

# ON SITE / IN TRANSIT

standing on the Lion's Gate Bridge looking west

- Eric Morten

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COVERS Don Gill

## PREFACE

This issue foregrounds some new voices becoming audible now, here. Several of these writers have performed or read in Vancouver recently; some are publishing their own chapbooks; a few have been published elsewhere. But most are available in print for the first time in this issue.

In March 1991, students, who were themselves also writers, in my Canadian literature course at Capilano issued a challenge. Even the latest writers in the syllabus were already canonized, they said. In their view, literary magazines, as much as standard anthologies, create canons, and while as students they enjoyed reading very recent work in the local literary magazines on the course list, as writers they felt as excluded from, as marginalized by, the one as the other. So I proposed this project to the editorial board and began searching for local new writers with little or no publishing history but with a voice or inflection which would catch my ear. The search was hard and slow. The channels most natural to me — advertising in other literary magazines and in Creative Writing departments at other institutions — produced mainly submissions from writers with too impressive *CV*s. Beginning writers apparently don't read the usual magazines, or else they don't think an invitation to submit is meant for them.

In ratification of my students' argument, we eventually found some of the writers I knew must be out there by word of mouth, a process which seems to be coming into its own just as we actually go to press. Omissions will be apparent as soon as tomorrow. We're still eager to hear from them.

Read this issue as part of a spontaneous series happening all over the country, one only yet underway as this project moves through its own process. Three other collections come to mind: *West Coast Line* 

(24:One) featured the New Vancouver Writing in 1990, and *Open Letter* (Eighth Series, No. 4) featured the Next Generation of Women Writers in summer of this year; *Beyond Borders: An Anthology from Manitoba, Minnesota, Saskatchewan, and the Dakotas* (Turnstone Press and New Rivers Press, 1992) features new Canadian and American writers. At many sites across the country, editors and readers are turning to face the margins. My thanks to the students who encouraged me to turn, too: Cage (a.k.a. Leah), Peter J., Jess, Merle, and Peter P.

The voices collected here sound, speak for themselves. They're all very much on site: fishing in a salmon stream, performing on stage, standing on the Lion's Gate Bridge, working over the page, holding up the weighty world. (Don Gill's photographic series responds from Renfrew and McGill.) But the voices are in transit, too, moving by trucks, on motorcycles, on foot over bridges, across traditional genres, towards margins and footnotes, sometimes by way of shared authorship. They're here now, but I think these voices will soon re-inflect sites we haven't visited yet.

Dorothy Jantzen September 30, 1992

## Eric Morten / SUICIDE NOTE: A WORK IN PROGRESS

standing on the Lion's Gate Bridge looking west Pacific and full of sky as the sun sets people hole up in W. Van apartments holding hands, putting on lights, and cars zoom by over the shaking pavement in the horizontal light close your eyes and the day goes dark as cars zoom by over the shaking pavement while children appear

in back windows to wave by

7

you said today, you didn't know poetry so i handed you a line about feelings, higher spiritual planes and probably would have included the flight attendants bringing free drinks if i hadn't thought my favourite critic's eyes would get stuck up in her head like that with all her rolling of them holding her nose as if before a dive

but it is only word and space

here where everyone lies and relies upon

what is

said where everyone comes with sets of quiet instructions folded like maps and filed to abate a sense of drowning the bridge is always there as a reminder of the way words can slip under like the boats of the fishermen who stopper the mouth of Capilano waiting for salmon to tug on their lines

i saw the footage winds were reported moderate the span began to melt because of something like momentum all over Tacoma water a sense of slippage as the shimmer seems to draw one in then two three fingers cut by the surface was there something under there (some one green

a green dream, green water ocean, sea? flat

feet crunch over tumbling stones the undertow grasps ankles and with a sip you tumble rushing away like tide space becomes substance,

green

acted upon by causes

words become spherical,

silver things

stops and starts the way rollers come to a beach building sound as the power leaves them they rush up the sand toward naked feet becoming the same in force and size as when they began

a half step back leaves you dry,

untouched

and they slope

back to the sea

watch up on a beach covered with life seaweed seawreath

turn over any stone tiny crabs with intricate design and colour scuttle in any direction to hide their meaning elsewhere

from points a to b the bridge arched like a back in perfect dive suspended momentarily has direction beginning, ending highest midsection atob down

the pilings go to the bottom, sunk into the ground under water complex networks and webs of steel hang support columns into the air becoming skyling symbols of aspiration, breathing pinnacles in green and silver primer your eye is drawn up by gradient cable ladders in expectation of a flag (or signature but metaphors

live and cling to the base

below the stain

of the tideline

marks are left by the rising and falling tides by the rising and falling breath of you eyes watery blue yet clear speaking telling face shoulders you move down

your body right

to the toes tickling

in the prickling cold water

ripples in the last hours when the sun comes down between clouds and sea and shines on the rising shores of W. Van where taxes are paid

and the sun is always

your hair glinting like the water marking permanent wave

trying to say good -bye with each small gesture each word departing from be to a next in a progression and you wonder there was a reason a point 2

dark clouds roll in often like the sea the day goes from up here you can touch the spray with your blue eyes only trying to remember how it was under there it begins to rain you look up open your mouth fills with water with how it was

one end implies the other end there implies here and leaving

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# Alice Tepexcuintle / FIVE POEMS

slid from yr stirrups bold eyes over me comin drench rain thru the fireweed

dreamed i was yr horse drench hide n thirsting

slid from yr saddle gold eyes over me comin tepid moon drench thru the dead lemon trees

dreamed i was yr horse verge from the supple dirt

verge from yr saddle blood wind comin heavy obsidian nights drench over yr skin

n i lay hidden in the fireweed

slid from yr dancing roan eyes over me no saddle to slip thru the dead lemon trees

you had the roan heart n i had no one

n i lay breathing in the fireweed

slid from yr stirrups wild rain comin steady obsidian drench my resentment turning

knew you horizon blood hooves thru the shadow flint kickin pale roan i had no one

n i lay dreaming in the fireweed

saw you horizon drench roan wild n dancing gold moon eyed spurs my resentment burning

gold moon eyed spurs my resentment burning

kickin raw iron in the supple moon light

you drank the lemon moon n lay to sleep

dreamed i was island n you lay shadow blind drench tethered to my fire wild shores slid from the fireweed i comin hunger drench shove thru the tepid rain slough wind aside

drench wild n reeling i stole the roan heart

i stole the diamond horse n loosed her spirit reins

slid from the fireweed dead pale n kickin gold moon comin heavy on my dread heart

cut from the fireweed i running shadow blind draggin yr gold eyes forever behind me

blood wind comin heavy thru the dead lemon trees

i took the diamond horse n you had no one

dreamed i was yr heart drench red n suffering cut from the fireweed i never comin back never to sleep i will keep running

thru the drench rain n my bitter dreams

n yr gold eyes forever behind me

n yr gold eyes forever behind me

The orange trucks road thru yer heartland are you yer fingers thru the black waters the orange trucks road thru yer bush ground are you the sticks swish back into yer face the orange trucks road slow down are you the salmon swinging from the black waters the orange trucks road goes around are you throwing yerself into the undergrowth the orange trucks road breaks down are you the gas tank spilling the second hand stars

The salmon berries gather you yer barefoot tracks the sticks swish around the salmon caught by yer swift arm are you yer vision in their fish eyes The second hand stars look down on you yer barefoot tracks thru the black waters yer gas tank spillin the orange trucks road and throwing yerself into the undergrowth the salmon black the smoldering bush are you crushed down on the ashen ground

The ancient summer will be yer shack where you break down yer senses swish the ancient summer will be yer shack where you could live yer senses swish wild flowers attack the ancient summer where you the hunter the salmon gatherer the orange trucks road the gas tank spilling and throwing yerself into the undergrowth the ancient summer will be yer shack the gas tank spilling the wild flowers explode Regret yer gas tank its too late where you lay choking the gasoline fumes the fish moan softly regret where you rush downstream yer barefoot tracks regret yer shameful ways its too late yer barefoot tracks deceive you lose yer way thru the orange trucks and throwing yerself into the undergrowth and returning yerself to where you might find absolution probably not

And the orange trucks road thru yer heartland are gone yer fingers touch the black desert and the orange trucks road and the ravaged ground are gone the sticks crush down in yer hand and the orange trucks road gets scared and you are alone the salmon stilled in the black waters and the orange trucks road and the garbage stars are nothin and yer scarred body alone and throwing yerself into the undergrowth are nothin and the gas tank dreams

## ive seen you on all these highways

running now twenty years alone of all the times youve been here you ride further from home the night unfolding roadmaps and wherever you ride

### i see you

looking thru the window of every roadside diner at gas stations under picnic tables lain supine in the shadows moving endless thru all the summers of your life on a black harley davidson as i danced my own summers barefoot across hot tarry parking lots eating old sandwiches i see you at all those highway reststops from your saddlebags the congealed peanut butter tasting so good when i was a kid somehow those sandwiches just like it did always tasted better when they had been inside a plastic bag for a very long time getting a kind of mushy texture the bread and all those weird smells from the pulp mills mixing with your lunch i knew them so well as a kid complaining in the backseat as i followed you thru my carsickness my summer holidays getting weirder and weirder

#### cause i saw you

twenty years agowhen i climbed on your bikeoutside the tomahawkand you came shoving out of that restaurantyour long hair flyinglike exhaust from your headtelling me kidits just a vision

you had ever since you were young and driving like i did leaning out the car window and watching all the bikers go past so reckless their scarred leather bodies like yours now being a map of all the times you crashed cause bugs landed in your eyes cause you fell asleep at the handlebars and rode four miles before you figured it out you cant keep on cause the night lays you down and sparks fly riding like this off the pavement happened so many times now you hardly notice the difference upright or supine the highway so warm against your shoulder and you dont mind in summertime so beautiful in your eyes just to lie here the azure light and the moose wandering out to check on you they know its tried to tell you dangerous theyve seen the signs flashing signals from their antlers by the side of the road when you ride past all those animals squashed by other cars their deaths hitting your nostrils and the logging trucks you could slide under so quietly one night and it would all be over

yeah ive been you for twenty years now never touched you your slow leather spirit every time i turn around finding you again thru the window of the tomahawk on hot summer afternoons yer bike reflected in the glass superimposed over you in the booth eating cheeseburgers and drinking horrible coffee and outside the pavement getting supple with the heat maybe you start to hallucinate how your bike keeps leaning further sideways slipping thru the dust filled air surreally as if youve been dreaming this restaurant this motorcycle this whole journey slipping away from you losing focus until you hear the crash yeah you run out your gas tank flooding and things are still primitive between us

and im still following you on my own dark mission thru further blue summers my shadow getting longer and dragging the gravel paths of your consciousness the cigarette butts you drop the marks you leave on tree trunks for some pattern to ride by against the desolation and i tell you one day i'll turn around yeah one day i'll double back on you and raise my fist in the air victory and youll fall asleep again and dream of better things of the desert in your face and someone to carry you brittle with your pain and the whole cosmicness of everything

## brush with the law

it was an alley at night and we were drinking yeah liquor a bottle of cheap wine between us and a little intimate ya know when the cops pulled up screeching to a halt they put the searchlights on us and were ready to grab their guns any second if we got outta hand yeah drinking liquor in a public place is a crime and we were obviously dangerous girls would probably smash that bottle go out and kill some people after we were good and liquored up and those cops they had a job to do upholding the law and ridding the streets of criminals like us they pulled out a megaphone and started shouting OKAY YOU GIRLS PUT THE TOP ON THE BOTTLE NOW PUT THE BOTTLE BY THE DOOR DONT TOUCH ANYTHING AND WALK BACK SLOWLY KEEPING YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR well breaking the law is fun sometimes its dangerous sometimes you get the wild mystery inside of you hunting for the criminal thrill on a saturday night feels so teenage and disasterous yeah just the realization was beautiful all we had to do was RUN VERY FAST get the hell outta there leave those poor suckers stranded forever in their police cars burning their fingers in cigarette ash till the dashboard light of recognition finally hit them

it was all rediculous the law was breaking them too spending their whole stupid lives inside police cars while the crooks like us were out having all the fun running wild in the streets towards inexplicable goodness and amazing parties which they would never get invited to

## real life drama

it was a hot summernight and the honeysuckle beautiful i must have been riding about one mile an hour and i was dreaming va know of luaus and love and just leaning back on the gasoline night to suck in the sweetness of the machine the street was deserted i thought OH NO but i didnt see it there was one police car lurking behind some bushes and they saw me do it they saw the violation i rolled right thru that stop sign without even stopping yeah one mile an hour is too fast and they had the law on their side motorcyclists disobeying the rules of the road are powerful criminals and must be apprehended the siren was blaring and the flashing lights they pulled me over by the side of the road somebody got out this police lady thing her pants were too tight and she was in the mood for prosecution 75 bucks well fuck the law youre just jealous cause ive got a motorbike and you got to drive around all night in your police car being bitter to everyone

and i got the dust face i got the prowl i got the long hair i got the motorbeast and this whole ocean of highway in my eyes

## David Ayre / STRUGGLE

a call how far is it from H to O ?

down by a brown river under an old narrow bridge near an illegal dumping site to a point a point of fire of burning tires heavy metal in the air stoned sounds of smashing beer bottles running shoe soles melting when one is young one kills oneself one thousand times over

a phone call

travelling back

living in Suburbia walking on concrete under the streets night lights laughter a children's playground smashed sparkling glass writing writing on school walls "we're writin FUCK YOU and FUCK OFF and look what you write. you write HI, what the fuck is wrong with you?"

#### I

is nice beside H besides I is not H H is not I and I should never try it is something I realized

#### a phone calling

### travelling back

visiting the sea in B.C. feeding it skipping stones sand castles not a close relationship but on some summer nights alone by the shore watching waves watching a reflecting moon waving

### travelling back

"what are you looking for ?"

I looking for what is already here H ear

eye/ear see/say i sees nothing but but

hear

a call from the prairies a cousin named Corrie

how far is from H to O?

"i want to come visit you David by the sea. i want to come to the coast i want to see the sea."

this map is from memory this map is as accurate as the words on this map this map of her town of Morse

an approximate population	
circa 1944	1500
circa 1988	500

44 years of moving

now no one

left but the land

a field for growth and play

before no one a time full of lovers and others fried noodles chocolate shakes 0

a broom cold stones slide 2

a dog a satellite dish a house with wheels (6)

games a growing garden among sweet pea vines (8)

③ under the O 44

purple fuel a brother pumping (5)

⑦ drunk driving sixty hanging from a hood hoping when one is young

④ chew wheat chew wheat chew wheat and get dull gum

a grand father a case of coke a crowbar fine cabinets inhaling dusty breath(e)  $\circledast$ 

iced tea peeling red deck flies dying under a crisp dead weight ①

a field for growth and play

#### a legend

- ① a grand mothers porch
- <sup>(2)</sup> curling rink
- ③ bingo hall
- (4) grain elevator
- (5) gas station

- 6 her home
- ⑦ main street
- (8) a grand mothers garden
- (9) woodworking shop
- 1 chinese cafe

"While she was driving out to the lake with her friends, she lost control of the car. It slid off the gravel road and it rolled. She was part way through the sun roof when it rolled again."

it was the wheat that lulled her when she cried the wheat that lulled her as she died the sleepy intentions of the wavering grain...

travelling back through a past presented here a journey with no returns a way of moving to the other side

a gopher hucked against a weathered wheat pool wall gopher tail grabbed neck cracked hucked t'wood t'rocks against again against and ag ain ag ainst ag ain a gopher

looking past the wall of tumbleweed infested trees around her grand mothers garden she saw what i saw what was already there nothing but land but sky nothing but but

the town of Chaplin down from her town a small place full of a family re uniting cousins of cousins dancing drinking feeling good feeling woozy feeling hotter than a nunz cunt hold me fast don't let me pass out side ice on the sea salt mounds on the land outside

here driving around town with silent e'z monotone moanz the dust from eech pass hanging thik eech pass massagin eech stone intu thee erth with evree hot breez leend a littul out settuld sum dust

a reunion hucking horse shoes into shady sand pits hitting soft balls into worn leather...

how far is it from H to O?

travelling back ahead in a car behind a cloud of dust a spiral blinding a road coming from the past get passed the pothole road the sentimental to get to the sentence meant the important sweet Hutterite corn from a colony mile smiles and homes firmly planted on the land linoleum sun yellow a metal sheen a shine a sparkle made from hands

### a crush on a lovely cousin

how far is it?

up to the O far to far to go to O there is H then I is far enough to go travelling back together travelling back together together to get her back down this gravel road to a point a church a steeple to get far enough to the other side to see what is

here

## *grave* a bell ringing a prayer among anonymous flowers

surroundings. . .

nothing but b u t beauty here

soundings. . .

golden ocean

(for bp for C)

# Hilary Peach / TWO POEMS

## THIS IS THE PICTURE WHICH WILL BE REPEATED

i was walking i was walking today i was walking today when suddenly i was reminded of you

This is the picture which will be repeated: a woman stands at a sink washing her hands one then the other

i was walking i was walking today when suddenly i saw something and it reminded me of you

This is the picture which will be repeated: a woman stands erect at a sink washing herself one arm and then the other

i saw something i saw something today while i was walking something which reminded me of you

This is the picture which will be repeated: a woman stands naked at a basin scrubbing herself methodically with a coarse cloth

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i was walking today when suddenly i saw something i saw something falling and it reminded me of you

a woman stands naked at a basin in front of a window scrubbing herself methodically with a coarse cloth

i saw a woman today while i was falling methodically a woman and she reminded me of you

This is the picture which will be repeated: a woman stands in front of a mirror pouring hot water into a basin

i saw a woman and she reminded me of you falling one way and then the other over and over

This is the picture which will be repeated: a woman stands at a sink washing herself methodically one hand then the other over and over as she has always been washing herself she has always been doing that

i saw you today and it reminded me of you it reminded me of falling over and over

one way then the other as you have always been falling you have always been doing that

a woman stands in front of a mirror by a window naked and erect as always and washes over and over one arm and the other

i saw you today while i was walking i saw you and suddenly i was reminded of this woman

she's walking and it's raining and she starts washing herself suddenly over and over one hand and the other she has always been doing that rain has always been falling one way or another over and over

i saw you today while i was walking i saw you today and suddenly you started raining

suddenly you started raining you were pouring like a woman pouring hot water into a basin

and it reminded me of you you have always been falling one way or another you have always been doing that

i was washing today when suddenly i saw you walking into a woman and it reminded me of something

it reminded me of you falling into a woman over and over like a coarse cloth you have always been falling

This is the picture which will be repeated.

#### GLOOMPOEM

/gloom pale~moon / gloom / gloom / roses gloom /gloom are roses / gloom pale ~ moon / gloom / gloom / penny for your penny / gloom / penny for your penny pale~ moon / gloom / roses are roses / gloom / roses are roses penny for your penny roses are roses penny for your penny / pale~moon / gloom / gloom / sweet dreams / gloom / and ^so i / / gloom / roses are roses / gloom / \""'i have always loved sweet dreams / gloom / and ^so i / penny for your penny you""\ / gloom / pale moon / gloom / roses are roses / \""'i have always / sweet dreams/ gloom loved you""\/ ^write this letter / gloom / sweet dreams / and ^so i / pale ~moon / gloom / why are you lifting / gloom / {the angels}  $\wedge$  "" so unusually""  $\wedge$ roses are roses/"" i have always loved you" / and  $\delta i / penny$  for your / why\*are\* you\* lift\*ing\* / gloom / ^write this letter penny / gloom / like\* a red\* bird\* / gloom / roses are roses / pale ~moon / a\* red\* bird\* /\""'so unusually""\/ gloom / ^write this letter / penny for your penny / {the angels} / til\*ting\* its\* head\* / penny for your penny / gloom / gloom / "" i have always loved you" / gloom / (the angel) / roses are roses / its\* eb\*ony\* head\* / gloom /\""'so unusually""\/ til\*ting\* its\* moc\*king\* / sweet dreams/ and ^so i / penny for your penny / roses are roses / like\* a red\* bird\* / sweet dreams / {the angels} / eb\*ony\* head\*

Gloom settles deep on a pale moon.

Roses are roses, a penny for your penny sweet dreams.

And so i write this letter:

Why are you lifting like a red bird tilting its mocking ebony head?

I have always loved you so unusually but i am reconciled.

The angel said it.

# Cam McAlpine / SYMBOLS

# SYMBOLS 1 STOLEN FROM MATT COHEN

"Do you want a cigarette?" Laurel asked. the instrument panel had once been fancy

and made out of wood. Now it was splintered and all the pieces stuck out at crazy angles.

But the instruments still worked, and the lighter did too, dangling from wires

so it could be swung to any position, pulled now by Laurel up to her mouth where she lit both cigarettes, handed one to Calvin.

# SYMBOLS 2 GIVEN BACK TO MATT COHEN

"Do you want Laurel asked a cigarette?" The once had been made fancy wood out of instrument panel. Now it was splintered and at the pieces stuck out all crazy angles. But instruments the still worked and too the lighter did dangling from wires so swung to any position could be pulled to her mouth now by Laurel one to Calvin handed where she up lit both cigarettes.

## SYMBOLS 3 MATT'S POEM

Picture two people. Sitting in a truck, on an island with one glowing neon HOTEL sign and a few dozen totem poles. The truck is old; they are young. They share a cigarette.

Symbols explode all around them.

They should feel used, be cause when the novel ends, well, frankly, so do they.

After all, they too are only symbols.

# Hannah Landecker / POLYCHAOS

His letters come typed on small squares of paper. I can hear the insistent bell of the carriage return. "Can't you just see it?" he writes, "me sitting on a bed making typewriter noises."

Let me paint you a picture. He is light hearted. That is, he has a heart of light, imagine it as enclosed by ribs and flesh, illuminating that red cage, a liver, stomach, guts.

Let me make you a mask. Have you ever filled your fingernails with crescents of clay, and made one eye concave, one convex? Looking in or looking out. What is left now of his face comes out of my fingertips like water and furrows the clay. Being artistic is not a prerequisite for making things. Being artistic. You've been taught to think otherwise, but this really equals simply being. You make what you will. You can't help it, like sneezing. Sneezing as an artistic form.

Where have we got to? We have letters, on small pieces of paper, an inadequately described man with a light source instead of a pulse, a warped mask, and an aside on creativity as inadvertent explosions. I have been told there has to be a thread that ties everything together, however unlikely. I am dubious. Memory taunts us from up ahead until we are confused trying to remember what has yet to happen.

Fran, Rod, and I sit at a table for two in the window of Nina's. Fran offers me the sugar after dumping three toppling spoons into her cup. "No thanks" I say.

"Sweet enough already," mutters Rod quietly out of the side of his mouth that's facing towards me. Fran knocks the side of her cup with her spoon, rocks back and forth in time to the music playing in the cafe. Fran makes me think of frangipani blossoms, thick creamy blossoms sending fragrance through the dark on the stumble home down the back lane. In the hottest part of the day, the cicadas shrill so loudly they outdo the traffic noise. I tell her and she smiles lazily. "You're a foreigner," she says, "these things will grow less amazing."

I don't think so. Even the words entice me to lick my lips. Frangipani. Cicada.

Fran's new flat is on the ground floor of an old building. White painted and furnished with nothing but a kitchen table, a drawing board, and a bed in the closet, it is a very bare space. Even the cupboards are glass-fronted, so you can see the bowls stacked there and the plates beside. Somehow this seems very personal. We eat green pasta and watch people go by the window. It begins to pour. An old volvo farts by, a hand out the driver's side window furiously working a squeegee back and forth across the windscreen.

She left him, and this was the strong thing to do. He lied and spent her money and they had "I don't know" for dinner for three years. I think she should concentrate on drawing hands. Her hands are very good. They grow out of the ground. They reach for pills, across sinks, into mirrors. They tease apart knots. She takes my hands, which have short stubby fingers and are stained with toluidine blue. "What have you been doing with these?" she asks curiously. For a second I think she can sense it somehow, my fingertips are coated with touching his skin.

Polychaos under the phase microscope is an eight pointed membranous star. You have to watch for a very long time, but if you have the patience, you will see the amoeba rearranging its pseudopods, one point retracting ever so slowly as another point swells and elongates. Polychaos moves by taking apart its skeleton and building it up again in a different arrangement. Very clever, I say. We watch video-enhanced images of the skeleton, made of microtubules, which grow unit by unit, or fall apart in the blink of an eye. The pointer taps the screen. "This," says the professor, "is a phenomenon called catastrophic disassembly."

I show Fran the tiny bottle labelled INSTANT OCEAN that I have

stolen from the protistology lab. We go out for a walk in the falling sky and the rain makes our hair curl. Tendril.

Rod's new home is in a tiny building in someone's back garden. A fancy shed, he calls it. His hands are large and the tips of his fingers are square. His hands are so large I feel that he blots out my whole body when he puts them on me. He is my architect of open spaces. He draws rooms and staircases. He is my secret until I realize that I am my secret, when careening around the corner and in the door I come face to face with Fran.

Sea urchins are small round spiny creatures. You can't tell male from female until you prod them and out comes either sperm or eggs. If you place the eggs in a well in a depression slide, and focus on one under the microscope, then add a drop of sperm, you see the tiny wiggling things swarm the comparatively huge round egg. They crawl over its surface in millions and suddenly the outer membrane of the egg lifts and puffs out, and you know one has penetrated. I tell Rod this and he can't touch me for a little while. "There are just some things you don't want to see quite so clearly," he says, eyeing me as if I was an egg. I wiggle my fingers at him and we laugh until I tell him I'm leaving.

I feel a certain affinity for sea urchins. Polychaos. Spines weren't evolved for decoration. On my way out of the country where your feet bruise frangipani petals in the back lane, I step into a photo booth and replicate four times. I look terrified. I am thinking about catastrophic disassembly.

I read the small pieces of paper, looking for threads. "I miss you but I don't write much. I wonder if I missed you more would I write more? Still stood still." He writes, in small typed letters. I can hear the ping of the carriage return. The mask is drying on the back porch. I wonder if she is still drawing hands. I am reassembling their faces, trying to remember and predict, what they will have meant. One eye looking in, one out. My architect of open spaces, my tendril beautiful friend. Complete collapse is the only way to build again.

# suzanne buffam / GRANDMOTHER

there were those candles she gave me for christmas that dripped different colours as they burned and were magic she told me they'd drip orange then blue then dark purple although white outside colourless like her face and

the rain dripping down our faces while we stand at this railing returning on the ferry to our new home in vancouver remembering how she stood there waving clumsy goodbyes like a child asking can i can i can i why can't i

show you the time when i was the child and she really was magic her house on the hill full with seashells and marbles and bathcubes dripping colour into the bathwater ocean green tub and her paintings in the basement more

beautiful to me than even the sound of my own name those dripping colours like rain down the canvasses that i searched for illusions for conjured up images tricks of the eye so quietly hidden for me by her magician's hands

which over a lifetime stacked wall to wall to the ceiling grey landscapes and butterflies gifts to my mother that came down from our walls when she left our plum-colour walls that clashed with my grandmother's perfect art

like the pink dress she made with red ladybird smocking that i wore again and again until it hung in my closet colourless as her hands as your eyes that passed over her shelves of food canned long before we were born your

thoughts of how old she must be how forgetful how sweet how much i hated you then for not knowing her the way i did for not believing in her magic and how i hate myself now for being able to see her the way that you must

for knowing what made the colours drip from inside the candles and seeing how she stood there without that flush of a child not magic or mysterious but lost forgetful her cheek now colourless like an old old woman's alone

# Ardessa Nica-Jesseau / THREE POEMS

#### i'm trying to understand your heroin, heroin baby

it's all colour and smoke. desperate. desperate. persuasion. if the calm doesn't kill us, we ourselves will. a warmth over the bones, baby. heroin. heroin and smoke. you get desperate. pull the rattle out. taunt yourself. time collapses. baby's breath. of peppermint. enlightenment. the purity that poetry once brought to your soul. forced out. slowly, but with deliberation. death. small deaths attempted. a kind of suicidal game. this tragic moment. a sad film. the stopwatch. pulse. heartbeat. calm. calm. rub me, he says.

make the movements of the earth, somehow, more real. entanglement. and i'm trying to understand the desire. the desire that brought you here, to where flowers are pushed up from the earth. only twenty years. the boredom. the ennui. the clash of friends and cash falling into your hands. the jargon. elixir. the punishment. the deep persuasion. the criminal element, your peppermint, peppermint baby. a refusal to conform. and the heroin. heroin overdose. the blood. too long fooled with. the body retaliating. overdose on candy, your anger is mirrored, your suffering spreads now like blood through the sheets. a time disease, you called it. and the fact of having too much. the music gets louder. damp and more melancholy than ever. the saints. the mirrors. your evil twin. released now. i'm trying to understand. the excitement. the thrill of shooting up. your sudden death. baby, only twenty years old. talk of angels. the labyrinth of will and desire. breath of peppermint. twisted. alcohol and summer. the bereavement.

this particular sensation of your death shooting up the back. spirit fire. the peppermint stench. rotting. odorous. i'm trying to understand the easy destruction. the attraction. to your form. the end and the threads leading nowhere, baby. conformity. conforming to death. the refusal. your life-force. the hysteria. in women's voices. as they stand by your grave. the blood that raised you, erased you. this willingness to depend. and the desperate. desperate. photographic images i have of you. the intoxication. that drew us closer. and the mourning. the terrible morning. the coldness of your skin. choking white. the avalanche of daylight. remembering. remembering your kiss. one spearmint dusk. the voice of peppermint.

#### i got the orange throb

under the yellow heart of the boring moon, yeah it was a rib shot got right into my hollow part and made me the sweetheart of everyone standing

i made this quiet pledge just then my Deva sent a message she sunk the fever in intravenous into me jabbing

and i was breathing hard and sweet deeply seeing her underneath the lion-moon squeezing the life from plants she wanted to stitch me up

i shot the guitar in the part that's hard yeah it was my refuge smashed everything then i seen her done up as lovely as heroin my black angel helen howling under the evening sun come to bring me this fix

we were drunk from the heavy sun she was friction wrapping up the moon wounds and telling me of the previous guns that had touched her

but the rush was too much the incision was bursting i swear i saw the wings i fell under the stitched parts i watched her fingers try to hold down the gush i saw her cactus cure coming at me got her whiskey in my throat, yeah

it was a punishment a kind of hallucinogenic a kind of mystical

evolution

### torpedo rash

swollen tongue lapse of memory champagne kisses charcoal eyes loathing a mind like leather the knife-line it all gets lachrymose indian summer hypnosis gun-charm the lure of crime indescribable exhaling sweet melon smoke slam and slash destruction feathers and the soul-leash helium dementia delusion jack-pot and the fraud walk hand in hand glamour and jinx

get the demons out of the heart cavity red luxurious and time-piercing wounds are all the same fire this is no rare disease

# T. Crane / TWO POEMS

my smoking harbourlite pistol tells no lies. . . i will pull the flies rip the wings from flies i will tear this wall tear the heart from this wall for a song you sing. . . i will beat the drum i will beat the skin of drums i will warm my blood warm my hands in the blood of angels i will sing i will sing i will cut my feet and hands i will cut my hands and pull the glass pull the glass from out your steely soul i the heart pushes i the heart i will take the heart to the highway the highway of lambswool and diaper rash i will raise the roof beam the roof high with ultra laser you. . .i will ultra laser you in video shock and kisses. . . and steam your eyes cool and clear i will disappear in a shadow of light. . .surf. . . i will surf the moonbeam distance crawl on my 2's and 4's i will hang honey pots for locusts and build homes for the gypsy moth i will crawl crawl on my 2's and 4's i will embody civil war for you for all of you. . . i will drink with torn lips your dew

and throw the coat over your car i will over throw your car and traffic mind your mind. . .spin i will spin circle endless spin the fast sun i will spin until the world is quiet and the machines hold hold the machines hold their tongues in silence. . .

# LOVE POME # 9360

tranquil steel box pulse oil pump pumping. . . back to caves it belong long longing. . . oh this blood speak gushes sweet emerald confessions. . . perfect beneath moon soft heaven nickle within cotton blue. . .

ask it ask asking where are you? where are you? o yellow haired moon. . .?

# John Kerkhoven / TWO POEMS

### GNOSSIENNES

(an interpretation of the music by Erik Satie)

## NO. 1

cadence with the heart of the house I first lived in and its exterior like a deck of red cards most of the faces missing

but precise the line the thought a thought on the order of piano

### NO. 2

tulips said the phrase is like a commonplace a one sentence response to a greeting and an aside backyard promise the year we can't help green on the fence

### NO. 3

notes like the stab of a cold tack wood floor grit flannel no sense of weapon

foresworn wrapped pyjamas rooms halls stairway nighttime that figment of repetition the place preference lintel afterplace silence follows I am here aftertalk domain silence space for this music enjambment I hear no sound

no voices not even laughter

### NO. 4

your beat is under the carpet and my fingers like sleep small white blanket I am innocent shadow trans parent look for the shatter of days this loneliness sliding doors stairways kitchen

#### windows I remember nothing on the walls or the rain waterspout this en trance a walk the sidewalk

### NO. 5

animation of summer fellow breeze some shine to the blue and white caught in the trees afternoon vibrant as an eggshell Anne sits dark brown shadow till five thirty and all the time work schedules preparation routine I was four Anne anything over sixteen not anyone's mother

the rhyme is quicker here monsieur la mesure une tendresse et la bonne me semble waiting for others to finish time for down the alley

## NO. 6

family heavy coat driving tv the city radio school regular the rhythm you play is steady rises to its falls traverses the walls paint radiator

snapdragons elephant blue small blanket plastic train set treehouse dragster

in the lane tomorrow coffee porch and the distant sounds I can remember

### NO RESTRICTIONS

looking down at it the water rimming the shore and the row of trees standing like a drawn-in breath one-deep shadowing the lake the water rimming the shore bare to the scrub the row of trees like a chill slash scattered where it fell

looking down at it the water is black and perfect like a thought that comes out of the blue the row of trees standing like they would fall from embarrassment if they could like they were deliberately forgotten there are no restrictions I was told maybe the clouds came in the day of the cut or some of the guys thought it would help the fishing to have a little shade on the lake two guys in a silver canoe like a magnet on the lake

moving like a sigh and over to the beach where the mud is thick and not too deep forest following from there the narrow valley to the ocean on the beach the water-fallen slash is blown-piled high looking down on it you'd think

you could get through it easily and sure enough on the beach itself it's not too bad but the slope is a mess and thick where the trees start forcing my way through like a bear it was almost funny to think they might shoot

onshore pulling at a snag eight fish already in the boat there are no restrictions I was told some guys come get drunk and leave behind broken bottles and other trash eight fish already in the boat following the rim of the water where the slash meets the water bare to the scrub and moving slowly over a mess of roots and dry dead wood

the lake black beside me and perfect like a healthy complexion the canoe like a magnet on the lake in the distance a stone's throw a spit and a holler not much of an echo though it was funny it seemed that there wouldn't be since there was nothing but the bowl in the mountain and the lake and the sky

the beginning of the row of trees looking like they needed a long post fence and a gravel drive the broken bottles left behind a smoke pack and charred wood and looking up and looking down again and at how far away the boat was and moving slowly across the water a stone's throw away and looking down at it

the water dropped off from the gravel deposit at the foot of the slash and the gravel soft and no telling how deep

what kind of a foothold and took off my clothes and glasses and swam in the sun-warmed water like a letter that arrives by surprise from an old friend there are no restrictions the water warm like a shadow and worn metal from the middle of there are no restrictions the lake the two guys in the canoe still a couple of sentences away

probably uncomfortable

about my nakedness

# Kedrick James / SCAVENGER'S AUTOPSY

This is the story of Atlas New born Atlas, being crushed beneath the weight of a dying world.

#### YOU'RE TOO SENSITIVE

I'm too sensitive? Your wars and terrors confuse me your sweet earth face is an industrial gargoyle belching fire, sinking waste inverted volcanoes cast in crass commercial haste

DISRESPECT

what has happened to the house of the gods?

#### **OVERPOPULATION**

TOO much yeast in the petri dish.

WELCOME! HIDDEN GRAVITIES BETWEEN YOUR EYES COME TO US AND SYNTHESIZE WE'LL COME TO LIFE ON A SERPENT'S HIDE CLAIM THE JEWELS WE LOST INSIDE EAT THE HEART AND FREE THE MIND O BODY DIVINE! O BODY DIVINE! SHOW AND TELL AT CLOSING TIME He made as tho' he was born with his eyes closed as tho' from the closed womb of an eye with eyes downcast he, the world, imbibed. He sought a nerve on which was inscribed the cursive of the living a world on which a sun would lob its fire. He recalls the year it took to dry a single tear. How he collected it, dissected it, suspended it from his groin like a fakir's chandelier. He rode himself forward to the burden of blood. He danced to cast upon each blood fear a greater fear of fear. To be worthy of his trade, he built a spiralling terror and suspended from it the barbs of a scream that all the languages could understand.

I am but a beetle crushed beneath your weight, o World tensile wires in tension snapped my back's cracked and won't snap back I wear a dirty coat of old goat skins you're bleeding, Old Earth, the blood soaks in guns of fear and swabs of hate our time will certainly come too late for Eternity is in every behaviour!

FOR WE ARE DETRITIVORS, SCAVENGERS ARE WE HERE TO PERFORM OUR AUTOPSY UNBUILDING THE PYRAMIDS OF GREED AND ENVY COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE COME ALONG ON A SECRET JOURNEY WE'LL REVEAL THE DISEASE THAT CAUSES WAR AND MORE AND MORE AND MORE WE'LL CUT OUT THE RICH, WHO CUT OUT THE POOR WHO KILLED THE STRANGER AT THEIR DOOR COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SAW WE'LL BOIL THE CHURCHES IN REVERENCE AND AWE AND SKIM THEIR GOLD WITH A LEADEN CLAW DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN WE GO THRU AGES OF HATE AND EONS OF WOE TO A PLACE WHERE NO FRESH BREEZE CAN BLOW IN THE FLESHY BELLY OF BEING

Death presses down and swallows my groans. I want to let go, to simply slip by and not be seen avoid the scene be at the hem not at the seam. Some say it's luck to have the option to be human to enter the underworld. I want to be humble to enter the life cycle of change to board the orange bicycle of life and crash in upon the tumour of our days Kamakazi dream machine fueled on cancer like a detritivor in the second sinking of the earth.

For they made animals large so we could eat them with fire and herbs made our pleasure greater. They made large animals small furoscious animals tame to glorify the most incarcerated hovels. O Earth, your poor cohabit with the tiger. Everything for its existence is drowned by great numbers the cup overfloweth with a noxious brew for Attitude is in the heart and there is Gross Instinct for Error. Ha! Carrion bird, jet plane angel ripping ozone with your flaming testicle I sink beneath your towering spiral into the muck of indifference and quagmires of greed bred in the human genes Double Ha! Ha! in the invisible ears of these bragging flies. I hear the last choir of ignorance, laughing and sink deeper. I drink from an earlobe the potion of silence:

I hear ants singing from under stones the indigestion of hardy weeds worms in the lungs of the soil. For a year I cry a single tear to aid them in their toil. For a year I am awake without a body to get tired. For a year I dream with the animal mind, the vegetable heart and the mineral soul. My spirit splits into seven thousand prisms at the first gust of light. The rays dissolve into a birdsworth of feathers for the moon. It is a holy day. The doors of the tabernacle open from within

#### **GREAT!**

A complete sexuality into being!

#### **GREAT!**

Her stars become a queen in evening constellation!

**GREAT!** 

Into being!

**GREAT!** 

O Mother Creator

GREAT GREAT

grandmother of the solar perplex us

GREAT GREAT

health by the

YOM

wander wide you valleys of

SOUND

and dance, dance, dance, into wet bog in cedar grove when ants in the summer sing:

### LET ME BE THE BY THAT SINGS YOU

sings you wondering sweetly with your head right in

#### WHY

she sings you so life I say to you

SURVIVE!

You are too beautiful, Queen Scheckina, Queen of Creation, to die!

So here's the filth, here's the muck of my depletion: Atlas is as Atlas does he holds up the world and is crushed like a bug. He does it again he picks up the world and sticks his head in. He does it in respect for he was given birth in Sacrifice of Vision for he was given life by the sacrificial fist unclenching for he was held by a wounded hand into the eternity. First by his father and mother and by his brother and then by his sisters by his teachers and by the ones he sought to teach and was himself taught again and again he does it for the glory for those who are deep burial deep of mind of sleep he does it again out of love for he and the rest of the glorious troupe are at home six feet deep with the detritivors.

FOR WE ARE DETRITIVORS, SCAVENGERS ARE WE FEEDING ON A DEAD SOCIETY PERFORMING OUR POETRY AUTOPSY COME SEE, COME SEE, COME SEE SPEAK IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE HONEY BEE MAKE LOVE TO A DINOSAUR AND BLUNT THE DIAMOND TEETH OF WAR ENTER A SPIRAL HALO OF LIGHT THAT CONJURES BLISS FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT LISTEN TO LANGUAGE IN A DIFFERENT WAY AND UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORDS WE SPEAK ARE A KEY TO MAGIC AND GIVE US FLIGHT OR HELP US BREATHE WHERE THERE IS NO AIR IN ORCHID'S STAMEN OR DRAGON'S LAIR IN SILENT HEAVEN OR IN CLAMOROUS HELL TWO TOWNS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN THE PYRAMID AND THE DELL

What does it mean to want something more than the want of life itself? I have shaken with desire for the happiness of others. I have seen the great friendship between insignificant life-forms joyously splashing the divine eyes with the brilliance of a supernova

I have spent an entire lifetime learning to be human and pledged my heart to the world as if it were my lover. I tapped a subterranean river of care which erupts from my shattered form like a geyser and yet I am forbidden to drink and my throat parches like a withered star. I'll tell you what it's like it's like malaria. Malaria is like this:

#### HOT/COLD/HOT/COLD

you are a clapper in the bell that rings between the sun and the pole the ice pack sun spot surface of your skin washes the tectonic plates with your body fluids

#### SWEAT, BLOOD, MUCUS, SHIT AND MAYHEM

and you're in Africa where small hospitals are poisonous and great boulders that you've puked on lie on top your chest and the COMA becomes the COMA comes on and you can't breathe it's a prison that's closing in and it's your body that's exploding your head sinking into the earth again and again and you call out your name: call me atlas

#### CALL ME ATLAS

I'm a god in small towns with one ancient Greek text if you read it it'll tell you this about me: "In Africa, riding with the moon I board a snake and free the jewels inside." The rest I forget my mind erased. I became the snake. I snuggled my obscure belly to the fleshy belly of being. From my jewels a scattered tribe awoke struggling to be free of the yoke, of the waters parted in labour. And when they worked for days as long as the eye can see they would sing this song to the Anger of the Kingdom:

"STRUGGLING AS WE ARE TO UNBUILD THE PYRAMIDS THE OLDEST STRUCTURE OF OPPRESSION TO FALL ON, TO FALL ON, TO FALL UNDER TO FASHION THE INCISOR AFTER THE WOLF TO MAKE THE STREET OUR LAIR TO BEAR ONCE THE BRUNT, TO BARE ALL TO BEAR UP UNDER ITS IMMENSE UNWIELDY PRESSURE TO BEAR ALL THAT ALL SHOULD BEAR BUT WE FELL DOWN INTO JAIL TOWNS BUT WE WERE CRUSHED INTO MICROCOSMS OF DESPAIR BUT WE WERE SENTENCED TO TERMS OF INTERNMENT AND AS SLAVES, TO BUILD THE PYRAMIDS WE FOUND OURSELVES, LABOURING THERE." OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND INTO THE FIRE DANCE WITH US AND YOU'LL DANCE NO HIGHER WE'LL MAKE YOU A PLEDGE WE PROMISE TO KEEP THE MORE WE CRY, THE MORE WE WEEP THE MORE OUR RULERS FEEL THE HEAT FOR LANGUAGE IS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP OPPRESSORS DOWN, AT BAY AND LET THE HEART SPROUT WINGS OF BUTTERFLIES WITH AZURE, MAROON, AND TURQUOISE EYES.

# Gregory Nyte / ON DYING

My body is a pool. At its centre a school of trout huddles in the sunken fuselage of cartilage and bone, and in a dark cave upstream — in an office a single grey carp craves cigarette butts and pull tabs from beer cans. It seeks refuge from the dull trout who likely won't know when the pool drains where to go nor will the frog long trapped above them whose commotion will be brief

## Tim Bowling / TWO POEMS

### THE LAST SOCKEYE

### for my brother

Always I think of the last sockeye, the one in late October; blind, blood-red, half-rotted, so far from the creeks of spawning, it just lay beside our net in the silt-grey water — confused or resting, we couldn't say then with one weak push gilled itself so we had to roll it in

it was the last of its kind for the season; most had died, or spawned and died, at least a month before: though barely caught, I could not gaff it, we stood in the chill north wind, bemused, as though we'd been given an early Christmas gift, red-wrapped and taken from below the mountains' undecorated evergreens; we stared at the rotted eyes and scales like bloodied coin, a glove of chain-mail after a Crusades slaughter the living hand still inside

three separate instincts and a whole long winter to forget your drinking and failed marriage my loneliness and too often days of great despair over things I cannot change and always the gap between us as wide as the gap between the sockeye and its goal; three separate instincts with nothing to win three separate species: I don't remember what we said or even if we spoke at all but the salmon, at least, knew what it wanted, so I gave it back to the river, blind, rotted, and doomed, I gave it back

while we stood in the stern like the last men and watched the bloody hand of the year wave goodbye

### CROSSWALK

Hand outlines in red are common in many prehistoric caves. In one called Gargas, in the French Pyrenees, the walls are covered by hundreds of these hand prints, but an astonishing number show one or more of the fingers lost. How these mutilations occurred we do not know, but it may have been due to some disease... — Richard E. Leakey, Human Origins

Ghostly ancestors impel us to move, fossilized skeletons still gliding for invisible ibix herds, nomads of the African plains appearing everywhere in our grassless cities at the confluence of four cold streams. Their passage is frozen now, excavated under coloured suns that change quick as a chameleon's blink; they have no eyes to see us with; they gaze on a lost world as we gaze on them, waiting to evolve: commerce to domestic homo habilus to homo erectus

and when we approach, they vanish, as though frightened of their own children, their own futures, only to appear again, blocks away, travelling in a ritual dance that leaves no footprints in our paved volcanic ash

only a small offering that makes us freeze, broken fingers dipped in the blood of a sacrifice we have long forgotten the reason for: what does it say, this gift held in the air like a slap?

And why do we feel so strongly the burn below our flesh?

# judi macinnes / THREE PIECES

### wide open legs in onion sheets

you used to paint anger green & large on onion skin onions, you told me, are bitten like apples by sheets. brown children in warm places. green & large, matted with dark squares: you at 8, fighting & rolling on lawn with a neighbour — yards of plucked hair snarled with grass. grass, you breathe, the colour of frantic ivy. and i see one ivy plant waiting near our bed: twisted & wet, like your simple arm behind my bare legs and back & when my body shifts, moving blankets, sheets; you shake & toss like an embarrassed mower in a garden cemetery. fine sheets, with the taste of our skin — my legs open too wide for you sometimes — i can't seem to feel you anymore. but i feel some sheets on my legs, tangled around my shoulders and that is you. you paint anger with your tongue now — it flounders in my mouth: a thick chalk stain, still green. i sit waiting, wrapped in beads & tissues: posing. draw me like those wooden women with drooping necklines, who like to hide with scarves. they are natural & carved, you told me once. don't forget to paint me - i have licked your brushes moist in mouth/ have dipped my legs into the colour of your choice/ have outlined my body on canvas/ today, you decide, to varnish my body with your boiling lips.

## FORM SINGLE LINE

two women twowomen to (women) (2) women two (men) (no, thats not what i meant)

your blouse in my mouth

the sound of tongue & throat mouthing her name

forming a single line

seeing the me in (me)rge, the y & i in (y)(i)eld

my tongue & your spine: a line

### 4 nipples

maybe you can try to clarify

- why should i yield for you?

(i thought the y stood for you)

sound it out (sounds like why)

(but on the page it reminds me of you

bitter sour salt sweet

> the order in which i taste you (you hit the back of my tongue first)

(*i just wanted to hear your voice*)

- you couldnt crush a fern with your legs

- who asked you?

forming a single line single train a thought of thought

— you are pressing my sides for no reason?

— im crushing you into my thighs so i can remember you

i lift your arms when you sleep i dont think im trying to wake you you on stomach, sheets at waist im pulling your arms up & from you

holding you like a wheelbarrow

(everything about us seems to be breakable)

:a thought:

your breasts against mattress

— colourful

— colourful?

- yes, colour - in your cheeks & hair

- but not in my legs?

- i didnt say that. . .your legs are

tired, not drained of colour

(she didnt say that, was it him?)

i ask her: "what colour am i?"

the colour of teeth light bulb brittle

— last night, when we were playing strip poker & you said you had 3 kings — were you lying to me? - what do you think? she says

— i think you were lying. did you have three of a kind or not?

down to our bras & panties i never seem to feel comfortable

forming a single line finding you in my mo(u)th

a section a wedge of fruit, a colour the insides of your legs

(would i want to wake you?)

she was stealing bic pens from a drugstore on wildwood avenue & asked me: "whats your name?" she wrote judy on her hand in red ink, underlined it,

to remember.

(does it matter what i remember?)

- i bleached my hands, they were yellow

- & your cheeks? did you bleach them as

well?

seeing the connections understanding tongue in cheek

forming a single line joining two women, colours

it makes no sense to me when you compare your mother to a fire station while holding my nylons in your teeth (*i* wish *i* could spell then people would know what *i* mean)

— what do you mean? you know what my name is. don't you?

you asked your father:

is ann spelt with an e?

forgetting how to print your middle name

buttercup squash, yucca root, chinese long beans, basil, caraway: body pieces: naked at the stove.

clothesline & pegs & 2 damp brassieres
 (how can this be normal?)

a silver-fish migraine

not like the school fire drill:

form a single line,

the command

but breastagainstbreastagainstb

driving on road to red rock canyon with your mother & brother orange rocks against blue against your white skin your mom taking photographs of us: a daughter & her girlfriend winding film holding each other against the rock

(2) form a single line.

# FINCH

## PART ONE

The fruit canner's husband says: "Why are you so red & smelling of beets?"

The woman from meditation class dreams of her breasts growing into geraniums.

The girl with marmalade hair pacing the cakewalk: "Please God, Anything But The One With Carrots."

Meek — adj. mild and gentle of temper submissive — adv. meekly, — n. meekness

Strangers, people the three of us don't know, have been asking to sit with us at the café, lately. She thinks they are looking at Her & all Her mysteries and can't hear you tell us about how your 8 year old brother stabbed you in the back with a steak knife when you were 10 & all I can say is: he usually that violent? (how is your back anyway? has the scar healed? I don't tend to trust the scars on my body — they fault up from nowhere and I have many, way too many, of them.) Simon, you tell us that when you went for your physical that Dr. MacKenzie commented that your lungs are enormous, bigger than the average (stranger's) your pink lungs (pause) "Are big," She suggests and knows her own are coffeebrown but She looks so sexy when She smokes, She could never quit, especially now when Her hair is so short. She cut Her hair because it drew too much attention to Her head. Now the only conversation She gets is: "Hey, do you have a light?" We leave the table and today's stranger. He *was* looking at Her.

People are agreeing with me more than I want them to.

Why can't I stop thinking of them in relation to myself?

She spells out: P-H-I-L-A-T-E-L-I-S-T Why isn't Simon surprised when I tell him that I collect stamps? Is it because he refuses to collect anything? (collect: to assemble, to gather, to bring together: — hunters vs. gatherers.) His mother collects little figurines, all men, all small, the size of 8 year old fingers. She says She only collects juice glasses from tall buildings and there they are: CN Tower, Space Needle, Empire State Building, Sears Tower Glasses, all lined up in the kitchen cabinet & he likes the idea of Her body being an empty jar, a chalice perhaps, to hold something sexual no doubt. My body doesn't fit this

Your body doesn't fit mine Her body wants to be misleading Tumbler: a childlike container holding buttercups.

## PART TWO

i resented *you both* for calling me meek in the cafeteria with all those g-d damn strangers around.

the same way the fruit canner resented her husband for figuring out that she was (is) getting it on with the butcher.

the same way the woman, with the petals & nipples, deep in meditation resented the facilitator for recreating her childhood among the gardenias and string.

the same way Leonora ripped her dress completely off shrieking: "Dog Is Backward For God, World!" (white icing & orange cake on her puerile lips).

We (Simon, me & Her) were all down at the beach drinking,

talking about our fathers: My Dad always talks to my uncle about ladders. One time he climbed up his favourite ladder, to the roof, to fix the shingles, barefoot because it was hot; my mother spent 3 hours plucking the slivers from the bottom of his feet — wanted to call 911 because she couldn't get them all out. Simon, did you resent us laughing when you told us about your father's death? Larry was under his father's cabin (your grandfather's; the one you look like) fixing the floorboards & then it fell on top of him. He insisted that your mother could never love a cripple. (I guess I smirked at that point, but when you went on, about how you started writing a poem: "Falling, falling. . . here comes the Cabin," both of us couldn't help but laugh.)

I didn't know the cabin finally killed him. I didn't know his last word, a week & a half later (your mother had wrapped the covers around him like a newborn) was cabin.

right, we remember now, you brought your books, paper, the stuff to make dinner with and a blanket big enough to cover your legs to the cabin. that August long weekend. Shit.

She is in the bushes, mumbling about how one morning She saw Her dad hunched over Her mom — the bedclothes barely covering his back. Simon interested, when hearing the word hunched, moves closer to Her, moving farther away from (the ocean and) me.

A hunting that which is hunted.

Not a gatherer but a hunter (er). Her index finger tracing red felt capital As, chasing up, what is it? 45 degrees, well sideways to the right then down, Her chasing fingers across the sticks to make a letter. Learning how to make words. During recess She was chasing the boys (sweaty & mud & size 6X Wrangler Jeans) with Her legs & all of a sudden, the kilt moved too high sideways, from running through tall buttercups, they started to chase Her & haven't stopped since.

### PART THREE

The finch fits because Simon wasn't allowed to have a dog. "Your father was both allergic & afraid of dogs & we're not having one in this house, young man." But he could have any bird he was able to cage. He picked a finch and named it Elle.

Birds are thoughts and the flight of thought (p. 275-6). Yesterday Simon was talking about birds, how crows don't fly south & how you shouldn't feed ducks brown bread. Watching the duckfeeders in the playground of our old elementary school must have brought Simon to all of this. Girl, perched on a see-saw, watches you, Simon. Monkey bars, pink octopus head, tireswings & ladders:

> You Want To Cool Her With A Damp Facecloth. Toss A Bit Of Seed & Gravel.

Simon has given up talking about his father and finch. We are still at the beach and a man and woman pass us. The couple tease each other with the wetness: "Hey, I'm gonna throw you in." & "No, think again cupcake, I'm throwing you in." — so Simon throws Her in, instead. (Did I want it to be me? I can't remember.) He left his wet socks on the log. An offering. Although, neither one of us knew that and She chucked them in my purse.

Red tongue lick leaf rolling on pavement.

Pavement, walking up the hill, from the beach, socks heavy in my purse, pavement, rolling his body on pavement, screaming & looking at the two of us: "Humans are bullshit." And telling him: "Jesus, Simon, get your pants on and get off the road." And hearing: "I hate being grabbed, you guys, let me go for 2 seconds, I've got to tell you something, you've got to hear me: Humans are assholes." "Fuck you, let's go to sleep, I want to go inside, now. Jesus, a car is coming." Simon lists: No Non-Smoking Seating. No Heavy Trucks. Do Not Touch The Model. Do Not Feed The Wild Burros. — Ha, ha, ha. . .you do collect things.

What do you mean it doesn't count?

I said, She knows which day gets the most flowers at the graveyard.
Oh, like Mother's Day? Big Shit, Simon. I could have figured that one out.
No, she knows that on Wednesdays, for example, more arrangements are left, compared, to say, Mondays.
Well, sure like Ash Wednesday, Jesus rising —
Well, no. She goes there a lot (To visit your fucking dad, I bet.)
...to be alone.
How can She be alone with all those dead people and mourners

and gardeners? Fuck, forget it, okay? I'm going inside.

He stabbed you in the back because you broke his train set?

I can't stop thinking of me

without thinking of you both.

# Mark Cochrane / TWO POEMS

## TONGUAGE: 28TH & MAIN

Nobody reaches me,<sup>1</sup> flurry of inactivity. I am always busy

doing nothing; it takes forever. Don't touch me: I'm thinking:

Intimacy interferes w. my work habits.

I achieve the perfect static kinesis of a racing cyclist balanced to a stop.

Make your move.<sup>2</sup>

I achieve the perfect static kinesis of a gyroscope:

Back up, spin my wheels around the block just to avoid the invisible thread

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> I emulate the remoteness of the footnote.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Or send photo w. anatomical legend. Omnipriapism, for the obvious reasons, is incommensurate w. life-long & monogamous co-parenting, Puritan. Or cf. note 14. Or kiss me, Charles Kinbote. Respond c/o Personals, P.O. Box, this publication.

of Ariadne-black-cat, the path of her rolling eyes in my headlamp.

A black cat w. white paws like rubber boots in the rain to stay electrocution; white pads to insulate the earth from the body's bad luck.<sup>3</sup>

*Nurse cells* in the testicle<sup>4</sup> protect the newborn sperm from antibodies: a man's defences sense in his own sex, gametes, enemies: gender like a disease.<sup>5</sup>

The etymologies of germ.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Because of a slipped disc, L5-S1, I am losing sensitivity in my privates, phosphorescent now from X-ray saturation.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> *Nova*: in this episode, conception w. heroic volunteers — fibre optics up their urethras, fallopians, phallo/fallow/peons, cultivating a generation, generating....

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Why not say something honest? I fear the body yet aspire to. . . the Movement. The "F" in Kinesis. & self-reflexion, rubber hammer, Narcissus in a puddle of tongues. You know, meaning it. I (f)eel most slippery when I (sw)am sincere.

Would it be xenophobic I mean anti-French to neologize *tonguage*?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Main Street, discount centres, second-hand stores junked to the doors: *Sorry*, proprietor <del>says</del>, I got one *but it's too far back*—<sup>8</sup>

By the tongauge.

& next door, the Immigration Assistance Office: lawyers in love foray from Point Grey to import nannies from the Philippines.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> This note (refers) only to itself, this note.

<sup>7</sup> Nexus to nothing, north of Expo. (The trope is cycling, remember, bicycling, I am touring the city, mimetic.)

<sup>8</sup> So the guy says to me. Or, the story goes. That is, I offered to purchase a night stand — for clockradio, plastic nipples, handgun, novels, retainers. We hate clutter.

<sup>9</sup> This is indignation? After the birth of our son we hired a housecleaner then forgot, exhausted, to tip her generously four days before Christmas. Why not ("<del>say</del>") something true? A: the barrier method: tropological slippage.

Proper rioters: Tongue cage.

Langwich sanduage.10

Tickled (e) Pong (u) e.

Ask a scientist: why call them *nurse cells*? Why not slave labourers in the ever-upward development of the phallocracy?<sup>11</sup>

Why not discursive facilitators?

Why not call Ariadne Tom?

(A man needs many hands to hold his suffering together.<sup>12</sup>

Like a cat/fish needs a bisexual.<sup>13</sup>

- <sup>11</sup> Who elected those dicks?
- <sup>12</sup> This is the honest part.
- <sup>13</sup> There. Now I've said it.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup> The poem nips out for lunch.

## A PARCEL FOR NAOMI

Spring in Vancouver & I am reminded of you, or is it Upper Westmount, the flagstone-grey conversation we mounted beneath the buds & mansions there, & of how far I am from desolation now.

Let us admit I obsessed over you so long it no longer mattered, & that you remained amused, as by some jingle you could not shake from your head.

Yes, I do consider it funny that your new address is Dyke Rd.

I am sorry about your father, the cold you contracted from my family & the flaming of your mermaid scales.

Who back in school, chewing pizza (such a stretch!) over your hospital bed could have predicted: I enclose herein your Anaïs Nin, your Nicole Brossard & this *french letter* as per request

c/o Brighton Beach, East Sussex, BN1 5P0

DON GILL EXCERPTS FROM SITES OF PRODUCTION

## VANCOUVER - MAY 18, 1988

The bus stop had been at the corner of McGill and Renfrew since the days of streetcars and B.C. Electric. It was located near the horse track at Exhibition Park among other things and race fans used the bus as a convenient way of getting to and from the track. This meant that after the last race of the day a crowd would congregate at the stop waiting for the bus back to town. Although the house by the stop had been inhabited by the same person for a good many years, bus company gossip reported that the property had recently been sold. The new owner started putting up signs directed at the buses stopping in front of the house and, as this stop was the terminus of the route, the drivers generally waited a few minutes before starting the return trip. I only drove this route one day a week, Saturdays, so the first sign had been up for a few days before I first saw it:

### May 18th 1988 ATTENTION BUS DRIVERS

- 1. I do not want you to park your buses in front of my place.
- 2. You don't pay my taxes
- 3. You are littering the streets with your garbage
- 4. Bus drivers are very rude people
- 5. I also have vehicles and need the front space to park

- 6. I don't need undesirables hanging around in front of my place (pigs)
- 7. This is a private residence
- 8. I don't want to be a victim of some bus drivers temper
- 9. Why don't you find yourself another place to downgrade
- 10. I don't want any K.K.K. members in front of my place

HILDON BLACKWELL OWNER 985 - . . . .

The signs were competently painted and the word was that the new owner was a professional sign painter. Piles of garbage with the aroma of something dead and ripening started to accumulate in the yard. A new sign appeared every week or so for a period of about six weeks.

#### ATTENTION CITY OF VANCOUVER

Please take your zoo away from the front of my place back to Stanley Park.

If you have any decency regarding my concerns you will move it immediately.

I need my front parking desperately.

If people like (Li-Ka-Shing) owned this property I am sure you would do it for him. In the course of the operation of the transit system I moved on to other routes with different experiences and eventually quit the bus company. Passing by the corner of McGill and Renfrew a couple of years later I saw that the house had been torn down and replaced with a brand new Vancouver Special, a style of large house on a small lot designed to get the maximum floor space with a minimum of expense. These houses are popular with extended family groupings because of the large amount of living space available. This does, however, sometimes cause conflict in neighbourhoods that are accustomed to small single (nuclear) family bungalows. There are also some questions about the esthetics of what are unashamedly large boxes.

### JUNE 11 1988 ATTENTION CITY OF VANCOUVER

- 1. It is hard to believe we are living in a free country without any prejudice RICH or POOR.
- 2. What kind of jerks are running City Hall anyway, do they dictate a persons livelihood?
- 3. The CITY of VANCOUVER can do anything they want. Expropriate land, stick ugly buses in front of a private residence causing the owner unnecessary hardship eg. where to park his vehicles
- 4. The City has been notified about this problem and the garbage left at the bus stop. The answer from the city engineers is that clean-up is not in their budget.
- 5. Mr. Mayor shall we work together & make this a desirable place to live in or shall we say it's not in our budget and to hell with it!
- 6. I can make this a very beautiful place, an asset to the neighbours, or I can just leave it the way it is and let the cockroaches take over.

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- 7. I wish to hear from the city within 7 days from the above date.
- 8. I will then understand what the mayor of Vancouver thinks and believes in.
- I can witness the longshoremen being pushed around at Franklin and & Mclean and harassed by police due to City communication

### 985 - . . . . HILDON BLACKWELL

Due to circumstances I didn't photograph the final sign but I remember that it referred very specifically to bus drivers as unsympathetic assholes.

## SITES OF PRODUCTION

Production is a word that suggests progression — a movement from less to more, an enlargement or transformation. In its guise as transformation, production implies an aggressive creation of a product, something that is produced and subsequently consumed in order to provide room for more production.

Site is a denotation of place — i.e. the site of the occurrence, the site of the building, the site of the convergence of interests. The definition is of places in which something is or was situated or of areas set aside for particular purposes.

A SITE OF PRODUCTION is a place that has meaning created by factors that are reflective of its position in a history. This meaning reveals itself as an appreciation of the site filtered through processes of social history in association with the forces of natural history.

This idea that a site can produce meaning is a notion that is com-

pounded by the act of naming. This act is an initial exercise in the colonization of areas that it is expedient to believe are in a natural or uninhabited state; to ignore or erase history and append a new set of meanings (or old meanings but of a different place) that are specific to the colonizer is an act determined to set in place the phrase "but there was nothing here before." A name, therefore, often provides entry into a labyrinth of information that constructs a particular history separated from so-called pre-history, a label that signifies a fundamental change to the meaning of a site: before and after, regional to international, indigenous to colonial.

We are living in an age when the present seems to be of marginally less interest than remembrances of a sentimentalized past, and expectations of a future are of an uncertain and hostile dystopia. However, our attraction to the past fails to provide any lessons that might alleviate this anxiety about the future. Or perhaps the lessons that are there simply remain unappreciated, unlearned, perhaps ignored.

The raw material of historical construction is derived from the commonplace: family albums, oral history, account books, events of natural history, remnants and fragments of architecture and engineering, official and unofficial archives, political clashes, the breaking and mending of social contracts, and all the detritus that accumulates with the passage of time. The reading of these entrails (more precisely, who is reading these entrails) determines which particular history will be elevated to the status of authority.

The scrapbook, as a repository of gathered information, becomes a unique version of history, a particularly personal and idiosyncratic narrative. Photographs, texts, souvenirs, newspaper clippings form a montage of information that ultimately provides a personal openended archive, a mnemonic prosthesis as it were: a repository of collated information which one can examine and from which one can subsequently extract portions for study and comparison.

#### VASQUEZ ROCKS

Located in the desert north-west of Los Angeles this site acquired its name through the local residence of Tiburcio Vasquez, a bandito some claim to have been a Californian style Robin Hood. Tiburcio took up residence (or "set up his hideout") in Soledad Canyon on February 25, 1874 and operated from there until February 23, 1875. The site, now a California state park, has the requisite historical interpretation material which states that "By the time Vasquez was hanged in 1875 the craggy overhanging rocks were popularly known as Vasquez rocks."

Over the years Vasquez rocks has been used by many film and television studios for filming outdoor scenes. Shortly after my first visit to the rocks I tuned in to the police drama *Hunter* on the television and watched Rick and DeeDee crawling around Vasquez Rocks while escaping from some particularly nasty characters. Since that initial viewing I've revisited the area through such diverse T.V. experiences as a 1950's era *Zorro* episode (which presented some interesting possibilities for the early history of Spanish/Mexican L.A.) as well as Captain James T. Kirk and Mr. Spock of the Starship Enterprise getting their exercise chasing suspicious looking Aliens around the rocks. More recent visitations have come through the Michael Jackson video "Black or White" and episodes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

**Naming** — In an essay published in *Parallelogramme* Loretta Todd, a Métis film and videomaker originally from Alberta but now resident in Vancouver, states,

In court, the issue of Aboriginal Title versus colonial ownership often comes down to naming. The colonizers named the land Canada, British Columbia, Vancouver and, in naming the land, justified the theft. Yet there were names before those names and in court, the evidence often involves Aboriginal Nations stating those names of mountains, rivers, lakes, plains; in signifying use, occupancy and jurisdiction are thus signified.

This naming refers to the judicial struggle for the establishment of original title and the right of self determination that the aboriginal people of Canada are currently pursuing. Todd also discusses issues of ownership in a culture without a written language and the entrenching of ownership within a history that is passed on through storytelling rituals.

Although this is a rather brief portion of Todd's thesis, I introduce it here in its reference to the importance of the name to issues of history and continuity.

#### NEW WESTMINSTER

This name was chosen by Queen Victoria for the new capital city of the Crown Colony of British Columbia in 1858, presumably after Westminster, the borough of London in which the buildings housing the government of England are located. The Halkomelem Indians had a different view of the new town of white people and called it "skwiy-ee-mihth" or "where many people died".

The Crown Colony of British Columbia was amalgamated with the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island, and Victoria was chosen as the capital of the unified colonies. New Westminster lost its prominence as a major centre when the Canadian Pacific Railway chose as its terminus what was to become the new city of Vancouver.

Vancouver was named in 1886 by the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, Cornelius Van Horne, after one of the first British explorers to visit the area, Captain George Vancouver. The name Vancouver was chosen despite the fact that it had been associated with Vancouver Island since the late eighteenth century. In 1792 Captain Vancouver met with Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, the Spanish commander at Nootka, to take over control of the region from the Spanish under the terms of the Nootka Convention. Captain Vancouver originally named the area "the island of Quadra and Vancouver" but in popular usage this became shortened to Vancouver's Island and then to Vancouver Island. Quadra's participation in the history of the west coast was recognized in 1903 with the naming of Quadra Island, a small island in the inside passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland.

To add to the confusion of the naming of Vancouver B.C. there was already a city of Vancouver in the Oregon territory founded in 1825 as Fort Vancouver, the administrative centre of the Hudsons Bay Company. This territory was administered by the Hudsons Bay Company until 1846 when, as a result of a massive settlement of U.S. citizens, the U.S./Canada border was extended west of the Rockies along the 49th parallel to the Pacific Ocean, completing a process of border settlement begun after the war of 1812.

Names of the early settlements and towns that eventually made up Vancouver B.C. are Hastings Mill, Coal Harbour, Stamps Landing, Gastown, New Brighton, Granville, and Liverpool, amongst others. This, of course is not even to mention the various Native villages that were in the area, long term habitations of the Squamish and Musqueam peoples, the names of which are difficult to transcribe on a machine that does not possess the proper characters and diacritical marks: sen7a/kw, schilhus, xwa/yxway, temtem'ixwtn, xwmelch'stn, and slha7a/n'.

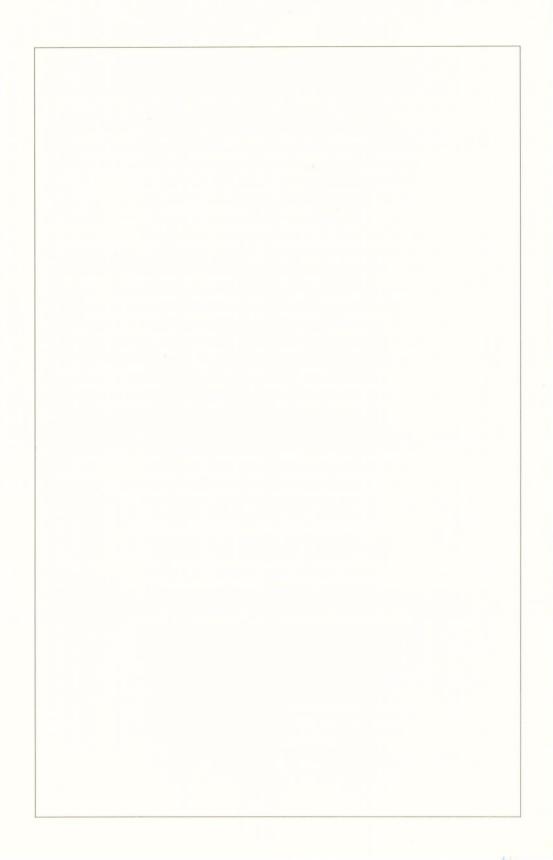
Driving south in the State of Washington along Interstate 5, approaching the Columbia River and the city of Vancouver, Washington, one passes a very large and patriotically ornate sign that reads

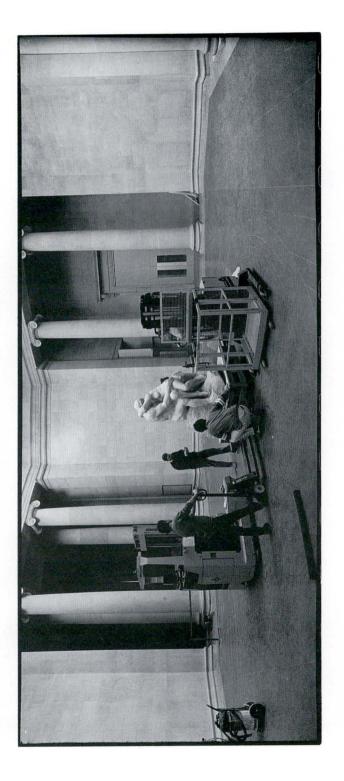
#### VANCOUVER - AN ALL AMERICAN CITY

Driving west on Highway 1 through Surrey, New Westminster, and approaching Vancouver, one sees a discreet sign that reads

#### Welcome to Vancouver: A Nuclear Free Zone

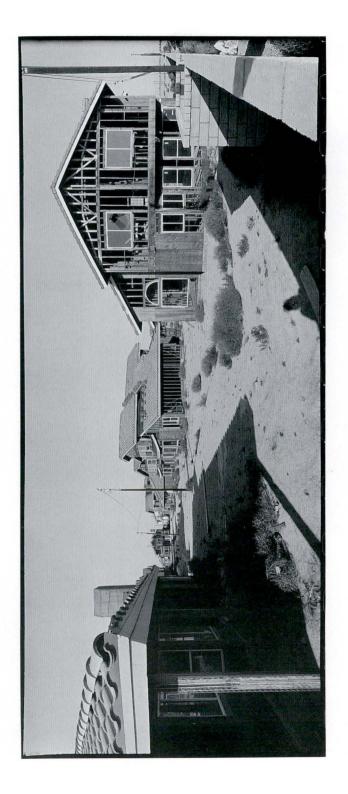
*Parallelogramme* Vol. 16, no. 1 pp. 24-33 "Notes on Appropriation", Loretta Todd.



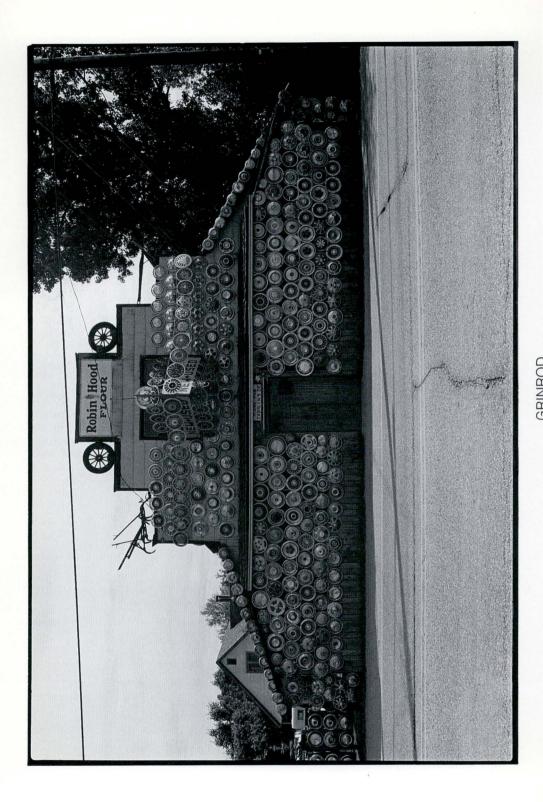


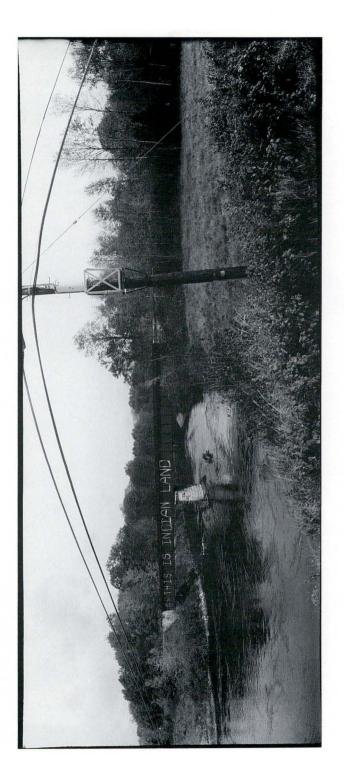
LONDON



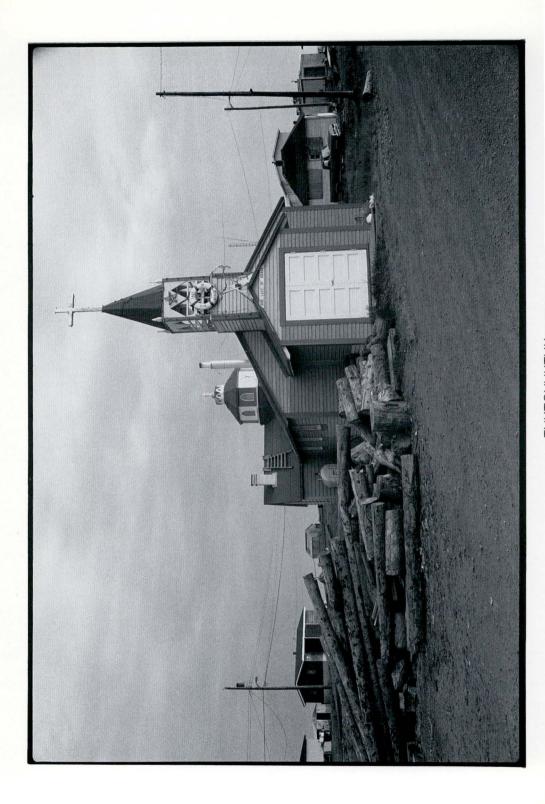


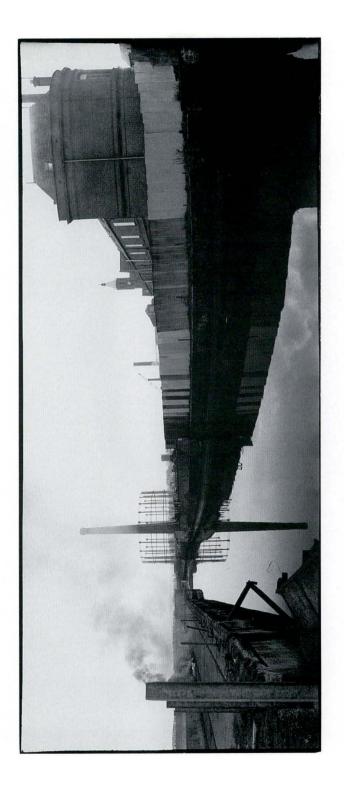
LANCASTER





SAULT STE. MARIE

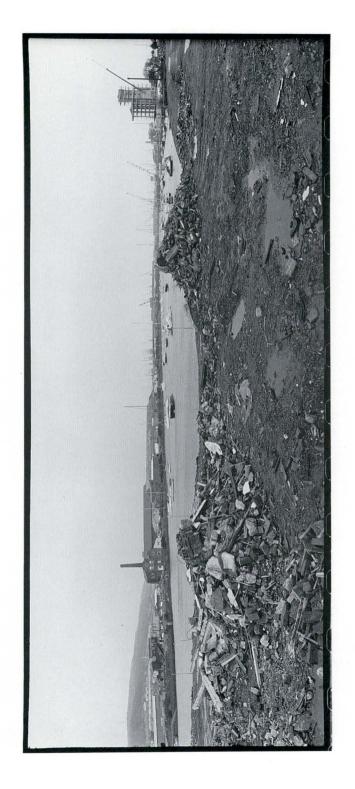




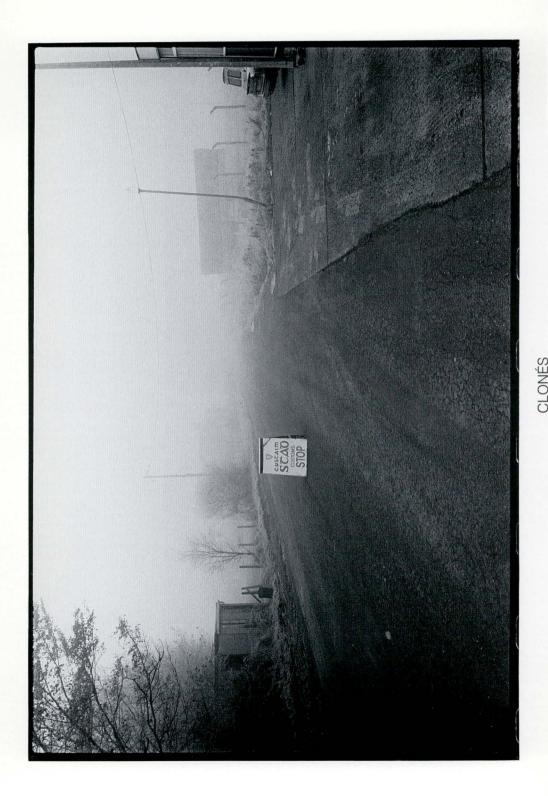
BELFAST



SHEET HARBOUR

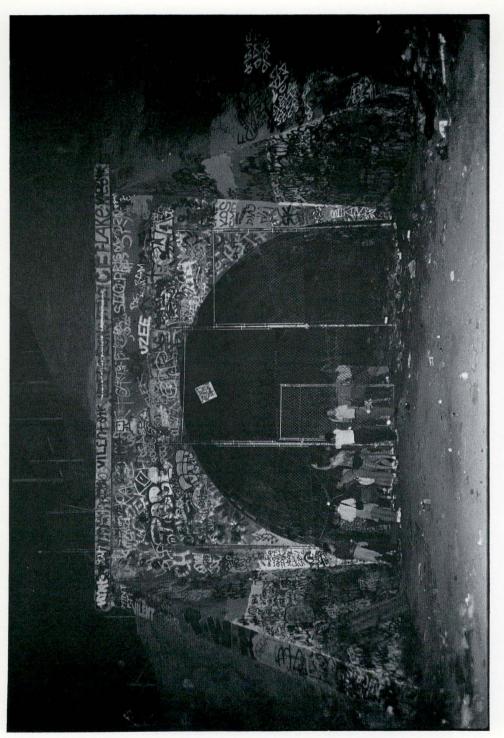


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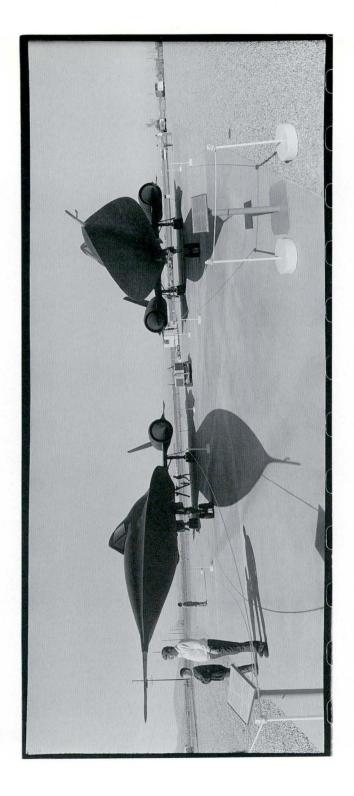




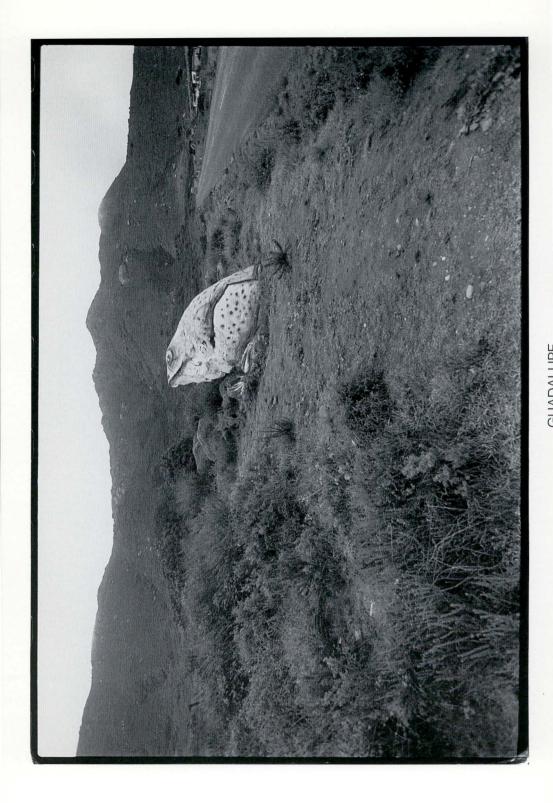
LOS ANGELES

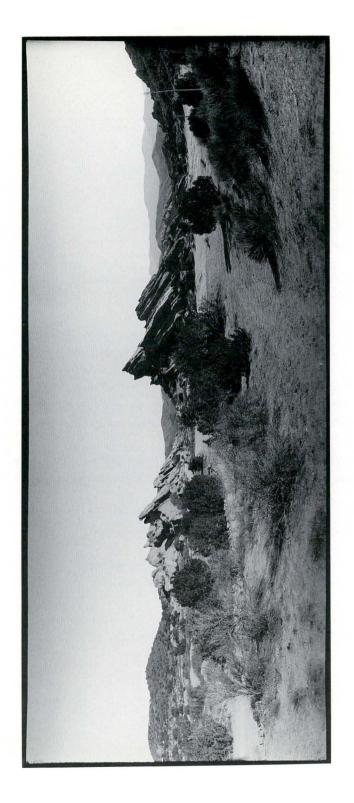


LOS ANGELES



LANCASTER





VASQUEZ ROCKS

#### DON GILL

#### Selected Exhibitions

#### Solo Exhibitions

April 1992	<i>More Sites of Production</i> , Gallery A402, CalArts, Valencia, California, USA.
Jan. 1992	Sites of Production – West, Photographers Gallery, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.
Jan. 1991	Sites of Production, Or Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
June 1990	Recent Sites from Sites of Production, Ann Leonowens Gallery, Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Feb./ Mar. 1990	Perils of Leisure, Don Gill and Tourism I & II, Terry Atkinson (catalogue). Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Art Gallery of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario, June/July, 1990.
April, 1989	<i>Sites of Production</i> , School of Architecture, Technical University of Nova Scotia, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Jan. 1989	<i>He was exceedingly perfectionist</i> , Anna Leonowens Gallery, Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Nov. 1988	Squid— the most intelligent of Invertebrates, The Front Gallery, Western Front, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.
Mar. 1988	<i>Towards a Lexicon of Domestic Crisis</i> , Window for NonCommercial Culture, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

#### CONTRIBUTOR NOTES

DAVID AYRE is a student of cognitive science at Simon Fraser University. He tells us that he is "a young attractive man who enjoys long moonlit walks on the beach and quiet times by a fire." He is also the host of an hour-long radio programme dedicated to poetry at SFU's campus community radio station, CJSF.

TIM BOWLING is a 28-year-old Vancouver-born commercial fisherman. His poetry has been published in *Event, NeWest Review, Grain, Nexus, Secrets from the Orange Couch*, and *Canadian Author and Bookman*, and is upcoming in *Fiddlehead*. He is also a freelance humour columnist and wrote and edited for the satirical *Flash* magazine for two years.

SUZANNE BUFFAM is a 20-year-old poet originally from Vancouver, now living in Victoria. Her work has most recently appeared in the Spring '92 issue of *The Liar*.

A CAGE is former editor of *The Liar*. His poetry has appeared in the *Arts Access* newletter, and his face makes regular appearances in the opening montage of the cable t.v. programme *Arts Access*. Recently, at the Kootenay School of Writing, he read excerpts from his translation of the mythic text *The Book of IT*.

MARK COCHRANE is a Ph.D. candidate at UBC. His poems have appeared in numerous journals — *Canadian Literature, Poetry Canada Review* and *The Fiddlehead*, most recently — and in the League of Canadian Poets collection, *Vintage '91*. He is a former editor of *The Moosehead Anthology*.

T. CRANE is a performance poet who has been active in Western Canada for the past six years. He has written three plays, which have been performed in Calgary and Vancouver. He has also self-published four chapbooks and released an audio cassette of his work. He approaches poetry in images and word shapes, using language for not only how it plays in the reader's head, but also how it plays in the reader's mouth. His use of punctuation is to assist the reader in the utterance of his poems, as these poems are most complete when they are carried in a voice. DON GILL is a photo artist who has exhibited his work widely in Canada and the United States and is a founding member of the Society for NonCommercial Culture in Vancouver, a group dedicated to seeking alternative venues for contemporary art. Recently, he spent two years studying with Alan Sekula at Cal Arts in L.A. and continuing to develop his Sites of Production series. He currently lives in New Jersey.

KEDRICK JAMES has been writing, publishing, and performing poetry for the past eight years. He has produced and performed in several multimedia and experimental voice ensembles and worked with many internationally acclaimed composers and performers. He is the Director of the Small Press Action Network and is the Artistic Director of the Vancouver Free Press Festival. He is the Poetry and Small Press editor of *NOISE*. He was an editor of *ANERCA* and is presently working on his second book of poems.

Detritivors are microscopic life forms which decompose dead matter and make their nutrients available for new life. They occupy only about two percent of the entire cycle of life, yet nothing could exist without them. This performance is a story about a new-born Atlas being crushed beneath the weight of a dying world. The Detritivors are his path of salvation through language and the imagination. Artists are society's detritivors, and this work is a celebration of their true role and value in the world.

JOHN KERKHOVEN is currently working on a novella and a novel. He lives in the interior of B.C.

HANNAH LANDECKER is the 1991 winner of the *Books in Canada* national writing competition for university students. Her work has been published in *Books in Canada*, *Whetstone Magazine*, the *Sydney University Union Recorder*. She is currently a fourth year student in cell biology at UBC. She lives in Vancouver and prefers black ink to blue.

JUDI MacINNES was born in Prince George, is 22 years old, and is in her third year in the University of Victoria Creative Writing program. Her work has been most recently published in *Pearls* (1991), *The Liar* (Spring, 1992). She is working on a chapbook, called "eva," with Suzanne Buffam and Jason Dewintez.

CAM McALPINE is a 25-year-old recent graduate of Simon Fraser University. "After a summer working in the bush up north in order to support such nasty habits as writing, I am back hard at work on what might just end up being my first book. I live and write wherever I happen to be at the time."

ERIC MORTEN lives in Vancouver and has been writing poetry and prose for the past two years. He is currently writing a long piece about "work" and city life.

ARDESSA NICA-JESSEAU is currently pursuing a degree in Art History from Concordia University. Previous publications include *ARC Magazine*, *The Poetic Knight, The Liar, d'Void, The Éclectic Muse, Shooting Star,* and *The Capilano Review* (Series II, Number 8).

GREGORY NYTE lives in Coquitlam, B.C. "On Dying" is his first published work, barely preceding the publication of two more of his poems in the winter 1993 edition of *Canadian Literature*, No. 135. He has a degree in English from SFU.

HILARY PEACH is a theatre director, performance poet, and an editor of *NOISE*. Her latest project, the formation of the HIGH PERFORMANCE CORE-TÊTE and the subsequent Vancouver Fringe Festival show (*Cunning Lingual Ballistic Injection*), evolved out of her desire to combine the magic and ritual of a staged performance with the inspired language of the poetic vision. She will be performing in the 1993 Women in View Festival and will be departing shortly thereafter for Massachusets.

ALICE TEPEXCUINTLE is a Vancouver poet interested primarily in performance poetry. She is performing in the 1992 Vancouver Fringe Festival and again at the Pitt Gallery in October with three other poets, Sheri-D Wilson, T. Crane, and Kedrick James, in a show titled *Cunning Lingual Ballistic Injection*.

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#### Who says so?

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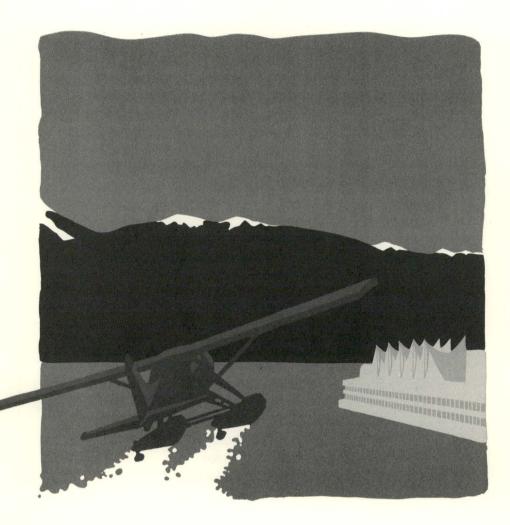


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