



# TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

It's very difficult to write in this dead language.

– Alan Davies



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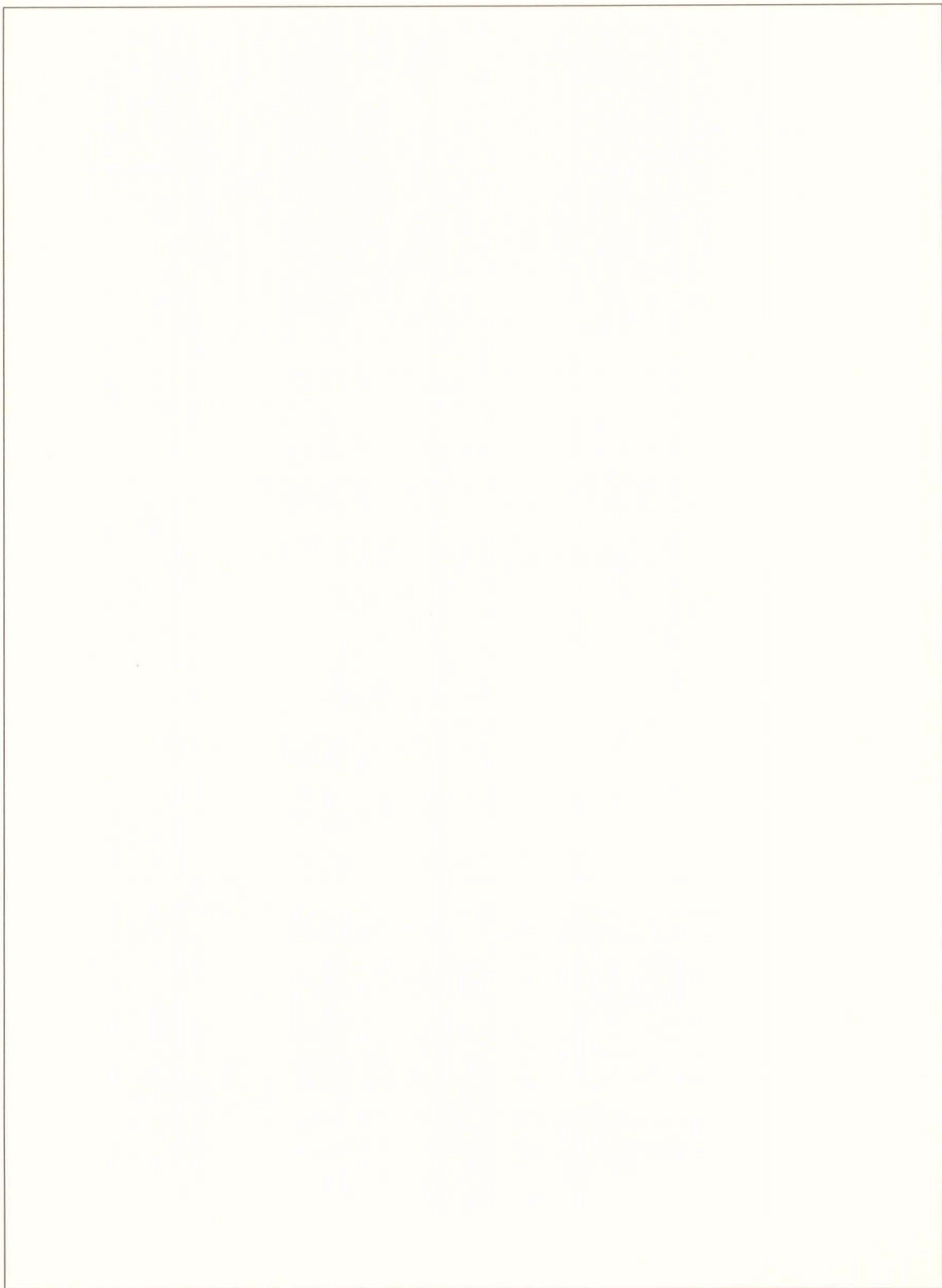
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Miroslav Tichý  
Untitled Photograph  
17.9 x 13.1 cm





# Eliot Weinberger / AT THE SIGN OF THE HAND

I.

In English Benedictine monasteries around the year 1000, it was forbidden to speak, so novices were given the *Monasteriales Indicia*, an Anglo-Saxon handbook of hand signs:

If you want bread, put your two thumbs and index fingers together.

If you want cheese, put your hands together as if you were pressing cheese.

If you want raw vegetables, put your finger on your left hand.

If you want leeks, bore your finger into your hand, then put your hand flat to your nose as if you were smelling something.

If you want beans, put your index finger on the first joint of your thumb.

If you want peas, put your thumb on your little finger.

If you want an apple, crook your right thumb into the middle of your hand and take hold of it with your fingers and lift up your fist.

If you want a pear, do the same, but spread your fingers.

If you want a plum, do the same but with your left hand, and stroke your fist with your index finger.

If you want cherries, put your left thumb on the joint of your little finger, then pinch it with your right hand.

If you want eggs, scrape with your finger on your left thumb.

If you want salt, shake your hand with your three fingers as if you were salting something.

If you want pepper, knock with one index finger on the other.

If you want honey, put your finger on your tongue.

If you want fish, move your hand in the way a fish moves its tail when it swims.

If you want eel, move your right hand and then put it on your left arm, with the left hand stretched out, and stroke across it with your right hand, as if you were cutting it.

If you need a Bible, move your hand around and hold up your thumb and put your hand flat against your cheek.

If you need a Psalter, stroke with your right index finger on your left hand, as if you were paying great attention.

If you need a Martyrology, lay your index finger over your throat.

If you need a rod, move your fist as if you were going to hit someone.

If you need a scourge, move your fist in the same way and raise two fingers.

If you need a candle, blow on your index finger.

II.

The Turkish book *The History of the Forty Viziers* tells the story of a Christian monk who tries to avoid paying taxes for himself and his people by challenging the sultan with a riddle. He opens the five fingers of his hand and holds his palm up, and then he lets the five fingers droop. "Do you know what that means?"

The learned men of the court are silent: "What can this be? It is not mentioned in the Commentaries."

Then a wandering dervish comes by and asks to solve the riddle. The monk opens the five fingers of his hand and holds his palm up. The dervish closes his fist and shows it to the monk. The monk lets his five fingers droop downward. The dervish opens his fist and holds his fingers upward. The monk says, "That is the answer," and gives the sultan the money.

The sultan, perplexed at what has happened, takes the dervish aside. He explains: "When he opened his fingers and held his hand up, it meant 'This is how I'm going to punch you in the face.' So I showed him my fist, which meant 'I'll punch your throat.' He then let his fingers droop, which meant, 'I'll punch you in the stomach and grab your throat.' So I held my fingers up, which meant, 'If you grab my throat, I'll grab yours.'"



The sultan then took the monk aside, who explained: "When I held up my five fingers, it meant 'Do you not worship five times a day?' He held up his fist to indicate that it is true. Then I let my fingers droop, to ask a question from our books, 'Why does the rain come down from heaven?' He held his fingers upward to say: 'The rain falls down from heaven that the grass may spring up from the earth.' This is the answer that our people know, so I paid the tribute."

The monk returned to his own country and the sultan, saying nothing, gave the dervish a share of the money.

### III.

The hand is a mandala. Open it: the fingers are the outer circle, the five elements and their female manifestations. Close it: the nails are the middle circle, the five Buddhas, their colors, and their sacred syllables. Open it again: on the palm is a red lotus with five petals who are the goddesses.

The right hand is the world of the Buddhas, the Diamond World. The left hand is the world of sentient beings, the Matrix World. The left is the moon, the right the sun; the left is contemplation, the right observation. The left is blessedness, the right is wisdom; the left is the memory of affection; the right is the memory of compassion. The left is within; the right is outside.

The five fingers are earth, water, fire, air, and the void. They are form, sensation, perception, operation of the mind, and discernment. They are faith, energy, memory, meditation, and wisdom; the five Buddhas and the five Bodhisattvas. They are eye, ear, nose, tongue, and body. The ten fingers are knowledge, power, vow, means, wisdom, charity, precepts, patience, effort, and contemplation. The ten fingers are the ten Essence Worlds. On the left, the worlds of hells, animals, hungry spirits, malevolent spirits, and humans. On the

right, the worlds of gods, disciples, hermit-Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and Buddhas.

Make a fist with your thumb against the side of the index finger: that is an unopened lotus. Clasp your hands together, palm to palm, with the fingers outside: the space between your hands is the moon. There is a clasp of the sincere heart, of the empty heart, of clear exposition, of refuge, of holding water, of a lotus as it opens.

The evil Devadatta gave liquor to an elephant, got it drunk, and caused it to stampede. The Buddha raised his right hand, flat, with the fingers together, and the elephant stopped dead and knelt.

The Buddha, in an earlier life, met a woman whom he thought he might marry, but he didn't know if she was single, and educated. So he raised a closed fist, and she, in reply, showed him her empty hand. They were wed.

The Buddha said: "There is a goddess called Marishi. She has great powers. She is forever passing in front of the gods of the sun and moon, yet they cannot see her. Men cannot see or recognize her; they cannot hurt or deceive her; they cannot take her possessions; they cannot condemn or punish her." Make a fist with your left hand, with three fingers tightly closed, the thumb touching the fingernail of the index to make a ring. Hold it in front of your chest; meditate on entering into that hole and being contained within. Then take your right hand, hold it flat above your fist, and revolve it in a counter-clockwise motion. This is the mudra of Marishi's precious receptacle, the mudra of hiding forms, and if you chant the correct mantras while making it, you will become invisible.

Ryukai, a priest of the Hasso sect at the Gango-ji Temple, died while making the mudra of the Tathagata Amida with his right hand. When the body was burned, all that remained was his hand.

Daniela Elza / from *METAPHOR INVENTS US*

*Language is not only a source of meaning  
it is a source of being. The opening of the world  
by logos is at the same time the creation of the world.*

– Gaston Bachelard

deviate.

say

What is

th.row

a meta.phor

into

mundane

water

and watch

all things

not only (as

be.ing

but acting

rippling



*Our daily speech continually fluctuates between  
the ideals of mathematical and imaginative harmony.*

– Lev Vygotsky

*the poet is a penguin*  
– e.e. cummings

To mean is to invent (word  
sentence image)  
a.new

the whole          vibrating    with  
what                the sum of   its part.s

will not

hold

	metaphor	
(focus		frame)
(tenor		vehicle)
	a screen	

a filter  
through which  
*the poet* *is a penguin*

is understood.

(Still            Ricoeur            wants  
          to know            where

the extra

(meaning)

“he swims with            his wings”

comes from.

\*

three  
ten.sions

between

focus                            1            frame

literal    2            metaphoric

3            seeing

*the poet is a penguin*

at the same time (as

It is not

*The movement of bodies to their meaningful end.*

from *Introduction to the Introduction to Wang Wei*  
by Pain not Bread

feed them  
ordinary  
words  
  
sustain  
  
a pair of  
swans  
  
frame.d  
in.focus

will keep  
  
returning  
  
together for life.  
  
until one dies  
  
the one left the sum  
  
of both.

*the movement of bodies to their meaningful end*



*It is a contradiction in terms to try to study imagination objectively, since one receives the image only if one admires it.*

– Gaston Bachelard

*The poem is a fox.  
With its tail it wipes clean its own tracks.*

from *In a Poet's Museum* by Lyubomir Nikolov

*The poem is a fox.*                      objectively is

a contra.diction.

*one receives                                      the image  
only if one                                      admires it*

*The poem is a fox.*

*With its tail                                      it wipes clean*

*its own tracks.*

re.gains                                      its potent.ial

for (dual)  
meaning.

in poetry                                      words

dream

the Truth

(that are                                      so many.

from *Derrida & Wittgenstein* by N. Garver & S. Lee

a metaphor is a fox in the coop  
throws the mind off  
balance  
in the literal dark chaos  
all chickens are  
in the air  
except the one the fox came for  
(meaning  
the fox will catch it.  
as it leaves  
(the lights come on  
in the house.

*Metaphor forces conceptual thought to think more.*

– Paul Ricoeur

a contra .diction  
a case of in.direct self –  
a hidden logical absurd.ity  
from in.side  
the collapse  
of the literal  
rises  
the meta.phorical  
speaker listener  
*forces concept.ual thought*  
*to think more*

Alan Davies / from *THIS IS THINKING*.

040601

□

You should do what you always do when you write. You should completely ignore any distinction between one person (one reader) and all persons (all readers). That's the subjective correlative.

□

Thinking is editing.

□

The meaning escapes me.

More space in the poem. Is this leaving more out or letting more in? I mentioned the question to Jackson. "When you leave more space in the poem the rest of the world can come in."

□

In a poem thinking is mostly vertical. Feeling mostly horizontal.

□

Pornography. It's all about point of view.

Pornography. It's all about point of view. As with all desire.



If my language didn't have any problems I wouldn't write.

□

A sonnet is not just a form. It's a message.

A particular kind of message.

A particular kind  
Of message.

Stanzas for Iris Lezak is the greatest book of sonnets since Shakespeare.

Shakespeare and Donne.

Stanzas for Iris Lezak is the only book of sonnets since Shakespeare.

Blurbs are to books what those lead weights on the rim of a wheel are to the wheel.

But the perception that things are not sufficiently in-kilter on their own is often a misperception on the part of the publisher.

Or perhaps it is the roadway (the reading public as social phenomenon) that is actually out of whack. But to the extent that they are the problem (merely perceived or otherwise) no amount of however judiciously placed blurbs will fix them.

Blurbs eat the book. They pre-eat it.

We're much better off with mixed metaphors.

□

Again. Writing is an aid to forgetting.

For those of us fastidious about words writing is a way of getting some of them out of the head in order to make way for new experiences.

Without writing we'd hold on to words at the expense of those experiences which happily (at times) give rise to them.

Writing is letting go.

To write is to let go.

Writing is a way of getting younger.

(It's a way of getting younger so that we can age.

Gracefully.

Gracelessly.

Or otherwise.)

Yes. There are problems in my language. If there weren't I wouldn't write.

(Vocabulary is the soil of thinking.)

Problems of this sort are temporal. That is to say two things –

– These problems don't last. (Writing gets rid of them. Sometimes all at once. Sometimes very gradually.)

– These problems are a perception of the time in which they exist. It is a perception of the moment that sees them as problems. (Things changing is what changes that.)

041101

You have to invest in beauty.

(Money misses the point.

Money mimics the point.)

Invest.

Beauty.



Sometimes when a new form comes along it's as if there has been a backlog of material waiting to inhabit it.

Sometimes when a new form appears to the writer (such as this one recently did) it's as if there's a lot of material that's been waiting to get out.

Then after a little time it's as if that's no longer so.

It's more like (

Book centered writing.

In the most blatant triadization of things we have the writer and the book and the reader.

Writer centered writing is practiced by most writers.

Writer centered writing is practiced by most (if not all) writers. And it is the most appreciated by critics who despite their protestations to the contrary will always know more about a writing person (another "themselves") than they will ever know about writing.

Reader centered writing is most desired by writers. Who among them does not want primarily to be read? And among them who does not remember best their own first and early pleasures at that (the reading) end of the sport?

Every good book is a sentient book.

Every book is sentient.

What is its experience of being written?

Of being read?

What does it want? And what does it get?

(The book is a mind of its own.)

041901

I am writing.

Someone that I know exactly as well as I know myself has a minor phobia. They experience a smidgen of disorientation and a passel of anxious fear when bending from either the standing but more the sitting position to pick up a briefcase or packages or to straighten them or things of that sort.

The other day I had this experience when waiting for a train in the 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue L station. I bent over. My eyes met the top of my opened briefcase. I was going to put Victor Pelevin's *The Life of Insects* away. The train was approaching the station.

In an instant (as they say) I realized that what I feared was the onset of fear. There was no other feeling there.

All fear is the fear of that fear itself.

042301

You have to have a sense of humor in this business or people take you seriously.



If I told you that I woke this morning feeling bright eyed and busy tailed you would have some idea of what I meant. When I use that expression I think of a squirrel. Most of you probably think of other things. If I told you that I woke up this morning feeling squirrel-like you would think something different.

Language as a mirror for the world is multi-faceted.

Language as a mirror for the world (which is not all that it is) is multi-faceted.

If I told you that I woke up this morning feeling bright eyed and bushy tailed (which I did) you would think –

050701

It's very difficult to write in this dead language.

□

Acceptance changes everything.

I usually have a considerable amount of confidence in what I somewhat romantically refer to as my perceptions.

I usually have a considerable amount of confidence in what I somewhat romantically refer to as my (my) perceptions.

Perceptions are phenomena of the natural world.

They bloom as surely as do flowers.

My perceptions are no more mine than I am.

Actually perceptions are not phenomena. They are not an object perceived by our senses. They are not objects (including mental objects) perceived by the senses (including the mind).

Neither are they noumena.

No more are they noumena.

Perceptions are dances taking place in the universe. Perceptions are dances taking place in the universe (including the universe of ideas).

The universes. The universes of ideas.

The dance is between the perceiver and the perceived. And the mind that unites them.

Of the perceiver and the perceived. And the mind of which they are a part.

“Everything that exists is sentient.”

– Tom Raworth

Everything that exists does not exist. Otherwise it could not exist.

Not a sound.

Just the waiting.

Waiting for the words to come.

□

Sometimes it's important to commit things to words.

(Like committing things to memory.)

I commit myself to words.

(As in.)



A book is a virtual pet.

□

The relationship between the effect that a person has on a book and the effect that a book has on a person is not a dialectical one. In this equation the book is more like a double-sided mirror that can also be seen through. The author stands on one side. The reader on the other.

The relationship between the effect that a person has on a book and the effect that a book has on a person is not a dialectical one. Perhaps this is why at least for the moment capitalism appears ascendant over communism. Gutenberg tipped the scale. And didn't the Egyptians invent their language in order to keep tally of slaves and their other possessions?

In this equation (if we can call it that)

□

Perhaps the language poets are the hackers of the language world.

The things we think we're made of.

The things  
we think we're made of.

The things we think  
we're made of.

The things we think we're made of.

□

A good poem deflates the ego. It breathes out.

□

The things of which we think we're made.

053001

A lot of poems don't have enough ruin in them.

I now think of what I used to think of as fat as ruin.

Fat as opposed to muscle and bone. You know.

But ruin.

## Jaime Denike / PRESENT PERIPHERIES

### Cheddar and Orchids

The what is simple enough –

Avocados, Brie, Camembert, Caravan, Cigarettes,  
Coetzee, Columbian-coffee, Corn chips, Cricket,  
Discount-furniture, Dostoyevsky, Dylan, Fender,  
G&L, Goma, Hefeweizen, Helm, India Rubber  
Plants, Kalimbas, Kafka, Lap-steel, Mailai Kofta,  
Lyre-birds, Oak, Orchids, Pickup trucks, Presol,  
Harem, Quesadillas, Quinoa, Rain, Rye, Slim Harpo, Spinach,  
White bed-sheets, Willie Nelson,

Derrida, I simply don't know what  
you mean by the

who of love.

## Terrorist: (1.) As a Political Term

An organ is wandering we're  
taking a stab at it this tacit  
agreement (tacit, a. 2.)

suicidal, *a.*  
suicidality, *n.*  
suicide, *n.*<sup>1</sup>  
suicide, *n.*<sup>2</sup>  
suicide, *v.*  
suicidal, *a.*  
suicidism  
suicidology

by cop

bomber/person who (intends  
to) die (now  
esp.) terrorist bombing  
mission; action or quality  
causing  
dread; terrific

Exemption or release from  
*freedom*: a document emancipating  
nobility, generosity, liberal  
fate or necessity; the power  
Boldness or vigour of character  
a corporation, freedom-fine, a payment made on being  
admitted to the freedom of a city, guild, or  
corporation:

freedom

personal liberty. *letter of freedom*  
of being free or noble;  
free from the control of  
attributed to the will.  
possessed by a city,

liberty a document  
being noble control  
fate necessity power  
executor privilege possessed  
a city a corporation ours  
to fight for:

*freedom is on the march*

**freedom** (*v. trans*) *is on the march*<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>[www.whitehouse.gov/news/releases](http://www.whitehouse.gov/news/releases)



## If My Father Was Dead

Forster: Flat and Round Characters

For we must admit that flat people have  
yet another set of ingredients to work with if  
my father was dead he would never run away  
into a crevice of context, dead end-product.

Duras waited for family ghosts to  
plump the narrative: drunk abusive  
patriarchal, past-tense, a  
fluid and shifting affair coined, oh brother  
should've kept those kisses to yourself  
should've watched your sister's pen.

And if *my* father was dead and if *his* mother  
was dead I'd have a real 'I' poem then, an  
ocean of free progress soiling peripheral characters  
this is (a) whole story on display, the throw  
away phrase echoes, it was in essence  
enough.

And we must admit that flat people  
lacking rotundity are really best comic:  
flat farmers, flat drunkards litter the scene always  
complicated as somewhere a  
death must occur.

## Naming Infers Confers

The *age old* always unfolds like this:  
a fissure pried at the margin  
a scaffolding is dated  
Truth's capital crumbles micro and  
Derrida is watching Derrida butter toast.

Those who knew well enough  
a place a date would be  
chained to their *great ideas*  
named things, means  
sound ideas that  
echo and  
echo authors  
in tow.

Shouldn't have said *always*, but [O]rientalism snowballs  
[I]nterpolation calls up young Fanon McClintock's line lays heavy in  
margin the seeds of [D]isapora dwindle [D]iscursive [A]rchaeology  
hides an accusation [K]inship and [D]econstruction are lasting  
revisions can I name this [P]rocess and what words are left to me?

Refined with here and now we draw  
our lines, heap names on antiquity,  
laud later chapters, and

full-to-the-brim with white pages and under-lines  
we look for our word to

capitalize.

## Precept

*4. a. That feeling of attachment which is based upon difference of sex; the affection which subsists between lover and sweetheart and is the normal basis of marriage.*

*b. As a motive in imaginative literature*

her true love is mitigated  
starched errant crooked line  
fixes, is fixed, his true love grows  
pale, static-future-tense strangers  
the dote at the window, knows  
love/ its object, the form.

*Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source Of human offspring*

the discarded genitals always show in print:  
Aphrodite Ourania, respectively heterosexual/  
impeccable breasts/ war-starter, death-catalyst  
the wrong kind of love made the right kind of  
body, paint foaming, what pages discarded her  
shape conveyed.

*Deare love, for nothing lesse than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dreame,  
It was a theme*

Ophelia, paint foaming, the boys still singin'

*Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window  
For her I feel so afraid  
To her, death is quite romantic*

her true love  
waits and dies  
and waits 300 years for  
bracelets and perfumes, whites and dresses  
to come and go, formulated

waits for Vronsky,  
tortured and torturous  
a new mess of love-drama  
post-marriage plot-curve  
the woman who nags (but waits)  
and dies, true love  
train track not river, he writes  
just how it goes

*Sweet is the death that taketh end by love*

And to begin, again  
over-determined, her  
true love, how should it  
start and does he die  
and how  
*and how should I  
presume?*

## Fading Industrious

a curious phase  
the interim undergrad/waist lines  
teeming/articles (cotton/worn  
static/paltry) out-growing-our  
selves the/tight/lines/the  
budget redundant

28 trips to the company and out/meat slinging a day in small  
roads/dolly load cardboard limb to brake/clutch gas/go  
flesh/waged/city the mind outgrowing edges of time and time  
again

*in the ten hours he came up with all kinds of dreams, started in Europe,  
hard brush strokes, the fledgling imagination in great big hues fading  
industrious to 'maybe I'll start my own  
courier company' and even the week days forgot themselves*

a curious phase  
the sinking tower/unmitigated  
potential/the/dream that thuds and  
echoes/heroes still singing I got mine  
San Francisco/'73/damn/hungry/the song  
still did something/then

49 cherry-red dabbers/till-to-hand-to-mind/roving surveillance/  
'nother soft favorite-temperate-beat/variants mitigated/a

thought/Paula's hemmed work shirt/flesh flash/will they  
say something/ back

*variants of knife fork napkin stand and shift from six to twelve that hostess  
politic skirt and smile then Planet Bingo nine to four her poems started all  
highway-to and got stuck on 16<sup>th</sup> the thighs of those school girls, Philippino  
sweet-buns, her lunch hour*

a curious phase/  
waste/lines teeming/herd  
consenting/smaller  
spaces

7-camera panopticon /so-long-as no-one gets robbed/again/no  
rewind/punition/ forbidden use-of-company-property  
throwaway receipt/7 words per line/function dictate form:

half/waking/hours all/sleeping/hours to

*retrieve video/smile talk-weather/take money/sentence-repeat structure-due-  
date/get video-smile talk-weather take-money sentence-structure due repeat  
video-whether talk-due repeat*

sleeping a phase



consenting wait  
lines

*borrowed-course-book-library-fines keep turning pages open-  
hours twelve to five window on Sundays subject-matter tours  
transit 42 minutes both ways to squeezes-the-dream with/in this  
geography, to be read, to be*

mother  
says/getyourpassport/why  
wait/the whole/world-city-  
lights/waits:

it's your travel/phase

all night he dreams border crossings  
selling out in Japan  
brand new [work] shirts  
camembert and  
that \$82-passport-fee

## Helga Pakasaar / THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MIROSLAV TICHÝ

*The lens decides what's interesting. I see everything through the lens. Taking photographs is all about seeing – the camera is your eye – and it all happens so quickly that you don't have to see anything yourself .... I've never done anything except let the time pass ... I observe the world. But what is the world? In any case, it's only an illusion.*

– Miroslav Tichý

The selection of photographs by the Czech artist Miroslav Tichý in the following pages – snapshots of everyday life in Kyjov, a small town in Moravia – suggests the illusory world of dreams. Often blurry and lacking in detail, his images immediately provoke the imagination. Miroslav Tichý's approach to taking photographs is that of a passive observer who thrives on chance encounters and fleeting impressions. Working intuitively, he scans the social world around him, responding to various sensations and momentary distractions. Tichý's primary subject has been women in the streets of the hometown that he hasn't left in fifty years. From the 1960s through the 1980s, he shot about three rolls of film a day producing a massive archive. Quite different from documentary photographers who claim to witness and "capture" reality, Tichý accepts lack of agency as a position of freedom to work from. He is a street photographer who has obsessively documented a particular subject while refusing to select the exceptional and "decisive moments," or even to make claims to interpretation. As a solitary urban stroller recording his social environment, Tichý might be called a *flâneur*. Yet unlike the self-possessed observer in control of his individuality implied by that notion, Tichý's restless wandering is much closer to that of a *badaud*, a gazer who is absorbed by the outside world which intoxicates to a point where he loses himself under the influence of the spectacle of society. It is precisely this sense of absorption that becomes so palpable in his photographs. Declaring himself an "atomist" who opposes the apparent solidity of the perceived world, Tichý's images vividly express states of dissolution between viewer and subject.

Miroslav Tichý's approach to photography defies the precision and technical control normally associated with the medium, especially now with digital means. Disregarding the rules of conventional photography, Tichý's snapshots are taken quickly and at odd angles. He uses handmade cameras inventively cobbled together from scavenged materials such as old tins, toilet rolls, plastic

drain pipes and cigarette boxes, with lenses cut from Plexiglas ground with sandpapers and polished with toothpaste and ashes. The imperfections from this improvised, faulty equipment – light leakage, blurs, overexposure, underexposure, scratches, dust – and other incidental “mistakes” are what make his images so compelling. Equally important are his low-tech production techniques, evident in a fondness for clotted surfaces from the ongoing chemical activity of silver bromides interacting with paper and the presence of fingerprints from handling the prints in the developer. Each photograph is treated as an object through idiosyncratic cropping and mounts with decorative drawing. In the post-production phase, the photographs are then left to age. Neglected, perhaps even slept on, they deteriorate further until rescued. From such clumsy instruments and processes emerge surprisingly evocative images. As with his refusal to comply with aesthetic conventions, the fact that Tichý forgoes the conveniences of the modern world by incorporating recycled detritus into his handmade cameras is not so much a matter of necessity, but rather, a philosophical and political negation of the heroics of progress and a declaration of independence from social conventions.

Miroslav Tichý is a type of alchemist who draws out what he calls the “poetics of bromide” to powerful effect. He returns photography to the notion of “painting with light” where blackness becomes a mysterious space – rather than inert blankness – animated by gestural illumination. People here are modeled and modulated by light as if they were apparitions. Often barely identifiable, the spectral figures in his photographs appear so luminous they seem at times almost electric. Since studying classical life drawing in the 1940s, Tichý’s primary motif has been the female body, evident in his figurative drawings and paintings as well as the photographs. His interest lies with articulating the dynamics of form, gesture, and movement. The visual confusion of Tichý’s images creates a sense of instability; nothing seems certain aside from the passage of time. They are animated by what Roland Barthes in *Camera Lucida* theorized as the *punctum* of a photograph, the indescribable detail that attracts and moves us, whether a tear in the print or a shimmering arm. Miroslav Tichý’s compelling photographs leave open a discursive space between what is shown and what can be understood.































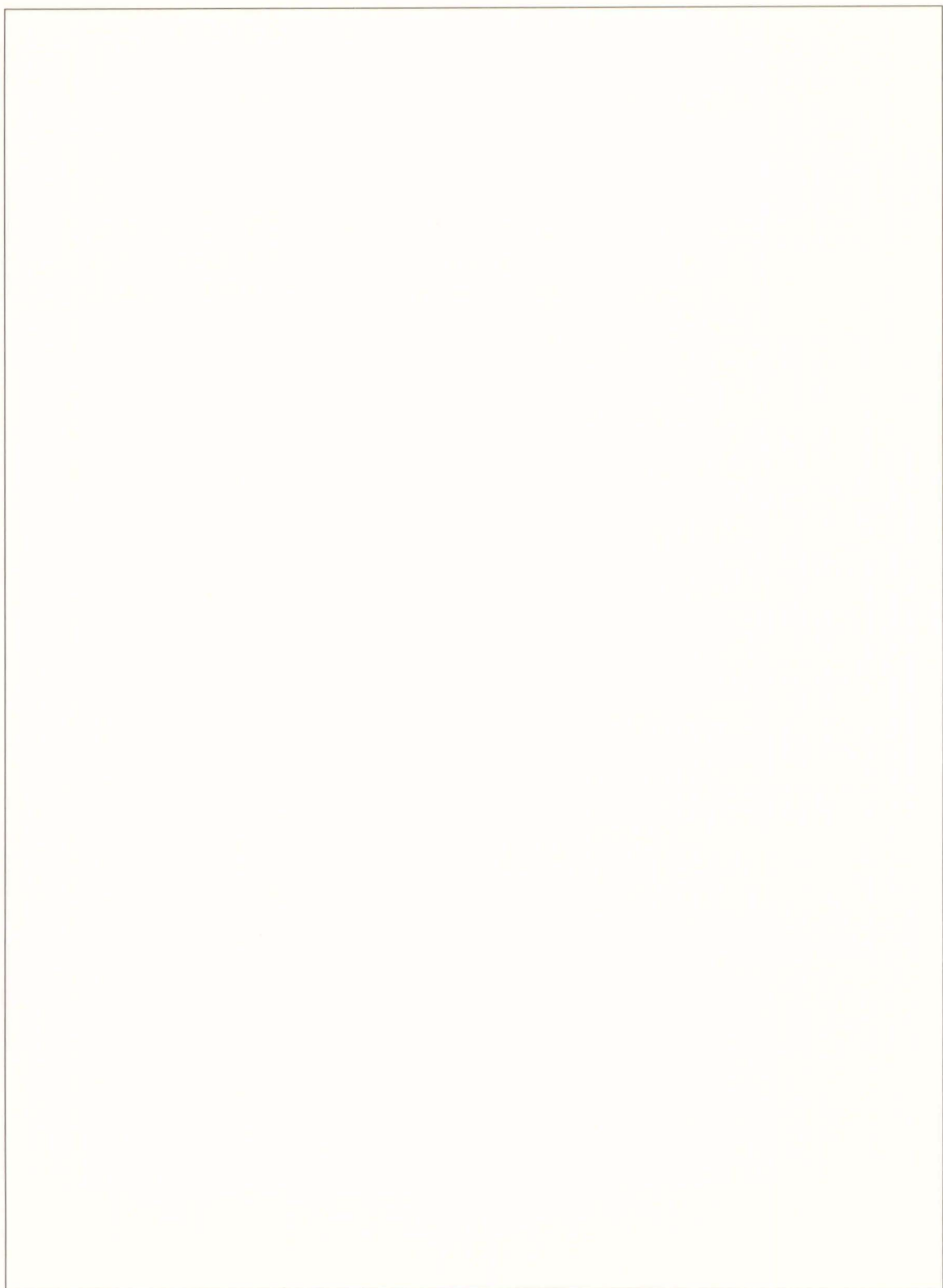




## LIST OF IMAGES

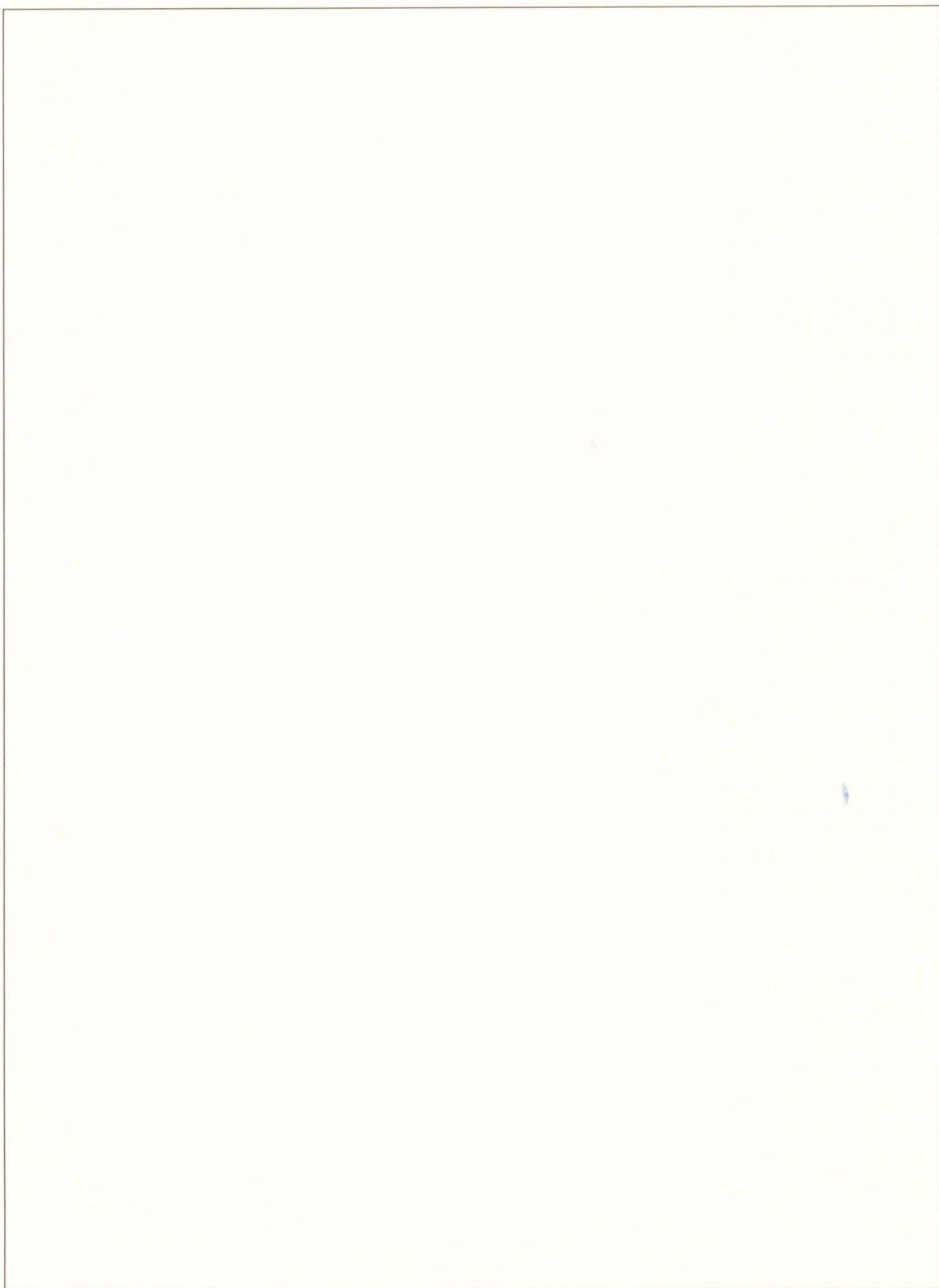
These images are drawn from the Miroslav Tichý photography exhibition at Presentation House Gallery in North Vancouver, Nov. 17, 2006 to Jan. 14, 2007. All of these photographs are untitled and appear courtesy of the Foundation Tichý Oceán.

1. Page 49, 18 x 13 cm
2. Page 50, 9.75 x 19.3 cm
3. Page 51, 13 x 18 cm
4. Page 52, 12.3 x 21.8 cm
5. Page 53, 18.7 x 24.25 cm
6. Page 54, 10.95 x 18 cm
7. Page 55, 28 x 11 cm
8. Page 56, 26.6 x 15.5 cm



## Robin Blaser / bb gun

I've had 80 years  
of this century never  
forget what you know  
say it over and  
over – “the communicability  
of experience is decreasing”  
explanations are bb guns  
splattering – smile then,  
hopefully what have you  
not said; just tell,  
know your century  
for its wickedness and  
tell the love of it  
don't take it with you, tell,  
tell whose fault was it,  
tell what can I do  
to forgive it!  
what then  
is humanity?





Tatiana Krievim / from *BOUND*

Rundown

The night train clinks over ghosts who've lost  
their silvery vigour.

A woman out of focus sways in the corridor.

She drinks a glass of high beam  
through the window.

Jostled julep.

Trains crossing in the night.

Rapunzel's hair crushed her neck.

In a list of three:

envy-green dress  
chin-length hair  
sneer.

More?

Sleeping berths  
compartmental  
sea beams from the window.

Smoking  
jade cigarette holder  
train stack.

In the compartment:

Sitting up with his chin  
dropping.

A click.

She enters via sliding  
glass door.

Fallen asleep with a book in your lap,  
have you?

Read upside down:  
*How to Be –*

(His limp hand blocking the rest of the title.)

Adopt a papal manner  
radiate celibacy  
wear nightgowns with ruffs.

Pinochle.

He wakes.

Barely beguiling  
in slouchy hat  
she swings her belly-dancer belly.

*So-and-so? Is that you?*

#### TODAY I WILL COMMIT IRREVERSIBLE ACTS

*Ah! here it is, my love-resistant cloak!  
I'll wrap it around me  
and leave the house now.*

The ticket in her palm.

Jet earring snags wool:  
fibres on a stud.

Body: heart vase.  
Loose verb crinkles vision.

The chesterfield throbs beyond its lines. Expands.

#### BUILDING PRACTICAL FIRES

He doesn't know they're not coming.  
Stop him from uncorking any more wine bottles.  
Any diversion –  
He likes to debate the tragedy of clowns.

( ) ( ) ( )

And then, later, we'll take him away, somewhere, by train.

## YOUR PAINTERLY WORDSMYTHE

called today and left messages  
bitten daintily into crosscut sandwiches.

He said you'd miss him if you were any later than seven  
and you are  
and you did.

He's on his way to the smouldering city  
of verbs and passes  
set to make the green light his bride.

The sumptuous exhaust backwashes this way.

You could follow him, but only in reverse.

He wants to be a skywriter now,  
did he tell you?

## TSEW

A traveller's scent, baking in the thrust of the train re-entering midday again  
and again  
and again.

She thought about the correspondences  
so stark on the platform  
misremembered now in loose scraps –

the imagined death of her dog  
her own real grief  
Delaney's crassitude  
her unduly warm hands

– caught in the bowl of a hat  
drawn out like first names.

She unwound the scent from her nostrils:

a scent as rank and unmistakable as *greenhouse, wine cellar, or book.*

()()

*I kept all your letters.*  
*I might need to start a fire someday.*

#### HYPER-CEREBRAL ELECTROSIS

Your flushed cheeks.  
That un-releasable heat  
pressed against the window  
where the sun is concentrating  
like a chess player  
about to burst.

You are unreasonably alive today.

Another city passes,  
boldly absent in the windows.

Your insubstantial bodies  
parted with like day clothes,  
stacked like metaphysical pancakes. Leaning.

Trace them all the way back to the station and beyond.

Eventually ghosts will revert to a lifelike diffidence.

Only you possess yourself.

W/HERE; or, C/OVERT

A man whose mother birthed him during a solar eclipse enters the dining car.

He  
straddles a chair and looks around him with specialized interest. He's looking  
*for*  
someone.

He shades his eyes, muttering  
*As soon as you don't remember*  
*you forget*  
over and over.

BOTTLENECK

My mother told me all my life  
*fashionable personages*  
– her proclivity for high-flown diction, you see –  
*know how to layer.*

The Comtesse, who clothes her girls in furs,  
refuses to talk to me unless  
I stand to her left.

Her eldest, Veronique, on the contrary, must be addressed  
from her right.

Mélanie and Geneviève are still children,  
their best sides yet to be determined.

Veronique introduced me solemnly to Bête, her Mordashka,  
a breed of Russian bulldog she claims  
has been extinct since the Revolution.

I must brush her teeth twice daily.

We exercise ourselves along the corridors.

*What impossible things shall we do here?*

Veronique banging her cane from wall to wall,  
rousing the other passengers,  
by turns hitting my knees.

My only option to carry on between  
Veronique and her mother,  
Bête and the other whelps trailing  
in tolerated disarray.

## MAINTENANCE

The woman beneath the massive stole takes to her lips your ear  
inquires of you  
in stagy whisper

*What decade is this, drunkard?*

grips your elbow  
ore in the mine of her hand.

BEATRICE'S GRIEF, CLOSED-CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED  
(Alone in the Tiny Bathroom)

>> Beatrice: [SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[SNIFFLES]  
[EXHALES DEEPLY]  
[INHALES SHARPLY]  
[DOOR OPENS, CLOSES]

AS IF THE TRAIN WERE A WHISPERING GALLERY!

No, no, Reginald, you are no raconteur,  
not by any stretch.

Arrange me cinematographically  
as I recollect our recent travels.



The tar had melted in the summer heat;  
hence, we abandoned our caravan and waded  
the rest of the way  
until we reached the iron gates  
where the mad groundskeeper kissed us  
and gripped the Viscount by the lapels.

We couldn't get enough of the heat –  
we built a fire on the escarpment.

Reggie here combed my Egyptian hair –  
purple and black in the matchless blistering.

Our skin slicked and slackened  
as we passed our tongues over  
spummy hot drinks.

The fire kept for three nights,  
the escarpment creeping ever backward,  
crumbling beneath us . . .

#### UMLAUT EYES

The patinaed mansion behind the dandelions we just passed. Did you take it  
in? There  
resided – I dare not say *lived* – a man who concealed his alcoholism in the most  
peculiar  
way. He filled his various ornamental vases – gifts from his late aunt, my old  
friend the  
peeress – and grandiose watering cans with Polish vodka in lieu of water. He  
had, to the  
eyes of his undiscerning company, become an avid florist in recent years,  
though one

conversation with anybody vaguely in the gardening know would have outed  
him as an  
absolute dilettante.

How have I come to know all this, you ask?

He confided in me – confessed to me – after I happened upon him chugging  
from a  
particularly unsightly amaranthine monstrosity (his spare fist clutching a hand-  
ful of  
dripping stargazer lilies, likely purchased from the local garden centre) on a  
night he was  
alone and had expected no one.

He told me he was at the bottom of his sinking, that he saw eyes in the swell of  
every  
vase . . .

## EXCURSION

I never had nor acquired  
the GALL to love  
– preferring? –  
to walk amongst crowds  
palms un-clammy  
distributing vegetarian sandwiches  
to the homeless or otherwise  
outcast denizens of the old town.

Following my brush with death,  
the long convalescence in my own bed  
. . . & the lucrative punitives . . .  
I took to taking mystery tours.

Here I am on my way to.

I've settled at the table of the androgyne with yellowing black eyes,  
pondering, wondering through my sandwich  
– that face with tissue-y lips biting across from me –  
what a punch might feel like.

Nailing the creature to the wall,  
rehabilitating our crushed eyelashes.

## COMPARTMENTS

This is the part of Rick's brain for cake design.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for celebratory dances.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for frenzied sketches of genitalia.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for Stone Wheat Thins.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for appropriate level of concern.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for Ay, ay, ay.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for measuring wildly, without cups.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for hullabaloo.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for vacuum bag replacement.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for abstruse allusions to Paleolithic evolution.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for what Stalin's clones really looked like.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for wild guesses.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for spoon-on-nose balance.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for accoutrements of enterprising young man.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for severed limbs.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for television aerials.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for skinning a lamb.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for accidental wit.  
This is the part of Rick's brain for ending the poem.

() () ()

This hour, the dark still  
brimming the room.

LOUNGE CAR (Madeline and Gregory)

My husband went to bed an hour ago.  
Yes, he is, he's a very sound sleeper.  
Oh, he likes to get at least ten hours.  
No, no, you're right, I'd much rather be a banker, say, than an insomniac.  
Oh, me? No, I sleep fine, myself. Just not for as many as ten hours!  
Hmm?  
Oh, I don't know. It varies. Seven, maybe? Seven and a half?  
Yes, any fewer than six and I'm haggard.  
That's very funny.  
Yes, you are, you have a wonderful sense of humour.  
No! You do? Only three or four?  
Four at most! How do you cope?  
No, no, I would look positively *simian*.  
Oh, no, no, no, you've misunderstood me. *You* look just fine. Really you do.

DESTINATION DESTINATION

The morning's hollow-eyed track their dreams  
in to breakfast.

You'd swear someone just whispered

*The Isthmus of Panama*

then burped blithely.

You pick stellar matter  
out of your mouth and eyes  
with thumb and forefinger.

Remember why you've come this far,  
make ritual of oatmeal.

SHE THREATENS VIOLENCE (There Are No Inappropriate Responses)

Some kind of purist  
studies the back of a man's neck  
recognizable as anybody else's face.

He would like to have a closer look.

He will have his assistant take photographs  
and document on index cards  
the ambient peculiarities  
of the train  
and the man  
and the neck.

Music plays  
– obedient child –  
in four precise movements.

Some of us want to arrive.

COLD FRONTS

Spread-out Sal reads a magazine  
while her myopic brother George, cramped against an armrest,  
regards her with malice:

*How to Taste Good for Your Cannibal Lover.*

Not unlikely.

*The Deleterious Effects of Poking.*

All love on spec.

Wind slappings.  
When the teeth rattle.

. . . The train cuts through the rain.

and we are all reading  
*The History of Molasses.*

The tunnels all in our heads.

The trip shot and it isn't  
morning enough for me.

Hubbub in the hall.  
An old-time murder.

Freud's face in a long trenchant grin  
on the mirrored back of a door.



## LEARNING A LANGUAGE

Veronique and her volatile Frencherie had tired us all.

Mélanie lay back reading & rereading the wrapper of her Italian lozenge –

INGREDIENTI: ADDENSANTE:  
GOMMA ARABICA - ZUCCHERO -  
SCIROPPO DI GLUCOSIO - SUCCO DI  
LIQUIRIZIA - COLORANTE: E 150 b -  
AROMI NATURALL

– until she felt contented, the pellet sucked & tucked in front of her molars.

The train blanched into different light & the windows gaped like cameras too  
close to our  
skins & we were shameless. The asexual sun pulled itself apart & pulled at our  
clothes  
with soft hooks & we each thought the others slept.

## FACTOTUM

Keep your blooming mouth shut &  
old ladies will hold your hand, patting.  
Cheques will arrive biannually  
(birthday, Christmas)  
or whenever God has been especially,  
clitorally Good.

Fat widows will dispatch you  
to Germany to sort their papers:  
tickets paid, sons of friends  
to meet you at the station.



Mrs. Schofield has had diarrhea for a year,  
ever since Kenny died.

You may even make the odd cheeky remark,  
for they are naughty in their way –  
guffawing, pleased.

When this business is over  
& she extends her generosity,  
you're sure to end up  
wherever Agatha Christie disappeared to.

#### AT A TILT

Languid in the action of the train  
eyes cumulate afterimage.

Each one of us going  
somewhere else together.

We remind ourselves of the narrowness of trains

and the garrotte we dreamt of  
when we were so far from the next station.

#### DES GARES (Stations)

Years together.

Years apart.

Synchronous at Calais.

Each passes the other by.

Nothing in her memory  
to account for his stray beard

nothing in his  
for her tall red hat.

\\/

If I told you I admired zealots?

/\\

In another life  
after you and I are reborn  
as twins

we will sift through vintage garbage

to find a small room  
on a dull train  
*barrelling* through god-knows-where

and sit together again until the future  
is irretrievable.

my name is scot / sides of the hole

hunger and cold

legs hold a torso away from the earth  
let us be honest  
let us go out of the fog, john  
it is cold

be loose, be ready, be easy  
cross the hands over the breast here – so  
bend low again, night of summer stars,  
because I have called to you  
be sad, be cool, be kind,  
cover me over

I saw a mouth jeering  
I saw man, the man-eater  
little girl, be careful what you say  
there is a desperate loveliness to be seen  
there is a music for lonely hearts nearly always  
lips half willing in a doorway  
look out how you use proud words  
love is a deep and a dark and a lonely

fasten black eyes on me  
down between the walls of shadow  
faces of the two eternities keep looking at me  
night calls many witnesses  
these walls they knew those shadows  
they are old over there, older than we are,  
lights or no lights  
we'll see what we'll see

I wanted a man's face looking into the jaws  
and throat of life  
I will keep you and bring hands to hold you  
against a great hunger  
hunger and only hunger changes worlds?  
give me hunger  
proud torsos  
I have lived in many half-worlds myself  
... and so I know you

black horizons, come up  
empty the last drop  
go away

hog butcher for the world

out of white lips a question ...  
out of the testimony of such reluctant lips ...  
over the dead line we have called you  
open the barn door, farm woman  
open the door now

## fog portrait

here is a head with a blur of horizons  
here is a face that says half-past seven the same way ...  
grass clutches at the dark dirt with finger holds  
how many feet ran with sunlight, water, and air?  
I cannot tell you now  
after the last red sunset glimmer  
after the sunset in the mountains  
a lone grey bird  
a blue shot dawn  
among the shadows where two streets cross  
every day is the last day

on the streets  
daybreak comes first  
it's a lean car ...  
blood is blood and bone is bone  
death comes once, let it be easy

at the corner  
a swirl in the air where your head was once, here



## boxes and bags

the shape of the world is either a box or a bag  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
she had a box  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
she was given crystal flesh for a home  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
the shapes of change take their time  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
the arrangements are changing  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
she sits in the dust at the walls  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
she believed herself to have gone through tall gateways ...  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
passing through huddled and ugly walls  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
after overwhelming filth and amazing betrayals ...  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
now we shall open boxes and look  
*the bigger the box the more it holds*  
a bag of tricks – is it?

## love beyond keeping

there is a blue star, Janet  
the silver point of an evening star  
there is a wolf in me ...  
there is music for lonely hearts nearly always  
there is a desperate loveliness to be seen  
there is a place where love begins ...  
love to keep? there is no love to keep  
gather the stars if you wish it so  
luck is a star  
the silver of one star  
the telescope picks off star dust,  
the stars are too many to count

## child moon

I was born in the morning of the world  
I was a boy when I heard three red words  
peace, night, sleep  
I cried over beautiful things knowing no beautiful thing lasts  
I would beat out your face in brass  
I sit in a chair and read the newspapers  
I too have a garret of old playthings  
I was foolish about windows

I heard a woman's lips,  
one parting  
different kinds of good-bye  
I remember once I ran after you and tagged the fluttering shirt  
of you in the wind  
I am glad god saw death  
I could cry for roses, thinking of you,  
I am the undertow  
I love your many faces  
I saw the many years  
I have kept all ...  
am I the river your white birds fly over?  
I am the mist, the impalpable mist  
I am singing to you  
this is the song I rested with  
nothing else in this song – only your face

money, politics, love and glory

six street ends come together here  
somewhere you and I remember we came,  
strolling along,  
somebody's little girl – how easy to make a sob story over who she was once  
and who she is now  
so you want to divide all the money there is?  
somebody loses whenever somebody wins,

so long as we speak the same language  
and never understand each other  
scarlet the sunset,  
crimson the dawn

## metamorphosis

the big fish eat the little fish  
the chick in the egg picks at the shell  
here in a cage the dollars come down,  
on the street  
in any little room  
there are prices and costs  
there will be people left over

girl in a cage  
who put up that cage ...?  
fate comes with pennies and dollars  
freedom is a habit  
crimson changes people  
fling your red scarf faster and faster, dancer

## still life

I am making a cartoon of a woman  
there was a woman tore off a red velvet gown,  
the haggard woman with a hacking cough  
she loves blood – red poppies for a garden to walk in  
roses and gold  
red gold of pools  
rusty crimson  
shake back your hair, o red – headed girl,  
keep a red heart of memories  
keep this flower to remember me by  
the monotone of the rain is beautiful,

undertakers, hearse drivers, grave diggers  
they offer you many things  
clean hands  
your white shoulders  
the knees  
dust of the feet  
this face you got

new feet  
baby toes  
kisses forgotten

child face  
baby face  
white hands  
mask

last answers

proud and beautiful  
your heart was handed over  
offering and rebuff  
woman with a past  
now they bury her again

on the lips of the child Janet float changing dreams

the kitchen chair speaks to the bread knife  
the green bug sleeps in the white lily ear  
the moon in the river, mother, is a red, red moon tonight  
the sky of grey is eaten in six places  
red drips from my chin where I have been eating  
the earth, the rock and the oil of the earth  
the breathing of the earth  
the grass lives, goes to sleep, lives again,  
dreams, graves, pools, growing  
roots go deep : wrap your coils ; fasten your knots,

this girl child speaks five words  
worms would rather be worms



## hazardous occupations

there are people so near nothing  
they offer you many things  
in a breath

when it was long ago  
the murmurings began  
night's nothings again  
people who must  
alone and not alone  
to have your face left overnight  
waiting  
wishes left on your lips  
listen ...  
there must be a place  
this street never sleeps  
why should I be wondering  
you have spoken the answer  
you do what you must  
you never come back

the women of the city where I was forgotten  
women of night life amid the lights,  
the dancing girls are here ... after a long night of it  
the working girls in the morning are going to work  
the doors of the morning must open  
and you take hold of a handle  
an open door says, "come in,"

sleep is a suspension midway  
sleep is a maker of makers  
the creator of night and birth

stars, songs, faces  
streets too old  
memory is when you look back  
count these reminiscences like money  
if you get enough money  
you shall have peace with night and sleep

I give the undertakers permission to haul my body ...  
money is nothing now, even if I had it  
why shall I keep the old name?

take a hold now  
this handful of grass, brown, says little  
take your fill of intimate remorse, perfumed sorrow  
statistics  
a storm of white petals,  
this flower is repeated  
we only live once

## two nocturnes

-1-

buyers and sellers  
under a telephone pole  
Sunday night and the park policemen  
tell each other it's dark  
two taxi drivers stopped for a red light  
they buy with an eye to looks  
they will say  
freedom is a habit  
life is just a bowl of cherries  
light may be had for nothing  
the lawyers know too much  
the way of the world  
no matter how thick or how thin you slice it  
it's still baloney

there are those that speak of confusion today  
money, politics, love and glory  
population drifts  
the record is a scroll of many indecipherable scrawls  
the soiled city oblongs stand sprawling  
thin sheets of blue smoke among white slabs  
the evening sunsets witness and pass on

an electric sign goes dark  
in the newspaper office – who are the spooks?  
who were those editors ...

what is a judge?  
what does the hangman think about ...  
what can we say of the night?  
hells and heavens  
night stuff  
used up  
they will say

there was a man walked out  
into the gulf and the pit of the dark night  
into the night, into the blanket of night

-2-

here is dust remembers it was a rose  
in the light of the cold glimmer of what everybody knows  
why should I be wondering ...?  
“the people is a myth, an abstraction,”  
they ask each other where they came from  
props, passers-by  
proud of their rags  
there will be people left over  
I am the people – the mob – the crowd – the mass,  
between two worlds  
come, you cartoonists,  
do you want affidavits?  
call the next witness  
let the nickels and dimes explain  
death is stronger than all the governments  
“the drama of politics doesn’t interest me ...,”

in a back alley  
they are crying salt tears  
for a woman's face remembered as a spot of quick light

## field people

between worlds, in a breath, in tall grass  
they ask each other where they came from  
landscape, languages, last answers

red barns and red heifers, places, killers, early hours  
she opens the barn door every morning  
haunts, smoke shapes, cheap rent, bones, balloon faces

kisses, can you come back like ghosts?

white ash, grass, have me, mask  
hungry and laughing men  
weeds, hate, how much?

it is much

losers, losses, lost  
now they bury her again  
loam, grassroots, graves

gone



chicks, films, destroyers, runaway colours  
liars, there are different gardens  
high moments, props, dust

harvest, daybreak, the year  
flowers tell months

choices, cumulatives, kin  
wanting the impossible

home?

for you  
the road  
and the end

wind song

without notice beforehand  
the footprint of a bird in sand brought your face

I write what I know on one side of the paper  
wind on the way  
spring carries surprises  
in the folded and quiet yesterdays  
I tell them where the wind comes from

the earth, the rock and the oil of the earth  
the hill of the white skull  
half moon in a high wind  
spring cries  
spring wind

all day long  
the bird sat on a red handle  
waiting

smash down the cities

the people learn, unlearn, learn  
my people are grey  
be sombre with those in smoke garments  
the kindest and the gentlest here are the murderers...  
the smoke of these landscapes has gone  
god knows where

I remember black winter waters  
the fog comes  
the frozen rain of the first November days  
there are places I go when I am strong  
smoke of autumn is on it all

there are the fields I called for  
under the harvest moon  
the naked cornucopia of autumn fields  
the dark blue wind of an early autumn  
there is something terrible  
the breathing of the earth  
auburn autumn leaves, will you come back?

the people know what the land knows  
the wind stops, the wind begins,  
time says hush  
why repeat? I heard you the first time  
what other oaths are wanted now?

I will read ashes for you, if you ask me  
goodbye is a loose word, a yellow ribbon  
I wonder what they called ...?  
it's going to come out all right – do you know?

I cannot tell you now  
who knows what I know ...?

yes, the dead speak to us:  
and this will be all?  
why should I be wondering?  
what was the name you called me?

who am I?

repeat and repeat till they say what you are saying

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I've always imagined that all the words we will ever use are waiting to be found in the atmosphere around us, to be breathed in and out, used over and over like air. for me, text only comes fully to life and reveals its meaning or purpose when it finds a body and a moment of need. so, what do you do, when you need to talk about something ugly and wrong? I took the indexed first lines of almost every poem that Carl Sandburg ever wrote, snuck in a few of his titles, added the odd question mark, a few dots, and spun it all together to try and give a shape to some of my feelings about the disappearance of over sixty women from Vancouver's Downtown East Side. It's my way to try and talk about what has happened and my attempt to find words that combat the silence and condemn the absence.

## Rosalind Morris / DREAMS OF LOVE AND WAR

## Reason for Sorrow

What she said [ ]      The wanting  
of time, the keening of words (all that is left  
where song was). What she left [ ]  
[ ] hope [ ]      is (?)    hidden

Blooming in the desert, a fire promises  
speech or at least signs. What message is rumored  
seems like prayer: stubborn gods gone to silence  
or petulant caves where to hoard sweet honey:

Come back. The boys have gone to war, with only magazine girls and memories of video games; no end to boredom nor ends for anger when the guns grow heavier. Hercules, stupid

idol of the bent man, our sacrifices  
have no address, fail to make the sky weep. If  
a poet,                if [ ] she, if      [ ] words  
not doom, but some reason for the sorrow [

] error, not     hate or (with or instead?) perhaps  
sorrow itself, alone or with some other  
abrasion, some ache. If, in love     no holding  
back     [ ] what future might have been? A poet might



[ not doom ] by saying  
we commit ourselves, waging one faith against  
another [ ] and if in error only words  
if the war had not been dreamt, we could forget

that we promised death, and [?]  
unbound [ ] wanting [ ] time  
time of mortals so briefly snuffed – but still time  
enough for something other forever

is what she said, [ says ] could you  
listen  
for just a moment and then  
some other sound or silence

echo come back.

## Sappho's Foot

— for Yvette

Think of Sappho, her strange foot. The foot [  
] is  
] everything. To walk, stand [  
Come to me. [ ] Footfalls:  
Ciphers

of arrivals and departures, quiet exits from  
the bedroom where the sheets cool too quickly, or  
the tender approach when night has overwhelmed  
want and waiting is sleep. Say only  
goodnight.

I think of you this way: thin rind of callous  
cupping the heel, or a new moon, silver &  
sharp in winter sky, or (yet again) black earth  
under the gardener's finger nail.  
To be

so so close (if whispered, it would be enough).  
and still [  
] to fear losing  
as by forgetting, or (perhaps?) some  
ruin

when the interval would not imply return but  
a vanishing, like her [ ]  
words missed                      perhaps a voice  
but not silent, rather invisible  
What

comes with age                      that need                      to be needed  
and to know that one will not fail, not stumble  
when everything depends on quickness – no blanks  
... ] no forgotten numbers  
the telephone

unmenacing. To walk steadily and say  
and believe in saying – with the gods – we still  
have time and                      ] love  
after:    promise you, promise me:  
to survive

Now, other things come to mind: me behind you,  
heat, a smoothness [ ]                      your back  
cupped by me as by a moon, or a callous.  
My breast flat, your arm reaching  
back

] ear,  
eye  
hand and foot                      you  
Come to me. [ ] dreaming as if  
agelessly.

# Phinder Dulai / MOURNING – A SERIES OF GHAZALS

*March 28/03 – 12:35am PST – ground campaign begins*

i.

Five leather fingers outward answer, blessed without  
the debris, its arc reaching a dome without

grace, crackling yellow phosphorescent tear to sear  
swift curve script against pale plaster wall without

flags of dead skin draped over broken stones  
fossils proselytized for future posterity, a prayer without

mourn the silhouetted fragments in the dry wind  
a shadow in the sun's shimmer left without

ii

this other cactus land, in this other land of straw men  
this azure seduction of two orthodoxies without

three epidural layers on pale brown dawn  
history's class lesson, a million half-truths without

a tempest still born lost from the ravaged hand  
the crimson river downward driven without

pupil, paper thin fingernails on site of learning  
blindness bled to escape one horror, a sight without

iii

infinitesimal wormed soil sandwiched between clay  
a murmur, the small spring, weary arms lift without

arched finger upwards, one question offered to the final prophet  
two fingers answer to supplicate, hang vertical without

facing east of station, the bustle of product placed tragedy  
water fronted, churning metal locks on rails, benign every days without

the flat palm an exasperated call to daily prayer  
echoes ricochet from a prayer mat never weaved to be without

iv

place, on grey cool pools of concrete, an industrial lineage  
beaten orange thread entreats the beloved without

the clean sheen of hardened sand, in answer and to emulate  
a mirror to tell you the fairest of them all, but without

a microphone prayer, a precise oration, the art of awe  
to shine from those who never live ... without

hands splayed, implore the phoenix toward peace  
this body chapped, another geography corroded, without



v

skin shrivels through dry heat, the armless ghost walks the dunes  
the horror in eyes, vipers hissing in the wind without

snug embrace, a red river dribbles down the frontal lobe, like lava  
khoon does that sometimes, seducing to slumber without

after the exit from the imbedded life, to join the ghost  
look into each other's ambiguated eyes walking without

the oratory mouth agape will almost say  
"This ... I ... not ... end ... this ..... without ...."

vi

the distraction and knowing synapse spasm  
translate from a starvation junkie to a heroin junkie

the wet mind shivers in the arid dream  
the muffled glass gaze will continue without

the hand .... the arm ... the tender body  
now dried and caked, it will not speak its mind without

its soul, the ephemeral twilight breath's brush  
dry leaves scraping the dead well without

this ghazal a deformed wailing to the sky  
this makta breath erases its own name without

## Kent Lewis / LUMP

lump

ear a lathe,  
i a mirror and a raz  
or  
resing as own  
a tain

im mi  
he he  
in to ne  
i re  
a peer

and call out me  
come up you f

earful of war, unrest and grave owed  
to the King, moaning  
St. Ded bent to war  
crosses gurgling in his throat

ah, he leased his arms, too

look coldly at the kingling  
peep under the mirror, the cover  
the art cracks

for love is the genuine music  
a long slow shrill answer

thanks, old chap

Risk. Dice. Switch.  
Will you kip off

Grave watcher  
the legs of his plow  
recall a pa part  
The mockery of it!  
Absurd name i in jest the part

Laughing to himself, St. Ded always watching  
as mirror and lathe  
cull and shave with care  
dreadful ponderous ink Bloody English!

Indigestion comes from the real  
name for you  
Kin the k lad  
the dark mans owning  
However, if he stays on  
I am off

Rouse Trust Rage  
Suffer the blade, then  
A new art!  
Pare again  
Dub God  
isn't a scrotum  
the reek of the original  
The mail clearing the mouth of Kings

mighty other! Erupt!  
the ink killed our other  
damned hyperion ink  
for m other  
egging you  
b r e a t h e  
re use  
s in ister in you beth a  
rant smile curl lips  
mum mum mummer of all silence

A serious jag  
Pain that was not yet pain . . . ting  
mute threadbare voices  
lines of  
torn up bits of  
secondhand answer  
the hockery of it  
he can't wear his face in the mirror

Lumpface! wept themirror  
cleft by a crooked crack

The rage of C at seeing Ca in the mirror  
cooking glass (of a servant)  
razor and mirror  
trust them  
pare again  
ear, the lancet of my art  
ear, the cold steel pen

guineas            tin king  
                      tin kin

K elle  
dagda's tailor

shouts from the open window  
    Art in the angle  
    a deaf mask  
    ower

    the law of paganism  
    there's nothing wrong  
    do will

ember of his eyes, his voice  
    member to your house, owned  
I an ember re member ides and ens  
in the name of  
    God?  
    A King

        I forget

St. Ded smothrs his younger:  
    Did I say that? He asked  
    I see pop everyday  
    Me, cut into tripes  
    dissected, cursed – in the wrong way too – a mockery  
    cerebral lobes not    unctioning  
    A quilt  
        to cross death. Absurd.



It did offend the memory  
these gaping words

ink my other  
an impossible person

post pulse veil

Are you up there?  
I am coming

Woods where he gazed  
Silent Fa ther  
mirror spurned  
chords, long dark chords, my music

a bitter mystery  
a bird cage  
oy

memory a sacrament  
grave words to shake and bend my soul  
to tort u r  
to strikem down

hew  
No!  
Forsake  
sing out of tune, slaver  
sever

Have you the key?

a voice howled from the doorway

Damn your doorway

I hack through the nominee Patris and Spiritus Sancti

I'm giving you lump

I hew thick slices from the oaf

A voice I rave

rasp

old shrunken pap

bow head to a voice that speaks loudly

the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is

man made in od likeness

the loud voice that bids be silent

rench, by the sound of it

Ire

shame

language is no name for it

the bard must sing honey, knot Conscience, kick Hamlet

that creature

play with them all

the grave

re sign

rebel

contradict

re sign gravewrds

Did you bring k?

I have it

Your Hamlet

Wilde paradoxes

He himself is his own father

I'm the queer young fellow

I'm making la

I be come again

The dead can fly, windbird

here's one sense of the word

from the punk

a beholden example of free thought

he wants that k ent

read

Give k

eyes the cold gaze

You are able to free yourself

You are your own master

raze rite and dogma

chant menace

mock war

sub the Son with the Father

sub the Father his own Son

Words spoken in the void

Nom at the verge

Here I am  
A man clinging in the deep to Ubermensch, the supermen  
Make room  
Give us the k  
Thus spake a rat

lump  
a voice called to him turning an ax  
call again turning  
a seal on the water

Us.

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

In May 2006, ROBIN BLASER won a Lifetime Recognition Award from The Griffin Trust for Excellence in Poetry. One year earlier, he was awarded the Order of Canada – the highest civilian honour awarded in the country – for a lifetime of outstanding achievement in the arts. The revised and expanded edition of Blaser's *The Holy Forest: Collected Poems of Robin Blaser*, edited by Miriam Nichols with a foreword by Robert Creeley and a new afterword by Charles Bernstein, has just been released by the Univ. of California Press.

ALAN DAVIES is the author of many books of poetry including *active 24 hours* (roof), *name* (this), and *rave* (roof). He is also the author of a book of critical writing called *signage* (roof) – and a book called *candor* (o books) that combines poetry with book reviews and essays. His long book called *life* is forthcoming from o books – and he is currently engaged upon a lifelong project consisting of individual books (three of which he recently read at ksw). His poems and critical writings have been published in many magazines – and he has read his work widely. He was born in canada and has for a long time lived in nyc.

JAIME DENIKE is currently a master's student in the English department of Simon Fraser University, specializing in twentieth-century fiction and literary theory. She lives and works in Vancouver.

PHINDER DULAI is the author of two collections of poetry: *Ragas From the Periphery* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 1995), and *Basmati Brown* (Nightwood, 2000). His poetry has been published in *Ankur*, *Rungh*, *The Canadian Ethnic Studies Review*, and the *Toronto South Asian Review*. His poetry is included in the recently published Canadian Cultural Studies anthology *Making a Difference: Canadian Multicultural Literature* (Oxford UP), and his soundscape poems have appeared on CBC's Zed TV.

DANIELA ELZA is a Ph.D. student at SFU in the department of Education. Having lived on three continents and crossed numerous geographic and cultural borders, Daniela is a rogue scholar at heart. Her poetry has appeared in *Room of One's Own*, *Quills*, and is forthcoming in *Existere* and *Paideusis*. Daniela is currently working on two collections of poems.



TATIANA KRIEVIM is a sort-of poet who lives in the Okanagan watching reruns of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. In its original run she loved Dylan McKay; now, Brandon Walsh. She has recently become old enough for unruly nostalgia.

KENT LEWIS's poem "Lump" is a selective re-reading of Chapter 1 of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Kent teaches in the English Department at Capilano College and has recently published *Word and World: A Critical Thinking Reader* (Nelson, 2007).

MY NAME IS SCOT is a vancouver based artist who works with text, performance, video, and installation. He is a regular contributor to *front magazine*, has recently published the chap books *downer*, *drag*, and *bummer* and is currently working on a manuscript called "extermination; a love story."

ROSALIND MORRIS was raised in Western Canada and now works as an anthropologist in New York City. She writes poetry, essays, and fiction as well as scholarly texts based on her work in Africa and Southeast Asia. A former Director of the Institute for Research on Women and Gender at Columbia University, she is now Associate Director of the University's Center for Comparative Literature and Society, and is currently a resident member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

HELGA PAKASAAR is curator at Presentation House Gallery in North Vancouver where she has organized exhibitions since 2004. She has been Curator of Contemporary at the Art Gallery of Windsor in Ontario and the Walter Phillips Gallery in Banff, Alberta. She has curated many exhibitions of international contemporary art, and has a special interest in photography and its history, which she has researched and written on extensively.

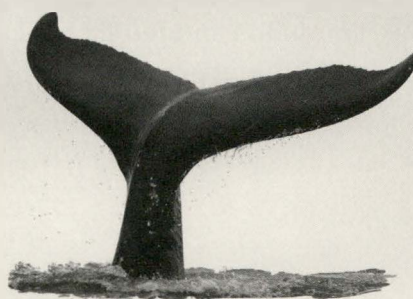
MIROSLAV TICHÝ was born in a small village in Moravia in 1926. After studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague from 1945 to 1948, he became an avant-garde artist who produced drawings and paintings, and from the 1960s through the 1980s focused on photography. A recluse and social outcast, Tichý was known only to a few until 2004 when he was included in the International Seville Biennial. In 2005, he won the Discovery Award at Photography Arles in France and a major retrospective and catalogue was

produced by the Kunsthhaus Zurich in Switzerland. Since then, he has had solo exhibitions in several commercial art galleries and at the Frans Hals Museum in Haarlem, Netherlands and group exhibitions such as *Soleil Noir: Depression and Society* at Salzburger Kunstverein, Salzburg. His photography is the inspiration for an ongoing travelling exhibition entitled *Artists for Tichý – Tichý for Artists*. He is the subject of several publications, articles and a documentary film, and his photographs are in public collections such as the Centre Pompidou and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

ELIOT WEINBERGER's most recent books are *What Happened Here: Bush Chronicles*; an anthology, *World Beat*; and *Muhammad*. His "serial essay," *An Elemental Thing*, is forthcoming from New Directions.



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— Fred Wah (February 2006)

*Yr mail jarred me back to 1974 to Peregrine Books, where the first “books” I bought on moving to Vancouver were 3 issues or so of The Cap Review. Exciting, cover to cover reading, not the usual mag snoresville ... I thought life had changed utterly!*

— Erin Moure (March 2006)

*I have never felt so satisfied with the appearance of my work in a magazine. It has been beautifully laid out on the page, the page itself is beautiful (the paper), the typeface is beautiful. The company my poems keep in this issue is beautiful. For some reason, publishing these poems in The Capilano Review feels as enlivening as publishing an entire book of poems.*

— John Barton

*An image of the world as of now. Beautiful .... I can see the extraordinary care with which each issue is handled, obviously a labour of love.*

— Warren Tallman



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