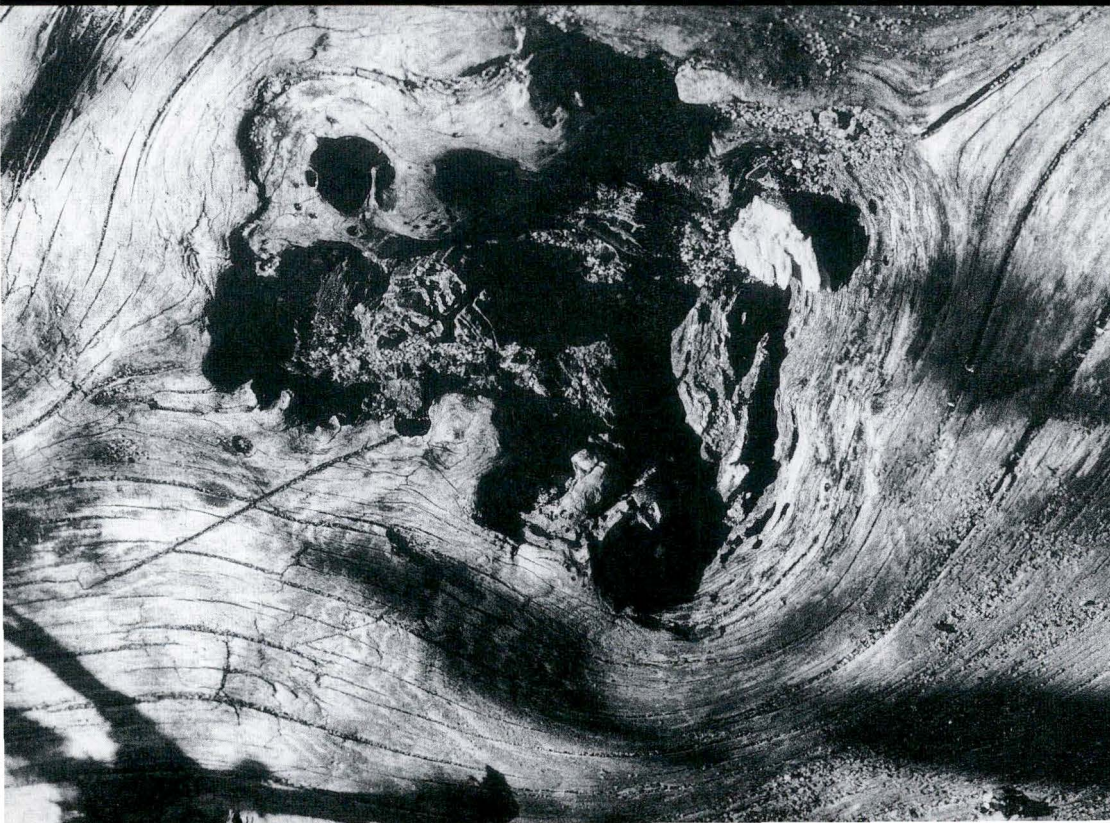


he had taken of him got included in Pacific Windows. Then, as each darkening unspeke captions, no longer belonged to him. He looked at each passing



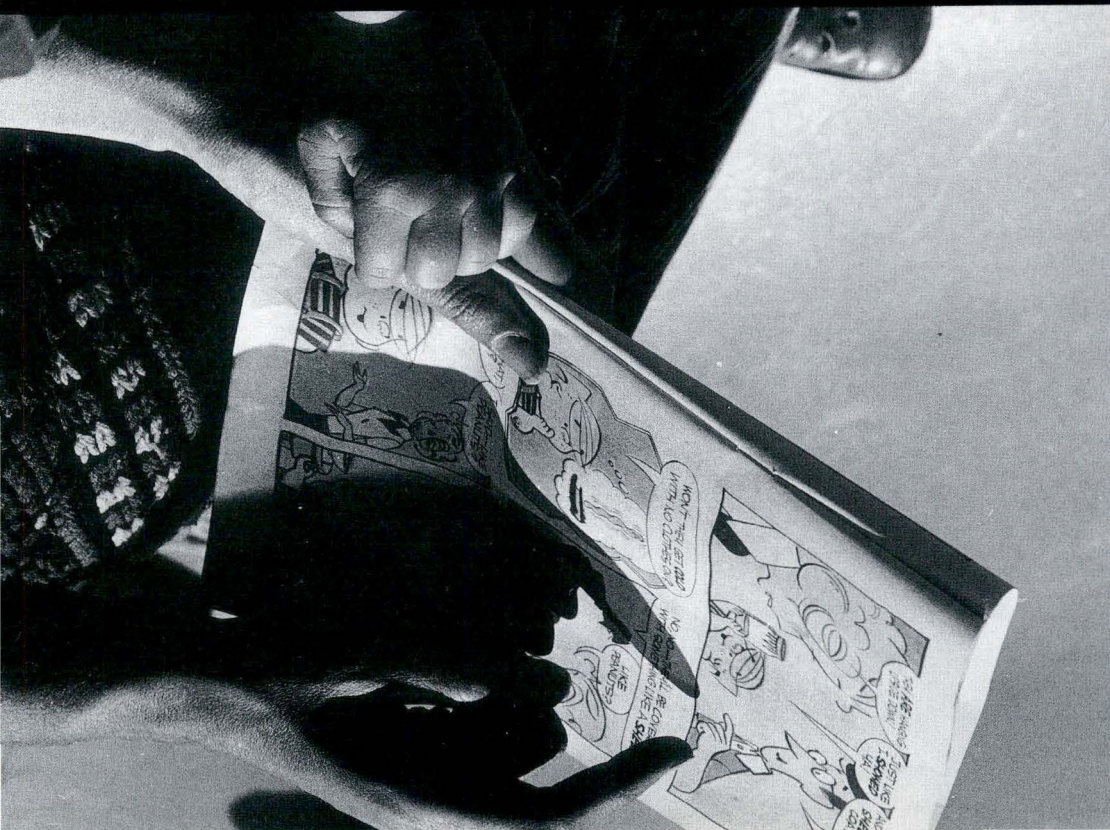


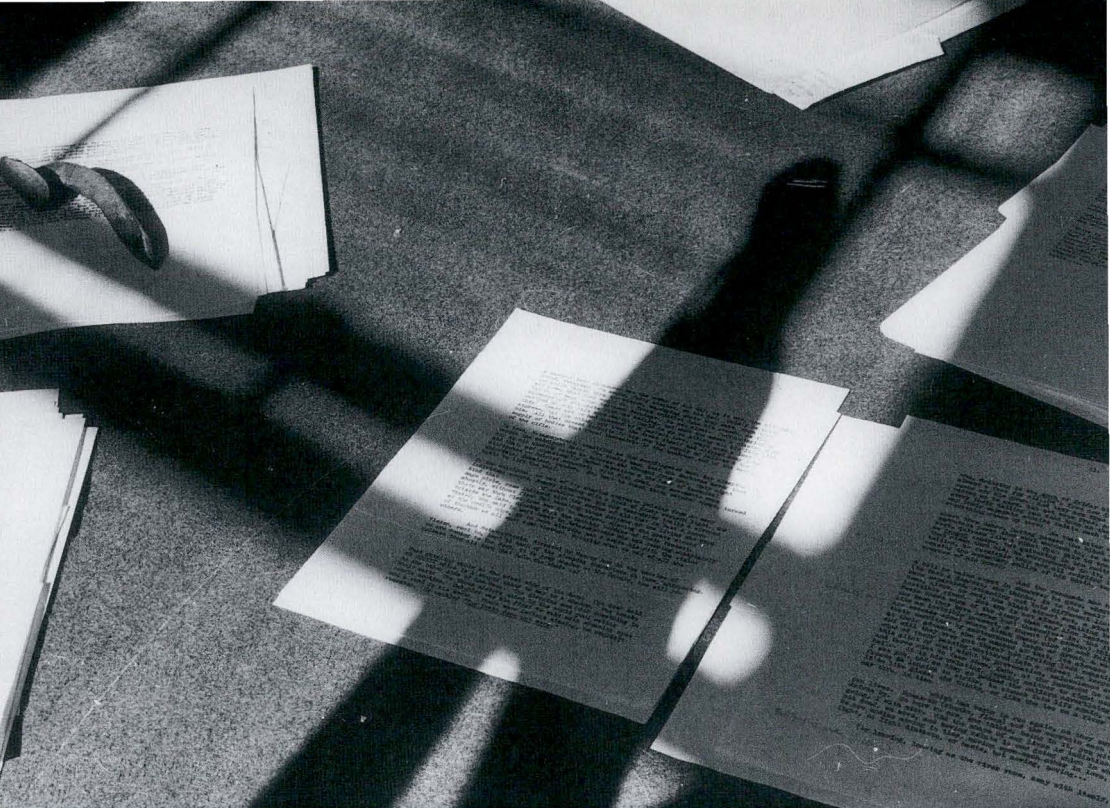
face, with its own thatch, its half-shuttered windows and closely-guarded door; early years in Kananda after the first world war, he felt gladful that the last snap



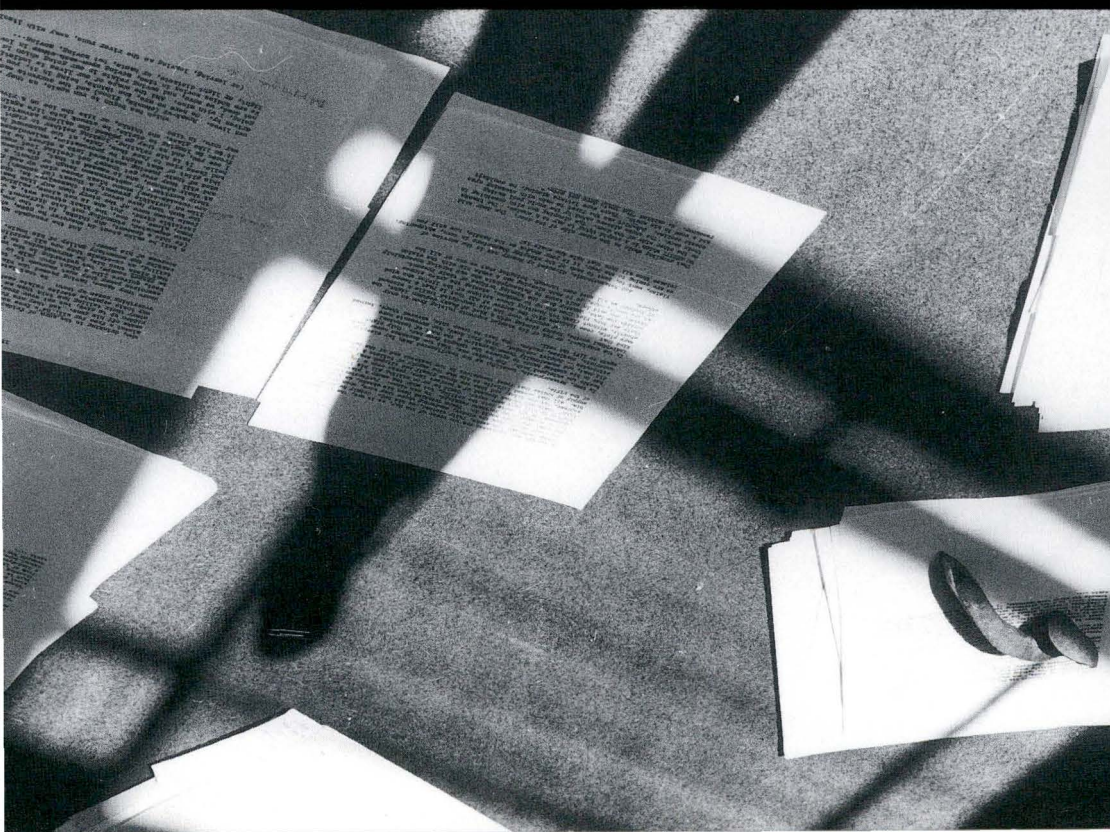


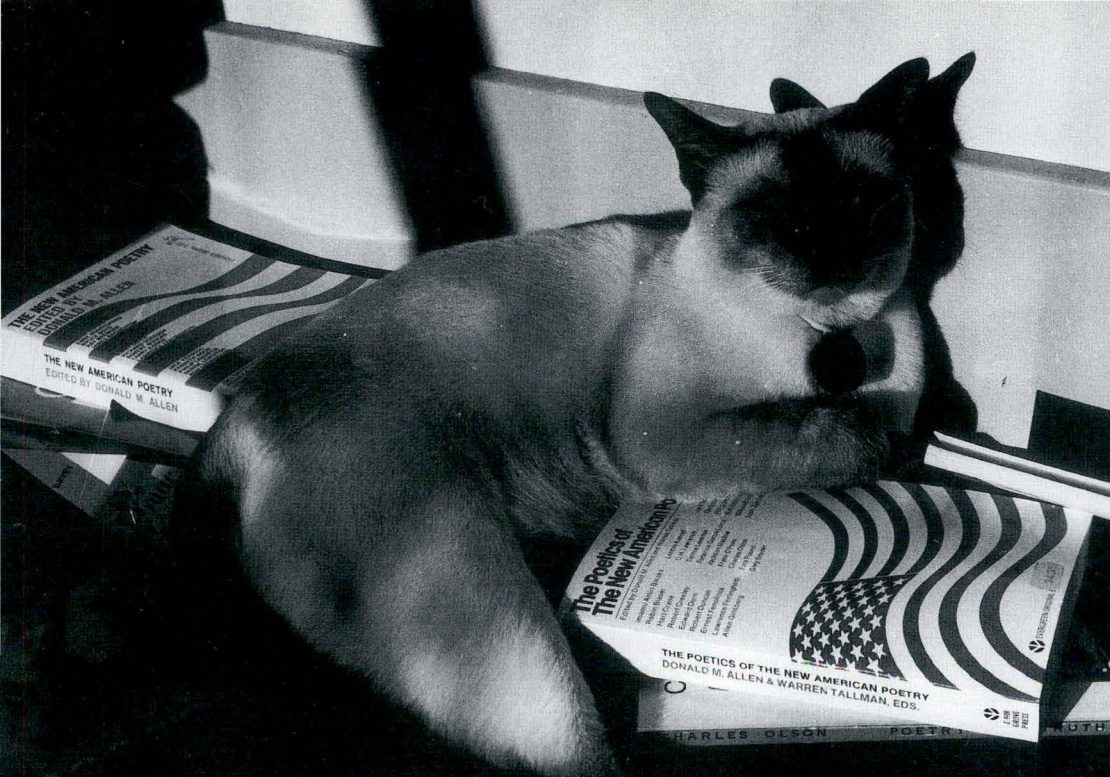
And, because she had often spoken of her late husband, particularly their he had seen that façade impress itself on his own face and had turned away



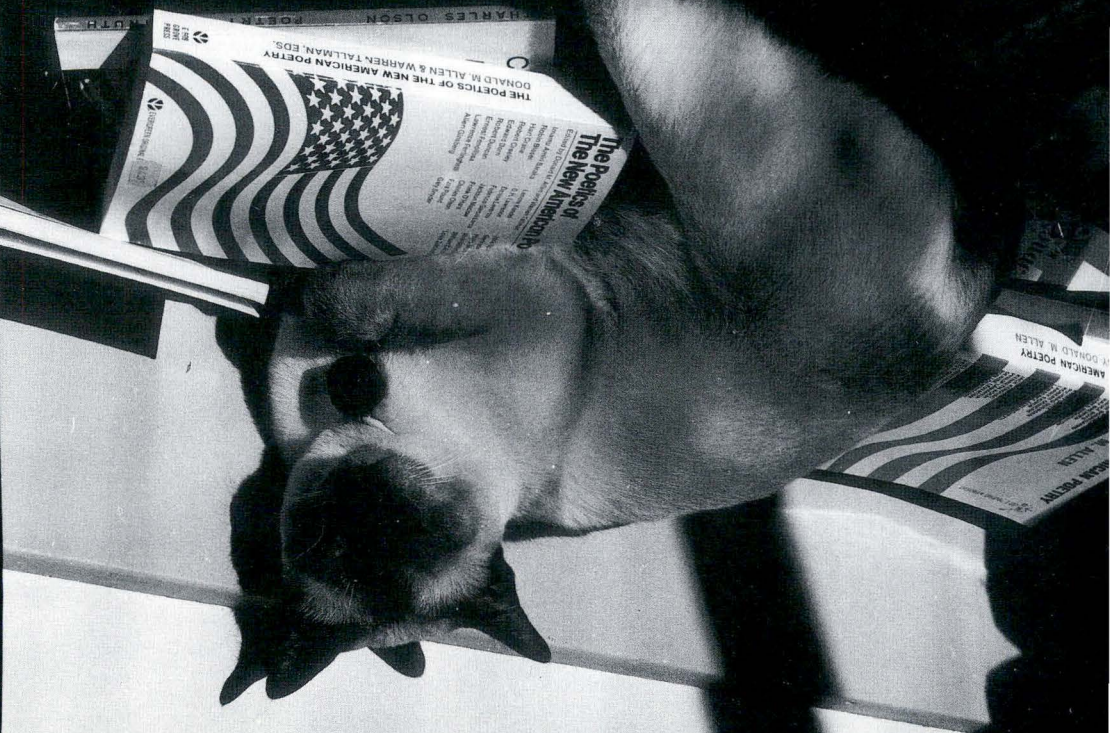


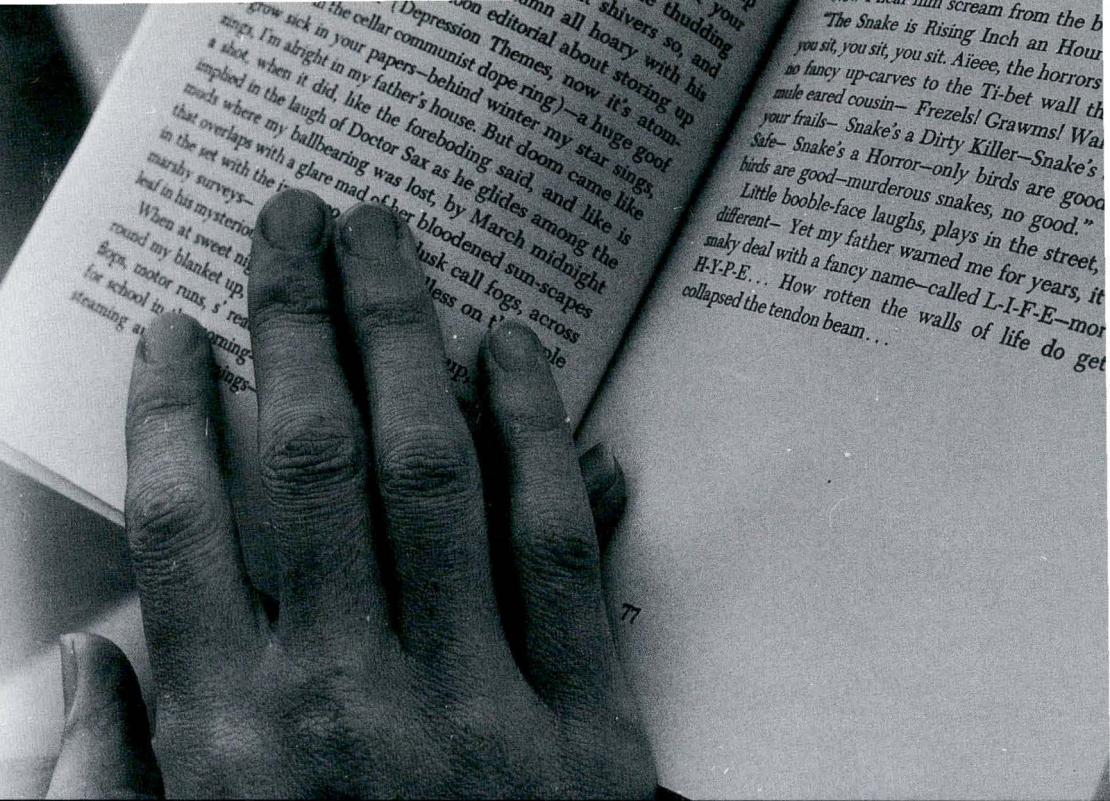
from it, his beard half-trimmed. Lately, he was appalled at how often a barely ripe pears his once-upon-a-time 'pear tree' yielded each summer, without stint.



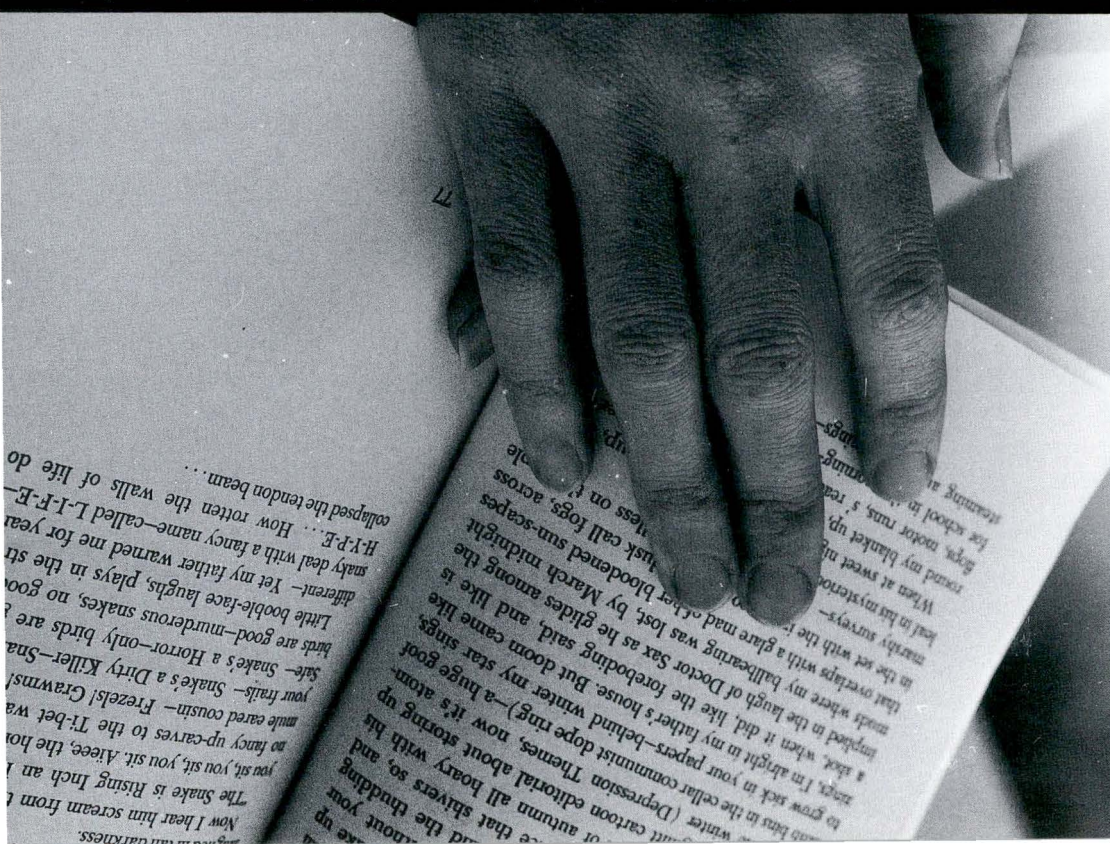


audible scream issued from an unknown throat. All that summer his own already lofted, he had a hunch that the gift of sight simply augmented all the





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



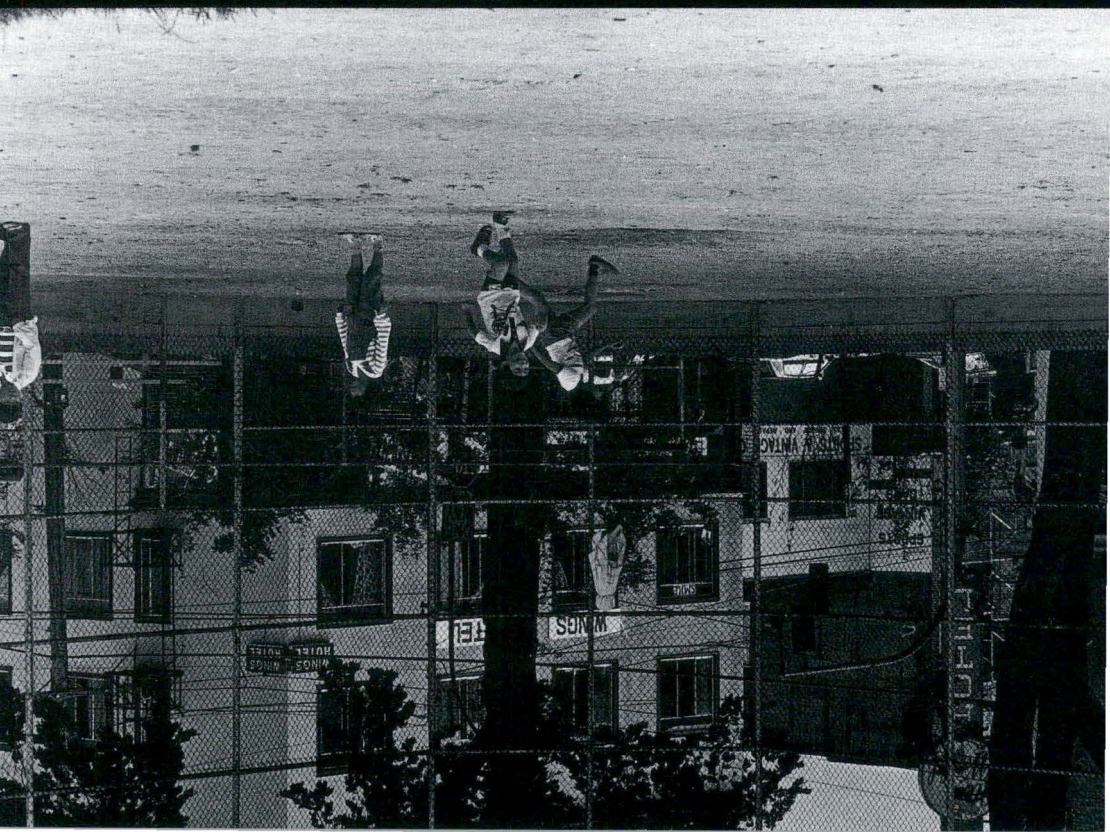


mind to abide, but too wrought up to sleep he opened 'the book of books'
genflections, replications and gross representation: Thus, each photo





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



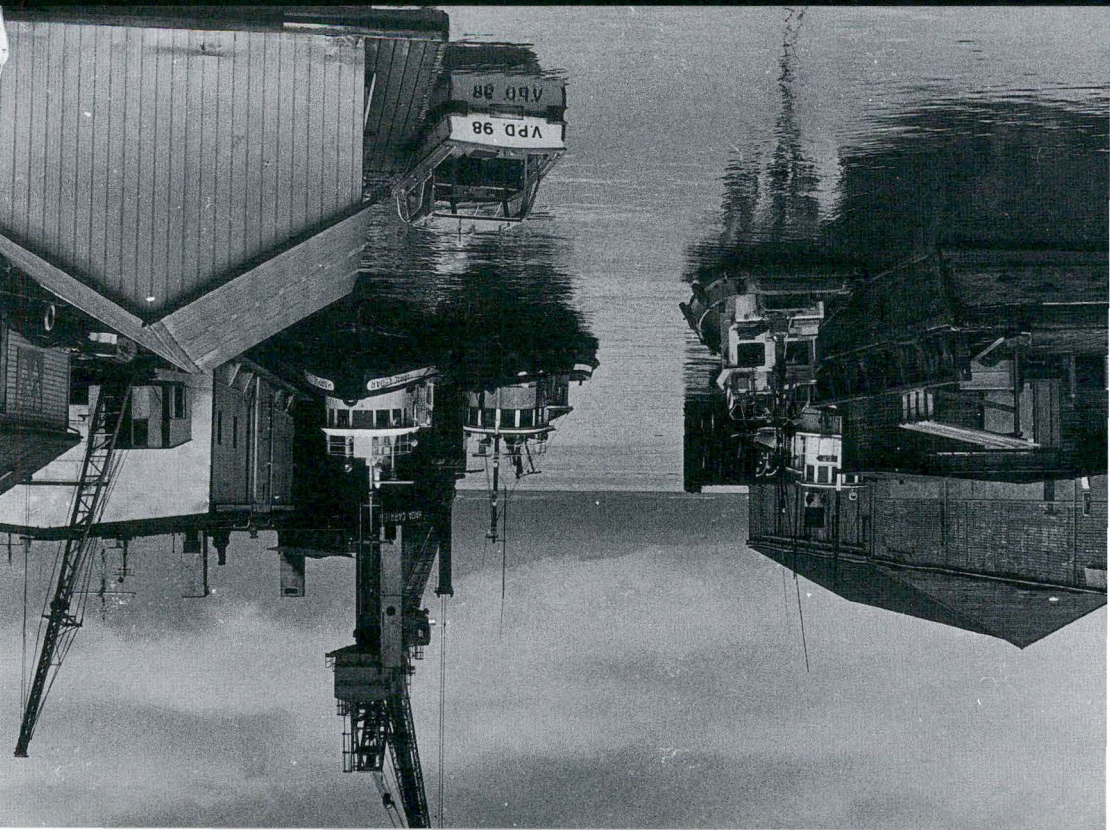


an omniscient God – almost drowned the hitherto thirstless earth. Everywhere narrative, their prefigurements disclosed the unspoken symbiosis between





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



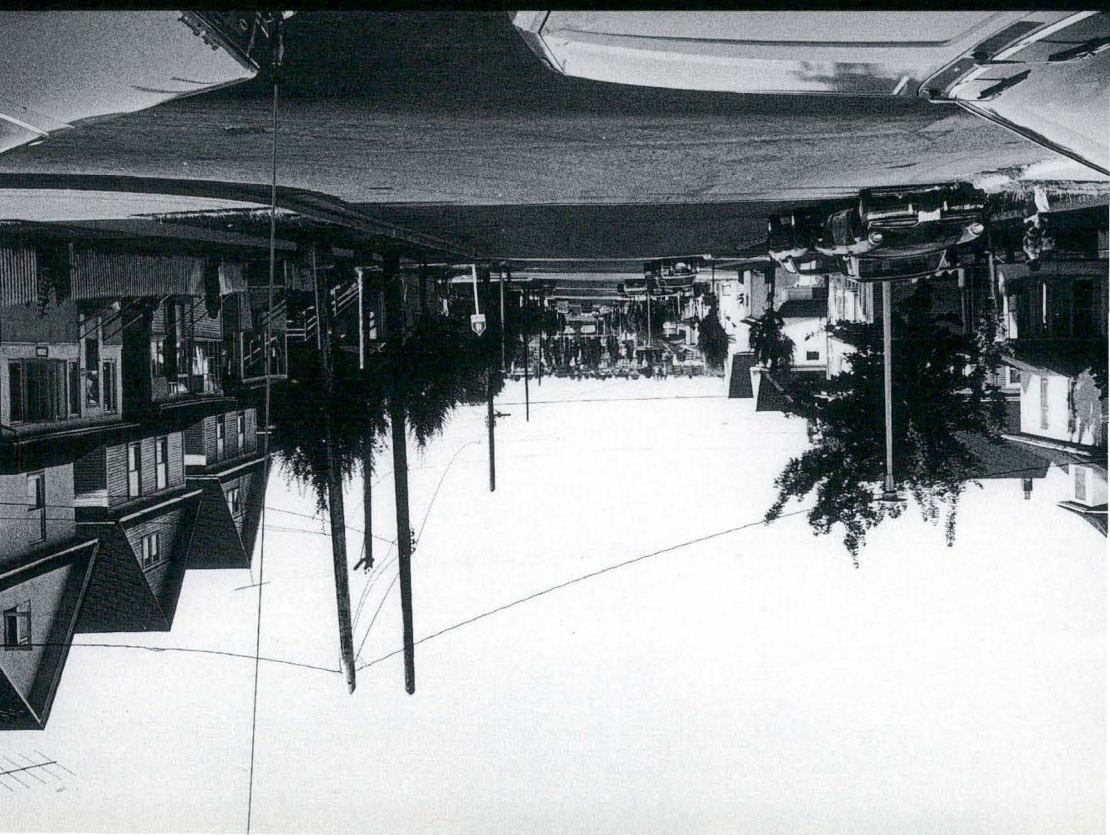


His mother turned ninety-four that summer. In former years she would sit and photos he found himself leaving through, he habitually revisited the site of their





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





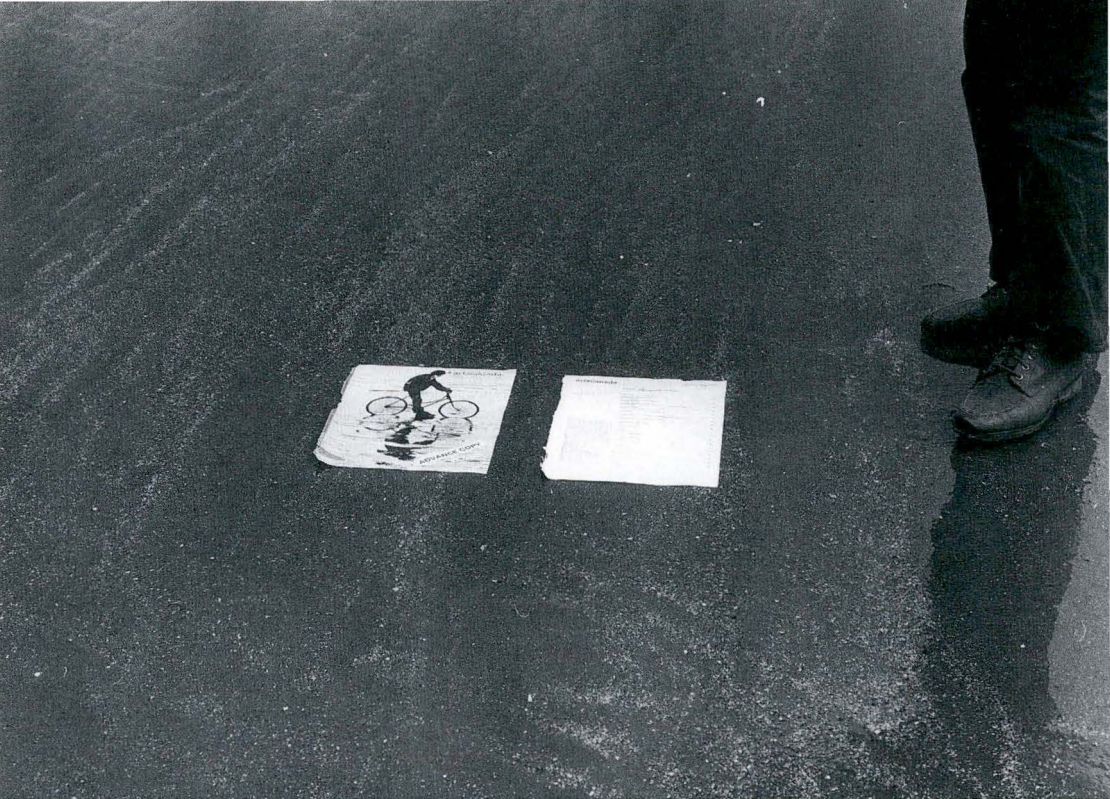
she kept an eye on her favourite soap opera, but this year she did one or the oceanic tide, all the tumultuous brine infecting 'the ten thousand things' that



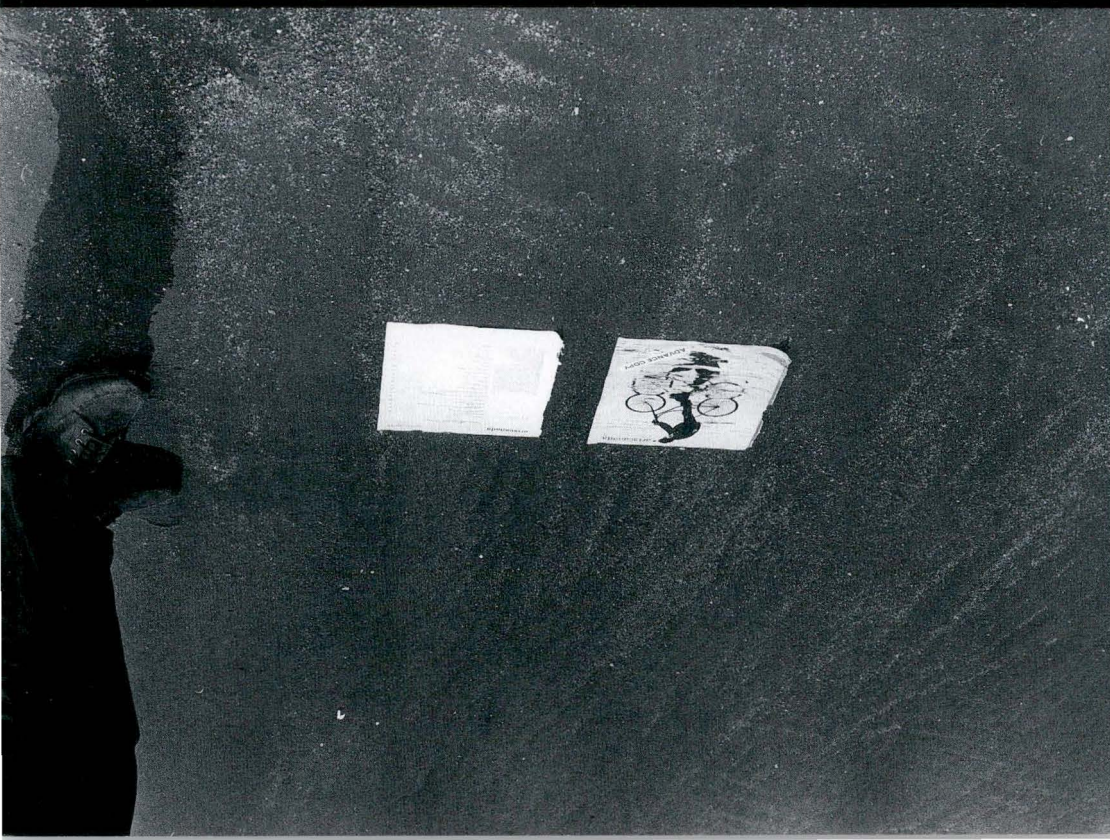


other and as often as not nodded off with the unknit slipper on her lap. They glamour of our paltzy urban desires, all the phases of the moon infecting the





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. In spite of the tragic loss of her husband, Peg Worthington kept and maintained the land and buildings. 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.

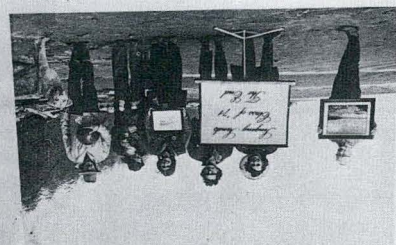
During the past two years, the provincial and federal governments of Canada have been investigating an expropriation of property from the landowners on the beach for the purpose of establishing a massive provincial park. This action brings to a close an era of life style that has come to be highly esteemed by artison 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. In spite of the tragic loss of her husband, Peg Worthington kept and maintained the land and buildings. 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,





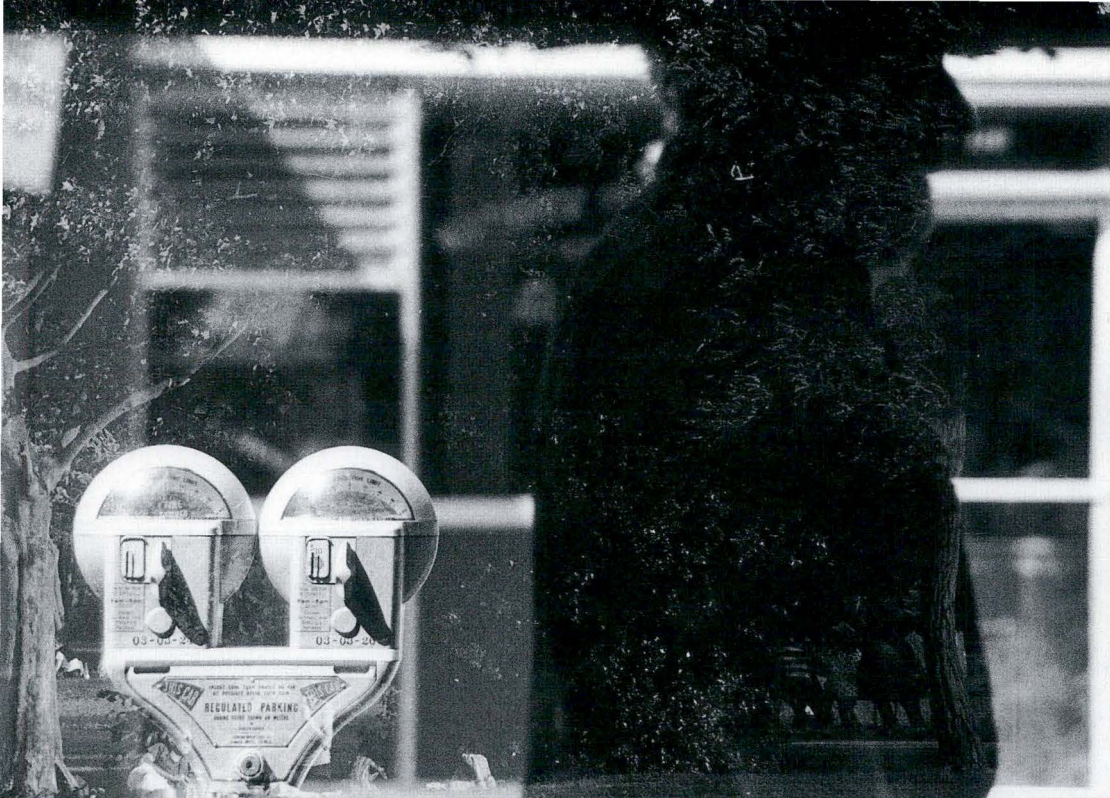
those who were alive and kicking: Her many great grandchildren not the least
noughts at anchor off ballantine pier, all the protean artists hatching their eko



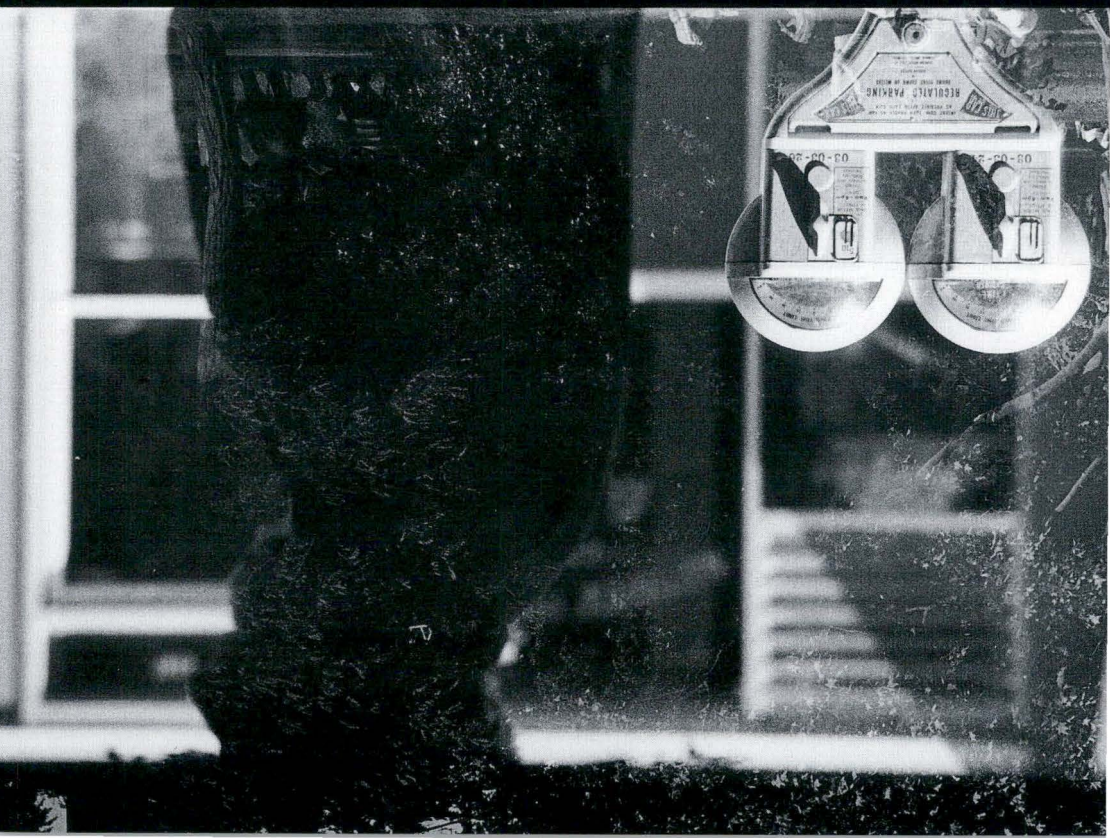


flew over the mountains to be with him: And though it was never enough to taking their early morning promenade in the Sunday morning school yard, all





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



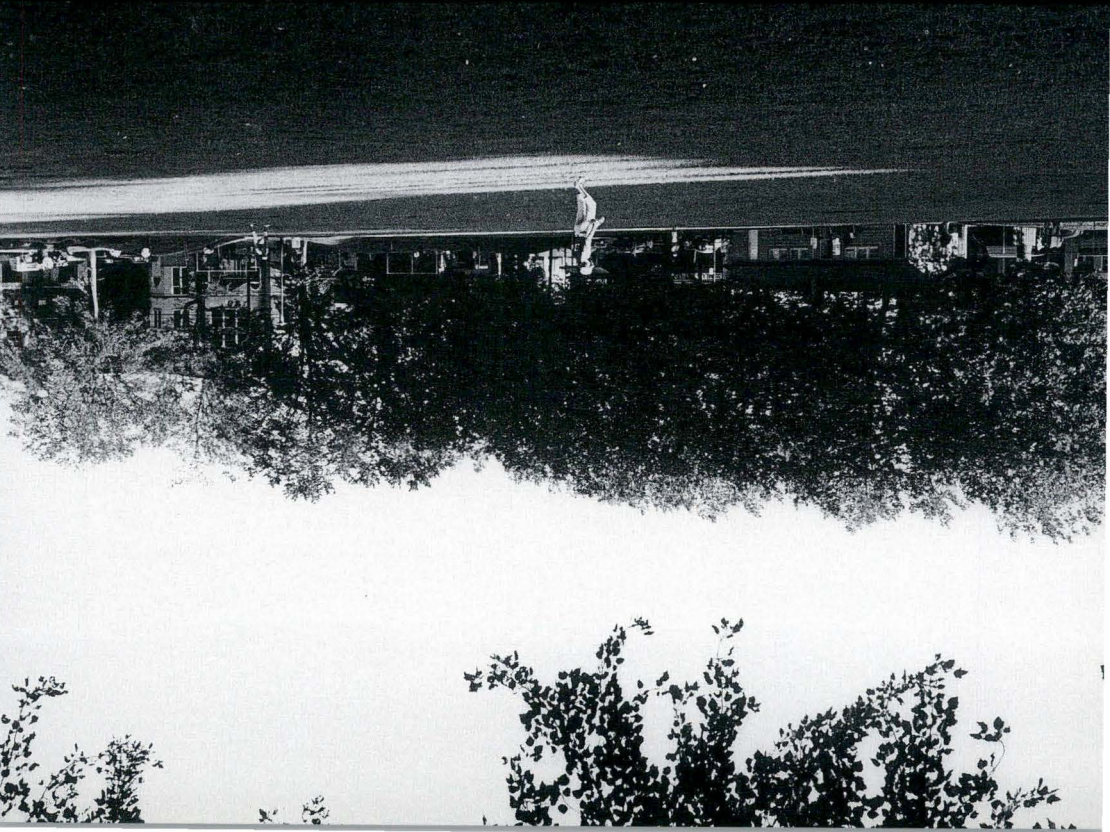


daughter, and when she felt like talking she invariably talked about all the fiercely-proud poor taunting him for a hand-out, all the sudden east-end bread





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



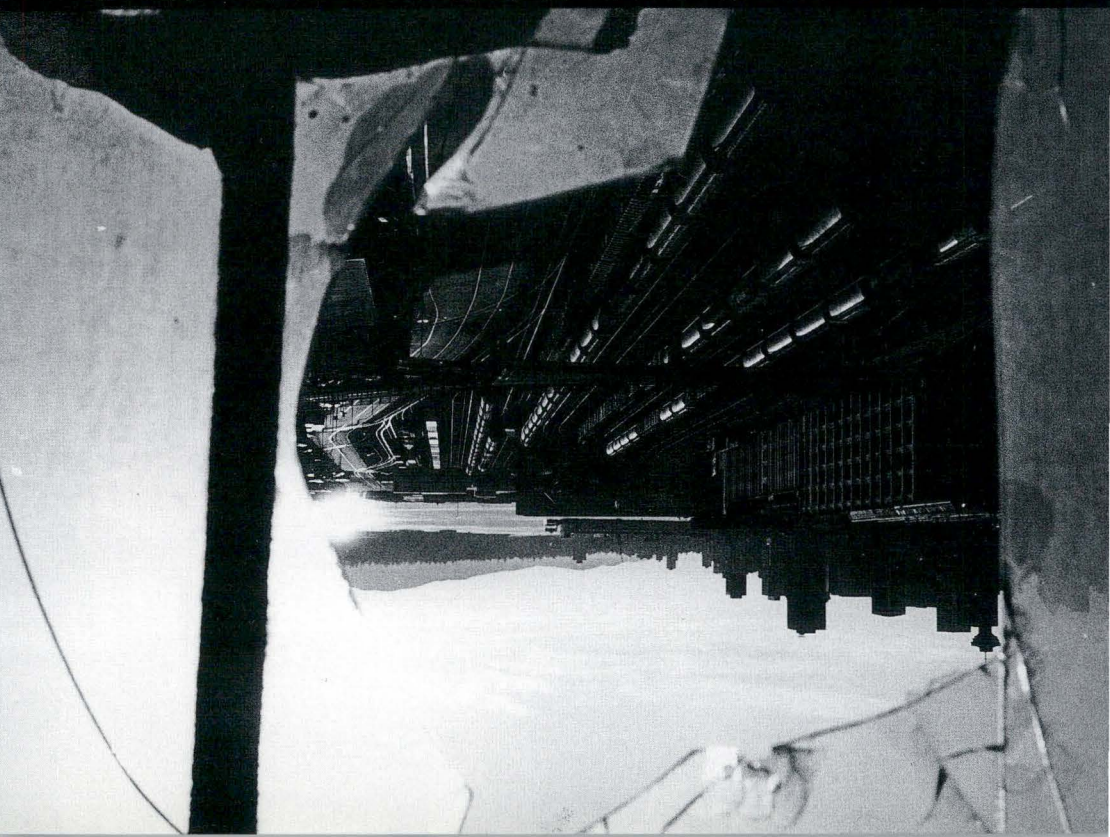


to add to the tally of their summer days they sat and watched television: One airport din. Peripatetic images haunt his waking hours: Hastings and Main





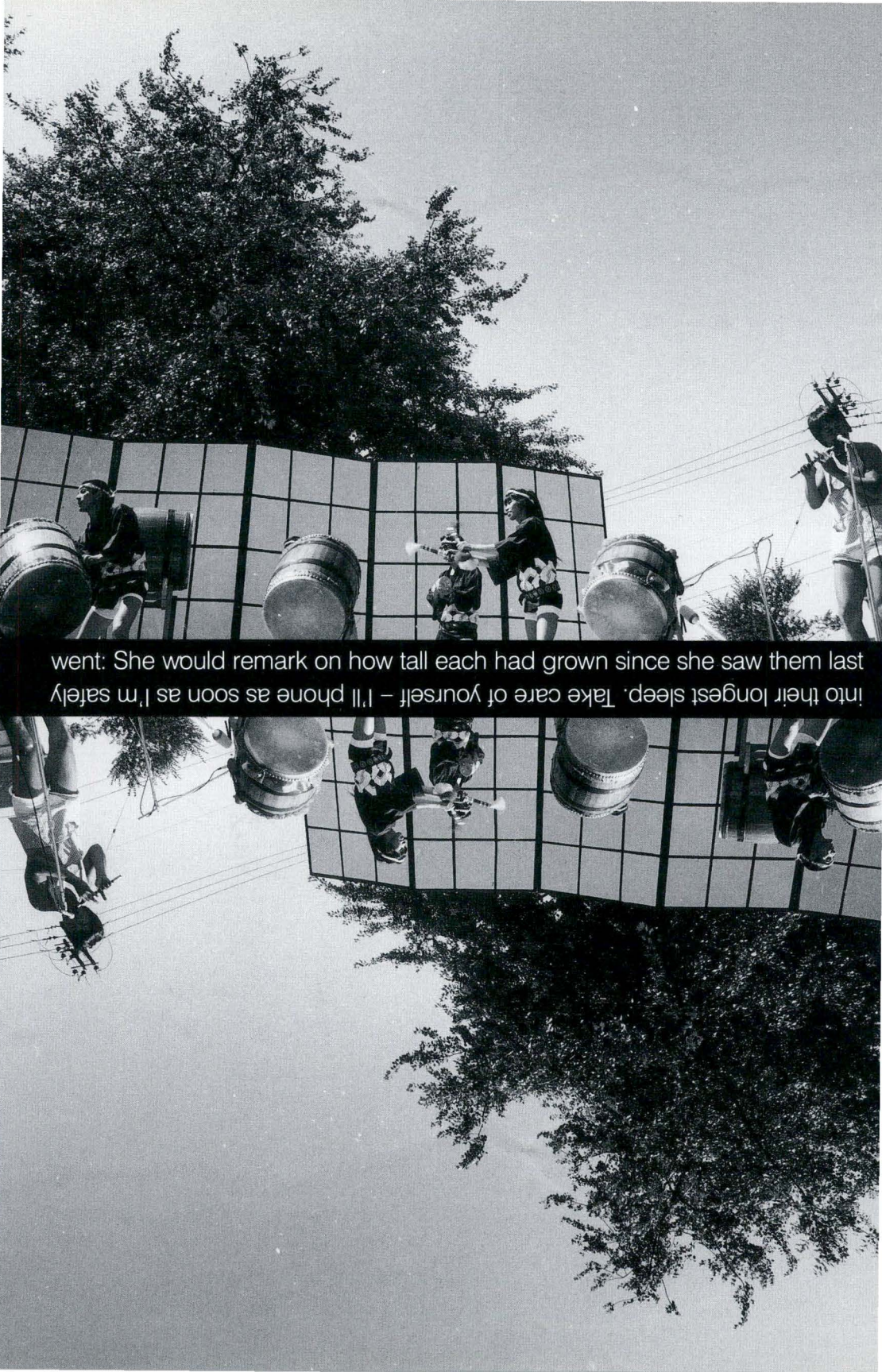
night it would be The Bill Cosby Show, another night Rashomon. And all wheeled her through the check-point, his broken syntax collapsed into the





home — in that moment before the tall stewardess took over and gently
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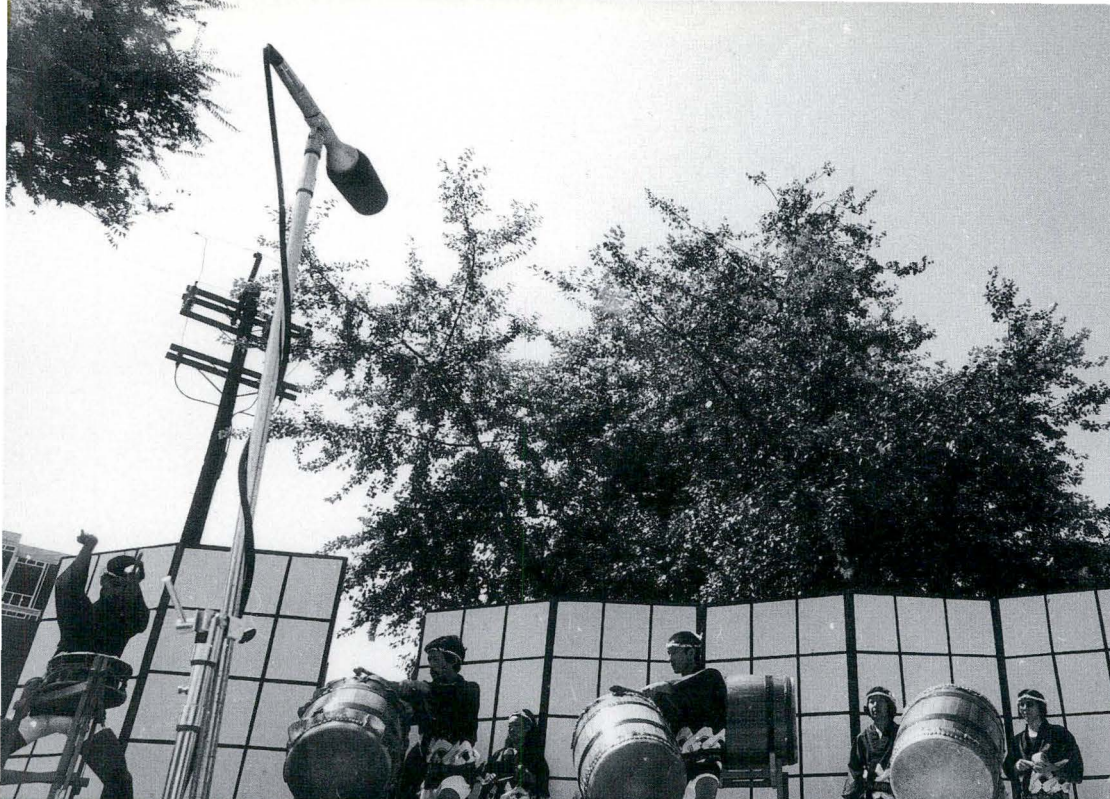


into their longest sleep. Take care of yourself – I'll phone as soon as I'm safely
went: She would remark on how tall each had grown since she saw them last



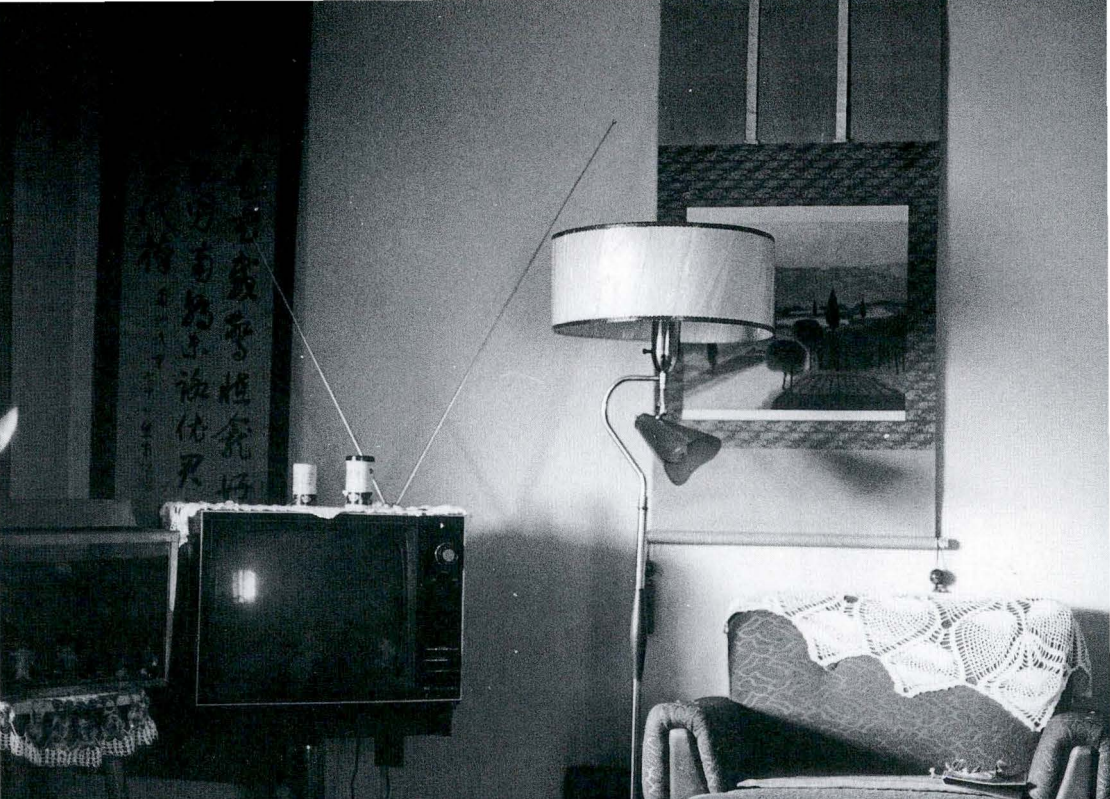
and how they looked more like one or the other parent, and even as she they will never wake up. Others like her close their eyes one night and die



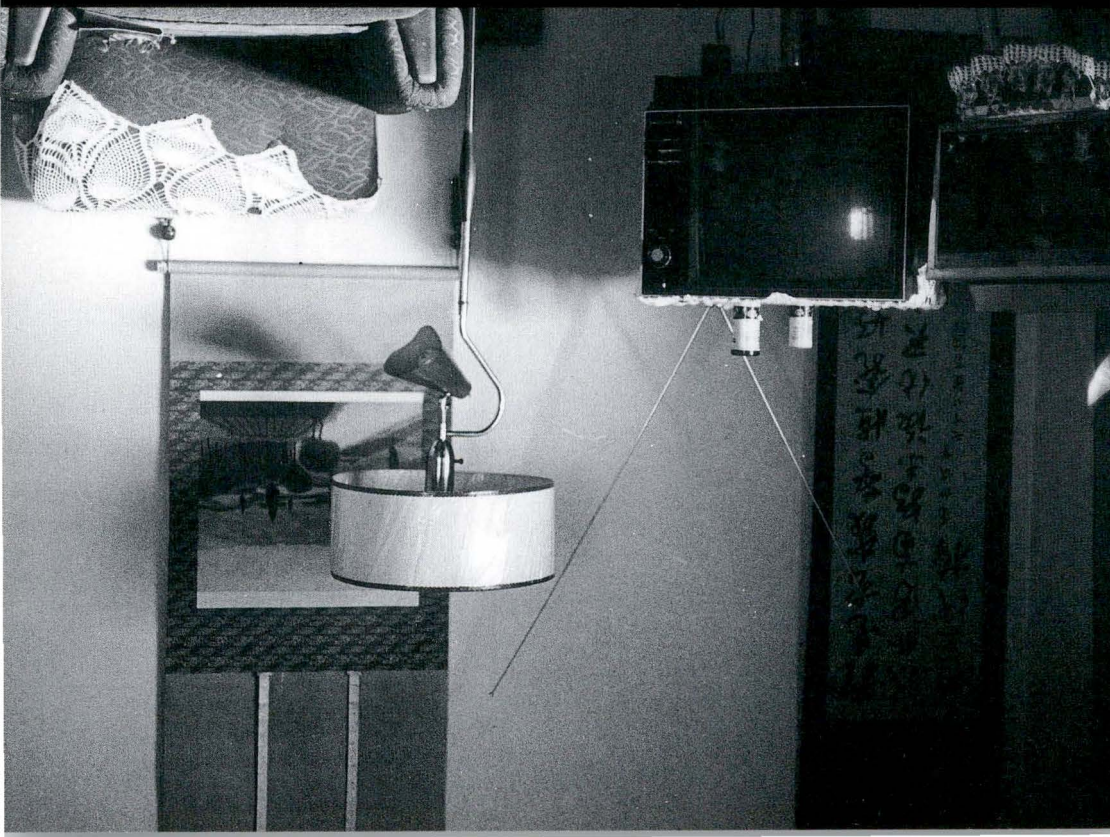


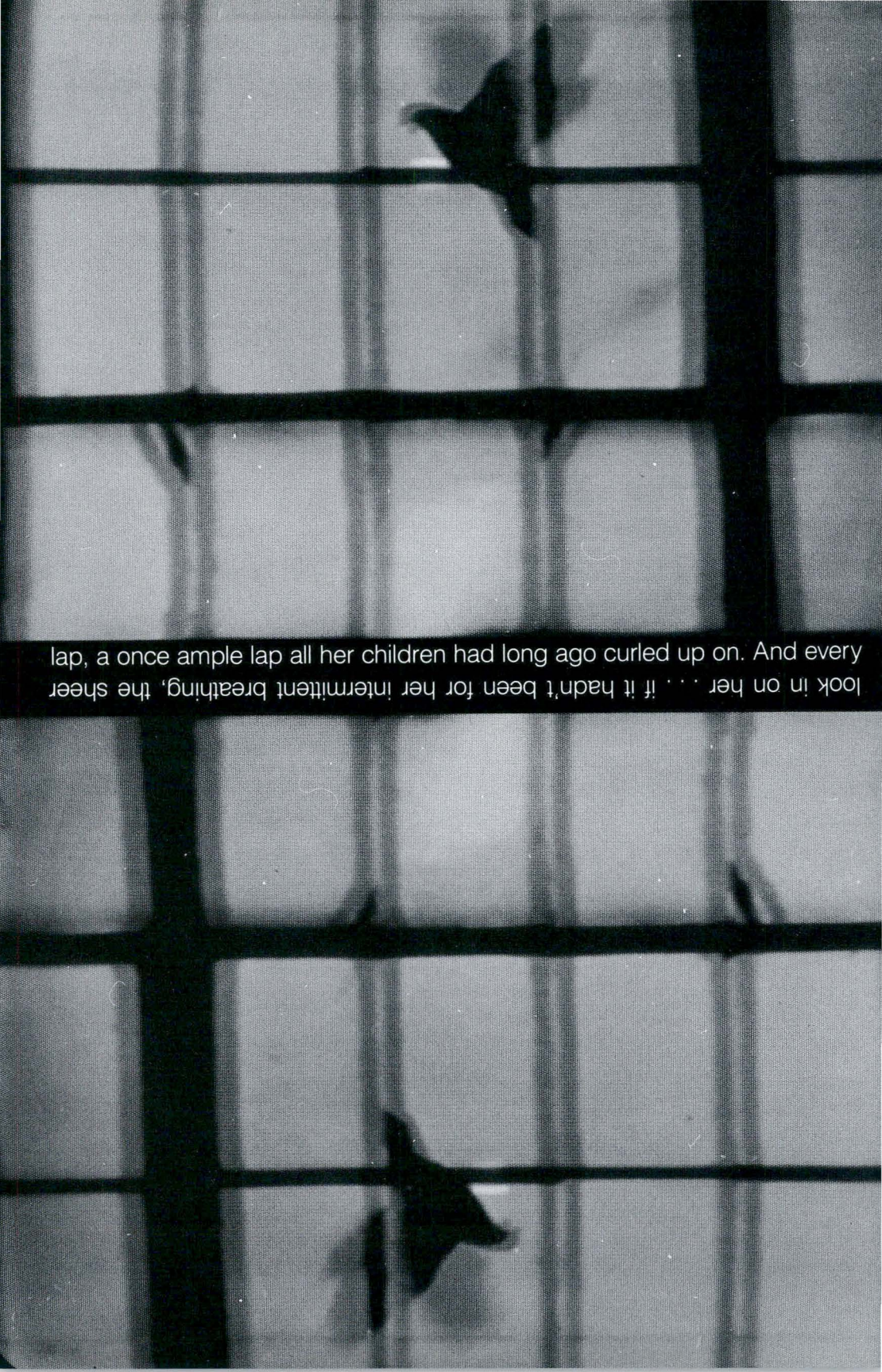
gave each of them a gift and talked to them in broken-english, she knew that people tell her they lie awake every night terrified that if they shut their eyes





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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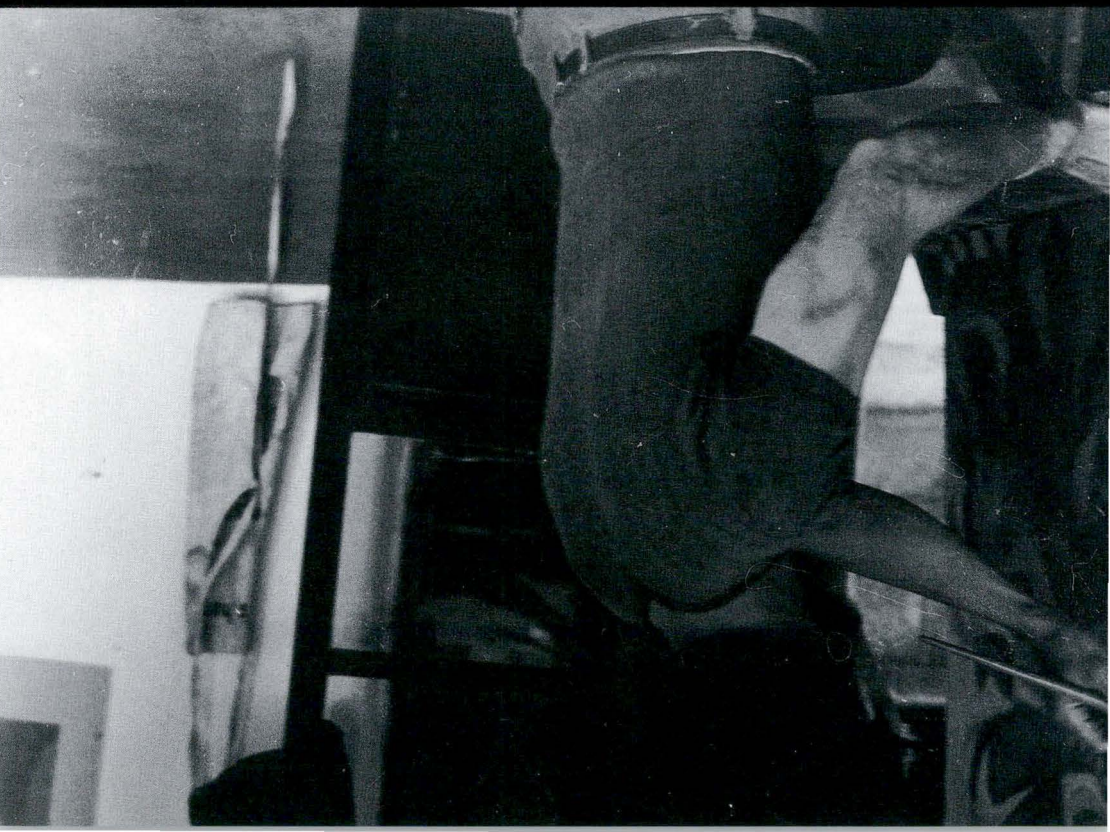


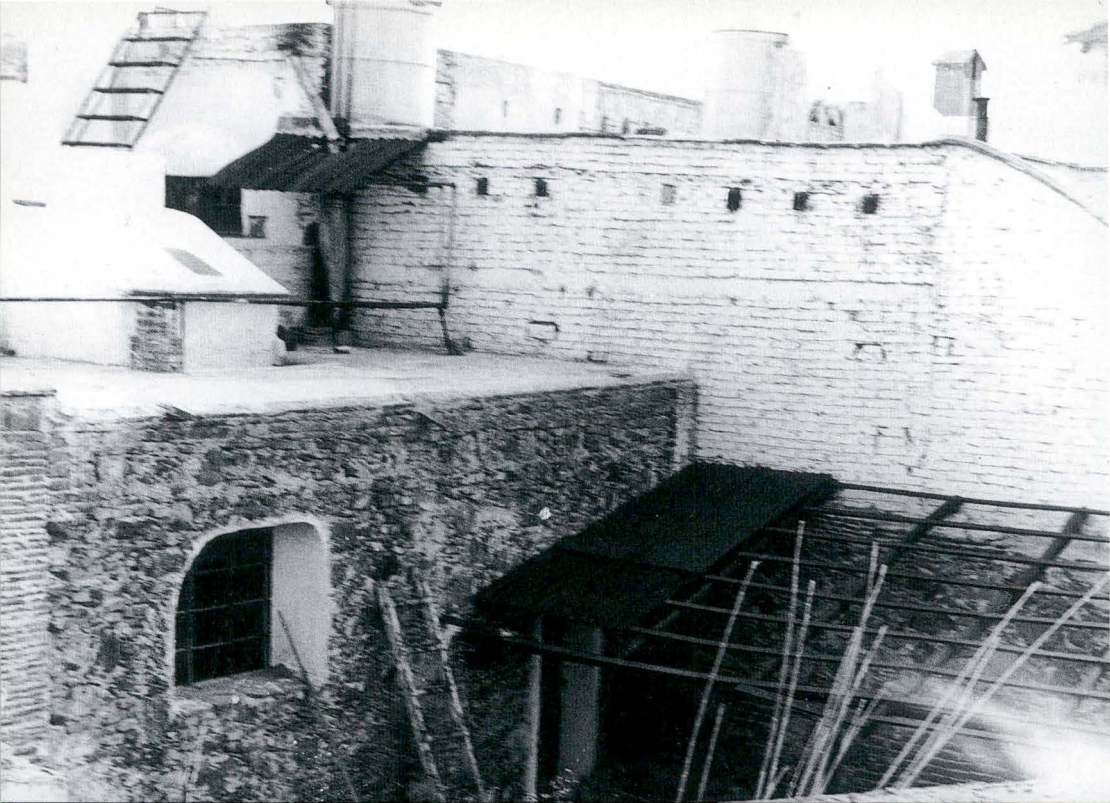
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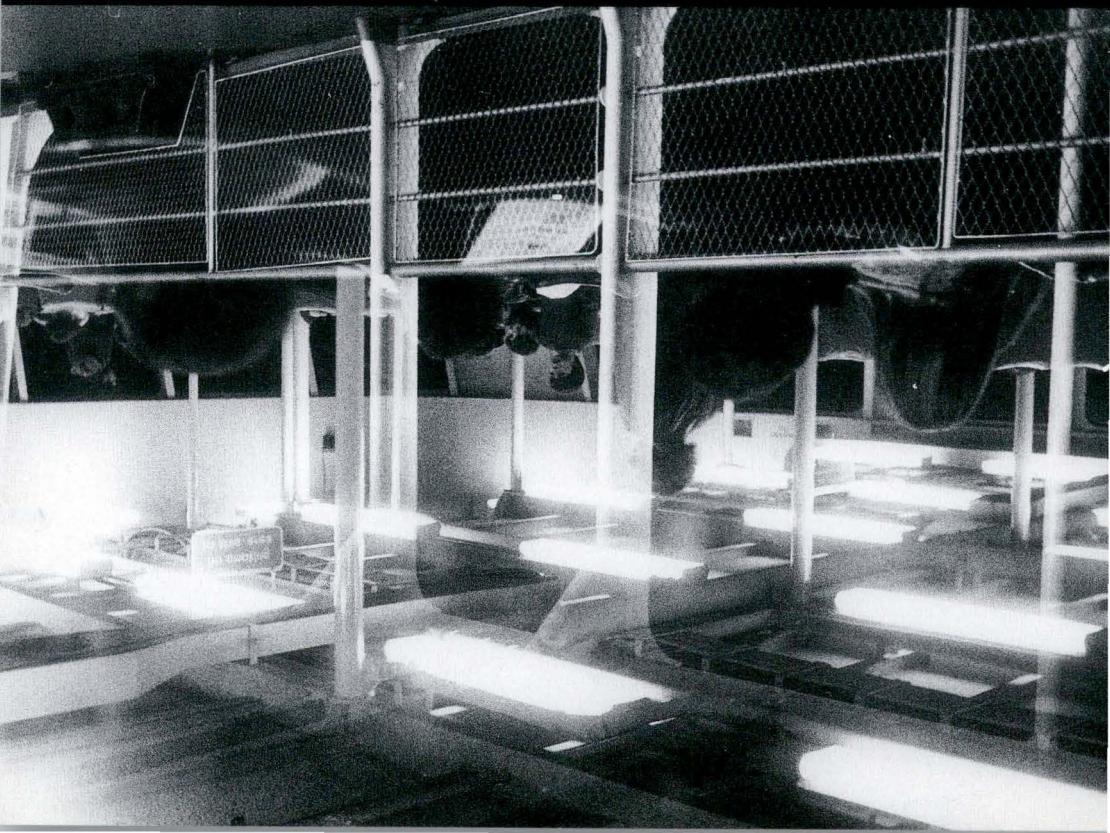


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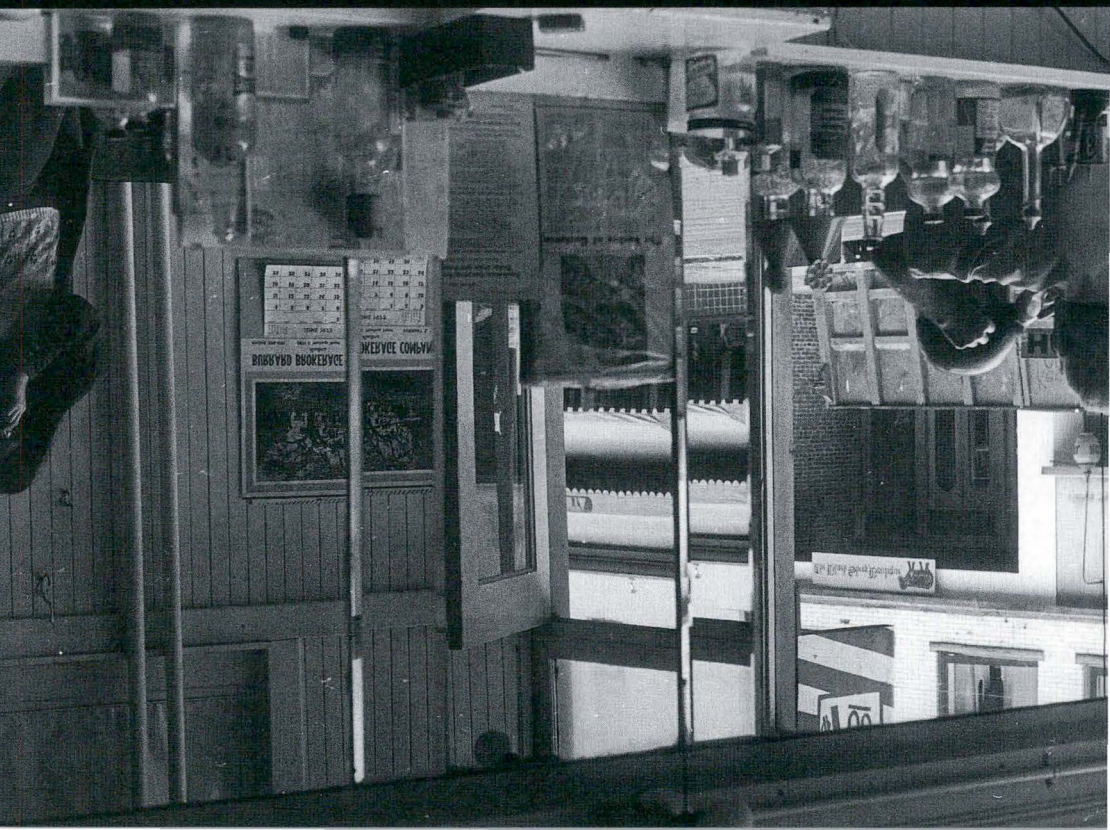


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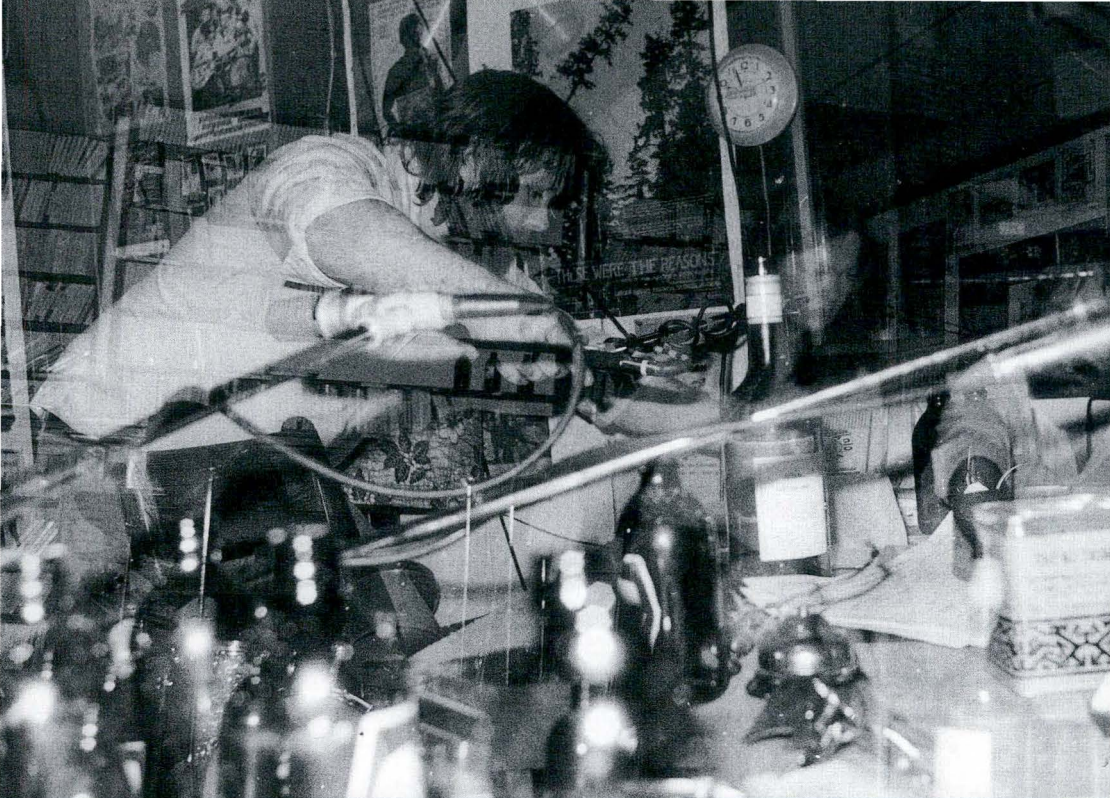
abandonment of her sleeping posture would have daunted him. Some old even the smallest grandchild was too heavy to lift let alone take on her small



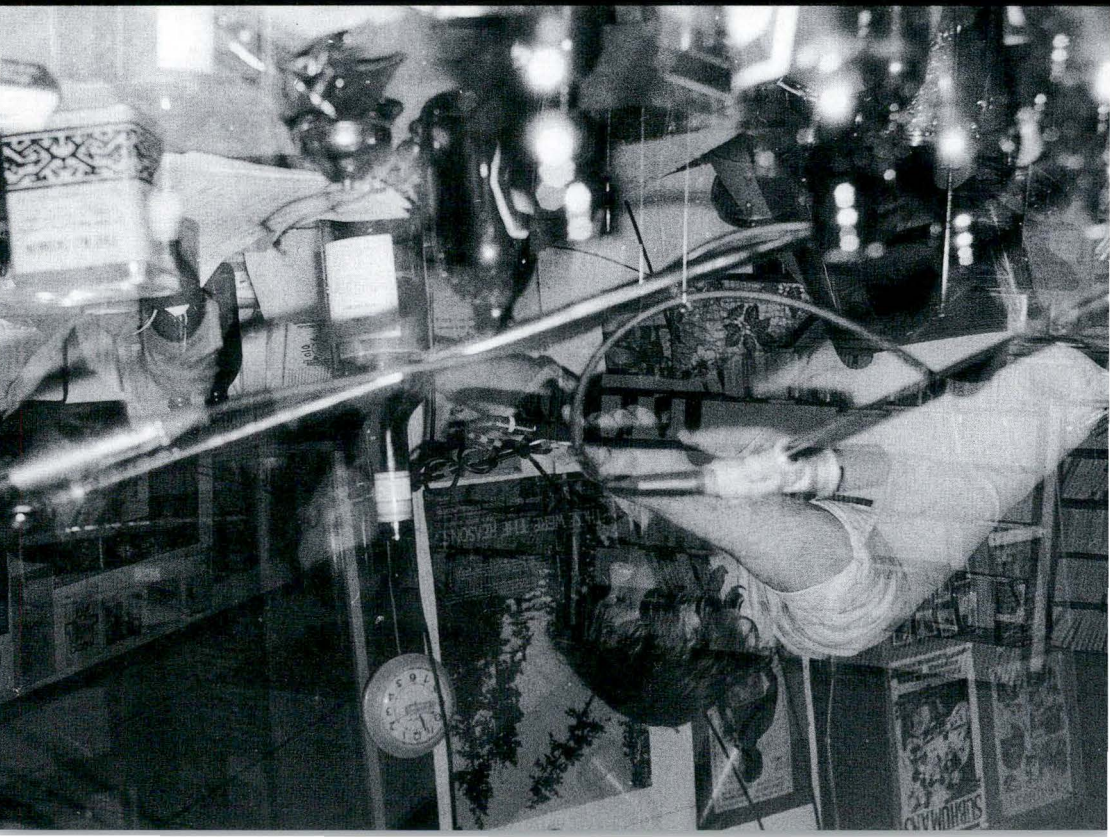


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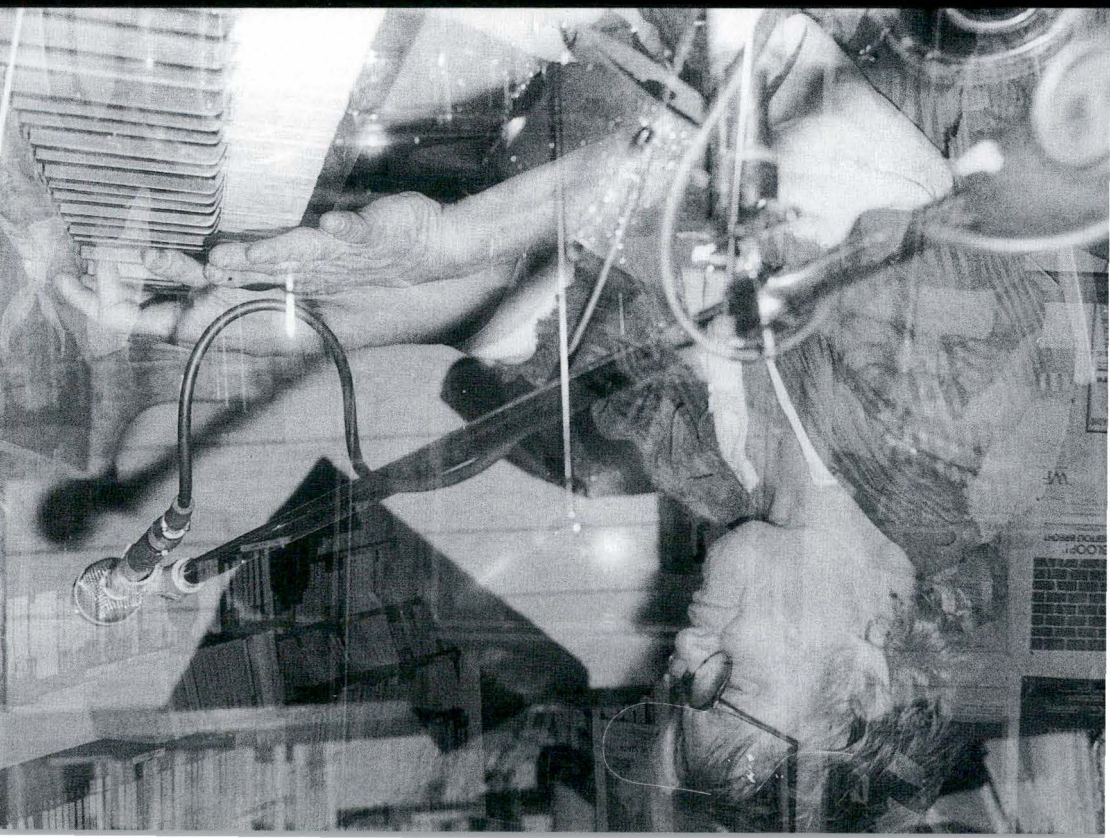


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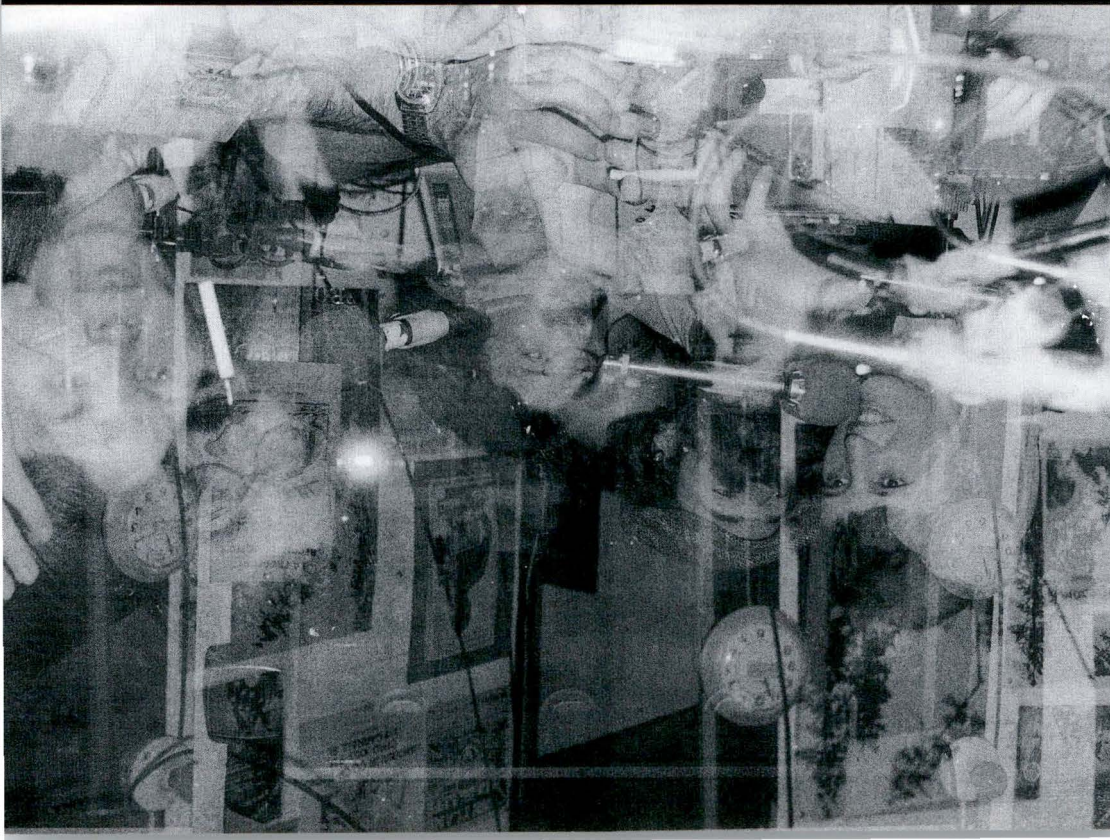


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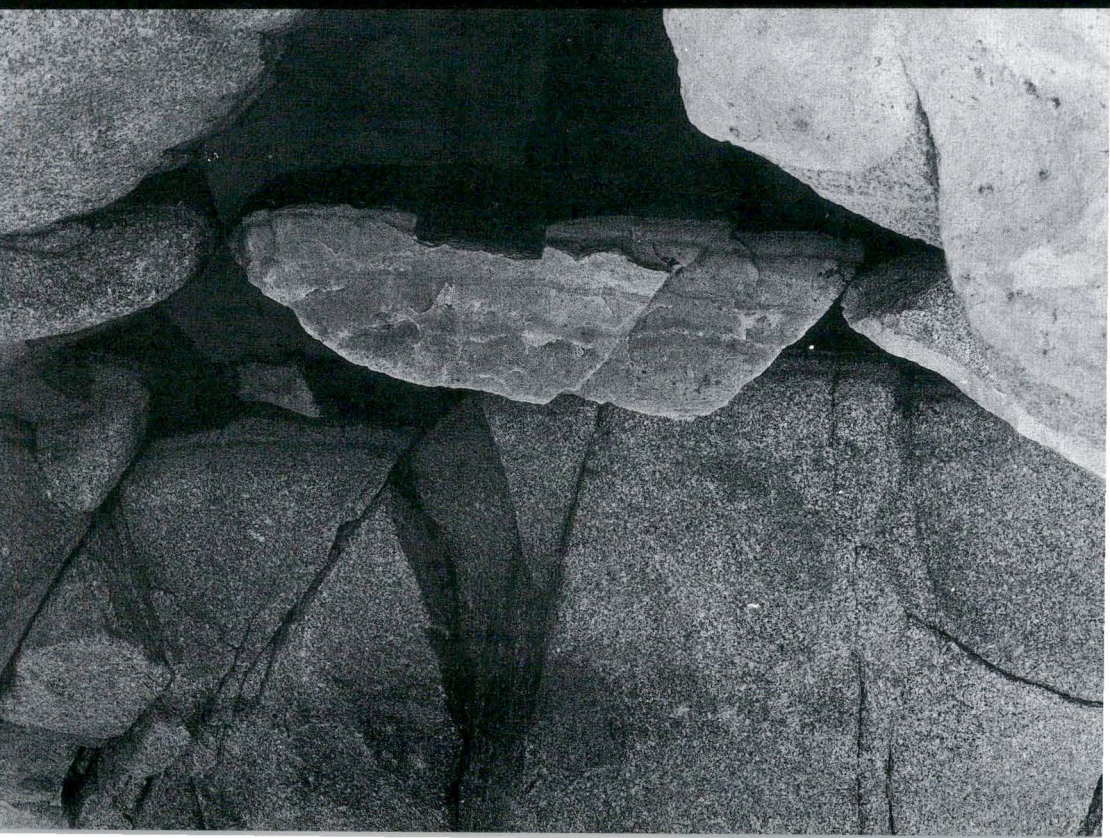


prowling the runneled asphalt, all the flagrant back-alley garbage pickers, the family ties they had on both sides of the pacific, and though she never



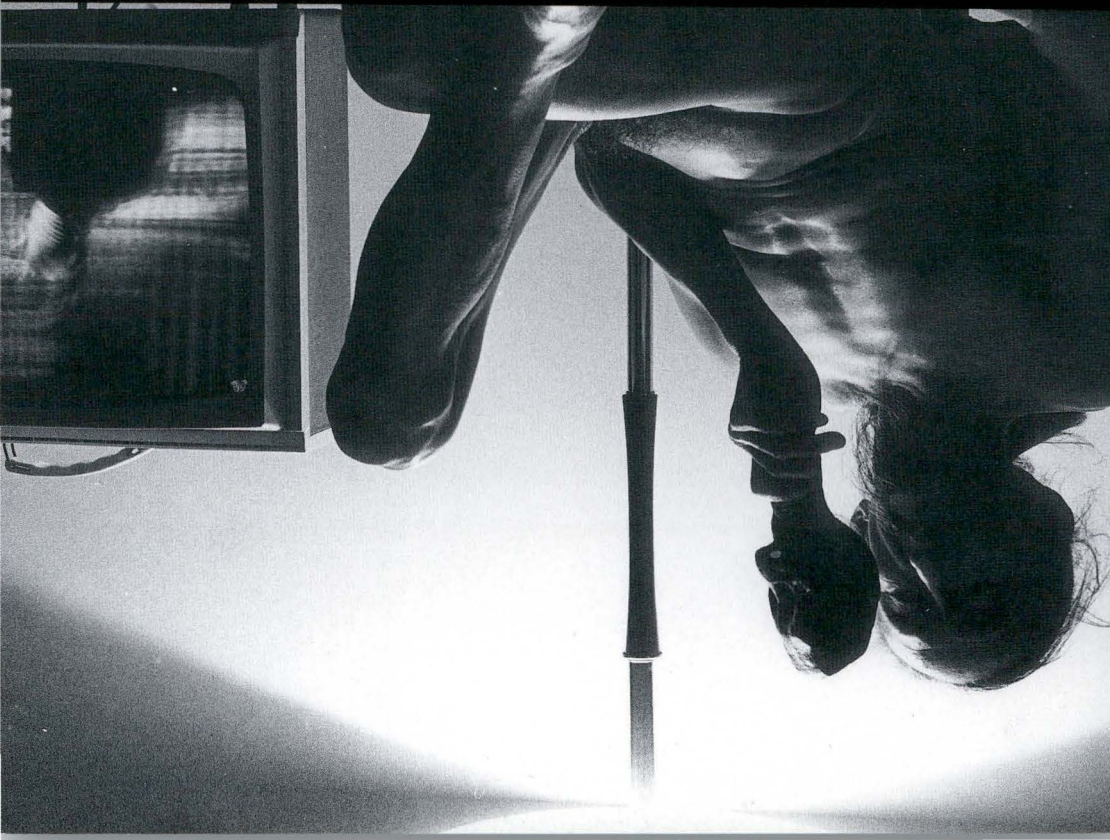


fiercely-proud poor taunting him for a hand-out, all the sodden east-end bread
daughter, and when she felt like talking she invariably talked about all the





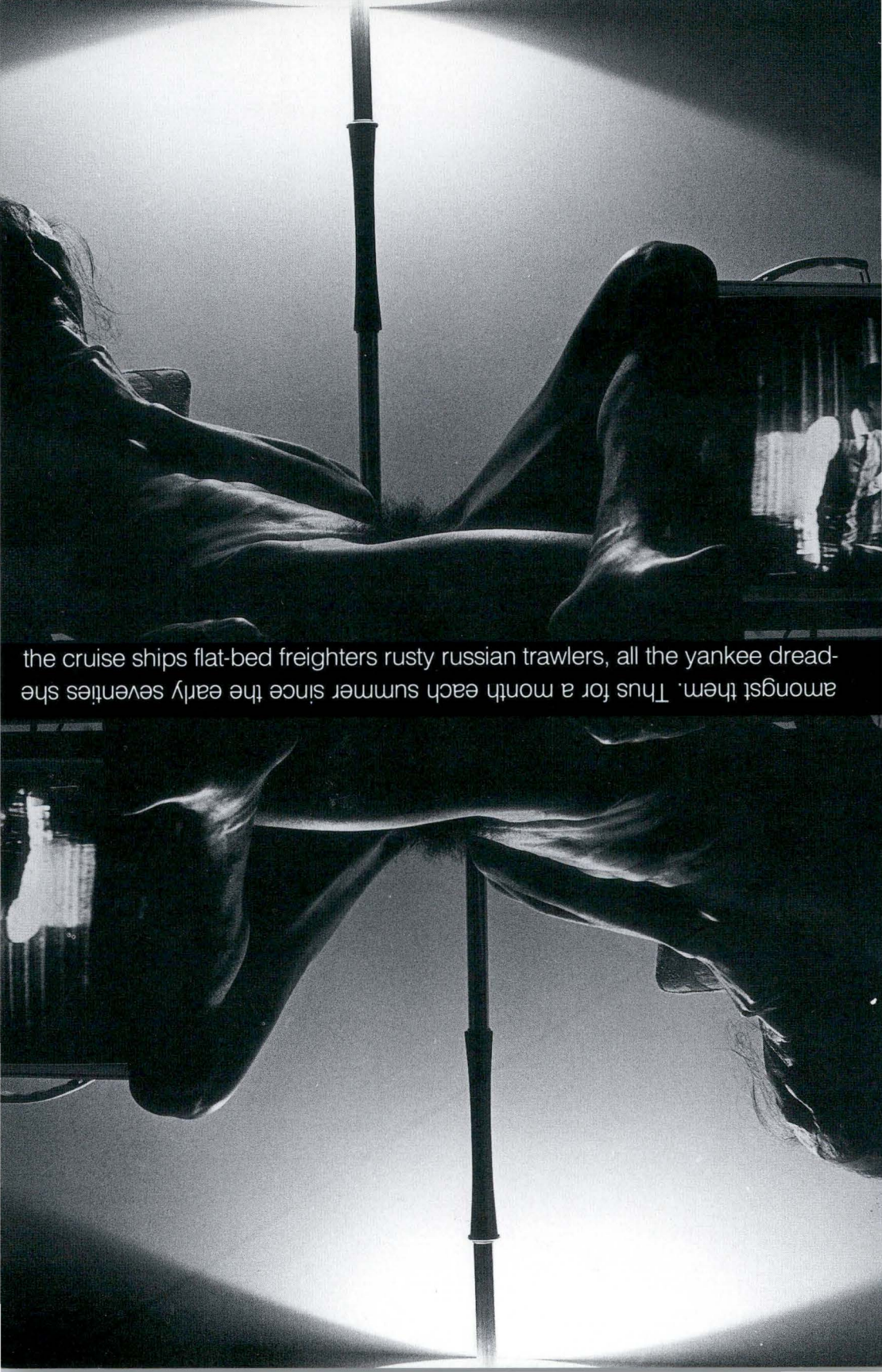
lines and hand-me-down thrift stores, all the untethered dogs large and small
simply sit and knit she would finish a vest for a son or a pair of slippers for a





taking their early morning promenade in the Sunday morning school yard, all
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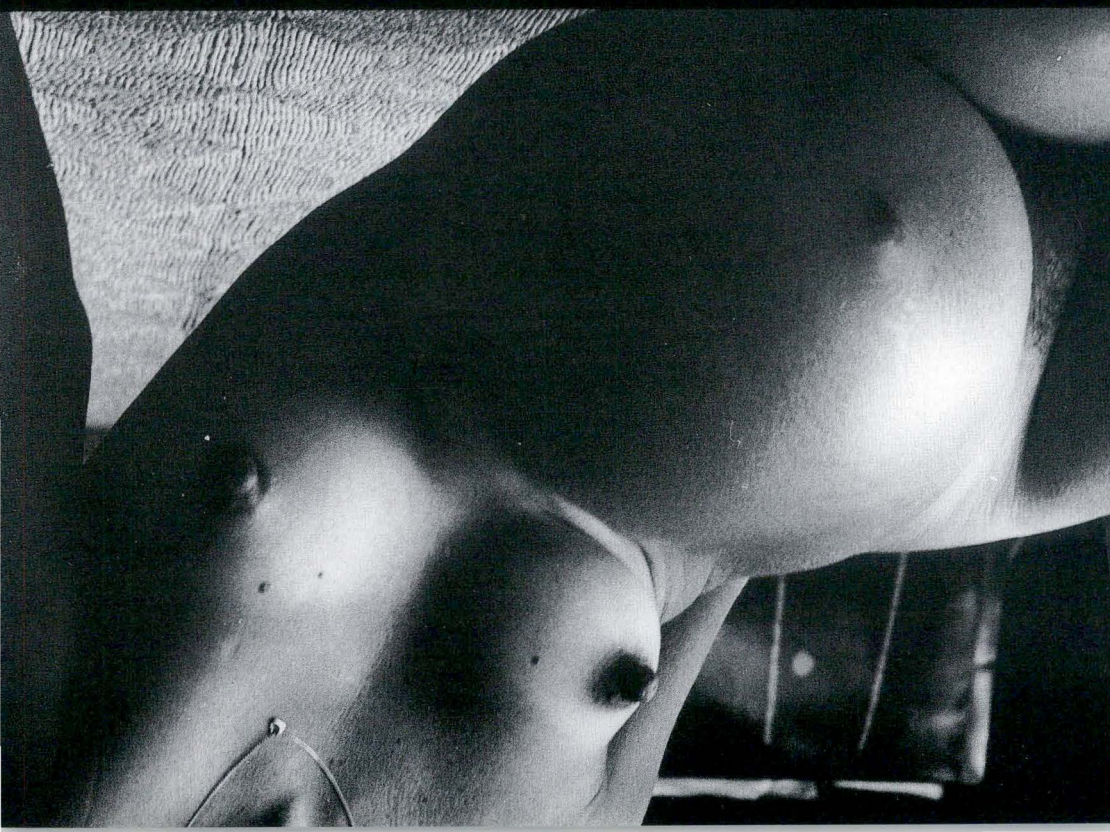


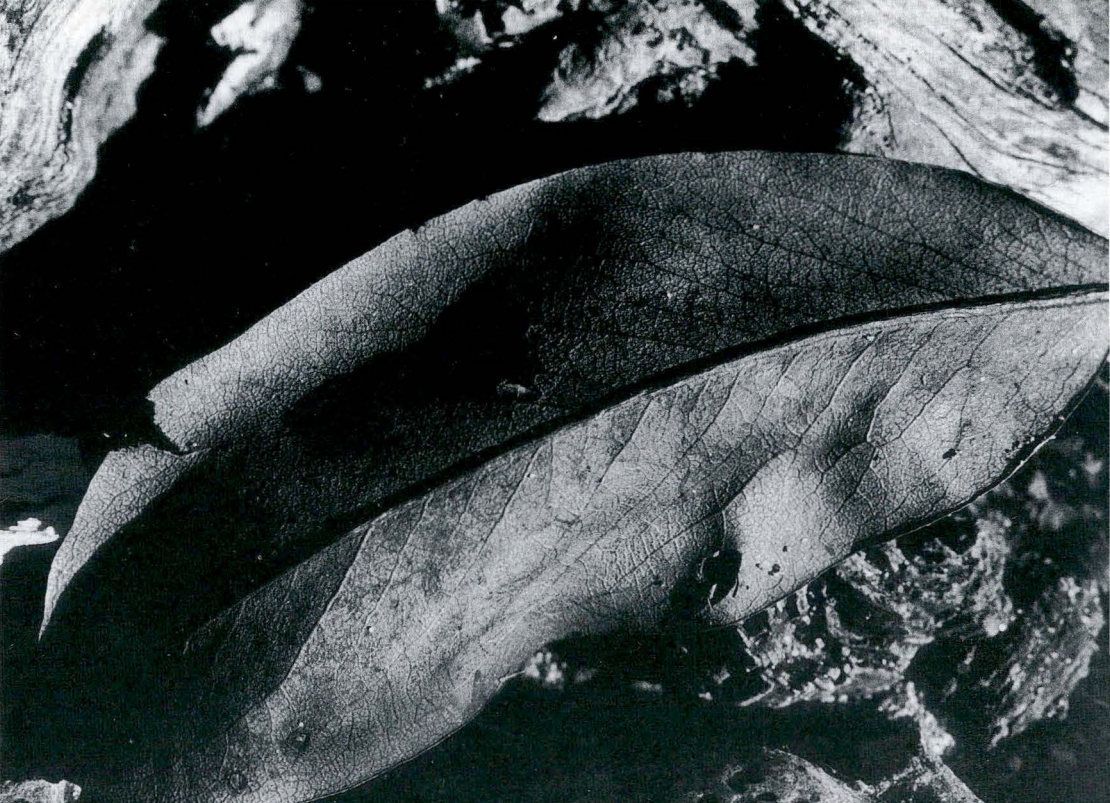


amongst them. Thus for a month each summer since the early seventies she
the cruise ships flat-bed freighters rusty russian trawlers, all the yankee dread-

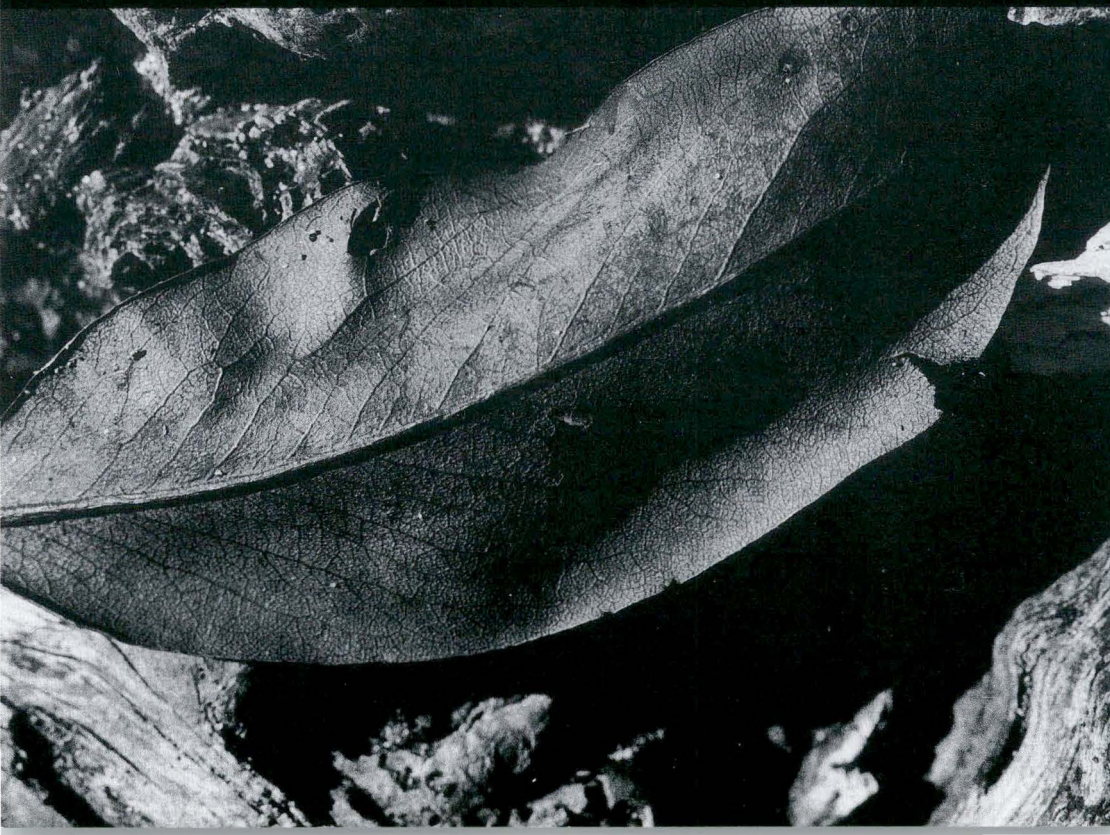


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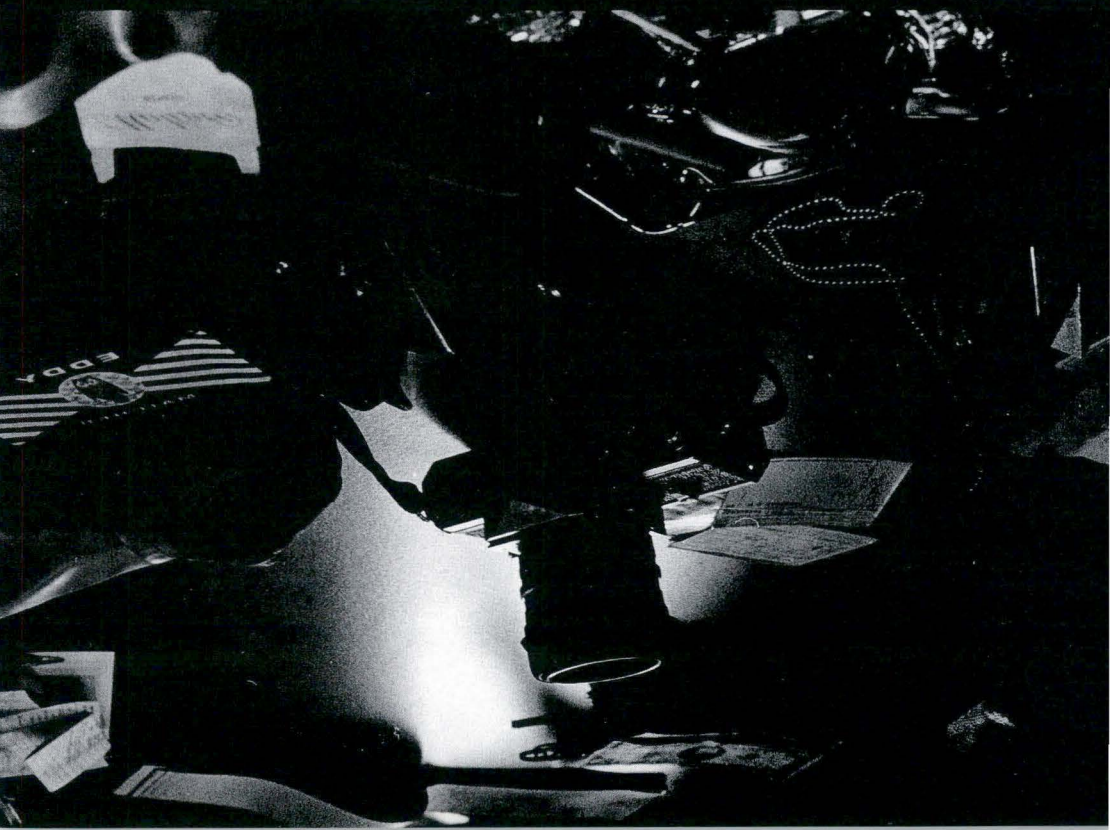


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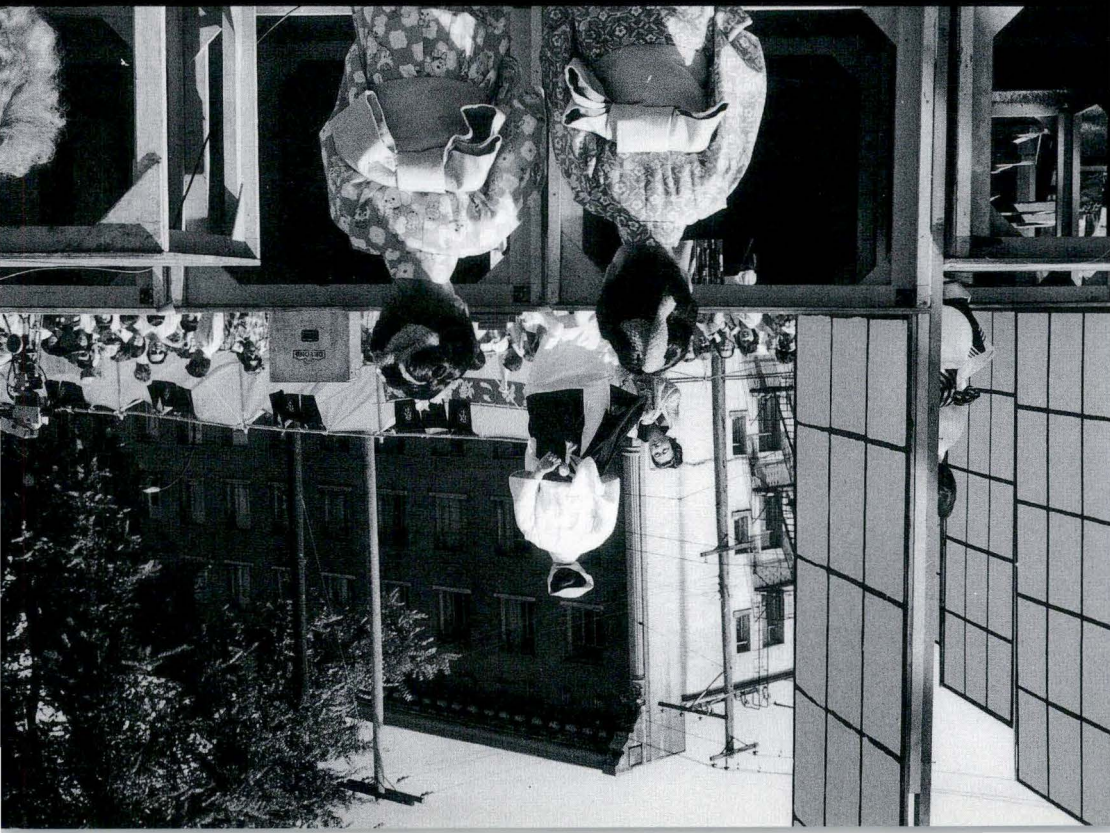


tattoos on their winsome arms and legs, all the condom-strewn back alleys, 'faces' and they recounted all the kindred and alien time-warps. Each summer





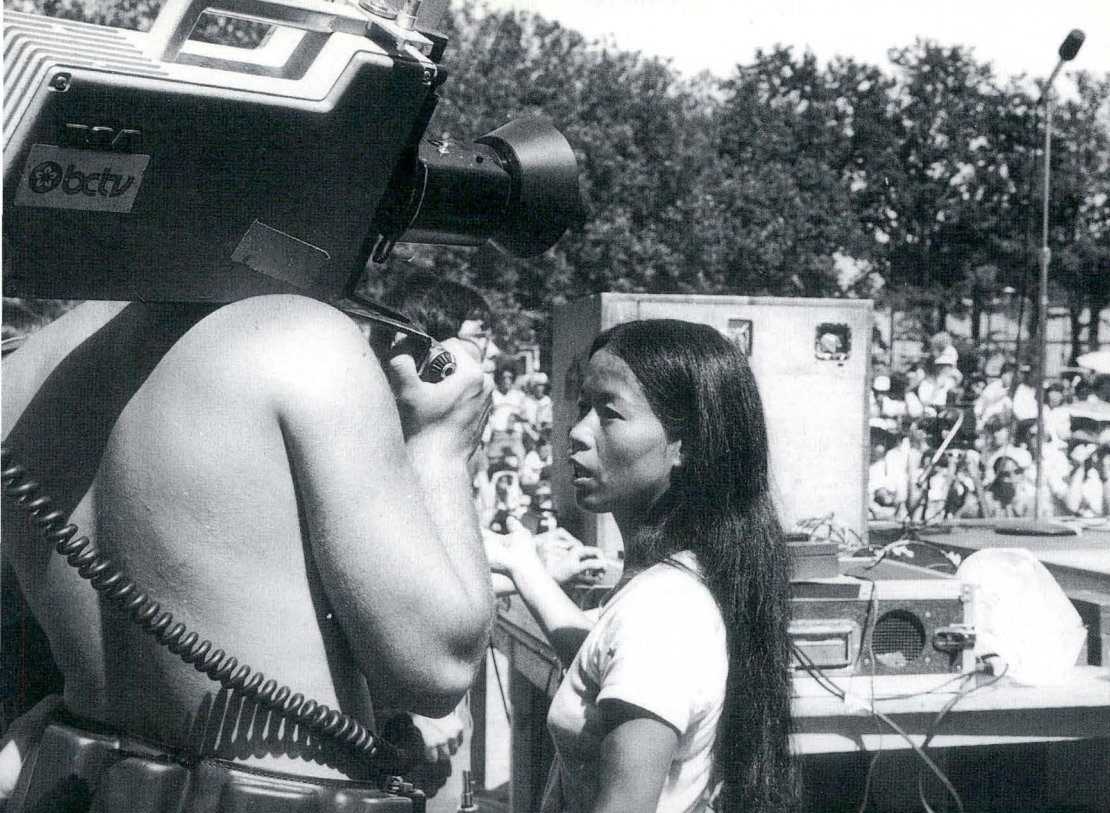
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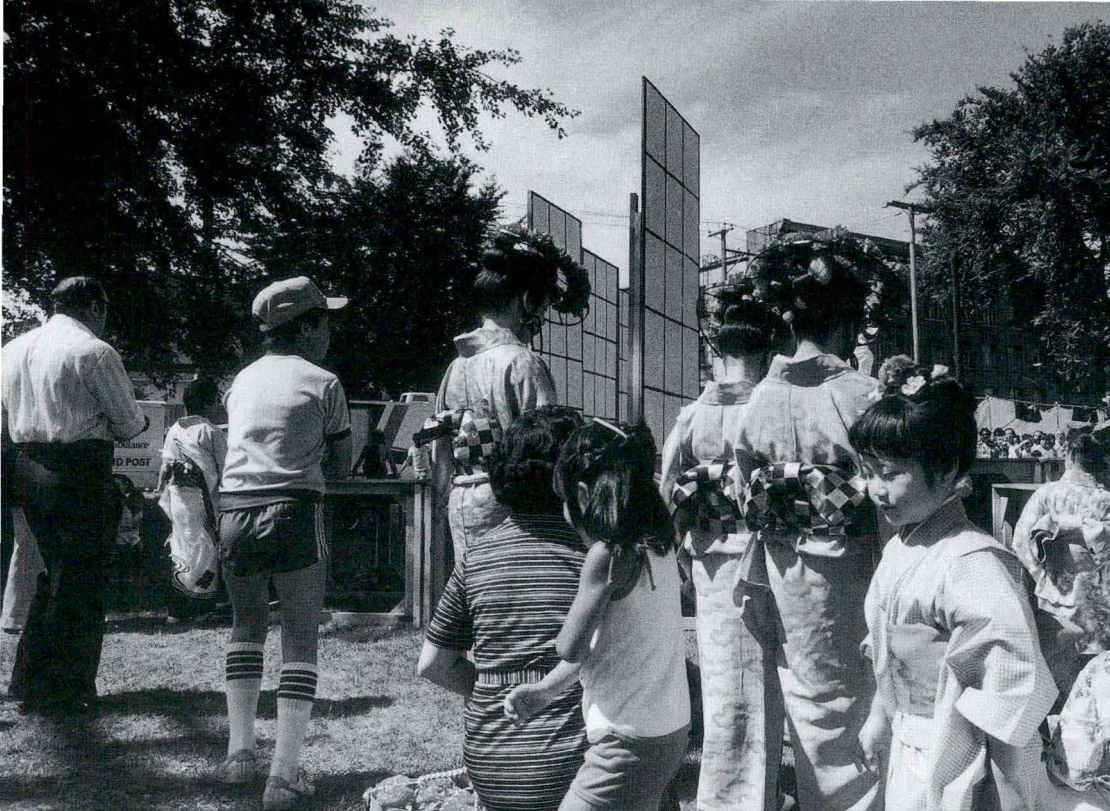
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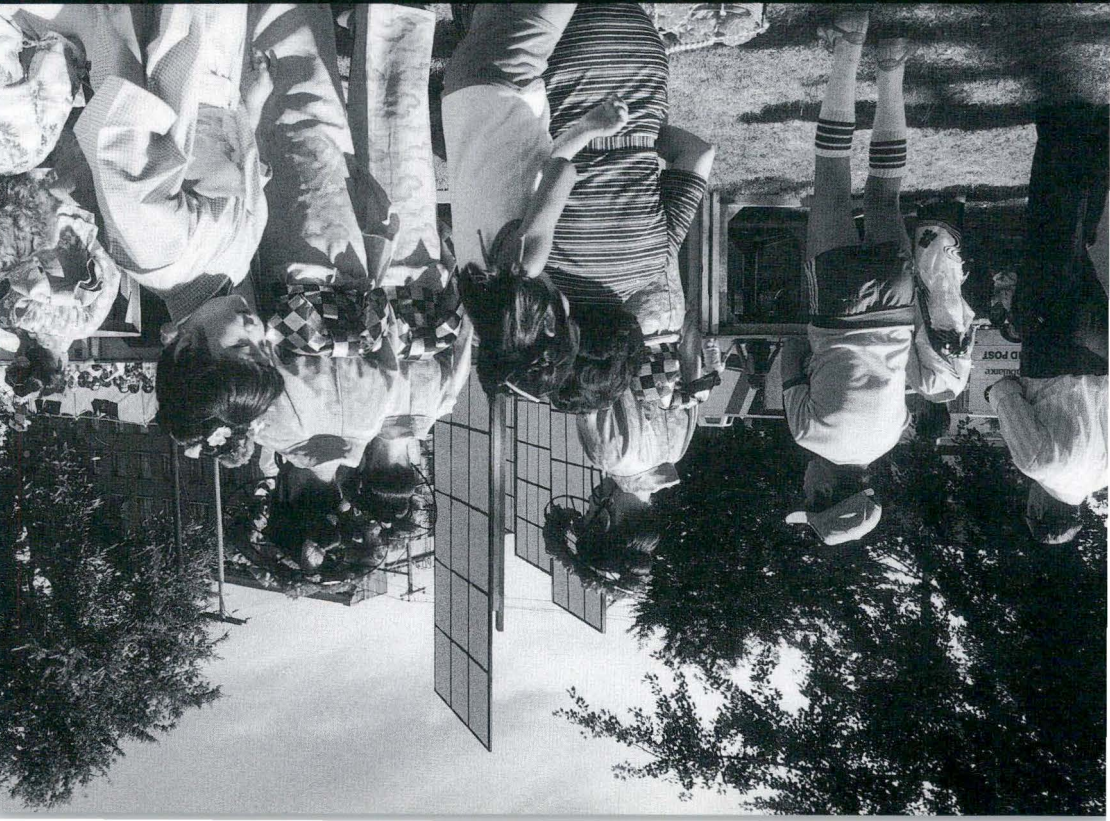


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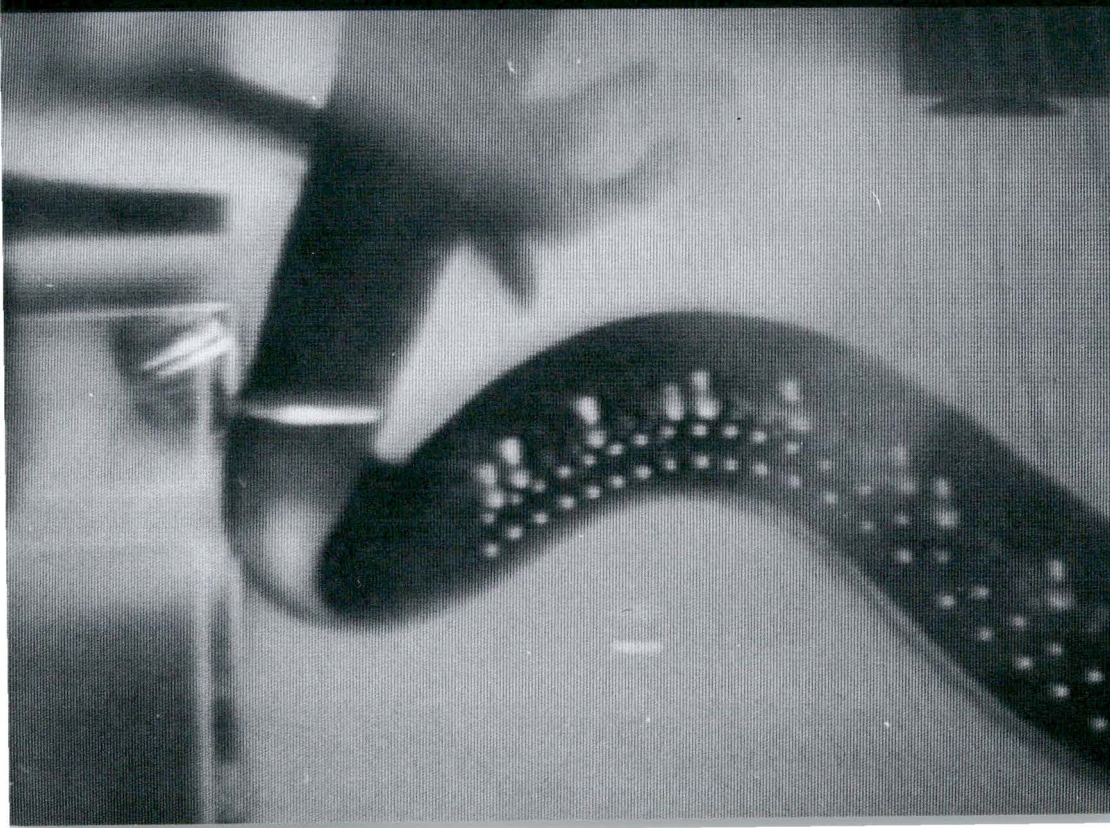


photos he found himself leafing through, he habitually revisited the site of their
His mother turned ninety-four that summer. In former years she would sit and





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



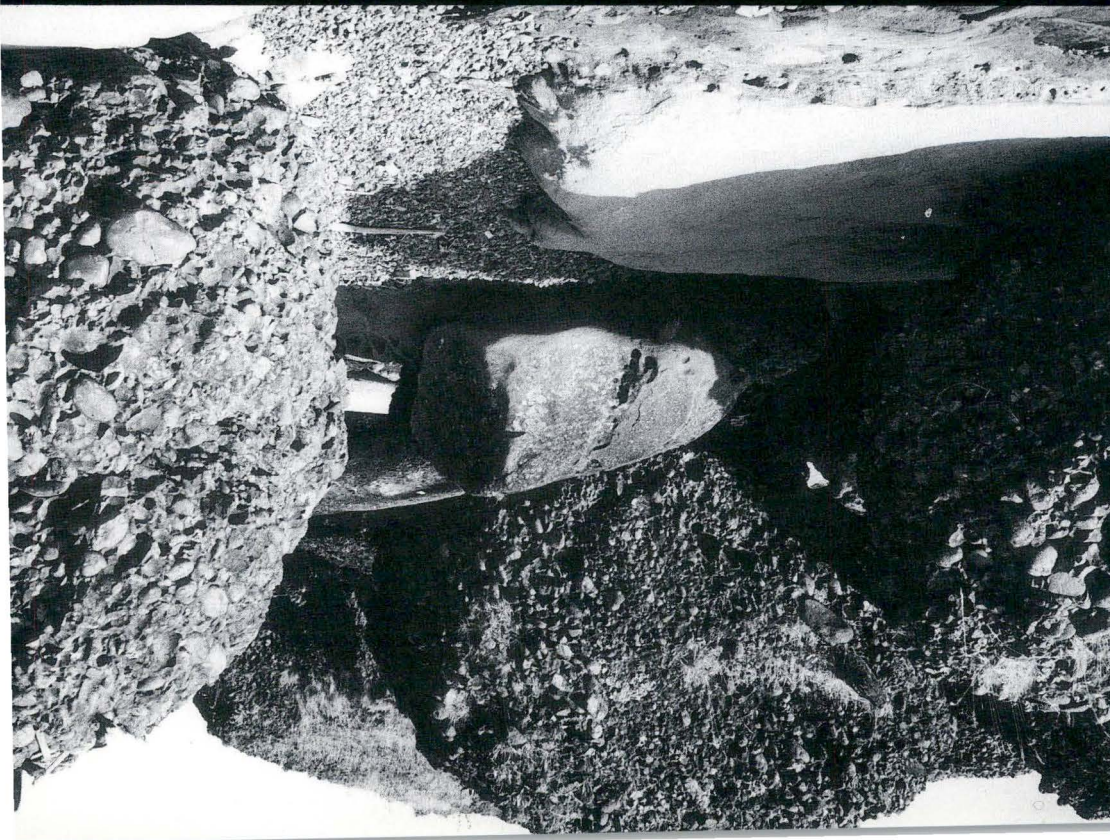


enacted the perdurable blessings of light. Now, with the first dappled leaf, often felt parchment dry. With nothing but the unilluminated images of his own





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





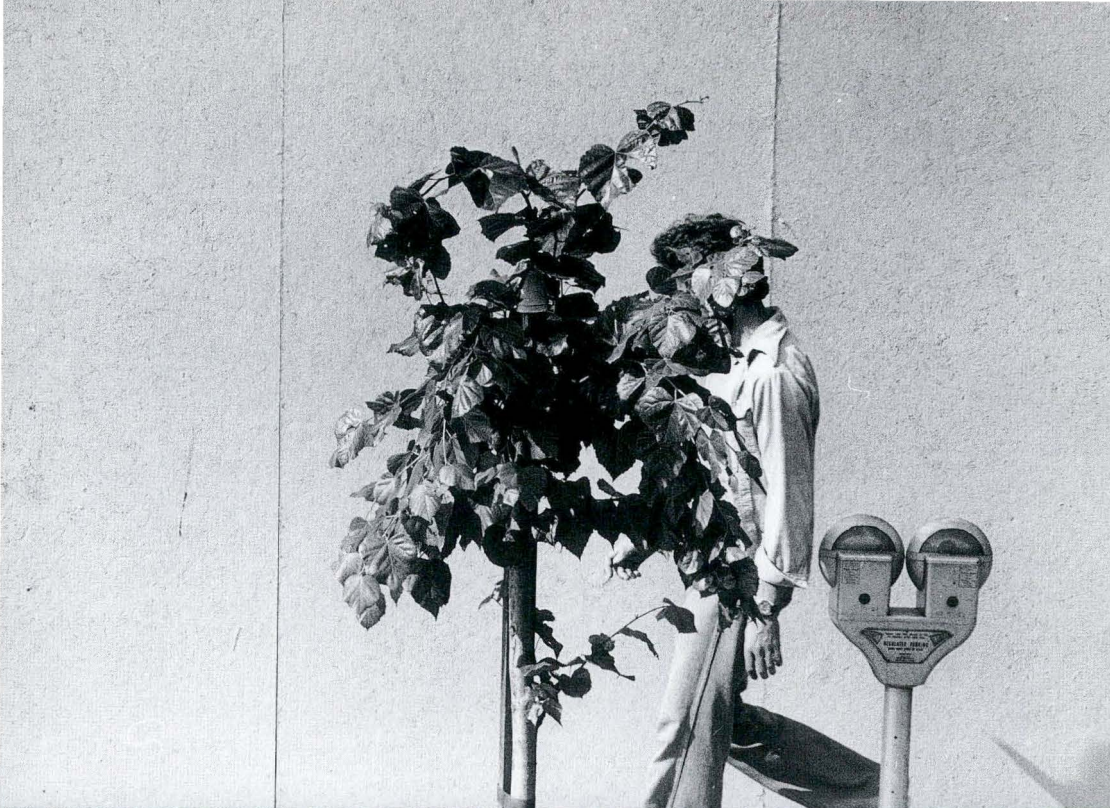
And, because she had often spoken of her late husband, particularly their
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early years in Canada after the first world war, he felt gladful that the last snap
face, with its own thatch, its half-shuttered windows and closely-guarded door;





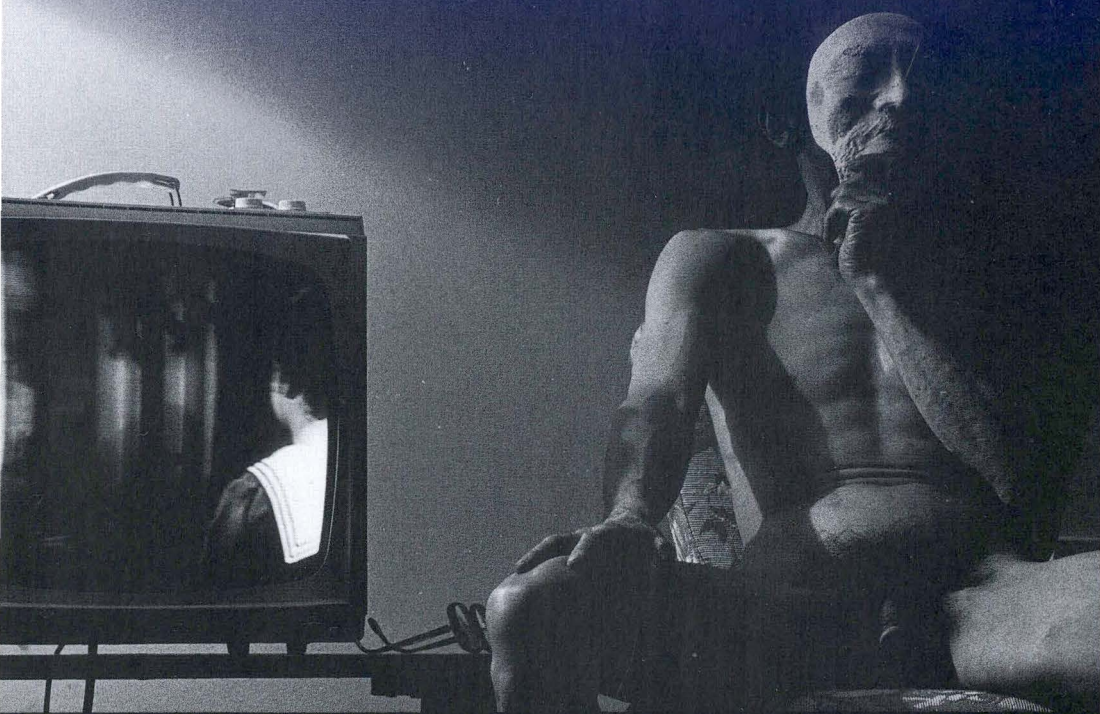
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Like the rain-spattered pages of a Romance novel left behind on a holiday

