

THE CAPITANO REVIEW



Untitled / Grant Thompson

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*There is neither beginning nor end to the imagination but it delights
in its own seasons reversing the usual order at will. Of the air of the
coldest room it will seem to build the hottest passions. Mozart would
dance with his wife, whistling his own tune to keep the cold away
and Villon ceased to write upon his Petit Testament only when the
ink was frozen. But men in the direst poverty of the imagination
buy finery and indulge in extravagant moods in order to
piece out their lack with other matter*

— WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS,
Kora in Hell: Improvisations

EDITOR PIERRE COUPEY

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DESIGN BOB JOHNSON

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Jack Hodgins / BY THE RIVER

But listen, she thinks, it's nearly time.

And flutters, leaf-like, at the thought. The train will rumble down the valley, stop at the little shack to discharge Styan, and move on. This will happen in half an hour and she has a mile still to walk.

Crystal Styan walking through the woods, through bush, is not pretty. She knows that she is not even a little pretty, though her face is small enough and pale and her eyes are not too narrow. She wears a yellow wool sweater and a long cotton skirt and boots. Her hair, tied back so the branches will not catch in it, hangs straight and almost colourless down her back. Some day, she expects, there will be a baby to play with her hair and hide in it like someone behind a waterfall.

She has left the log cabin, which sits on the edge of the river in a stand of birch, and now she follows the river bank upstream. A mile ahead, far around the bend out of sight, the railroad tracks pass along the rim of their land and a small station is built there just for them, for her and Jim Styan. It is their only way in to town, which is ten miles away and not much of a town anyway when you get there. A few stores, a tilted old hotel, a movie theatre.

Likely, Styan would have been to a movie last night. He would have stayed the night in the hotel, but first (after he had seen the lawyer and bought the few things she'd asked him for) he would pay his money and sit in the back row of the theatre and laugh loudly all the way through the movie. He always laughs at everything, even if it isn't funny, because those figures on the screen make him think of people he has known; and the thought of them exposed like this for just anyone to see embarrasses him a little and makes him want to create a lot of noise so people will know he isn't a bit like that himself.

She smiles. The first time they went to a movie together she slouched as far down in the seat as she could so no one could see she was there or had anything to do with Jim Styan.

The river flows past her almost silently. It has moved only a hundred miles from its source and has another thousand miles to go before it reaches the ocean but already it is wide enough and fast. Right here she has more than once seen a moose wade out and then swim across to the other side and disappear into the cedar swamps. She knows something, has heard somewhere that farther downstream, miles and miles behind her, an Indian band once thought this river a hungry monster that liked to gobble up their people. They say that Coyote their god-hero dived in and subdued the monster and made it promise never to swallow people again. She once thought she'd like to study that kind of thing at a university or somewhere, if Jim Styan hadn't told her grade ten was good enough for anyone and a life on the road was more exciting.

What road? she wonders. There isn't a road within ten miles. They sold the rickety old blue pickup the same day they moved onto this place. The railroad was going to be all they'd need. There wasn't any place they cared to go that the train, even this old-fashioned milk-run outfit, couldn't take them easily and cheaply enough.

But listen, she thinks, it's nearly time.

The trail she is following swings inland to climb a small bluff and for a while she is engulfed by trees. Cedar and fir are dark and thick and damp. The green new growth on the scrub bushes has nearly filled in the narrow trail. She holds her skirt up a little so it won't be caught or ripped, then runs and nearly slides down the hill again to the river's bank. She can see in every direction for miles and there isn't a thing in sight which has anything to do with man.

"Who needs them?" Styan said, long ago.

It was with that kind of question — questions that implied an answer so obvious only a fool would think to doubt — that he talked

her first out of the classroom and then right off the island of her birth and finally up here into the mountains with the river and the moose and the railroad. It was as if he had transported her in his falling-apart pickup not only across the province about as far as it was possible to go but also backwards in time perhaps as far as her grandmother's youth or even farther. She washes their coarse clothing in the river and depends on the whims of the seasons for her food.

"Look!" he shouted when they stood first in the clearing above the cabin. "It's as if we're the very first ones. You and me."

They swam in the cold river that day and even then she thought of Coyote and the monster, but he took her inside the cabin and they made love on the fir-bough bed that was to be theirs for the next five years. "We don't need any of them," he sang. He flopped over on his back and shouted up into the rafters. "We'll farm it! We'll make it go. We'll make our own goddam world!" Naked, he was as thin and pale as a celery stalk.

When they moved in he let his moustache grow long and droopy like someone in an old, brown photograph. He wore overalls which were far too big for him and started walking around as if there were a movie camera somewhere in the trees and he was being paid to act like a hillbilly instead of the city-bred boy he really was. He stuck a limp felt hat on the top of his head like someone's uncle Hiram and bought chickens.

"It's a start," he said.

"Six chickens?" She counted again to be sure. "We don't even have a shed for them."

He stood with his feet wide apart and looked at her as if she were stupid. "They'll lay their eggs in the grass."

"That should be fun," she said. "A hundred and sixty acres is a good-size pen."

"It's a start. Next spring we'll buy a cow. Who needs more?"

Yes who? They survived their first winter here though the chickens weren't so lucky. The hens got lice and started pecking at each other. By the time Styan got around to riding in to town for something to kill the lice a few had pecked right through the skin and exposed the innards. When he came back from town they had all frozen to death in the yard.

She walks carefully now, for the trail is on the very edge of the river bank and is spongy and broken away in places. The water, clear and shallow here, back-eddies into little bays where cattail and bracken grow and where water-skeeters walk on their own reflection. A beer bottle glitters where someone, perhaps a guide on the river, has thrown it — wedged between stones as if it has been there as long as they have. She keeps her face turned to the river, away from the acres and acres of forest which are theirs.

Listen, it's nearly time, she thinks. And knows that soon, from far up the river valley, she will be able to hear the throbbing of the train, coming near.

She imagines her face at the window. He is the only passenger in the coach and sits backwards, watching the land slip by, grinning in expectation or memory or both. He tells a joke to old Bill Cobb the conductor but even in his laughter does not turn his eyes from outside the train. One spot on his forehead is white where it presses against the glass. His fingers run over and over the long drooping ends of his moustache. He is wearing his hat.

Hurry, hurry, she thinks. To the train, to her feet, to him.

She wants to tell him about the skunk she spotted yesterday. She wants to tell him about the stove, which smokes too much and needs some kind of clean-out. She wants to tell him about her dream; how she dreamed he was trying to go into the river and how she pulled and hauled on his feet but he wouldn't come out. He will laugh and laugh at her when she tells him, and his laughter will make it all right and not so frightening so that maybe she will be able to laugh at it too.

She has rounded the curve in the river and glances back, way back, at the cabin. It is dark and solid, not far from the bank. Behind the poplars the cleared fields are yellowing with the coming of fall but now in all that place there isn't a thing alive, unless she wants to count trees and insects. No people. No animals. It is scarcely different from her very first look at it. In five years their dream of livestock has been shelved again and again.

Once there was a cow. A sway-backed old Jersey.

"This time I've done it right," he said. "Just look at this prize."

And stepped down off the train to show off his cow, a wide-eyed beauty that looked at her through a window of the passenger coach.

"Maybe so, but you'll need a miracle too to get that thing down out of there."

A minor detail to him, who scooped her up and swung her around and kissed her hard, all in front of the old conductor and the engineer who didn't even bother to turn away. "Farmers at last!" he shouted. "You can't have a farm without a cow. You can't have a baby without a cow."

She put her head inside the coach, looked square into the big brown eyes, glanced at the sawed-off horns. "Found you somewhere I guess," she said to the cow. "Turned out of someone's herd for being too old or senile or dried up. "

"An auction sale," he said, and slapped one hand on the window glass. "I was the only one there who was desperate. But I punched her bag and pulled her tits; she'll do. There may even be a calf or two left in her sway-backed old soul."

"Come on, bossy," she said. "This is no place for you."

But the cow had other ideas. It backed into a corner of the coach and shook its lowered head. Its eyes, steady and dull, never left Crystal Styan.

"You're home," Styan said. "Sorry there's no crowd here or a band playing music but step down anyway and let's get started."

"She's not impressed," she said. "She don't see any barn waiting out there either, not to mention hay or feed of any kind. She's smart enough to know a train coach is at least a roof over her head."

The four of them climbed over the seats to get behind her and pushed her all the way down the aisle. Then, when they had shoved her down the steps, she fell on her knees on the gravel and let out a long unhappy bellow. She looked around, bellowed again, then stood up and high-tailed it down the tracks. Before Styan even thought to go after her she swung right and headed into bush.

Styan disappeared into the bush, too, hollering, and after a while the train moved on to keep its schedule. She went back down the trail and waited in the cabin until nearly dark. When she went outside again she found him on the river bank, his feet in the water, his head resting against a birch trunk.

"What the hell," he said, and shook his head and didn't look at her.

"Maybe she'll come back," she said.

"A bear'll get her before then, or a cougar. There's no hope of that."

She put a hand on his shoulder but he shook it off. He'd dragged her from place to place right up this river from its mouth, looking and looking for his dream, never satisfied until he saw this piece of land. For that dream and for him she had suffered.

She smiles, though, at the memory. Because even then he was able to bounce back, resume the dream, start building new plans. She smiles too because she knows there will be a surprise today; there has always been a surprise. When it wasn't a cow it was a bouquet of flowers or something else. She goes through a long list in her mind of what it may be but knows it will be none of them. Not once in her life has anything been exactly the way she imagined it. Just so much as foreseeing something was a guarantee it wouldn't happen, at least not in the exact same way.

"Hey you, Styan!" she suddenly calls out. "Hey you, Jim Styan. Where are you?" And laughs, because the noise she makes can't possibly make any difference to the world, except for a few wild animals that might be alarmed.

She laughs again, and slaps one hand against her thigh, and shakes her head. Just give her — how many minutes now? — and she won't be alone. These woods will shudder with his laughter, his

shouting, his joy. That train, that kinky little train will drop her husband off and then pass on like a stay-stitch thread pulled from a seam.

"Hey you, Styan! What you brought this time? A gold brooch? A old nanny goat?"

The river runs past silently and she imagines that it is only shoulders she is seeing, that monster heads have ducked down like villains' under capes to glide by but are watching her from eyes grey as stone. She wants to scream out "Hide, you crummy cheat, my Coyote's coming home!" but is afraid to tempt even that which she does not believe in. And anyway she senses — far off — the beat of the little train coming down the valley from the town.

And when it comes into sight she is there, on the platform in front of the little sagging shed, watching. She stands tilted far out over the tracks to see, but never dares — even when it is so far away — to step down onto the ties for a better look.

The boards beneath her feet are rotting and broken. Long stems of grass have grown up through the cracks and brush against her legs. A squirrel runs down the slope of the shed's roof and yatters at her until she turns and lifts her hand to frighten it into silence.

She talks to herself, sings almost to the engine's beat — "Here he comes, here he comes" — and has her smile already as wide as it can be. She smiles into the side of the locomotive sliding past and the freight car sliding past and keeps on smiling even after the coach has stopped in front of her and it is obvious that Jim Styan is not on board.

Unless of course he is hiding under one of the seats, ready to leap up, one more surprise.

But old Bill Cobb the conductor backs down the steps, dragging a gunny sack out after him. "H'lo there Crystal," he says. "He ain't aboard today either I'm afraid." He works the gunny sack out onto the middle of the platform. "Herbie Stark sent this, it's potatoes mostly, and cabbages he was going to throw out of his store."

She takes the tiniest peek inside the sack and yes, there are potatoes there and some cabbages with soft brown leaves.

The engineer steps down out of his locomotive and comes along the side of the train rolling a cigarette. "Nice day again," he says with barely a glance at the sky. "You makin' out all right?"

"Hold it," the conductor says, as if he expects the train to move off by itself. "There's more." He climbs back into the passenger car and drags out a cardboard box heaped with groceries. "The church ladies said to drop this off," he says. "They told me make sure you get every piece of it but I don't know how you'll ever get it down to the house through all that bush."

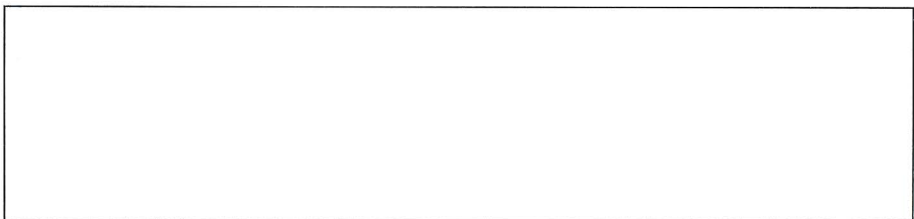
"She'll manage," the engineer says. He holds a lighted match under the ragged end of his cigarette until the loose tobacco blazes up. "She's been doing it — how long now? — must be six months."

The conductor pushes the cardboard box over against the sack of potatoes and stands back to wipe the sweat off his face. He glances at the engineer and they both laugh a little and turn away. "Well," the engineer says, and heads back down the tracks and up into his locomotive.

The conductor tips his hat, says "Sorry," and climbs back into the empty passenger car. The train releases a long hiss and then moves slowly past her and down the tracks into the deep bush. She stands on the platform and looks after it a long while, as if a giant hand is pulling, slowly, a stay-stitching thread out of a fuzzy green cloth.

**Grant Thompson /
FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS**









Rick Jones /

LOS DESASTRES DE LA GUERRA

Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes
said of men at games of war

— PARA ESO HABÉIS NACIDO —
a last body falls retching blood
into a pool of corpses;
yet we do not hear.

It is only death
— NO SE PUEDE SABER POR QUÉ —
not just dark men die
with artifacts of slaughter
at their throats;

— PERO ESTO ES PEOR —
one man is skewered to a tree
naked and armless,
his face shows disbelief.

A young man moves ahead of me.
His hair is long and dark
with only traces of its being brushed;
a full beard hides his face.
I cannot stand closer to him;
something in his posture says
these are moments he must face
alone with the silence of eyes.

He limps gradually
clockwise in the room.
I think his lips move
sometimes when he stops.
I hear him swallow
once in the quiet of books.
— ESTO ES PEOR —
I read when he moves on.

Rick Jones

— GRANDE HAZANA CON MUERTOS —

on this, another tree,
the severed tendrils of incorporate men
hang beneath one head
gaping from an upper limb.

An extra leg drips
casually tied by thongs
to a withered branch;
a pair of arms swing
shoulderless in the wind,
no body
manipulates
the fingers.

The tree has no leaves.

— LAS CAMAS DE LA MUERTE —

the avenues of vanity
are not measured by the mile
stones do not mark the open grave;
there is no progress to a body count,
but counting hands would double the number.

— NO SE PUEDE SABER POR QUÉ —

How can we not hear
the tumult of bodies.

— MURIÓ LA VERDAD —

There is an awkwardness of feeling
that makes me keep my distance still;
it is not the silence just of books,
but of the young man's shoulders
and the sound of steel hooks on wood.

Bryant Knox /
TEMPLE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS,
PALENQUE, CHIAPAS:
A 20th Century Descent

There are over one hundred steps to the depth of the crypt;
one descends to meet antiquity
on ground of its own —
each step, hewn by hand,
upon which we stand for each moment's descent,
is a threshold approaching that of the crypt's;
for you see, it is not the crypt
or moisture of the limestone's tint,
nor the capstone of the corbelled vault,
but the hand hewn stone,
gigantic lintels
upon which we step,
as if passing over silent portals
we are unable to pass through.

Jorj Heyman /
DIET FOR A SMALL PLANET

used to think
of all the direct supply
industries , like fishing
as the last free & useful work

its all become colored
in my mind
silver , like mercury
traces in foods

and these tasks we choose ,
for money , or even simpler —
for meals this nite ,

are warpd , in some way
self-destructive , to bring
to ourselves , to others
poisons , made beyond our reach

so much world / motion
in & out , to be graspd

so much less
to choose
things / actions / lie still
earth around us

taking
back

Martin Jensen / POEM

Hung from windows, wires, walls,
(a tall man in his own way)
loved the ladies, loved the men,
(had sixteen horses
he ran like the sun)

Cornered in an alley once
backed up to the black brick
with foot & fist
they brought him down

yet he ran like rain,
a drunkard's urine, spilth
in the underground
coursing toward what resurrection he found

(Some say it was fungi,
some sap, some stones,
some, the soft
footing of dried brown
needles sifted from
fur, cedar and pine

Not one trail of the woods you knew
but he had been there before you,
had cut a foot somehow and left
a regular blood-print in going

Mountain, when he sings
it is the ice going out of him in
stinging streams, he bends his knee
to set his fires free

The virgin mothers his splendor
The snake guards his heel

Lionel Kearns / ONE TIME

You know the story. The matches
are forbidden, so the little boy
takes the matches secretly
out of the house one afternoon
and does what he has dreamed of doing.
Secluded, where no one can see him,
he carefully selects a match, strikes it
touching some grass which smokes then
goes out. The second time
there is a thin bright flame
under the wisp of smoke, the flame
running down a stalk of dry grass
jumping to another, burning brighter
jumping again, spreading to other
dried stalks. It smells like
dry grass burning. The boy
pulls together some more grass
and puts a few little twigs on top
to feed it. The ecstasy of success.
It is burning. His own fire. He watches
it. You know the story: soon
the whole hillside is on fire
and delight is turning to terror
that lasts for thirty years and finally
turns into a poem. And what
is this to you and what is it
to me and why do I say it is
about time? Because

I knew the boy
I know the man
I read the poem
I saw the fire

Patrick White / BILL

all good married couples like bad habits
gone to bed, he could remember three wives
that had forgotten him. he didn't need
your pity. thirty chihuahuas, twelve cats,
all the company he wanted he had,
and it would be wrong to laugh. cold nights
he'd brown-paper a bottle of bourbon
and walk down to Johnson Street Bridge,
his breath a little fog he'd been lost in
for sixty-two years. black water beneath him
('one needs to be reminded of the choice sometimes')
he would look for the baby pigeons
that were always falling from their nests
among the girders. a foolish man, perhaps,
but kind. two years ago one of his wives
and a son with a strong sense of propriety
threw his ashes off the bridge just as he
had requested. who knows what was concluded? —
the baby pigeons have been dying ever since.

Sean Virgo / MASK SONG

That face:
Some would eat him
No, we struck it off
With fish knives.

It is seven tides;
The sea did not want
To give him away.
At low tide he lies there.

We have all eaten up
We must paddle out
To catch him again.
He turns in the twelfth tide.

Was cod
Now the skin gone black
Now the slit eyes gape
The mouth pull down.

Some brave man uncle
Go down another tide;
He brings that face back
From the shingle.

That face now
Is hard like wood
Never change again ever
We hang him up for us.

Sean Virgo

His mouth
Is for us to talk now
I use my voice for him
I call 'Come in, children'.

Next tide
All will catch
Many of him
Through power of the mouth.

Power of the mask
Like carved wood.
Cod's head power.
Twelve tides.

Susan Musgrave / THE SHAMAN MOUNTAIN-GOAT

(When the song said "Smell of Asdi-wal!
Smell of shamans! The shaman mountain-
goat jumped right over his head.)

Look out — there is
No light here.
Prepare to burrow in —
Sleep for awhile.

All winter we are hearing
His cry — the old shaman
Who sleeps in the earth.

"Smell of Asdi-wal and smell of shamans, hau!"

I thought of going in once,
The ground was thawing.

Once this happened:
The ground was breaking up.

I rose
I spoke to the face of the mountain.

The old shaman was crying out —
The mountain opened up.

"Smell of Asdi-wal and smell of shamans, hau!"

Now I am a man
I wear this skin of goat.
My people are afraid to look —
They do not know my face.

They cannot make up their minds
They do not speak to me.

When snow comes
They will go inland

When snow comes to the mountain
My footholds will be lost.

John Pass / TWO POEMS

OVERSEAS

(for Dulce)

A short deception. For a month or two
we make distinctions; the design
of bus seats (here they are covered
like settees) the narrow roads
the many bakeries and butcher shops.

Fresh killed hares hung from iron
hooks above the street at first seem
ethnic colour. Their rigid mouths
bleeding into bags, white plastic

could have been a clue;
when the money's comprehended
it's the same place, nearly.

You dare it first.
I'm busy still with Cornish walls
called hedges, the thin slates leaned
precariously on edge in double rows
earth-filled between — a long stability
in this balancing construction.
Three hundred years they've stood
grown trees on them

but along the cliffs of Mevagissey
the wind rips bits of straw
from the worn hills across the curling water
as we watch a squall develop on the sea

you tell me it is not so safe
so small here
as we imagined

and the distance overseas
diminishes, makes room

THE VEIN

the hemlock, delicate
through window, underneath
the eaves I see

it is the contact
stills the world, arrival
in the widened eye
as we say the heart stops
in love or some excitement
and to hold the moment
locks the senses in

to image
or to flurry

we say it skips
a beat

as the spin continues
(a tinkle now, of wind)
who can doubt it stops
and it continues

that the rhythm moves
a counterpoint, against us
in discovery

this is the strain upon us
as we burrow in
throw up all manner
of defences

stubborn, even in that instance
to continuance

John Pass

and are conservative
of the event
so we are promised
with eventual destruction

the lines in skin
a wrinkled concentration

of the vein
the mineral experience
held fast, invaluable

or to bond and build
how can we get it out
non-violent

without the vision blasted
from the blood
the twisting of green wood
disfigurement
of new growth in the quest of it

David Phillips / TWO POEMS

TH PHOTOGRAPH

(for Pat)

a hot summer day
th chair i made on th porch

pear blossoms at 6:30
a.m.

& th tall grass
we left
long with sunlight

on th post 115
th door half open

i think yu're inside
tho no one is
where they were

th birds i hear
could never fly as far

i've tried
staying up all night to see

they're still there
th purple irises

TH BEAM

i walk out on th beam
25 feet down is measured
as fear, weak feeling
in th cores of my hands

& knees, standing there
hopeless & whining
i can't do it

& do anyway, walk out
held up only
by th fact i'm one
step away
from no place to stand

& then it doesn't matter

th fear remains
part of th structure
countered by th release

falling might bring,
th longing

to let go
true to th forces holding me
up

& so taking a deep breath
continue

one step at a time

bp Nichol / TWO POEMS
EARLY OCTOBER POEM

there is a well in this world in which our faces float
surface at the moment we appear
as if there were a dream we could return from
a mirror we could walk thru to ourselves

there is a path leads there thru a wood that i have travelled
often from an urge to be alone
a lady who is flesh & vaginal
i take for my own

there is a window in which a light appears
a door i knock upon
song sung

a younger one who is also me i am afraid to know

sometimes at night i go there
gaze into my face as it appears
turn back into that lady's arms

no harm surely to befall me

watch myself thru the window playing
saying to myself "is this what you are?
is this all?"

POEM

the elephant caught in the well
one foot or leg plunged into
in the field they'd gone to set the tent up
figuring it was safe
pole in his trunk
ass upended
how many pounds of elephant ass & hole
leg intact when they hoisted him out
trumpeting his panic

ladies & gentlemen in our centre ring
the amazing saint and performing feats of sleight of hand
the gambler the damned one who can't tell his ass from a hole in the
ground &
ladies & gentlemen
it's so nice to see you here
inside these poems
you make the lonely hours far less lonely
if you dance along

Andrew Suknaski / HOMESTEAD 1914
(SEC 32 TP4 RGE 2 W3RD
SASKATCHEWAN)

axe
saw
hammer

i *father*

father
eight years old
frightened by grandfather's stories
the cossacks burning looting polish villages
abusing women & hanging fathers —
in his child's mind
he knows they will reach his ukrainian village
some dark night —
while the children play
he disappears into the forest
runs away from home forever
moving from farm to farm
a nameless child
till a foreign cobbler befriends him
& teaches him a craft for four years —
he finally moves to other countries
makes shoes for ten years
learns to breathe & love in twelve languages
& when can no longer live in the old cities
runs further to canada
the european papers call it a land of promise
with free land for a new life
an easier life
that for many becomes an illusion & ultimate failure —
father being one of the fortunate)

Andrew Suknaski

ii mother

mother
the ship sails for the new land
& she on it
(the fare paid by a brother in limrick saskatchewan)
dancing in the arms of some young man
she remembers the polish village
the day her mother is fatally struck by a car
& her father
years later in a church where he is bored
with the endless mass —

how he ambles among the crowd
joking with young women
till the infuriated old women send someone
for the village cop
who summons him to the rectory —
draws a sword
delivering a blow to his head —
leaving him unconscious on the rectory floor
goes back to his sunday wine & tales of cossacks —
how he rises
& binds his splitskull with a rag
torn from the priest's gown in a drawer
& returns home to wait for the inevitable
infection

she remembers being fourteen
at the beginning of the first world war —
how she & another girl walk twelve miles to work
every three days
to shovel coal onto flatcars for sixteen hours
& walk home again thru dark forest lit by wolves' eyes

she remembers how the currency changes
as the war ends —
her money & several years' work suddenly worthless
all this drifts away from the ship carrying her
to the new land

Andrew Suknaski

iii homestead

father arrives in moose jaw
fall of 1914 —
finds the landtitle office
& is given the bearings to find the homestead
east of wood mountain village —
he buys a packsack & some provisions
walks south
sleeping in haystacks for first few nights

finally arrives in the village
& buys the homesteader's essentials
axe saw hammer
lumber nails shovel gun bullets food & other items
(hires someone with waggon & horses
to drive him to the homestead —
builds the house floor & raises one wall that day —
feeling the late autumn chill
nails together a narrow wooden box
in which to spend the first night) —

next morning
he emerges from the box
& rises thru two feet on fresh snow
to find most of the tools stolen
(except for the gun bullets & knife inside the box)

realizing winter is upon him
he searches for a hillside
& finds a spot to carve out a cellar
where he will endure the first few years

completing the cellar with the blunted knife
he nails together a roof with a stone —
the wall from the first structure
becomes the north wall with a door
hacked from the altered window

Andrew Suknaski

(he now realizes he would never have heated
the other place
would have frozen to death —
something that hadn't crossed his confused mind
the first day)

he lives in the cellar for four years —
phillip well being the closest neighbor

they build fires to heat stones each day
& at night throw redhot stones into the cellars —
overlay them with willows
covering them with hides from skinned animals
(use other hides for blankets
& thus survive the winters till pre-emption time is up
till the landtitle is secured —
till the more suitable sod house is built)

father walks six times between moose jaw
& wood mountain
before the haggling civil servants give him his title —
each time he carries a ten dollar bill
sewn inside a pocket
(is always afraid he'll be mugged & robbed
while sleeping in haystacks along the way)

once he & phillip well nearly burn alive
in a stack
the farmer sets fire to
to teach the homesteaders & transients
a lesson

Andrew Suknaski

iv the marriage

the marriage

it is uncertain

(no one knows the exact date)

following a saturday night hardtime dance
they meet at her brother's place in limrick —
are later married in a simple church
& are driven home in a model-t
to begin the new life

at harvest time the next year
while they stock
her labour pains begin —
he panics
runs back to the new shack
& drags out a mattress —
throws it in the waggon & harnesses the horses
hitches them up
& whips them all the way to the field —
picks her up from where she sits crying against a stook
places her on the mattress
& slowly drives to the nearest neighbor —
sweat descending like an august rain

stops at the shack
knocks
asks if the woman can deliver the baby —
speechless & resembling a frightened cat
she slams the door in his face

he drives to another neighbor and is refused again —
then despondently drives home
(carries mattress & wife into the shack
puts water on to heat
& brings out clean towels —

Andrew Suknaski

then delivers their first son
administers the requisite slap
as the boy's cries mingle with the murmuring wind
along the shingles)

other children arrive with the dry years
the black blizzards foreshadow the grasshoppers
that one day darken the sun —
another year
the cut worms flatten his only crop
(a hail storm razes his crop the following year
& something within him dies —
between the noonday lantern & windrattled windows
the distances grow)

he refuses to follow others who curse their God
& travel north —
he turns to something inside himself
& builds a small altar next to the radio
in the corner of the living room
where he drinks his sunday chokecherry wine
& prays in another language
while the rest of the family walks to mass
once a month in wood mountain

Andrew Suknaski

v birth certificate

the birth certificate —
carrying it now in my pocket
like my father's worn ten dollar bill
i have been stopped by policemen in distant cities —
have been asked:
what do these letters & numbers mean . . .
where is this place
where were you born

vi the mirror

the mirror
the sioux thirst dance —
a human wheel of young dancers
moving within a motionless circle of people
(the prairie sky
a mirror for the medicine wheel
reflecting birth life change death
& all things)

wood mountain & the gods in these forests
where i am an alien
searching for the meaning of meaning
in the ghostfilled histories
circling my father's aging face

Tom Wayman / LAST ELEGY: FOR LEW WELCH

*"The great Winemaster is almost a
magician to the bulk of his Tribe,
to his Peers he is only accurate.
'He knows the grape so well,' they say,
'He turned into a vine.'"*

— Lew Welch, *Courses*

1

This is the last elegy I am going to write.
I've had it with praise for the dead.

Hemingway's fingers shake on the shotgun . . .
Malcolm Lowry finishes another bottle . . .
Weldon Kees closes his car door near the Golden Gate Bridge . . .

I never understood and I don't now.
Hundreds of attics full of poets writing what they believe will be
"found on the body after death".
Lines that hopefully their landlady burns in disgust when she goes
through their pockets for the back rent.

For me, there is more joy in my friends
working their way through lay-offs and how to get laid
and a good recipe for spaghetti sauce
than in any dead men, however righteous.

when I drive around town and see a pimply army jacket
scrawling *freedom or death* on a wall, I want to leap out
and make him write *poetry and life, poetry and life* . . .

Tom Wayman

2

But it was in Ottawa, sitting with Wheeler on his gravelly apartment
building roof
that he said: "Lew Welch is dead."
And I was still thinking how strange it is
that the idea of this as a living country will bring men and women
ten thousand miles
to stay in an ordinary Ottawa middle-class dwelling
with lights on, curtains in the windows, a view of the Rideau and
somebody to cut the grass once a week
except they put up a plaque saying *Embassy of the Republic of Gabon*
and they actually have to live there.

"He's dead," Wheeler said. "Lew Welch.
He left a note naming Don Allen his literary executor
and went off into the mountains to die."

3

And it was Welch who told us, in the bar at Riverside
his eyes starting to mist over, how lucky we were
that the poets who had come before had been right out to the edge
so we didn't have to do that.
"I'm 42. I've seen it," he said. He told us somebody
I forget who now (Whalen?), used to ride his depression down
when he got it, not try to cheer himself up
but just sit in his room hour after hour
going deeper. Welch said
the people downstairs tried to get him to stop
after a few days, invited him down for supper, and when he refused
got him to go out to the store with them to buy some food.
He buys a carton of milk, that's all, and goes back upstairs.
When they break in a week later, the milk is sitting on a table
unopened, rotten. And Whalen, or whoever it was, ends up in the
hospital.

Tom Wayman

Welch is crying now, scaring the barman.

Peterfreund and I had driven up from the beaches that morning to meet him at the airport. He wanted breakfast, meaning a drink, so we went, Welch taking and giving his poems to the dubious barman, Peterfreund matching him drink for drink me fussing to get him to the reading on time, finally we go.

Welch finds a piano at the place and begins with some jazz as people arrive, starting at last a swing version of *The Waste Land*: Frank Sinatra doing T.S. Eliot: "A-pril, is the cruel-est month . . ." until everyone is confused, and then he is speaking about Mt. Tamalpais, on S.F. Bay, the poems the mountain gives him, telling the crowd we should worship that water, so we would be clear what to do to polluters (this was in 1969). Tears on his face at the end, giving us what the mountain gave him: "This is the last place. There is no where else to go." until a woman rushes up to comfort him, and it's over. We go out for a hamburger, Welch groaning about a hash brownie he ate in Saleh's office (Saleh teaching at Riverside that year), then back to the airport for the L.A. shuttle and Welch explaining about the farm he was going to get. "Gonna have a couple of big dogs and a loaded shotgun. Anybody who knows us can come out there, but if there's a hassle or it's the cops or anything, then BLAM. They gotta learn they can't fuck with the Welch's."

Tom Wayman

4

Now he has picked up the martyr's crown.
And the bus drivers are still late on their routes,
the girls in the drive-ins stand waiting for your order,
his poems sit on the shelf.

How small a part of a man's life his poems are.
How little of the body is there: what queasiness
his stomach feels, how he burns with his whole chest
for the invisible word.

No matter how marvellous his poems appear to you
they are not what he wanted to make.
Even if his name, or his poems, get remembered
they are not him, not what he tried to do and failed at.

What Welch desired to say, like I guess what Shakespeare wanted
is mute now: what drove him, the form his Great Poem was to take
or was taking: the brain of a dolphin, texture of sour milk
the radar installation like a cancer on Mt. Tam, clear water.

5

Nothing left to do but pronounce the usual final salute.
I believe in his work he has shown us how to mourn:

*Gone into California, Lew Welch, Master,
comes to us now in the wine: fruit of the wild vine
somehow mixed with the orderly rows.*

*Tonight he is with us then, in the red wine.
Tonight he is on our tongue, tonight we are drinking him.*

Lew Welch. Let us live to the end.

Tom Wayman

6

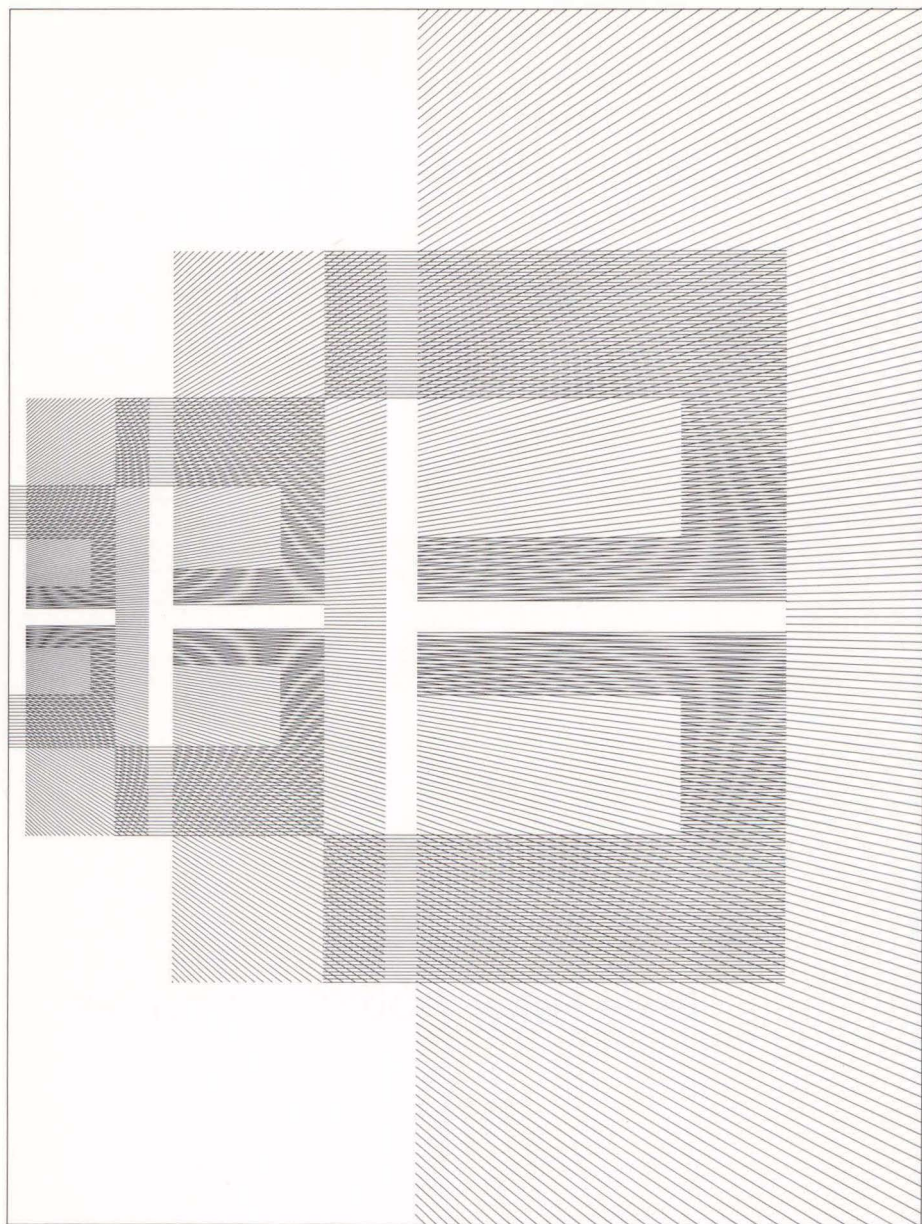
Then after this wish, a letter from Saleh :

“Lew did disappear, and there was a good-sized suicide scare
in the *S.F. Chronicle* and a few poetry circles.
People went out looking, couldn’t find him,
then Levine heard that he had been seen
and was just wandering around in the mountains.
He had come back into town to get some more grub.
Apparently he does that, and has done that, when he’s really down
but can take care of himself. Anyway
he’s never turned up dead.”

So somewhere out there he continues
to make the point of this poem: he keeps on.
Let me call this then
Elegy For A Man Who Decided Not To Die.
Let it be a paradigm, a happy example.

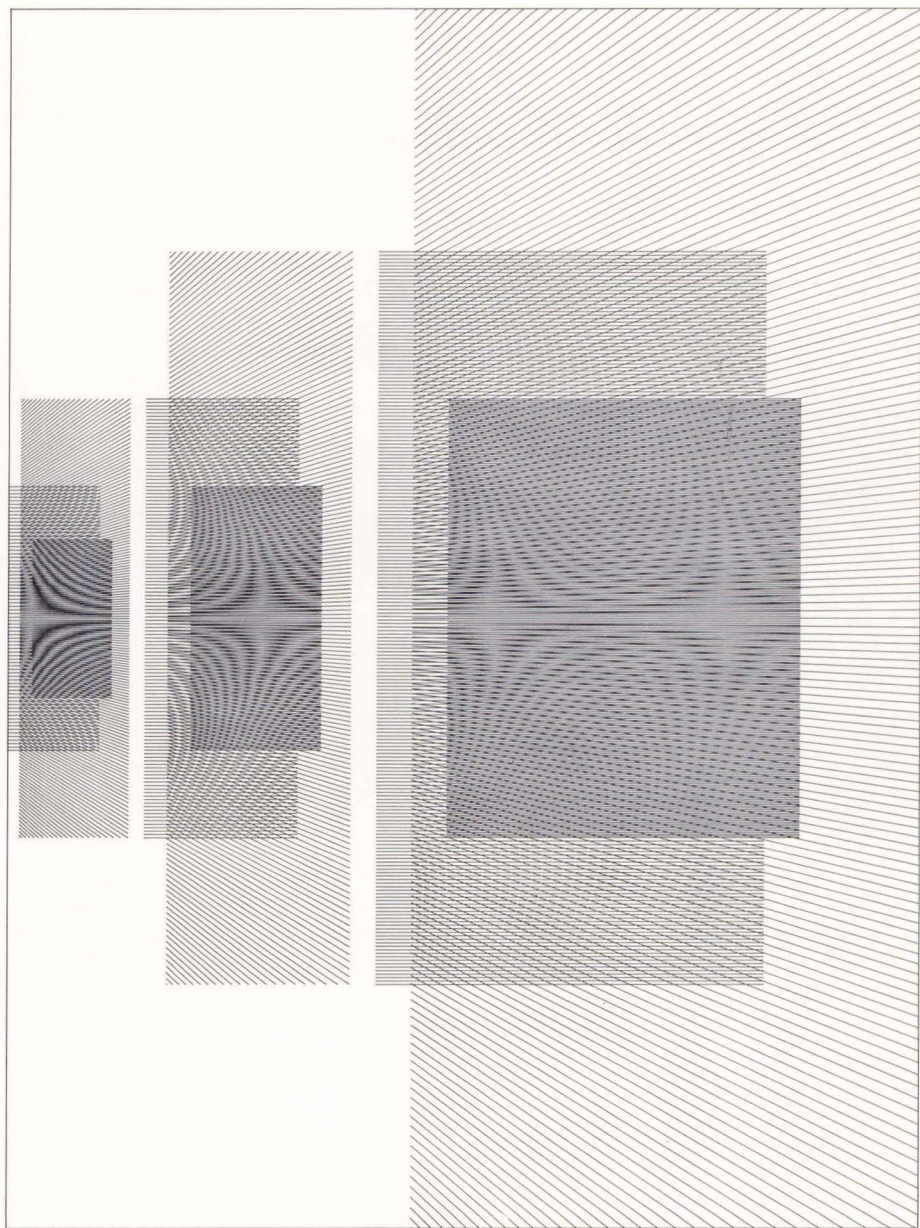
Lew Welch, across a thousand miles I drink to you.
Old Lazarus, old Prodigal, out on the earth somewhere
like a vine.

Brian Fisher / ODYSSEY SERIES

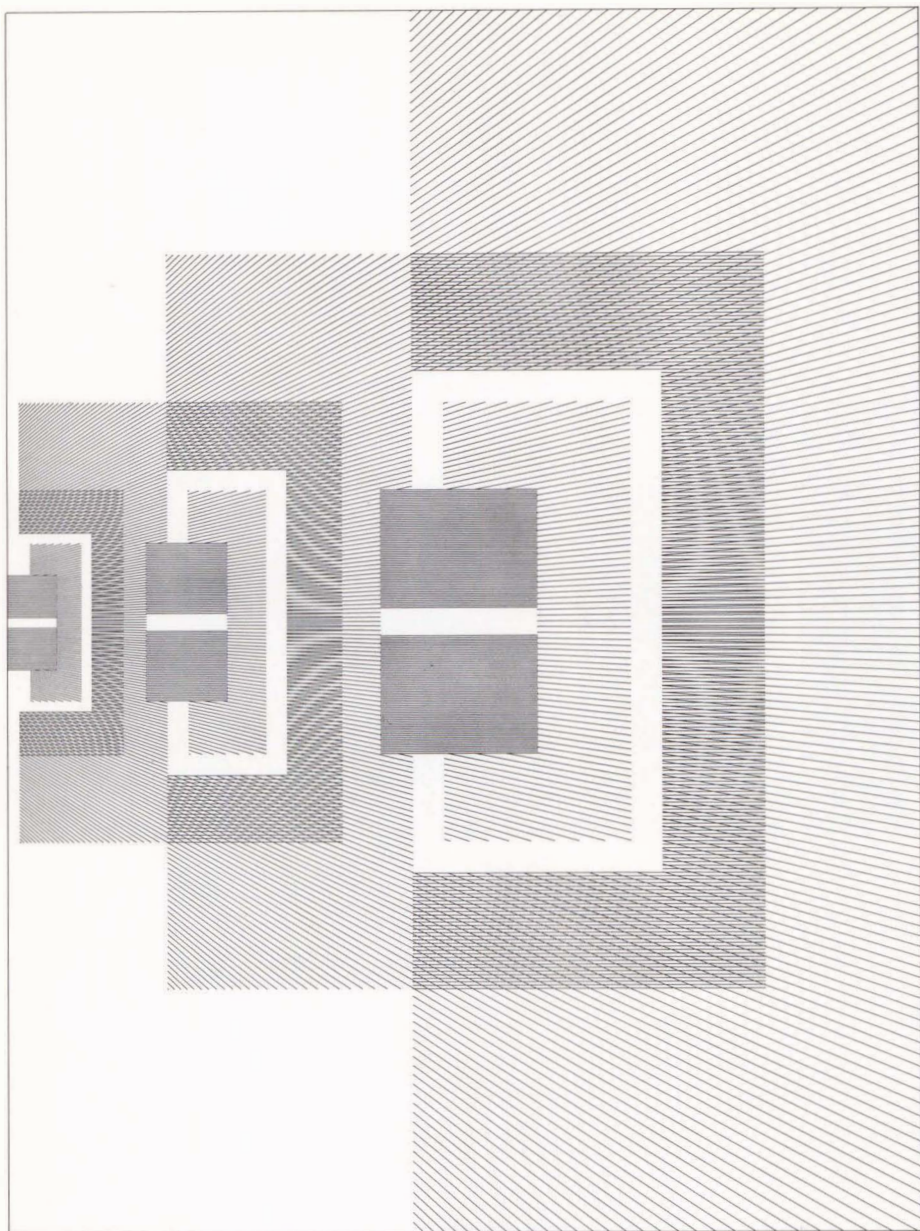


Odyssey Series 1969
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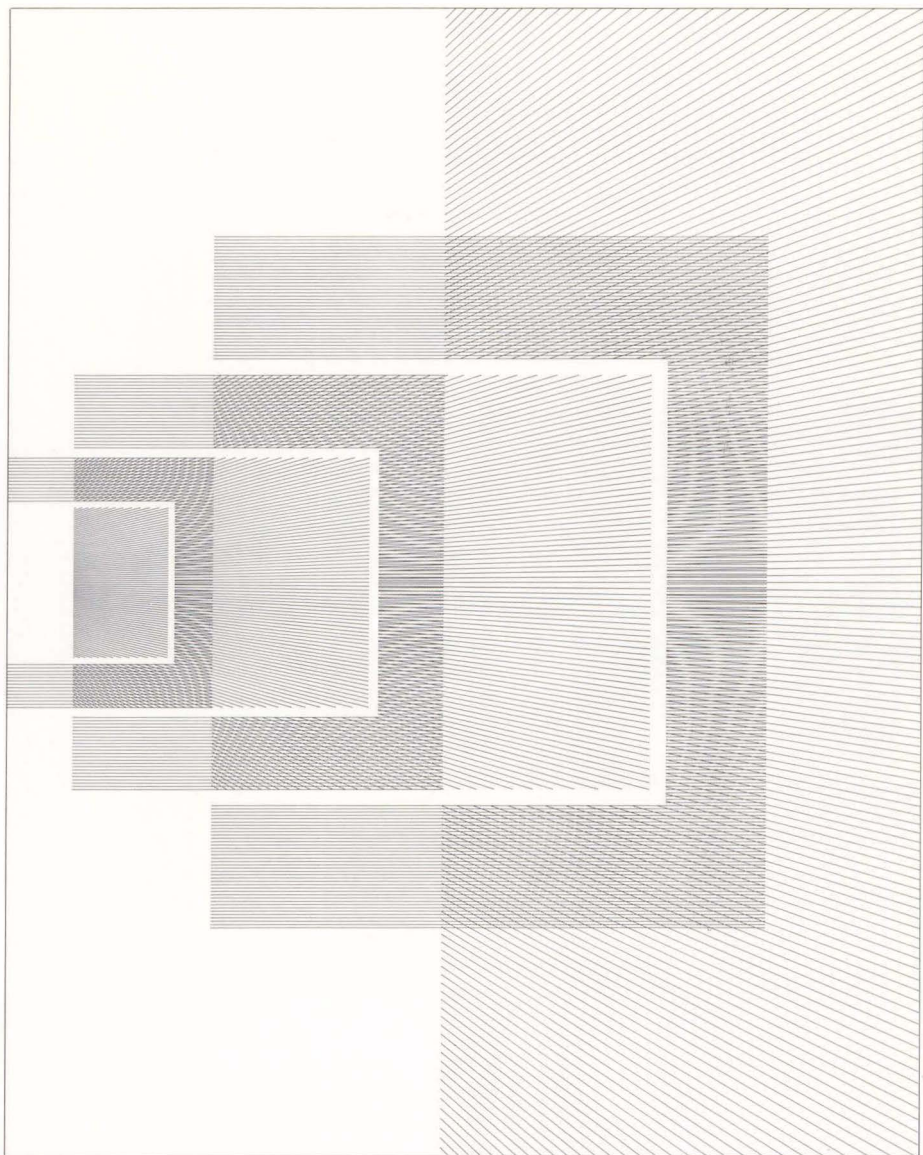


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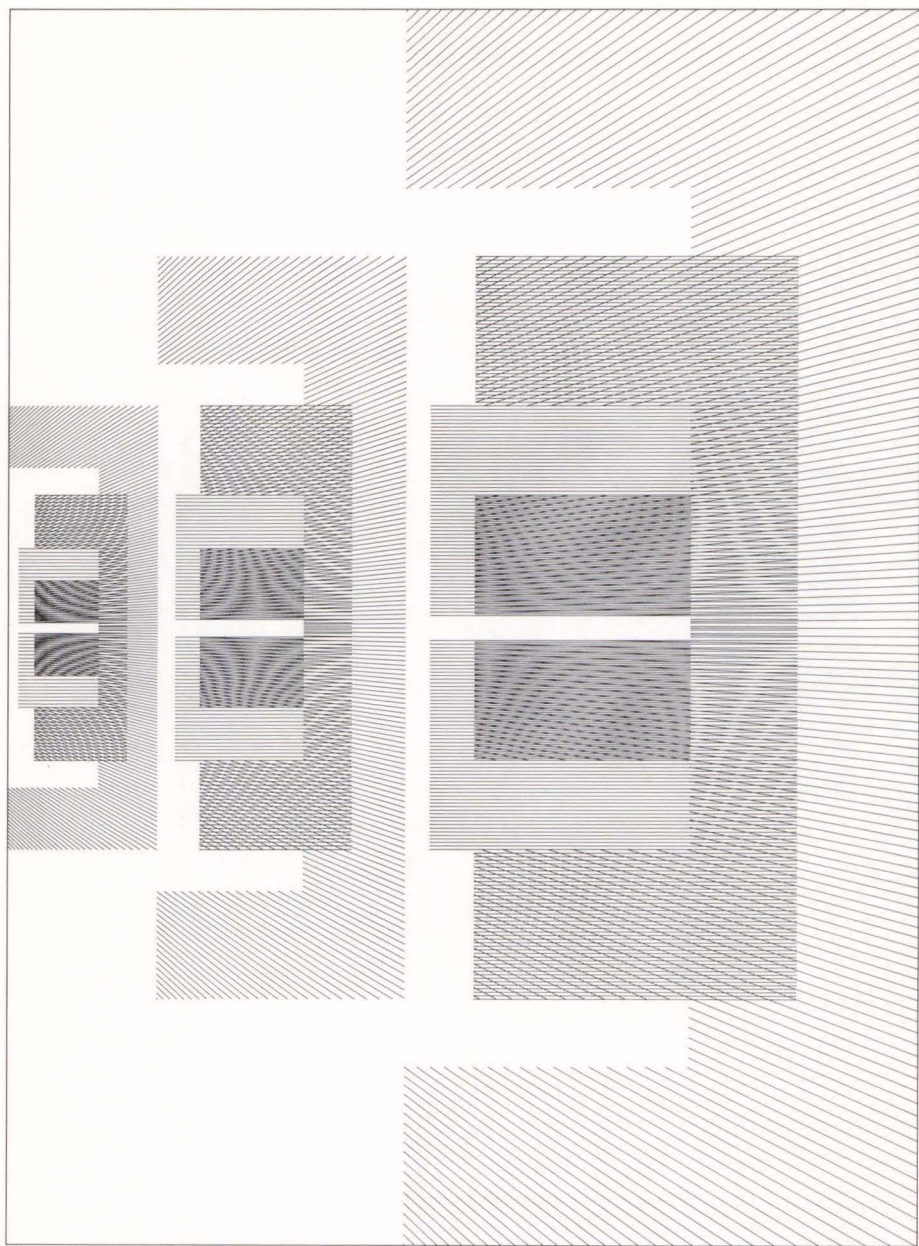


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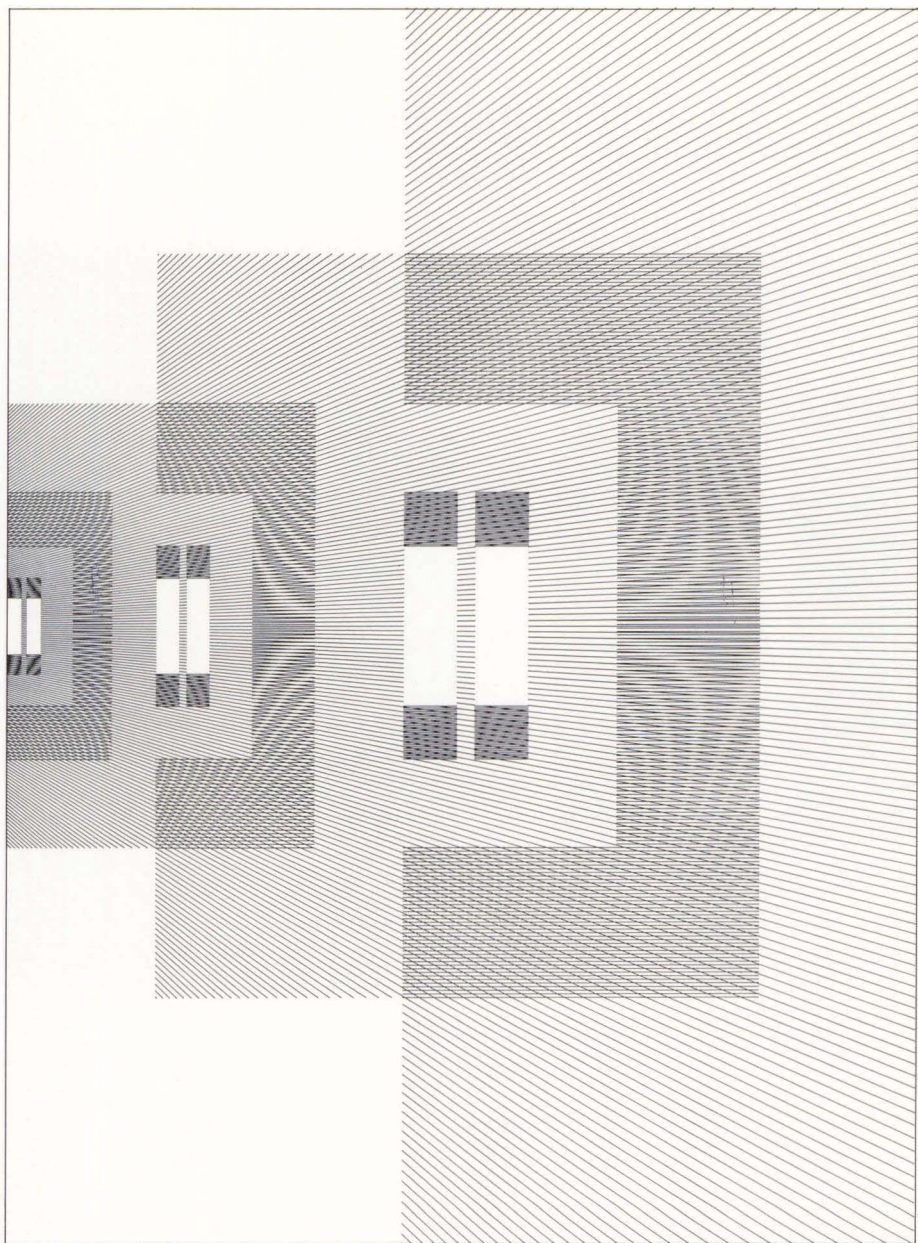


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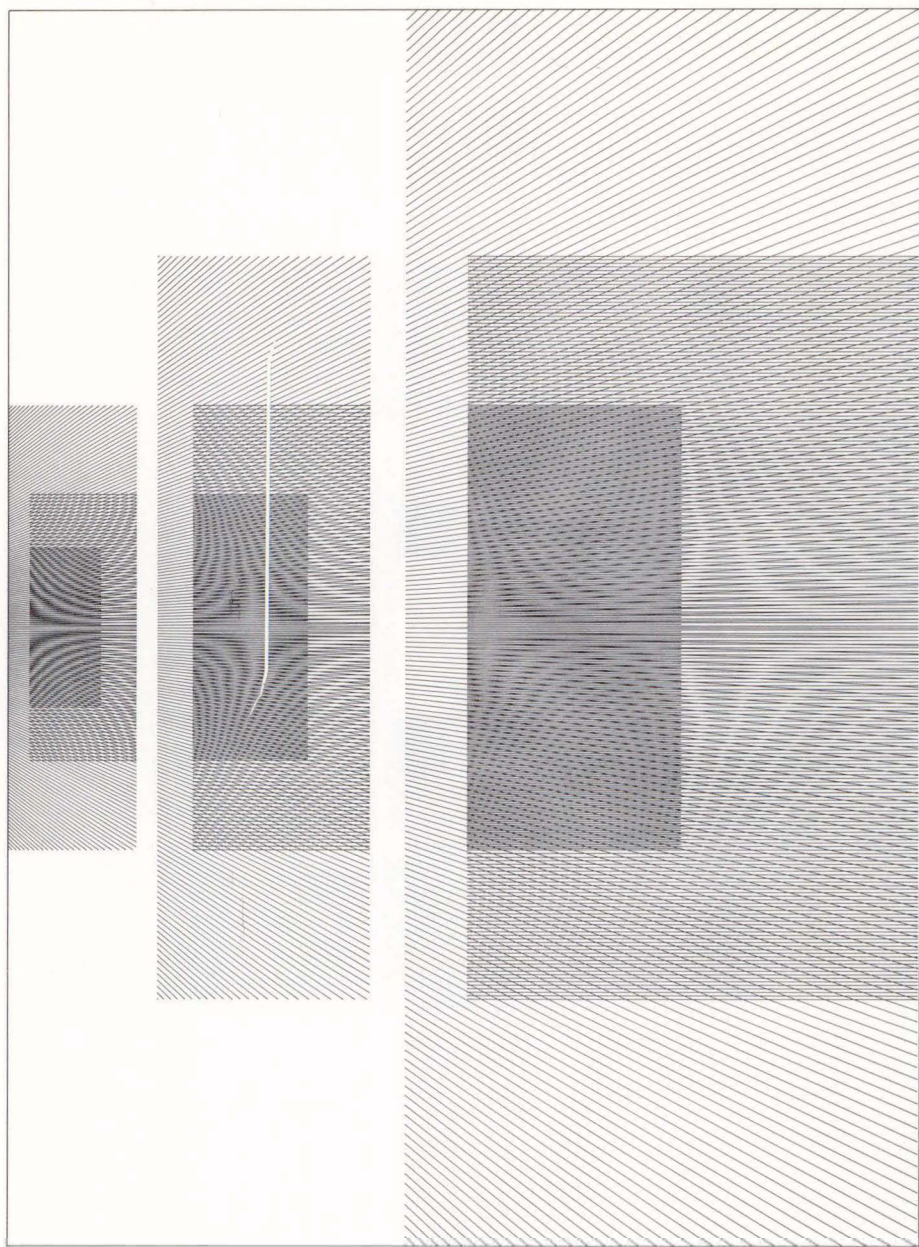


Odyssey Series 1969
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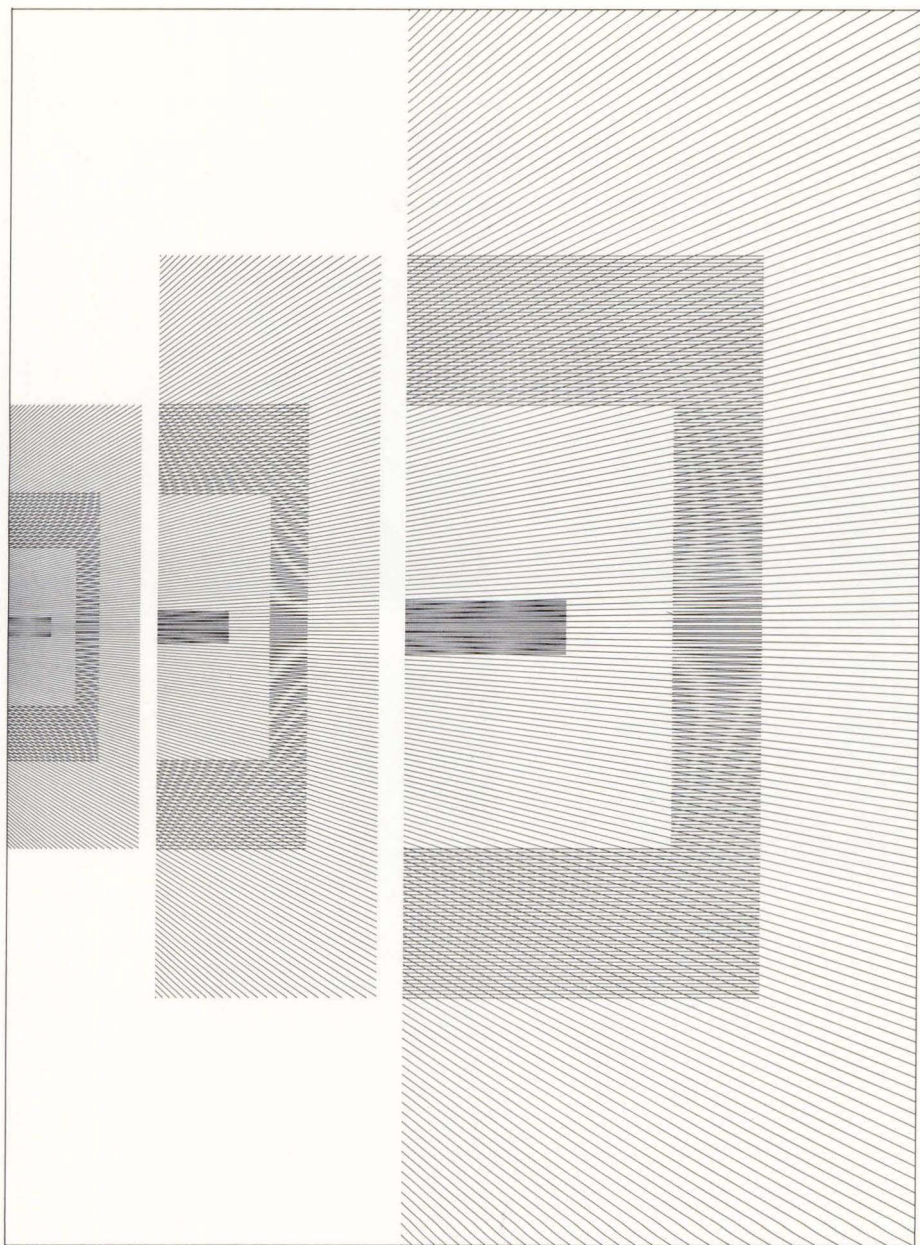


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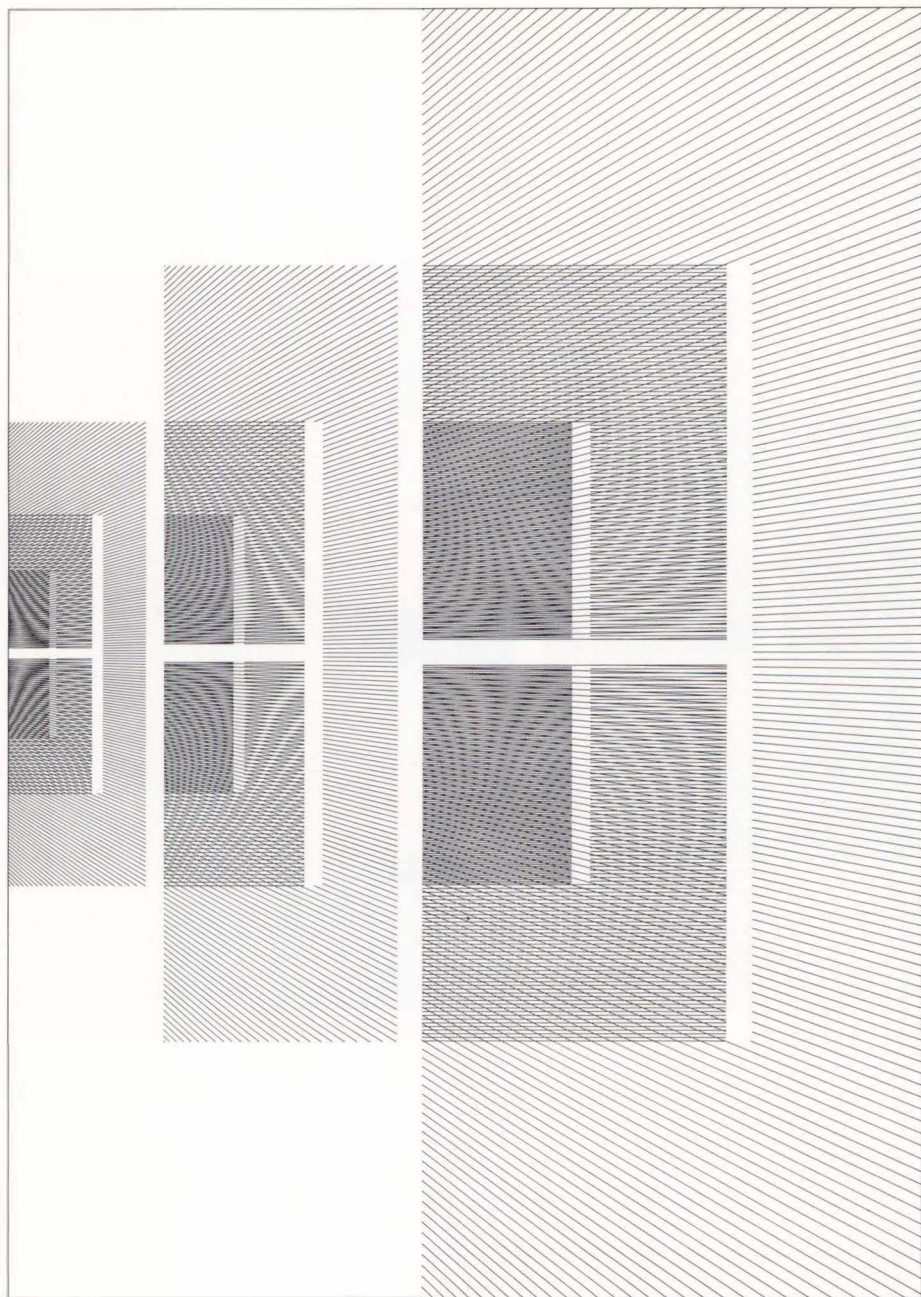


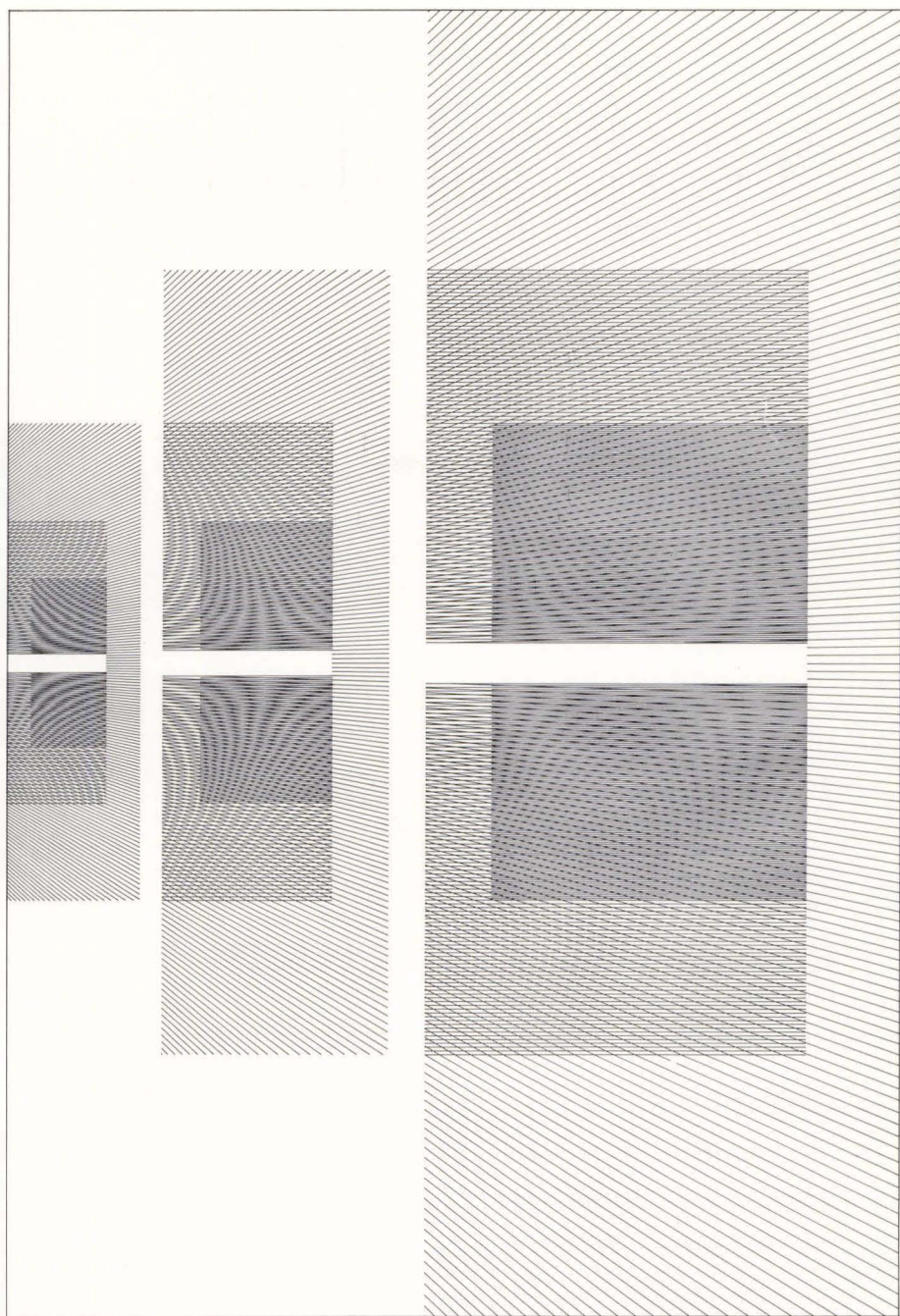
Odyssey Series 1969
Ink and card $22\frac{3}{4}'' \times 27\frac{1}{2}''$





Odyssey Series 1969
Ink and card 22¾" x 27½"





Crawford Kilian / LITTLE LEGION

CAST

WES THOMPSON (*Announcer*)

BARRY DUNBAR (*Commentator*)

CHARLEY GORDON (*Battlecoach*)

TOMMY ASHE (*Age 15*)

ANNOUNCER (*Commercials*)

WES: A CBC Colour and 3-D Presentation.

"O Canada" played in march tempo by brass band; changing after a few bars to "Star-Spangled Banner"; to the background.

Tramp of hundreds of feet; high, adolescent voices counting cadence; to the B.G.

WES: The 1992 Little Legion Finals! Direct from Fort Calley, California, the CBC brings you live coverage of the 1992 Championship Match between the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta, and the Marauders of Mill Valley, California. This is Wes Thompson; I'll be following the action blow by blow this afternoon. With me today is former Battlechamp Barry Dunbar now a star of the Dallas Pattons; Barry will be providing the background analysis and commentary. Good afternoon, Barry!

BARRY: Good afternoon, Wes. It's sure good to be here.

WES: It's a pleasure to have you on the show today, Barry. I guess it must really bring back the old nostalgia to be watching the fracas today.

BARRY: It sure does, Wes. Seems like just the other day I was out there in the field with the Vancouver Raiders.

WES: That was almost ten years ago, wasn't it, Barry?

BARRY: Yes it was, Wes. We took on the Yonkers Yankees in the 1983 Little Legion Finals.

WES: Y'know, Barry, a lot of battle buffs still think we were robbed on that one, that the Raiders should have won it.

BARRY: Well, I wish we had, but the Yankees were the better team and they just plain outfought us, Wes. Think about the kids on that team who went on to become stars in the big leagues — Berkowitz, O'Reilly, Schultz, Settembrini, Garcia. There were some very talented troopers up against us.

WES: Well, you sure have the real sportsmanlike attitude of a true trooper, Barry. Tell me, how do you think today's skirmish will turn out?

BARRY: Uh, maybe I better begin by telling our viewers a little about this year's setup, Wes.

WES: Good idea.

BARRY: Well, it's being fought on the Normandy Range here at Fort Calley. The Range is about four square miles in area, and looks just like Normandy, in northern Europe, just like Normandy did in 1944 when the Allies invaded. As you can see, there's hedgerows and little villages and narrow roads and streams. The whole place is monitored by remote TV, and of course the people watching the battle on TV or EH will see it all live.

WES: This is the first year we've had live EH for the Little Legion Finals. Tell me, Barry, is it really like being right on the battlefield?

BARRY: Watching a battle by Electronic Hallucination is very lifelike, Wes, especially since we've had hallucinations in colour. The only trouble with it, in my opinion, is the fact that you still can't get any commentary to tell you what's going on, and you can't control the hallucination.

WES: So you find yourself seemingly jumping from place to place eh?

BARRY: That's right, Wes. If you know a lot about battles, EH is fine; you can figure out for yourself just what's going on. Otherwise, stick to TV.

WES: (*chuckling*) And save the money it costs to have an EH antenna implanted in your brain!

BARRY: Yes, they are pretty expensive.

WES: Well, Barry, tell our listeners some more about today's match.

BARRY: I'll be glad to, Wes. The big new innovation this year is the use of laser weapons.

WES: But isn't that dangerous? Lasers inflicted — oh, lots of casualties in the big leagues this season.

BARRY: Ah! These lasers don't pack that kind of punch, Wes. They'll give you a second-degree burn if they hit unprotected skin, but the kids are all wearing gloves and face masks as well as uniforms.

WES: Now, Barry, formerly the teams have used rubber bullets, and you could always tell a hit because the kid usually fell down. How do you tell a hit with these lasers?

BARRY: It's pretty simple, but it's also pretty spectacular and realistic. The kids' uniforms are treated with a resin compound that ignites for a second or two when a laser beam strikes it. So you get this little puff of flame or smoke, and a kind of bang —

WES: Sort of like logs crackling in a fire?

BARRY: Yeah, that's just what it sounds like. So the beam makes a hole in the fabric, maybe the size of a quarter. And the beam is strong enough to knock the kid over unless he's really braced for it.

WES: Sounds really great — a real improvement over the rubber bullets.

BARRY: I think so too, Wes.

Wailing siren in distance.

WES: Uh-oh — there's the siren announcing the start of the battle. The Mill Valley Marauders won the toss this morning and their Colonel, Larry Gwynne, elected to defend; so they're dug in somewhere on the Normandy Range, and the Canadian boys will have to seek them out and try to seize their positions. Two hundred and twelve Marauders, waiting for two hundred and twenty-one Howling Highlanders from Wapiti, Alberta. Armed with the laser equivalents of rifles, pistols, and machine-guns. This is the moment they've trained for and fought for — the 1992 Little Legion Championship Match. On our TV monitors, we can see the whole of Normandy Range spread out before us: rows of dense hedges, village rooftops with the occasional church spire, clumps of woods, open meadows. Off to the east, you can also see the edge of Mekong Delta Range, where the Match was held last year. And off to the west is the famous Vimy Range, where we've watched so many great Little Legion shootups.

Distant, musical noises — zing, zing, zing-pop! — to the B.G.

BARRY: The Highlanders have entered the Range from the east, Wes, and it sounds as if they've already contacted the Marauders.

WES: That's a bit unusual, isn't it, Barry — an entry from the east?

BARRY: Yes it is. From the east, you have to cross a fairly wide stream and then get up a steep bank before you reach cover.

WES: So the Highlanders are risking some casualties, eh?

BARRY: Yes, they've lost a few already, but the Marauders were surprised by this tactic and the initiative I'd say was with the Highlanders.

WES: I'd say so too, Barry. Well, the Highlanders are across the stream and moving slowly through a patch of woods; they're spread out, moving low and slow; not meeting much resistance now; they're on the edge of a meadow, about three hundred meters east of a farmhouse. Think we'll see a firefight there, Barry?

BARRY: I'm sure of it, Wes. I've fought on this range several times, and that farmhouse is always important. If the Highlanders don't take it, they'll have to move south with their right flank exposed to enfilading fire from the farmhouse and the outbuildings.

Barrage of zing-pops.

WES: (*shouting over the noise*) Boy, the Highlanders are really pouring it on! The lasers are knocking the plaster right off the walls of the farmhouse! There's some return fire — that upstairs window — oh my goodness, did you see that! About ten laser beams hit that machine-gunner at the same time!

Yells and cheers.

BARRY: It's an all-out frontal assault, Wes. The Highlanders are advancing across the meadow with good covering fire.

WES: That looks like the Highlanders' commander, Tommy Ashe, leading the charge. Yep — Colonel Tommy Ashe, fifteen years old just last week and already a real veteran.

BARRY: If his boys win this one, Wes, Tommy is sure to win the title of Battlechamp.

WES: He certainly deserves it, doesn't he, Barry? My goodness, after the way he led the Highlanders in the semi-finals, he looks like real big-league material.

BARRY: I agree, Wes. The National Combat League already has him under contract —

WES: They've taken the farmhouse! The Highlanders have taken the farmhouse! There are a few Marauders still holding out in the barn, but — they're coming out behind a white flag! The Canadian team has gained a real tactical advantage over the Mill Valley Marauders of California.

BARRY: That was a very typical, gutsy kind of move by Tommy Ashe, Wes. He likes those kind of sledgehammer assaults.

WES: Well, when it gets results like that, who wouldn't eh? So, just a few minutes into the Little Legion final, the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta, have scored heavily against their American opponents.

Shrill beeping; fade out.

WES: And here's the first bodycount of this afternoon's scrimmage, as tallied by the official Omnidata 2200 computer: the Marauders have lost 16 dead and 21 wounded, and the Highlanders are down 25 dead and 20 wounded. But the Marauders have given up 23 prisoners in this first major action, including three officers. So they're not as well off as the bodycount might indicate. Now here's the tally on genuine casualties: no fatalities so far, but two Highlanders are out of the game with serious laser burns.

BARRY: Those lasers can really sting Wes.

WES: Sure can — and they make a mighty spectacular puff of fire and smoke when they hit those resin-soaked uniforms, as our viewers have undoubtedly noticed. Now the Highlanders are regrouping, getting ready to move west against Village Blue or Village Red — the most likely strong points for the defending Marauders. We'll rejoin the action after this message.

Military march; to the B.G.

ANNOUNCER: How do the top fighters of the Little Legion keep their stamina through the long, gruelling campaign up to the finals?

Rifle and artillery fire; to the B.G.

ANNOUNCER: Where do the Battlechamps find that last spurt of energy that means victory? In Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews!

Fanfare.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, every tasty Coca-Bar, and every tangy Coca-Chew, contains a miracle ingredient, long the secret of the Peruvian wizards of the Andes: coca, the endurance builder! Plus peanuts, caramel, and synthetic chocolate in Coca-Bars, and the finest plastic in Coca-Chew, in 17 great flavours!

Rifle and artillery fire; to the B.G.

ANNOUNCER: So, when you're up against a tough enemy, and every shot counts — count on Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews for that last spurt of energy that means victory! Coca-Bars and Coca-Chews!

Rifles and artillery up and out.

Sporadic zinging; to the B.G.

WES: Well, the Highlanders are on the outskirts of Village Blue, Barry, and they're meeting only light resistance so far. But we can see what the Highlanders can't — the Marauders are dug in very strongly on three sides of the village square, and they're obviously hoping to lure the Highlanders into an ambush.

BARRY: It's a risky gamble, Wes. Tommy Ashe and his officers are veterans and they're likely to smell a rat in the light resistance they're meeting. He might be sucked into the village square, but more likely he'll send his men around to the far side of the village and come in from that side.

WES: Sounds sensible, Barry, but the Highlanders still don't know whether or not the Marauders are there in strength; and if they go around, they'll be exposed to fire from Village Red, only five hundred meters away.

BARRY: That's true, Wes, but it's just one of the gambles a Little Legion commander has to take.

Zinging.

WES: The Marauders are giving ground fairly quickly, now. From the Highlanders' point of view, it must look as if they've run into a light holding force, just a squad or two, which would mean that the main Marauder force was in Village Red.

BARRY: The Tulsa Comanches used the same tactic very successfully against the Havana Guerillas in the 1989 Finals, Wes. But Tommy Ashe must know that, too.

WES: It's a real battle of wits between the two commanders — Larry Gwynne of Mill Valley and Tommy Ashe of Wapiti, Alberta, both 15, both veterans with plenty of combat savvy. They're — oh-oh! It looks like — yes, Tommy Ashe is ordering his troops into Village Blue, directly into Village Blue! He's not going around — he's taking his men straight through, which means he'll be walking straight into the Marauders' ambush in the village square! The Highlanders are moving cautiously, dashing from door to door down the village's main east-west street. They don't seem to suspect that Larry Gwynne's troops are in the buildings around three sides of the village square — the church, the bank and post office, and the school. Every square foot of that square is in the sights of a laser-beam rifle or machine gun.

BARRY: It looks bad for Canada, Wes. Sometimes, under pressure like this, it's easy to make a bad decision. The Marauders know what they're doing. See there — the squad that's been resisting the advance is retreating toward Village Red, just as if they were rejoining their main force. It's a well-planned trap, obviously.

WES: But it's pretty surprising, since we haven't seen the Marauders use such tactics in the semifinals.

BARRY: No, Wes, they were saving this up for the finals.

WES: Well, it looks pretty serious. Right now some thirty-two million Canadians must be agonizing in front of their TV sets, wishing they could somehow warn Tommy Ashe of the trap he and his boys are heading into. Well, it'll be a few minutes before the Highlanders reach the square, and we've got their coach, Charley Gordon, on the videophone. Perhaps he can offer some comments on the action so far. Hi, Charley.

GORDON: Hi, Wes, Hi, Barry.

WES: Charley, we've been startled at this amazing decision by Tommy Ashe to move straight into Village Blue. Does he know something we don't know?

GORDON: Well, I can't really say, Wes. Tommy isn't always completely at home on the Normandy Range. You may remember during the semifinals that we nearly lost to the Evanston Grenadiers on the Normandy Range.

WES: I remember it well! That was a real rumpus.

GORDON: It sure was. Of course, Tommy's second in command, Jack Romaine, was a genuine casualty in that battle, and I think Tommy misses Jack's support.

WES: Yes, Jack Romaine was a real scrapper.

GORDON: Yes, he was. Well, I'll tell you frankly that I'm as worried as you are, and the way all those folks at home must be feeling. But Tommy is a brave and resourceful fighter, and he may have figured something out that we haven't suspected.

WES: Well, I sure hope so. By the way, Charley, were you ever in the Little Legion?

GORDON: No, Wes, I was in Pee-Wee Hockey — guess that dates me, doesn't it?

WES: Sure does! (*chuckles*) Well, it must be a real thrill to see the outfit that you've coached make it all the way to the finals, eh?

GORDON: Yes, Wes, it really is. And I think we owe it to our combat philosophy that we've got so far — winning isn't everything, it's the only thing.

WES: How right you are! And now let's hope that philosophy gets our boys through to the victory they've been dreaming of all these weeks and months. Thank you, Charley Gordon, coach of the Howling Highlanders.

GORDON: Thank you, Wes. See you later.

WES: That was Charles Gordon, one of the most feared and respected coaches in the Little Legion. In civilian life he's a hardware retailer. Well, I see the Highlanders are just entering the village square. There's Tommy Ashe — you can always recognize him by that death's head on the front of his helmet. And there's a shot of Larry Gwynne, up in the bell tower of the church. The Highlanders haven't spotted any of the Marauders yet — they're moving around the square, some going in front of the post office, the rest in front of the school. The fourth side is a high, blank wall. Still no firing. The Highlanders are still entering the square, moving cautiously but *still* not seeing the ambush.

Scuffle of boots.

BARRY: This is incredible, Wes — we're watching one of the most disastrous miscalculations in the history of the Little Legion. My respect for Tommy Ashe has taken a real nosedive, I'm afraid. His own troopers look worried.

WES: Yes, they certainly do, Barry. But they're real veterans, and they follow orders.

Church bell, struck once; shouts.

WES: Someone in the bell tower hit one of the bells! The Highlanders are looking up — they can see they're in a trap! And — goodness gracious, hold onto your hats!

Cacaphony of zings, pops, shouts and screams; to the B.G.

WES: The Marauders are opening up with everything they've got — a machine gun in the bell tower enfilades the Highlanders still coming into the square, the Highlanders in front of the school are cut down, one-two-three-four-five, there goes a young corporal trying to make it over that high wall — *look* at him burn in that crossfire, they just about blew his uniform right off his back! What a madhouse! The Highlanders can't retreat out of the square — that machine gun is hitting everyone who tries — and there's practically no cover anywhere in the square, just a few trees and benches. There's Tommy Ashe, he's rallying his men in front of the post office, two squads are lined up and aiming right at the bell tower —

BARRY: What discipline! Those Highlanders are fighting like real big-leaguers!

WES: Two are hit — three — four — but they're firing at that machine gun in the church and — they've knocked it out! They've knocked out the machine gun. There's a shot of the inside of the tower, oh my, six Marauders who are out of action! Look at those burns!

BARRY: There's Larry Gwynne, calling for another machine-gun squad to get up into that bell tower! Boy, he sure looks mad! And I don't blame him!

WES: That's right, Barry. His big play — a massive ambush of the Highlanders — has started to misfire. The Canadians are re-forming — a few shot by snipers in the school. And now — they're storming the school, right across the square!

Cheers, shouts, running feet, zings.

WES: Another Tommy Ashe frontal assault, the second of the afternoon, but this time it's a desperation tactic. They're pouring that laser fire into the school, beam after beam, and the Marauders are keeping their heads down. They're across the square now — Larry Gwynne still hasn't got that new machine gun in place — and now it's hand-to-hand fighting in the school yard! The Highlanders are in their element now, by golly!

BARRY: That's right, Wes. The Highlanders are real pros at hand-to-hand, and one of their officers, Captain Sean Fujimoto, is an All-Canada karate champ. There he is, over by the swings — oh, what a sweet punch!

WES: The Canadians are making a real comeback from what looked like a disastrous ambush. What a fire-fight! They've — yes, they've taken the schoolhouse! So the Highlanders have fought their way to cover through some of the heaviest fire I've seen in all my years of combat coverage. My goodness gracious! Barry, is that a taste of what big-league is going to be like a few years from now?

BARRY: (*laughing*) If it is, I'm retiring right now! Well, we're all glad the Highlanders are in the schoolhouse, but they're not out of the woods yet. The square, as you can see, is littered with Highlander casualties, and the only way out of the school is the way they came in — so they're pinned down, at least a hundred Highlanders in a little five-room schoolhouse.

Shrill beeping; fade out.

WES: Here's the Omnidata 2200's updated bodycount, Barry. For the Highlanders: 46 dead, 88 wounded — over 50% casualties so far! For the Marauders of Mill Valley, California — 28 dead, 37 wounded, and 27 prisoners. I guess the Highlanders captured some of the Marauders inside the schoolhouse, Barry; they had only 23 prisoners on the previous bodycount.

BARRY: That's right, Wes. Those prisoners back at the farmhouse are still working for the Marauders, actually. Tommy Ashe had to leave a full squad behind to guard them, and that squad is equipped with a machine gun that Tommy would find real handy about now. If he can't get more firepower, the Marauders will just hammer away from the church and the post office, and maybe try to set the school's roof on fire. That'll drive the Canadians into the square again — and that's all she wrote.

WES: So the Howling Highlanders of Wapiti, Alberta are in a real bind. Well, while we're waiting to see what Colonel Tommy Ashe will do next, here's an important message.

Three or four arrows, whistling and striking; swords clashing; World War I plane diving with machine gun firing; whoosh of a flamethrower; fade out.

ANNOUNCER: The stars of the National Combat League are all-round fighting machines!

Clash of metal; shouts of two men.

ANNOUNCER: Whether it's man-to-man combat with halberds, or human-wave assaults with megawatt lasers and gamma grenades, they have the knowhow to start a good fracas — and finish it!

Single pistol shot.

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WES: Well, so far it looks like a standoff here in the town square of Village Blue on the Normandy Range at Fort Calley, California. The Highlanders blundered into a trap set by the Mill Valley Marauders, and then, in some really great all-out disciplined fighting, they got behind cover in the schoolhouse you see on your screen. The Marauders are probably going to try to set the school on fire so they can drive the Canadians out into the square, but it won't be easy.

BARRY: Wes, I'd look for a suicide squad from the post office to rush the school and try to get a couple of incendiary grenades on the roof or into one of the windows.

WES: Mmm! Pretty drastic, isn't it?

BARRY: Maybe, but I don't see how else Larry Gwynne is going to get the Highlanders out of there. Ah! There they go, the Marauders racing out of the post office toward the school.

Shouts; running footsteps; zings.

WES: The Highlanders have opened fire on the Marauders — there's one down! There's another! The last one makes a throw and it falls short — and now he's down, too! Boy, that's good shooting.

BARRY: Yes it is, Wes. The Highlanders are real marksmen, and it's helped get them out of a lot of scrapes today.

WES: Well, Larry Gwynne of the Marauders will have to think of something else. Meanwhile, let's talk again to the Highlanders' coach, Charley Gordon. Hi, Charley!

GORDON: Hello, Wes.

WES: What do you think of your boy Tommy Ashe now?

GORDON: Isn't he something, Wes? You know, you've got to have faith in these boys, and if you've got faith, well, they pull through and do miracles for you. That's why I love the Little Legion so much, Wes — these kids restore your faith in people. It's just wonderful, just wonderful to see all that time and effort pay off. Why —

WES: I'm sure it is, Charley. Tell me, Charley, can you give our viewers a hint as to how Tommy might get his troopers out of this situation?

GORDON: Well, Wes, you know how Tommy loves those big frontal assaults, ha-ha, but I don't think that's what he'll take. No, I'll bet he's on the walkie-talkie right now, calling in that reserve squad back at the farmhouse.

BARRY: Excuse me, Charley, but aren't they tied down guarding those prisoners?

GORDON: Yes, they are, Barry, but Finals Competition Rule 22 gives them a way out. 'Course it's not very popular, but —

WES: Rule 22? That's the, uh, Extreme Military Necessity rule, isn't it?

GORDON: Yes it is, Wes. It isn't used too often, but it is perfectly legal.

WES: Maybe we'd better switch over to the remote TV camera at the farm and see what's going on — oh boy! Look at that! Bodies all over the place and no sign of the Howling Highlander machine gun squad!

Shrill beeping; fade out.

WES: Here's the updated Ominidata 2200 bodycount — 23 new Marauder deaths! Yes, I'll repeat that — the 23 Marauders at the farm are dead! The Highlanders have shot their prisoners and they're marching to relieve their buddies in the village square! How about that!

BARRY: That's a really hard-knuckle, big-league tactic, Wes. Let's get the Ominidata to give us a replay on the shooting of the prisoners.

WES: Right, Barry. Well, there are the Marauders, lying face down in the barnyard with the Highlanders standing guard over them. The squad leader is off to your right, talking to someone on his walkie-talkie. Now he's giving an order to his men. And goodness gracious, look at that!

Repeated zing-pops.

WES: The Highlanders are spraying the Marauders — look at those uniforms smoking and sputtering! My, my! Just about all over now. Now the Highlanders are forming up and heading out on the double. Barry, how about that for a real clutch action?

BARRY: Mighty tough, Wes. It takes a real military mind to follow an expedient course, no matter how hard it might be. Tommy Ashe has just shown us he's all guts.

WES: Right you are, Barry. Well, let's see if we can find that squad and learn what they're up to . . . Boy, they've really covered ground! They've gone halfway around the village and they're approaching the square from the other side of the church! Moving down that alley — now one of their machine-gunners is getting a boost up onto that shed — now he's on the roof of the house with a clear view of the Marauders' machine-gun nest in the bell tower! Oh boy, what a sweet setup! Their backs are turned and they're looking into the square. That zoom shot shows us the Marauders' gun crew, and they don't suspect a thing — there's Larry Gwynne, right in the line of fire and oboyoboy they got him! The Highlanders have hit Larry Gwynne and knocked him right out of the bell tower! Now they've got the rest of the gunners! Where's Larry Gwynne? What's going on in the square?

BARRY: The Highlanders are pouring fire into the post office, Wes; now they're charging back into the square under good covering fire,

straight for the post office — I can see Tommy Ashe, he's right at the front, urging his men on! What a super-trooper that young man has turned out to be!

Zing-pops; shouts.

WES: There's a shot of Larry Gwynne, lying on the steps of the church. He's hurtin', Barry.

BARRY: Looks that way, Wes. There's a compound fracture of the left femur you can see from here, and he seems to be losing a lot of blood. The fire in the square is so heavy no one can get to him.

WES: Look at that blood just trickle down the old stone steps. I'm surprised Larry isn't moving, at least, Barry.

BARRY: You know, I am too, Wes. He may be in worse shape than he looks.

WES: A great young trooper, though. Now there's a white flag in the post office window — the Marauders are surrendering! Any resistance elsewhere? A little — no, no more resistance! The Marauders have surrendered. The tough Canadian lads, the Howling Highlanders from Wapiti, Alberta, have won the 1992 Little Legion Championship Finals here at Fort Calley!

Cheers and whistles.

WES: There's Colonel Tommy Ashe, being carried around the square on his troops' shoulders. How about that. How about that, eh? What a day for Canada!

BARRY: I've just heard that Larry Gwynne is today's only genuine fatality, Wes.

WES: Is that right? What a shame.

BARRY: Yes, it is. Just rotten luck. But his parents and friends can be proud of the gallant way he went out, fighting to the last.

WES: I'll say. Well, we've got a remote mike out to Tommy Ashe, and we're hoping to get a few words from him. Hello, Tommy? Colonel Tommy Ashe?

Loud cheers; to the B.G.

TOMMY: Hello?

WES: Hi, Tommy! This is Wes Thompson of the CBC, along with Barry Dunbar. Congratulations!

TOMMY: Thank you.

WES: How's it feel to be the top Battlechamp of the whole darn Little Legion?

TOMMY: Fine, I guess.

WES: Tell me, Tommy, what are your plans now?

TOMMY: Well —

WES: You've got a scholarship to any university of your choice, right?

TOMMY: Uh, yeah, all the officers in the Highlanders get that for winning.

WES: Wonderful! And any ideas where you'll be heading for university?

TOMMY: Uh, yeah, I got some good offers from U of T and McGill and Manitoba, but I think I'll go to Simon Fraser.

WES: SFU! Want to get into the Flying Circus, eh?

TOMMY: Yeah. I really dig those old World War I biplanes and stuff.

BARRY: Well, those dogfights will be a real change from foot soldiering.

TOMMY: Huh? Yeah. It'll be really great. We'll fight some really great teams, and you get to use real bullets and everything.

WES: And everything is right! Well, it's been great talking with you, Tommy Ashe, commanding officer of the Little Legion champs from Wapiti, Alberta. This is Wes Thompson —

BARRY: And Barry Dunbar —

WES: Speaking to you live from Fort Calley, California, at the Little Legion Finals for 1992. Stay tuned for the wrap-up on the Finals, with Frank Melbury, right after station identification!

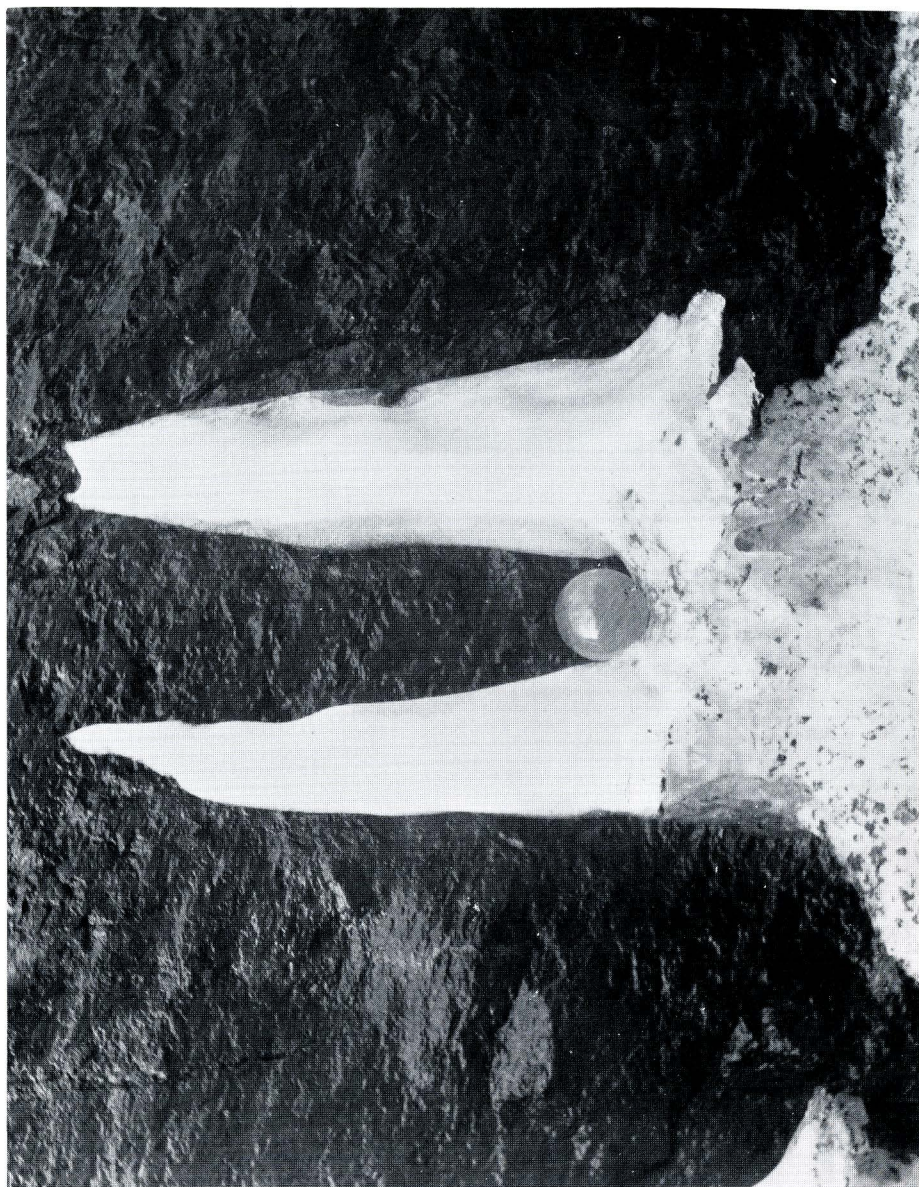
"O Canada" in march tempo; fade out.

WES: This has been a CBC colour and 3-D presentation.

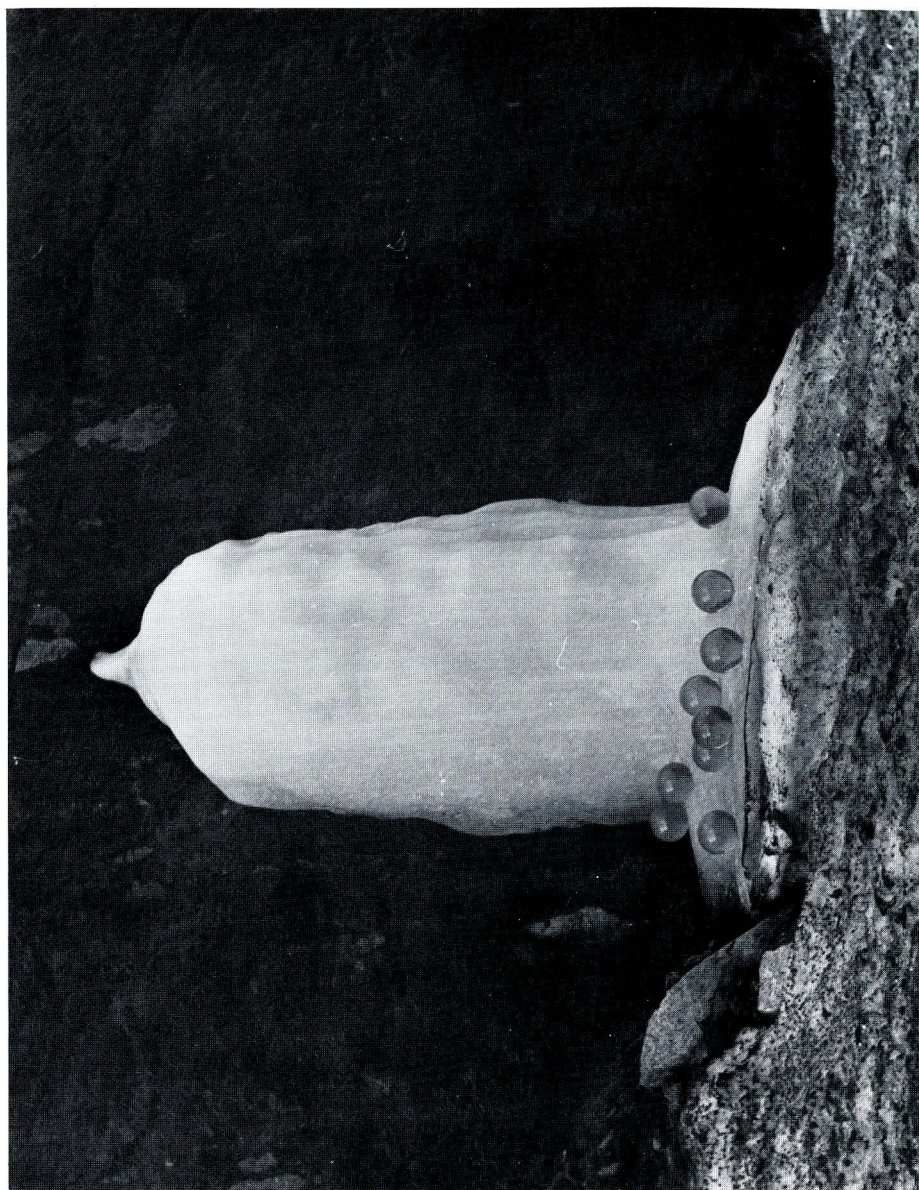
D'Arcy Henderson / SPHERES
SCULPTURE / LIGHT / SITE / FILM

The object concerned is a clear plastic sphere, four and one-half inches in diameter. The sphere is formed by casting liquid resin in a spherical mold. When the resin hardens the resulting shape is polished to obtain maximum clarity. Upon completing sixty such spheres, they were then photographed and filmed. Various light conditions are used to obtain different effects. Also, the spheres are set in different locations — beaches, sand hills, etc. — the major concern being to develop a selection of possible arrangements and light conditions for future use. — D'Arcy Henderson

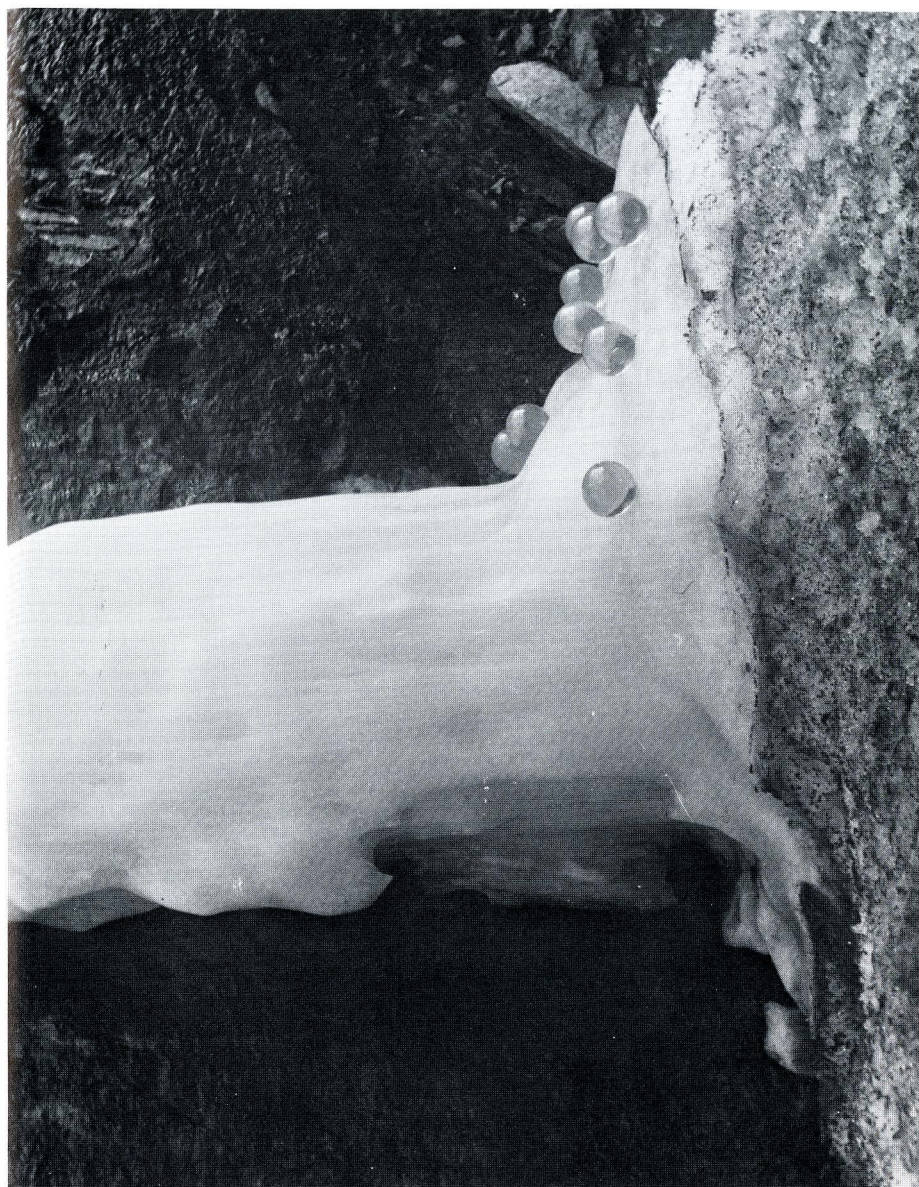


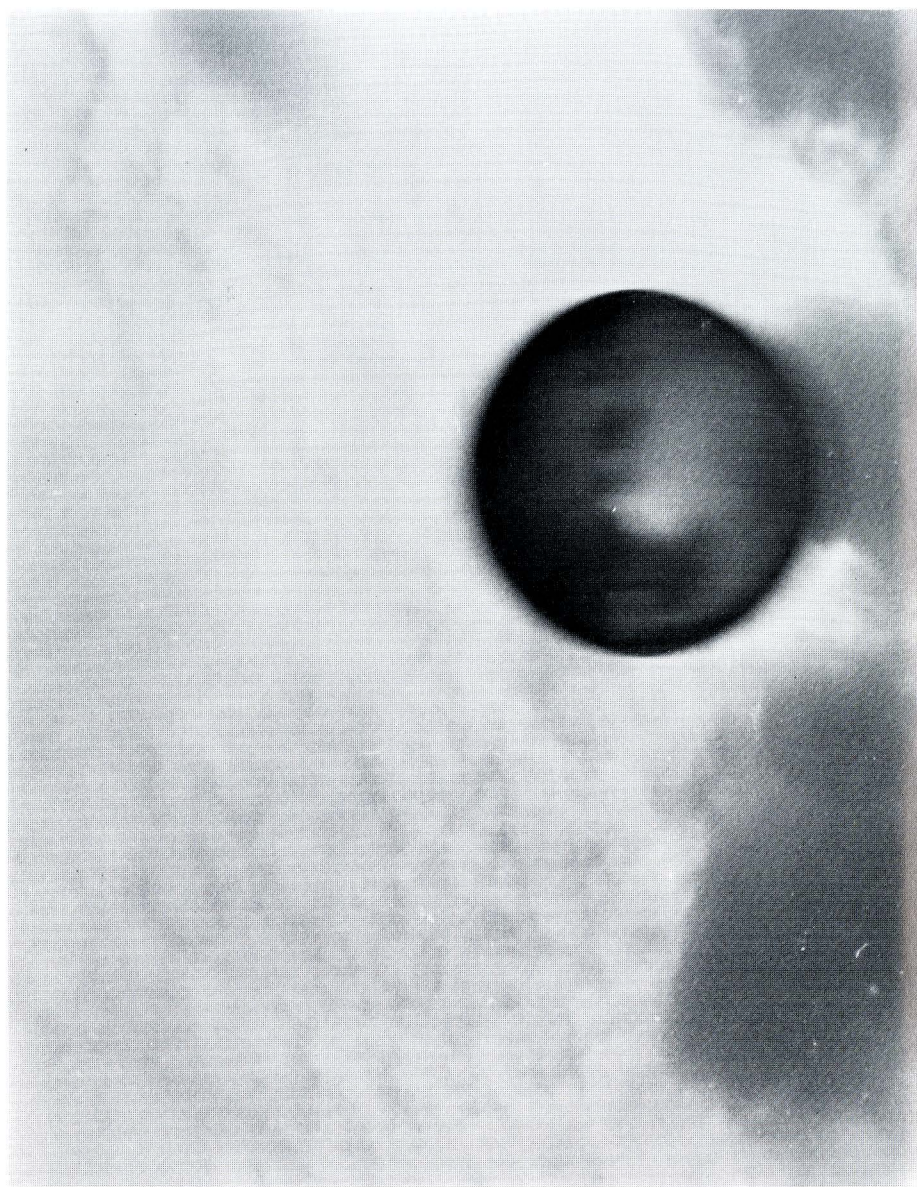






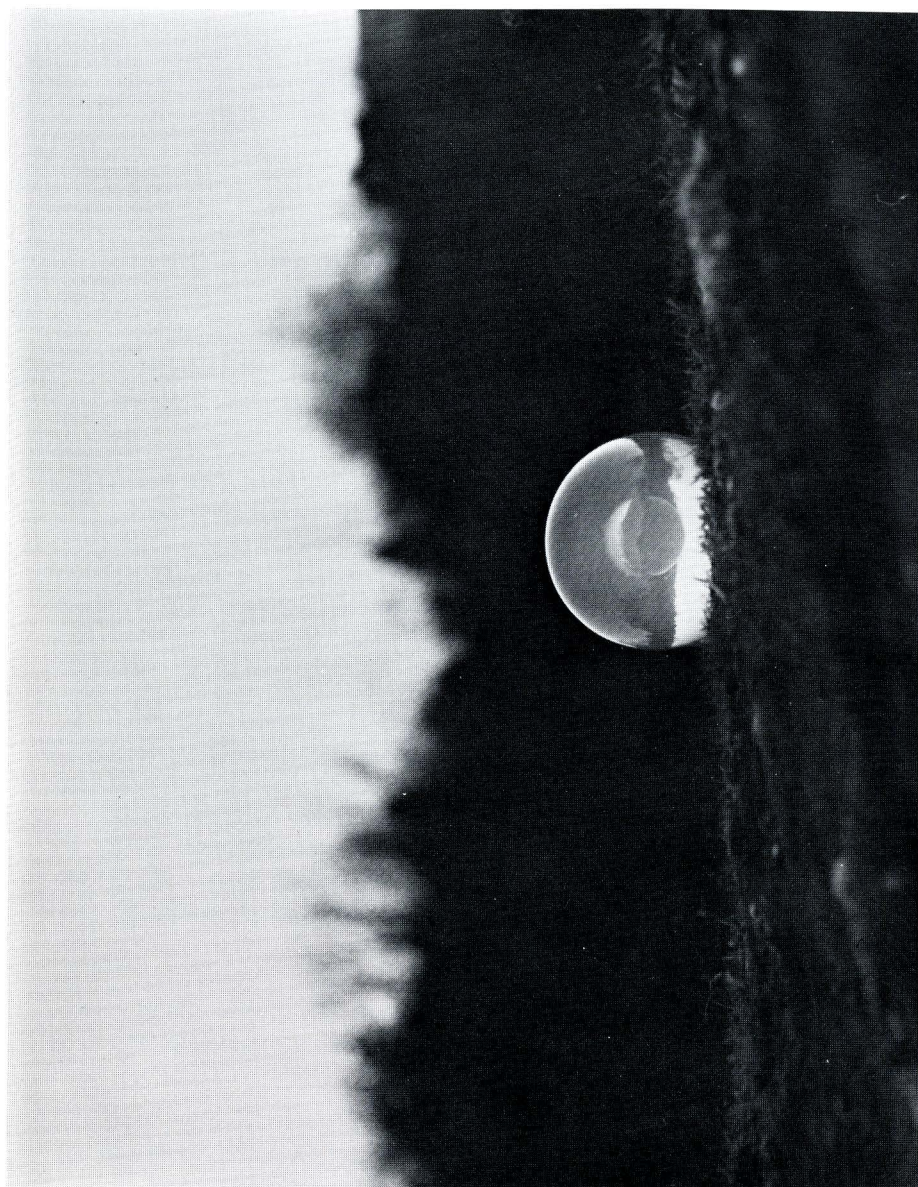












NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

In the previous issue of *The Capilano Review*, we were unable to offer notes on two of the poets, Johannes Bobrowski and Tadeusz Rozewicz. Their translator, John M. Gogol, has graciously supplied us with the following information:

JOHANNES BOBROWSKI was born in 1917 in Tilsit, East Prussia. Studied art history. Served as a soldier from 1939 until his release ten years later from a Russian prisoner of war camp. Noted for his attempt to reconcile the German heritage with that of its neighbors to the east, and for his sensitive portrayal of the landscape and history of the East European borderlands. Died in 1956 in East Berlin.

TADEUSZ ROZEWICZ was born in 1921 in Radomsko. First poems appeared in 1938. Took part in underground resistance during the war, from 1943-44 as a soldier in the partisan division of the Home Army. In 1944 his first volume of poems was published by an underground press. Noted as the founder of the "Antipoetry" movement in Poland with the rejection of traditional poetic standards. Author of numerous volumes of poetry, plays, and prose. In 1972 his Collected Works were published.

In passing: JOHN M. GOGOL has four very fine translations of contemporary Russian poems on Garcia Lorca in a recent issue of *The Malahat Review* (no. 25).

JACK HODGINS lives in Lantzville, B.C. He has previously published fiction in *Canadian Forum*, *Alphabet*, *Descant*, *Northwest Review*, *North American Review*, *Event*, *Wascana Review*, and *The Antigonish Review*.

GRANT THOMPSON was a student in photography at Capilano College during the last year, 1972-1973. He will continue his studies at Vancouver City College, Langara, in the coming year. This is his first published work.

With *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, RICK JONES makes his second appearance in *The Capilano Review*. He continues to teach at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington. Recently he has conducted several workshops on poetry with correctional institutes in that state, and to give readings of his work at various institutions, notably The Evergreen State College.

A former student of Capilano College, BRYANT KNOX received an Honors degree in English from Simon Fraser University. He is now living in North Vancouver.

JORJ HEYMAN has been active in poetry in Vancouver for some time, most recently as an editor of *Circular Causation*. He is presently working out of the Sechelt in B.C.

MARTIN JENSEN, living in North Vancouver, attended Capilano College during the last year to study German and French, where he will pursue his studies in the coming year. This is his second appearance in *The Capilano Review*.

LIONEL KEARNS has published several volumes of poetry, two of the most recent being *Pointing* (Ryerson Press) and *By The Light of the Silvery McLune* (The Daylight Press). He is presently teaching at Simon Fraser University, and lives in Lynn Valley.

Living in Victoria, PATRICK WHITE has published in *The Capilano Review*, *Prism international*, *Quarry*, *The Far Point*, *Tuatara*, and others.

SEAN VIRGO and SUSAN MUSGRAVE are living in the Queen Charlotte Islands. The poems in this issue are more from their large collection, *Kiskatinaw Songs*.

JOHN PASS has published two books of poetry, *Taking Place* (Talonbooks) and *The Kenojuak Prints* (Caledonia Writing Series). The poems in this issue are from his ms., *Port of Entry*.

DAVID PHILLIPS has published four books of poetry, *The Dream Outside* (Coach House Press), *Wave* (Talonbooks), *Sea Wall* (Talonbooks), and *The Coherence* (Talonbooks).

bp NICHOL is one of Canada's best known and most active young poets. With his book *Still Water* (Talonbooks) he recently shared the Governor-General's Award for Poetry with Michael Ondaatje. He edits a funky series of poetry called *Gronk*, and his most recent publication is *The Martyrology* (Coach House).

ANDREW SUKNASKI's most recent publications are *Wood Mountain Poems* (Anak Press) and *Phillip Well* (Caledonia Writing series), a poem which first appeared (in an earlier version) in *The Capilano Review*. He edits a magazine, *Elfin Plot* (Anak Press), which has just gone to its thirteenth issue.

TOM WAYMAN's first book, *Waiting for Wayman*, has just appeared from McClelland & Stewart. His Canada Council run out, he is living and writing in Vancouver, and looking for a job. He has appeared in numerous Canadian magazines, and was recently featured in *The Canadian Forum*.

BRIAN FISHER is one of the best known (as well as one of the best) painters in Canada. He has exhibited widely in Canada, and regularly at Vancouver's Bau Xi Gallery, where he recently had a one-man show of diamond shaped canvasses. His work is in numerous private and public collections, among them the Canada Council Art Bank, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and the Vancouver Art Gallery. He is included in the recent book on Canadian art, *Contemporary Canadian Painting* (ed. William Withrow, McClelland & Stewart). This summer he is teaching at the Banff School of Fine Arts. The originals of the drawings in this issue are all in private and public collections in Canada.

An instructor in the English Department at Capilano College, CRAWFORD KILIAN has sold several plays to CBC radio. He has published one children's book, *Wonders Inc.* (Parnassus, 1968), and has recently completed another book for children, *Chester Fenster Was A Monster*. He has also published critical articles on literature in *The Journal of Canadian Fiction* and *The Dalhousie Review*.

D'ARCY HENDERSON has recently turned to photography and film (16 MM) as a way of documenting his visual research. He has exhibited his sculpture extensively throughout Canada and frequently in Vancouver. He is included in the public collections of the Vancouver Art Gallery, the Canada Council Art Bank, the University of British Columbia, and Simon Fraser University, among others. He has participated in numerous group shows, and has had several one-man shows. He received Canada Council Awards in 1968, 1970, and 1971.

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and

photography

by

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and

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