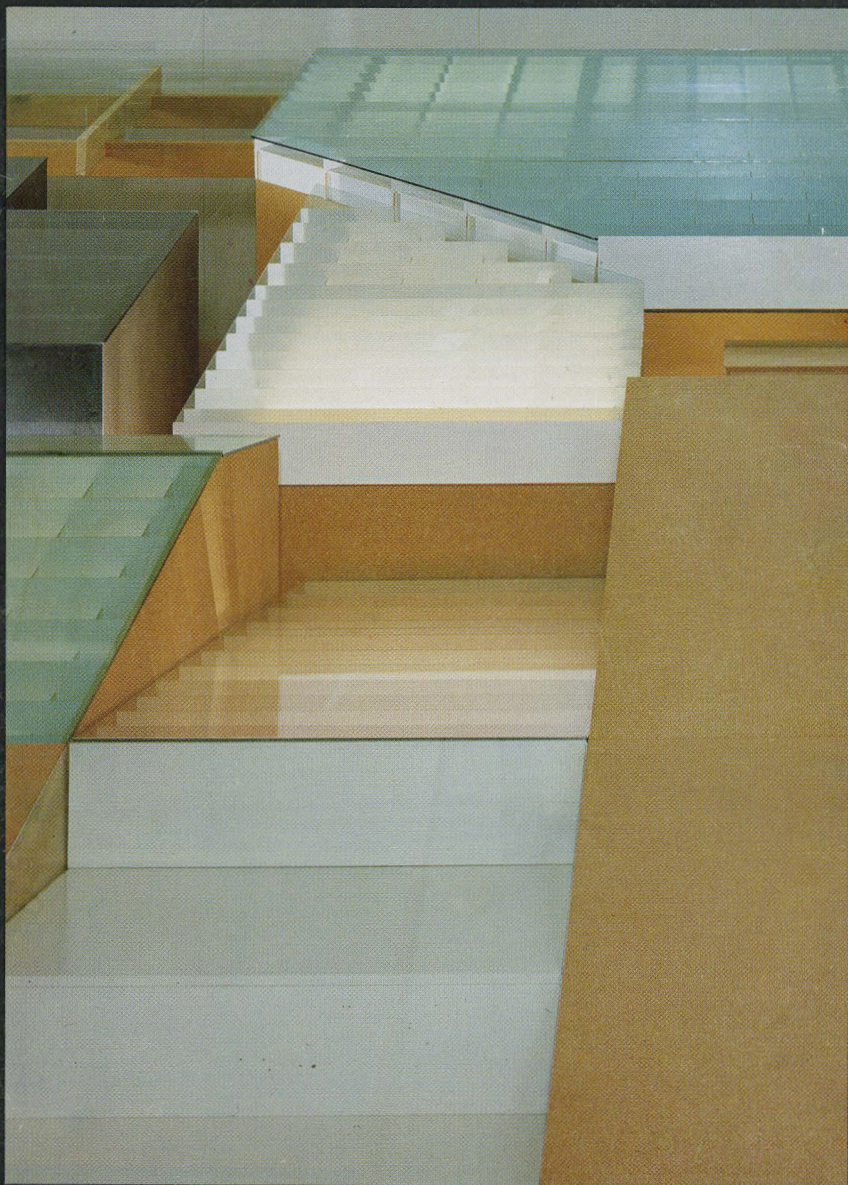


# THE CAPITANO REVIEW



*“... that feeling of being a trespasser in a land  
of wonder — a place where the past is still present,  
and where the land is hallowed and sanctified  
by the beings who dwelt there and the rituals that they enacted.”*

— BARRY COGSWELL

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million.

There are a number of reasons why the world's population is still hungry. One of the main reasons is that the world's population is growing very rapidly. In 1990, there were about 5 billion people in the world. By 2000, there were about 6 billion people in the world. By 2010, there will be about 7 billion people in the world. This means that there are more people in the world than ever before, and this is putting a lot of pressure on the world's food supply.

Another reason why the world's population is still hungry is that the world's food supply is not growing fast enough. The world's food supply is growing at about 1% per year, but the world's population is growing at about 1.2% per year. This means that the world's food supply is not keeping up with the world's population, and this is causing hunger.

A third reason why the world's population is still hungry is that the world's food is not distributed evenly. In some parts of the world, there is a lot of food, but in other parts, there is not enough food. This is because the world's food is not distributed evenly. In some parts of the world, there is a lot of food, but in other parts, there is not enough food. This is because the world's food is not distributed evenly.

There are a number of things that can be done to help solve the world's hunger problem. One of the most important things is to increase the world's food supply. This can be done by growing more food, and by using the land more efficiently. Another important thing is to distribute the world's food more evenly. This can be done by giving food to the people who need it most, and by making sure that everyone has access to food.

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## Blaine Coombes / TWO PROSE PIECES

### NEGATIVES

I am a victim of incompetence and ignorance. For most of my life I have been hiding behind scribbled handwriting, typing errors, invented abbreviations and mumbling. I can't spell, punctuate or for that matter read properly. Now I may have been a poor student or had some kind of learning disability, but I don't really want to deal with those possibilities in this writing, all I want is to find someone or something to blame. And I blame every teacher I ever had and the school I was forced to spend eleven years of my life in. Eleven years of terror day after day.

New Aberdeen School was a small prison. A plain two-storey, gray shingled building cut off from the streets around it by a high wire fence. The schoolyard itself was small, empty, and paved over to keep the kids from digging holes during recess. Somewhere around 1960, when everyone thought the bomb was going to be dropped, the prison look of the school was completed when a tall gray tower was put up in the schoolyard with an air raid siren on top. I remember that every now and then they would test it and when it made that sound, like a cat in heat calling its lover, for the length of one breath afterwards there was always a thick, uneasy stillness.

Out of the eleven years I spent there I had to serve three under the disturbed eye of Mrs. McCloud, Flossy, one year in grade five and two years in grade two. I'm not sure now but it may have been because of my spelling I had to repeat grade two. Grade two was the first year we were given a speller, a little book with a list of words on one page and a story on the next using those words. For some reason Mrs. McCloud stopped using the speller, she fell behind somehow; and so near the end of the year she passed out sheets of two hundred words each. We were given one week to memorize the whole list. It was assumed that we knew what each word meant and how it was

pronounced. I was lousy at memorizing and always had to stay after school to write the words I got wrong over at least five hundred times.

Now if that was all there was to it, just staying after school to write the words out several hundred times each, I might have even remembered a few but there was always the threat of the strap hanging overhead. The strap, fourteen inches of layered leather and half an inch thick with one rough side for the student and one smooth for the teacher, kept me in such a state of anxiety I was lucky I could stand up and remember my name when asked.

Mrs. McCloud almost never used the strap herself, that wouldn't fit in with the sweet, kind person she wanted us to believe she was. But if it was necessary she would bring one of the school thugs, Miss Voaky or Miss King, King Fish, to do the strapping. Even in grade two we knew the politics of the place and these two women who ran the school. It was always nice to hear when someone kicked one of them in the leg or threw something at them; it was reassuring to know that they were only human and had to duck flying ink bottles.

But before I had any real run-in with either Miss Voaky or Miss King I had to get through a second year with Mrs. McCloud, which was no different than the first year, and then spend a year with Mrs. Carmichael in grade three. Mrs. Carmichael was a tiny round, quiet woman who lived in the house right behind mine but when we were out of school she ignored me completely. I think like most of the teachers in New Aberdeen School Mrs. Carmichael saw us not as empty vessels to be filled with knowledge but as garbage cans that had to have our feet stepped on every day so the tops of our heads would pop open. Then paper bags full of things the teachers had become bored with could be crammed in.

One day Mrs. Carmichael told me to read aloud part of a story we were working on in our reader. She stopped me at one point and asked me to read the last sentence over again. "Tom waited the bus stop." I read again, trying as hard as I could to see where I had made my mistake. But over and over again I read the same sentence and could see nothing wrong. After a few more times she took me across the hall to Miss Voaky's grade four room. My hands began to sweat as I imagined the strap making that snapping sound it always did against skin.

I was made to read the sentence again for Miss Voaky in front of her class. It was even harder than before because I couldn't take my eyes off the black hairs on Miss Voaky's arm that held the strap which she tapped against her thigh while she glared down at me. Finally Mrs. Carmichael pointed at a word on the page and asked me to say it. "At," I said confused, not knowing why she was asking me to read such a small word. Then suddenly I realized it was part of the same sentence I was reading. "Tom waited at the bus stop." I read again. Now I was even more confused, I even forgot about the strap and Miss Voaky. I would have sworn that word was not on the page a moment earlier.

After Miss Voaky made some comments about how she wouldn't have any of that kind of thing from me when I got into grade four, I was sent back to my own class, reprieved for the moment. The next year Miss Voaky made up for it by strapping me almost regularly every two weeks.

After grade three I became an extremely slow reader, reading every word as if it was a sentence in itself. Even now I have to be careful reading, that I don't miss words or parts of words.

In grade five I got stuck with Mrs. McCloud again. This time though it seemed the whole class was out for revenge because of grade two. You couldn't expect ten-year-olds to listen to a grown woman, who still talked to them in baby talk, who called everyone dear, who always said naught instead of zero and who insisted on calling a train a lock-a-motive not even locomotive, lock-a-motive.

The name of the game of that year was, let's make Flossy cry and run out of the room. This was easy enough to do by either making noises behind her back, ignoring her whenever she spoke to you or by having a small riot whenever she left the room for a moment. I wasn't part of these attacks on Flossy in the beginning and there were times I felt sorry for her. But then in the last couple of months I joined in with the rest.



We were asked to write an essay describing our favourite room or person. I had neither, so invented one: it was the room of a retired sea captain. In the room was an old sea chest, a closet that smelled of mothballs with a big navy blue uniform hanging in it and a faded photograph beside the bed of a woman with her hair done up in one of those old fashioned buns.

I felt as if I had really created something and couldn't wait 'til Mrs. McCloud read it, for anyone to read it. But when I got it back my mark was zero, not because of poor spelling or punctuation but because I had described the room as dark and gloomy. In the second line of the essay Mrs. McCloud had drawn a red circle around "dark and gloomy" and had written above it "bright and colourful." Through the rest of the essay she had put red lines through words like: "dingy," "colourless," "sad" and "lonely." When I asked her about my mark she said it was not good for a young boy to be thinking in such a way and that I should describe things more cheerfully. At the time I remember thinking what a very stupid woman she was to not be able to see how beautiful some things were.

Until grade nine, the last year I would have spent at New Aberdeen, I wrote all my essays the way I was expected to. But when Mr. Maidment, the grade nine teacher and principal, gave us that same list of topics we had been getting since grade five — describe a favourite place or person; describe your summer vacation; tell a story about a pet and so on — I had to try something different. I was bored with school and bored with being young.

One of the topics added to this list was to describe a storm in the night. I didn't want to write about a storm so I wrote about war as if it was a storm passing over country after country destroying art, culture and people. It was a good essay, a strong essay where each word was a complete sentence.

The day after we passed in our essays, Mr. Maidment came into the room raving about this wonderful essay one of the grade niners had written. There were about sixty people altogether in the two grade nine classes that year and it could have been any one of them but I knew it wasn't mine. I was only an average student, not expected to do anything unusually well. But it was my essay, and while he read it to the class I tried my best to look as if I was hearing it for the first time. Good or bad, I wasn't comfortable having my thoughts exposed to everyone out loud.

When he had finished and said how good he thought it was he couldn't leave it at that, he had to ask me if I had copied it out of a book. I said I hadn't and was flattered by the idea that my essay was good enough to come out of a book. As he was putting it down on his desk he said, "Very good work, if you wrote it." Then I felt guilty; and after school my classmates teased me about copying the essay out of a book and passing it in as my own.

After I left New Aberdeen I spent only one year in high school then dropped out; it was the same only the strap wasn't there. When I was old enough I managed to get into an art college as a mature student. While in college I avoided any courses where I might have to write anything. Besides I was there to paint, draw, photograph and film, not to put words on paper. It felt safer to make ideas into images and let people read what they wanted into them.

I'm sure there were some good things that happened to me at New Aberdeen School but I find it hard to remember many except maybe the young teacher who took over grade six when Miss King left. It was the first time, while there, I had any luck. The year before, my older sister was in grade six with Miss King, and every day she came home crying. My sister was left-handed and Miss King thought that was unnatural so she made my sister sit on her left hand and write with her right hand and then kept her after school because her writing was so bad. On top of that, Miss King had an even bigger reputation for using the strap than Miss Voaky, so I was not looking forward to going into grade six under Miss King.

But Miss King left to go to another school and we got a new teacher. She was young and talked to us like people and she didn't believe in using the strap. She was only at the school for two years and though she was the only teacher I ever liked there I can't remember her name.

In all the years I was there they probably taught me all the basic rules of grammar but they also scared the hell out of me. But then I was a child that was easily frightened, even the building scared me with its high ceilings, wide stairs and empty hallways with hardwood floors that echoed your every footstep through the halls and up the stairs to the principal's office to get the strap. They always sent the condemned to get the strap. It was an effective way of telling you, you were nothing.

Once when I was sent to the office to get the strap, I just walked out, past all those doors with teachers' voices talking loudly behind them and past the younger grades where sing-song voices chanted, *two and two are...* I knew I would have to go back the next day and take the strapping I had avoided but, for the moment outside, everything was open and very quiet.

## ROUGH SKETCH

In 1978 my father died, a very old man of fifty-six. It had been over two years since I had seen him, and I had almost forgiven him for the years I was so afraid that I slept with an old bowie knife under my pillow. And for the nights, with my breath caught in my throat, that I gripped the broken handle of that same knife hoping for an excuse to use it.

Glance Bay, where both he and I were born and raised, was an ugly, dirty, coal-mining town whose claim to fame at one point in its history was that it was the biggest and dirtiest town in Canada, though I doubt if the rest of Canada even knew or cared. Our neighbourhood was nothing more than lines of rotting company houses caught between the mines and railroad tracks on one side and the cliffs that dropped off into the ocean on the other. The only things able to grow there were kids and mangy mutts that barked and chased after their own shadows if there was nothing else around. The old man seemed a little out of place compared to most of the men he knew: he didn't have the thick Cape Breton accent; he didn't like hockey; he didn't like beer or going to the legion; he never worked in the mines; he wasn't Catholic and he actually claimed to be an Atheist. I often listened when he argued about God with his friends who always looked embarrassed to be even talking about such things.

When he came back to Glance Bay after the war with his new bride, all the way from Halifax, he couldn't get work in the coal mines because he had been wounded and had lost the ends of his fingers. At least that is what I was told. There were a couple of stories on how he had lost his fingers but he himself avoided talking about it. They were the most impressive hands I ever saw: huge, thick, heavy, with wrinkles at the end of the stumps that made it look as if he had just folded the ends up inside.



I don't think he really tried very hard to get in the mines so, instead, he ended up taking over the store his father had built onto the house some time in the early twenties. Running the store and being with people every day suited him better than being buried alive with the dust and pit rats.

In my mind I can still see the store as you entered it from the house through the dark tunnel of the back storage room. It was a bright friendly place, usually with a bunch of bananas hanging from the centre of the ceiling, boxes of apples, each wrapped in blue paper, a long clean white meat counter, and walls of cans, bottles, boxes and bags running from floor to ceiling. But around that time most of my attention was centred on the three shelves of open boxes of penny candy just behind the counter.

The old man always made a production out of the penny candy. Taking a piece of brown wrapping paper from the big roll on the end of the counter and twisting it into a cone, then counting out loud following the directions of his young customer, he tossed each piece into the cone making sure we could hear it. I have never heard another sound that tasted as sweet as those little sugar-coated things hitting that brown paper.

Around this time I remember the old man as the person who was always there to pull me out of trouble. I remember feeling very peaceful watching clouds and feeling the strange pain of water going up my nose when suddenly his large thick hands lifted me high into the sky and I began to gasp and choke for air.

Another time, like one of those kids in the films they used to show us in school, I chased a ball out into the street from behind a parked car. I saw the headlights, the deep black treads of a new tire as I went under the bumper, then nothing. Next I found myself being carried into the house, all curled up in the old man's arms. I knew I wasn't hurt and I think the old man knew too, but I liked the attention so I pretended to be asleep and listened to all the people fussing around me until the doctor came.

There were five children then and I was beginning to feel lost in the crowd. My older brother and I always got the same toys and the clothes. I never had a room to myself until I was old enough to leave home. Then one day I found a piece of paper with a picture of one of those toy planes with a rubber band that when wound up could fly

by itself. I took the piece of paper to the store and gave it to the old man without saying anything. A couple of days later he brought me that same plane that was on the piece of paper. It wasn't my birthday or Christmas and it was all mine. I didn't have to share it with anyone. By the end of the afternoon the tail had broken off and the rubber band had snapped, so it would never fly again. But it didn't matter, it would always be the most special toy I was ever given.

Some time around the late fifties the store changed, the bananas and meat counter were replaced by a jukebox and pinball machines. It became a hangout for the local teenagers. He also put in a chip machine, and I and my brothers and sister spent time around the store peeling and cutting potatoes to make chips. Sometimes he would keep the place open late on Saturday nights, and a large group of teenagers would gather, turning the store into a dance hall. The old man really seemed to enjoy this time playing host to all those kids, making them chips, leaning over the counter to talk over the loud music and just being around them. But the old man was changing, and I was too young to see it.

All those years I remember as the happy times, of hot summers and big family picnics at the beach and cold winters going out with the old man and my brothers to cut Christmas trees. Everything was the way it was supposed to be.

Then the tall gas pumps that had been in front of the store were taken away and a new pair, shorter and more modern with square corners, were put up across the street with a brand new service station. Our street had houses only on one side overlooking a large open area that sloped down to the cliffs. It was here the garage was built, on a main road that went to the centre of town. It was an

empty unprotected place and the garage never belonged there. Across the road from the garage was the mine's parking lot, that was once the pasture for the pit ponies. But now hundreds of cars parked there every day, stopping off at the garage to fill up or get work done. Business at the garage was good and everything changed. He closed the store and later rented it to a man who opened a dry cleaners and filled our house with strange chemical smells. The old man began working twelve, fourteen hour days seven days a week and even my brothers and I spent all our afternoons after school, weekends and all summer there cut off from our friends.

Then came six more kids, the mines closed, business dropped off and a thousand other things happened in his life that I'll never know about now, and turned his drinking into a problem. We all tried to ignore it but that bottle of coke behind the counter all day long, half full of rum, became the biggest and ugliest thing in our lives.

One hot Saturday in August he, with his coke bottle always near, and I, wanting to get the hell out of there, were working on an old black Chrysler and we weren't getting anywhere with it when he suddenly slammed the hood and threw a maul hammer through the windshield. I just left and hoped he would stay there until he cooled off or passed out.

Later in the afternoon he came into the house and without warning began to beat my mother. My sister, brothers and I were numb. We stood and watched unable to do anything against this kind of mindless rage. Everything happened in flashes, I watched him knock her down in the upstairs hall and stepping over her, go into his room and then come out with his old army revolver and run out of the house. Somehow on his way out he also managed to get hold of his shotgun. He went back to the garage and for a while we argued with our mother about what to do. Then my oldest brother, crying, called the police. When they showed up and went to the garage and called to him to come out, as if they were asking him to go have a beer with them, he fired at them through the door with the shotgun.

Soon more police were called and somehow it became night. There were headlights and people moving everywhere. Men with big black boots stomped all over our house making the place very cold. The neighbourhood was full of police, mounties, police dogs and crowds of people gawking over police barricades; most were faces I knew.

It was like a dream when people and things are transparent and temporary. I saw my mother sitting in the middle of our dining room with something wrapped around her shoulders and my older sister standing beside her holding her hand. Both their faces were distorted from fear and crying. My mother called to me to come to her but I ran away.

At one point I was watching the garage from an upstairs window, praying for the old man to die, when he came out of the garage and ran towards our house, the shotgun in his hands. The police didn't seem to notice or at least they didn't do anything about it. I heard the front door kicked in, shouts and then a shot. I froze for a moment, considered doing something heroic but instead went out a bedroom window onto the store roof and jumped off the roof to the ground. All my life I had wondered if I would ever be able to make that jump and I did it without a second thought.

I found later that my mother and all of the younger kids had left the house earlier and gone to our uncle's place on the next street. It turned out when the old man came into the house he found my older brother and a friend there. He shouted at them to get out of his way, then took his hunting rifle from the closet and ran out again. But when he was a little ways away from the house, he turned and fired low in their direction where they stood in the front door watching him. The shot just scratched the concrete steps that no one ever liked.

I went to my uncle's for a while to be with my younger brothers and sisters. We tried very hard to watch television so we wouldn't hear and see anything real. But it was impossible, I had to go back and watch till it was over. Each time I went through the barricades and the police and people moved aside for me, I felt important to be part of the spectacle and not just one of the audience.



Several times he came out of the garage challenging the police to fire but they never did. Finally, after eight long hours, in which he had shot up the garage and set fire to some oil drums and threw them out into the street to the delight of the crowd, the police filled the place with tear gas. When he came out though the police didn't move until he tried to make a run for the houses behind the garage and a couple of men in our neighbourhood jumped him and wrestled him to the ground. Then the police moved in and they all grabbed at him at once. They were all over him but he kept fighting them even as they dragged him into the paddy-wagon and drove away.

Before the police could take down the barricades the crowd swarmed over the garage, the customers' cars that were parked there and the whole area. There were whole families there together, people ran back and forth over the tops of cars and the roof of the garage and then fought and pushed each other to get a turn at sticking their heads through the broken windows. A couple of guys who I thought were my closest friends ran past and just glanced at me then joined the mob. Everyone wanted to be the first to see a bullet hole or smell the tear gas. I thought they were going to tear the place apart, everyone trying to get a piece of the only corpse of the night. I hate them.

I stood in the street watching the crowd and waiting for that character who always shows up at this point on television and tells one of the other main characters like me, that everything is going to be alright now that it's over and that everything that can be done to help the old man will be done. Then the camera could pull back to an overhead shot as we walked away together under the streetlights. But he never showed or anyone like him and it wasn't over, it was just the beginning and no one warned me.

The next day when my brothers and I went to work cleaning up the garage, I was surprised to discover the crowd hadn't touched anything. But the tear gas covered everything with a white powder that stung my eyes, nose, throat and skin. There were bullet holes in the walls and doors, and the top half of the pay phone on the wall near the office had been blown completely off. Somehow, even with tear gas driving us out occasionally, we managed to get the place ready to open for business the next day.

Then came the publicity, the police statements, the trial and eight months in jail. And when he got out, a couple of months later, he did the same thing again but this time it wasn't as publicly dramatic because the police had taken away his guns. This time he just smashed up the house, fought with the police and went to jail again. When he got out, he did it again and again and again. Over the next couple of years he smashed every valuable piece of furniture we had and both of my older brothers and myself each had a turn at punching it out with him. During this time I think the only time he ever respected me was when he kept hitting me and I kept getting back up. I was too afraid to stay down.

I left Glace Bay in 1970 when I was accepted at the Art College in Halifax and went back as little as I possibly could. The old man was beginning to slow down by then; he had a series of heart attacks the year before and was told to stay away from drinking. He sold the garage and spent a lot of time at home reading and staring out the window across the street at the garage. He reminded me of a caged animal that had stopped pacing around in its cage looking for a way out but still couldn't be trusted.

The second year I was away he burnt the house down two weeks before Christmas. There were still seven kids living at home with my mother so the town got together and donated food and clothes and gave my mother a friendly little house with a big yard in another neighbourhood. It had almost become a tradition for someone to get burnt at Christmas time in Glace Bay and the people always seemed to enjoy having the chance to do something for someone else. It was the most pleasant Christmas I had home in years, the new house was warm and had none of the built-in pain of the old house and the old man wasn't there. He was in jail again.

I wasn't around much after that but when he came home he never repeated any of the things he had done before. He had a couple more heart attacks and almost quit drinking. One weekend when I was home I sat watching him across the living room; his hair, pushed back from his forehead, was grey and his once thick solid body looked soft and weak. He sat reading some spy thriller or western, holding a cheap pair of glasses, with the arms broken off, in front of his face. He picked up the glasses in a drugstore when his eyes started to get weaker and always said he could never see the sense in paying out all that money to have his eyes checked and get prescription glasses when these things worked just as well. He looked very old and tired. My younger brothers and sisters became very attached to him in the last few years and were often ready to defend him if I ever tried to talk against him.

The last time I saw him, I ran into him on a street in Halifax. He had become involved with some club or other and was in Halifax with a friend for a conference. It was the first time we had ever met as two adults. We went and sat over a couple of beers that neither of us wanted and tried to find things to talk about. After a while I made some excuse and left.

At the funeral, when we viewed the remains, something he always asked us not to do, there was only an empty shell that looked like him and a little fat man standing beside me smelling of rum and telling me what a great guy the old man had been when they were in grade school together. For years I thought I had exorcized the old man and Glace Bay out of me but the further away I got from them the more a part of me they became. I laughed and cried at the funeral with his family, my family, and for the first time since I was a child I thought of the old man, Roland Coombes, as my father.

## Dennis Reid / PLAZA DEL LOMA

October tourists trickled through Barcelona train station as I sipped that final Spanish coffee, the heavy black in my mouth on the train to Paris, an airplane, Canada. That was before the cold weather, before the demonstrations. Three months earlier I had stepped through summer suitcase in hand, through Catalonia three days in high plains dust, the truck rattling. I thumbed a ride with her from Nice. She spoke no English, I no Spanish. It was a ride of awkward silences, then hand motions and much laughing; her body tight under a cotton workshirt, sweat in the armpits. We drank late the last night before Barcelona, almost to the point of understanding. Ouzo, Cointreau, cervesa. Driving further, she surprised me before I her. And after, hunched against me expecting someone to hit her.

The next day, exhausted by the sun, the cool lawn, I fell asleep. "Move. Move." I looked up the soldier's carbine, its toylike vented muzzle, with the tourist's blankness. His black cap and black uniform was too formal, too *pretty* I thought then, for the budding heat.

Seven thousand miles and six months later I remember that pulling blackberry suckers from the bush. They're everywhere, like the brambles in sleeping beauty. All summer they reclaimed the garden, the fences I left. Their slivers stick under my skin and I pick around them like I picked around her in Plaza Del Loma, carefully, avoiding scratches. Around the magnificent ceramic star the radicals gathered, argued, drinking all night in noisy open-air cafes, planning meetings, rallies, printing leaflets. I neither understood nor cared to know what it was about; I was attached to her for the mornings, simple as that; giggling under sheets we dampened at night. It seemed to take all summer drawing my finger down her thigh, and she, the core of that anger, using me like a drink after work. I thought she loved me, *me* who couldn't speak her language. I planned a scene which, of course,



was pointless: she was in her web and I was a bauble from another world. So we sat in the train station, pigeons circling like wind-up toys. I see her long brown hair, breasts taut like the flesh of oranges.

"You go," she shrugged matter of fact as if noting a chipped fingernail.

"Not the revolution, really?"

"What do *you* know?" She was so contemptuous I almost laughed. But it *was* unreal and sweat beads on my forehead as I chop these snaking vines as if it would change something; September, October, the heat growing; soldiers fidgetting with orders they didn't want to obey. October 23rd was a riot neither side expected — overturned cars, gasoline bombs, toppled bronze monuments. Seven killed. She among them, on her side with a stunned disbelief as blood squirted from her ribs. I left with blood on my hands and raze this silly, rooted undergrowth. I can feel her bite my shoulder. I stop and finger the scar, the fault, not simply mine.

## Rosanna Yamagiwa Alfaro / BACK HOME IN BERKELEY

So that's where it's at, he said, as his wife switched on lights and puttered about in her bunny slippers, that's why they haven't sent us a note for two months when they promised to write once a week. I can see them now. Pete in his greasy Levis settling down on our loveseat with both Margie and the kid on his lap. They must be breaking up at the thought of having the palace to themselves, of ripping off their old professor, of drinking his Scotch, of wiping off their boots on the Persian rugs. I can see Margie rummaging through the drawers and unearthing our past, that motley pile of albums I should have locked up in the closet along with the bundle of loveletters and the Rosenthal china. They'll see me in front of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and you in front of the Bridge of Sighs, that series of indecent photos of first you and then me, obscuring every landmark in Europe. It wasn't so bad for you. All they expected from you was what they'd expect from any ordinary housewife. But just imagine how they'll be laughing, he said as he paced their tacky Mexico City apartment, imagine how they'll be laughing at me, at the vanity, the mediocrity, the insipid, humdrum quality of their professor's life. "I'm sure Pete's not laughing at you," broke in his wife. "You've said yourself that he worships the ground you walk on." I've never said anything of the sort, he said, raising his voice, but now that you mention it, why shouldn't he worship the ground I walk on? Who in his right mind wouldn't worship the ground of someone that gives him a house rent-free for six months?

Especially someone like an assistant professor who can't afford to indulge in such grand acts of generosity. Here we sit in Mexico City barely surviving on homemade tacos while he and his family live like kings in the Berkeley hills. And do you honestly believe that they're keeping up the house, that Margie's had the initiative to check the pump to see if it's still functioning, to make sure the basement's not knee-deep in water. Do you really think Pete's kept his promise and patched up the leak in the roof, or that they've simply laid out newspapers and let the rains pour in by the bucketful. I know you're short on imagination but it doesn't take much to see the front lawn littered with eucalyptus bark, the pine trees uprooted, and the bushes lying adrift in that trench by the side of the road. Why do you suppose their long silence coincides with the rainy season unless there's been a natural catastrophe and they're afraid to tell me about it. "You could be right," said his wife, rolling her hair up in curlers, "but it's much more likely that the mailman's lost Pete's letters. You know how the service is here in Mexico, how they 'misplaced' my birthday present from Daddy and our dividend check from. . . ." That's absurd, he said, shouting her down. Don't you realize that Pete's mail can't possibly have been lost for ten weeks in a row. Can't you understand, you idiot, that if you cared for me at all, which you don't, if you thought for one second about something other than rebozos for yourself and one-peso toys for the neighbors' kids, you would have seen long ago that our very existence is riding in that mail — a fat letter of acceptance for my book which means tenure which means a roof over our heads which means that even you, if you had the brains to realize it, might profit by it. That letter is gathering dust in Berkeley. . . . "Or right here in Mexico," she pointed out. "You can't deny that things here don't function the way they do in the States. The mailmen do open up packages and fat envelopes." Whatever it is, he said, the letter's lost, and has it ever crossed your feeble little mind that it's not a letter of acceptance at all but only a rejection slip? Do you suppose they've returned the manuscript and Pete is in our bed reading it, lying back on our pillows with a mug of hot chocolate and marking off whole sections to be xeroxed and handed to Smith so he'll never give me tenure? "You know Pete would never do a thing like that, and even if he did, Smith wouldn't listen to him. You liked Smith well enough before he became Chairman of the Department. If you ask me," she said, dabbing cold

cream on her forehead, "you're getting as bad as the campus radicals, always afraid of who's bugging their phones as if J. Edgar Hoover didn't have more important ways of occupying his time." But do you suppose, he asked her, that Pete has anything better to do with his time? A kid like that who's only intent on stretching out his carefree student days, who's not earning enough to support his family or pay an honest day's rent. Don't you suppose he's capable of doing his old professor in even after I gave him the house free of charge? "I advised against that," said his wife. Not very hard, he said, slamming his hand down on the table, not very hard you didn't. That's what hurts me most. When you realized that here it was your own husband, giving up six months of rent, \$1780 that meant leaving out side trips to Yucatan and Oaxaca where there was crucial research to be done, when you realized all that, you might at least have said, "No, God damn it, you are not giving our house away to those radicals, those pot-smoking hippies. You are not going to be carried away by one of your fits of generosity. You are not going to put a rope around your neck." But instead, you sat by in your own mousy way and let me commit suicide. That's what you did and I'll never forgive you for it. And on top of that, he said, infuriated by the tears he saw welling up in her little mouse eyes, there's only one month left of my research grant. I haven't been able to get a good night's sleep in weeks. I haven't been able to get into my work on the Aztecs and it's all your fault, dragging me out for tea on the Zona Rosa or to pick up a pair of earrings at the Monte de Piedad. You're on my back, God damn you. You don't even speak the language so I have to do everything, make up grocery lists for the maid, take you to marketplaces and waste my time bargaining for ten-peso baskets when I should be doing the intellectual work that keeps the tacos on the table and the shirt on your back. "But I haven't bought anything for myself," wailed his wife, "only for you. The big poncho and the striped sweater and the sandals were all for you." And how, he asked, is all that going to help my career? Is Smith going to give me tenure if I show up on campus

with a poncho down to my ankles and straw sandals on my feet? My dear, he said, speaking more gently now, my poor little idiot-wife, when I get home I fully expect to be without a job and without a roof over my head. The chances are fifty-fifty that the manuscript has been rejected and that Pete and Margie are systematically destroying the property, your property as well as my property, you understand. If you don't care about me at least you should care about yourself. Do you remember the postscript on that last letter Pete wrote us, that letter nine weeks ago, in which he announced his unilateral decision to clean out our garage? "But I thought that was a nice suggestion," she said sniffing. "You thought so too at the time." But I'm not like you, he said, I sometimes rethink my thoughts. I don't have a pea-brain like yours that lets in one or two ideas a year and once they're in, never lets them out. Has it ever crossed your mind, for instance, that the cleaning of the garage is the first step of a master plan of ultimately converting it into a shack so Pete and his family can set up housekeeping there? That we'll find them so well-established when we get back that we won't have the heart to turn them out? It's perfectly feasible, you know. How many times have I threatened to move my own study back there so I'd be free to write a page or two without being interrupted by the clatter of pots and pans or the buzz of the sewing machine. But when we get back there won't be even a moment's peace with the three of them running in and out to use our bathrooms or join us for dinner. You're the one who cooks, you know, you're the one who cleans out the toilets. But it's always your husband who has to put his foot down and stand on his dignity, which he's somehow managed to keep intact in spite of his little wife and her mousy self-effacing ways. I will say I simply cannot set up a commune at my age. I'll say I'm temperamentally unfit to live with strangers, especially when one of them is only two feet tall. My wife may be perfectly willing to be stepped upon and ground under but not me. I may be overcome by moments of stupid generosity . . . "You're not very generous to me," wailed his wife. I may be overtaken by temporary attacks of insanity, but I will not be taken advantage of, I will not be trampled upon by my own students. If it weren't for me, he said, we would come home and find squatters in our back yard, the garden devastated, three rows of bushes uprooted by the storms, the house exposed to the noise and exhaust of a dirt road that's rapidly turning into a highway, the roof of the back room



beaten in by the rains, and the termites having a field day in the walls. Because that's the way things are, you know, that's where it's at unless — and here he saw the three dots float across the vision of his right eye the way they always did whenever he had a new revelation — unless the three of them simply aren't there anymore. Isn't it incredible that we've never considered the most obvious and devastating of possibilities? The reason there hasn't been any mail is because Pete and his family have moved out. They've hit upon the easiest way of making an income and rented the place out to a dozen or more of their pot-smoking radical friends. They're getting rich off our house while their friends hold their Venceremos meetings in our cellar and carry on their orgies in our beds, on our rugs, and to the accompaniment of our grand piano. "I don't believe that for one minute," she said. "Pete and Margie are a decent young couple and it's not their fault or mine either if five months in Mexico has driven you stark raving mad." Well, and so what if it has, he shouted. You could sleep through a hurricane or tidal wave, but I haven't had a good night's sleep in months because I am sensitive, I do have an imagination. "But you could call," said his wife. "It's so simple. For just \$2.50 you could talk to Pete and Margie and they could tell you themselves that everything's all right." And he could see it in her eyes, the scorn, the wee and vicious triumph of a mouse clutching its grain of corn, so certain that he'd never dare to pick up the telephone and confirm that he was out of his mind, that he was inventing again so as to avoid buckling down to the really serious task of getting tenure, filling his mind with trivia so he couldn't write his book. But he would show her. We'll see your comfortable little world come crashing in on top of us, he said as he picked up the phone. What's our number anyway? Here you are, the one who's been nagging me for days now to make the call, and you don't even know the number. Why is it that you're never of any use to me? When you consider all the things I have on my mind and the little you have on yours why is it that you can never provide me even with the simplest information? "But I'm always at home," she whimpered. "You called me at that number every school day for five years now, but in all that time I never called home once." So he had to be told his own number by an insulting and thick-headed Mexican telephone operator and by some



fluke got through with a magnificent connection to San Francisco, 2500 miles away. Instantaneous with Pete's hello and before he could say a word, his wife was at his side, her voice in his ear, saying, "Ask him if everything's all right. Ask about the roof and about Margie and the kid." And in the silence that followed he could feel her fluffing out her grey mouse fur, ready to tell him as she had so many times, "You see, everything's fine. You see, I told you so." And she continued to make little squeaks of contentment, she continued to be oblivious to the tremor on the other side of the phone, the inhuman racket that had long since swallowed up Pete's voice, exuding its usual cheer and self-confidence, and even the high-pitched screams of Margie and the kid, a whistling sound like a hundred teakettles bursting open at the seams. He himself could now hear the earth slipping out from under their house, the toppling of bookcases, the jolting loose of closet doors, and the spilling out of fur coats and loveletters, the Rosenthal plates and the cups and saucers from Seville, the shattering of three dozen long-stemmed wine glasses, the pipes cracking and the water flooding the bathrooms, the smell of gas, the twelfth-century Aztec dancing dogs swept from their place on the mantelpiece and lodged high in the rafters, the snapping of wrought-iron curtain rods like toothpicks, the loveseat afloat in the air like a kite, then silence and a false feeling of tranquility as if things were finally set right and not at all as if the ground had simply opened up and swallowed the telephone and perhaps the hand still holding on to the receiver. But before his wife could say, "What is it? Why did you hang up?" the first reverberations had already travelled 2500 miles along the San Andreas fault and into Mexico. The ground beneath them shuddered and his wife whom he now held in his arms, his poor little mouse wife was trembling but, of course, hadn't the smallest inkling, the dimmest notion that the hour of the great earthquake was upon them, that it was roaring in great waves down the backbone of California and even now was on the outskirts of Mexico City, a disaster greater than the tornado his wife had watched twisting through the wheat fields of her father's farm, noisier and brighter than the fireworks they had seen together during their honeymoon in Nice. Then he saw it, a second before the electric lights went out like candles, quivering and giving out a smoky glow, the monster's face at the window, his small red eyes and blunt nose pressed against the glass the flapping of giant wings or Venetian blinds, the great beast risen from the bowels of the earth and the purple twilight of the world.

## Barry Cogswell / ETHIOPIAN LANDSCAPE; BRITTANY LANDSCAPE

*The Capilano Review* published its first article on Barry Cogswell in Issue No. 11. He had just completed *Two Columns of Space* (1976) for his own pleasure. This work like others he has since designed was the result of meticulous *prevision*. Sketches, rough working drawings and even final full-scale drawings from which manufacturers' templates could be taken ensured that no aspect of the sculpture — apart from impact upon a final site — was unanticipated. Two subtly shaped wedges, supported on trestles, in turn support the air above. The curvature and the grooved surface treatment, like mathematics, like contemporary engineering and architecture, invite a cerebral response. The metallic heft of those apparently solid forms, the velvety russet patina of Corten steel, the mysterious, shadowed hiatus between the parts expect a visceral recognition of natural, or supernatural allusions. The action of atmosphere on metal. The rusted remnants of a man-made object whose purpose is forgotten. A sacrificial altar awaiting a double offering. A contemporary dolmen open to ritualistic lovers.

For Cogswell then and now "the process of creating or imagining art has to do with the realization of the subconscious historic mind which has taken a lifetime of learned material and bonded it with a historic memory of things to make a kind of material realization of these influences."

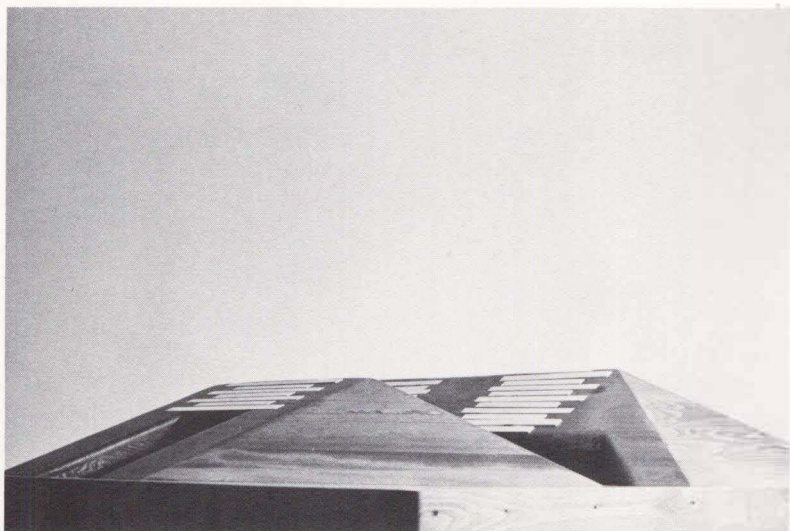
It was with works like *Two Columns of Space* that Cogswell first began to understand the nature of his sculptural interests. He was already certain that "energy is created off a plane, so that that energy is continued beyond the point where the plane is physically terminated." He knew that forms could direct the eye to a recognition of the volumes of space supported by them. He noticed that his work tended to have elements of two and three in it — two units with three minor units supporting them; two units with three planes cut in each. Some of the formal and numerical relationships indicated here have





remained consistent in his art. The significant changes in recent years however, occur in three areas. First, whether working to commission or for himself, Cogswell has found ways of conceptualizing his work *in a site*. Secondly, the formidable solid pieces of his *Two Columns of Space* phase have given way to works that either explore the graphic divisions of a surface by placing steel and concrete beams on the ground or by conceiving the horizontal wedges as negative wedges cut into the ground, or by making an exploded or transparent version of the previously opaque forms. Finally, through a more careful titling of the works and the occasional use of a symbolic device, Cogswell has begun to ensure that his works have the *historic* associations he has wished them to possess.

*Silbury 3* (1978) gives first evidence of these three important developments. The finely-wrought maquette in wood suggests a man-made landform, a double pyramid in shape. There are yawning, wedge-shaped entries and grids of concrete "beams" lie over the



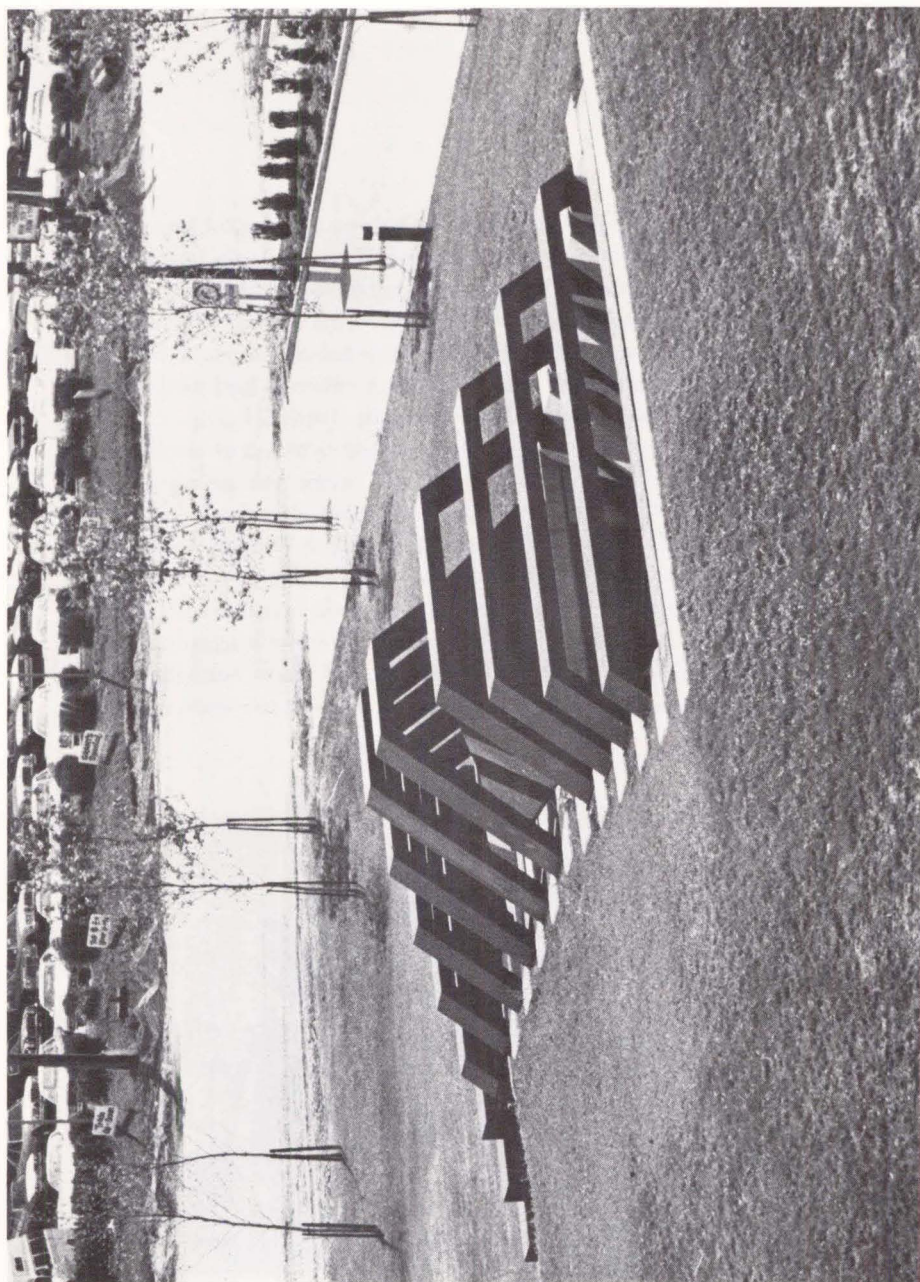




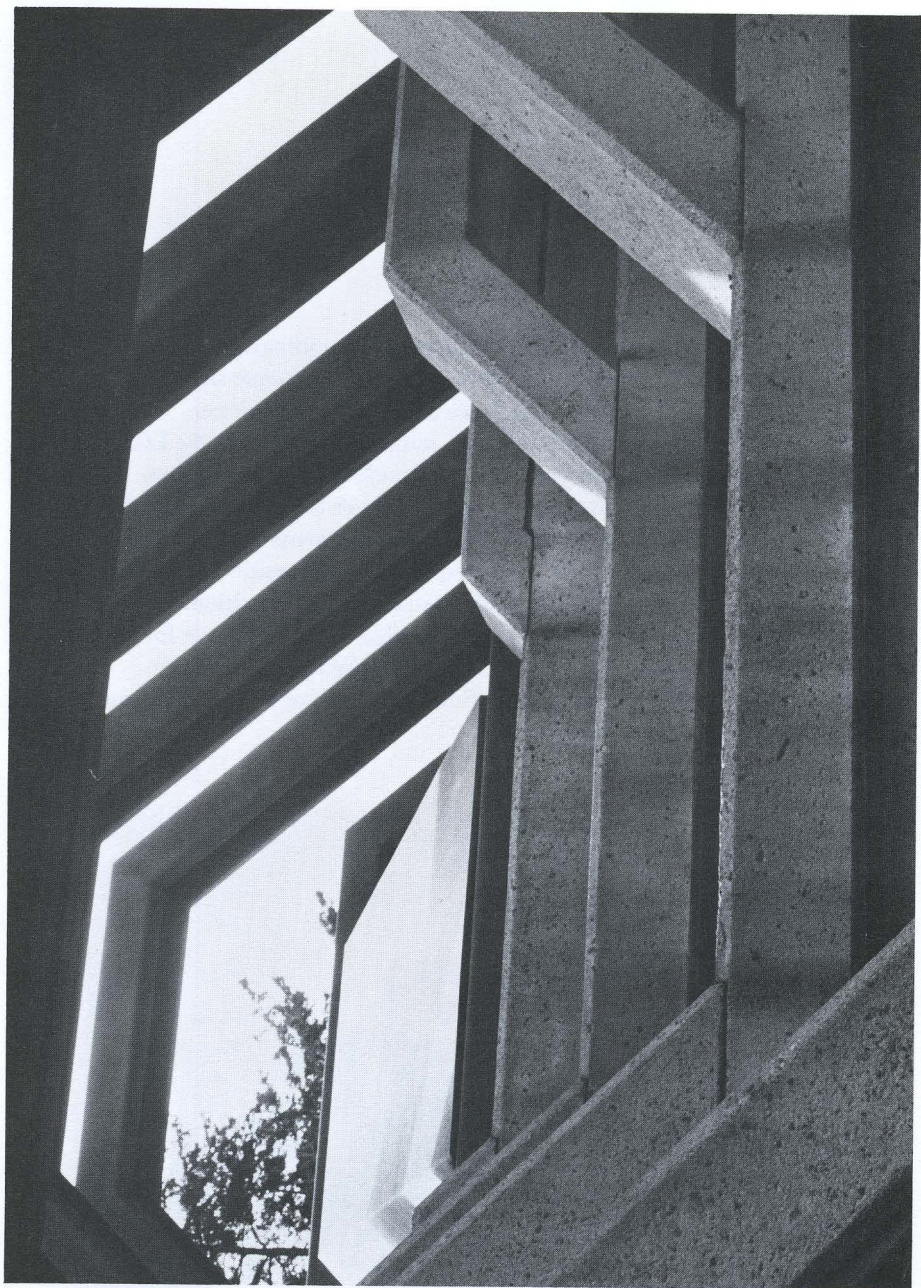
suggested earth work. At Edmonton with *Long Burrow* 6 Cogswell had the opportunity to make such a piece. Here one looks over a series of beams down onto a gentle, excavated slope-sided path towards another beam series resting against a man-made mound. At Surrey's federal Taxation Data Centre *Structured Dolmen 2* (1979) further explores these ideas. There beams of concrete and steel are set above and within a landscaped site. From the front *Structured Dolmen* looks deceptively simple: a truncated pyramid of steel beams over a similar inverted pyramid of concrete beams containing an opaque pyramid. Three pyramids, two materials, one shape. The overview down the slope away from the Taxation Data Centre shows that although the overall form of the piece is simple, the sum of the component parts creates an illusion of complexity. And to look within the heart of the work is to finally discover its graphic intricacy, where the colour and texture interplay is strongest and where sunlight when we are lucky enough to have it, further complicates the work with cast shadows.



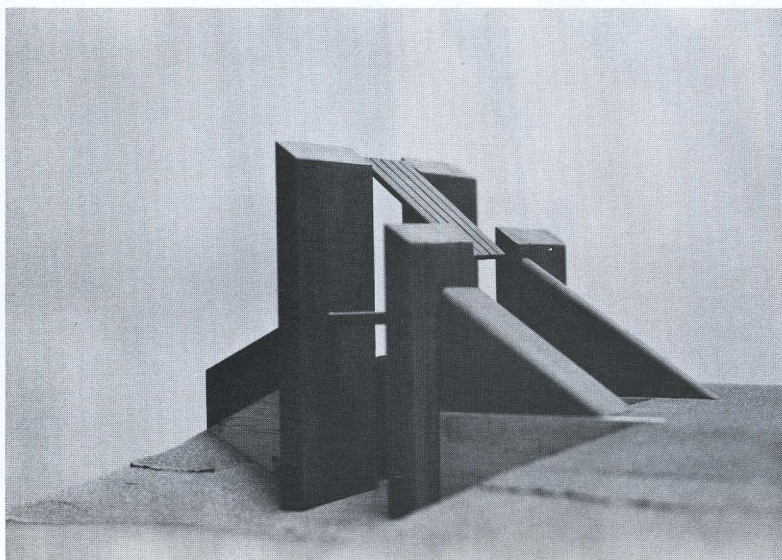




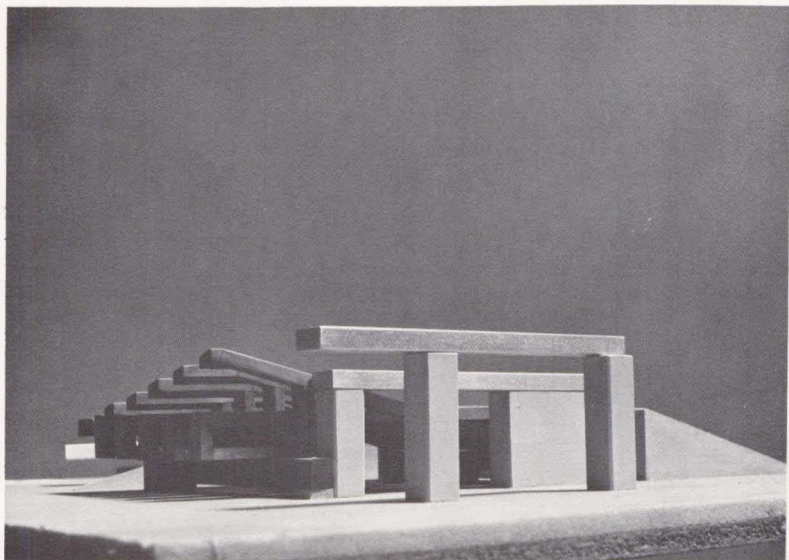




Two other maquettes indicate a successful combination of architectonic and allusive form with prepared landscape site. The first was an alternative entry for the Surrey competition's winner, *Structured Dolmen 2*. More than the sculpture chosen for the Data Centre, it evokes Stonehenge with its ascending tripartite arches. The multibeam grid that would have acted as cover for the site mound and as the sloping roof between the vertical elements looks back to the concept for *Silbury 3*. The second of them was made as an entry for the Captain Vancouver Memorial sculpture competition. Here a series of metal posts and beams was intended to carry the eye forward to a two-stage concrete and aluminum gateway that remembers Stonehenge and is like the post and beam portals of Arthur Erickson's Museum of Anthropology.







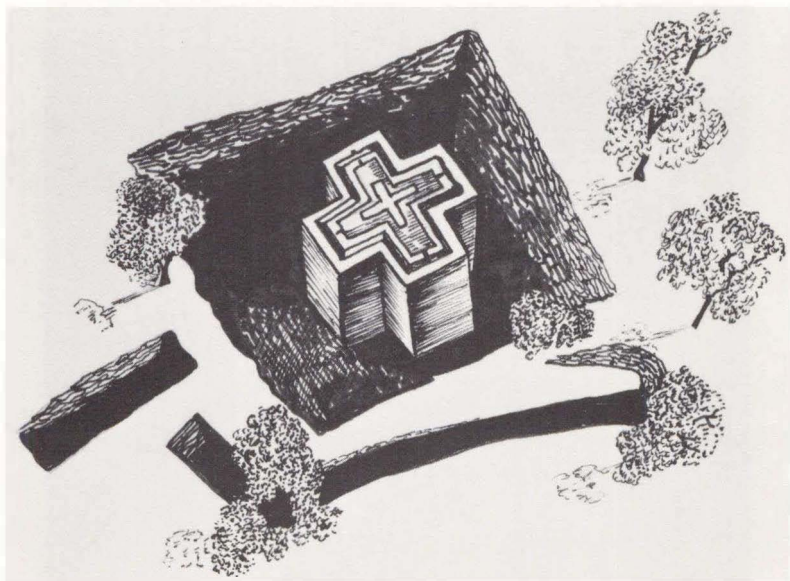
A different kind of possibility was presented to Cogswell when he was invited to participate in The Winnipeg Perspective *Sites* Exhibition of 1980, along with Steve Higgins, Mark Gomes and Susan Schelle. In effect, it was a show that sought to bring the contemporary landwork indoors. For this occasion Cogswell made a stunning two-part gallery installation composed of plasterboard, masonite, construction grade woods and glass. It was *Silbury 3* recreated in materials that are suitable for interior spaces, a Silbury illuminated from within.

Cogswell hopes that his recent construction “will elicit in the viewer responses similar to those [he] experienced when coming upon previously inhabited sites from other cultures. These responses include that feeling of being a trespasser in a land of wonder — a place where

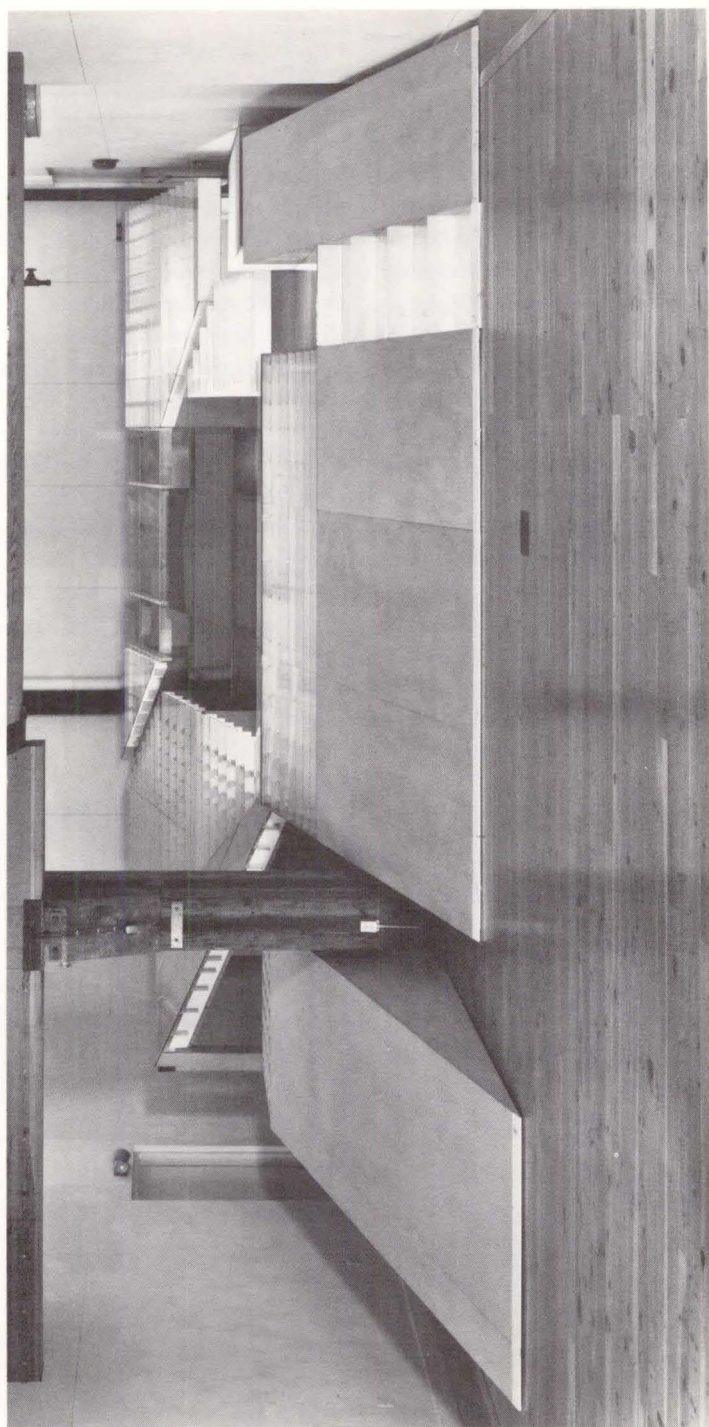


the past is still present, and where the land is hallowed and sanctified by the beings who dwelt there and the rituals that they enacted.” Although he is attempting to recreate some sort of geographic/historic archetype, he is not interested in resorting to the materials of the past but rather prefers to make constructions of the present with current materials and technology in a modern aesthetic. For the direction of his current art, he has acknowledged two principle sources — the influence of American Earth Artists and the area of England called Marlborough Downs. This windswept district contains many prehistoric monuments — Avebury Ring, Woodhenge, Silbury Hill and burial grounds called Long Barrows and Round Barrows. Like nearby Salisbury Plain where Stonehenge is situated, this land is unforested. Cogswell spent many weekends and vacations in the landscapes near his parents’ home. There his subconscious memory absorbed the sacredness and mystery of these monuments.

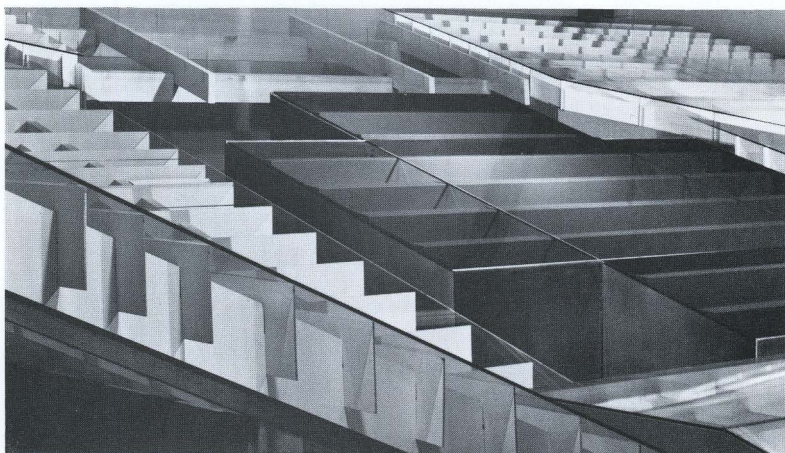
The indoor sculptures Cogswell made for two Vancouver galleries November/December 1981 continued the investigation of the sacred site. *Ethiopian Landscape* placed within the Charles H. Scott Gallery of the Emily Carr College of Art and Design owed its central cruciform image to the African rock-cut church illustrated here. This







inner heart, this smokey grey graphite-tinted motif was contained, like its Ethiopian counterpart, within a plane-like enclosure. Everything about it invited us to see, to move towards the symbol. Gentle slopes of beige particleboard led the eye upwards; a stairway sheathed in glass urged us to climb up to the glassy roof suspended over white masonite grids. *Ethiopian Landscape* glowed like a forbidden city of light, a future-time vision of Krypton, the perfected universe of Superman. Although it was possible to approach the work, one could not mount it. Although it was possible to get close to the cross centre by walking under the sculpture's highest point to the left in the gallery, even then the object of desire was out of reach. Cogswell orchestrated a tension between goal and its potential attainment.

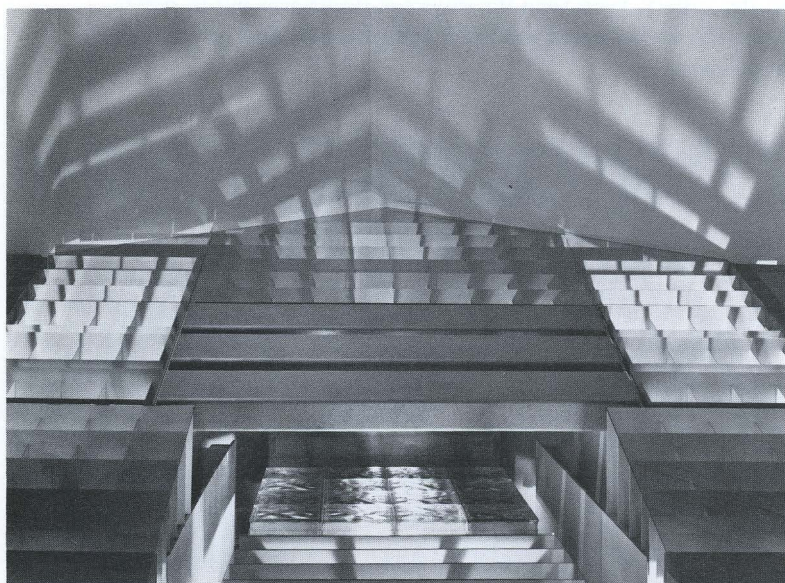


The two-part sculpture at the Vancouver Art Gallery embodied similar objectives. Here the historical source — the prehistoric dolmen — was less overtly present in the form of *Brittany Landscape*. However the reference to an altar, a reliquary of precious glass and wood was unmistakable and as inaccessible as before. In the foreword to the exhibition catalogue, Cogswell wrote:

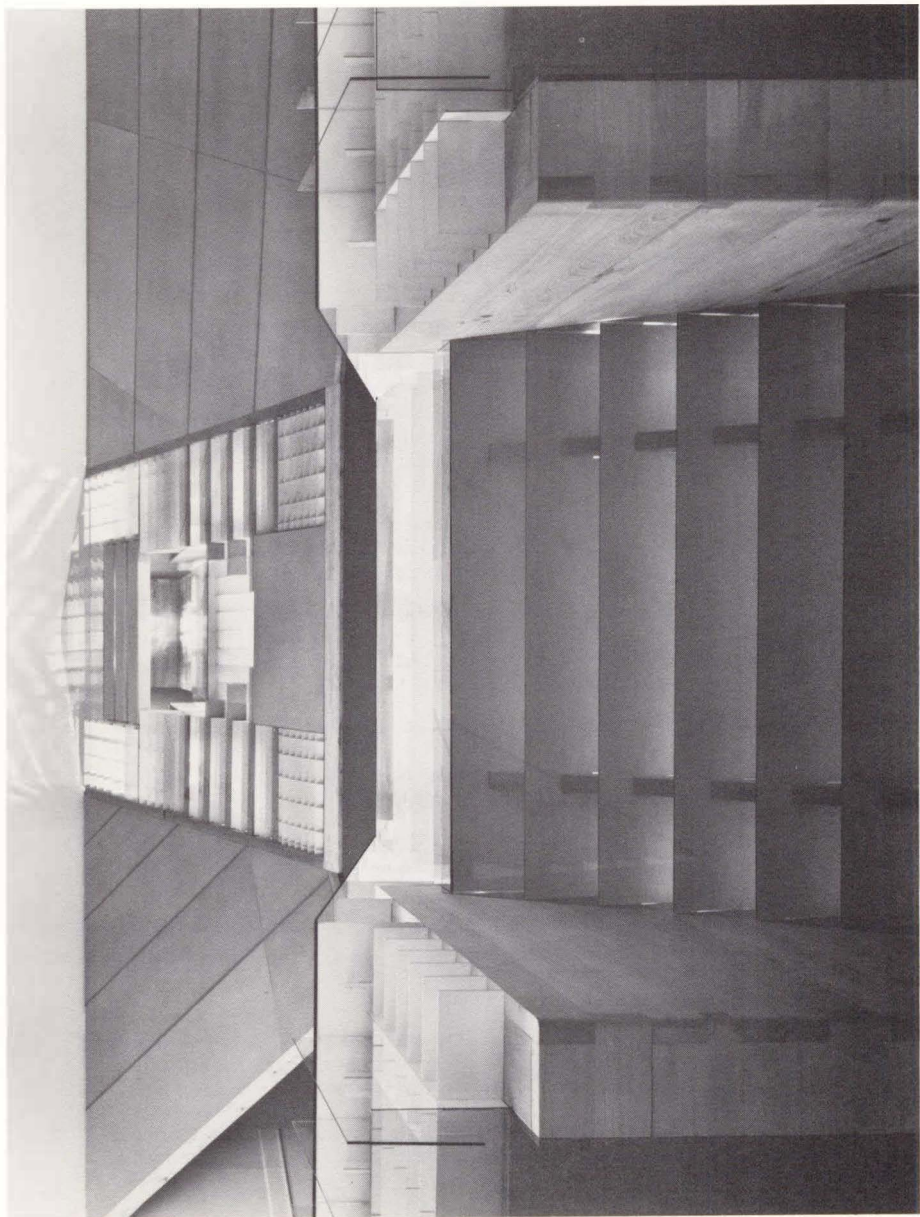
*"I have been unable to come to any clear decisions about the existence of a God or gods, but, being intrigued by man's historic and sometimes heroic quest for spiritual knowledge, and being aware of the easy way he has misused his orthodox religious doctrines, I've come to view the cross and altar symbols as metaphors for spiritual wisdom: delicate, fragile, desirable, but more importantly, almost unobtainable."*

Prefabricated in his studio, erected briefly in the galleries for which they were designed, these landscapes will have continued life through catalogue and review documentation. They are/were sculptures; they do/did exist. But in the rooms where they once were, no hint of the existence of these spiritual sites remains.

— A.R.







## Barry Cogswell / IMAGES

*Two Columns of Space*, 1976, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, l. 20', ht. 3'4", w. 8' in the artist's collection. *photography*: Barry Cogswell.

*Earth Form 'Silbury 3'*, 1978, wooden maquette for a sculpture in brickwork and concrete beams to the scale of l. 89'6", ht. 13'6", w. 84'8" including earthwork. Model is in the artist's collection. *photography*: Barry Cogswell.

*Long Burrow 6*, 1978, earthwork, concrete, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, l. 120', w. 30', depth 5'. Sculpture was made for the Commonwealth Sculpture Symposium and is owned by the City of Edmonton.  
*photography*: Chris Newell.

*Structured Dolmen 2*, 1979, corrosion-resistant weathering steel, concrete and earthwork, l. 56', ht. 13', w. 28' (three views). Work is at the Federal Taxation Data Centre, Surrey, B.C. *photography*: Barry Cogswell.

*Untitled*, 1978, maquette for sculpture in concrete, weathering steel to the scale of l. 35', ht. 19', w. 32' including earthwork. This model, the second design submitted for the Federal Taxation Data Centre competition, remains in the artist's collection. *photography*: Barry Cogswell.

*Untitled*, 1979, maquette for sculpture in concrete, weathering steel and aluminum to the scale of l. 47', ht. 9', w. 45'3", including earthwork. The model was made for the Captain Vancouver Memorial competition and is in the artist's collection. *photography*: Barry Cogswell.

*Site Slope*, 1980, glass, wood, plasterboard, l. 42'6", ht. 9', w. 28' (one of two units shown) as installed at the Winnipeg Art Gallery. *photography*: Ernest Mayer.

*Ethiopian Landscape*, 1981, clear, green and grey glass, construction lumber, hardboard, particle board, l. 24'6", ht. 9', w. 35'9" (two views) as installed at the Charles H. Scott Gallery at the Emily Carr College of Art and Design. *photography*: Jim Gorman.

*Brittany Landscape*, 1981, clear, green and mirrored glass, construction lumber, hardboard, particle board, l. 24'9", ht. 9', w. 35' (two views) as installed at the Vancouver Art Gallery. *photography*: Jim Gorman.

*COVER IMAGE*, detail *Ethiopian Landscape*. *photography*: Jim Gorman, colour separations courtesy Vancouver Art Gallery.

### *bibliography:*

Barry Cogswell: *Ethiopian Landscape*; *Brittany Landscape*, 1981, Emily Carr College of Art and Design & Vancouver Art Gallery (catalogue).

"Recent Sculpture," *The Capilano Review* #11 (1977), pp. 113-131 (includes interview).

*The Winnipeg Perspective 1980 — Sites*, Winnipeg Art Gallery (catalogue).

## M. B. Duggan / FIST OF FLOWERS

### 1 Horse-Chestnut

Terminal buds spit out branches

Flower

Growth stops    Only

to break again from lateral buds

Forked branches mimic the roots' pattern

Between the 2 a crow with 2

left wing-feathers gone has its

prismatic back flooded by petals

for a moment

Then they slip off



2

---

A fox-glove's basal  
leaf-rosette fanned

over grass  
Killing it

The quick stalk  
gone woody  
covered with the hard  
seed-head bulbs

held  
at its tip  
a white fist of flowers

### 3 Convolvulus

Totally without scent Hidden  
by coarse vines Yet  
the conic whiteness  
could match thought for delicacy

Tendrils can twist it 1  
complete rotation in 2 hr  
It can bind  
the plow in  
its furrow bind  
the blade in  
its swing bind  
the hand  
in its grip  
It closes against the rain and then  
bares its teething petals  
and flowers innocently

4

---

2 leaves ring the stalk  
Spring out Above at right  
angles  
2 again The pattern

cannot tire It poured  
over walls

Tore them The bitter stinging  
nettle drove  
its root-wedge down sightless cracks

Vivid through yellow  
leaves green veins  
race with the vigor of decay

5

---

The swamp is frozen 2  
sticks  
fall Dent it

The yellow arum's loose tunic  
unfolds  
Reveals a green torch  
burning the water



## 6 Hemlock

*— that inaccurate expressions not  
only annoy  
but also corrupt the soul To love*

*the precise — Earth  
funnelling up this stalk curves*

its back like an athlete throws  
off  
a leaf From this joint

new stems break up into  
200 flowers Socrates

drank this *A tremor ran through his body  
The man removed the covering from his face  
and we saw him staring Crito looked  
and closed the mouth and eyes This gentle*

cold soaked up from the feet  
Through thighs Trunk Chest The eyes

the last  
to be covered over

## Marlene Cookshaw / SIX POEMS

### signatures

last night she crossed the field  
to mail her letter the stamp  
an image of a bare-armed rower  
she expects all the men  
in old photographs to be her father

she went walking with the man  
she lives with they left a film  
of scottish armour on mediaeval beaches  
she saw in the sky in the screen of clouds  
an empty oval the stars slipped through

at the crossing of footpaths in the field  
at the pivot of a wheel with the hole  
above them the ringed moon the white dog  
at the corner of her vision in the morning  
he traces the ovate scar on her arm

she looks over his shoulder  
for the moon the dog sleeps in a stack  
of her lover's new poems when he reads  
the sunlight punctures his breath  
in clawprints four-fifths of a circle

## waiting for the light to change

in the hazy bird-filled morning  
the bus angles past your shoulder  
stretches your pale jaw to each its windows

the image tensed to linear dimension  
winged to either tip of moment  
the icy movement needling your smile

on the lake an inch beneath its running surface  
the gull stalks its belly like an hourglass

## Resolutions

Twelve years later the same dream  
spills black from the west,  
*the sky like a desk upturned.*

The neighbour wraps her floral robe  
tight, takes her coffee inside.  
I pull the drapes to sudden air  
when her son puddles absently home.

I resolve my lover's departure to symbols.

*The air filled with cottonwood  
and lightning. The slow click  
of dog's nails on the hall floor.  
The streets breaking snow into flame.*

*The beaked head arches, each silver wing  
jointed over half the town, and the sky  
still black. Here too the uneasy click,*

doors and windows closing just before I turn.



## Here, for instance

she takes to sleeping outside  
where the stars pin her fluttering  
each night closer to the streetlamp

she wakes to cloud lightning  
razing the stars from north  
to south like an army in retreat

the dog worries at the gate, wanting  
out, shoulders through the space beneath  
the moon's heat, blankly. barefoot  
in her lover's shirt she follows it noiseless  
through the tree-rustled streets  
to the shadow where it turns to howl at her  
loose shirt, hair. she panics at the reason  
in its lack of recognition

they bed again beneath the thickening  
of clouds, she swims in the lack  
of a tension, her eyes watering  
its green loss. till the morning

she wakes blinded:  
her own arm across her eyes

## *Find the inside contour in a ten-minute pose*

*Drop an imaginary plumb line from the shoulder  
to the heel: see how far the knee extends?*

Her buttocks flare from the pressure  
of the bench, thinly cushioned by the quilt  
she shared nine years ago with her first lover.

Someone drops the needle on an album; she catches  
herself about to hum the scratch in the second cut.

*Inch the pencil on the page as if on vertebrae.*

With her eyes she traces the broad curves  
of stitching, imagines the pattern where  
the threads have worn. She's with a new man now.

*Be conscious of the process: the pencil on skin.*

She's dreamed of foreign countries again,  
of threats. When the fly crawls the curve  
of her instep, she paces her thoughts.

Her eyes ache from a quarrel with her lover.  
She runs her tongue around her teeth  
to break the jaw's strain.

## cinquefoil

1

I water Alf's box of herbs  
resenting their dependence  
requiring their growth

On the desk these blooms  
chart a vital anatomy

We drink cups of tea  
brewed on the hot cement

The veins net my wrist  
as he adjusts the spray to fine

2

My father, making tea  
sifts the dried blossoms  
admonishes my need  
to have each identified

When you categorize, he says  
you forfeit possibility

3

On the desk corner  
the foxglove curls limp  
from the lip of the vase

At my father's death  
the garden reproduces wildly  
The rooms stink of cut flowers

The chicory seeds  
itself, uninterrupted

5

Two images should be caught:  
Alf and I angular, profiled  
on the sheet like silverweed  
samples, dried

The powder enclosed  
could be horsemint or bedstraw,  
moth mullein, knotgrass

A chip gone from the rim  
fits the pad of my thumb

4

His belief in place, perennial  
keeps him returning Obsessed  
with smell, I forget

The mind, he says  
continually reinvents fact

The other, I can't anatomize:  
The sides of the folder  
have rubbed the leaves to net



## Joy Russell / FRAN

Every Friday night her cigarette stained teeth howl out  
Italian operas  
She laughs  
the air filtering through the wide gaps in her teeth  
as she holds a cat against her limp breasts  
breasts held so high and pointed  
\$1.49 day perfect pyramids  
Sometimes she bangs against her door grunting full of pleasure  
a heaving man smothering her pyramids  
making them soft and round with his mind  
Fran  
yellow Camaro  
glitter slippers crinkling against the floor  
does her eyes blue and makes thick black cat's eyes at each corner of  
beady wisdom  
Fran  
it'll cost you this and it'll cost you that  
goes to Hawaii with men who hate the sun and think it's the only place  
to drink a  
Chi Chi  
but love her  
pyramids

And when Fran comes home from her secret job  
cleans her eyes the dark circles under them are clearer  
purer  
than any blue she has used  
When she sings and cries a drunk song  
unrehearsed into her mirror  
She's still  
a woman.

## Billy Little / TWO POEMS

### Ardent Iceholes

all the way up the river  
tiny little salmon trout  
leap out  
and kiss my zipper  
as I hack another circle  
in the crust  
maybe I'll never learn chinese  
or smoke 3 packs a day  
but I won't forget  
your shattered spectacles  
on the muddy bedroom floor  
beside the glistening leg hold trap  
if I live forever  
or fry my tongue for a sandwich

## The First Canadian Pope

always wore his mackinaw  
when he was alone  
in St. Peter's Basilica  
it was chilly  
and hard to heat  
and besides  
with his pocket size  
fibre glass fishing pole  
dangling in the holy water  
microscopic hooks  
baited with the essence  
it felt more like his favourite trout stream  
in North Saskatchewan

## Joey Morgan / JERICHO DETACHMENT PROJECT: RCAF HANGERS 5, 7, & 8

Joey Morgan first attracted attention with her *Breathings* exhibition at the University of British Columbia's Fine Arts Gallery in January 1979. In this first show the works were boldly mixed-media. The grounds that served as backing for pieces too irregular to be measured included: canvas, muslin, cheesecloth, bird netting, plastic sheeting, hand-made Indian paper, cardboard, metal flashing, copper, wire and hardware cloth. The complex interlace of surface to ground was accomplished through materials as diverse as gesso, plaster, cement, varathane, plastic wood stain, latex house paint, roplex, white and other glues. Additional colour was given through acrylic paint, dried tempera pigment, oil pastel, graphite; further texture, by sand, kitty litter, hemp, sisal, camel hair, springs, rubber tubing, brass wire and dried weeds. One could also discover within the complex of maps, parts of playing cards and postcards, commercial colour chips, bits of lace, glass beads, buttons, pebbles, sequins, mirror and mylar fragments, assorted chains, tapes, twines, fabric samples, silk embroidery threads, bumble bees, bells, rubber gloves and other found materials too numerous to list exhaustively. In the catalogue to the show, Curator Glenn Allison concluded that in these works

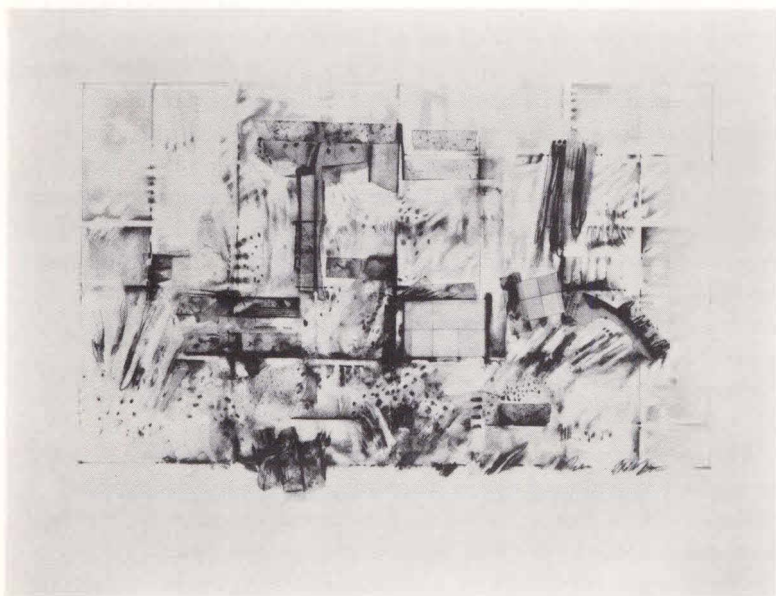


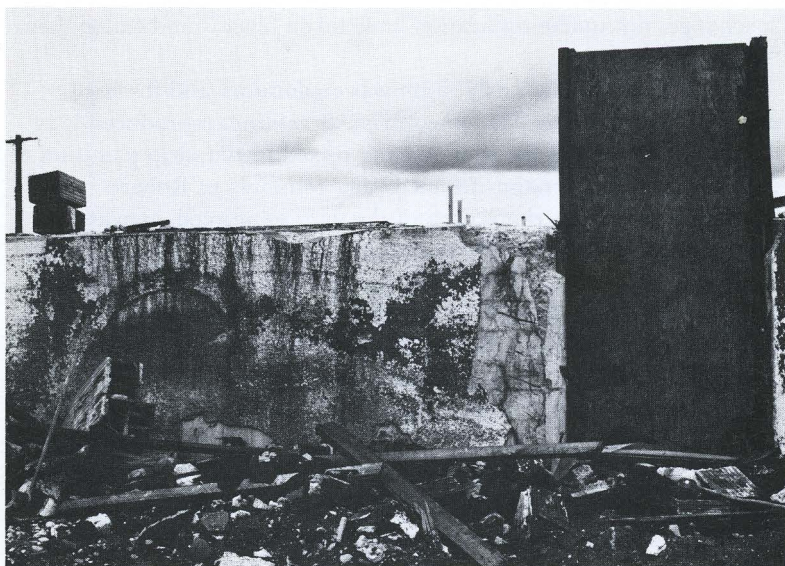




"exchanges not unlike respiration have taken place," and called them "fetish/fossils."

The intent of the first exhibition was exploratory and the final products were art-like. The object from *Breathings* reproduced here should remind one of the spontaneous, mixed media, drip paintings of Jackson Pollock, the paint-dribbled junk combines of Robert Rauschenberg and perhaps even of the wire-reinforced, canvas-covered sculptures of Lee Bontecou. In their chancy combination of media and found object, longevity was not guaranteed and in this approach Morgan joined with the many artists who like to create for an exhibition rather than to produce icons that will survive for a thousand years. Bits will fall off; the glue might well eat away the wire or the muslin. The works, if anything, briefly *fossilized* a process. Many now lie uncared for and crumbling in the garage; some hang in living rooms. While all the pieces that were part of the *Breathings* exhibition looked like art which depended upon (or rather logically extended) traditions in contemporary North American art, it is important to know that they could also be understood as artifacts of *temporary* archaeology. This fact makes it possible to perceive the idea-connection between Morgan's first and second exhibition. On the other hand, this drawing made before the *Breathings* show in its



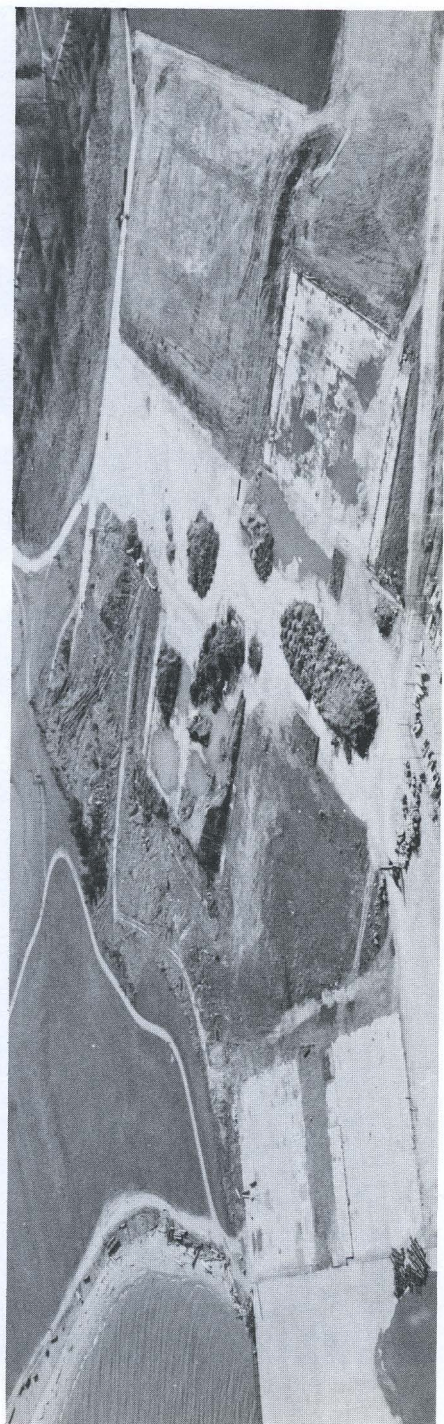
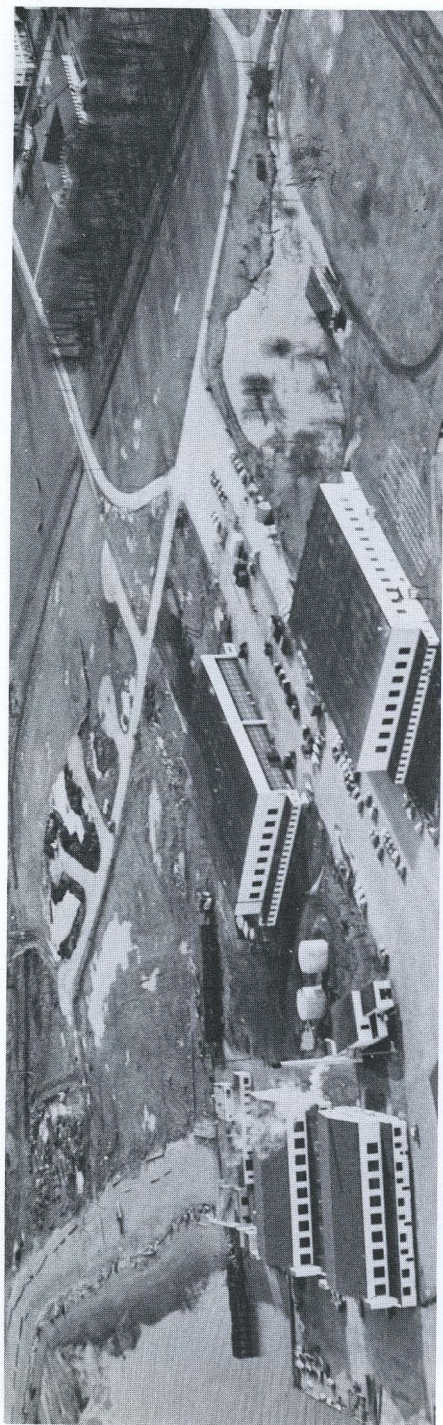


allusions to floor plans, windows and the textures of crumbling walls in some ways anticipates more fully the specific content of the *Jericho Detachment Project*.

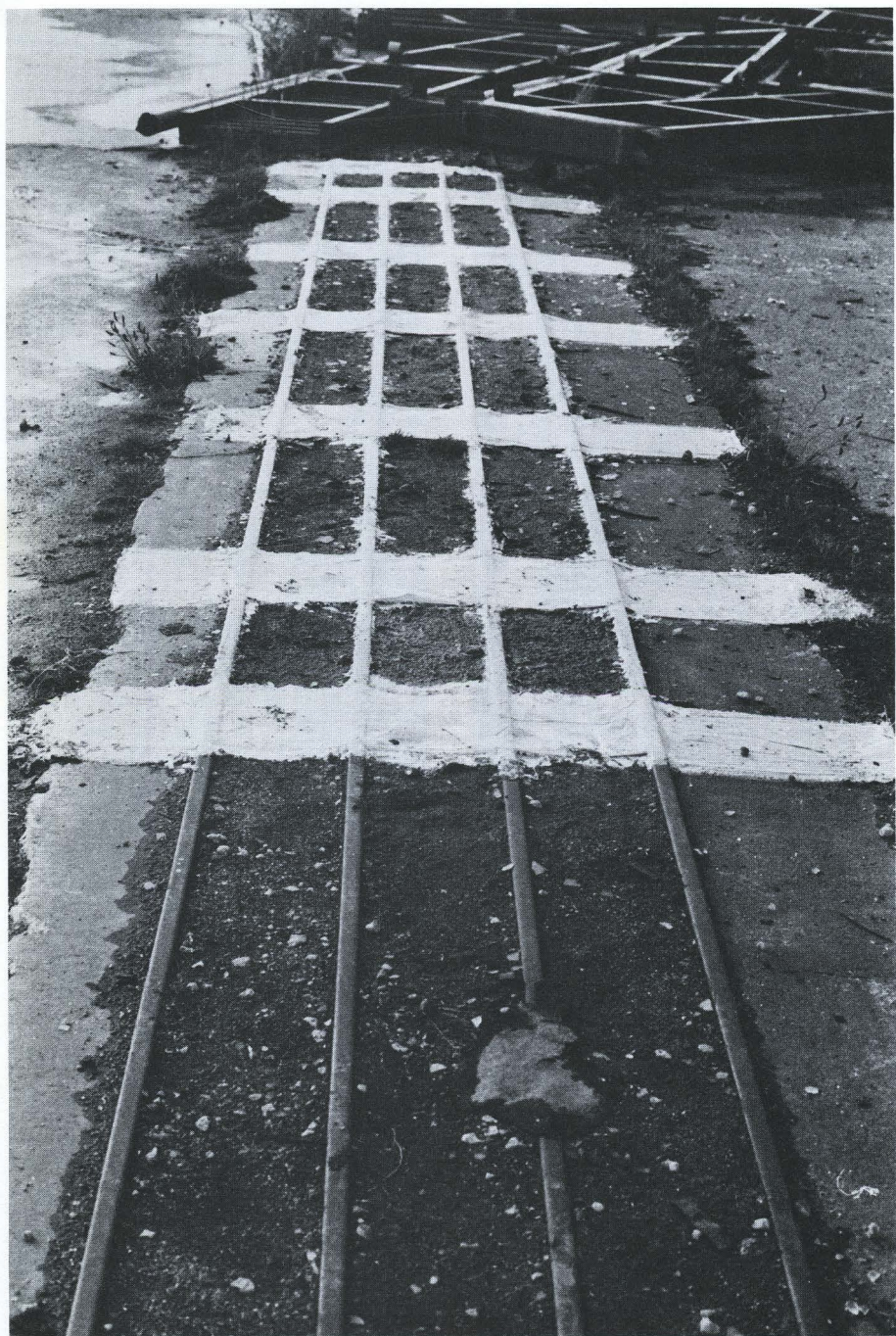
The *Jericho Detachment Project* was at the most obvious level, a physical reminiscence of the fates of Hangars 5, 7, and 8 that were once used by the RCAF. In 1972, five years after the air force vacated its 38-acre site, these hangars and other buildings became city property. Habitat Forum occupied the hangars in 1976. In April 1979, Hangar 5 was demolished. In Fall of the same year Hangars 7 and 8 burned down. Arson is suspected. All that remains of them are concrete terraces coated with dust, glass fragments and ashes. This material became one resource for the art (artifacts) that comprised the Fall 1981 Exhibition which, ironically, was shown not in Vancouver but at Victoria's Open Space and at Lethbridge in the Southern Alberta Art Gallery. Perhaps this is why so many documentary photographs were included in the catalogue which there, as here, serve as essential background history.

The aerial photo shows the still extant RCAF Hangars 5, 7, and 8 on land already altered by the demolition of earlier buildings and changed vehicle routes; its counterpart demonstrates that after their destruction not even the floor plans of the hangars remain clearly visible. Morgan explored with a passionate but objective intellect the





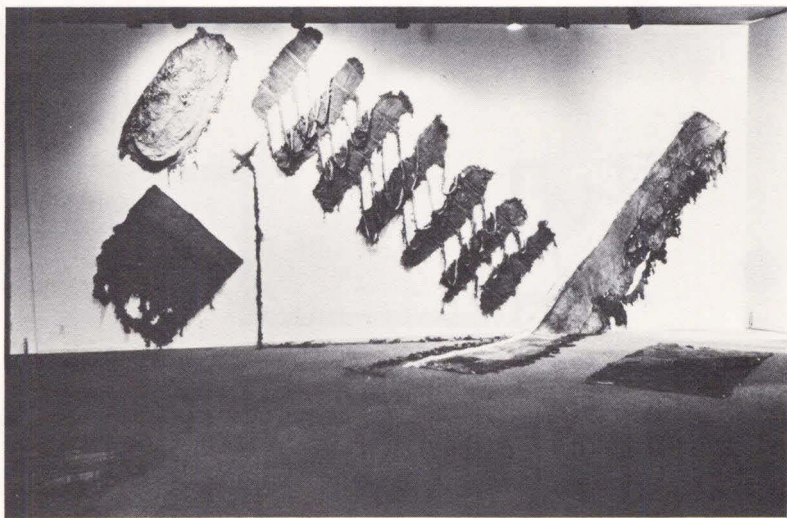




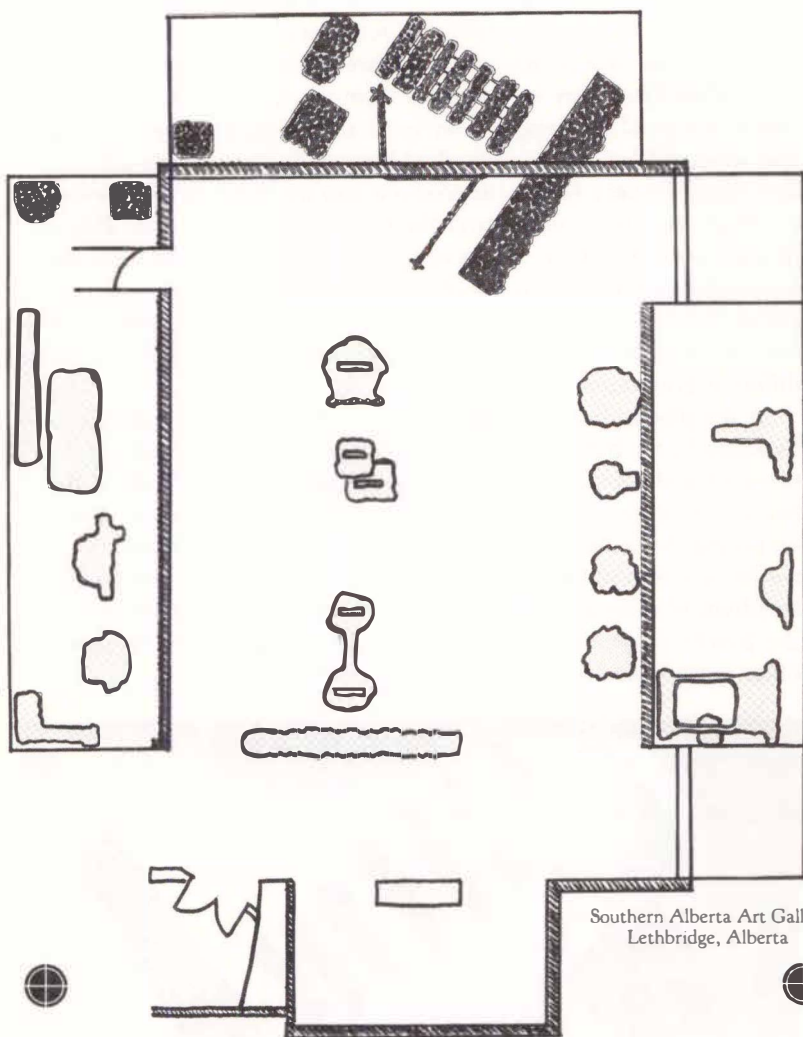
blurred interfaces between landscape and architectural remains. She was artist/archaeologist in three major areas of investigation.

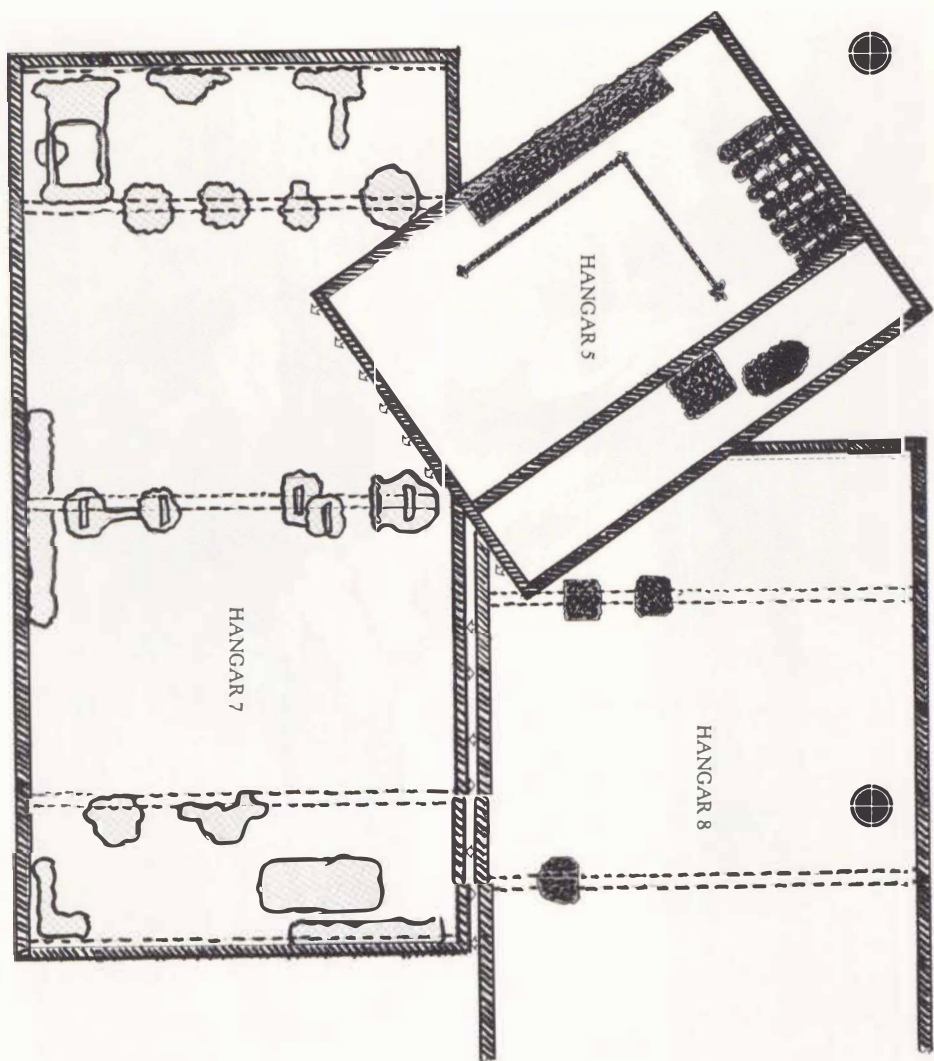
The largest pieces in the *Jericho Detachment Project* were taken from the architectural and technical features in and around the hangars. These works (somewhere between sculpture and painting) were called *lifts*. They were created from the materials *detached* from foundations and footings, or from mechanical features like door tracks that extended beyond an individual hangar. In the photograph showing a *Primary Lift* in progress one can see that latex and other materials have been placed over the tracks to create an original grid at odds with the source. When installed at Lethbridge, the piece was suspended on the wall. In the context of the show, the lift was removed further from the actual source. It became a mysterious skin like the shucked exoskeleton of an insect, taking on a new shape under different gravitational conditions.

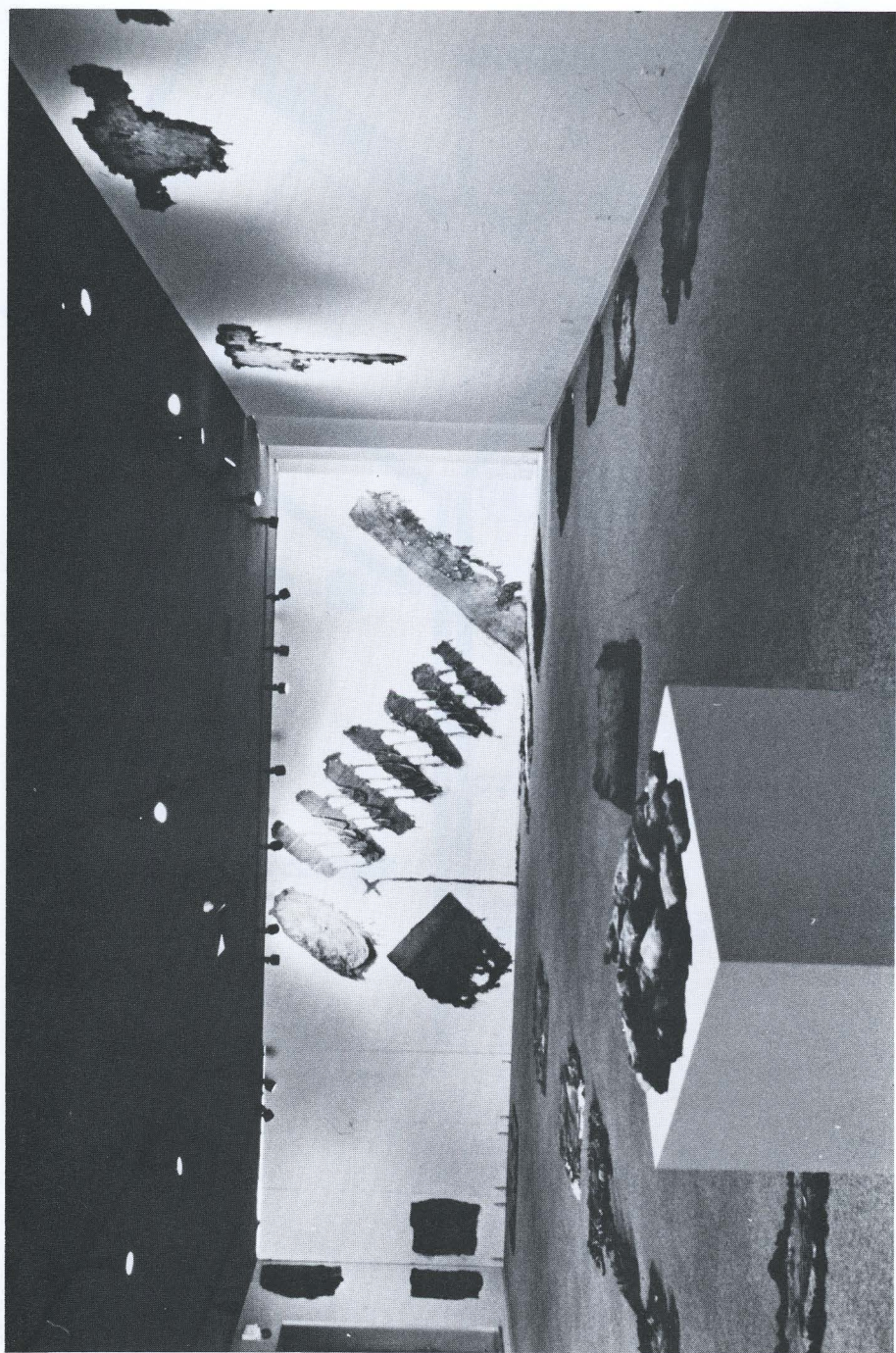
As the plan indicates, Morgan kept careful track of the specific locations in the hangars from which the lifts came and carefully pre-arranged them in an interfolding pattern. Then, for each of the two galleries the material was further rearranged and interpenetrated according to the dictates of the individual gallery's space. As the works were moved from site to studio, to two different locations hundreds of miles apart — the first oversea, the second overland — the Jericho project was detached from site and attached briefly to other spatial/ideological contexts.













Another major classification of artifacts in the *Jericho Detachment Project* were called *site readings*. For these Morgan collected soil materials from the sites of the RCAF hangars and rearranged the materials over muslin and other backings in her studio. The soil from each hangar differed according to its fate, its location on the maritime terrain. These works were presented as a special series in both exhibitions.

A final classification of objects were the small casts and moulds taken from random bits of rubble found at Jericho. These were cast and moulded in wax and plaster. They generated a series of curios whose origins are enigmatic.

The diagram that follows summarizes Morgan's complex analysis for her project. Temporal/spatial digressions and the transformation of object into art and back to object again are critical to the project. When the weather is good, the remains of the exhibition will be returned to the site where they may provoke questions in the minds of observant pedestrians who walk over the remains of RCAF hangars 5, 7, & 8.

— A.R.



JERICHO: source matrix at final stages of demolition	LATEX: passive/receptive medium responsive/malleable form	GALLERY: formal presentation
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>dictates content – hidden/apparent surface released without interpretation</li> <li>indistinct limits</li> <li>spatial/temporal entropy</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>transfers a vocabulary of surface information</li> <li>arbitrary limits</li> <li>spatial/temporal digression</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>dictates interpretation within established code – i.e., walls &amp; floor as armature for perception of information</li> <li>precise limits</li> <li>spatial/temporal stability</li> </ul>
<p>JERICHO → LATEX → GALLERY</p> <p>concerns the divergence of surface at Jericho to alternate entropic process of latex with lifts, readings and moulds.</p>		
<p>LATEX → GALLERY</p> <p>concerns the adaptation of lifts and readings to a formal set of parameters (i.e., the traditional authority of the gallery) while upholding a self referential integrity.</p>		
<p>JERICHO ← GALLERY</p> <p>concerns the conclusive spatial/temporal confrontation of lifts and site readings with site of origin.</p>		



## Joey Morgan / IMAGES

detail *Breathings*, 1978, mixed media.

*Breathings*, 1978, mixed media.

*photography*: Robert Keziere.

*Drawing*, 1978, mixed media.

*photography*: Robert Keziere.

*Jericho Detachment Site*.

*photography*: Joey Morgan.

*Hangars 5, 7, & 8* (counterclockwise) undemolished.

*Hangars 5, 7, & 8* (counterclockwise) demolished.

*photography*: R.C.A.F.

*Primary Lift in Progress*.

*photography*: Joey Morgan.

*Jericho Detachment Project*, 1981, mixed media installed at the

Southern Alberta Art Gallery, Lethbridge, Alberta.

*photography*: Joey Morgan.

*Plan*, Southern Alberta Art Gallery installation.

*Plan*, Lifts and other works located at Hangars 5, 7, & 8.

*graphics*: adapted from catalogue with permission of David Robinson, Talonbooks.

*Jericho Detachment Project*, 1981, mixed media at the Southern Alberta Art Gallery.

*Small Casts and Moulds*, 1981, mixed media.

*photography*: Joey Morgan.

*graphic*: from the catalogue to the *Jericho Detachment Project: RCAF Hangars 5, 7, & 8* exhibition published by the Southern Alberta Art Gallery, 1981.

*information*: from the exhibition catalogue and from conversations with the artist and with Glenn Allison, Curator, University of British Columbia's Fine Arts Gallery.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

BLAINE COOMBES studied fine arts at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, and now lives in North Vancouver. He wrote "Rough Sketch" when he was a part-time student at Capilano College, and looking forward to being a father himself.

DENNIS REID has published stories and poetry in *Matrix*, *Antigonish Review* and other magazines. He is editor of *Wot* magazine, in Victoria. Dennis is currently revising a novel, "Tell Your Mother You Love Her."

ROSANNA YAMAGIWA ALFARO lives in Cambridge, Mass. and has published in many little magazines. She co-authored a play for CBC Radio and her *Behind Enemy Lines*, about the Japanese-American evacuation during WW II, ran at People's Theatre in Cambridge last year, and was produced in New York City, April 1982.

BARRY COGSWELL teaches sculpture in the Studio Art Program of Capilano College. We have published his work in *The Capilano Review* #11 & #12. Since 1977, he has participated in various symposia, won two public commissions and has presented his work in several group and one-person exhibitions. Cogswell is developing a strong national reputation.

M. B. DUGGAN was born in Comox, B.C. and lives in Winnipeg. Poems have appeared or will be appearing in a number of magazines, including *Repository*, *Origins*, *Quarry*, and *Event*.

MARLENE COOKSHAW lives in Victoria and has had work published in *Matrix*, *Descant*, *Prism*, *Grain*, *Northern Light*, and *Fiddlehead*.

JOY RUSSELL was born in Belize. She is a dancer, a telephone operator, and a student in the Department of English at Simon Fraser University.

BILLY LITTLE is most likely to be found at Octopus Books East on Sunday afternoons, where he organizes and emcees the readings that take place year-round at the bookstore. Billy Little is also known as ZONKO and SHOOTING STAR.

JOEY MORGAN was born in 1951. She attended Concord Academy, traditionally a funnel to Radcliffe. She learned about colour in the Sarah Lawrence Library when she was fourteen. She did not attend Radcliffe, but rather went to Bard College for 12 days. Between 1970-74 at the height of student revolt, she bounced between the Rhode Island School of Design and the School of Visual Arts in New York. She came to Canada shortly thereafter and was first employed as an illustrator for Environment Canada. She now works part-time for *The Province*.

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