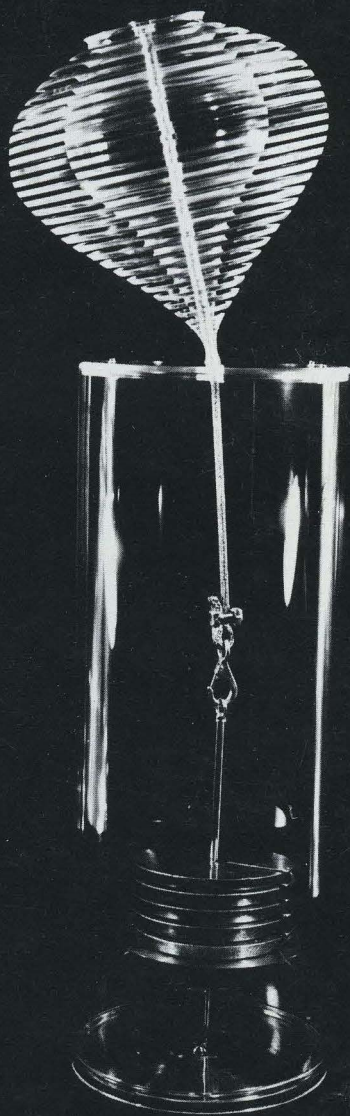


THE CAPIANO REVIEW



We live in a time, in a place, where
we must speak violently to break the stasis
of a homogenized world.

— ROBERT KROETSCH

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Rojeanne Allworth / FIVE POEMS

HEAT DEATH

In his son's face
I see the helicopter
split apart silver
and him a silver extension
of disconnecting machinery
spiralled to the center of the sky
and just the smell of every Spring
within delicate veins
the substances of dreams
are summed to one
then frozen
he could be glass he could be glass

Needles in a control panel
are intact and register
the speed of disappearance
mark that point in dying
when the temperature of the body
is equal to the temperature of roses
the mathematician knows
when the heat is precisely the same
the eyes are open
the heart shatters perfectly

AMBLESIDE BEACH

March, the month of the quarter sun,
hits the shore with a snow edge.
I pull my coat around me and face into it
hoping it will draw me into April.
Behind I hear the squeak of a swing in a playground
painted the colors of the first explosion
that positioned stars,
predominantly orange and chemical blue.
Out on the ocean light disassembles
on small fish that bead like snapped mercury
over fault lines. The wave
folds into a membrane then disappears
near my foot where whales will beach change their shape
to contemplate the cold on top of the mountain.
Doom button pushers will be amazed
at the mischief in cell division. Always
on the rim of my eye Lions Gate Bridge
where cars never stop to study the engineer's
fine diagram never get scared by the shift of wind
against an angle by spooks in the weld.
The squeak in the swing has changed its rhythm
separate senses meet at my spine.

PUBLIC SCHOOL AT THREE O'CLOCK

The children always run.
Feet, knees, arms
move in crazy pieces
that jerk and dodge
across a playground.
Graffiti screechers
batter at angles
taunting the precise.
I see the smash
of D.N.A. molecules
and hear the bend
of light waves
against a school fence.
In this geography of blast
the poem will play Gravity.

COMMANDER ME

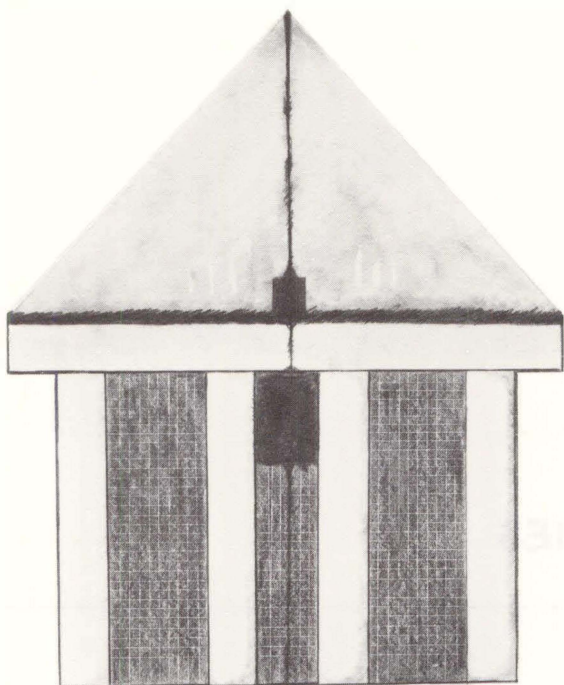
The revolution is in his sleep
Count Me Out
he says from the lower bunk
 in the other room.

Hear the snap and scatter
of the divine rules to get to heaven.
I count the green green heart turning mandarin.
Tomorrow I will leave offerings
all he needs to know of carnivores
put a mirror to the thousand silver Zs in Zorro
multiply the orange in the Ms of Commander Me
give him all the Popeye inches he wants
who really enjoys a fair exchange anyway
bribe for a kiss
dollar bill for the corner store
tomorrow in the sun on the table.

But now through sheets of moon
between the dreamer and me
play the chimeras.

PARTIES

At the party
we descend by fractions
into circulating climates
of bravo color.
Faces get warm and shiny skinned
lean towards each other
close and damp and African
in the flight of intimate speech.
You and I may paint the Alamo gold
in this atmosphere of patios
of moons in chlorine pools
drowning without protest
in the adjective deluxe.
All wired up to the optic nerve
the pursuit of happiness
is one instant's picture
from a top hat
the ab ra ca dab ra
in the rhinestone smile.
Voila a ja da of love.



Greg Murdock / INTERVIEW

I met Greg Murdock after attending the Emily Carr College of Art's Graduating Students' Exhibition, Spring, 1981. We had our meeting at a Water Street Studio. A taped interview about the Templo-Mound Series, was conducted at my house in July. A.R.

GM Being an artist is just what I always wanted to do. About twice a week when I was nine or ten, I'd go to Mrs. Armstrong's basement with about ten other kids. I went there until she decided to stop teaching when I was in grade seven or so. There wasn't much art where I went to high school — the art department had fifteen pieces of construction paper. Then, after high school, I went to Europe for eight months and when I got back, I went to the University of Saskatchewan's Department of Fine Arts for two years. Then I worked and saved some money and visited Mexico. I liked it so much, I ended up studying there for

a year (1978-79) at the Instituto de Allende and there I made bronze, three-dimensional objects, but mostly I was dealing with the fact that I was working in bronze, and that it was shiny.

I decided for various reasons that I couldn't finish my education at the University of Saskatchewan, so I came out here. I'd heard that the Emily Carr had a good sculpture department. I was really lucky because when I got there, there was an exchange program and a fellow by the name of Ray Arnatt came in and he really opened me up. I ended up doing no foundry work, but I did a lot of new ground work designing space-type environments and especially since last summer, I was drawing . . . I guess what I was encouraged to do there, especially by Ray, was to discover what engaged me, what excited me and to pursue those things.

AR And is that when, as you told me before, you began to think about your prairie roots and the way certain objects alter the landscape?

GM Yes in a sense, I was going back to the prairies thinking about the way in which they can isolate things that may be rather insignificant in themselves, like the mounds I was telling you about in front of my father's farm . . . looking at and thinking about shapes like that and realizing that they are as beautiful as anything else — I mean they were shell mounds, storage places for old ammunition, factory bunkers. And so when you looked out over the prairie at my dad's place, you saw these mounds, these formations, coming up. . . . But that memory was not the only thing that got me going, because I was already dealing with shapes that were similar to that. And of course when I was in Mexico, I saw lots of ruins — the memory of them was coming back to me. And perhaps this is a bit strange but worth mentioning, I do dream about buildings. I even have recurrent dreams about buildings and, although I'm a little reluctant to say this in an interview, it's as though I've astrally gone to these sites. It's as though I wake up in them and later, I can articulate

the interior spaces. . . . I don't see any reason why my sub-conscious should be bringing up these interior spaces, and yet here I am dealing with them. Sometimes they are modern; sometimes not. In one dream that I can remember, I just landed at this place and I can even remember what time of day it was, it was early morning because of the way the shadows fell — a sunny morning, and the streets met at a point and on one side there were several buildings, but right beside them there was an elevated plaza with three buildings on it that I've never seen before . . . and in the dream, which might have been quite a long one, I took time to study every building.

AR Are there hints of this dream in any of the drawings TCR is reproducing?

GM No, not really. The basis of those drawings is Mexico. I really thought about that experience, about the temples, the beauty of them, their simple shapes and what impact they have.

While I spent a lot of time with sculpture previously and recently more time on drawing, I can see that I'm extending myself in a two-dimensional format, but I'm dealing with three-dimensional objects. I can probably go back to making sculpture.

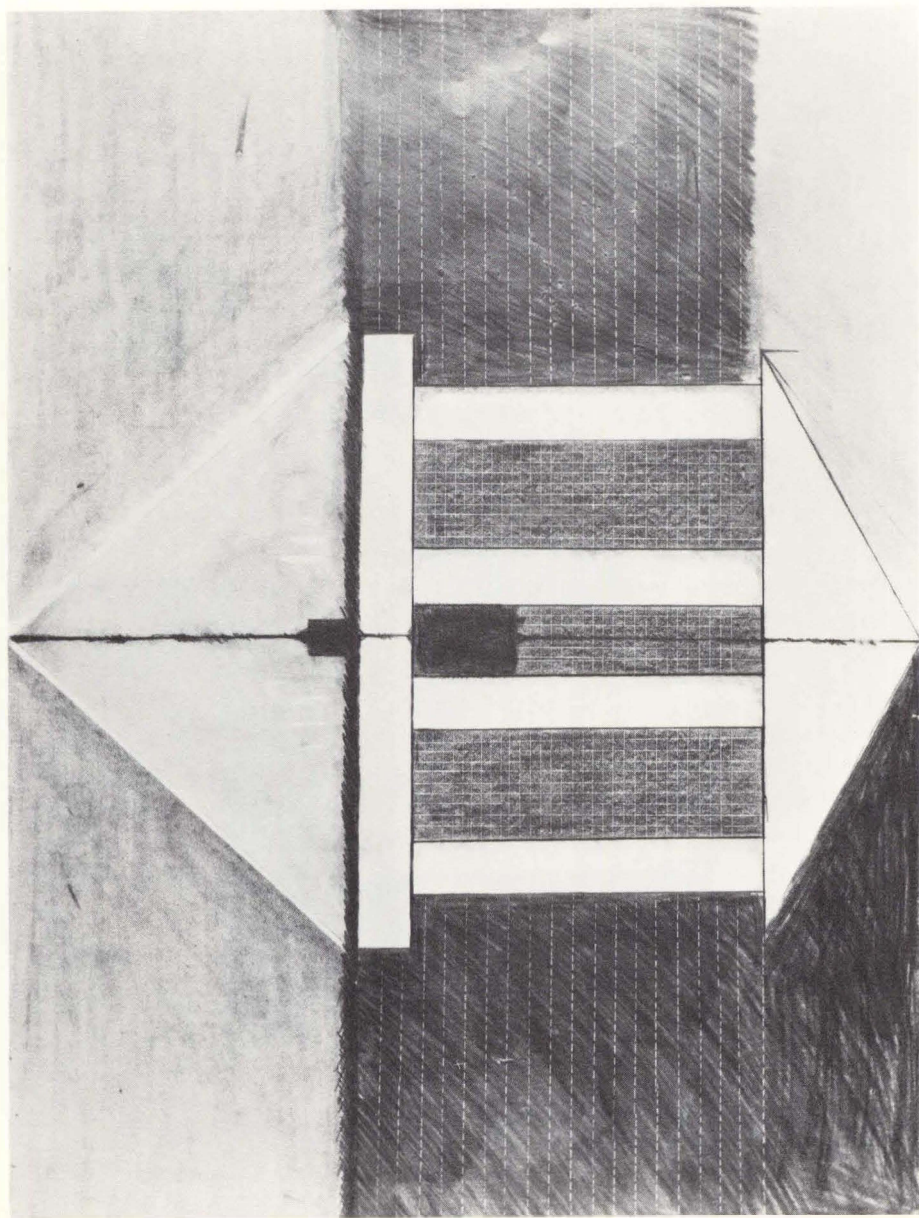
AR The pencil is so dark, it's almost like metal.

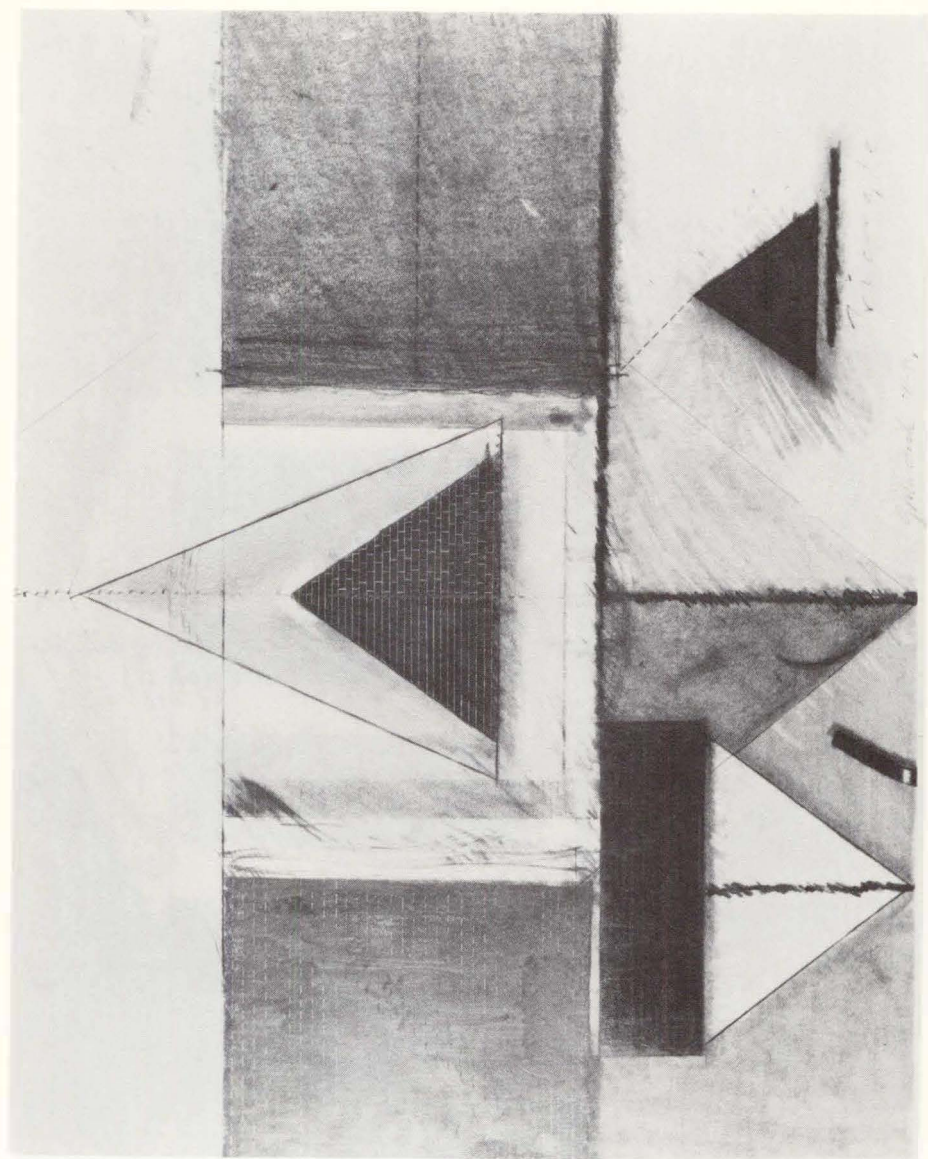
GM I'm really concerned with the surface of my drawings, working with the graphite, I want to get it very black and shiny like a mirror. I'm just beginning to see that under certain conditions, it reflects light and colour. And when I do those really big shapes, laying on the graphite becomes a physical activity, there's just so much surface to cover. And after you've laid the graphite on — and that's not really easy — you can scratch the surface and do other things with it. So really, I'm learning to work with the medium.

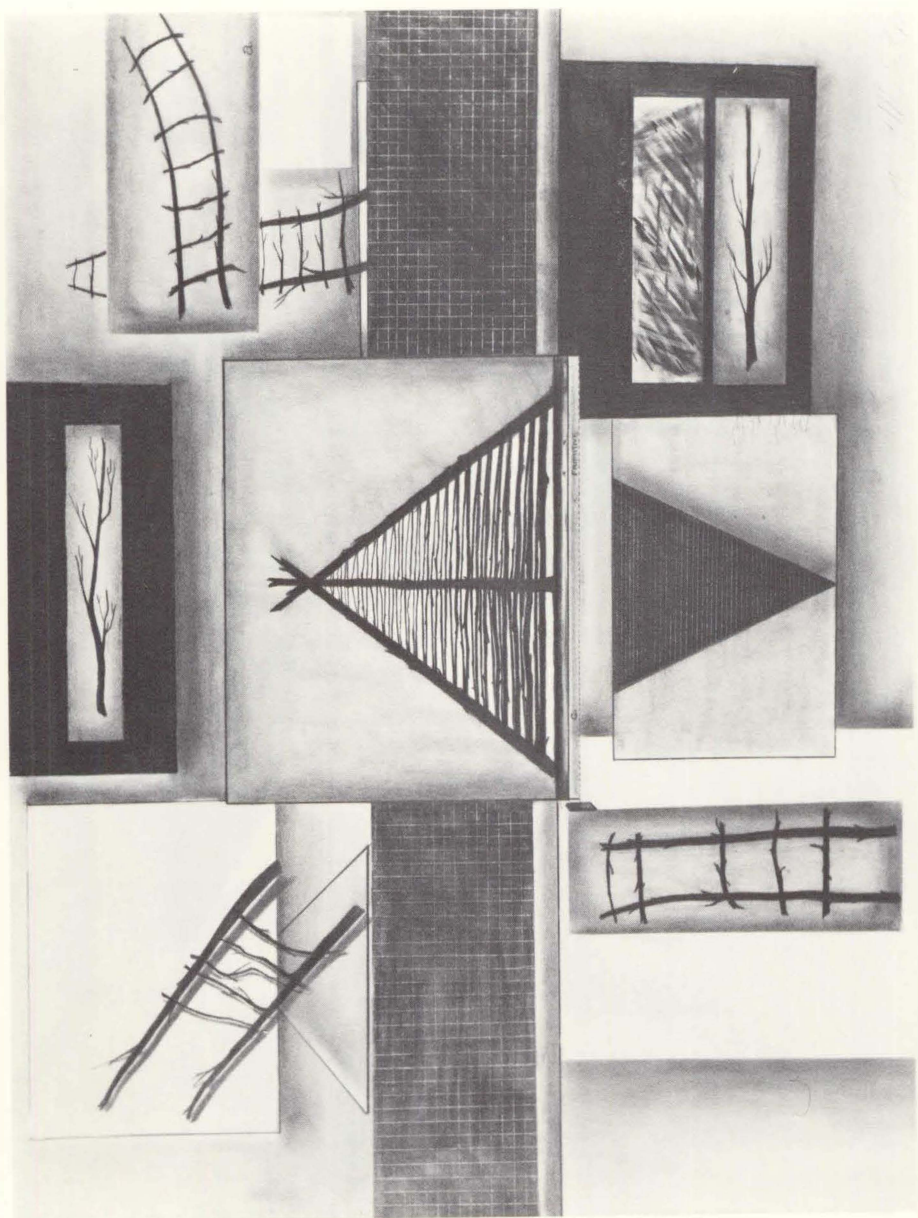
Images/TEMPLO-MOUND SERIES

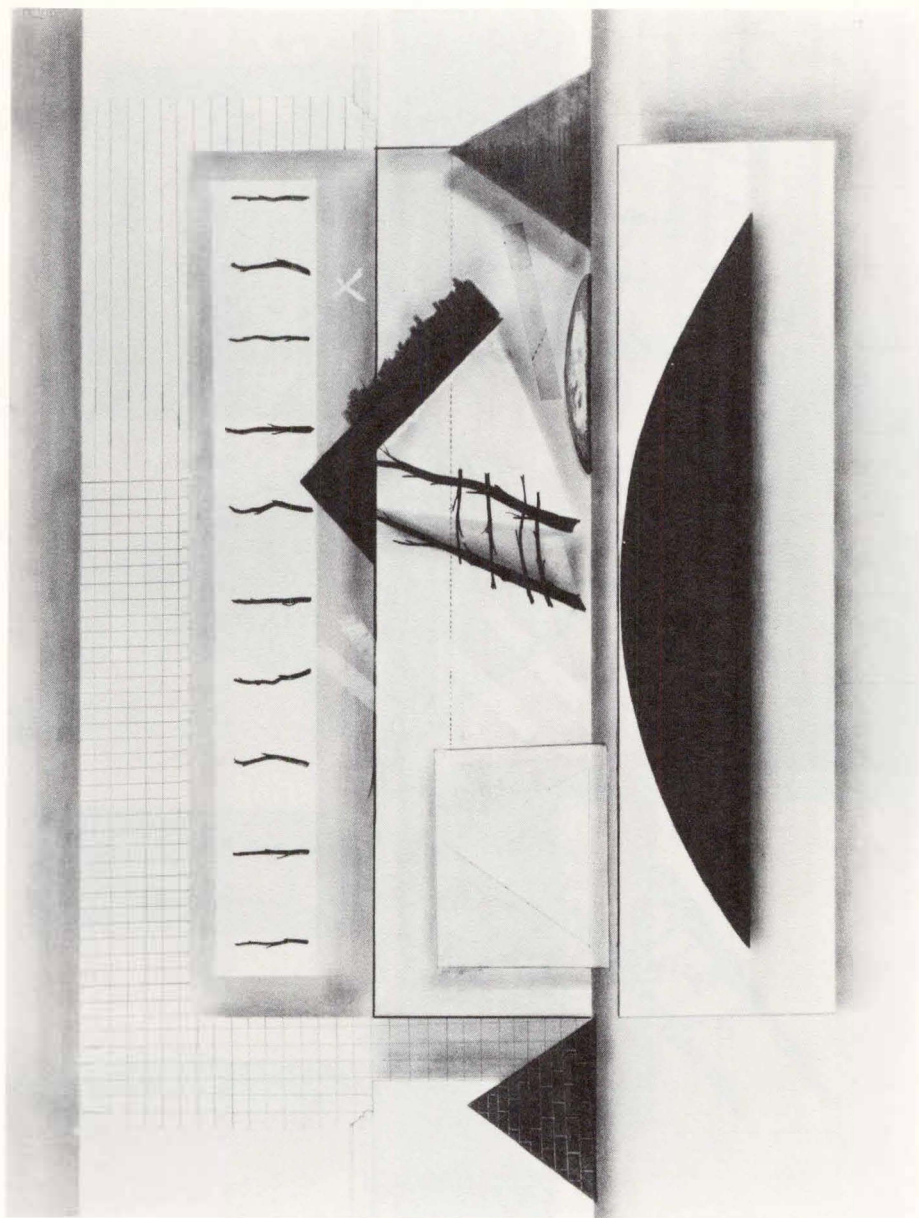
These *untitled* drawings in graphite on paper measure approximately 22" x 30" (55 x 75 cm) and were completed in 1981.

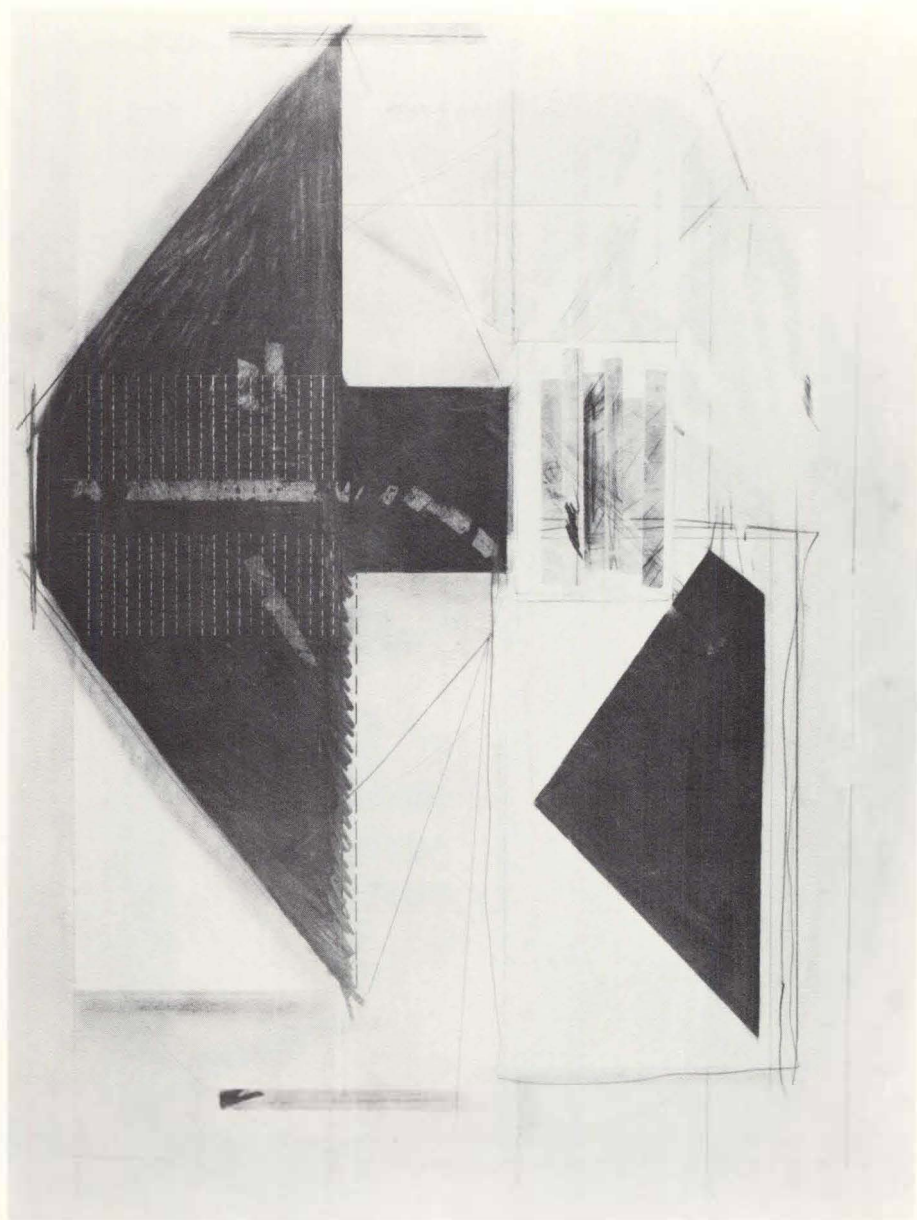
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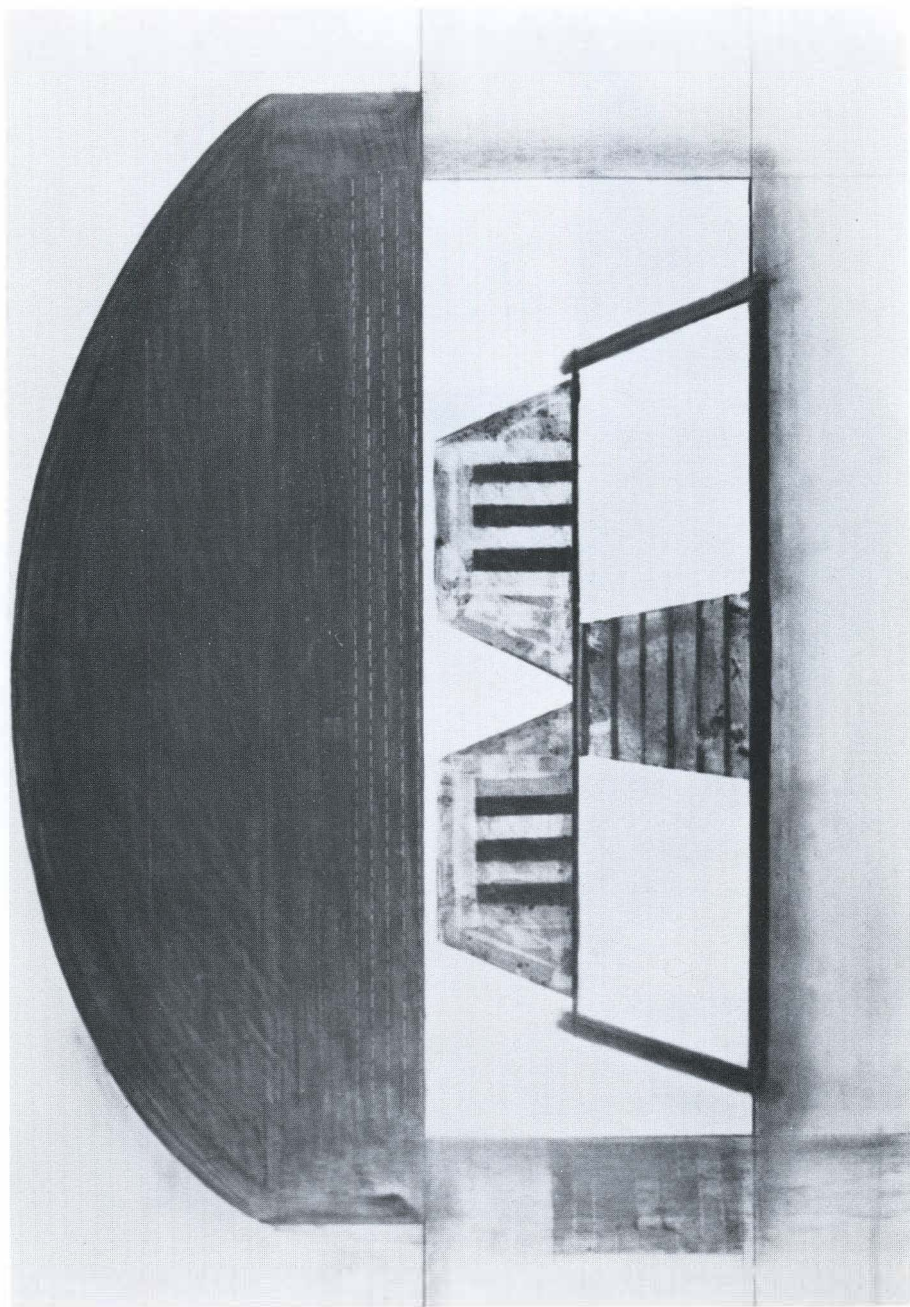












THE CAPILANO REVIEW FICTION CONTEST, 1980

Last year, with the deficit hovering around — \$3000, and subscriptions flashing double-bankruptcy, the editors grinned and set aside \$500 prize money for a fiction contest. We picked a judge who is completely independent of *The Capilano Review*, respected writer and editor Robert Kroetsch, and were delighted when he accepted the task. We drafted the rules, and sent out a Media Release to radio stations, newspapers and literary journals and newsletters across the country. Mainly we wanted to stimulate people into sending us really good, polished work (because although we get on average six manuscripts a day in the mail, it's almost all mediocre and unfinished). To make it clear how open we are to good submissions from anybody, we announced that submissions had to be under pseudonym, with the real name in a sealed envelope. We coded the manuscripts to the sealed envelopes, and handed the latter to Ann Petrie of CBC Vancouver, who kindly agreed to hold them in a safety deposit box, till Robert Kroetsch sent us his judgment. Eighty-two manuscripts came in by the closing date — some with good pseudonyms ("Giver Leprize"!). At a reading in the Cafetheatre, Kroetsch's winners were announced: Sean van Rijn, Quality Bicycles, and O. M. Primrose. Ann Petrie riffled through envelopes till she found them: D. M. Clark, the winner, and William J. Klebeck and Mildred Tremblay the runners-up. Here are the stories. Hope you enjoy them.

(Oh and by the way: We paid for the prize money by making \$480 on sales of the special hard-cover edition of the Marlatt/Ondaatje issue, #16/17, at \$20 apiece. Well, actually . . . we were a buck or two short. Nudge, nudge. Wink, wink. Or there's Brian Fawcett's *Tristram's Book* at \$15. Nice books . . . signed and numbered . . . collectors' items.)

To Robert Kroetsch, Ann Petrie, and all the writers who sent in submissions, thank you very much.

Watch for details of our next contest. This time for full-length theatre pieces. Closing date to be announced.

— BILL SCHERMBRUCKER



D. M. Clark / ABOVE TWO FORKS: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1917

Frankie wasn't sure they were actually shots, ensconced as he was in the barn, warmed to a lull by the animals. The snow and wind muffled the sounds anyway. But there were three spaced plops, like shoes falling on a carpet. He put it down to something on the wind; a loose board banging, rats above in the hayloft, a frozen towel snapping on the line. Anything but what they really were.

He forked hay closer to the milk cow, and spread it over for the horses. Then stroked the appaloosa's nose, musing. Her rubbery lips flipped back from the gross yellow teeth in a grotesque smile.

He brushed his hand slowly across the dappled haunches, and felt the welts. Her ribs still bore the scars from the last time she'd been ridden. Because at that time Earl had been too drunk to sit her properly, and she threw him.

It was the second day his mother was back from the asylum, and she wasn't better, and treated them all as strangers. But because they were all watching, Earl rose in rage from the dust and snapping her head back, flung himself into the saddle again. He clung to the horn, and lashed her insanely with the reins. He bloodied her with his spurs.

The beast, smothered by terror twisted across the parched, packed earth, trying to jar him loose. Then back again. She buckled and screamed, still Earl held, shouting and cursing. Next, she rolled heavily sideways into the bars, crushing Earl's leg. He screeched with pain and stumbled from the saddle onto the rails. He doubled for several minutes, shaking his head and moaning with pain. The mare danced out of reach, still trying to toss the saddle, spitting at the bit. Pink froth bubbled from her nose and lips.

Earl hollered at him to grab her, then hobbled painfully across the dirt, rubbing his leg. With his free hand he stripped the heavy belt from his pants. Then with Frankie's help he lashed her tightly to the hitching post.

"I'll teach her!" he howled, "Dammit, I'll teach her!"

He lashed out with his feet and the belt, and once, stumbled with his shoulder into her head. She jerked back, catching his chin, slamming his teeth onto his tongue. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"Jesus!" he shrieked, and brought the large silver buckle down across her eyes.

Twice the big mare went to her knees. She rose both times, only to have Earl start in on her again. Finally, as though her spirit had been sucked away, she stood and with each stroke of the studded belt, only quivered. Earl whipped her harder, and the tears streamed from Frankie's eyes. He wished he could kill Earl then. His three half-sisters had fled to the house.

Zoe, Frankie's mother, had cried to Earl from the fence, but Earl was deaf. She quickly dodged through the poles, and spurted across the corral to clutch at his arm, pleading, "You're going to kill her Earl! Stop!"

He tossed her away from him, and she fell in the dust onto her knees, "Keep away from me you bloody, crazy cunt!" he shouted at her. "What do you care about anything!"

"God damn you, Earl!" she hissed. She was ugly with hate, and Frankie was frightened for them all. It was like the night his mother had slugged Earl between the eyes with the stovewood and he had nearly killed her. Then had come after them, Frankie and his sisters, but they fled to the bedroom and locked the door, and Earl soon gave up trying to kick it in.

When Earl finally dropped the belt it was to stagger back and mop his brow with his sleeve. His barrel chest heaved, his purple face twitched. He called to Frankie, "Clean her off then, sissie, an' put her away. Or shoot her, I don' give a fuck!"

He limped backwards, threading the belt through the pant loops.

Since that incident, Earl had been persistently cruel to the animal. Even in passing he couldn't resist plunging his boot up into her ribs, or punching her hard on the soft nose. Once Frankie caught him systematically driving his fist into her ribs and counting while he did it. She was stabled and Earl stood on the stall boards reaching over, pounding her. He was embarrassed when the boy caught him, and his excuse was, "Goddam bitch nipped me!"

Earl Hayes was too fat, old and alcoholic now for the show rodeos. Before he got so drunk he became mean, or just passed out, he bored them with repeated stories of his Wild West Show days. Displayed innumerable times his gunshot scars and flashed the pistol — a gift from Buffalo Bill he claimed — carelessly. Zoe had hidden the bullets. All the same, during her lucid moments he was apprehensive, for she could not discover all his secreted liquor bottles either, and there could well be cartridges hidden somewhere she was unaware of.

The times she was confined to the asylum were always the worst for the children, for there was no protection at all for them from Earl then. But somehow they had survived, and had the good sense to stay out of Earl's way when he was drunk, which was nearly every day.

Frankie slowly wound the scarf around his neck, buttoned his worn jacket, and left the barn. The wind was wild and jerked the door from his hand. The sky held a metallic light; more snow was on the way.

Holding his face from the wind, Frankie peered southwest. That was the way out. He wished he could mount old Earl's horse and ride that way forever. Five miles down he could cross the Two Forks. There was no other crossing this time of year. The water was not frozen enough to walk on, and still too deadly cold to wade, no matter how shallow in spots.

So now, despite hearing the frozen towel snapping in the wind, and knowing something was inherently and horribly wrong, Frankie dallied. Despite it, or because of it. Only there was no towel on the line, he noticed that. And those noises had come from the house. Still, he shrugged it off to keep the terror from clutching him forever just a little longer.

The snow drained over the top of his boots. His socks were soaked, and his feet were becoming numbed. He dreamed of the river: of riding through the barren trees along the snowy bank on that handsome, scarred appaloosa. He'd cross the river at the bridge five miles down. Wave his hat to the Huffs, the last house in the valley and shout good-bye to them over the wind.

And their daughter, Hannah would be stunned by the handsome figure he cut on the horse. He'd steal Earl's fur collared, red mackinaw. The one Earl had for twenty years and was nearly worn out now. Still it was a handsome coat, and Earl used to wear it to the fall rodeos like a big shot. Now he couldn't button it across his paunch any longer, and it hung in the back porch, dusty and full of moths. And Earl's shiny rodeo boots, of course. Then, if he could manage it without being caught, he'd take the Buffalo Bill pistol as well, and strap it to his waist.

Dreams he knew. Somehow connected with the horse, and all those thoughts he'd had of becoming something different than his step-father, Earl, or his mother, who was so crazy sometimes she forgot to feed herself and them and didn't go to the bathroom properly.

His heart pounded as he saw himself sitting on the big horse, her gorgeous ass peppered with islands of white. A rider wearing the gun, the boots, and even the old worn, red mackinaw, on such a horse could knock the sun from the sky.

He killed time, kicking the snow with his feet and found a shovel Earl had punched him on the back of the head for losing last fall. He threw it still further into the woods. Then spied a small, snowy trail leading from the woodshed. Having gone there in the first place to have another look at Earl's cache of daily depleting whiskey. And maybe pee in another bottle. Then thinking since he was on his way to the house, may as well take an armload of wood with him. The first time in his life he'd ever done that voluntarily. Waylaid now by this trail, and half-interested, he followed it.

It led nowhere much, just as he'd suspected; into a thicket of blackberries near the slough. But he'd known when he first saw it, it was only a hare's track. A doe perhaps who'd thought of setting her nest in the woodshed. Tucked in a chink between birchwood and wall, then thought better of it. Maybe rattled by fat Earl, rooting out another jug. Sagging back against the piled wood to greedily gulp it, and moan with relief as the first burning draught — Frankie's pee and all — scorched his throat.

Maybe that. Maybe another reason.

Frankie searched along the edge of the blackberries, looking for more trails, more ways to kill time. And had turned to pick his way back when he heard the final shot.

This time it broke through the wind like snow driven inside the collar of his shirt. Was too much to ignore any longer, and leaping through the knee high drifts he ran for the house, sobs catching in his throat.

Just outside the back door, by the stand his mother used to hang out the wash he heard a muffled scream. It went on and on. A bottomless terror gripped him, and he felt already dead. Even the cold wind affected him no longer, and he tucked his face to it as you would a mother's breast.

He turned quickly. He would return to the barn and saddle the appaloosa, and defy the cold and oncoming blizzard. But the back door of the house banged open in the wind and his mother shrieked.

As he turned she slumped to her knees at the open doorway, that big woman, her bloodied hand clawing at the latch. He could barely see her through the veil of tears the wind forced to his eyes. And thought, Jesus Christ, why is it always so damn, damn cold. For now it was again, and he felt it penetrate his clothing and burn into his lungs. Knifelike and twisting. Why not the middle of summer with the searing heat, and the cottonwoods in the lowland glowing with the evening sun. When bloody old Earl was up in the mountains with his horses, and his mother in the hospital, and there was peace in the house, and he and his sisters looked after themselves.

For then he could cope. Would know what to do, what action to take, where to run. But not now. Not now. With his hands frozen into claws inside his gloves and his arms withdrawing from the fabric of his sleeves because of the cold. And his legs becoming stumps because of the damp rubber boots clamping his icy feet.

"My God, Frankie!" she screeched through a mouth bubbling with blood, "God Frankie; He's shot us all!"

The bitter wind skewered him again, the air fairly snapped, and the fine appaloosa mare waited. Not skittish and nervous when he came near. Not terrified of him, the way Earl had made her of everyone else. Soon now, the blizzard would be upon them, and it would be too late to leave then. He'd never make it past the river.

But now his mother on her knees in the frozen doorway, with a wind-driven curtain of icy snow making her vanish and reappear. But even so, even so, you could see the blood running along her chin and onto the bib of her dress.

William J. Klebeck / WHITE RABBITS

sometimes when I'm sitting in the sunshine outside the home rocking back in the wicker rocker I see rabbits crouched still white nibbling on green stalks in the flowerbed that's when I close my eyes I find him near the creek he's fallen to his knees then bent over backwards when I get closer I see only half his proud Polish head is still there I step back jerk my eyes away to the rifle the rifle he just borrowed lying on the caked mud near his right hand I'm changing oil in the Massey when John Kovatch comes into the yard I'd like to borrow that .303 of yours Ernie he says as I crawl out from under the tractor I shake a red handkerchief out of my back pocket wipe my dripping brow Sure is hot Kovatch nods Can't remember the last rain myself heavy crowsfeet border his squinting eyes and there are deep furrows in his tanned forehead You should be wearing a cap John he shrugs About that rifle after spring well I ain't had a gun on my place I know why I'm mixing feed behind the barn that day getting covered in chaff goddamn pigs when I hear shots coming from the coulee across the road but the shots irregularly spaced are more pops than cracks I reckon it's a single-shot .22 probably the Kovatch boy hunting rabbits Raymond Kovatch and his younger sister Patricia spend a lot of time down in the coulee playing hide'n'seek and making forts I imagine and since it's closer to our place than their own they somedays come over for a drink of water knowing full well that if Mary's been baking they're liable to get some fresh buns and milk can't say I mind too much seeing little Patricia's pink tongue curl over her lips and her brown eyes widen with her smile when my wife appears on the back step to call them into the kitchen though I do swear I've never seen anyone let alone a boy put back as many buttered rolls as that Raymond I dump

another five-gallon pail of pop oats into the mixer springtime just after the snow is gone good time for hunting rabbits in the coulee the grass and the underbrush are brown autumn leftover and the rabbits are still white their summer jackets not having arrived yet Pepper starts barking making a general fuss in the yard I walk through the barn and see Raymond in his overalls a .22 in one hand running sprinting from the road towards me I've never seen him move this fast and he's yelling something too but I can't make out what it is until he stops in front of me Pat pant in the the his eyes roll his head lolls back I grab his shoulders to keep him standing and shake him What's wrong his eyes focus he points Where I run after him into the coulee and he shows me his sister crouched into a ball in a clump of willows she's wearing a white cotton dress and she's been shot high in the back I kneel down turn her over she's still breathing her eyes are filled with water that doesn't tear she coughs spits blood Oh shit I pick up this slip of a girl and run towards my house run as fast as I can Mary I yell when I get to the road Mary my wife opens the door just as I reach the steps She's been shot I hold the girl out for Mary to see brown eyes staring through glaze Ohmigod my wife steps back She's dead I walk over and put Patricia's body on the kitchen table suddenly Raymond breaks into a wail in the porch I advance towards him but my wife is there first and she brings the head of this boy taller than she to her shoulder It's going to be all right she rubs his neck It was an accident that's what I say later in the day to John Kovatch the Polish farmer who moved from Ontario three years before moved into the old Mac-Gregor place half a mile up the road with his wife two kids Ray was hunting rabbits I'm saying He didn't know Patricia was hiding out there Kovatch turns from the workbench Where is she with a hammer in his hand At my place they're both at my place Kovatch

lets the hammer drop to the dirt floor and rubs a bushy sideburn streaking grease across his cheek then he walks past me without speaking out of his shop I catch up with him She's dead he swings at me but I'm ready for him grab his arm I had to tell you we don't speak more than three times the rest of the summer but now John Kovatch is over to borrow my rifle After spring well I ain't had a gun on my place and something's been after my chickens I put the handkerchief back in my pocket Ain't nothing been after mine Well you're lucky with times this hard I ain't got many chickens to lose I nod C'mon up to the house I'll get the gun we walk in silence across the dry cracked ground to the house I pick the rifle off the rack in the porch and hand it to him Thanks he grips it by the barrel I open a drawer Need some shells Just a few Here I give him the whole box If it's a fox you may need 'em all John puts the box of shells into his jacket pocket Thanks Ernie I'll pick up another box next time I'm in town No hurry I say as he turns to leave Got time for a coffee he shakes his head No no and walks down the steps I better not I got chores I nod again and watch him amble down to the road then I strike off towards the tractor I'm halfway across the yard when I hear the rifle crack hear the echo in the coulee I stop walking he's probably just checking the sights but after springtime I think I better take a look opening my eyes thirty years later I find him in the flowerbed white rabbits nibbling at stalks that grow up between the ribs of his twisted skeleton and if I rock forth I can see worms crawling through the fist-size hole in his skull

Mildred Tremblay /

LILY AND THE SALAMANDER

Lily Sitter began her spring cleaning two weeks before Easter. She took out her rubber gloves and her Old Dutch. The red plastic pail was filled to the brim with hot, steaming water and hauled over to the cupboard. Grunting a little, she hiked her slightly plump body up onto the metal stool and began taking down the assortment of junk that always finds its refuge on top shelves of kitchen cupboards.

Twice a year now, for more than fifteen years, Lily had been cleaning her shelves in this manner. Nobody had ever noticed it or commented on this job of work. Not her husband nor, later, her children.

Nobody knew these intimate details of Lily Sitter's workaday life — how she washed behind the stove every Friday, or did the refrigerator on Wednesday and the toilet bowl on Tuesdays. Sometimes, she would try to communicate these activities but nobody had ever listened beyond the opening sentence. Why should they? It was terribly dull.

She took down all the chipped china cups with unmatched saucers, the stacks of old plates and bowls, two broken toasters, a collection of empty Nabob coffee cans, and a clumsy old popcorn popper nobody ever used anymore. When they were all down and arrayed out on the counter, Lily got down off her stool and stood there looking at them.

Suddenly, she couldn't remember why they were all arranged out on the counter like that. What was she doing with them? Slowly, she reached out a clumsy, rubber-covered finger and poked a coffee can.

— What? she said. What?

She picked up a cup with a gorgeous blood-red rose painted on it and turned it over in her hands again and again.

— What?

And at three o'clock that afternoon when Marvin came home from his bowling game, that's where he found her. She had in her hands a plastic Xmas bowl, painted with wreaths and berries.

— What? she was saying. What?

Marvin took the bowl from her hands and steered her over to the kitchen table and sat her down.

— Have you seen it? she asked.

— Seen what? Marvin stared at her dumbfounded

— My book, she said.

— What book?

— The one I was reading. She put her head down and stared at her hands, frowning. I can't remember what page I was on? Eh? About the middle?

Lily sat in the doctor's office awaiting a verdict.

The examination had been made difficult by the fact that Lily had been unable to tell the doctor how she was feeling. When he had said — Well, Mrs. Sitter, how are you?, she had been obliged to answer — I don't know.

She didn't seem to be feeling much of anything except perhaps shrouded in woolly grey dust balls on the outside and more of the same within. It embarrassed her not to have anything to report to the doctor, who had impaled her with a sterilized eye, and it crossed her mind to make up something, but she didn't have the courage.

Surreptitiously, she pushed her fingers hard into her stomach looking for a pain, an ache, anything, and at the same time she sent her mind scurrying the hidden paths within her body, but all she could feel were the heavy grey dust balls. They were swathed about her heart and lungs; they had crowded into her womb. There was a very large and woolly one caught in her brain just behind her eyes, it was difficult to think through it.

The doctor sat regarding her, considering possibilities. A twitchy, beige coloured moustache like a small scrub brush, sat under his nose and he picked at it reflectively as he stared at her. She saw that he considered her hapless and she didn't dare ask him about her book although she wanted to, quite badly.

She tried to look hapless. She tucked her feet under the chair. Her mind went to her clothes. What did she have on? The possibility that, under her coat, she was stark naked, occurred to her. With a quick, terrified glance, she looked down at her lap; but no, there was a skirt showing where her coat fell open, her good brown suit skirt.

The doctor rose and called Marvin into a small antechamber.

— Female disorder, he pronounced. Probably premature menopause. Should get her started thinking about her hysterectomy. He took out his pen and began a rapid scribble. Estrogen, he said. Mind she takes it twice a day. We'll take out the IUD and try her on birth control pills. And anti-depressants, just in case. He paused for a moment to shake the ink up. Valium on arising. And iron pills, by god, almost forgot the iron pills! The pen was out of ink and he began opening and shutting drawers looking for another one.

In the next room, a nurse appeared with a needle and shot Lily's behind full of a colorless substance.

— What was in that? Lily asked, but the nurse just smiled and didn't answer. I can't remember, Lily thought, hiking up her pantyhose, but I guess I'm the kind of person who always asks dumb questions.

When they got back home, Lily sat down at the kitchen table and took all the pills out of her purse and lined them up in front of her. She didn't know what they were or when to take them.

— I feel very strange, Marvin, she said. Will you sit down and talk to me for a minute?

— Well, said Marvin, if you hurry up about it.

— Well, Lily said, and her eyes looked wide and dark as burnt chocolate in her pale face, well, for instance, I know you're my husband, I know that! But I can't remember how I'm supposed to feel about you?

She looked down at her hands, twisting the gold wedding band around and around on her finger.

— For instance, do I love you?

— Well of course you love me! I'm your husband! Marvin snorted and shook his head in disgust. You've always admired me! He spoke loudly as if she had suddenly become hard of hearing. You've always looked up to me!

Lily considered this information gravely for a moment.

— But, she replied, lifting her head and frowning, I know lots of wives who don't love their husbands. My mother, for instance. . . .

— That's different! Marvin sat down at the table and leaned over towards his wife to make her understand better. Your father — well, shit! you know . . . he isn't quite the sort of man I am, now is he? When it comes to being smart, I mean that family certainly isn't known for its brains!

(This thought almost made Marvin laugh, and he couldn't resist the temptation to elaborate a little.)

— Just look at your Aunt Nettie for God's sake! And your old man, another thing now, d'you think women ever found him sexy? A little skinny jerk like that? How could you compare him to me. What kinda dummy are you anyway?

Marvin looked at her appealingly, inviting her agreement.

Lily didn't answer at once. She was staring at him now in an open and child-like way, almost as if seeing him for the first time. He creaked back uneasily in his chair and attempted a shrug.

— Not to sound conceited, he said, just all in the family, like.

— But Marvin, she said, frowning, you aren't very attractive. You are quite overweight, aren't you? And your hair is too thin and stringy. Didn't you used to have thick, blonde curls? And you have sort of a peevish look around your mouth — sulky! That's it!

She smiled, glad to have pinned it down so neatly.

— It's not nice at all, is it? she said.

She stopped suddenly. Marvin was standing over her. His usually pallid face was mottled and dark with anger.

— Oh, I'm sorry! she said. It's just so strange how I feel. Of course if you say you're attractive and I love you, of course I must! I'll try to remember it.

But she was thinking in a confused way — Marvin doesn't know who he is either.

When Marvin had left the room, Lily reached out and picked up one of the pill bottles. She began to think about the doctor. I wonder if he knows who he is? she thought. She sat for another minute and then she got up and took all the pills and shoved them back in a corner on the top shelf behind the coffee cans.

The back door opened and one of Lily's daughters came into the kitchen. She came in noisily, throwing her books onto the cupboard and without speaking to her mother, she went directly to the fridge and pulled the door open.

For a split second, the kitchen background faded away and the body and presence of the girl stood out very clearly to Lily: Vivien. It's Vivien. How chunky and strong her arms look. Vicious. She almost pulled that door off its hinges. She's ugly. Mean mouth. I don't like her. My Vivien. Deep inside of Lily's body, a tremor began; she felt she was going to faint.

— Nothing to eat in here! the girl began to complain, whining, but malicious too. Never nothing to eat in this house!

She slammed the fridge door shut and turned to confront her mother.

Confusedly, Lily thought of her other children. Who were they? What did they really look like? Surely they weren't all like this girl? Overwhelmed, she put her head down into her hands.

— Why are you sitting there like that, Vivien said. Why isn't supper started!

Lily peeked out through her fingers at this stranger, her first-born child.

— What do I usually make for supper? she said.

That night Marvin made out an activity list for Lily for the next day so that she could remember what she was supposed to do. Get car washed, he wrote. Phone T.V. man. Get supper. He sat for a moment chewing his pencil, trying to think. What did women do all day anyway? he asked Lily, but Lily couldn't remember. Suddenly he thought of something. What had she been mucking around in out there in the kitchen when he'd found her? Oh, the shelves. Finish spring cleaning, he wrote down. Well, that would have to do for a start.

Lily followed Marvin's lists as well as she could, although peculiar things began to happen around the house; for instance although meals were abundant and the T.V. always in good repair, dirt and dust piled up undisturbed in the most unlikely places. However, Marvin got better at the lists, so they managed for a while.

The younger children were sent to Aunt Nettie's. Dumb as she was. Marvin announced that it didn't take any brains to look after kids anyway, just give them a good clout on the head now and then to let them know who's boss. Lily cried when they left. She had discovered that they were normally loveable children, not cold and strange like Vivien, but she couldn't always remember what to do with them, and it became too risky leaving them alone with her.

And so they went along in this way for a while, but gradually Lily began to forget about the lists too. After Vivien and Marvin had left in the mornings, Lily would go seriously to work to look for her book. Clothes flew from drawers and closets, sheets were stripped from beds. Sometimes she would go out into the yard and look under the big rocks in the rock garden or lift the heavy damp arms of the big cedar tree and shake them about. Once she went next door to old Mrs. Lafleur's to ask if she had seen it. She stood patiently knocking and waiting on the porch for a long time, but the old lady would not come to the door, though Lily knew she was at home.

When she was not looking for her book, she took to sitting, unmoving, for long hours at a time in Marvin's big chair in the living room.

The room was of a medium size and it was furnished with an imitation Spanish chesterfield suite, with coffee tables to match. The coffee tables were decorated with elaborate, glued-on plastic carvings. They had purchased this furniture, not too many years ago, at a Simpson Sears sale and it had been an occasion of considerable excitement in their lives. But it had quickly lost its charm, and now as she looked at it, there seemed something almost evil about it — it sat there, day after day, looking back at her with a sort of mindless brutishness. There was a rug also — a green circular affair — she saw now that patches of its shaggy hair were falling out in clumps near the chesterfield, exposing a dirty grey scalp.

She wondered, as she sat there, who had been this woman, Lily Sitter, who had gone with this man, Marvin, this fat, blonde, baby-faced man, and purchased all of these things which now surrounded her?

Across from where she sat, placed on one of the ugly little tables, was a framed picture of herself — her wedding portrait. There she was, all veiled and satined and gartered, ready to be handed over to Marvin, supposedly intact. From out of the lace and lacquered curls, the round young face beamed idiotically into the future; into a living room of imitation Spanish furniture and moulting shag rugs. Sometimes she would pick the picture up and stare at it for a while, but she could find no sense to it. One day, walking past, she took it and put it away in a drawer.

In the long silences, she became aware of the presence of the house. It would start its communications shortly after Marvin left in the mornings; it was like a vast uneasy stomach, creaking and rumbling and farting faintly off in its depth. Sometimes though, it would suddenly become very quiet as if it had become aware of her sitting there and was watching her.

It occurred to her that the house had a voice, and that one day it might draw a great heaving sigh and begin to speak to her. It would speak her name — Lily, Lily! — and she waited in a sort of curious dread for this to happen.

Mostly though, it just rumbled about, carrying on with its life. One morning the fridge went on with such a loud belch that she went into the kitchen to look at it. It was getting old, it was losing its shine.

— How do I feel about you, fridge? she said.

She knew she felt something. Was it pity? Or hate? She couldn't decide. She stood looking at it for a moment, and then she reached her hand around behind it, groping, and pulled out the plug.

— I think I'll call that a mercy killing, she said, and laughed.

After that, she went around and pulled out every plug she could find. Her laughter rose up in torrents from deep within her belly and leapt, naked and wild, out into the room, out the door and down into the street.

All the plump, little, aproned women, in all the plump, tidy, little houses, stopped in their rounds and listened intently when they heard it.

Of course, when Marvin came home from work and found the fridge defrosted and water all over the floor, he didn't laugh, he was furious.

And who could blame him, really?

He took Lily by the shoulders and began to shake her violently, his fingers digging like knives into the soft flesh of her arms. She begged him to stop, he was hurting her, but this only seemed to enrage him further and reaching out, he took her by the neck and lifting her off the floor, began to throttle her. His weak blonde hair was falling every which way and his face, pushed up close to hers, had turned the colour of raw beefsteak.

— Crazy woman! he yelled, spit flying from his mouth into Lily's cheeks. Crazy woman!

Lily felt he might kill her and with fingers fluttering like dying butterflies, she picked weakly about his hands, trying to release their grip. She would have begged for her life if she'd been able to speak. From the other room, she heard excited footsteps and Vivien came bursting in. Lily reached a hand blindly out towards her, but Vivien

made no move, only stood there, watching, her eyes wide and alert. Lily's ears began to ring, she felt the approaching explosion of a crimson cloud ballooning up from the back of her skull, and Marvin's face, distorted, unreal, loomed and blocked out the whole world, but at the last moment, she was thrown across the room, skidding through the water and crashing up against the wall like a half dead, discarded cat. As if from a long distance, she could hear Vivien talking forcefully to her father.

— We've got to do something about her, she was saying, she's a ree-tard. The kids at school all call her a ree-tard.

Lily was afraid to get beaten again so she resolved to do better.

For two whole days, she didn't allow herself to look for her book, except for one quick peek in Marvin's bowling bag.

And she decided to take up jogging, it was said to work miracles, she'd read an article in one of Marvin's magazines. It had said also that sometimes, while jogging, you could have orgasms, (she looked the word up in the dictionary to make sure she hadn't misunderstood, for it seemed a strange thing). Lily was interested in orgasms for the same reason a poor man is interested in money — she never had any. Well, god knows maybe that's what's wrong with me, she reflected, and even though she couldn't understand how such a thing could be managed while running in public, she was willing to give it a try.

And so the next morning, all the plump little women with all their flat faced, large headed, peanut butter stuffed little children, were treated to the sight of Lily Sitter, wearing a turtle neck sweater to hide her black and blue throat, bursting out of her front door and galloping madly off down the street. Lily ran all the way down the street, turned right on the Avenue, ran one block down past the graveyard, jumped over the wall to look under a pile of wreaths on a new grave, jumped out again, and ran all the way down to the beach. By the time she got there, she was huffing and puffing a lot, but not from orgasm, she was just very short on wind.

She had conceived the idea that when she got to the beach, she would look for some suitable logs and stumps to use as furniture in her living room, for she had decided to get rid of the Spanish, which had been silently moving in closer to her, inch by inch, every day. However, the beach was covered with such a variety of large, interesting looking stones that she spent the rest of the day looking for her book.

Unfortunately, the jogging, in Lily's case, did not produce any miracles, and as she seemed unable to think of any other solution, she was soon back sitting in her living room contemplating the green rug.

Sitting there, with her eyes wide open, she began to have dreams. She dreamed of books — books with 1,000 pages, with 10,000 pages, and books with 12,375 pages, that is, one for every day of her life. She dreamed she found her book; it sat on a table, a strong light falling across it; it was black bound and hurriedly she ran to open it. But the pages were covered with undecipherable markings, thrown about on the white paper like wet, black tea leaves, and tears of disappointment streamed like rivers down her exhausted cheeks.

She decided to try out various roles, to see if by chance she might stumble on to something that would help her remember. After some long and careful thought, she decided it was possible that she was a young girl about 6 or 7 years old.

The more she thought about this idea the better she liked it, and one day, sitting there, a strange and painful shiver rushed through all of her bones and it came to her immediately afterwards that her name was Lily Marie Josephine Hoskins and she was six and a half years old. It astounded her that she could have forgotten such an important thing, and her whole being flooded with such a tremendous relief and happiness that she jumped to her feet, laughing and clapping her hands.

Down the street to play with Billy! and out the door she ran, calling back to the empty house — Be back for supper, Mamma! But running down the street, her feet felt too clumsy and looking down, she saw that her feet were not those of a child and, frightened, she went quickly back home.

Other times, she thought she remembered that she was an old lady and she went hobbling and wheezing about, with her nose thrust forward sniffing out odours.

— Smells like stale bread in here! she would say in her high cracked old lady's voice, or, smells like mice, or old apples, or whatever happened to catch her fancy. Smells like death, she said one day and spent the whole day jumping around quickly to catch her own death who stood behind her, but she could never turn about fast enough.

One day, she was sure she was a young mother in love with her new-born baby. She went up the steps to Vivien's room and took from its box under the bed, a salamander Vivien had imprisoned there.

She made some tiny blankets from scraps and wrapped it tenderly and carried it about all the day long. She bathed its bumpy little body, and at lunch time, she pushed mashed bananas into its stubborn little crocodile mouth. One lidless, reptilian eye gleamed out at her adoringly from a corner of the blanket when she rocked it and sang Rock a Bye Baby and Bye Baby Bunting.

When Vivien arrived home and saw what she was doing, she took the salamander away and flailing her short, chunky arms, she hit her mother about the head and shoulders with hard, mean punches, not stopping until her mother had fallen to the floor. She squatted, then, hunched over her for a long time, not allowing her to get up, and Lily, with her face pushed down, breathed in the choking dust of the green shag rug.

Easter came and went and the days moved on towards early summer. One day, Lily sitting in her living room, woke from a dream of a book with only one sentence in it. The sentence was "Nov schmoz ka pop," and it was repeated, page after page. She noticed that the sun, in its summer orbit, was streaming into the room with more strength. Pale lemon oblongs of light lay across the dark chesterfield and revealed new bare patches on the shag rug.

She sat for a while watching the sun patterns, when gradually she became aware of a new sound in the house, as of short, clean notes picked on a tight string. She listened carefully for a moment and then nodded her head in satisfaction — she knew what it was. The little salamander had escaped from Vivien's room and was coming down the stairs.

Its tiny feet picked their way down, touching against the varnished wood with fastidious little clacks. By now, the sun had reached Lily's chair and it fell in heavy warmth across her face. She closed her eyes, listening intently. The clacking grew louder, very close to her face now and strangely familiar.

Suddenly, she realized that somehow the salamander had curled its cold body in behind her ear, seeking fire from her brain. She reached up her hand to remove it, but could not, it had become terribly tangled in her hair. She began to pull and tug at it frantically and it opened its long, crooked mouth and began to scream. The screams were thin and far away, but yet intimately known to her.

Without warning, Lily's whole body convulsed into a taut, excruciating arch, as if it would explode, and then it was thrown violently back into the chair.

Memory flooded in in great roaring streams.

The last page, she had been on the last page.

COMMENTARY / Robert Kroetsch

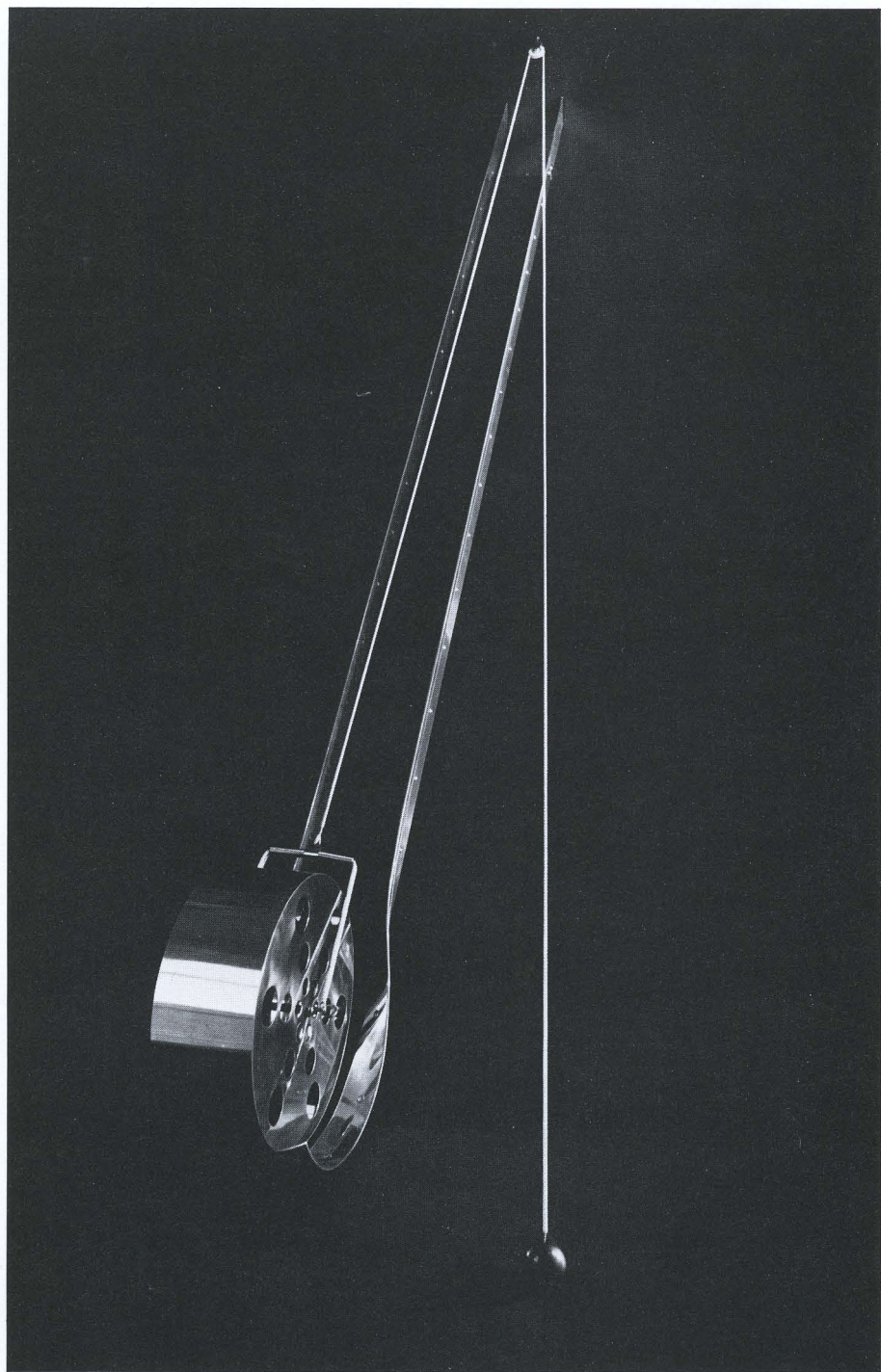
I liked "Above Two Forks" because it makes a ferociously anti-symbolic reading of an archetypal situation. The writer takes a loaded situation and keeps the focus on (my careful misreading) the mouth of the barrel of the gun. History, by a perverse reloading, becomes fiction. We are made witness to the phenomenology of experience, and at the same time denied symbolic reinterpretation. I got mad when I first read this story; then found myself going back to it.

I liked in "White Rabbits" the sheer presumption of someone thinking Joyce is still a mode of fictional presence for the contemporary de-authored author, and then his acting on it, and then his getting away with it. Yes: the transfer into the local of what has become a characteristic of defunct Modernism and (against Joyce's intent, surely) an international mode. A grotesquerie of *déjà vu* and the New (going, going, gone) World.

I liked in "Lily and the Salamander" the beautiful (yup, I mean it) opening sentence. It both disarms and dares, taking us into and out of the world of fictional conventions. I liked the "maddening" attention to domestic detail. I liked the prolonged meditation on predicament, the exquisite pain of delay. In the end I (came to) like salamanders.

Most of the submissions could have used another rewrite, with more attention to language. There was not enough writerly awareness of language itself as subject.

Violence is an integral part of many of these stories. I was interested in the degree to which violence has become a part of literary discourse. Traditionally, form accommodates or swallows up violence, but here violence resists that coercion. It's not violence for violence's sake, but violence as the place where individual speech breaks through inherited language and its forms. We live in a time, in a place, where we must speak violently to break the stasis of a homogenized world.



John Clair Watts / INTERVIEW

Ann Rosenberg met with John Clair Watts first, informally, in his basement apartment at 2436 West 8th where tapes vie for space with art and found industrial objects. A recent work called Assisted Lightweight Sisyphian Roller was a focus for attention. This sculpture, a metal trough with a pulley operated 'stone,' makes light of a heavy myth. It is a work that philosophically and technically continues the standards of the pieces that composed Watts' first one-man show at the University of British Columbia's Fine Arts Gallery in January '81. These were discussed on tape at Ann's place in July and are illustrated here.

AR How do your ideas come? Do you daydream and suddenly, *wham*, you have this phrase, this vision?

JCW The really good ones you end up seeing on your screen. The things I make are extensions of me (my thought), rather than being a cohesive extension of the materials or the forms. As you noticed, I seldom make two pieces that are the same, nor do I work in series — although at some point I ought to be able to do that too. I work this way because there's a lot to say. On the other hand, I like working with materials. I go to the junk yard and play with what I get there. Sometimes I'll put thirteen pieces together before I make one. That's what I do when I don't have anything on my screen. I try to have the object dictate itself by assembling all these things.

AR Where do you think you are right now?

JCW Right now I see myself relative to insecurity and that's my battle . . . just trying to find out what the fears are . . . , what you would do if you can do anything and why it is that you won't/can't do it. And I'm looking around at other people and thinking about the kinds of insecurities they have and that, in turn, makes me think about all kinds of personal myths. The

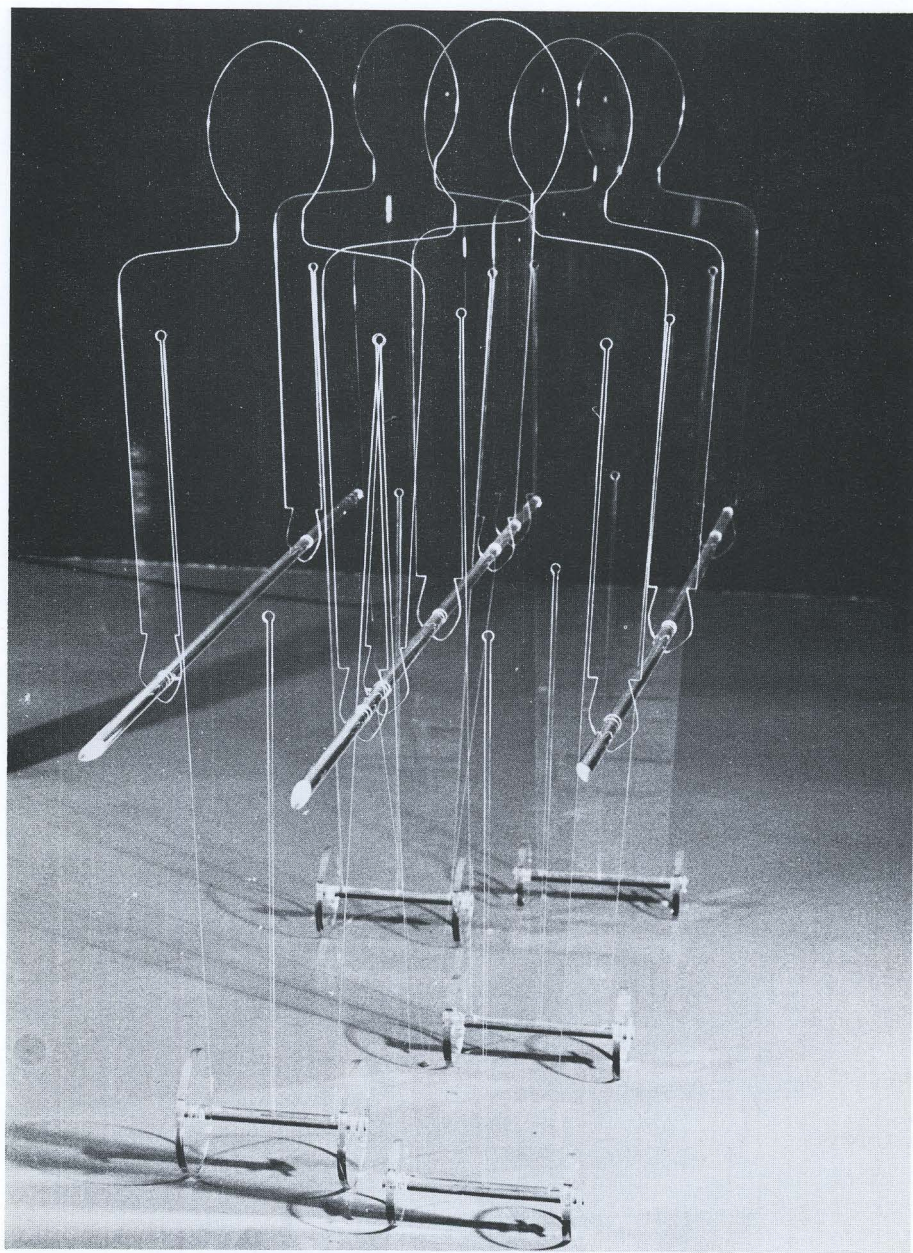
world to me is a combination of a whole number of myths, like get married, get a job, you're given these as a birthright. At some point, taking the responsibility for your actions means that you're willing to deal with the insecurity of knowing that you're everything you make yourself. . . . You're absolutely unique on the planet, so why would you want to look and act like a whole number of other people? . . . So, a lot of my pieces are about why people get into routines. Some of my work is about people who have run out of the energy to keep trying. *Grouped Coasters* would be a piece like that.

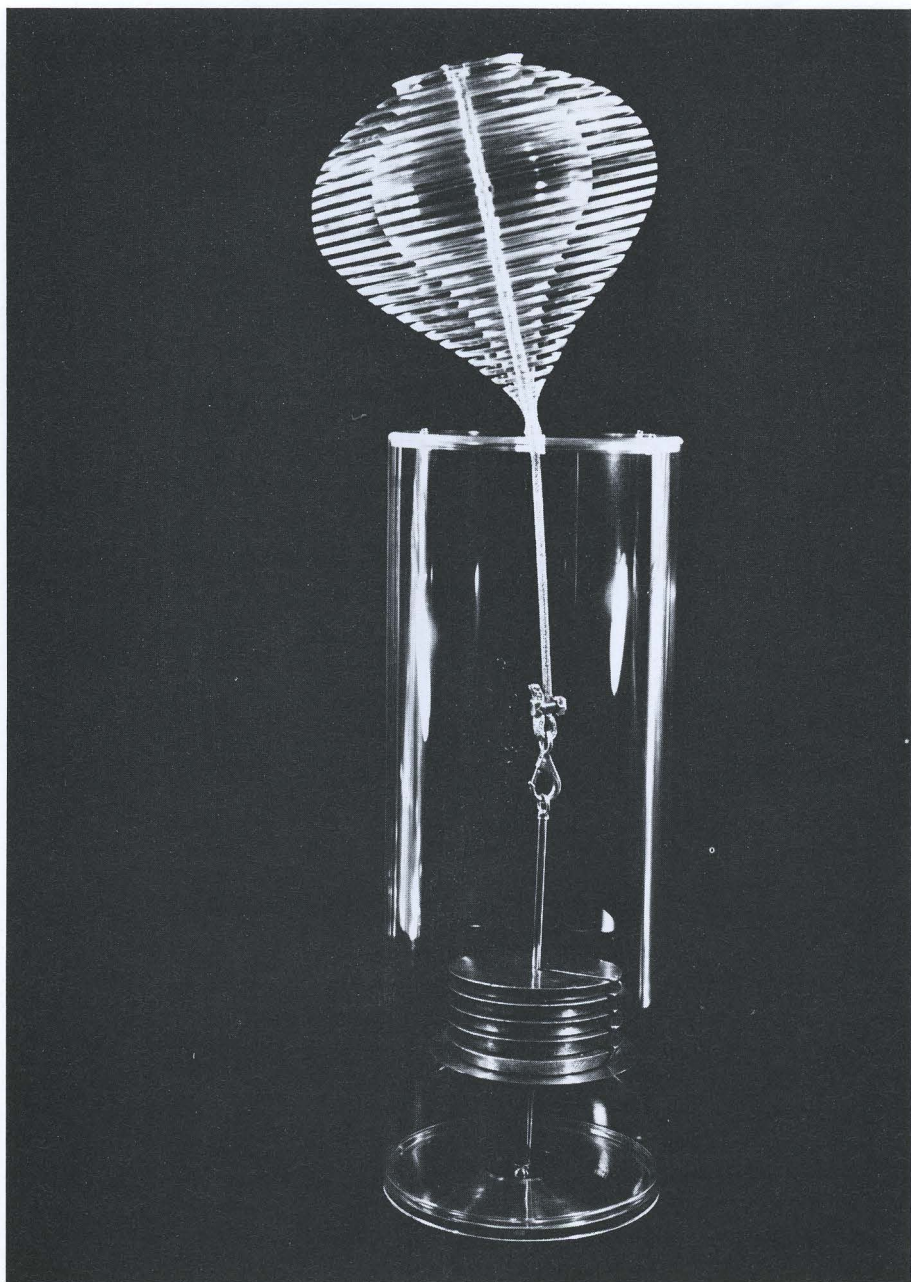
There's an image in *The Waste Land* — although *Grouped Coasters* wasn't based on that — where T. S. Eliot has the automatons coming over the bridge. Somehow, to me, that's a very strong image and one that I can't get rid of.

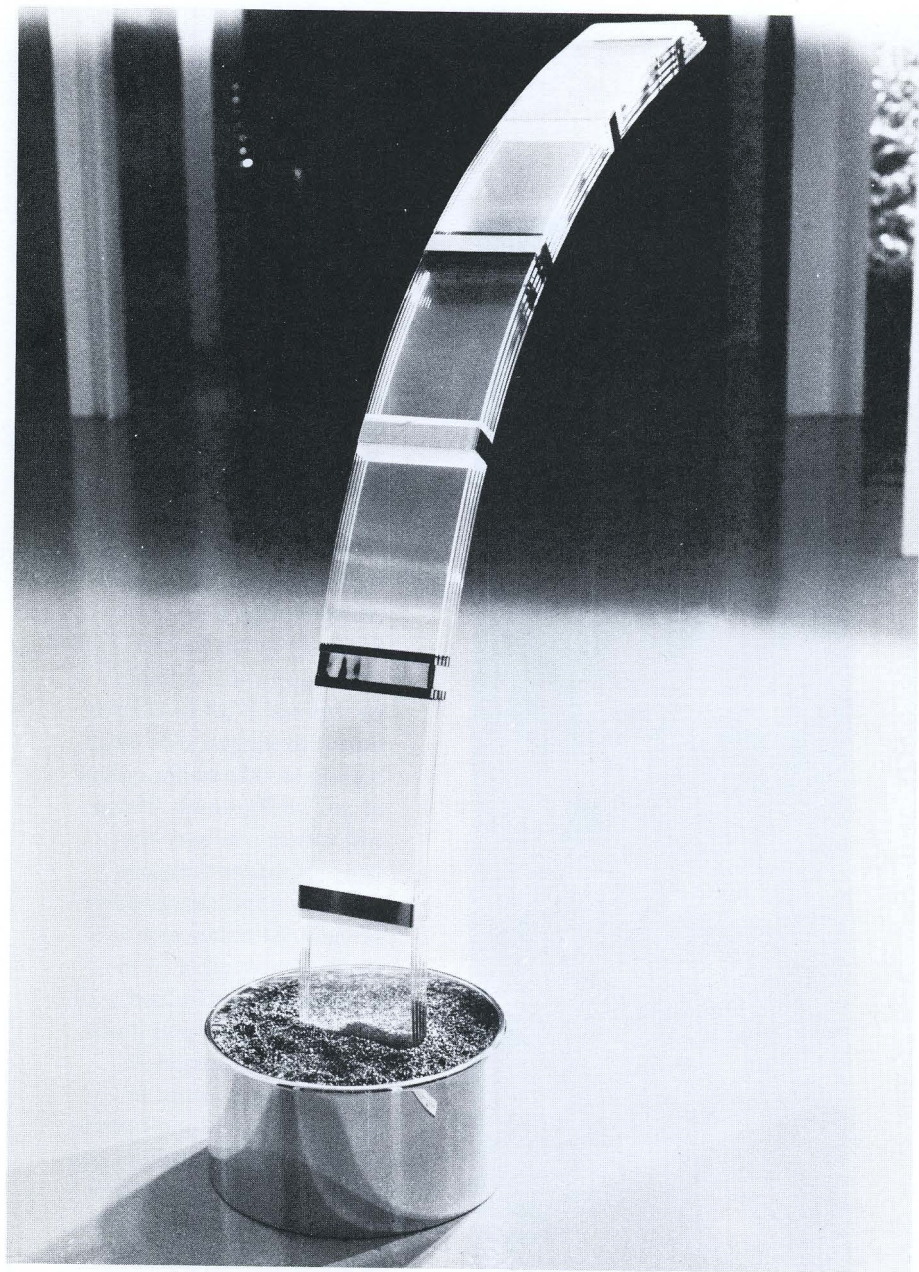
In my work, I'm trying to strike a balance between believing in abstracts and dealing in abstracts. Going to the place where no one else will understand you, but coming to terms with the fact that there is just eating, sleeping and breathing. . . . You wonder about the paths to go. You think about your friends who are married, who are busy buying objects and you think, that's empty, but you worry that in the end you might be holding onto something that's even emptier. On the other hand, I think it's the fulfilling moments that you have, that you don't even know you're raving until you look back on them . . . that keep us going on. They make you realize that you can do anything you want, that you can make anything happen, including your head space.

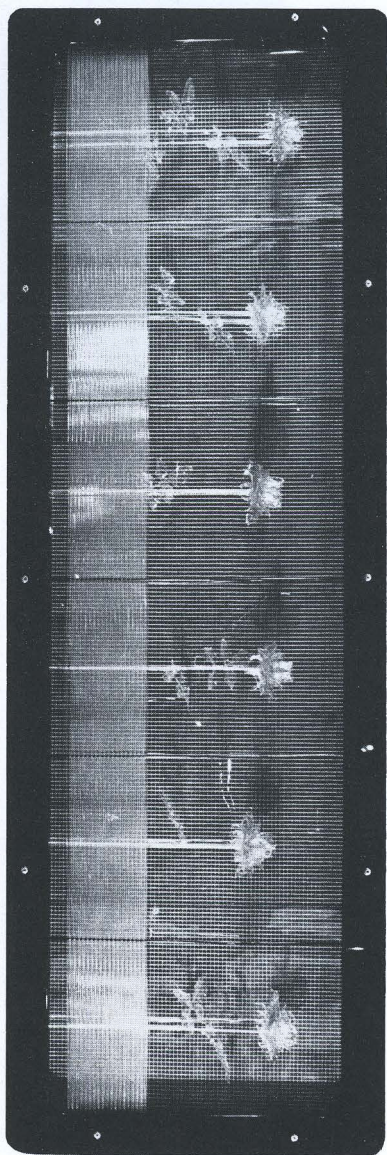
AR Is *Sisyphus* (and the other works) to do with these myths, these insecurities?

JCW Well, *Assisted Lightweight Sisyphian Roller* represents to me, the American *way of work*, in terms of the pain people will take on. You can wheel this object up and down and say, "I'm working, I'm working!" *Off Centre Under Pressure* would represent the feeling that I always have that fulfillment isn't something that you live with. . . . There are brief moments when you pass between the ying and the yang . . . The top of the sculpture implies that movement; the pressure is the weight, the anxiety you feel when you're under pressure, when you know you'd rather be upright.

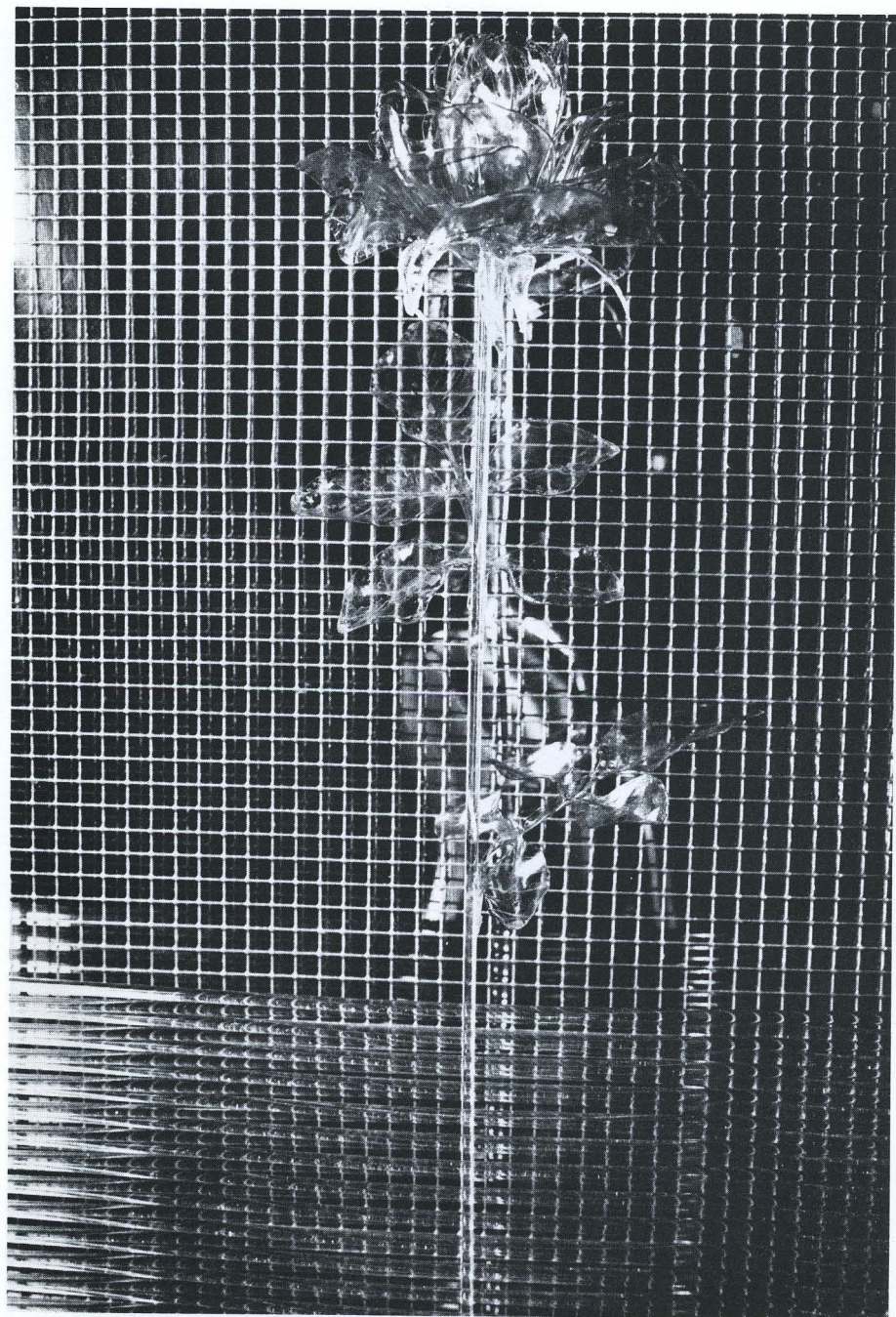


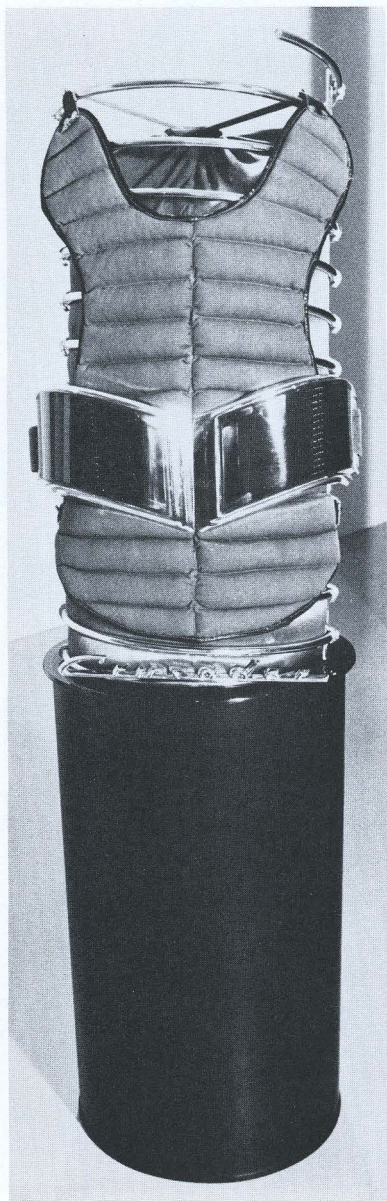






I think of sociopsychological myths, too. There's two kinds of half imaginary in *Half Imaginary Rainbow*. First, you have to imagine the colours, because the 'rainbow' is clear plastic with black and white dividers for the acrylic bow, strapped together with stainless steel. Secondly, you must mentally complete the rainbow. The rainbow carries with it the implication of the pot of gold at one end, and that is materialized for you. This piece represents my feeling that for every living concept, one must supply the colour. *Restrained Wall Flowers* is meant to suggest that we're willing to take on the colour of our backgrounds. People will reflect you back to yourself rather than presenting an individual point of view. At a dance or at a party, we are all of us to some extent, restrained wall flowers. It was a real problem to make those clear flowers. I had lots of fancy ideas, but in the end I made each one individually in the oven, melting plastic over the mold, pushing it down by hand until it got cool. The screen is hardware cloth. The frame is plexiglass and the backdrop,





polished steel. *Death of a Crusader* is composed around a chrome coil that sticks out at the sides, and the thought was to suggest someone who persisted in wearing a uniform he'd outgrown, who persisted in playing the role. The red bag at the top that was tied, that bulged out through the top of the coil, is kind of like a body bag. The lights on the belt, the red catcher's chest protector is a parody on uniforms.

AR The colour in this piece is splendid . . .

JCW Well, mostly I stay with the colour of the material. Material colour is the range of colour I can use . . . The materials I choose are my reaction to my heavy hippie period when you related to everybody in terms of organic materials. I figured I'd use the more contemporary non-organic materials and, at that time, I experimented with electronics. I discovered that such devices took time and maintenance. The lights go out. It's enough to give you a nervous breakdown.

AR *Angelica* is electronic . . .

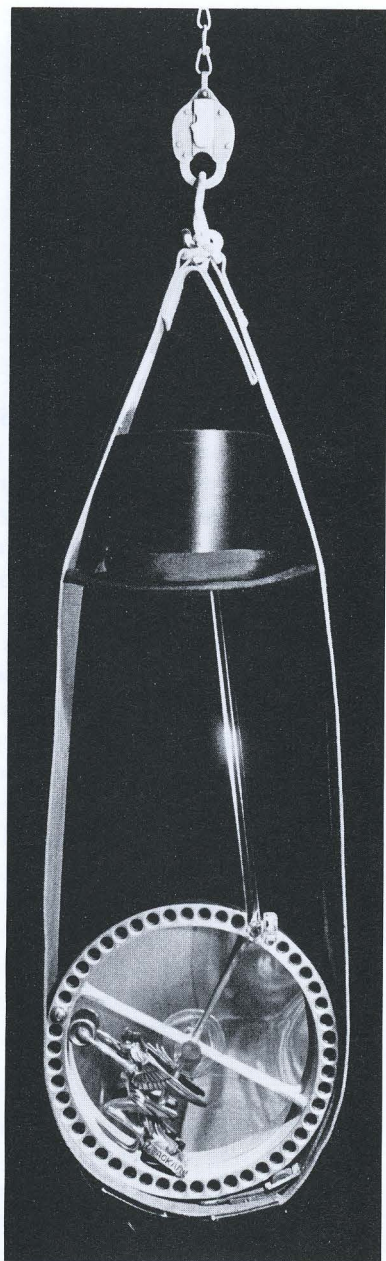
JCW Yes, there's the lights that are going around, that are

essentially about *time*. The angel with the roller would be essential man, just rolling, rolling and rolling like a rat on a whatsit. The lights, the L.E.D.S. that flash here and there are those brief illuminated moments, those fulfilling moments that make you feel there's more out there than you can comprehend. . . . that there's something you can tap, if you try. The hat was just the stereotypic hat. Just placing it up there was, for me, important. I can't define what it is, but for me it's obvious what it is.

The piece came out of the materials. I put the materials together and ended up with that. The whole thing is tied together in an arrow belt, which is a helicopter belt for lifting objects.

AR *Angelica* reminds me especially of the piece you've recently finished, your Sisyphian toy. The hat reminds me of those moments of high you talked of, like Fred Astaire with his hat.

How does *Support System* fit into your material and philosophical schemes?



JCW Well, the inside of *Support System* was the beginning of the piece. I had those six round plates and I was going to hold them together. They were probably huge copper lamp shades. I took them and stripped them, pounded the dents out of them and I put them all together and I was sure that I could hold them all together with turnbuckles on the inside and cables. To make a rigid structure, I thought I could use a couple of plexiglass rods holding them out while the turnbuckles pull them in. Well, I fooled around with that idea for a long time, then I had to fake it. As it is now with the weights and cables, everything you see is interdependent. If I take one of the weights away it will swing or it will fall down . . . I see it as something like what most people have — a support system. You'll like me if I like you; if you promise not to be different tomorrow, then I'll promise not to be different tomorrow and we both won't change together. And in some way, the system will never fall apart. The whole world is a huge support system; it's looking for agreement rather than for disagreement. Disagreement is an intellectual sharp point, something you hone your own opinion against, something which may make you feel secure, your support system. And you lose it all if you take one piece away. As I said in my statement for the U.B.C. show: "I long to align myself in the one or more myths, yet I desire even more to avoid the complacency that accompanies being the one who knows anything. No one should be without a question. I'll want to keep asking, just like Gauguin in 1897: 'Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?'"



John Clair Watts / IMAGES

Assisted Lightweight Sisyphean Roller, 1981, stainless steel, aluminum, nylon rope, 2.7 m x 2.5 m.

Grouped Coasters, 1981, plexiglass, 2.13 m x .45 m.

Off Centre and Under Pressure, 1980, plexiglass, brass, lead, 1.2 m x .38 m.

Half-Imaginary Rainbow, 1980, plexiglass, stainless steel, brass, aluminum, 1.2 m x .91 m x .25 m.

Restrained Wallflowers, 1980, plexiglass, stainless steel, hardware cloth, 1.8 m x .60 m.

Detail, *Restrained Wallflowers*.

Death of a Crusader, 1980, chromed steel, Opel tail lights, cloth, catcher's pad, plexiglass, tin, 1.5 m x .40 m.

Angelica, 1979, solid state electronics, Aero belt, top hat, Packard symbol, glass, 1.2 m x .30 m x 1.5 m.

Support System, 1980, copper, aluminum, acrylic, stainless steel, 2.13 m x 1.2 m.

Albert F. Moritz / FILM IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

Bangkok.
The naked god of love,
adolescent, violet-colored, scarred,
in his stiletto boat
conveys two Caucasian women.
Skiffs careen in the wash.
Paintless huts.
Children on mossy doorsteps.

At the stone lions the boatman,
smoking aged engine in his hand,
delivers them.
The stairs come from under water
and beneath climbing sandals
the slime of another world,
lips exchanging moisture in darkness.

Who is that whitewashed statue
cracked and peeling,
in a toneless voice making impure proposals?
There is nothing in the human world
but women and that voice
seeking a living throat to speak it.

Nothing but women
and the sea swell at dusk:
the depths manifest in the surface,
bowels present in the skin
and its silk of light,
contentment in a motion as of hips,
a loose motion playing across
the day's rhythm,
a motion of breasts
molding eyes and hands.

Nothing but women and a vagrant light.

They are naked now
in the deserted garden
and their throats are pitchers.
Let us go down.
Nothing is moving now.
It is the freedom of which we dreamed.

O violation
 beautiful youth,
once we were you.
Again now we feel that first anger
and the surprise of floating free.
Now in this palace of wood above the river
the plants tend themselves
and hope is the air.

Wine created the vessel
and the full vessel
for someone to drink from it,
created man:
 even the man
who drinks from and refreshes
two Caucasian women
amid the gilding of cries and knives
and the cancer flowers.

Mona Fertig / FIVE POEMS

DUSK

Like I've taken that darklight
thorn of love. The sun to do
my dancing. And the men. After
wanting cats and horses. I take
my wine and wait in the garden.
There are all kinds. No beggar
dogs here. The sky makes
dark changes. You could lose
your mind. The rational side.
That reins the dreaming.

ANGEL

Her wings of light. Between darkness
flew. As if born of a heart of wind
that knows no burden. Through times
of music dreams of fire she flew.
Long sea-forms of flight. Waves that
saw boundless the moon of dream. Her
movement. The tongue between silences.
That catches you unaware. Her movement
and those wings. That since night.
Have always flown.

TRIM ROADS

You'll always find what you're
looking for. The serpent or the
fallen fruit on the evening path.
Eyes cast downward. Or the sound
of wings starflyer rising
always as bird. Your sight soaring.
But the dark enemy things continue
to dart out of the edges of both
eyes. Private terrors. Those trim
roads to hell.

LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

Her visit to the land of the dead
was overnight or seasons long. In
the side of a mountain by the sea.
It could have been autumn. In the
visiting room. The neutral ground
between two countries. Life and Death.
They met. Their lovedreamslifefuture.
Stilled. Cut at the heart. The last
chord. Black and aching. Her life
an empty thing. Remembering was all
the dream could offer. So she wished
for her death. A rejoining. It meant
more to her than air. When she left.
It was winter. Snow lay on the ground.
Two women followed her for awhile
as she moved uphill. Watchwomen.
From that invisible netherworld.
His country.

EPILOGUE

The woman sitting on the lawn dreams of a beach called Eden a field of roses and more flights than imaginable from this barren cityscape psychic wasteland iron weights on all her stories straining pulling her wings down. The only growth spreads bloodless around her. So she concentrates all her strength on the Dream and draws forth a length of beach warmwhite sand a spread blanket trees a giving ocean and a clear blue sky. Then she pushes herself inside. Bare feet first. Pushes her spirit then her heart inside. There is silence. An empty brown lawn. The city sits for centuries. Cubes of civilization make tremendous stands. Her disappearance is final and unrecorded. Above the brown lawn a field of roses grow an immortal red.

Carole Chambers / TWO POEMS

STILL LIFE

UNDER THE OCCUPATION

like the cat leaves
your gifts are partly eaten
showing what cost was in the giving

your sense of grievance is long and cold
carried from another tribe and other hills

no debt is ever paid in this ritual
except one
except the same one
the broker of silence wears a grinning head

your bitter courtship is marked
like ordinary barter
and here we draw closest
to discourse on necessity
but to be loved by you
to be taken in your body through the skin
is something beyond your means

I have recourse to the ways of slaves and women
and cultivate a surface still enough
for reflection

GUNSIGHT

the things we do while sleeping
once were daylight acts
performed with such unthinking grace
that while seen by the police
we escaped their gentle attentions

it is not a matter of age
that gives and takes this vision
unless age just means weariness
and the young will always break the windows
while the old men pray within

any more than we must die
to get what is meant by heaven & hell
& must die again to remember it

Victor Coleman / TWO POEMS

EXTENDED TAGS

for Louis Zukofsky

The heart
goes all out
for 'A'

Minute degeneration
disguised as autobiography:

There is no 'All'
in a capital democracy

For the handful of men
for whom one eye is enough
there are millions
who need four

but unlike the consciousness
beneath the slicked-back hair
that once walked the streets
with an *imagined* music

the current model wears earphones

May 1979

THE GARDENER

for Ann Philpott

'April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!'

— WILLIAM WATSON

I sing the lengthening of the Taurian warmth
light extending through
the haze of our days
illuminating the fecundity.

The tails of little bulbs peak out
from a spring-drenched soil
reminding us to remove our shoes
but also to stay on our feet

to witness the discrete fuzz
on some branches
and a hostile protectorate
of geese —

our main export. This work,
at the commission of friends,
good neighbours, is a fitting
celebration of birth —

and an overabundance of birds —
your birth, and the birth
of new things
in the world.

'April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter;
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!'

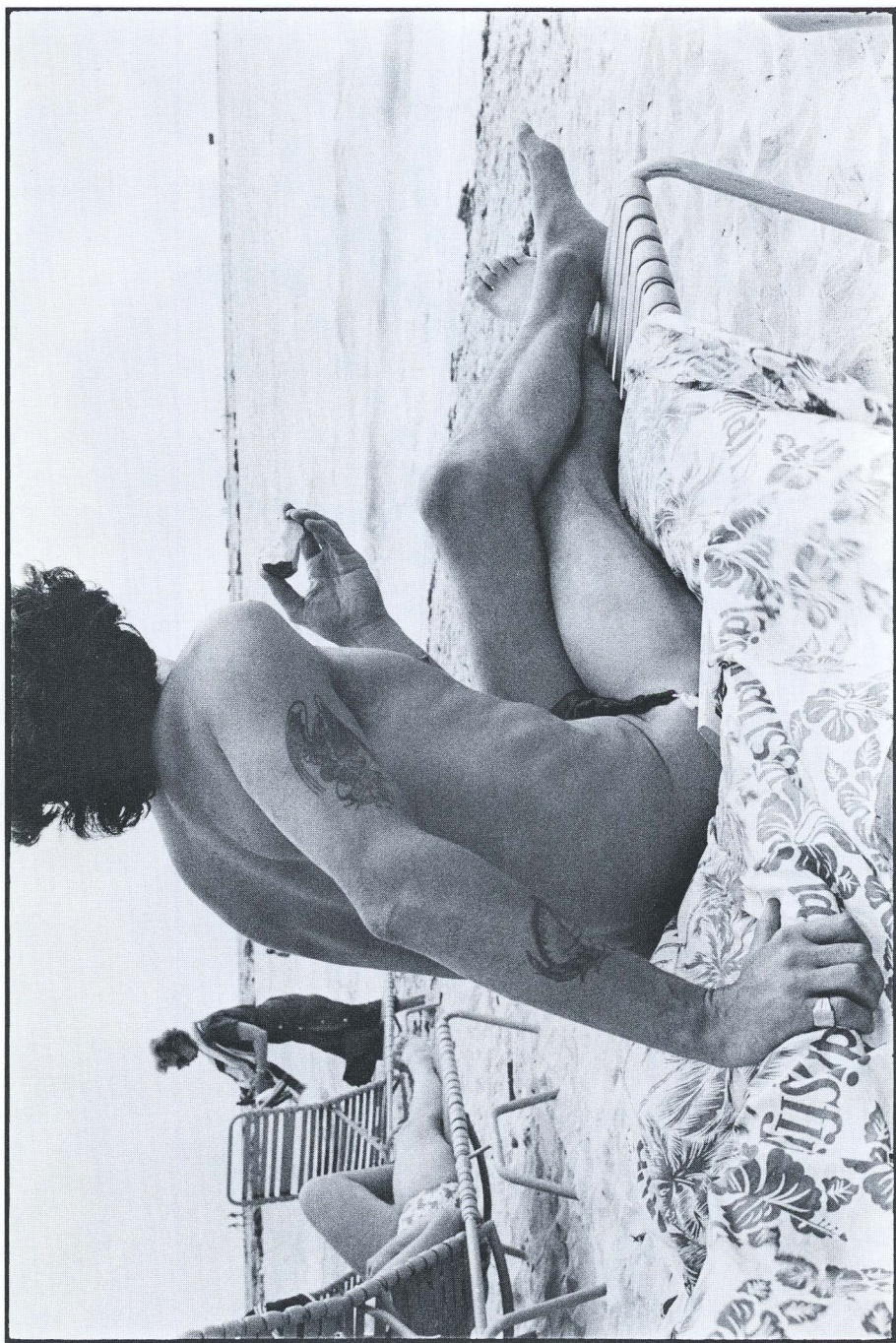
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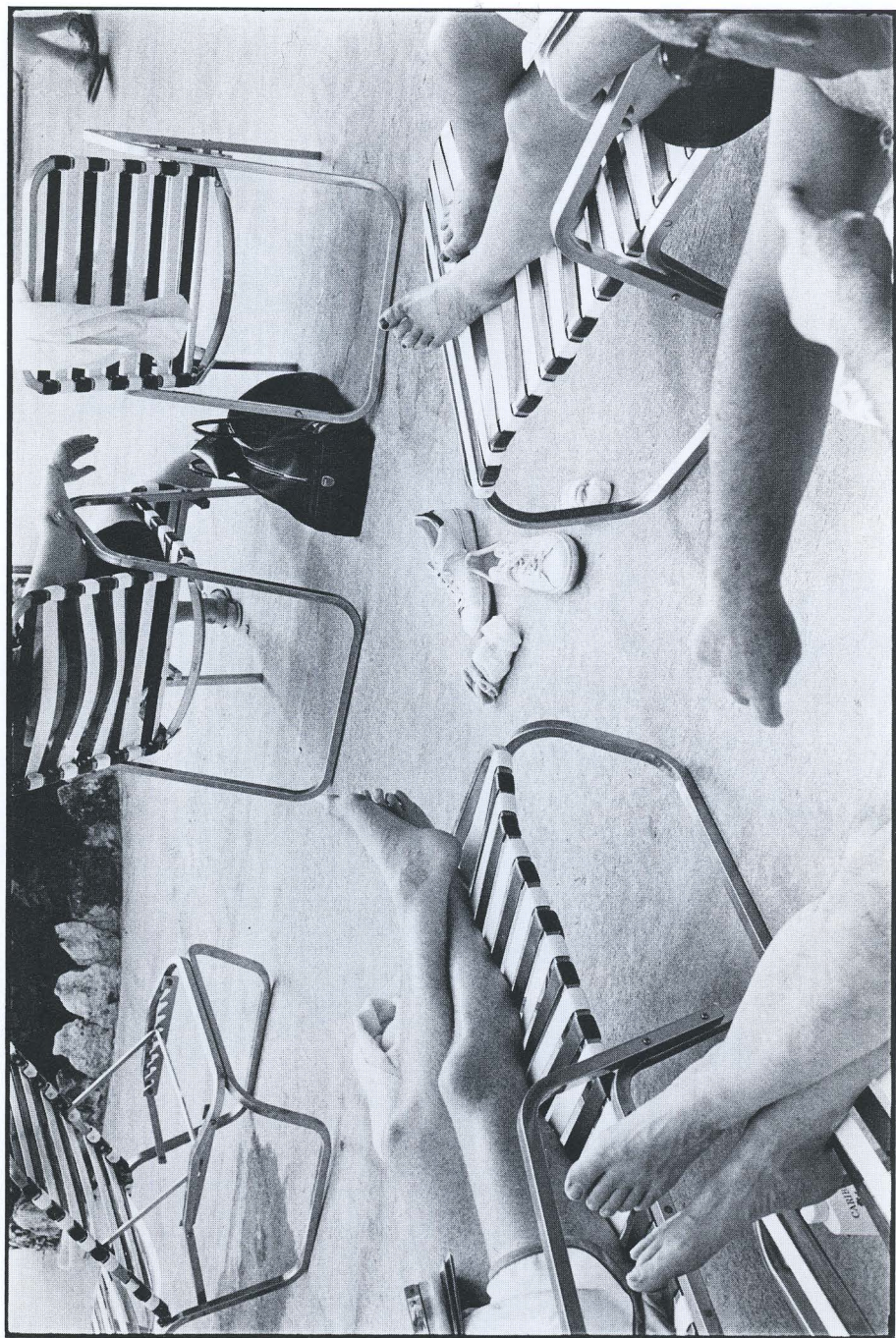
Ronnie Tessler / BEACH FLEISHE

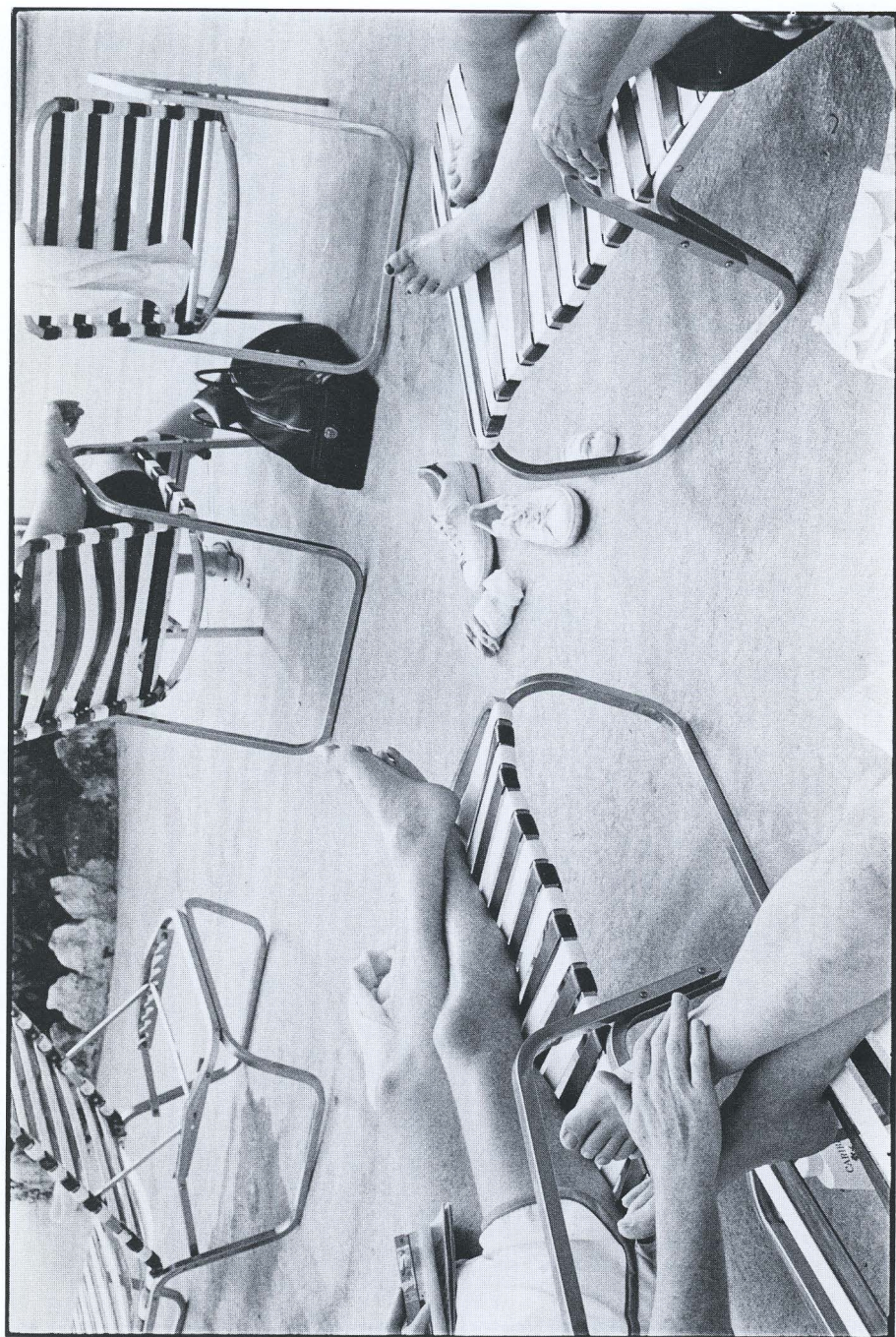


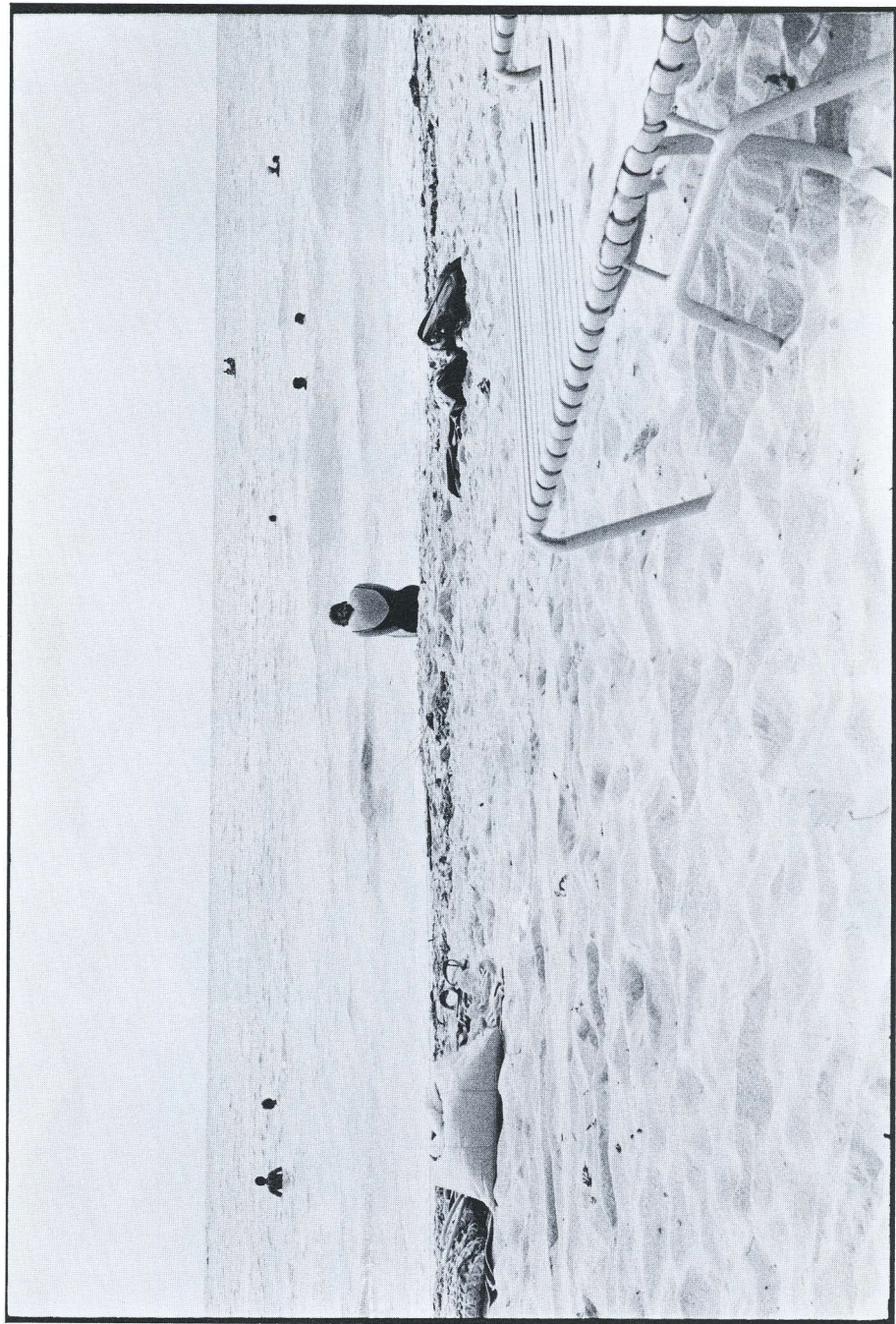












NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROJEANNE ALLWORTH lives in West Vancouver and has been a Creative Writing student at Capilano College. This is her first appearance in print.

GREG MURDOCK was born, 1954, in Saskatoon. He attended the University of Saskatchewan's Fine Arts Department for two years then, after travelling and studying in Mexico in 1978-79, he returned to complete his artist's training at the Emily Carr College of Art. He graduated in Spring '81 and had his first one-person show in the school's concourse in September.

D. M. CLARK lives on a small acreage in Chilliwack, and writes and paints as much as he can. Publications include *Inside Shadows* and *The Sunshine Man* (M & S).

WILLIAM J. KLEBECK is a past President of the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild, and a member of the Saskatoon Poets Coterie. He is the book review editor of the *Saskatchewan Law Review*. He's also a recent father, who writes that he's "adjusting once again to the act of creation."

MILDRED TREMBLAY lives in Nanaimo with her husband and the remnants of a large family of six daughters. Through the week, she works as a bookkeeper, and on the weekends, instead of cleaning house she writes short stories.

JOHN CLAIR WATTS was born in Victoria, B.C. in 1948. He lived most of his young life in Prince George. After taking a year of general arts at U.B.C., he travelled around the world in 1969-71. The experience changed his life. He broke a number of mirrors (habits of thought) and found the place (internal) where he existed. He took a B.F.A. at U.B.C. (1975-79) and had his first one-man show in the University's Fine Arts Gallery in January 1981.

A. F. MORITZ has poems currently appearing in *Tamarack Review*, *Queens Quarterly*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Denver Quarterly* and other magazines. A book of poems, *Black Orchid*, was published in December 1981 by Dreadnought, Toronto.

MONA FERTIG is the disappearing director of Vancouver's Literary Storefront, after years of sterling service. Her fifth book of poetry, *Releasing the Spirit*, is rolling off the press at Colophon Books.

CAROLE CHAMBERS lives and works on Hornby Island.

Well-known poet VICTOR COLEMAN is now living in Kingston, Ontario, where he is working at the National Film Theatre. A Special Section of his work appeared in *The Capilano Review* #5.

Some of RONNIE TESSLER's untitled works and excerpts from the *Rodeo Series* were published in TCR #10 and she provided us with the *Double Wedding* cover for TCR #11. We are pleased to publish here several photographs from the Beach Flesh (Fleishe) exhibition she had last year at the unfortunately no longer existing Viewspace photographic gallery on Dunbar. These images are the artistic product of a family resort holiday.

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