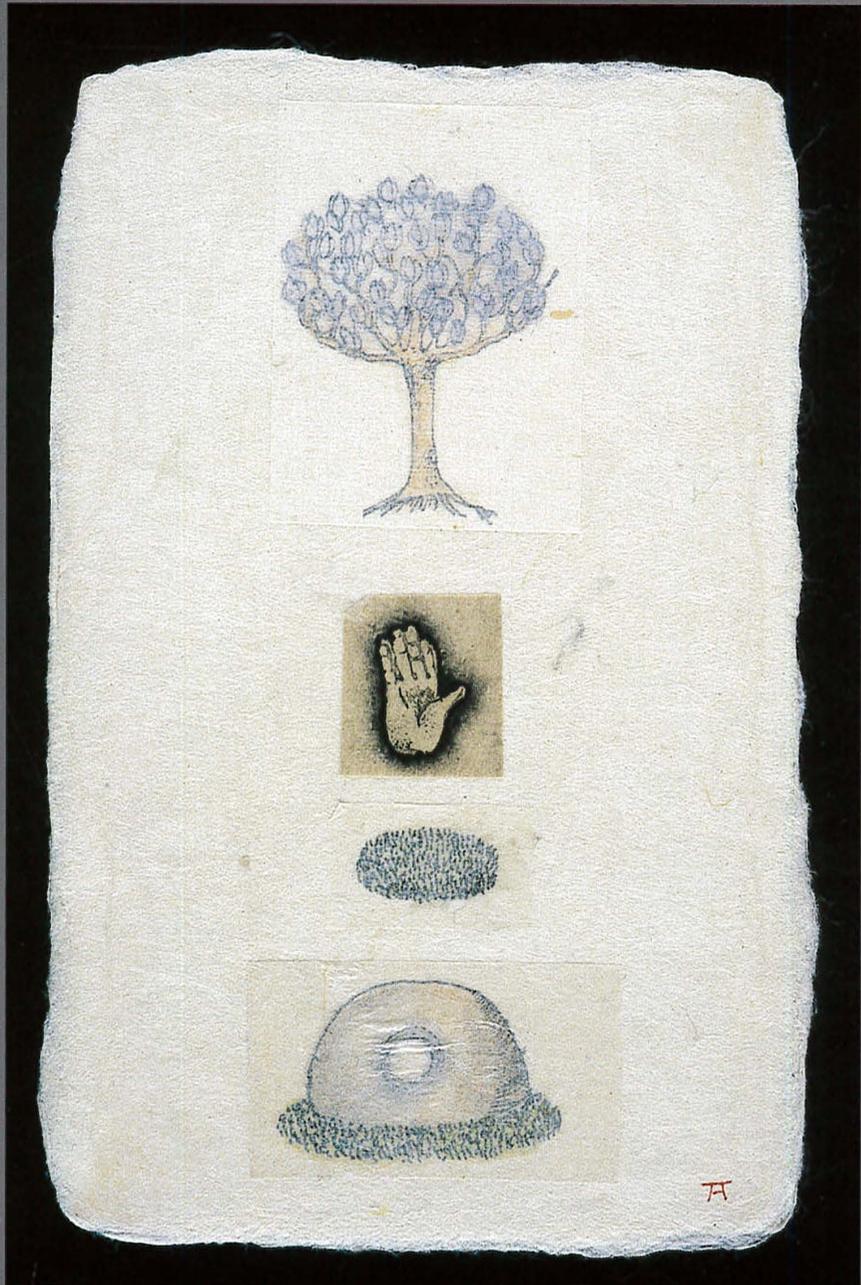


THE CAPILLANO REVIEW



. . . now I am sleepy and sick and shall be condemned
but what's worse is that Ingrid gets home from work
in an hour.

— David Samis

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Erratum

Tomoya Ihaya	FRONT COVER <i>Magnolia Blossom</i> (from <i>Daily Inspiration series</i>) Etching Collage, Pen & Ink Watercolour 3 1/2" x 2 1/4"
Taiga Chiba	BACK COVER <i>NAIAD 6</i> Collograph 59.5 cm x 60.5 cm

We apologize to readers for publishing an incomplete, draft version of Louis Cabri's essay on *hole* magazine in *Capilano Review's* Spring 2001 issue (the second of two guest-edited issues on Canadian small presses).

The credit for the image on the cover of *hole* was also inadvertently omitted. Marie-Jeane Musiol's visual is titled "Quelques tentes percées."

Louis Cabri's complete essay is available at:
<<http://phillytalks.org>> (click on "extensions," then "Ext. #1")

I

The sentence in its entirety. Panoramically,
when the poem refused to confess its false
stanzas, the giddiness of a young butterfly landed—
extended its wings to stretch. As if a sign of wanted desire.

II

Painful nectar — this delicate smile. Or
obvious statements. Words conjure up the lips
to mannequins. They stare out 5th Avenue windows
all day. Wearing the same expression
and masks. Real love
dripping from their fingertips.

III

Taut. As an emergency stop cable. All the disasters
of bed sheets halted in simple
little breaths. A night stand
some alarm clocks,
the viaduct lonely at each passing car
was a process so full of itself.
Rome was built to become useless.
Let us build an automobile and not drive it.

IV

Persephone bathed in aqueducts at this point.
Her skimpy bikini was sure to do her in.
A letter from her lover bled to death. Late at night
the tears smeared each other jealously. Several
telegrams sent themselves to her aide. They read:
BEGIN.stop THE BEGIN.stop

V

The beach was easy prey for these minnows
Disguised as poetry. Young couples played,
splashed at the necessity
of love. They skipped stones and counted secretly —
on secret fingers. The abacus crawled out of its shell
and demanded answers. The young couples had none. They emptied
their breath in one lump sum:
“We are in love. Please go away.”
The abacus retreated, its own mouth full
Of humility and drowning in waves.

VI

One by one our sayings
 crushed little boy's hearts. Oh weep.
 Oh weep weep. All over Chicago the Loop
 streets chased prostitutes and tourists. The essential
 trauma of English lured all the Frenchmen to a park bench.
 Hands translated love all night.
 Grant Park and Lake Park chilled champagne tongues.
 Unknown immigrants took photographs.
 Everything was speaking its own language.
 We as axskin yous a question.
 The question was no
 thing.

VII

Opened doors. All kinds
 of liquor stores vacated this part of town.
 Civic leaders met, erected a small plaque. At night
 the plaque released desperate pleas.
 "free me from this spot. Torture me vandals.
 I will love you more than your mothers did."
 Certain admonitions visited the plaque at 4AM.
 They disguised themselves as parking meters. All night Taxi
 drivers and poets fed the meters. A steady course
 of discourse and inter
 course. The Art of Arguments was perfected at that moment.
 Even the poem ghosts locked their ghost doors, afraid
 language might enter their hollow sockets and form eyes.

VIII

The eyes have it. During the Primary,
 even at the Iowa strawpoll, everyone loved seeing
 them. Opposition protesters held placards reading,
 "Why don't you choose me?" The Democrats froze
 the assets of all who held a pen. At the same time
 Germany was seeking reparations from Volkswagen.
 The polls stayed opened through many time zones.
 Votes came in
 three or four hours apart. Just long enough
 to hold back the weeping.
 Again the eyes had it.

VIV

Of all sad sins, poems still address you.
 In Prairieville, the healing waters of natural
 Springs could not prevent unhappiness. The town became popular
 with poets. L.S. Bradshaw wrote his masterpiece
 after downing a whole liter.
 The first line began, "Oh tainted love, I chose you."

X

At first, reality was just surrealism — only not as pretty.
 It started when Jesus changed water into wine.
 The disciples thought, “Oh shit, this is it. We’re doomed.”
 But the world did not
 end. It got drunk. Aristotle had a theory
 of changing water into bourbon.
 Frank, the bartender at Axels, had the same idea
 years later. When Bukowski came in one day
 and threw shot glasses at the mirrors, language
 held its breath. The English Dept. held its breath.
 It’s been holding it ever since. Surrealism can’t
 pass out. Unconscious, lonely. What would the rest
 of us do?

XI

The first stanza drove through 100 degrees heat.
 Sped through the Bypass of Eisenhower. Landscape
 painting invented a moving horizon
 and suddenly the blurred image of our wings
 was noticeable. Stop the world. Who’ll stop our hearts?
 Tomorrow a mocking bird will sing.
 And if that mocking bird don’t sing,
 I’ll buy a diamond ring.
 Such bedtime lullabies could not have put the poem
 to sleep. No gentle rocking or mobile either.
 A locket containing love’s humility, it wears
 itself well around necks. Like a noose.

XII

Lips went dry.
 The paste color of skin, a virgin.
 The imminent tidal wave
 goodbye, a ghost. The message in the bottle:
 Kurt Buam’s voice. Or the bartender’s.
 They were all sent to Thompson Correction Facility.
 When God sent love to Man, love got the wrong address.
 (Moses parted bar stools, that was how we got here.)
 A tulip bloomed just as Man broke his heart in words.
 The rumors of cave poems were true. The Historians dated
 one another based on a line found in France:
 “I’m hungry, cold. Poets don’t suffer from this, they die.”

XIII

In Germany, desolate pilgrims read poems
 to their crops. This was before Classical music. The crops grew
 tired of their roots. “We want to go to a land Over the Rhine.”
 Farmers sold their children and followed
 the wakes of boats to Cincinnati. The Germans invented the first
 good idea.
 And destroyed it. All within 30 years.
 A church of literature held Mass
 that evening. At the height of its sermon
 women prayed and sang Leifbeslieds.
 Their voices said to us, “I want to go everywhere
 with you.”

XIV

Geography is no-where. That leaves the architect
so un-alone, so uncompromised. A returnable undulation
exists, a poetic wave of Aloha.

The magic surrealist waves his wand, a school
of fish appear. The sum of their knowledge
forms a pre-school. Single moms write letters
to Congressmen. Asking for forgiveness. All the day care
in the world can't prevent the lust of night's arms.
We feel caresses while asleep; that is poetry's
dirty work.

XV

It's not that he doesn't clean
up well, it's just he dirties so fast.
So said Man about fellow Man,
Ginsberg said Williams was just talking. Those are just pillows
talking. Art is about Buttons, Andersch said,
in 1945. Meanwhile our pale mother goes on
breathing post war poems. When she exhales,
new countries form. When she unifies us,
it's merely a sigh.

CAFÉ ON THE EDGE OF TIME IMMEMORIAL

Several days ago, I was wandering aimlessly along a strip-mall in
an oceanic suburb of my old hometown. Having just turned the
corner on Younge Street, I decided to duck into the shadowy Alley of
Lost Innocence for one last peek before heading for home in Future
Commons. Strolling along, admiring the old alley's irretrievable
charms, I noticed a small sign over a saloon-style door that read: Café
on the Edge of Time Immemorial. Having just been dumped by my
fiancée due to an apparent "lack of soul," fired from my accounting
job over an incident I would rather not discuss, and recently turned
the age of thirty, I thought I had nothing left to lose but my last
double sawbuck and the remnants of my boyish good looks when I
went in for a cup of coffee and a slice of vanilla cake.

The café was nondescript, with white-washed walls, checkered
floor, stained yellow ceiling, wicker stools set against a linoleum bar.
There were a half dozen picnic tables each with an ashtray, salt and
pepper shaker, and sugar packets in a plastic bowl. An ancient
jukebox played an old Beatles tune, but the needle kept skipping
over the same six notes: "She loves you! Yeah, yeah, yeah! She loves
you!" Yeah, yeah. White-winged flies hovered in a halo pattern over
the food display, which consisted of half an apple pie and two slices
of chocolate cake. Coffee drooled into a large, glass thimble at the
far end of the counter. A ceiling fan circled languidly.

The dozen or so customers were all travellers, that is to say, none
of them appeared comfortable enough to be considered regulars.
They all wore smiles like tired sheep dogs. Those who talked spoke in
whispers. Those who listened seemed bored with incomprehension.

The buxom woman behind the bar wore a green flower print dress and had a garland of thorns tipped over her forehead. She was extraordinarily ugly, except for her eyes, which were extremely large and changed colour each time she blinked. She nodded imperceptibly towards a setting to her right, where a small cup of black coffee suddenly appeared beside a plate of vanilla cake. I took my stool dutifully and tucked in, feeling remotely grateful for the first time that day.

I cannot recommend the café on the basis of its fare, for the cake was so stale and dry that when I put the fork in it disintegrated into a pile of crumbs and dust. That which did not immediately blow away I was forced to lick up from the plate. The coffee was so tepid and bitter that each sip curled my lips and brought tears to my eyes. I would have tempered it with milk, but all that remained in the jug was a small lump of mouldy cheese. When I tried to pour in some sugar I found all the paper packets, though sealed, were empty. I wanted to complain, but was inexplicably unable to open my mouth when I spoke, so what I ended up saying was, "Mmmmn." This observation seemed to please my hostess immeasurably, for she smiled with such sincerity that my cold thoughts were warmed, then extended her callused right hand across the counter and introduced herself to me:

"My name is God. You must be Mary."

Her strong handshake emitted sparks that shot up my arm and mended together all the pieces of my shattered heart. I felt like I was free-falling on a roller coaster, except that I was rushing upwards instead of down. My name, of course, is not Mary, it is Noah, but who was I to argue such trifles with God? Not wanting to spoil the moment, I said, "I am honoured to finally meet you. It is very reassuring to know that you do, in fact, exist."

She laughed heartily at my presumption, as if to say, "As if." I could have sworn she winked and blew me a kiss, but that would belittle the act, for I now found myself big with child.

And God, of course, was right, as always, for reflected in her eye was me: the Virgin Mary, looking as placid as any woman could who finds the miracle of conception to be neither painful nor pleasurable; simply immaculate.

My pregnancy carried a nine second term and, about three minutes after giving birth in a straw bed behind the bar, I was confronted with an adolescent shepherd who left with all the other customers trailing behind him in intervals. He was not yet a philosopher, and I was no longer a woman, but once again Noah Plimpton: single, unemployed; former existentialist.

THE DOG WHO DREAMED OF FLYING

I'M A GOOD DOG a really good dog really I am my name is Archibald I live in a ground floor flat on Prinsen Graat in the beautiful toilet called Amsterdam with my best friend Ingrid Van der Vixen Ingrid gives me food and a place to crash she clicks a leash on me we stroll out in the toilet two or three times a day and when she gets home from work late at night she puts on jazz lights a candle lets me lie on the couch with my head in her lap blows sweet smelling smoke at my nose softly strokes my ears some nights I even get to sleep with her.

Ingrid's a babe just ask Frank Frank's a great guy he's my best friend too he says I'm a good dog Arch yeah a really good dog he takes me out in the toilet once in a while but never with the leash on like Ingrid does he gets to sleep with her too but where I snuggle and sniff he mounts her and humps Frank's moved in now though so I don't get to sleep with Ingrid much anymore but that's O.K. cause Frank is what they call an American and he says all dogs should be free so he cut a hole in the alley exit and put a swing door on it just for me I simply push with my nose and am either home or free.

Frank's buddies drop by the flat at night when Ingrid's at work they're all my best friends too we get stoned lounge around eat crisps drink beer I really like beer they fill my bowl we watch music television listen to videos compact discs play computer games roughhouse on the floor when Ajax plays Ingrid doesn't like coming home from work and finding us all stoned and drunk she clamps the leash on my collar tells everyone they better be gone when she gets

back or else then she drags me gagging and boozy out into the toilet I guess I can't blame her for getting so mad cause she works a lot almost every night whereas Frank and I do nothing but sit around the flat all the time and buy and sell and take lots of drugs and Ingrid works long hard hours over on the other side of the toilet bowl in one of the narrow rows of red-lighted windows called Dutch Alley where she sits on a stool without a coat on it's kind of like a butcher shop with hungry-looking men shuffling around and staring at all the flesh I know cause Frank and I went by one night and checked it out and Ingrid got really really mad when she saw us shivering in the rain across from her window feeling depressed and cold like all the other men milling around generally the job looks kind of boring and when a fat drunk went in and the curtain closed Frank sighed said the money is good but he must have no sense of smell cause when Ingrid gets home from work she always reeks of aromatic oils, perfume, Vaseline, spermicide and the colognes of a dozen nationalities of sweat and of course latex.

One day about a week after Frank moved in he went out and I spent the whole afternoon sniffing around in his stuff Frank's stuff smells frankly a bit foul and he has a poor taste in books but I found his dope stash in two shoe boxes in the back of the bedroom closet there is white powder grey powder baking powder all sizes and shapes of plastic baggies pills dried mushrooms acid sheets pot hash and oils that stick to the roof of my mouth I delicately nudge things open with my nose take little sniffs licks and nibbles ever so carefully cause Frank is very particular about who gets how much of what drugs and I don't have money like all his other friends so when they're partying and I need a fix I have to do stupid tricks beg or when I'm really desperate knock things off the table with a wag of my tail and lick and sniff quick before enduring a mean beating from Frank cause like I say I don't have any money although one day I stole a fifty guilder note off the kitchen counter and with the brilliant yellow sunflower clenched between my teeth I headed for the butcher's on Lieds Graat to buy me some meat but everyone on the street tried to rob me it's scary how people change when you've got money even old people and little kids get nasty I had to run all

the way and when I got there and pointed my nose at a juicy-looking roast beef dropped the note on the counter and barked my order Balvert the butcher threatened me with a meat cleaver so I high-tailed it home haven't stolen any money since nor tried to buy nothing no I exist on Ingrid's constant charity trash cans the benevolence of those more fortunate than myself discarded French fries and of course cunning.

What can a handsome dog do I look really really good when I'm cruising the street in my shiny black coat deep brown eyes large wet nose strong jaw sharp teeth perceptive ears big tongue long tail O.K. I admit I'm attracted to female Black Labradors like me the most but who wouldn't want to fuck a Poodle or a Pit Bull once just for kicks?

I love crapping in a cool breeze I either hide behind parked cars at the edge of a canal or do it real conspicuous like right in the middle of the sidewalk where someone's bound to tread on it why don't humans shit they say they do but I never see it sure I smell it occasionally when I drink from the water bowl in the bathroom is it invisible or what I'm kind of a connoisseur but this is one of life's great mysteries and as for me I find it a bit embarrassing going on the leash these days I mean I'm a lot more independent and self-conscious now that the trap door is in so why does Ingrid expect this from me she won't take me home until I do of course oblige but with much effort and straining up on my haunches with shaky legs quaking we both sheepishly look the other way occasionally checking to see what progress has been made and Ingrid makes me do it next to designated trees practically standing in other dog's shit sure I like to LOVE TO smell dog shit but I don't like to step in it.

The world used to be black and white and all shades of grey until I first did drugs not pot or hash or beer but hard drugs like those powders and pills and acid is what turned the world yellow and green and blue and pink and that's when I started to notice shooting stars during the day and stared at the reflected sun shimmering off the canals and finally mastered the computer and realized that the people of the toilet are more like cats than dogs I mean they all smell different but they aren't so drastically differentiated as dogs sure Asians are generally shorter but they aren't really yellow blacks are

really brown Americans too loud the English act like I think the term is wankers unlike those sweet Canadians or the indifferent South-East Asians but really these differences are minute compared to those between say a Chihuahua and a St. Bernard or a Basset and a Newfie so like I said people are more like cats than dogs except for the fact that they change their coats a lot and they are dumber for instance every dog and cat knows a myriad of human and animal languages but humans can't even understand each other half the time and the majority of them don't have the faintest idea what the most rudimentary bark or meow means yet the toilet is more colourful and everything is more beautiful and frightening because of people not black and white and grey grey grey now the sidewalks start to shuffle the walls wave the toilet seems organic cars and bicycles become less predictable trams more monstrous everything seems a million miles away then suddenly it's right in your face ringing and honking and yelling all at once I got so freaked-out I jumped into a canal and as I paddled frantically for the closest dock I got hit by a cruiser full of tourists and almost drowned then spent two nights at the veterinarian's eating intravenously while doped-up on injections of dreams.

When I dream I dream of flying I'm always getting chased by people with guns packs of rabid dogs honking cars Frank a pride of hungry lions monsters I don't know I have to try to jump higher jump higher and usually but not always my body starts floating up over telephone wires trees trams I am able to dog paddle through the air for a canal or two before I float down to some new and unforeseen danger then I have to jump higher jump higher and eventually I'll either fly away or else stay grounded and get caught by whatever has been chasing me then just before they kill me I suddenly wake up all sweaty and scared those are my bad dreams in my good dreams I fly just for fun Ingrid clings to my tail in a luminous white nightie singing in her sweet voice about love everlasting as I howl at the moon and we float around checking things out from above people rarely look up too many windows and flying things looking down on them I guess we go pretty much undetected whereas on the ground everyone notices handsome dogs

with good-looking women we must look so guilty as if we are hiding something for instance me I am stoned on the powders again have been for days now barely get out of doors just drift off on nods or stare at a shoe until Ingrid hauls me out but I seem to be constipated of late and she just gets impatient tells me she's worried going to take me to the veterinarian because I barely touch the food she puts out for me anymore and like I say Frank is particular about drugs even when he's on them unlike others for example me right now I'm not particular not me now no so when Frank realized how much stuff was going missing he blamed Ingrid hit her hard once in the face yelled awful things for an hour shook her and shoved her around normally I would have torn him apart with my teeth or at least barked some nasty names at him for hurting poor Ingrid like that but I was so stoned at the time I just lay there and whimpered a bit and even though I had bad dreams later I was still kind of thankful he blamed Ingrid cause if he had suspected me he would have hit me lots more than once and kicked me and locked me out but Frank found out it was me anyway when he and Ingrid came home from their makeup dinner a week later and discovered me passed out in the closet covered in powder slobbering deliriously and surrounded by a shredded shoe box crushed capsules bits of baggies blood shit piss and puke they both hit me then just to get a heartbeat I was dreaming of flying but crash-landed at the veterinarians.

If I had hands I could use more practical technologies than the television or computer with a pencil in my mouth pressing buttons I get a crook in my neck where is evolution when you need it? with hands I would stand up and let myself out or pick up that crowbar and smash my way in cause the drugs are in there I can smell them wafting under the door every couple of hours but when I got home from the veterinarians two days ago after my overdose the trap door was boarded shut I was locked into the entry hall with a bowl of water and an itchy blanket to ward off the draft and the shakes and the monsters I don't know Ingrid drags me out twice a day for a pathetic little squirt and a humbling attempt at shitting and every dog cat pigeon and human looks like they are laughing at me I'm too weak and paranoid to make a run for it anyways where would I go so thank

goodness for Ingrid my saving grace in one of my infrequent moments of calm she put my head in her lap sweetly stroked my ears just like in the good old days before Frank came along I tried apologizing and pleading for her to let me out of this prison promised I would be a good dog a really good dog really I would but Frank got so sick of my whining he locked me back in and cranked up the music so like I said if I had hands I could control things like money and guns or that crowbar to smash my way in to the drugs but I've just got paws to scratch and teeth to gnaw my way through the door both bleeding my nose full of splinters after what seems like eternity the door starts to rattle I am hurling myself desperately hurling myself at it is almost ready almost ready to give

When dogs kill people we are condemned to the Penalty of Death no questions asked no trial no plea the veterinarian gives you one last massive injection that puts you to sleep forever which would be O.K. unless it's a bad dream or they really do incinerate you afterwards or the dog is a cop in which case they are simply retired but I'm no cop not me no so after I broke through the hall door was tackled by Frank and ripped his throat out with my teeth on the way to the drugs in the closet only to find they were gone so I tore apart the flat searching frantically at last finding the brown and white powders hidden in the freezer just after midnight I licked snorted and gobbled them up including a hunk of Frank's leg in the frenzy and now I am sleepy and sick and shall be condemned but what's worse is that Ingrid gets home from work in an hour.

1.

Man on a crash cart, moaning
as the elevator shuts.
Paramedics restrain him. Man sneezes so hard
his nose breaks.
No, just a coil of white fleshy
round worm. It curls
once about his philtrum and lip,
and falls asleep.

2.

Patient, shaved-head electrodes,
his powder-blue gown open at the spine,
shows off his intelligence, says,
“Don’t worry, Ma. I’ll make it. The yoga helps.”
I see a Zen koan in the sagged skin above his ass. A cross
or leash around his neck, pulls him . . .

“Shooters!”

He waves at me, his face suddenly animated. He’s pointing
to the beaker in my hand.
“No,” I tell him. “Urine.”

3.

Keats’s “few, sad, last grey hairs”
on an old man’s head. They say that one hair is left on the shaven crown
of a dying Moslem, so that Mohammed can draw him up to heaven.
They say that mandrake root pulled from earth, cries out.
At midnight, my daughter’s fever spikes.
I close my eyes and dream. Semen
on my fingertips awakens me, confused
by these prostrations, intimations
of life’s detachment, though you can’t trust any higher institution
that debits mercy, credits despair.

4.

Next day at work, I close myself into darkness. Press the button that flows
75 thousand volts into a tungsten filament, stripping electrons from its
surface. At thirty thousand magnifications, I look for Herpes virus.
Cytomegalovirus. Rule out Candida.

Icosahedral, spherical or filamentous, they re-write our cells in a field of
green light. Illness crystallized. Short wavelengths of electron light
allow me to see what visual light can’t. I used to think that the day-to-
day perceptions seen through flesh and veins were experiential. But the
truth is, we’re like dragons thrown as shadows on the wall.

The real world is smaller than we are. A Chinese lantern emanates my thoughts and form outward, until I catch myself blurred and magnified, as diffuse as consciousness bending myths around a lit life.

“Home sweet home,” she whispers, wheeled into Palliative Care, her chart binder tucked behind her knees. In her voice, cold dead leverage of pneumonia.

5.

Small, happy
hanging habañeras
on the sill at home in half-light
do not need surgery after they're picked.

They are reminding me of what shouldn't
be eaten after midnight, primal as a cut finger
but also whispering like thin Buddhas:
transcend, anastomose this desire to have
with the desire to have not. This is
common knowledge
with any bell pepper at midnight.

6.

Systems beyond our control—
lady walks in pregnant;
rolls out emptied and rid of it.
My reason for watching is,
to protect a way of healing
crouched in metaphor—needle pokes, test tubes, touch-and-go
respirations that efface the smiling bedpan.
Our angel of measurements.

7.

Small. Indispensable. Shady half-lives.
Cancers flare and retreat. Candles come and go
and no one hears the flame snuff out.
It's the orderly, ordinary hush of hearing
each expanse in breath and wondering who
put cells in there to cradle-catch the air.

Why atmosphere pushes down
to hypnotize the runner with exhaustion. This
body this sometimes falcon-like
fall from recovery and then to believe
with all the science of your heart
that all we have is this body: to believe
that lightning and storms, dart frogs and excoriations
that bend leaves at night, and our children,
our progeny of longing, are born from and follow
the footprint of all we have: this body

8.

Skeletons and systems are like the moon,
almost featureless, almost rising into plain feature.

Jazz clouds play lightly across its pink-eye,
forest fire up north, I guess. It's been a dry October,
one year exactly since my wife's mother died. Her gravid
white eyes in a bruised face, I've nearly forgotten.

Cellularity of each moment. I touch my wife's hand and
know I belong to her. Cell greets cell. We forget
how cold air spreads out our breaths into uncertainty
and when we speak, this warm intent
gets crenellated, forked by the tongue
into words, half-truths that bypass
the inner life. Just
the limbs catch fire: be careful of your heart. Even a good heart
can throw a clot, unleash emboli
like time's arrow

9.

Productive criteria, says Dr. Graves. His sister-in-law's
daughters were carrying fresh persimmons when the bombs fell on Iraq.
"Epidemiology relies on productive criteria."
The science of sickness spreading, pandemics and such
require exactitude. Violin-fingers.
Superimposed on Dr. Graves' tall body is the accident
of being American and the accident of a world
getting too small for our genome.
Accidental meetings in the dark-hearted forests of Africa.
It's an old doomsday story, despite the beautiful day,
beautiful clouds outside. The sky is *us* out there.
Why am I talking to Dr. Graves?
Maybe I want to re-live my own usefulness.
"Am I moral?" is the first question that pops up.
I was under cover of hedges. Ambushed that pro-Nazi
kid just in front of the candy store. Hit him in the face
for not believing how many Jews died. Right in front
of Mr. Ergang's candy store. Mr. Ergang had been with the Hitler Youth,
age thirteen, saluting the Führer himself. Mr. Ergang
came out of the store, laughing. Put his hands on both our shoulders
and led us into his store for free Hershey Kisses.

10.

Protect everyone if you can. Protect only yourself if you can.
At work, another elevator ride. Another dying, diabetic smile.

Eschatology is dead. Time circles the sun and the sun
circles around our body of touch, thrust, memory, grace.

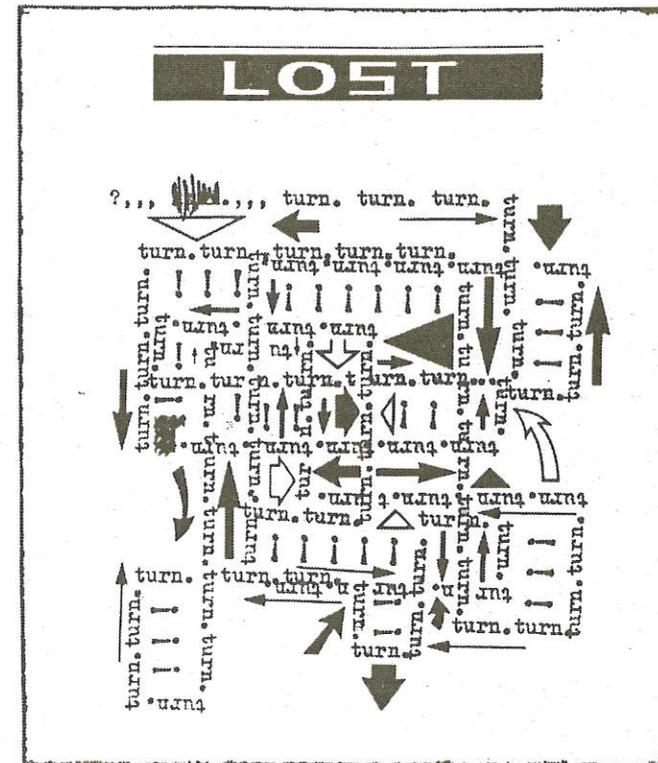
Old dialectics like good and evil
stay with me. Nowhere to go but here

between the whites of my own eyes —
arc of life blading through winter into spring.

The expectation and reality of possessing nothing
cut like a rare dull glow when I look for,

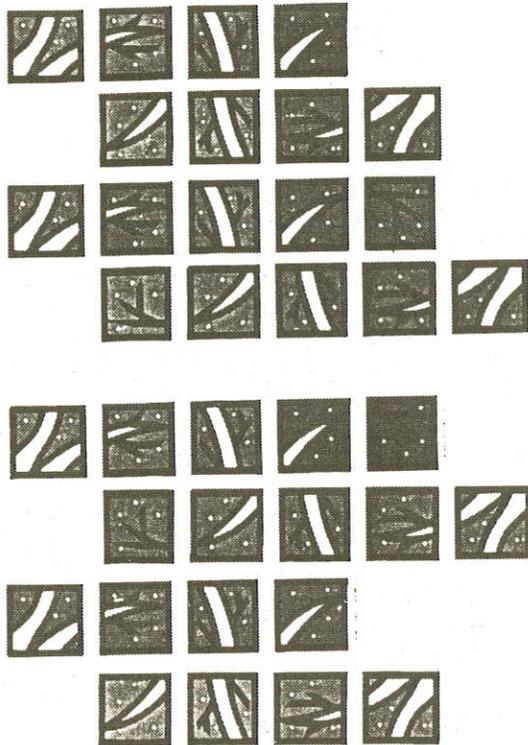
then find at the edge of my sight, Pleiades.
I know it's Pleiades by how it appears and disappears

through the retina's blind spot: dark heaven
gives symmetry to our faith.

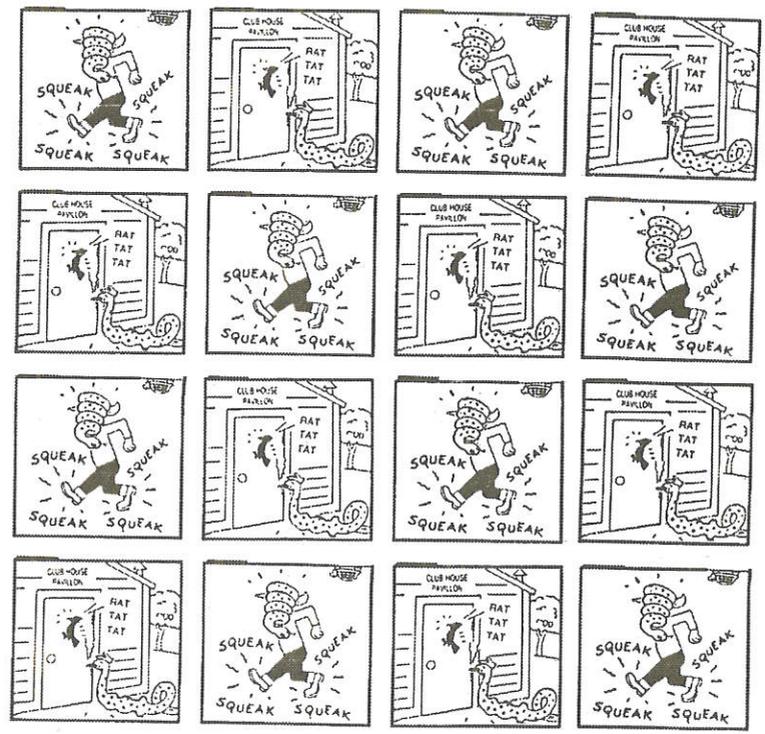
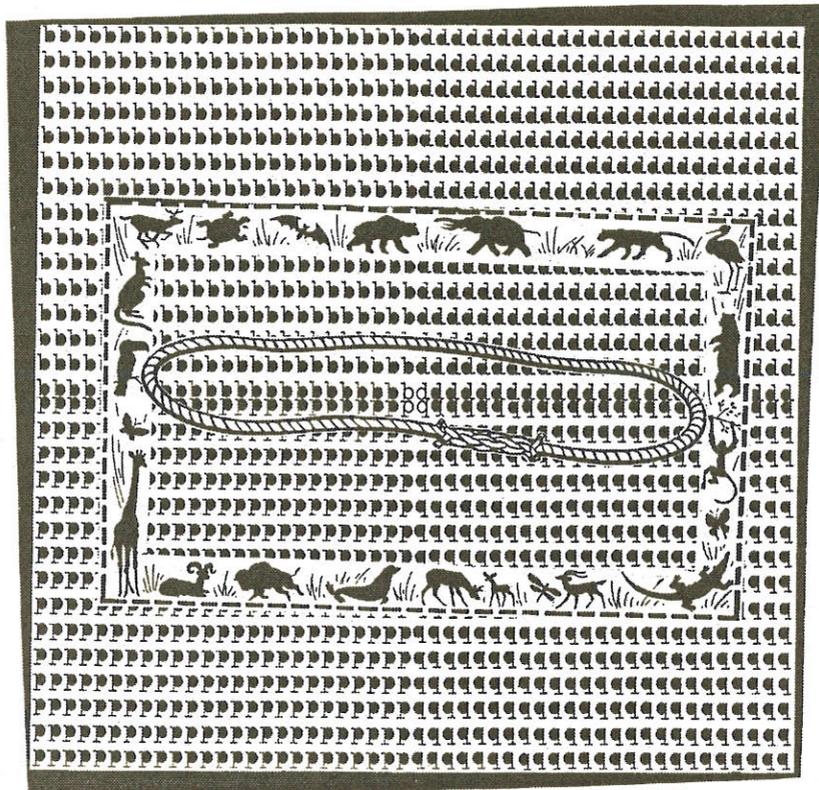


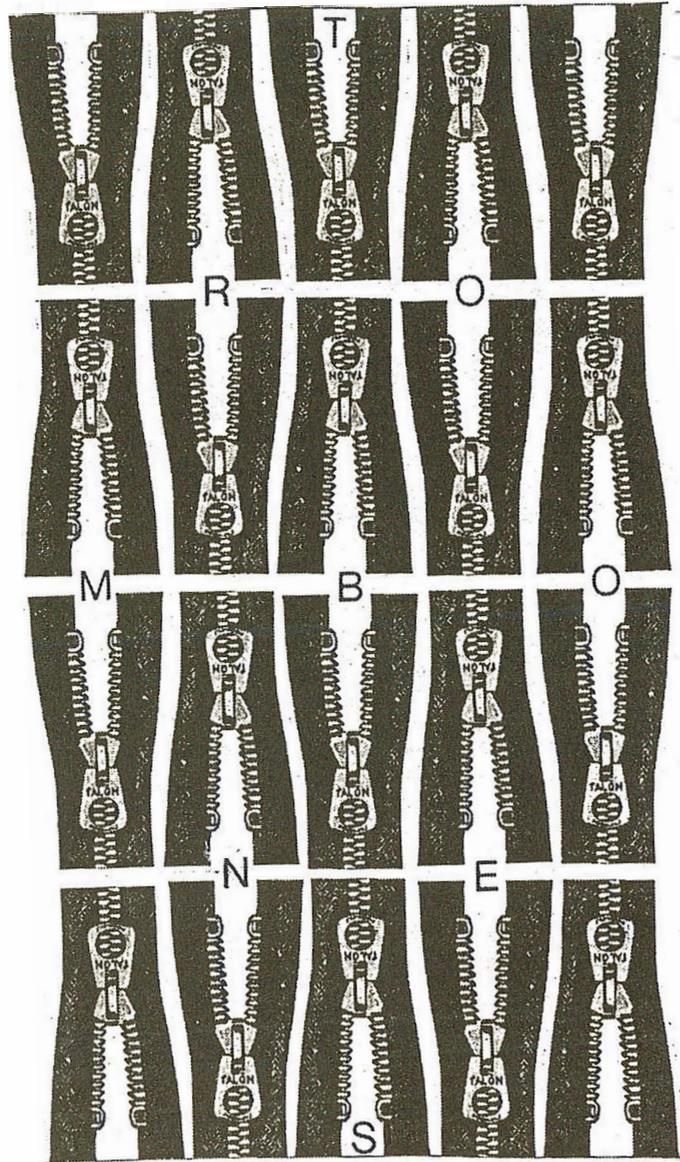


(winter poem)



Author	Position	What Author Should Be Expected to Know	Biases?	Agreement or Disagreement with Other Memoirs (Omissions?)





SAXOPHONE

John Harris / GISCOMBE'S GISCOME¹

In this autobiographical memoir, Cecil S. Giscombe, fairly well-known black American professor-poet, tries to discover the nature of his genetic connection to fairly well-known nineteenth-century black Canadian miner-explorer John R. Giscome, and to explain why he wants to discover and articulate this connection.

John R.'s fame is not itself the attraction: "I regard devotion to family trees with a mix of suspicion and uninterest — there's something irritatingly civic about the enterprise that verges on boosterism" (10). The real attraction is that fairly famous black explorers are rare in northern North America. "The tales of pioneers enduring the hardships of the West for the promise of immense wealth are *not* the tales of black America," Cecil says quoting Houston Baker and adding his own emphasis. "Yet there's my man John R, up in the Cariboo, the Peace, the Cassiar, the Omineca" (243-4). John R. is a "singularity, an anomaly, the thing that Giscombes, if I understand my family, tend to become as we age" (98).

So the search for John R. is mainly a search for a hero, the suggestion of a genetic connection making the hero's influence more potent. The search is done "on behalf of" his family, or "for" his family, and done using the "lens of family" (113). It is a study of Giscombe-ness, an exploration of "family tendencies" (122) that might be epitomized in a person of prominence who could, for better or worse, indicate to various Giscombes, including Cecil, a destiny.

The search begins when it's brought to Cecil's attention that there's a town named Giscome on a map of British Columbia near

¹An earlier version of this essay was published on <www.dooneyscafe.com> as "Uncle John's Cabin: Review of *Into and Out of Dislocation*, by Cecil S. Giscombe. New York: North Point Press (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), 2000: Uncorrected Proof Copy."

the city of Prince George in the very centre of the province. A book of place names reads: "Named for John Robert Giscome, a negro miner." The sense of the anomaly of John R. increases as Cecil studies the historical record. John R. was no piker. He got his name on the map in honor of his discovering, in 1863, an important route through the Rocky Mountains from the Central Interior into the Peace River country. A less famous but still very impressive accomplishment was that John R., at the request of officials in Fort (now Prince) George, stopped on his way up the Fraser River to discover the fates of three lost white overlanders coming from the east to the goldfields of the Cariboo (250). This was a mission of some delicacy as it involved mainly inquiring of local Indians who had reported, along with the three deaths, the fact that the whites had resorted to cannibalism. Once John R. was on the scene, his note-taking made the Indians suspect that he suspected them (which he did) of killing the last survivor. Finally, John R. found gold in the Cassiar. He retired to Victoria with the equivalent in today's money of a half a million dollars (95). In Victoria, he extended his fortune by speculating in real estate.

John R.'s tendencies or qualities have to be inferred from the historical record. Cecil finds this out when he tracks John R.'s descendents to Prattville, Jamaica, and discovers that they have no clearer a notion of the man than Cecil himself has. John Aaron Giscombe, John R.'s great nephew, the one person who might be expected to remember some old family stories, is in the early stages of Alzheimer's and just keeps repeating "his property was worth twenty-five *t'ousand* dollars" (19). Cecil also discovers, in Jamaica, that his and John R.'s Giscombes aren't on the same tree, though the two trees are rooted in suspiciously close proximity on the north-east coast of Jamaica.

John R.'s achievements imply certain qualities: courage, endurance, intelligence, versatility, ambition. And, most interestingly, and scarily, since the historical record in British Columbia boosts these qualities in whites only, John R.'s achievements imply whiteness. Does this quality have something to do with the anomaly that most Giscombes turn into?

John R., somehow, got "all outside the lines that geography, race, and the languages of white people had made for him" (151). He got inside the expectations set for whites, fulfilling them with a success that very few whites could boast of.

Cecil's research gradually fills in the story. Besides fame and money, John R. got respect. After arriving in B.C. (following a stint as a laborer on the Panama Canal, a job not many Jamaicans survived), John R. worked as a cook for Peter Dunlevy, one of B.C.'s first big entrepreneurs. As a cook, he was still emphatically "within the lines" prescribed for him. But it was Dunlevy, ultimately, who proposed John R.'s name to the Grand Trunk Railway when it wanted to assign a name to its pit stop on the Fraser River near the Giscombe portage. Dunlevy's action suggests a good relationship between the two, perhaps even a friendship.

John R. got a taste of the good side of Canadian justice, too. While working as a miner in Barkerville, he began investing in real estate and property mortgages. He gave a mortgage to William Pratt (a black man), and took Pratt's horses when the money wasn't paid back on time. There was a fight, and Pratt laid charges — specifically that John R. hit him with an axe. B.C.'s infamous "hanging judge," Matthew Begbie, upheld John R.'s contract and the seizure of the horses. Also, on the testimony of John Bowron, Barkerville's librarian and gold assayer, Begbie threw Pratt's charges out of court. What Cecil calls "the white system" (138) worked as it was supposed to.

Maybe John R. got love as well, and gained family, of sorts. He had his own family, acquired on a trip he (curiously) took to Jamaica in the time between being summoned to and, a year later, appearing in Begbie's court. In that time he married Sara Page and fathered two daughters (157), but he seems to have had no further contact with this family. He spent his last decade in the boarding house of one Ella Cooness, and he left Ella his entire estate when he died on 24 June 1907. Her husband Stacey (born of a "black-Jewish" mother) died the following year: "Presumably Ella Cooness nursed them both — Stacey and John R. — in their final days, she was the one to walk them out to the edge" (164). When Ella died, in 1934, she was living with her second husband on Saltspring Island, some of the earliest

settlers of which were blacks. She left her husband \$1000, and the rest of her estate went to the hospital in Ganges and the Protestant Orphanage in Victoria.

But there remains a possibility that she ripped off poor old John R. In his will he describes her as a “widow, absolute,” though Stacey was still alive and living in the same boarding house. Cecil doesn’t like to think of the trickster tricked. He likes to think that, in composing his will, “the power of language” seized John R.:

“I imagine him looking over out [sic] of his own death at Bro. Stacey and deliberately calling Ella widow in that grim way we sometimes have about us” (97).

The first-person plural, here, indicates Giscombes.

Or John R. might have been alluding to the fact that, *without him* she was “widow, absolute.”

How was John R. able to do so well in B.C.? Three answers occur to Cecil.

First, John R. could have shared the expectations and ambitions of whites. If Europeans were the first culture weak enough to allow their Promethean urges relative freedom from social taboo, and to start cutting really big Faustian deals, John R., maybe, seeing the results, said to himself “I could do with some of that.” Did he then locate the ideal spot to cut such deals, black people being so unusual in B.C. that their subordinate roles had never really been assigned as they had been for First Nations and Chinese? Was he thus able, in this place, to slip into history, his Carrier Indian guides feeling less suspicious of than sorry for him, maybe, and showing him the short cut; the whites at Fort McLeod, taken by surprise but realizing the importance of the route that the Indians had kept from *them*, firing, in their enthusiasm, a 20-gun salute before they had a chance to say to one another “w-a-i-t a minute.”

Second, John R. may have been a trickster, a common figure, Cecil says, in the Afro-American literature that he teaches. Such

figures are common in life too — like a black man that Cecil met once at a party in Vancouver. This man, working in a provincial government office in Prince George, was constantly razed by his fellow workers for being citified (in B.C., a person from Vancouver and environs). One day he told his co-workers that there was a moose out on the building’s lawn, and they ran out to shoot it, shuffling back in, embarrassed, a few minutes later (100). The trickster subverts the conventional view of success by illustrating how easy it is, for someone who sees the bigger picture, to ridicule and/or achieve that success.

As a trickster, then, did John R., for example, as B.C. historian Linda Eversole told Cecil she suspects (95), smooth his way into the historical record by co-writing the front page, 15 December 1863 *British Colonist* article “Interesting from the Rocky Mountains.” This article, the sole source of information on John R.’s main achievement, recounts how John R. and Henry McDame (a man from the Bahamas, whose name appears on a mountain and creek on B.C. maps), made, on the advice of local Indians, a portage of about nine miles to what is now called Summit Lake, after parking their canoes on the Fraser River. At Summit Lake, they picked up a canoe “from an old Indian chief,” and came down what’s now known as the Crooked River to McLeod Lake. McLeod Lake is one of the headwaters of the Peace River, the way east and north, and the Hudson’s Bay Company had built a fort there. At the fort, “a salute of about 20 shots was fired, with firearms, in honor of the arrival of that party through that route which had never been traversed by any others than Indians” (9).

About this Cecil writes, “I imagine that when people read that description in the newspaper they assumed that our heroes were two white guys; and I imagine John R. smiling as he or the newspaper reporter, or the two of them together, came up with that phrase, ‘others than Indians’”. (10) Cecil likes to think of John R. as using his power of eloquence to trick his way through the wilderness and into history.

Cecil proffers a third explanation of John R.’s success. He could’ve been (that is *looked*) white, even though he is described, in

all the official records, as “negro,” as associating with other negroes like McDame, as living (with McDame) on “Nigger’s Creek” in Quesnel, etc. John Aaron is remembered by family as having referred to John R. as “white English,” and the Giscombe name does seem to trace back to a white planter, James Clarke Giscombe, and a “free black,” Jane Skinner. Some sides of the family gravitate to white, some to black.

If John R. *looked* white, Cecil doesn’t want to know about it (191). That would make John R. much less of an anomaly, and so (in terms of what Cecil can find out about him) of a Giscombe. More anomalous, in the same context, more heroic, would be John R.’s long-time partner Henry McDame, of whom there seems to be a photo. He’s a black black-man, for certain an “inhabitant of the woodpile” (189).

These are all scary considerations, amply justifying Cecil’s careful phrasing, close attention to detail, insistence on accuracy, and ironic distance. They also justify Cecil’s central metaphor — of himself, a black Marlow, seeking, on behalf of himself and his family, John R., a black Kurtz. The search takes place in the North American interior, one of the empty spots on the map, a heart of whiteness. This is a place where the majority of the inhabitants, Europeans, are writing a history that unselfconsciously details what could be described, with a slight modification of Conrad’s description about the colonizing of the Congo, “one of the vilest scrambles for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience and geographical exploration.”

If John R. was an “assimilated” negro, who bought into the “conventional” expectations documented and fulfilled by whites, or/and if he was a “trickster” negro subverting those expectations by fulfilling them, and /or if he was largely “white,” is Cecil then, in some or all of these ways, “related” to John R.?

Cecil, as he describes and reveals himself, is a success in conventional terms, and is in the process of being written into (and writing himself into) contemporary history. Like his grandfather and father (both doctors) he is part of “the white system,” a professional (as is his sister, a Ph.D. in Psychology). Like them he is aware that

professional status and money blur racial lines, ease minority status. He can, as they did, revel (albeit at the same time watching his back) in “the triumph of money over social custom or regulation” (213).

As a professional, Cecil is, evidently, rising to the top of the academic heap, teaching seminars in the various recondite subject areas that must be taken up by doctoral candidates (“proclaiming this and that from various podiums,” as Cecil puts it), accumulating fellowships, attending MLA conventions, and acquiring tenure-track positions. He is involved in his studies to the extent that he easily alludes to works by Hemingway, Atwood, Stevens, Eliot, Ondaatje, Auden, and (of course) Conrad. Much of his research into John R. is funded. He is dedicated to his students, too, aware in particular of his black students and their various advantages and disadvantages in “the white system,” concerned about what to say to them verbally and on their papers so they will accept what (in his considered opinion) they need to know about writing and literature.

Like his grandfather and father, too (and a great uncle, who went to North Bay), Cecil is moving north (136). Though no Giscombes are moving there as precipitously as John R. did, Cecil’s grandfather did once consider moving to B.C. A letter found in his papers indicates that he inquired of provincial authorities about setting up a medical practice. Cecil himself rushes “up” to Canada every year (usually by bicycle) when the university term ends. Canada is “the big otherness” (128) to which he is “always running”, and the city in which he would most like to live is Vancouver. He even has a dream of cycling the entire Alaska Highway with his daughter, once she is old enough.

He’s also a dedicated (not necessarily always, he implies, successful) husband and father, ever watchful concerning his wife and daughter. His wife is white; at one point they cancel a trip to the South because they don’t want to have to deal with that “extra.” She has diverticulitis; at another point when she is having an attack Cecil cuts short a trip so he can be with her. He and his wife (a poet and photographer) like to explore, take chances, have what they call “adventures” as a way of opening up their lives and art. Cecil calls this “going to the edge” (119). He watches and listens to his

daughter, aware of the wisdom that a secure and verbally engaged child can come out with. At one point Cecil considers a move to California, which has no racial majority, so his daughter will have an easier time in school. He has a wonderful ritual with his daughter, "night patrol," where they go out into the dark, just before bed, to see what's going on at "the perimeter." "Night patrol" and cycling the Alaska Highway are initiations into Giscombe-ness for his daughter, introductions to "the big otherness," trial runs for later journeys to the "edge."

He's is also, he fairly confesses and illustrates, manipulative, especially when it comes to escaping wife and daughter to do the long-distance bicycle trips to which he has become addicted, both physically and psychologically, since he gave up smoking. And he is a consumer, providing constant commentary (a la Hemingway) on the malls, hotels, and cafes that he frequents.

Cecil's conventional side is illustrated best in a Cosby-like family scenario he relates in the book. Cecil buys a vintage Willys Overlander jeep, on the premise that his wife can drive it to Prince George in December, while he goes to a convention and follows later. He explains to his wife that everyone in Prince George has a four-by-four, the road and climate conditions being extreme. But really he is for the moment as much in love with the Willys as he is with wife and daughter. He knows full well that in the Central Interior the old jeep would be an anomaly, the loggers and mill workers there all driving the latest Fords and Chevys for which parts and service are available. He is relieved, finally, that his wife doesn't have to confront him, as she is so obviously about to do. The ignition on the Willys goes, giving Cecil the perfect excuse to park it in a friend's front yard, put a For Sale sign in the windshield, and — exuding responsibility — take his wife and daughter to the train.

At the same time, Cecil is anything but conventional. At age 10 he fell from a tree, broke both his arms, and lost one to gangrene. He is "other advantaged," an apt euphemism in terms of Cecil's attitude: he gained the "advantages" of a 1-Y deferment during the Vietnam War, "odd ideas about mortality," an inability to play the guitar, and a love for prosthetic jokes like "on the other hand (the one I no longer have)." (41)

But much more unusual, more of an anomaly, is his addiction to the "edge." He gets there on his bicycle, doing incredible trips (Seattle to Prince George, Prince George to Dawson Creek to Edmonton, Bloomington to North Bay). This memoir could read as a cyclist's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* or *Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. It even has some guidebook qualities, names of good and bad places to eat and sleep, descriptions of locales and roads, and accounts of roadside repairs and accidents. These last are interesting because of the prosthetic arm. The book's title, in fact, comes out of an accident in which Cecil rear-ends a car, flips over it, and hurts his left shoulder, the doctor later remarking that the shoulder, because of the weight of the prosthesis, moves easily "into and out of dislocation." The arm, when Cecil is riding, is basically locked onto the handlebars; the bike goes where Cecil goes.

The book has overtones of adventure/travel writing, those stories of wackos hurling themselves at Everest, kayaking the Arctic Ocean, pushing wheelbarrows loaded with plastic water bottles from the Mediterranean coast across the Sahara Desert to the Niger.

There is no chronology of his trips, though; Cecil is interested in brooding over related incidents on various trips, seeking connections. He narrates like Marlow, albeit with a touch of apology, his favorite transitions being versions of "as I said."

It never seems arbitrary that Cecil's exploration of John R.'s various locales is negotiated largely by bicycle. Cecil was cycling, seriously, before he found the town of Giscome on a map of B.C., and cycling is a perfect way to reconstruct John R.'s experience as a means of getting into his head. The roads follow the rivers, and a bicycle goes at a river's pace. Most importantly, Cecil is not enclosed. He gets to worry about the weather and bears and, above all, to meet the locals.

Cecil, like John R., needs the locals in order to get through their territory. When we see Cecil getting directions from a gang of mall rats in North Bay or Bloomington, we imagine, as Cecil does, John R. far up the Fraser River, "in the heart of an impenetrable darkness," negotiating with some Carrier Indians. He would be concerned about leaving his canoe, his ticket out if it came to that;

was this “portage” a scam to get the canoe from him, or to get him off into the bush and kill him? He would feel just the way Cecil does in all the highway pit-stops that offer food, shelter, direction, movies, conversation. Paul Theroux describes the feeling, in his Introduction to *Fresh Air Fiend*, using the words “childlike,” “defensive,” “dim,” “wounded,” or “disabled.” The explorer/adventurer knows that strangers are regarded by locals as not fully human. Only the locals are “The People,” only their place is *the* place, and only their language is “The Word.”

The reader asks of Cecil what Cecil asks of himself and John R. Why? One reviewer, Kalamu ya Salaam of *Cyberdrum* (“a list of more than 500 black writers and diverse supporters of literature”), puts the question this way: “Why would someone who values being able to ‘forget about being black’ choose to live in a mainly nonblack environment, one that is inevitably always reminding one of one’s blackness — an existence too often negatively defined by nonblacks?” Cecil, ya Salaam points out, “treats his blackness like a wound one takes a morbid delight in ‘worrying over.’ Even as he celebrates being different, being an intellectual, being unbound by race, it’s not too long before the finger scratches the scab and the discussion returns to race.”

The answer of course is that Cecil, as he says, regards himself primarily not as black, not as “other advantaged,” not as a poet, but as an anomaly. The word means “different,” “abnormal,” “unusual,” “paradoxical.” He goes to that big otherness, Canada, because it seems to him to be a natural home for a stranger — a big, one-armed black guy on a bicycle asking around about other black people who might have been there before. As Cecil himself explains it, “the touch of the local on one — on myself — is what I’m always wanting when I travel, something specific, an order not with myself at some “still centre” but getting — as we say — over and getting the physical self — *my ass*, as we say — over something in the way, both. Plus there’s the solitude I need, my own restlessness — or rootlessness —, the way my sister and I were raised, the incredible self-consciousness we both have which I trace back in myself at least as far as kindergarten, the self-consciousness that cut me off — as my arm was

severed and yet I am alive, escaped alone to tell thee, from many, many assumptions, from much. The need then to make a knowing cultural statement out of the weight of many things, like jazz is made . . . (54).

Cecil wants to get where *any* individual is an anomaly, where “other” is not just “others” but also (and mostly) weather, space, bears. In such places, black and white are questionable signifiers of race and culture, and anyone could be family. Here’s Cecil in North Bay Ontario, trying to find the descendents of his great uncle Charles who left for Canada after a family spat and, in anger, dropped (for a time) the “b” from his surname. The search is not going well (on a subsequent trip it goes better), it’s getting late, and Cecil wants to inquire of The People as to the location of a campsite. No one seems to know so finally he asks a group of teenage girls to direct him to the police who, he figures, might be able to tell him where to camp. Their first reaction is “Holy Shit!” in the sense of “who voluntarily seeks out the Ontario Provincial Police?”

Then the leader of the gang, Joyce, gives direction, and Cecil finds family: “She was pale as the other two girls but her skin’s definition was different, supple where their’s was rough and with a deep glow to it: that and her hair and especially the line of her jaw told me that she had a few African ancestors . . . She directed me, with elaborate gestures and succinct qualifications (first explaining to the others . . . ‘we do not know *why* he wishes to see the police, nor shall we inquire’) and gave me advice for cycling through North Bay. . . . Fourteen and held in esteem by her friends, a leader of those white girls, the power of language singing out from her . . . I wondered, the next day, did she know she was black. And I wondered later still, two days and a hundred miles up the road it stopped me, at the chance of her being a relative” (123).

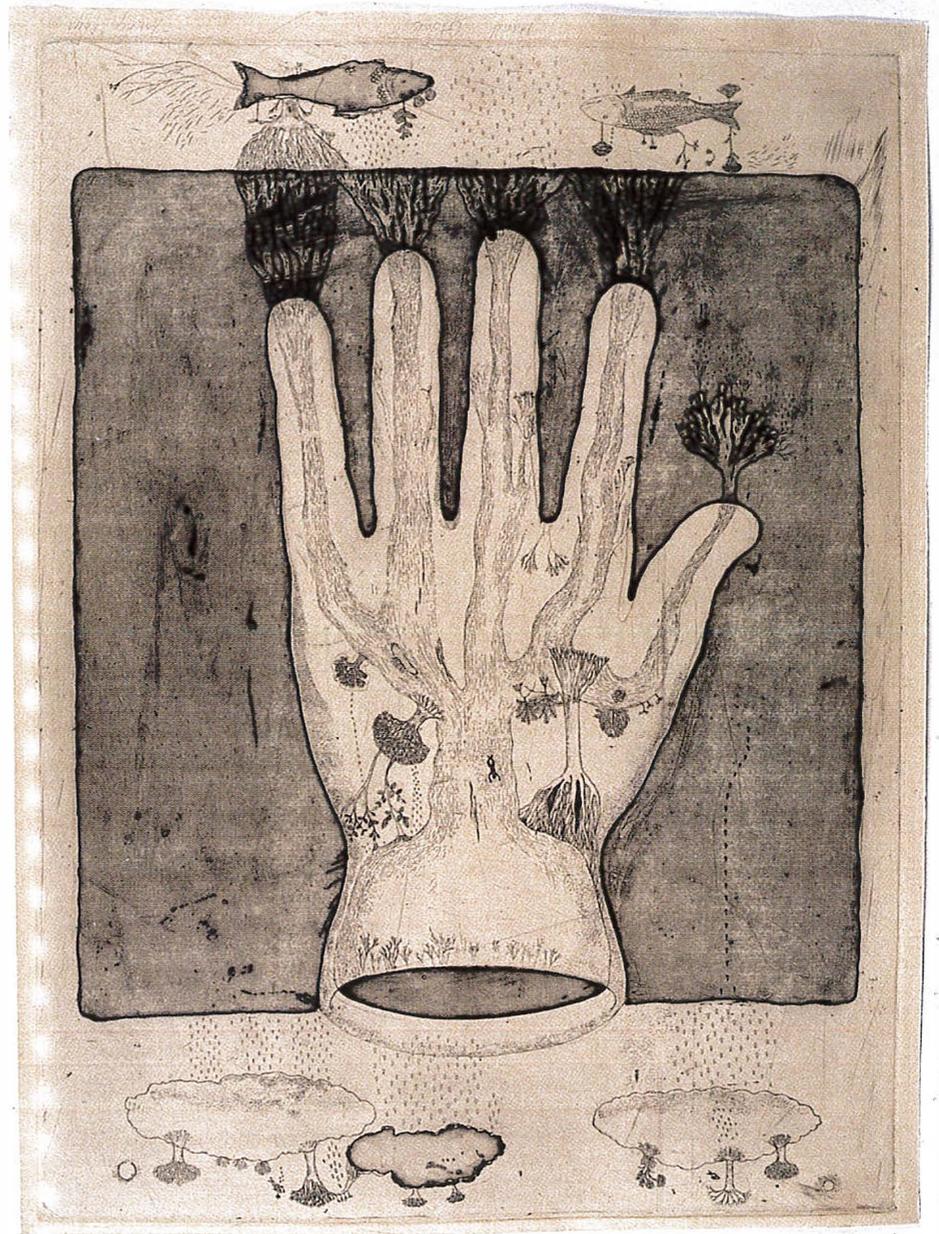
This book is, as the critics have said, a fascinating look at issues such as race and family. It fascinates as a story, a quest for a hero, taken on by a narrator who comes across as a human being. The narration never wavers from the truly central issue of individuality. In these terms Cecil is like his hero John R.: genetically and in terms of upbringing, education, and experience as European as he is African

(to use cultural terms) or as white as he is black (to use racial ones). Cecil is not out to acquire a cause, in the form of an African tribal costume or name, in the form of a family tree, or in any other form. The cause that John R. represents is simply a knowledge of self that might enable Cecil to push on through the North American "wilderness," which is home, more efficiently. Cecil wants to move more easily, like his shoulder, "into and out of dislocation."

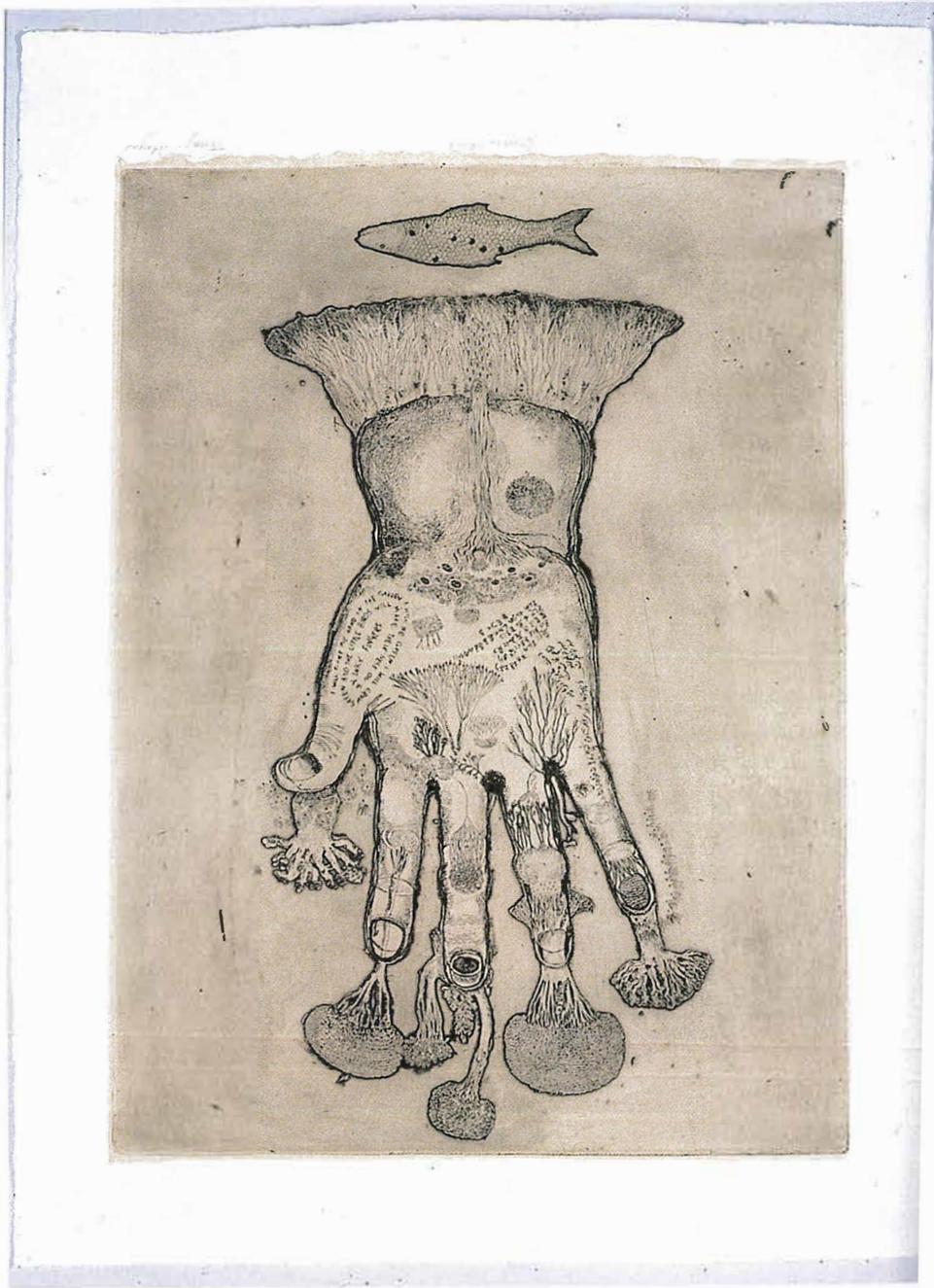
Those who prefer to take up issues of race, culture, ethnicity, and family *strictly* as partisan, exclusory causes, may find fault with this book. But most will love it, particularly in this country. John R. is, after all, a Canadian hero. And Cecil, in his pursuit of John R., is a Canadian hero too: calm, modest, rational, tough, and humorous.

Tomoyo Ihaya / FOUR VISUALS

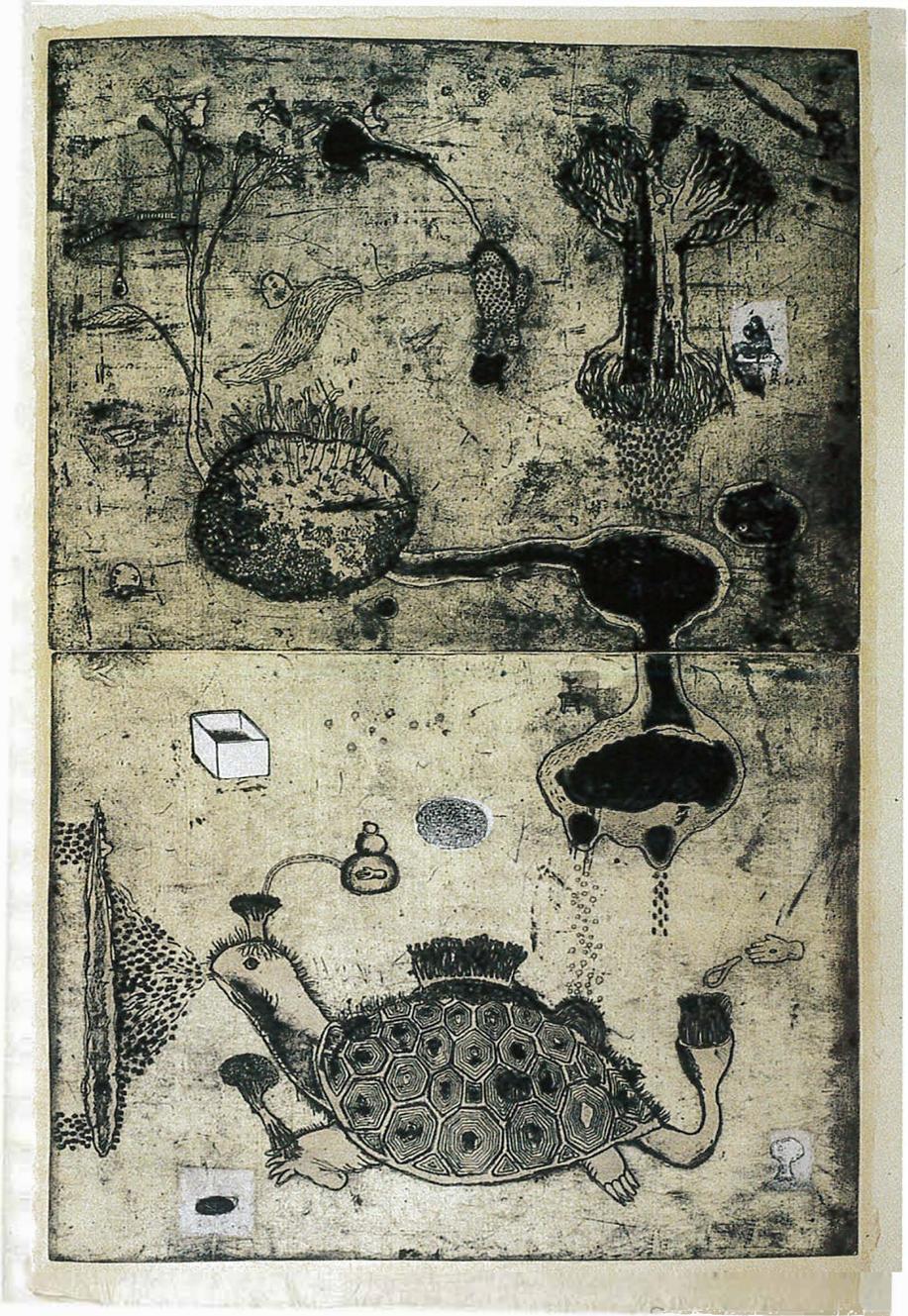
Taiga Chiba / FOUR VISUALS



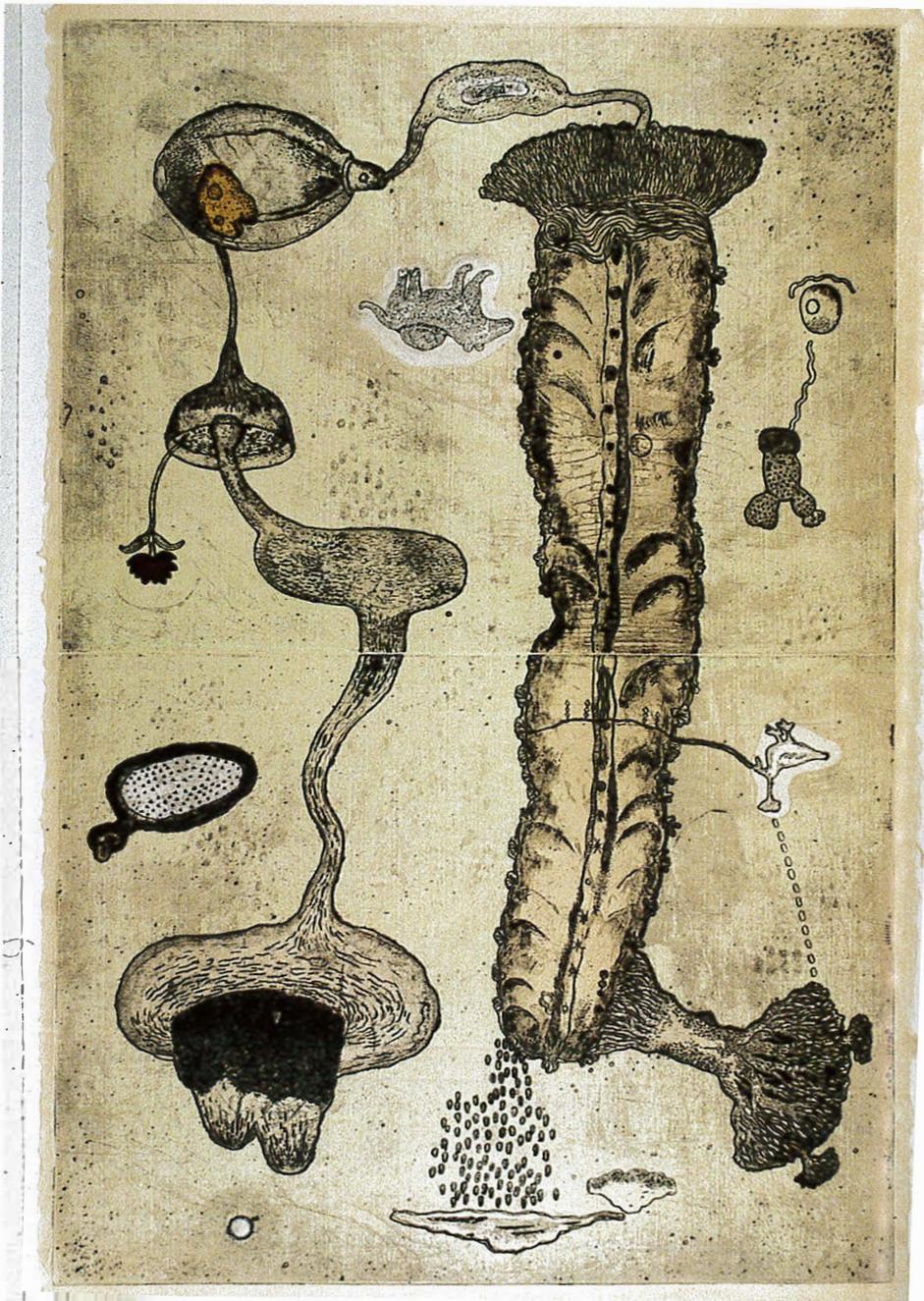
Tomoya Ihaya, *Hand Glove*



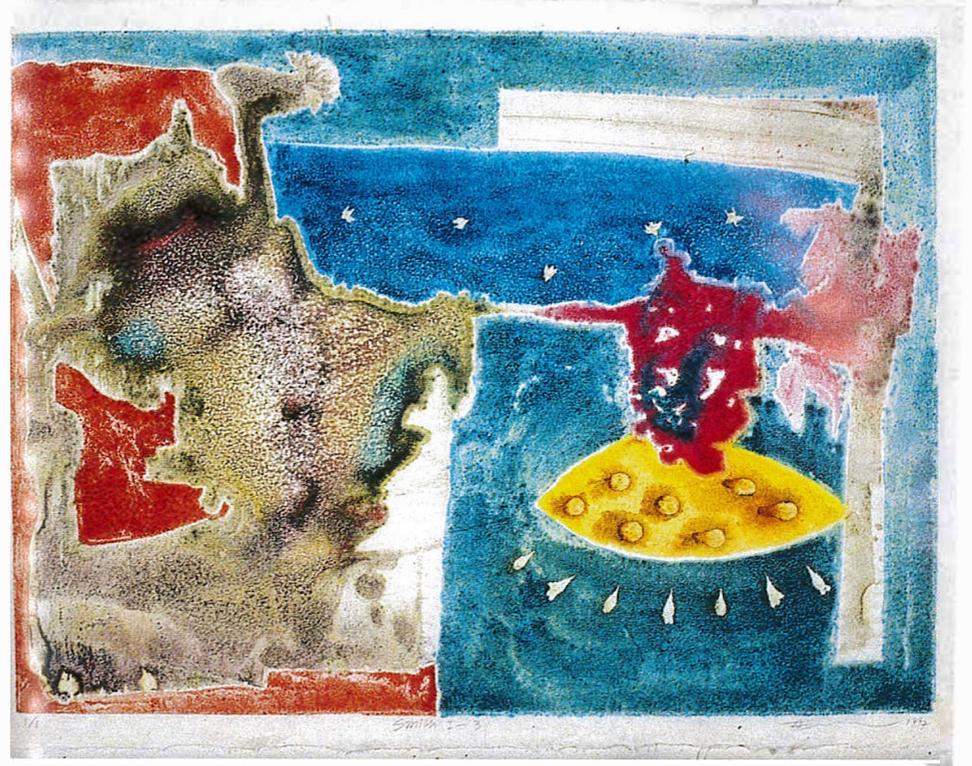
Gren (Green) Hand



Graffiti Paradise



Graffiti Paradise III



Taiga Chiba, Smith Island #3



Smith Island #8



Smith Island #38

Tomoyo Ihaya / SELECTED EXHIBITIONS



Solo & Two Person Shows

2001 *Garden of Life/Chart of Aminism*, Vancouver, BC

2000 *Two Person Show*, with Taiga Chiba, Gallery Haoto, Shizuoka, Japan

1998 *Hand Land*, Malaspina Printmakers Gallery, Vancouver, BC

International Juried Group Exhibitions

2001 *Tallinn Print Triennial*, Tallin, Estonia

The 10th International Biennial Print & Drawing Exhibition, Taipei, Taiwan

The 5th Sapporo International Print Biennial, Hokkaido Museum of Modern Art, Sapporo, Japan

2000 *Second International Small Engraving Exhibition*, (invited), Cremona, Italy

Group Exhibitions

2001 *Chronicles*, Edward Day Gallery, Toronto, ON

2000 *Malaspina Printmakers: 25th Anniversary Exhibition*, Vancouver, BC

First Folio, Art Institute of Capilano College, North Vancouver, BC

1999 *The Printed Bird*, Malaspina Printmakers Gallery, Vancouver, BC

Taiga Chiba / SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

Solo Exhibitions

- 2000 *Water Cosmology*, Snap Gallery, Edmonton, AB
1997 *Monotypes in Bharat Bhavan*, ABN-AMRO Bank and Sarala's Art Center, Madras, India
1995 *Baffin Island to Brazil, Paintings, Prints & Collage*, Seymour Art Gallery, North Vancouver, BC
Yuba Series Paintings, Yuba Art Studio, São Paulo, Brazil

International Juried Group Exhibitions

- 2001 *Bienale Internationale d'Estampe Contemporaine de Trois Rivieres*, la Maison de la Culture de Trois Rivieres, la Galerie d'art du Parc Quebec
2000 *Intergrafia*, (invited), World Award Winners Gallery, Katowice, Poland
International Print Triennial 2000, Cracow, Poland
5th Sapporo International Print Biennale, Hokkaido Museum of Modern Art, Sapporo, Japan
9th International Biennial Print & Drawing Exhibition: R.O.C., Taipei Fine Arts Museum, Taipei, Taiwan
1999 *12th German International Exhibition of Graphic Art*, Stadtsaal, Frechen, Germany
23rd International Biennial of Graphic Art, Museum of Modern Art, New York

Group Exhibitions

- 2000 *Two Person Show*, Haoto Gallery, Shizuoka, Japan
First Folio, Capilano College Art Gallery, North Vancouver, BC and Sunshine Coast Arts Centre, Sechelt, BC
Collected Works, Art Beatus Gallery, Vancouver, BC
1993 *Public Art & Art About Public Issues*, Artropolis '93, Vancouver, BC

Lea Littlewolfe / THREE POEMS

cardiac ward

In forty-eight hours they did it:
lassoed your outbursts, stilled your legs.
With intravenous drip and blood drawing,
scheduled feedings and blood pressure cuff
sedated angiogram and nursely inquiry
they've sapped your temper, flattened your paunch,
turned you from my bravado.
With glazed eyes you pick at hospital grub
eighteen hundred calories daily
washed out steam color, salt-free, sugarless, tasteless.
Bed rest and blood thinner reduce you to
placid smile and sexless energy
asking permission to shower in tepid disinfectant
calmly accepting local anaesthesia and ordered institution.
But they're not perfect:
Closed stairwells reek of urine and
dustballs billow on the steps.
Your doctor appears weekly, if at all.
Fellow patient died tonight, his call buzzer unheeded.
Beware, my pretty.
Beware the practical nurse removing your nitroglycerine
patch at eight o'clock sharp.
Beware learning intern prescribing diuretic,
orderly pushing empty gurney,
technician seeking autopsy fix.
Remember extreme heat in the real world
cyclone wind and animal fat frying.

Antiseptic rooms dull your nose to blue refinery smog
hushed steps still your ears to bad cowboy tunes
luke-warm air lulls your fingertips to my dangerous skin
filtered eater subverts the taste of cheap wine.
Before you submit to quadruple bypass or
chicken-wire angioplasty
quicken your pulse to the memory of
strangled breath and sharp chest pain.
Think on the dream of un-knowing,
the un-safeness of out here.

middle class

I sit in waist deep tepid
sexless stagnant water.
Vegetating vorticella, volvox,
stentor, spirogyra, gleopcapsa
settle on my submerged decaying skin
and absorb vitamins, minerals, energy
from bored body.
I barely breathe or twitch
properly vaccinated, supplemented, advised.
I need no driving enthusiasm for
criminal, spiritual, social conviction.
It would not matter if I were untethered
in space with years supply of oxygen,
pressure, drip feed and
many stars for staring.

hospital

the visitors limp a little more, scowl a bit more sincerely, slouch expertly. grey, burgundy, charcoal accent crutch, wheelchair, IV trolley. aristocrat doctor clutches styrofoam coffee. disdainful technician in Afro hairdo wears flapping white lab coat. over brown sterile floor tile bob housekeeping staff and O.R. workers, their blue hair covers telling their expertise. asthmatic puffs dramatically, the genetically diseased laughs delightedly, arthritic moves slowly, slyly peeking for witnesses you know people die here. the grieving face trembles. the finger pulls a tear. the greasy hair goes unbraided. in dry halting speech the stroke ex-executive bids his martyr wife, even as he glares at my impertinence. the black suited chaplain indulges in bohemian literature and syrupy cinnamon roll. artefact stethoscope hangs on nutritionist neck, cheap briefcase supports administrator elbow, khaki understatement announces RN.

the coffee shop merchandizes sugar, salt, caffeine, cholesterol, guarantees future traffic. so too our extravagant abdomens and the lumpy bellies of young ladies waiting to be induced. the negativity-creativity collective. from cancer clinic roll the treated, hair still intact, the puking yet to be.

we leave here re-committed, scurvy teeth tightened, fever morphined, vision corrected, scabs scraped until the next plague. secret sneaking from the ovens of language the truths of ancestry slip out

“she snuck west from Manitou Island”
“he brought his birth-shame from Ottawa Valley”
“I really was born Micmac”
“here your father and I made our own reserve
what did you think we were up to?”

thought whispers intermittently
carefully physical signs are excused

“his big squashed out nose isn’t very Caucasian”
“your hands are awfully wide for a white”
“you people all have prominent cheekbones”
“I knew you were native the first time I laid eyes on you”
“your aunt sure is brown”

a light haze of knowing tugs
dream tells incongruous truth

“Indians always pluck geese ass-last”
“how do you like the moose I shot
this morning from my doorstep?”
“here’s the four-door our nephews
burned last night—after they took off
the tires and pushed it over on its side”
“we can turn these clamshells into genuine Indian earrings”

appropriate artefacts suggest assimilation
genuflection in a mainstream church fools ’em

“who would have thought a new 32-inch TV
was in that broken down shack?”

imagine all their men earning sixty grand tax-free a year
hauling logs and all they own are
new trucks and Mexican blankets”

antagonism simmers under the differences
acknowledgement grudgingly speaks

“you people get it all— new dentures every nine years
glasses every other year, name brand drugs
free ambulance rides”

“if they can hunt any time, then I can poach”
“what exactly does lactose intolerance mean anyway?”

poverty is relative
ill luck has a cause

“this ten-year-old kid pulls out twenties and
torches them with his lighter— Hobbema oil money”
“mineral rights paid off your brothers’ and sisters’
student loans and got their first cars”
“her three houses burned and one blown away in
tornado—that’s bad medicine”

straggly threads barely join us to the rez
as we flee several-hundred-thousand volt pylons
for a trillion stars over black spruce muskeg lands

Coral Hull / 3 POEMS

THE PLATEAUS

The eh holden starts easily in the heat,
Of the western myall
Myall trees
Change in pasture to long grasses at the northern territory border
we start early,
flies blown away by the wind,
the saltbush sends them across its western face,
squints at the sun,
long term torquoise,
my car is torquoise,
when I break down they ask the model, make, colour.
I say, ‘torquoise like the saltbush,’
along the hwy,
where the trucks and the animals do battle,
I’d back the trucks any day.

SECRET BIRD COUNTRY – WOOMERA ROCKET
RANGE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

This is secret bird country, after rain.

The feathery tree by the painted rock told me of it.

The marble sky [blue succulent] grew simply bigger,

began to store moisture.

The low green trees were pretty, all spikes and feather.

They protect the leaf and flower territory,
half petals inside the spikes or grown feathery,

in the heat extreme, as if they are giving up,

like a dehydrated crow the land gaps with its beak hanging open.

Its charred black and red out there, I feel sympathy for it.

It waits for my tears as it waits to drink, to receive,

It's still and resistant,

yet when the lightning comes, it pants with the pressure,

with the terrible thirst it had forgotten about.

Suddenly it opens its fists, uncrosses its legs,

to receive

and scatters its protective centre like seeds and no longer resists.

The sun directly overhead.

The circular shadow surrounds the plant.

The intensity is always midday. It's midday country in mid summer.

The plant the sundial, the midday clock,

it's so hot.

Fucking birds, bastards, I can't see them.

The mouth of the land is a gaping skull.

The borewater ground sings in the nostrils like gas, the pink
red clay edged with salt.

This dust cries out silence.

It edges the salt lakes, pink and orange with scent.

Rich, it is so rich . . . Omoona words . . . the birds sing it,

they sing it in, territories,

glad small birds in the distance, south australia zebra finches

. . . tee tee tee tee . . . the rain,

the obviously friendly galah, pink in the gums,

the rain is luke warm,

these plants, these birds may have never had the cold touch them,

the cold is a theory like the fifth dimension,

Territories . . .

territories . . .

. . . tee tee tee tee . . .

The glad small birds in the distance,
through the dead wood and the pretty green scrub,

the blues and greys, lightening marble — aqua blue and succulent,
on the moist red dirt,

this quiet arid land has received rain, the birds
are squawking territories, galahs in the higher trees,

when listening,
the birds are deep mauve

more distance is required from the listener, here a repetitive call,
there a low-flyer, camouflaged,

The red dirt has tricked us all, it is after rain,

. . . after light rain the Dresley Creek has flooded its banks
and it's receding with swallows dipping into it,

the rain
has ran its rich course and smells like roots,

enter my breathing passages like pollen,

the ants are back, slowly and more relaxed,
the moisture trap,

the land swelters guards its moisture and utilises it,
the streams run away to the west that leads
nowhere,

into the terrible waste,
into the land too harsh to receive,

in the sudden downpour the water is wasted,

the secret birds cannot be seen, the trees are whistling,

as the land would have sizzled and whistled at its first drops,

first gigantic drops,

sinking,

and low down like a dogs belly, along the floorboards,

a hot tail at the Glendambo roadhouse, followed by lightning,

a quick light flash like a twig of electricity,

the thunder is upon the caravan roof, hot lightning reaching out,

the hot dry wind blows in the ions,

and land 'out there' from eastern outback South Australia,

along the sheep's back and the back of the fox,

the thunder is upon the caravan roof, the fox burrow,

And the wing of that pretty desert parrot, . . . which we cannot name.

The breeze . . .

jitters the feathers of mulga trees,
makes them tremble and shriek for rain,
shakes through the spikes, passes the dead grey wood,
blankets the bird call for seconds,

the wind has picked up,

has plucked that birdcall from the air and taken it elsewhere,

Chestnut—Rumped Thornbill—[look up colour in Simpson and Day].

Then another bird, quiet trumpet, trilling.

The land is talking upwards through their breasts and beaks,
their tiny eyes all the long day, the road trains pass,

Tourism: the nearly deads the newly weds, my eh holden,
pass by the quiet country after rain

and its secret birds,

will never come by this way again,

say goodbye to the shifting dune,

the name of ant you never knew,

the sting of the scorpion never felt,

and the land that sings upwards, shrubby and deep after rain,

deep with repetition and bird-song,

four notes: ta ta ta ta . . . ta ta ta ta . . . ta ta ta . . . weemmmm, trill.

the breeze grows warm,

the salt lakes further south west have sent it here,

warm breeze with the moist baked clay in its language,

the breeze is the language of baked clay,

of kangaroo carcass entering the car windows
and entering the cabin to hang around in there,

the contours of the bright hot shrubs, dotted by trees broken up by dull
sky,

many rocks stained clay red,

the place goes about its quiet foraging,

its territories,

its aridness,

peace and business by the road, the cars come and go,

leave the secret bird country to its cycle,

its quiet tirelessness,

the secret bird societies, or are they trees,

shrieking and trilling at the rainy weather from the north,

from the cyclone country, or
are they trees speaking, speaking birds, speaking holy,
birds simply growing from the ground up,
their tiny rooted legs,
hoy hoy hoy hoy hoy . . . the direction,
the green parrot flying north points that way,
my life is alive,
it takes that route north and northwest,
that's what that koori guy from Port Augusta called the Stuart highway
he said, 'sister, that magic carpet
will take your car all the way to Darwin, good luck,
his name was Keith:
it points that way,
towards the straight road, the cyclone country,
nudging the red ochre coasts of *Arnhemland*,
'that one girl has come here to touch the land,' the birds said,

down at the caravan park Keith told us, 'take the rocks from Burnt Creek
and they will lose vibrance', will shine less brightly,

[why's that?],

do they depend on the surrounding energy?, and why is the clay deep,
so deep and red at sunset, in sunset country?,

Dresley Creek: shone from light rain,

here the zebra finches: 3 pairs checked us out from a tree,

the small birds cranky and distressed, chasing off crows,

bright and black and striped in the branches,

eyeing off the dry creek turned into rain receptive focus and rivulets.

THE DINGO FENCE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

for Robert Milne

The wire of the longest fence in the world is high and tensile with the sun's surface as a backdrop. Beyond its borders I see the land that is forever and the deep blue eyes, matted blonde hair and strong tanned shoulders of my mate Joe Wilson, finishing off the job with the cheap wire cutters, then suddenly the wire parting like an ocean, releasing the flood of sky and native fauna, like air from an over inflated balloon. The fence feels taut, then, as if falling into flight like a wedgetail eagle, it spreads and glides to earth. We opened the land to its potential, uncaged the wild antipodes, burst the dam of oppression and set the red dust free. I began by cutting a small rabbit hole into a slippery diamond along the thin grey wire, the jagged ends piercing the sky. My hands climbed the delicate frame, the wide blue backdrop pouring into line.

It was right that we cut the dingo fence. It parted like the Pacific Ocean. At first the old pair of wire cutters moved easily up its industrial spine. We intended to undo its cranky old bones and wire strung loose. A gun-crack fence followed by its shadowy inspectors, baits, traps and poisons. They were all killing animals in the tireless sun. The fence toothpicks the land, nets the scenery in and holds it to the ransom of wire. It protects the southern sheep industry, where sheep are not worth two bob, bogged in floods, flies and drought. It nets in wildlife at random and those who will never escape the fire along its five thousand kilometres barrier. It is right that we cut the fence, to let the life pour through and to clear the land of deadly restriction. This is the dreaming of the yellow-throated dog, the cut wire lies dead in the moonlight.

Annette LaPointe / THE LAST HOURS OF THE ICE

She'd become used to Miranda's sketching her on the notepad by the phone, or in pencil on the countertop. Small cross-hatches of lines suddenly resolved themselves into the shape of a back or a shoulder. Camille was vaguely aware that Miranda had other pictures of her, complete sketches and photographs, but she rarely got to see them. Only once she'd woken to find Miranda sitting cross-legged at the foot of the bed with a sketchbook in her lap and one hand resting on the back of Camille's knee.

//Mine.//

Of course.

That casual possession arrested her. She hadn't been anyone's in that way since she'd ceased to be her parents' baby, carried with them everywhere. If her own drawing skills had extended to anything more than clean, precise engineer's diagrams, she would have wanted to make the same kind of records of Miranda that Miranda made of her.

Eight months ago, she'd driven in from field work in Kimberley, come home at four in the morning so tired she couldn't keep her teeth from chattering. From the rest stop in Swift Current she'd called Miranda, left a long, almost incomprehensible message on the answering service when no one picked up. It was late March, liquidly warm out, so that even in the dark water ran down the pavement, and there was slush in the gutters when she parked. Her fantasies by that time hadn't extended even as far as a shower; she'd only wanted layers of bedding heavy enough to imitate another person's body and two days' sleep.

Camille had come into her bedroom with her coat still on and palmed on the lights, looked at herself in the mirror with slack eyes for a moment and then stripped. But when she'd turned to the bed, Miranda had been there, curled up fully clothed with a sketchbook in the curve of her body. Camille had lifted it away automatically, smoothing the pages that had caught under one thigh.

Miranda had sketched each of the small items Camille had adopted from her parents' house. Next to the sketch of her desk lamp, Miranda had scrawled, Camille's B. Engineering (geology), U of Sask./94 (summa). Field work: Nov, Jan, Jan, Feb, Mar. Two of her father's north Saskatchewan landform maps had been reproduced in cartographic detail. Each of the insulators was pictured separately, the drawings noting minute differences in shape and texture. With almost visible deliberateness, Miranda had avoided disturbing any of the books.

Still life with Camille.

She'd been delighted. By the time she had sunlight to read by properly, it had been warm enough to open the windows and leave them open. She must have dozed, because she was very aware of waking when a cumulus flock of sparrows ascended suddenly from the ground to the still-naked trees. She was naked with the sketchbook on her lap, and Miranda was watching her, curled on the bed and still dressed.

"Have you been to bed yet?"

"No." She stood and put the book on her dresser and went to lie down, suddenly wide-eyed and unnaturally energetic. Too wired to sleep, too strung out to concentrate. She thought sometimes that she was always tired, but the elusiveness of sleep was a special cruelty, not one she was sure she could face.

Miranda gathered her up and arranged Camille on her side, settled one pillow under her head and the other behind her

shoulders. She settled again behind her, wrapped one arm around Camille's waist and held her hand with the other, rubbing a thumb in slow circles across her palm.

She'd been very still under that touch, letting the sleep-warmth of Miranda's body push into hers. Miranda had talked quietly against her hair, petting her like an animal until she relaxed and drifted.

"When I was in England, a friend of my mother's gave me a painting of the Owl and the Pussy-cat. It's one of the things that got misplaced when we came back. I would have liked for you to see it. You remind me of it. Your habit of taking off on me. You have to promise that the next time you decide to disappear, you'll take me with you."

The demand went by Camille without registering. She was trying to remember the poem, the Owl and the Pussy-cat who went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat . . .

"Shh, love. Sleep."

And she'd been able to. When she woke up, Miranda was pressed against her. Her shoulders ached from the position, but she could feel Miranda's radiant happiness, and it wasn't something she was willing to give up. In mid-afternoon it was greyer than it had been, and the birds were everywhere, moving loudly on the surface of the snow.

Only small irregularities in the breath coming against her skin let her know Miranda was awake. She shifted a little, let Miranda stir and let her loose. The window was open, still, making the room cold, and she could smell the humidity coming in. The streets would be slop in that weather; she was grateful not to be driving on them. On the Trans-Canada she'd hit ice and nearly spun, and then been so frightened she'd almost vomited. She wondered if she could legitimately give up driving forever and engage Miranda as her chauffeur.

At the edge of her vision, she could see her computer desk, crowded with rock samples from her father's mines and the antiquated survey glass he'd once lifted for her. The stones were loose granite and sandstone, fragile enough that they'd continued their course of erosion even after they'd come to live indoors, and the resulting sand had settled into the grooves at the top of her monitor and added a layer of grit on everything. She missed the CPR lamp, though, and it was only by twisting her neck that she could make it out on the floor, where Miranda must have sat working.

"Why the sketches?" she asked.

"I have to keep track of you somehow." Rubbing Camille's fingers and feeling all the tiny bones in the back of her hand. "You disappear so easily, just take off, do your job, you come back in the middle of the night."

Silence.

When Miranda let her go, Camille got up and showered. The water was too hot; the heat and chlorine in it were going to dry her skin out, but in that moment it felt ecstatically good. There was still dirt in her hair from the work site. Really, she was so dirty that she couldn't believe she'd slept that way. Everything on her bed would need to be laundered. She wondered if her clothes weren't a loss. She'd never learned to carry dirt gracefully; it clawed at her attention. For someone of her profession, she was almost compulsively clean.

It was late in the day, but if she begged Miranda would take her to the Mendel gallery, sit with her in the conservatory, take her for Chinese at the Tsu King Lau on Avenue H. The ice on the South Saskatchewan river was just breaking up. It wouldn't be safe to walk out on, but she wanted to see it before dark.

Wrapped in her bathrobe and still dripping from the ends of her hair, Camille padded out. The bed was stripped and stiffly clean

clothes were laid over her desk chair for her. She accepted them without dressing and went to find Miranda. The open room beside the hallway was brilliant, the curtains back and her books still scattered on half the surfaces. Her mother's *Jane Eyre*. *Never Cry Wolf*. Robertson Davies under the couch. Thomas Hardy on the windowsill.

CBC radio attracted her attention, the soft notes of the Disc Drive theme cutting through the room's humidity. She turned. In the kitchen, Miranda was like an illustration from one of the Mendel gallery's children's books, precisely detailed and moving through a world of too-vivid colours.

SWIMMING UNDER, A CONCEPTION STORY

I've always wanted a pool
in our basement. The slow delicious slide through
darkness. How can I remember my own beginning so clearly
when my mother has forgotten? I'm not curious about details
of sex, but the moment of me, hours later — was it really
how I remember? I know mothers
whose bodies sent strident signals. One lay
on a beach in the Caribbean, her toes cleaving
to the sand, when her body suddenly began
to peel, a bell in high winds. Another was steering
a sailboat, felt something slide through
her belly like a bubble bursting. When she looked
down, a rope lay wound around her hand, an embrace.

They knew.

My mother just smiles vaguely
when I ask, continues reading. *Oh, how can I
remember?* she says. *I must have been asleep.* Did my father
wander the hallway that night, a foot mysteriously
cramped, was he searching for a lost button? Why do I find
myself pressed against the glass of aquariums, always wanting
to dive? Why do I wake to the sound of a key
clicking into place, iron teeth finding a groove,
a gate swinging open?

HOW TO SWIM THE BUTTERFLY

I have always wanted to build a pool
in our basement. So I could teach you
the butterfly stroke. After a long day of cell
phones and car alarms, we would walk down
the stairs together and I would say:

forget for a moment

that for so long your hands have curled
into fists blunt and square as Mac trucks. Let them unfurl
in the water. You need big hands. Push
off the wall and, pulling the water aside, describe
a key hole the length of your body. Lead
with your chin, unlock the door. You turn
into a dolphin, first your shoulders, your slippery
spine, and finally
your legs. Your hips are hinges,

your knees an opposing set,

you bend like a Japanese blind. As you break
the surface, the air tastes sweet
and brief. Your shoulders lift
from your body, your arms encircle a rolling globe
that you are falling over. Reach back into
the water, search for the key.

OK now. Faster.

Is this where I stroke

the butterfly? you ask.

Not yet, not yet.

SLEEPSWIMMER

I have always wanted
a pool in our basement. Somewhere
quiet to slip into for a moment.
We all need a dark corner to float. But do not
think I don't enjoy your company, sometimes I do
from a distance. Take this evening—I dither
between eiderdown and mattress, the smother
of your heat, a cold toe on the outside. Finally, slide
down stairs into the cool envelope
of water. Upstairs, you fly beneath feathers. I flip,
 a practised swimmer reaching the wall,
 a fish on the boat's bottom,
 a mind on the verge of sleep.

Close my eyes, dig down
through water, one breath to go.

KOOTENAY LAKE POOL

I've always wanted a pool in the basement. Somewhere
to toss my little boat. Shelter it from storms
the unpredictable kind that blow up
on Kootenay Lake on days that look forever.

Or maybe
it's just a canoe, hardly a boat, but enough
to hold me, my mother, and food for three days.
What happens if we are stranded for five
on the far shore, making smoky fires out of damp wood,
on the pebbly spit? And it spits rain
on our tent for five days, rhythm like sucking candy.
And what if our only bear is the packrat who visits
at midnight to steal our granola and hoarded chocolate?
And what if my mother swims naked in the lake,
and I can't? Up to my armpits, I kiss the chop of waves, fill my cup,
take it home with me.

HOW TO SWIM THE FRONT CRAWL

I've always wanted
a pool in the basement.
Somewhere private to shed
the daily plod.
Swim a few laps
of front crawl.
Because front crawl is just that —
face down churning away
to get from here
to there and back again,
to grasp the water
as if I might catch up
with the body I used to be,
if I pull hard enough
kick fast enough,
like the teens I see
in line for the diving board
awkward, shivering,
arms crossed to hide
what I would flaunt now
if I still had it.
This is an exercise
in redemption, or oblivion,
I forget which.
I climb out
into my real life,
dripping.

ON ARDESSA'S COUCH

The Chinese dream police
chase slippered dragons.

A pink scarf on the doorway,
tropical fish as they sing underwater.

I fear the wet dark mountains.
Her honey colored lashes,

jars of iridescent stones
against the sullen white walls.

We sip cold tea in funeral black.
Taste our folly in this light.

MAXINE WANTS TO LEAVE

Maxine smooths her fine black hair
and tells me over her drink,
“I wrote a book of first chapters.”
I wish I could do that
my stories are real and keep ending
with broken teapots and teeth
feet are always sore from walking
Maxine left a man in Philly
who stalks her with postcards from jail.
The smell in the bar is disgusting, the band
nothing like jazz, we agree.

CHOKING

What does it mean? she asks
as I explain my dream
the nights of gin and cocaine
are not so secret sins.
She rubs rosemary
on her fingers
in the kitchen
And it's all so perfect
a long slow day of rain
the sound of water in the trees
finally, the leaves washed clean.

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WEYMAN CHAN lives and writes in Calgary, will have a book of poetry published by Frontenac House (Calgary) for the Quartet 2002 Poetry Series, entitled *Before A Blue Sky Moon*.

TAIGA CHIBA. "I was surrounded by ancestors' spirits at home and many gods and goddesses in Shintoh shrines when I was a child in Shizuoka, Japan." Since moving to Canada in 1981, Taiga Chiba has produced his works at Concordia University, Montreal; San Cristóbal de las Casas, Mexico; Nunavut Arctic College Print Studio, N.W.T.; Yuba Studio, São Paulo, Brazil; Bharat Bhavan Graphic Studio, India; Dundarave Print Workshop, Malaspina Printmakers Studio, and Capilano College Printmaking Studio in Greater Vancouver. Since Septemeber 2000, Taiga has been working at S.N.A.P. (Society of Northern Alberta Print-Artists) Studio in Edmonton, Alberta.

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TOMOYO IHAYA has attended Capilano College's Art Institute Program, Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, Mount Allison University, and has been a member of the Malaspina Printmakers Society since moving to Vancouver in 1996. Her work has been exhibited in several locations in Vancouver, including the Grunt Gallery, Foto-Base Gallery, and The Community Arts Council of Vancouver. Tomoyo has also exhibited in Shizuoka and Tokyo, Japan. Currently living in Edmonton, Tomoyo is studying in the University of Alberta's MFA Studio Arts Program. She is represented by the Edward Day Gallery, Toronto.

ANNETTE LAPOINTE grew up in and around Saskatoon. Having grown waterlogged in Newfoundland, she has returned to Saskatchewan to finish her MA. Her work has appeared in *Other Voices* and *sub-Terrain*, and is forthcoming in *Grain*.

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Entry fee: \$22 per manuscript, plus \$5 for each additional manuscript. The fee includes a one-year subscription to *PRISM international*. All non-Canadian residents, please pay in U.S. funds.

Contest Deadline: **January 31, 2002**

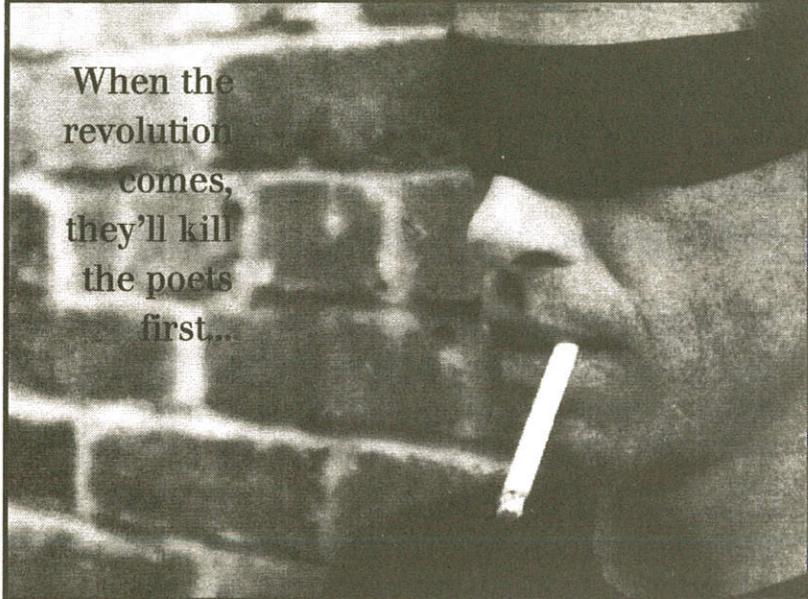
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Buch. E462 - 1866 Main Mall
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For complete contest guidelines, send a SASE to the above address, or visit our website (listed below).

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Send submissions to:

Last Poems Poetry Contest
subTerrain Magazine
P.O. Box 3008, Main Post Office
Vancouver BC V6B 3X5
email: subter@portal.ca
www.anvilpress.com

Deadline:

January 31st, 2002
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