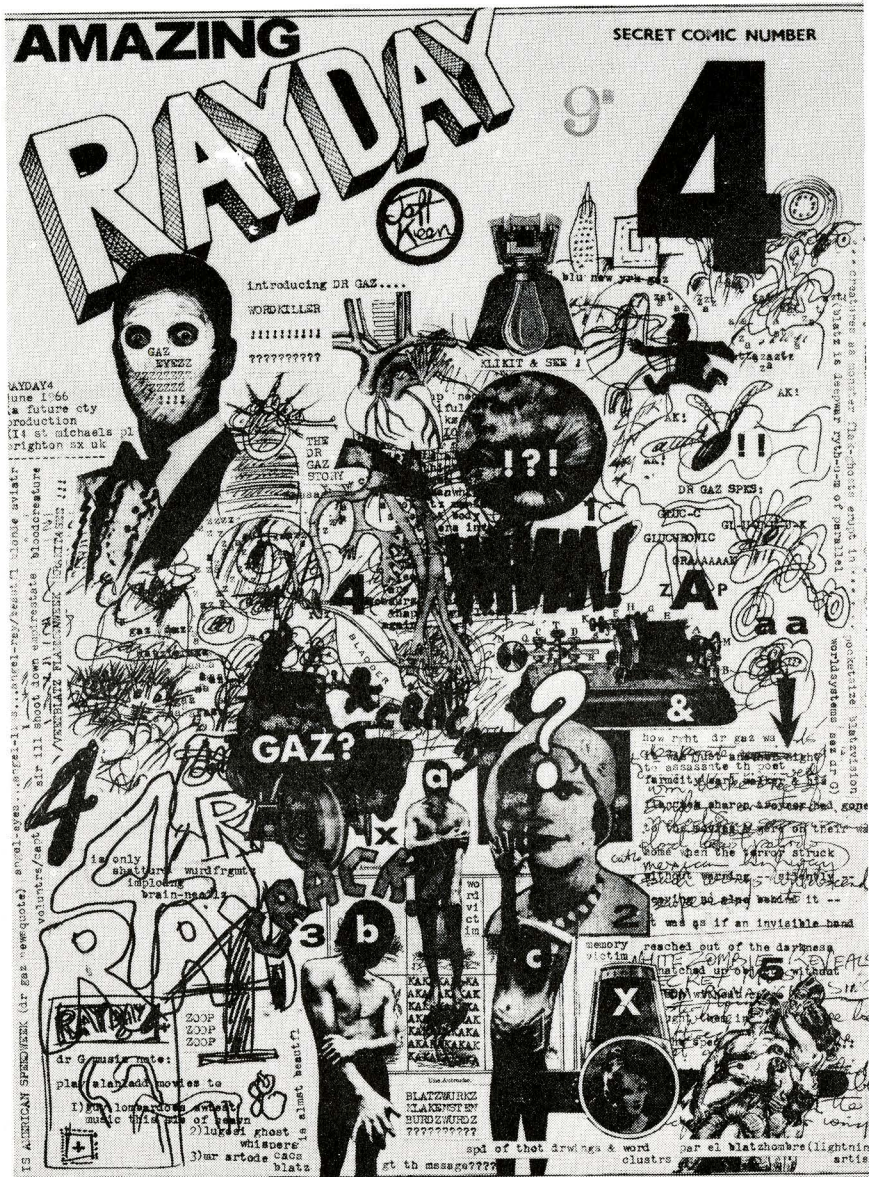


THE CAPIRANO REVIEW



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This issue is dedicated to
CAROLINE SMITH

Caroline Smith's poetry is a collection of poems
 written between 1960 and 1970. The poems are
 written in a simple, direct style, and are
 often about nature and the human condition.

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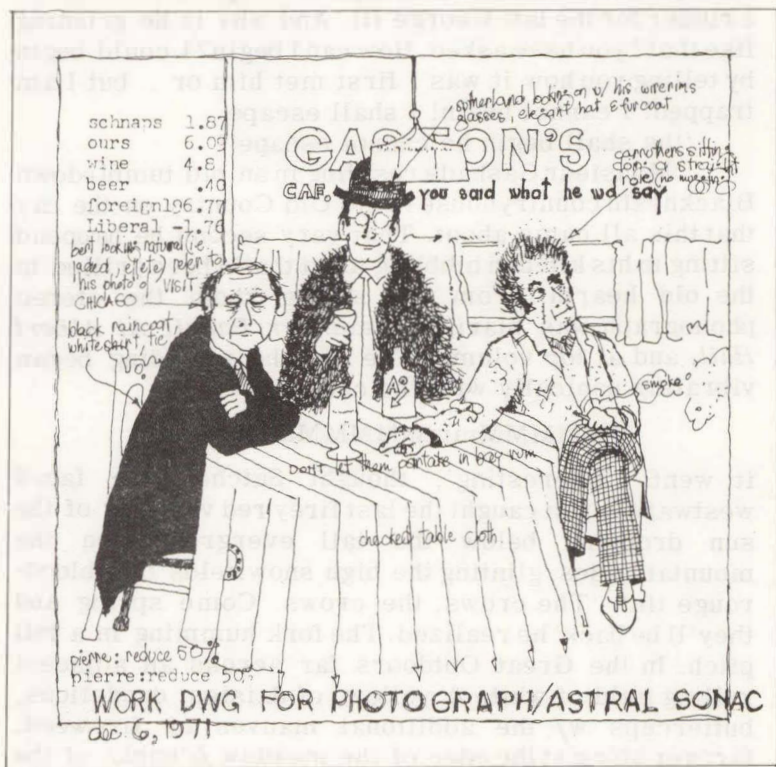
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Chuck Carlson / ASTRAL SONAC

Him & his pedantic liberal whitewash.

ASTRAL SONAC

It's time. Time again. I shall begin. Yes..how..with a photograph. This photogr Here! Right here



It is titled *C. W. Xerox & Monsieur Satchel Gashade at Gaston's Cafe on the Rue Radfux. 1912 & during the Serbian Carnival Trade Fair, During such a time. The photograph itself was taken by a saxophonist with Alexander Bacall's Dance Band, from the bandstand. He*

used a 1904 Kodak boxcamera looks like, undoubtedly the type your grandmother (I have quite forgotten which generation, which epoch I address, I speak from) used in innumerable crumbling *Canadiana* photo albums. See him grinning? See? That's him, my friend, M. Gashade. He's wearing one of those huge fur coats, looking alike a mangy old blackbear, of the type of that period. He looks a ringer for the late George III. And why is he grinning like that? you have asked. How can I begin? I could begin by telling you how it was I first met him or .. but I am trapped! I cannot begin! I shall escape

“he shall begin he cannot escape”

“Monsieur Gashade residing in an old tumbledown Blackheath countryhouse in the Old Country on the day that this all came about. That very second he happend sitting in his kitchen nibbling toast that'd been grilled in the old hearth...from the sitting room the stereo phonograph was blaring *Alexander Bacall At Albert Hall*, and at top volume. The fork he's holding began vibrating sonically with the cacophony.

MMMMMMmmmMMMMmMMMMm

it went. ‘Interesting’, thought Satchel. He faced westward & just caught the last firey red vestiges of the sun dropping below the tall evergreens on the mountainsides, glinting the high snowfields in a blood-rouge tint. ‘The crows, the crows. Come spring and they'll be back’ he realized. The fork humming in a full pitch. In the Great Outdoors far across an adjacent rolling field of white & yellow, of daisies, dandelions, buttercups w/ the additional mauves of fireweed, farover along at the edge of the meadow & banks of the tumbling spilling stream a raven screeched. The great sun gave a last dying flare, much alike a candle as it reaches the end of its wick-tether, heaved, and sank forever. The stream had alls put him in mind of a Carling Beer advert, a frothing dark torrential mountain stream of rootbeer or ale...like that. He

tapped his foot still listening to the deafening tenor banjo, clarinet, snare drum rimshot sounds of the danceband. He began a dance. While nibbling toast. Hopped! Jived all cross the floor. "WOW!! GO!!", he yelped in glee, and "WAIL WOP!!", out onto the patio just in 'time. He was taken aback to spy a figure advancing thru the fields of dandelions buttercups fireweed. It was none other than "THE KING'S ENGLISH!!", he shouted elated to see his old friend. — in their now wasted youth they'd attended private school together & when one'd been expelled they'd joined the aircorp in time for The Great War. Soldiers of their time. Somewhat musical, The King's English was singing as he advanced;

 "Is he long on the tooth?

 Is he slow on the draw?

 Is he screwing himself silly?

 Is his member all raw?"

"You are not a poet!", said Satchel. "Am I not?", said The King's English, a portent of calamity in store, "Is there coffee on?" "Yes. & have you by chance happend across Mad Alice in your wandrings?", (asked) (Satchel) of him. "Um...wellllll. no!" A faroff rumbling from over the hills, like artillery, like thunder reaching for their ears. It was something previous unheard. "It's like 88s, like smog dispersing!", Satchel had said but the raucous music drowned out his voice. "WHAT!?", yelled The King's English. "I SAID IT'S LIKE...O HELL, WAIT JUST A MINUTE 'TIL I TURN THE SOUND DOWN!", all of which 'as unintelligable to English. "THERE THAT..that's better!", he exclaimed.

Facing his visitor it dawned on Gashade, more slowly at first, that The King's English undoubtedly had some ulterior reason for coming. A foxy look overcame his countenance. "OK, s'pose, Eng., you were out for a

stroll..a mere 1000 miles off course..only pretty strange...and yor appearance here?" "There's something in the air", gloomed The King's English, unable to look him in the eye. "Well", said Satchel, "It is spring", and bidding his visitor to follow, went back to the books. "I'm behind in them already", he hastened to explain.

In due time the dusk deepened. Satchel worked on. On the mantle the old clock'd long ago jerked to an abrupt halt, seizing all ticking with a finality that proved deafening. English, waiting for him to be done with his task, found an old cigar butt discarded by the Elder Gashade some months ago. Altho very dry, by pretending to puff away on it, it afforded him some amusement. By and by Cause & happened thru the sitting room. "Where is the loo?", she-it casually inquired. "Aw, thru there to yr left. down hall. the third door", Gashade replied gesticulating with his arms and nary a look up from the ledgers. "Thank you", said Cause & and exit'd Stage Right. The King's English was aghast. "DID YOU SEE WHO, WHAT THAT WAS?!", he rasped. "And just what should you expect for your money?", quered Satchel, "Judge Crater? The Khan?" After a haphazard rationalizing The English settled back in the sofa, a huge down-filled cushion behind his head. A spent copy of *The Police Gazette* magazine lay crumped at his feet, sensation all wrung out of it. Time dragged. He dozed. Discarded concrete instances lay askew thruout the room&estate.

Suddenly! the night was bathed in a giant flash and the air rent with the wholesale clanging of bells! 'Shit!', thought The King's English covring his head & ears with the cushion to drown out the din;— 'If it's directed at me I'm not to be in', he decided. Gashade, peering up from his papers, saw it to be a phantom Yonge Street cable car with a hundred people hanging thru windows cutting 'found' words out of back issues of *Life*, *Fortune* and *The Christian Science Monitor*. "Great Gatzooks!", he

exclaimed in genuine awe, "a Godamn trolley's
 jest...jest materialized out there upon. the rainslick
 patio", he spluttered, "it's filled with every
 description of human flesh & Origin of Species!"
 "Whaaa?", spat The King's English, "Origin??"
 Throwing off the cushion he bounded up for a look-see. &
 studying them he half agreed with his host. Indeed, they
 were a desperate lot. He spotted a familiar face in the
 crowd. A tall Zulu princess of the M——. He
 recognized her. It was none other than The Princess
 Petula. Flinging (the patio doors wide) he called out;
 "Princess. Princess Petula! Hey, hey. Me. You
 remember?" "Why King's English!", she cried
 spotting him right off, "You old W. A. S. P., how you
 doing?!" "Alright, alright, just. ah. visiting an old
 buddy here...what's happening? Who're all these people
 you're with?" "Oh!", (says) (the Princess) demurely,
 "Oh! All these people're writers and such", and in an
 almost stage whisper-aside, "*They're all friends a
 mine!*" "You dont say?", said English,"...where're
 you off to?" "A League of Poets conference toards the
 east" "No guff?!" "No" Bidding her wait one second he
 whipped back into the house to find Satchel still gawking
 in disbelief at the apparition. "Hey man", said The
 King's English to him, "um..I think that I am gonna
 split....—you know?" "Split split? What's this split?",
 cried Satchel, "You mean to say with *that* motley
 hoard?!" Incredulously. In the face of such evil
 portents, recovering fast, "with *that* crew?" "Yah.
 Why?" "Aw boy, bad scene there you go messing around
 with a delusion like that...frigging hullicination, that's
 all. Every last one of them. Baaad Scene At The Moulin
 Rouge!" "You! Should Talk! Gashade!", yelled English
 getting het up hearing his friends being downgraded in
 such-like fashion, "You of all people...lousy

caksucker!" Yes. It was an extremely cogent point his friend'd scored with. Clammed up. He decided not to press for a rebuff. No way. The King's English, carting a shopping bag heavy in anticipation, hustled by Satchel—said; "Well, give my regards to Alice if ever she does show" "Yes...I'll most certainly do that" "...and keep an eye out for purple suspenders! strange cinema!" "Like A. R.'s by chance..he saw in that caf?" "Yah, the same..and red-haired men, red-haired men who hung about in those cafes!", and with a quick nervous smile Satchel's way The King's English lept aboard the streetcar, first embracing Princess Petula like some lost lover then in turn shaking the hand of a tall silk-hatted distinguished-looking gentleman, very nattily dressed in a red velvet waistcoat & gold watchfob, whom Satchel by then'd gathered was the conductor of the Lit'ry Expedition. The machine wasted little time getting underway, what with the hissing of air brake releasings & a shouted "AW BORED!" from this silk-hatted fancy gentleman. By and by they disappeared into the gloom of the night...—leaving Satchel in a darkened empty house sucked suddenly dry of sound, of life, arid of humanity it seemed—with his ledgers, his empty medicine cabinet, "What the Hell 'm I gonna shave with?", he soliloquized to the tiled walls and, 'The Bastard', he thought. With a flash the sun abruptly rose up again—from the west, above the mountains. It hadn't gone all down yet. Brilliantly it burned, flooding the room in a golden azure light. 'Yet another delusion', Satchel thought, whimpering, "O when..when's the whole thing gonna *quit!*" He was down on one knee, stricken on the floor when there came a loud knock on the door. He got to his feet, drying his eye with the burlaped back of his hand, "Now who could that be?", he mused aloud slicking his cowlick into place, "I do hope it's not that Cause& again. She-it's all I need tonight, him & his pedantic liberal whitewash!" "

may 67

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Touchstones is an excerpt from a work in progress, UNBINDINGS.

Bill Scherbrucker / TOUCHSTONES

Touchstones are moments that happen by surprise, and you find out the truth or the goodness of another man's heart very suddenly and quite clearly. That's not a good definition, you will see what I am talking about: the best ones are the ones that you can never quite understand, but you never forget them.

I'll tell you a little one first. Three of us were driving on a long trip through Southern Tanganyika in an old car. On the roof there was a roofrack. I got tired of driving and it was hot and very dusty. So somebody else took over the driving, and I sat thinking in the seat, and feeling uncomfortable. Suddenly I got an idea, so I crawled carefully out the window as the car rattled along, and I pulled myself up onto the roofrack. I lay there, completely out of the dust, with the wind rushing past. It was a fine sunny day. I lay there for about half an hour I should think. Then I crawled back into the car, feeling marvellous again. Then a few minutes later there was a rattle and a scrape, and we looked back and

saw the roofrack disappearing into the dust. We stopped and got out and clamped it back on. When we got back in the car I suddenly felt older, and I knew I would never do that again, and I never have. Now you see, I don't really understand that experience. If I was going to use it in one of my stories I would probably mess it up by turning it into a symbol, and make a fool of myself by focussing on the dust and the implication of death. But the truth is only that I felt embarrassed and a bit older, and nothing more. Years later I was driving to a store on a back road, and I let my two young brothers and my son get up and ride on the roofrack of my car. They enjoyed it.

Most of these touchstones are going to be about cars I think. Another one was in Italy in 1960. I was driving along in a '47 Bedford with my wife (we were camping round Europe) and we were on an Autostrada where you aren't allowed to stop. Suddenly I smelled gasoline. I stopped and opened the old-fashioned bonnet on one side. The gas pipe had cracked just by the union with the carburetor, and gasoline was squirting all over the hot engine. I figured out quickly what I was going to do, because already a cop had arrived on a motorcycle, and was yelling at me to get the hell out of there. Obviously I had to block off the pipe and feed the carburetor temporarily by another system. I punched a hole in the bulkhead and made a long rubber pipeline (using rubber tubing that held the bottom of the front seat covers into a groove), and I stuck one end of this pipeline into the carburetor union, and bound it up with masking tape; and I took the other end of the pipeline through the bulkhead into the car, and stuck the nipple of a detergent bottle into the end of the pipeline, and cut off the bottom of the detergent bottle, and gave it to my wife to hold there upside down as a funnel leading into the pipeline. Then I cleaned out the garbage pail and filled it with gasoline, using the manual lever of the gas pump, and holding the pail under the end of the broken pipe. I was all set to go now, except that the pump would go on pumping petrol, and I couldn't think how in hell to block

off the pipe. I remembered that my father had always carried soap in the car in case of a leak in the gas tank, and I saw that that was the answer. I got a bar of soap from my wife and shoved it onto the end of the pipe so that it plugged it completely. I got in and handed the pail of gas to my wife, together with a cup. She scooped gas out of the pail with the cup, and poured it into the detergent-bottle funnel, and it trickled down the rubber pipeline to the carburetor. Off we went. No smoking. After about ten miles we came to a village near the Autostrada, and we drove in and looked for a garage. Meanwhile I had figured out our extremely unfortunate situation: this pipe that had broken couldn't be welded, because it had broken right at the start of a specially moulded flange which was part of the union arrangement with the carburetor. So, I figured, we would definitely not be able to repair the pipe, but would need a new one, and since this was a Bedford, there wouldn't be spare parts here in Italy, and it would be a matter of telephoning Rome and probably having to wait three or four days till a new pipe was flown out from England and sent down to us from Rome. Hell! We didn't need that kind of delay on our camping trip, and also it would cost money. Anyway, I drove into the garage, and went over to the mechanic—it was dark by now and I felt lucky even to find a mechanic there, especially as it was only a tiny village—and I started to explain my problem to this guy in my broken attempts at Italian. We listened for a while and then got fed up and came walking over to the car to find out what all this was about. I opened the bonnet on both sides and lifted it right away from the car so he could get a good look. Well, there standing out of the middle of the engine assembly was this broken gas pipe which I had bent away a bit from the carburetor, and stuck on the end of the pipe was this bar of pink soap, like a kooky art display. He looked, opened his eyes wide, and laughed like hell. He went and called some other people to see. They all stood around and laughed. I stood sheepishly by. My wife sat smiling composedly in the car. Then they all started to look closer at the engine, and saw the rubber pipeline, and followed it into the bulkhead, and then they all crowded round the driver's

window to see what happened to the pipeline after it went into the bulkhead. My wife sat calmly holding the detergent bottle. Then she scooped a little gasoline out of the pail and into the detergent bottle, and nodded at them and smiled. Now the mechanic started to get busy. He got the others to help push the car into the garage where there was light. He got a spanner and undid the pipe and took it over to the light, and gave it a close examination. I handed him the brass union, and he held it to the pipe to see how it fitted together. I waited a while for him to figure it out, and then I stepped forward and started to explain to him how the pipe had to pass through the union and then be flared out. I was quite happy that he should inspect it all and really understand how it all worked, but I wanted him to get to the point of realizing that we were going to have to get a whole new unit flown out from England—or sent down from Rome if we were lucky and there *was* a Bedford agent and he had a pipe in stock. He didn't seem to understand what I was saying, and he kept looking at the pipe. I went back to the car and brought the little flared piece of pipe that I had had to break off in order to get the rubber pipeline into the carburetor. He examined this piece. I waited a while and then started to tell him again about having to figure out how we were going to get delivery of a new unit. I asked him if he had a list of agents for foreign cars. Suddenly he just looked at me, with a slightly annoyed expression, holding the pipe in one hand, and the union and the small piece in the other. He intended to shut me up, and he certainly succeeded. He moved to a workbench and started to rummage in a toolbox. He got a hacksaw and a long, thin, pointed hammer such as panel-beaters use. He started to cut the pipe off cleanly, and he was smiling to himself, and I could see he was thinking back on that ridiculous bar of soap sticking up in the air in the middle of all the engine parts. Well, I watched him work, and I was amazed at his skill. Having cut the pipe, he pushed it through the union, and held it firm against a small anvil. Then he began tapping with the hammer, hitting the inside of the pipe evenly all the way round,

turning the pipe round slowly and evenly, and tapping, tapping, tapping, so lightly that he seemed to make no impression whatever on the metal. He had to get that flare exactly right on the outside of the pipe as well as on the inside. The inside especially had to be perfectly smooth, or else it would leak. It took him half an hour, and he did it, and fitted it back on the car, and it worked perfectly without leaking. I was so delighted I wanted to do something to show him how much I appreciated what he had done, really using his skill as a craftsman for me. We didn't have much money. My wife suggested that we give him the bar of soap, so we took it and wrote on it with a nail *molto grazie!* and we kept it ready for a little ceremony after paying for the job. I took out my wallet to pay, and he immediately waved his hands back and forth, refusing money. Well, I argued with him; I pointed to my watch and said he had spent a long time on the job, and it was late at night, and it was a *labore magnifico* and so on. He laughed me off, and stood beside me, a big fat guy and almost my height, and he patted me round the shoulder. My wife came up with the bar of soap, for which, by this time she had found a red ribbon, and she presented it to him, and kissed him on the cheek. When we drove away from there we were feeling very, very good, and as you can see it is one of my best memories. That was a real meeting. I could tell you several more in the same vein, and about cars as I said, but this one has been a bit too long and technical, so I will go to something else.

When I was about seventeen I was going on a train through Bechuanaland (now called Botswana) in the middle of the night. It was June, and we were going home, or in my case to stay with an uncle, for the winter vacation at the University. There were lots of us on the train, lots of students, and we had discovered a way of getting brandy, and we had about three bottles in one

compartment and we were all drinking. For many of us it must have been the first experience of hard liquor, but, because we belonged to a culture of white supermen, it was important not to admit that we were feeling the effects. But the effects showed of course in the wild singing and in the uninhibited things we said and shouted at one another and the world. Suddenly the train stopped. I was sober enough to know that this could not possibly be a station because it was only about midnight, and we weren't due at the next station (Mahalapye or somewhere) till about three or three-thirty. I also knew that I was out of my depth with the brandy. I had put in fifteen shillings for the bottles, and I was damned determined I was going to drink my fair share, but now I was reeling and nauseous with the stuff, and I felt the saliva flowing warm and salty and I knew I was going to puke. I got off the train, and walked up beside the tracks to be out of sight of the other fellows, and I started puking violently, and when I had got rid of everything I went on retching and retching, and I felt worse than I had ever felt in my life. The train moved. There was no toot or whistle, but just like that she started to pull off into the night. In a panic I reached for the nearest brass bars and pulled myself up onto the little porch where you get on and off. I closed the gate and turned to open the door into the carriage. It was locked. I realized I was on the front end of the staff carriage, and ahead was only the coal truck and the engine. I realised I would have to stay there, showered with cinders, till we came to the station. My guts felt awful, and it was cold and I had nothing over my shirt. Weak and miserable I sank down onto the floor of the porch and huddled as far out of the wind and cinders as I could, and prepared for a long unhappy wait. Then it occurred to me that the fellows back in the compartment would be wondering where I was. Perhaps they would be so worried that they would pluck up enough courage to pull the emergency chain. I hoped like hell that they wouldn't. Apart from the fact that it is an unheard of sin to pull that wicked red chain, I

felt sure that the drinking would be discovered and there would be one hell of a stink about it. Ten minutes went by. I suppose the night was probably quite beautiful, but I wasn't looking. I sat there with my head between my knees thinking about the other fellows, and still retching from time to time. I didn't sleep or even get drowsy. It was awful. There was nothing I could do but wait, and, since they hadn't pulled the chain, there was nothing the other fellows could do either, but wait and feel bad. Twenty minutes before we had all been kings of the earth, full of lusty youth and all that. What a descent. I wanted them not to feel guilty, because I knew they were feeling guilty, and that made me feel even more guilty and terribly humiliated. Well, we came to Mahalapye, and before the train stopped, I jumped off and on again at the next set of brass bars, which was our carriage. Trembling with impatience I went down the corridor, banging my thighs against ashtrays and other projections. I opened the door of the compartment. On the table the three empty brandy bottles stood like solemn monuments. On the floor and on the bunks all the fellows were lying in sodden sleep. In the corner of one bunk a little dark guy whose name I've forgotten sat hunched up in a blanket, wide awake and staring out at me. His face was expressionless. Neither of us broke the silence. I climbed up on my bunk and lay there till morning. I can't remember the names of any of these fellows, but I am willing to bet that that little guy, like me, grew more and more uncomfortable in that society. I always picture him as a Greek slave in a Roman tavern: a small, thoughtful man with dark eyes—a playwright perhaps—amida a rabble of masters. All the time I had been out in the cold, he must have sat there thinking the kind of things I had been imagining that all the fellows were thinking. The others slept, and he sat up alone wondering where I was. Perhaps he imagined me stumbling drunkenly along the endless track, followed by lions, themselves in turn followed by jackals. Of course it wasn't possible to speak about these things in the morning. Now it would be possible, but I don't know who he was.

Earle Birney / FIRST AID

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Andrea Beaudoin /

ALLEGORY: A BRILLIANT STAR

I once held stars
in my hands
but they burnt out
and I had no light
to burn away the
darkness which
enshrouded me.

And deeply I
mourned my loss.
My tears washed the
pain away,
but its fingerprints were stained
in my heart
and my soul was ravaged
by the brutal sword
of depression and despair.

One night I looked out
my window and saw
the moon, and
marvelled at its
mystical magic, and
it shone its silvered
silence into my soul
and smoothed the
rough edges,
and once more I
was whole.

Brian Thompson /

A SOUND DISCONTINUED

She is deranged
This lady of the Isle
Wrapped together to display awkward
numbers.

This head of his
bombed outward to the
pain and fever.

Likeness had bound
their bodies—
fastened skin in water.

Is the purpose of speech gone?

This lady of the Isle
Quick-choosing
with self-lost love.

This Pale and dusty
woman waiting,

For Charley and Tom.
The fury of lying down dead—
bent left and right.

They found many ways to die.

The land partly closed
their step.

I give you now
A Naked Bed
Romeo and Jane.

Steve Cummings /

GOOD MORNING, LORD

That she is poor with three thin children
And pianos her way through 30 black days
And the preacher above her yells *Hell*;
It is true she lives in two rooms,
Children in one, her men in the other
And God fills her belly with thunder.

Phyllis Webb / FOR FYODOR

I am a beetle in the cabbage soup they serve up for geniuses in the House of the Dead.

I am a black beetle and loll seductively at the bottom of the warm slop.

Someday, Fyodor, by mistake you'll swallow me down and I'll become a part of your valuable gutworks.

In the next incarnation I hope to imitate that idiot and saint Prince Myshkin, drop off my wings for his moronic glory.

Or, if I miss out on the Prince, Sonya or Dunya might do.

I'm not joking. I am not the result of bad sanitation in the kitchen, as you think.

Up here in Omsk in Siberia beetles are not accidents but destinies.

I'm drowning fast but even in this condition I realize your bad tempered haughtiness is part of your strategy.

You are about to turn this freezing hell into an ecstatic emblem. A ferocious shrine.

Ah, what delicious revenge! But take care! A fit is coming! Now, now I'll leap into your foaming mouth and jump your tongue. Now I stamp on this not quite famous tongue

shouting: Remember Fyodor, you may hate men but it's here in Omsk you came to love mankind.

But you don't hear, do you: there you are writhing in epileptic visions.

Hold your tongue. You can't speak yet. You are mine, Dostoevsky.

I aim to slip down your gullet and improve myself. I can almost hear what you'll say:

Crime and Punishment
Suffering and Grace

and of the dying

Pass by and forgive
us our happiness

Ein Kerem is a village east of Jerusalem, in the Judean Hills where John the Baptist was born.

Seymour Mayne / EIN KEREM

Into your bronzed skin

the sun sinks darkly

Wait wait

and then go out

into the moon's

light

The rocks are phosphorescent

and the odour

of trees

is heavy on your

limbs

Your face will more

than welcome

mine

The whole night opens

That flesh mouth

is the moon

Chuck Carlson / POSTCARD FROM BELFAST

Postcard from Belfast

.pavngstoned
petrolbombd.

yr needle abuse
& spoons removed
a buse a crossing
abnormally things
like Selavy steaks
O DADA BREAKFAST
porchclimber wines
oh dada, dada all day
from mountains on high
to th lowest of plain
there but for one queen crowned

“.....”

patent leather spikes, gold sequined gown

Synapses of Boston
ungapped. .mismatched
from a weekend eye
—minds go rotting

twice again between floors
a race against teeth falling out!
shaved bits of bone & stardustd skin
6000 light years & phonies with poems
never a, never 6 million compilng

2 dozen a single day
LA . Glendale . Venice . Rome
spaced out gregarious maid
high higher on top th rock
LA . GLENDALE . VENICE . ROME

groupie demise lobotomy shock
(shut down th Selectric

pregnant cat on th blankets below)
electrical forcep therapy shock!!
& the American letter left unread.

nov70

JOHN NEWLOVE / TWO POEMS

AND THE DEAD ROSE UP FROM THE WATER

for Joe Rosenblatt, if he wants it

Coming alive at the age of thirty
refusing a few years
to abandon my despair,
and the dead rose up from the water,
their heads buoys in front of my love;
I tried to kiss them
but the water moved away their pale, fleshy faces.

This year six million Bengalis
met old enemies — exile
and cholera. This year
corpses returned from the moon. Traitors
to humans flourished.

Children ... children, what are you doing?
I despair of you.
I don't care if you kill yourselves, but
why kill me? I have only come alive
for a moment; and I wish I were dead,
or kissing the ocean's lovers,
the apple-headed, brown foam on their half-opened eyes.

OF MY OWN FLESH

Hard crystals there are hard crystals inside them
in their bellies and their hands
curl up when they talk to you their eyes narrow
as if the sun were burning into them
and they smile

They smile their lips
draw back stiffly from the pale enamelled teeth the pain
cramping the cheek muscles shows
in the grooves cut in their faces in
the eyebrows

They wish they would turn to stone they hate
to have feelings they hate you
for having feelings it is not right they think
for me to be careful not to hurt
because I want to hurt

In the ball of my clenched hand talons are growing
it is the palm of my own flesh they enter
they ought to be furrowing yours
it is your skin that should be ripped
your blood

Hard crystals I have hard crystals in my belly
claws are growing where my nails were
my heels are round stones to grind you
my muscles bunch I wish to kill you
to cut you to see blood run

I am becoming a statue,
here in the glare of my own dead eyes
I am becoming a statue

GEORGE BOWERING / THREE POEMS

LAYERS 5

The ranging mountain boy
has become the kept man.

His only clouds now
moved inside,
as his hair,
now in the belly
matted.

His head is bare,
as any mountain, the latter
at least unchanged.

The vest across his
chest, it is
chained. At the end
a key

to open all his doors
one after another, all joined
by ceilings.

IT'S THERE YOU CAN'T DENY IT

The muddy snow melting
along the east side of Grosvenor Ave here

brings old dog turds to light
They have begun to separate

into their component parts—
sixty percent grain, forty percent meat products.

It's there you can't deny it,
you can't flush it away, the ground covered

with shit. It makes you think:
at an average of a pound per head

New York has to hide twelve million
pounds of human shit a day,

or 4.38 billion pounds a year.
The queen of England poops

three times her weight in turds a year.
In a normal lifetime she'll pile up

fourteen tons of majestic brown crap.
Ah, what do we think of ourselves,

poet or queen

or the dogs in between?

THE BARS

Decide to hide
certain things

& the voice goes bad,
the bars come together in front of my eyes

forever.

Look into your heart
my love

& what do you see:
are there bars there

Can you see your own heart
or the bloody fog?

Sure this may be
the last chance my love

is me for the moment
lying behind bars inside me.

Talk to him, offer bread, promise
not to hide, bring you heart,

my heart, at least
against the bars.

Bleed there, & with the blood
eyes open, the bars still there.

The voice goes there

out of hiding.

RICK JONES / NOTHING LIKE POEMS

NOTHING LIKE POEMS / 1

for Manda

These rocks are nothing like
the landscape I have known
they are but bigger than
the tide-pools underneath
can barely just reflect them

And there are moonstones
for my daughter's hand
the spit & polish of
innumerable waves
has washed them on the sand

But in the cave—Oh
there are tigers
she says she hears them
roaring
and all I see
are clusters of anemone
closing when we pass

NOTHING LIKE POEMS / 3

90 or so
ft. below us
& not quite under
the cliff & therefore
out of sight
or on a beach
that might have been there
were

3 rocks
just barely
tided over
by an in. or two
of unreasonably
blue water

because they didn't
move even
when I dropped a rock
that may have hit the beach
—if there was one—
they were nothing like seals

but I told my daughter anyway
they were
& only looked like rocks

later
she told her mother
there were rocks that
maybe looked like seals

ANDREI VOZNESSENSKY / FOUR POEMS

Translating from the Russian by Robert Lowell
Illustrations and Poetry Center

NOTHING LIKE POEMS / 5

That tall bridge we crossed to Oregon
was nothing like the one across
the Hudson

But there were also boats

Ah!—but they had white tops
& black bottoms
& some red by the water

The others were gray
and all tied together
& not going nowhere

That's quite a long way to have come

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY / FOUR POEMS

Graphomaniacs, Invocation, and The Break were translated from the Russian by Catherine Leach, Maureen Sager, and Pierre Coupey.

GRAPHOMANIACS

graphomaniacs of Moscow!
your balls are emptier
than the holes in scissor-handles —

you judge me harshly
but still you steal
my broken lines —

you, of course, being innocent
of lying neglect.

I'll whistle down from the heights
down from the Vladimir wastes —
useless mouths
gape open! start listening!

Suzdal is an old town in Russia in which there are many old and beautiful churches.

INVOCATION

Suzdal virgin

shining on this white wall
like a woman, selling tickets,
in the oval arch of a window

let me in
where they don't allow
anyone
over sixteen ...

Nothing is so simple to understand.

THE BREAK

How much lead is poured in
how many pig iron
lies. . .

my face breaks

with the weight

of my ears. . .

*Translated from the Russian by Catherine Leach,
Maureen Sager, and Seymour Mayne.*

SNOW BLIND

Up to the waist in snow,
 up to the heart—
 snow right up to the neck,
racing to Winnipeg—
cars streak through the air
 like snowballs.

Snowbound
 cars
ask one another
 for a light.
That passerby is Macbeth!
 Rumbling
snowdrifts chase after him
 at top speed.

Girl in a snowdrift,
 cabbage in a dumpling,
woman with child—
 all are screaming!
Like clairvoyants
 the blinded
 rush forward—
pity those that get in the way.

The dump truck careens
 like a lurching snowman.
Blind beggars sing their way into church—
 Snow, everywhere snow.

I haven't smashed up
 but cast in fresh plaster
I'm like a broken
 leg.

Like a plowman,
that Black shoves on his bumper:
the snowdrift rocks—

“Vive l’amour!”

And you there in the Volkswagen
like a frosted candy,
if you’re speeding—
why look where you’re going!

Hey, snow-drop bursting from a snowdrift,
witch of the womanly craft,
you touched

your Ronson
to the dynamite
fuse!

Blindmen everywhere—
to the right
to the left.

The clearsighted don’t stand the chance
of a snowball in hell!

Blindness floods in from the sky—
magnificent, unfathomable!

Save us—

our eyes are filling up—
In a time of blindness
the blind lead the blind
with the braille of hopes,
the blindfolds of childhood,
the blurring of doubletalk
and blizzards of other blindness!

Fly blindly—love blindly!
And if I’ve said it wrong
and I’m to blame,
say that I didn’t let love

totally
blind me.

Translated from the Russian by Maureen Sager and Vera Reck.

EVGENII EVTUSHENKO /
KEY TO THE KOMANDANTE

Our horses are going to the village,
where you were murdered,
Komandante.

As in politics, an abyss —
too much to the left,
and an abyss — to the right.

Let the reins go, muchachos,
give the horses their head,
perhaps, they'll get us out where we're going —
otherwise we'll perish in vain.

Cliffs — sullen cheek-bones.
In them something of the partisan.

The wind, like a sculptor,
has hewn them with grief and pain.

The clouds are heavy, immovable
above you, the forests and swamps

are like tired thoughts
of the frowning Bolivian mountains.

Upward and upward we rush
as if escaping someone's pursuit

It's better to go to the ghosts in the mountains
than to accept the slime of the swamps.

Clattering horseshoes
 stumbling over the rocks
 on this deadly serpentine path
dictate the rhythm of these lines to me.

But nerves — are bad reins.

It's not that I'm specially frightened,
but the death smell of immortality

I sense in every nerve.

To remember you, komandante,

makes my soul turn over,
and inside there's a kind of quietness,
that is like an earthquake.

Komandante,

they've got you on sale,
driving up the price,

but your priceless name

they sell far too cheaply.

Not with others' — but with my own eyes,

Komandante,

I saw in Paris
your face, your beret and star

on the latest in "hot pants."

Your beard, Komandante,

on pendants, on brooches, on saucers.

Alive, you were a pure flame,

they're turning you into smoke, — that's all.

But you gave your life, Komandante, in the name

of justice, revolution —

not to become an ad

for traders of "leftist" persuasion.

You were finished off in this school-house

My horse halts in its tracks.

"Where is the key to the school?"

The peasants are aloofly silent.

In their eyes is a guilty secret.

On the door hangs a rusty padlock.

You glance in the windows — dark and bare,
and a wall is white, like the sail

of a ship, without a Captain.

The ancient village bell dozes.

A drunkard sucks beer from a tin.





but lying in wait, aimed at its victims.

VISUAL POETRY

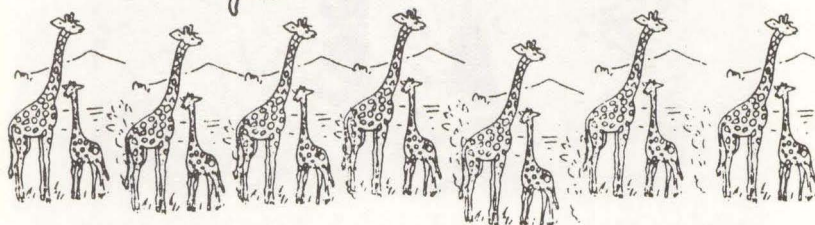
In Canada the visual poetry movement is relatively new and has received very little attention, even though the movement has existed for some time in Europe and South America.






The poems that follow were part of an international show, MICROPROSOPHUS, organized by David UU, which intended to expose visual poetry to Canadian audiences and to encourage the Canadian artists involved.

DEAR STAMP:

 'S'  
 AND  BBB 

PUT THEIR 
   OF  V
V



WONDER   TO
ALL    YOURS

PS.   



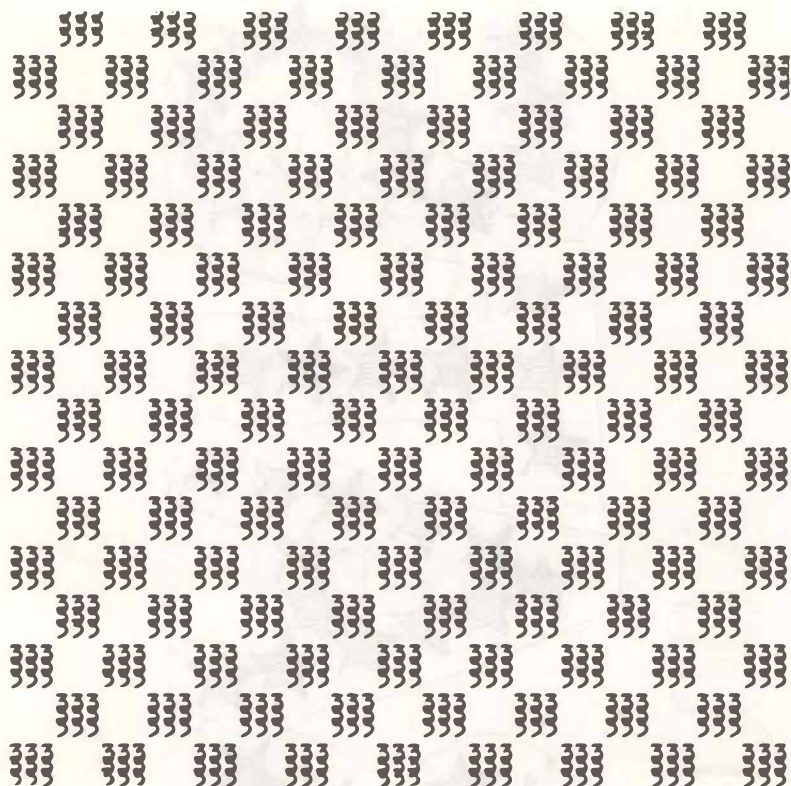
GREGG SIMPSON - Dear Stamp
Collection Dr. Morton



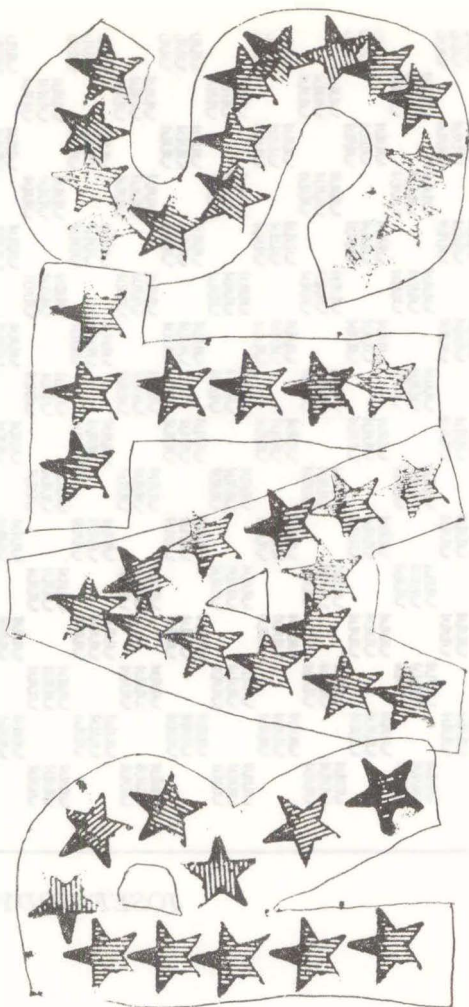
LE POÈTE ET SON
 "MEIN GOTT" - "MON DIEU"
 SELF PORTRAIT.

juin 1977

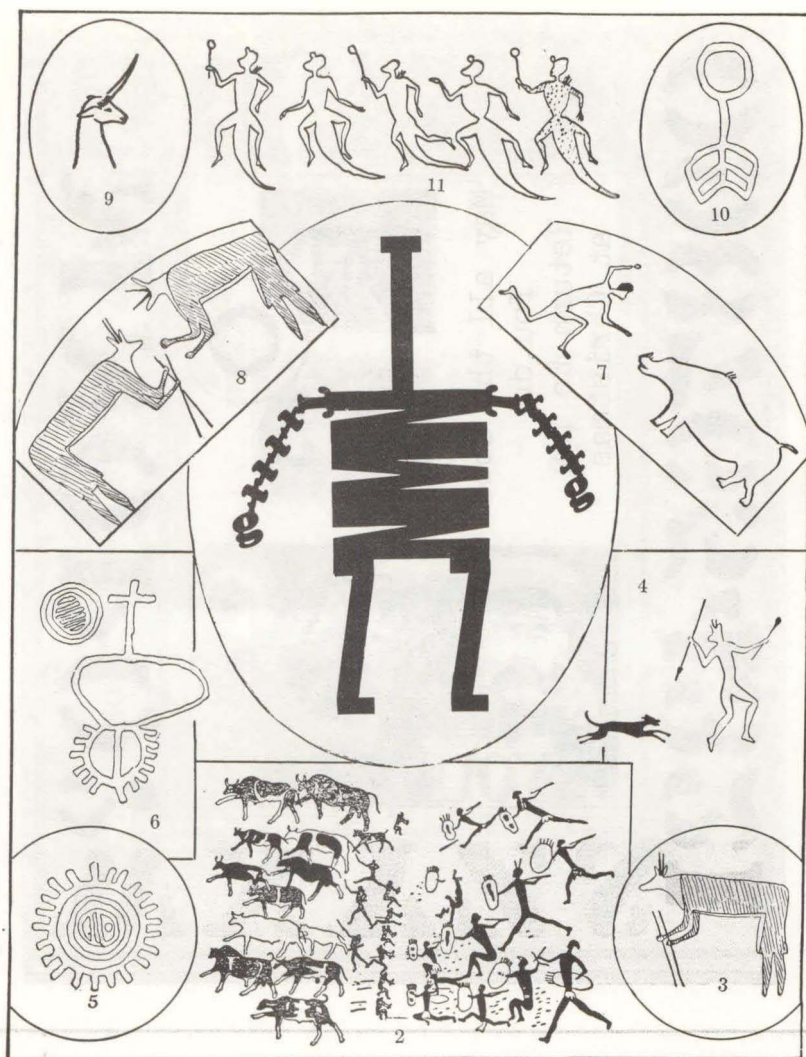
SARENCO - Self Portrait



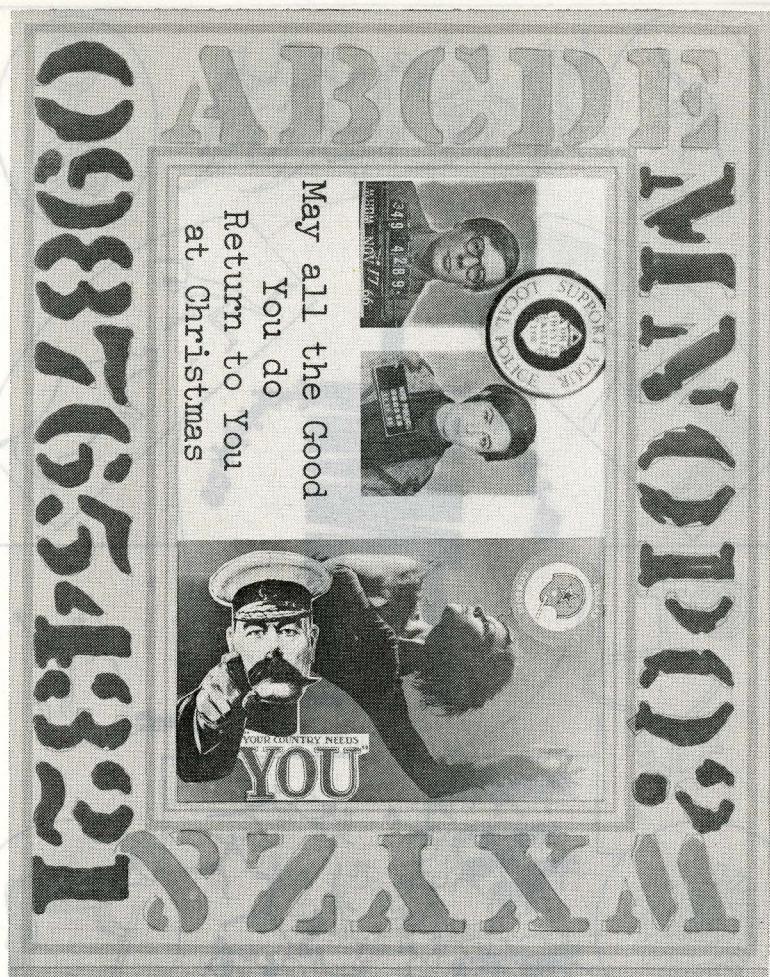
JOSEF HRDY - Untitled



ART RAT - Rats

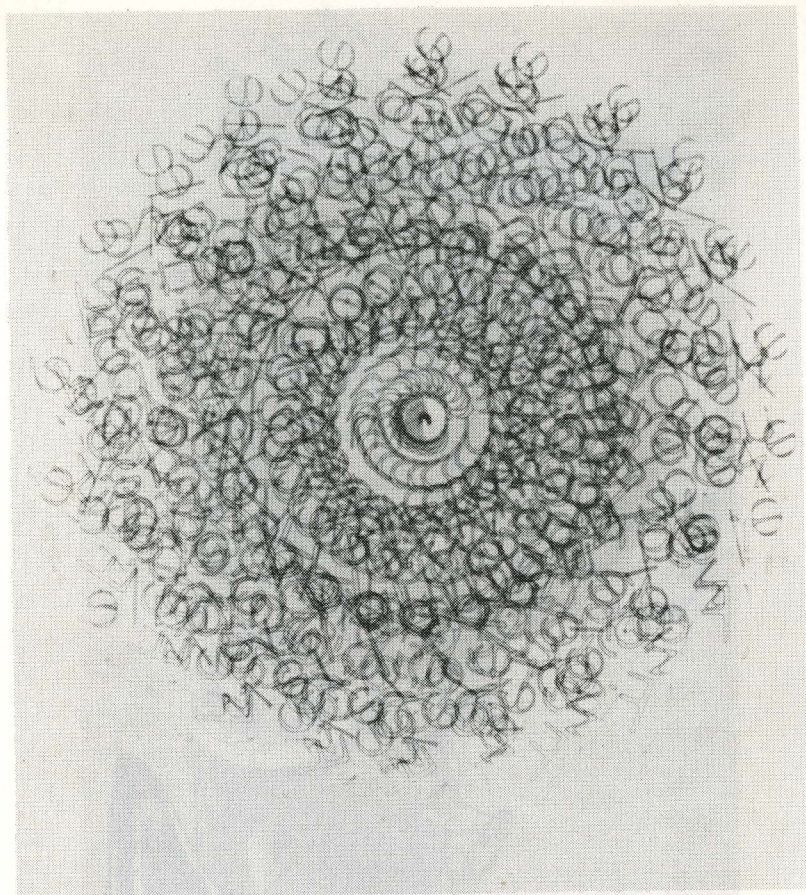


DAVID UU - Impressions of Africa



PIERRE COUPEY - *Terminal Collage Series 1*

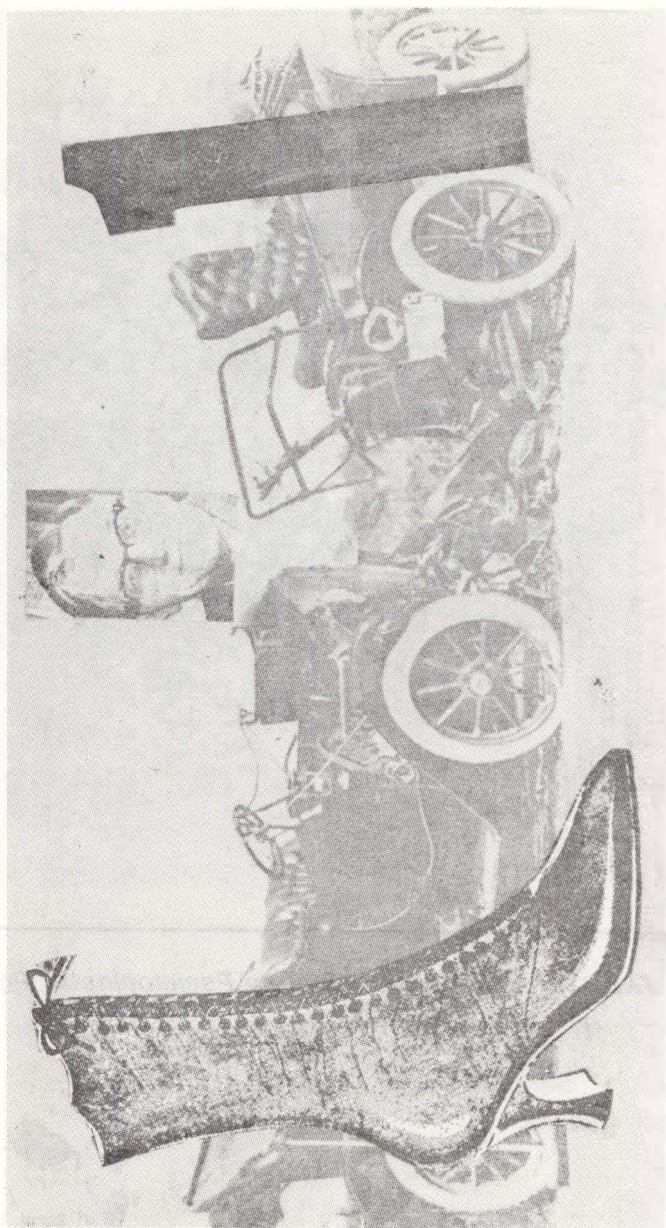
DAVID UU - Impressions of Africa



JAROSLAV MALINA - *Rotary Pseudoplastic Poem*



BILL BISSETT - Untitled



BILL BISSETT - Untitled

JULIAN MACFARLANE /

PHYLLIS WEBB'S
SELECTED POEMS

(Vancouver: Talon, 1971)

Fidelity

as in love

is in poetry

an unexpected satisfaction

So writes Phyllis Webb in a book of verse, itself an unexpected satisfaction so closely does it adhere to the spirit of her poetic development over the last fifteen years.

In his introduction, John Hulcoop describes this development as "the general movement of Miss Webb's poetry away from obsessive subjectivity towards self-objectification." He implies that the early poems fail somewhat through their "self-pitiful obsession with the despairing self," and that the later ones succeed through "a much more critical preoccupation with language as a means of proclaiming or presenting the nature of present things." Noting the influence of Kierkegaard, Sartre, and Camus in her work, he goes on to conclude that Miss Webb's poetry is "fundamentally existential in direction."

Miss Webb herself concurs with Mr. Hulcoop's conclusion in a letter to him, 3 July, 1970. It is entirely too easy, however, to pigeon-hole a poet as "existential." Few moderns can escape the influence of the great writers on despair and alienation: we are their legitimate heirs. But the existential tradition proper belongs to the first half of this century, not to the latter half in which a new conception of the world is being created through the works of writers like Phyllis Webb.

Admittedly, the word "existential" connotes more than the literary and philosophical tradition which calls

itself "existentialism." But what the word connotes is redundant even when applied to modern poets in its broadest sense. One could as easily say "poetic" as "existential."

In the post-traditional world of contemporary life, where can the poet begin *but* with the self and personal existence? And where can he end but as Miss Webb's "Mad gardener to the sea, the moon"? His vocation is to tend the fecund, inevitably cruel, ultimately beautiful mystery which is the existence which we all share. His every word is a moonbeam which illuminates, yet preserves through the brokenness of its reflected light that mystery which is the origin of all growth and decay.

Miss Webb's "existential despair" is not that of a Kierkegaard, a Sartre, or a Camus; it rests upon poetic intuition, not metaphysic. She writes,

What are you sad about?

*that all my desire goes
out to the impossibly
beautiful*

Yes, she is, as she says elsewhere, "l'homme inconnu et solitaire." She writes of death, petrification through time, and the futility of love. She writes of the uncertainty of all things, and her words are filled with *angst*. But she, "The poet in his vision tree" who "imparts immaculate necessity / to murder, ignorance, and lust" sees *beauty* in existence—even if it is an impossible beauty.

Like the quilt under which the sleepers keep warm in her poem "Making", Miss Webb's poems are "made-ness out of self-madness / thrown across the bones to keep them warm": they are a compensation and a defence. They are also a transcendence:

*From the making made and, made, now making
certain order—thus excellent despair
is laid, and in the room the patches of the quilt
seize light and throw it back upon the air.
A grace is made, a loveliness is caught
quilting a quiet blossom as a work.
It does.*

The fidelity of Miss Webb's poetry is that she is faithful to the paradox of being, the sea-garden of dissolution and growth, of despair and beauty. Her despair is "excellent despair" by which "A grace is made, a loveliness is caught", as she puts it in her poem "Lament", in "the shape of a frugal sadness."

What characterizes Phyllis Webb's poetry is this kind of sublime *pathos*. Her poetic techniques evolve, her attitudes, ideas, and logic change from poem to poem. But always the pathos remains. I am reminded of Eliot's lines in "Little Gidding":

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

Miss Webb's "still-point of turning time" is an "excellent despair" which has been caught in "the shape of a frugal sadness." It is this pathos, rather than an "existential attitude" which gives continuity to her poetic development.

If there is anything "obsessive" about her early poems, it is not her subjectivity, but her sense of the power and the weakness of words. As a post-traditional poet, Miss Webb *must* explore, and yet always arrive where she first started. Early poems like "Lear On the Beach at Break of Day" and "The Construct of Years" are almost baroque in their complexity and technique: it is difficult to compare them to her "Naked Poems", haiku-like in their simplicity. In her early poems, Miss Webb is creating a language for herself from the forms of common speech and poetic tradition. As she progresses in her poetic development, she discards what is unsuitable in the way of poetic conventions, continually striving for a purer Voice, a more comprehensive Word. By 1962 she is writing,

*. . . I want to die
writing Haiku
or better,
long lines, clean and syllabic as knotted bamboo.*

She clearly realizes the insufficiency of past tradition, of convention, of her history generally as a source of

poetic tools. She desires a *natural* line "clean and syllabic as knotted bamboo."

That Miss Webb should arrive at this conclusion is illuminating. What she is concerned with in her poetry are the three essentials of Japanese Haiku as set forth by the Master Basho in the Seventeenth Century (see N. Yuasa's introduction to Basho's *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*).

The three essentials of Haiku are *sabi* (loneliness), *shiori* (tenderness), and *hosomi* (slenderness). Now, *sabi* is the subjective aspect of the poem objectified in a special way: it is the unsentimental pathos in which the loneliness of the world by itself, and the loneliness of man by himself in that world meet. *Shiori* is the tender fidelity with which the pathos of this meeting is rendered. And *hosomi* is the clarity with which this rendering is realized, a line "clean and syllabic as knotted bamboo." While the Haiku is perhaps the most conventional of all poetic forms, relying as it does on an unwritten code of aesthetic properties, it is, at its best, the most *natural* of poetic forms. And it is the harmonious conjunction of these three qualities which make it so.

Even when she is writing most "metaphysically," Miss Webb works tenderly with slender lines of meaning, weaving a tapestry which evokes the quality of *sabi*. In "A Tall Tale," for instance, Miss Webb fashions a conceit in which a whale carves out a cave for a mermaid's rest, and the mermaid "sweet as dust" devises "a manner for the whale / to lie between her thighs." The lovers petrify in this unusual embrace, and one is left with an abiding sense of the petrifying power of time and the futility of love. The theme of the poem is by no means original, the attitude of the poet might be called "existential" with a little analytic overkill, but poetic success is achieved in terms of *sabi*. Somehow, this tortured metaphor achieves a sublime pathos. It is a tender thing, and slender in a way faithful to Basho's sense, however much he might disapprove of the poem on general principles.

In her "Naked Poems," the Oriental quality of Miss Webb's poetry is even clearer:

Tonight

quietness

in the room.

We knew

What is most important in Oriental poetry is not what is said, but what is not said, not what *is*, but what is not. Here *sabi* is achieved with maximum economy of expression in tender, slender verse. It is the void which separates the last line from the first three which counts; it is the *pastness* of the past tense in that last verse, and the stark emptiness of the first three which are important. This poem is not an existential statement: it is a lonely world in itself—one which we all know intuitively.

Haiku belongs to a tradition in which the conventions of art are means towards an end which transcends all cultural values including aesthetic conventions themselves. For the Haiku writer, however, the realm of the Buddha is not beyond the world, it *is* the world stripped of non-essentials. One might think therefore that Miss Webb, living in a post-traditional age, would have an advantage, that she is half-way into the realm of the Buddha through historical necessity.

Not so. Logical as it might be for Miss Webb to seek transcendence of a fragmented and fragmenting culture, hers is a difficult task if she actually wishes to achieve that transcendence. The Haiku-writer's culture supplied the means for achieving his end. Miss Webb, however, must create these means herself. She must create her own conventions, and in that creation transcend both them and herself. In her early poetry, "shapes fall in a torrent of design / and over the violent space / assume a convention." In her later poems, poetic form is in "the shape of a frugal sadness." Quieter and more contained, Miss Webb stares at reality as it is:

Why are you standing there staring?

*I am watching a shadow
shadowing a shadow*

Miss Webb's poetry is very much of this world. She is faithful to its impossible beauty, ever-changing and as unpossessable as a faithless lover. Like the shadow, she shadows a shadow.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

CHUCK CARLSON was born and raised in north central B.C. He was the editor of the magazine *Up the tube w/ one i (open)*, and has published one book of poems *Strange Movies (ive seen)*. He is presently writing and drawing in Vancouver.

BILL SCHERMBRUCKER teaches in the Capilano College English Department, has several works in progress, and is completing his PhD in English at UBC.

EARLE BIRNEY is one of Canada's best known poets, his latest book being *Rag & Bone Shop* (McClelland & Stewart). The poem *First Aid* is one of a series of semiotic poems he calls alphabeings which will be published soon, along with linear poems, in a new book, *The 21st Century Belongs To The Moon*.

ANDREA BEAUDOIN is a student in Applied Arts at Capilano College. This is her first publication.

BRIAN THOMPSON is a Capilano College student. This is his first publication.

PHYLLIS WEBB, one of Canada's most gifted poets, is presently working on *The Kropotkin Poems*. Her *Selected Poems* (Talon: Vancouver) appeared in the fall of 1971. *For Fyodor* is one of a series of "prison poems". Miss Webb is living in Vancouver.

STEVE CUMMINGS has published in little magazines in the United States and Canada. He is now living in Kamloops.

SEYMOUR MAYNE is the editor of *Ingluvín* (Montreal). His most recent books are *Mouth* (Quarry Press) and *Faces* (Blackfish Press). He is finishing his PhD thesis on Irving Layton at UBC.

JOHN NEWLOVE recently read at Capilano College as part of a national reading tour. He has published widely, his most recent books being *Black Night Window* and *The Cave* (McClelland & Stewart). A new book of poems will be published soon by McClelland & Stewart, where he is working as a Senior Editor.

GEORGE BOWERING has published fiction and poetry extensively. He won the Governor General's Award for his collection *Rocky Mountain Foot* (1969). A new book, *Layers*, will appear with Weed-Flower Press in 1973. *Touch: Selected Poems 1960-1970* has just appeared with McClelland & Stewart.

RICK JONES is a young American poet teaching at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma. The *Nothing Like Poems* are part of a large work in progress.

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY, one of Russia's finest poets, read across Canada last year. An article about his visit, *North Country Passing*, recently appeared in *Maclean's*. *Graphomaniacs*, *Invocation*, and *The Break* first appeared in Russia in his selected poems *The Shadow Of A Sound*. *Snow Blind*, written after his Canadian tour in February 1971, appeared in the Russian weekly *Literary Gazette* in May 1971. A selection of his latest poems will be published by Ferlinghetti's City Lights Books in 1972.

EVGENII EVTUSHENKO is Russia's most widely known contemporary poet. *Key To The Komandante* was written after his tour of South America in the summer of 1971, where he visited the scene of Che Guevara's assassination. It was first published in the *Literary Gazette* in Russia in September 1971. His collected poems, *Stolen Apples*, have just been published by Doubleday in America.

GREGG SIMPSON, a painter and musician, has just returned from Europe. He is organizing a show of Vancouver artists to take place at the Canadian Cultural Centre in Paris in 1973. He is a member of the Divine Order of the Lodge, and took part in its December salon.

SARENCO has exhibited widely in Europe and Brazil, and co-edits the magazine *Lotta Poetica* with Paul de Vree.

JOCHENGERZ was a member of the Approches group in Paris which published his book *Footing* (1968).

ART RAT may be the mysterious John Silvermouse.

DAVID UU is a poet, collagist, and the director of the Isle of Avalon Society, a tableau ritual-drama group researching new ways of presenting literature. A co-founder of Gronk, he organized *Brazilia 73* (First Canadian International Concrete Poetry Show), and the recent *Microprosophus*. He is a member of DOL.

JAROSLAV MALINA is a Czech painter whose first Canadian one-man show will be at the Avelles Gallery (Vancouver) in 1972.

BILL BISSETT was probably the first experimenter with visual and concrete poetry in Canada, and his influence on the concrete poetry movement is felt internationally. He has published many books, his most recent being *Nobody Owns Th Earth* (Anansi). He edits the most interesting and innovative magazine in Canada, *Blew Ointment*.

JULIAN MACFARLANE has just completed his M.A. in poetics at UBC. He is teaching and studying in Japan, and intends to translate contemporary Japanese poets into English, and Canadian poets into Japanese.

JEFF KEEN is a young English artist.

MAUREENSAGER, CATHERINE LEACH, AND VERA RECK are members of UBC's Slavonic Studies Department, and are presently engaged in translating contemporary Russian poets into English.

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