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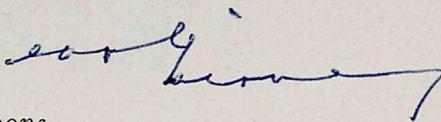
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## IN THIS ISSUE

we present a hitherto unpublished story by

*Malcolm Lowry*

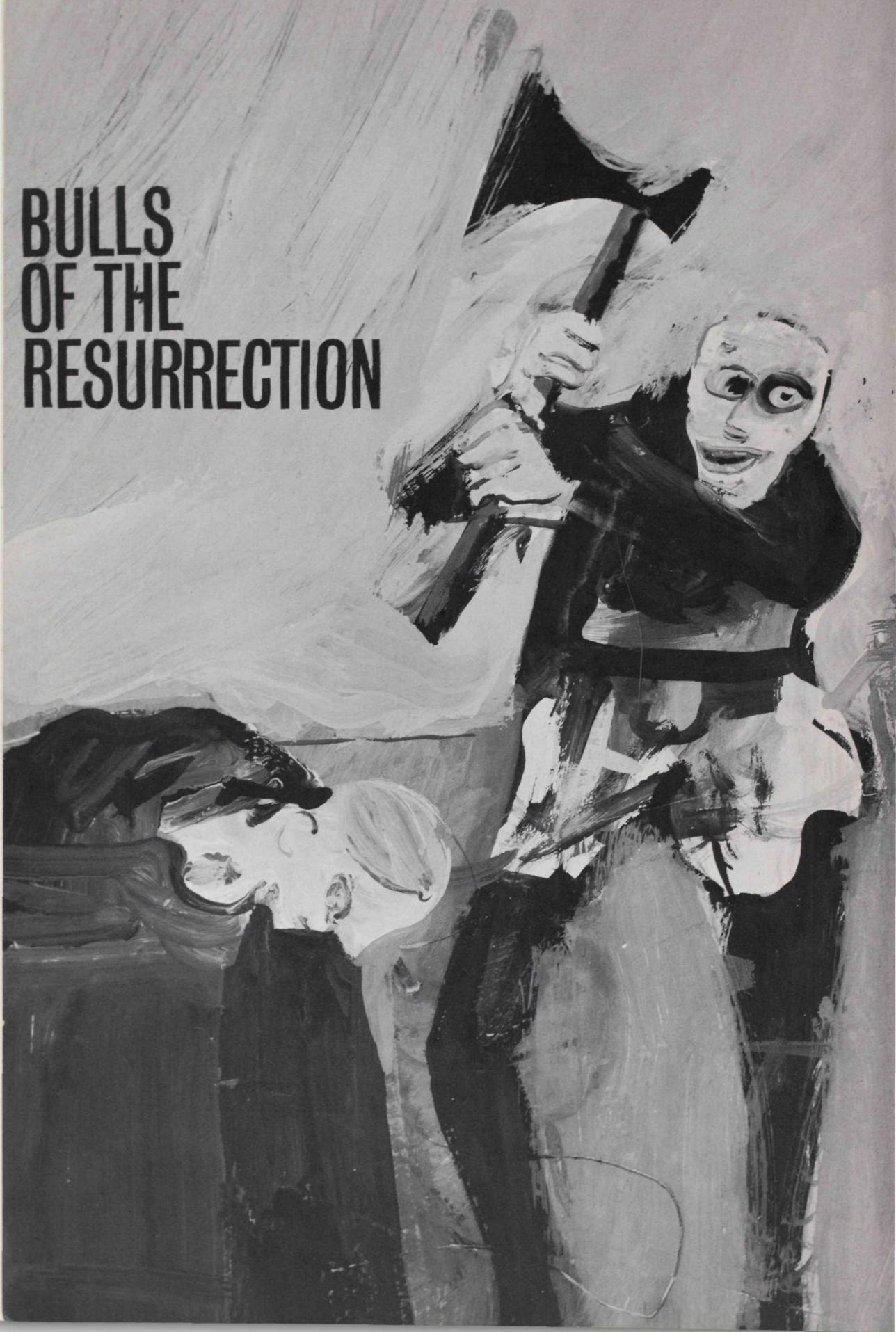
author of *Under the Volcano*

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*Bulls of the Resurrection*

a remarkable early story by one of the masters  
of fiction in our time

**BULLS  
OF THE  
RESURRECTION**



## MALCOLM LOWRY

IN THE CAFE FRAY DIEGO DE LION in Granada, two Cambridge undergraduates sat in silence. Although it was in the forenoon, the lights in the cafe were burning. There was thunder, and the morning was more than oppressive, it was overburdened; the clouds sagged heavily in folds upon the city while the two men within the cafe seemed bowed down beneath the weight of the day.

Two others, a man and a woman, were standing at the bar.

Sam and Rysdale sat watching each other, not moving a muscle. Now all their friendships had been crowded out, a queer jealousy hung in the air.

—They couldn't help it, it just happened, mocked Rysdale at last.

—Those were Terry's very words, said Sam. We couldn't help it, it just happened.

The drinks had steadied Sam's heart to a beat of even misery. Smith and Terry were now going out.

—We're thinking of going to another cafe, Smith called over as though he himself had been injured. Can we take you?

—No, said Sam.

—Join us later then.

—Bill and I are going to the bullfight after; do come, said Terry.

—There won't be one if it rains. Anyhow we're going to take the tram up to the pension.

—The Alhambra tram isn't running.

—All right. We'll walk.

—Why don't you chaps come for a ride, Terry said circling around.

—All right Terry, you go ahead then, with Smith, said Rysdale. Smith and Terry went out.

A minute later the car roared past the cafe and a flash of lightning rocketed after them. They heard Smith double-clutch down into third, then into bottom gear and at last change to neutral as he waited at the crossing, revving up the engine. Then the thunder came, shaking the cafe.

—I'm glad we're not in that car, Sam said. And I wish he hadn't stolen it from his mother.

—Poor lady. She'll find it a little difficult now. She'll have to walk about the Rock of Gibraltar.

—Well, the Barbary apes do it, said Sam.

—If they have a crash —

—If they have a crash they haven't got a hope. It's a death trap, that car. It's difficult enough to get in the damned thing, never mind get out.

—The burning of Judas!

—The villagers will gather the ashes, said Sam, and strew them on the fields.

—Well, it's Easter Monday. Salu! What time was the stone rolled away?

—So far as I'm concerned, it's still there. What a hell of a suggestion all this was anyhow on somebody's part. I feel something terrible's going to happen.

—Going to? Hasn't it happened?

—You mean the exam? You're right. It's as though our failure were already passed.

—I don't mean that. I'm certain the police are watching us. Do you think Smith really hit that peasant?

—You were asleep and I was nearly asleep. But I heard Terry trying to persuade him to stop, although it was all in a kind of nightmare.

—Can't we get rid of him?

—This wish is father to the accident. I know just as sure as I'm born. He'll crash that car.

—That worries me.

—Why should it? It's time we got rid of him anyhow. We've had enough of him. We've grown out of him. He's always led us. It's time he abdicated. He's beaten us out once too often.

—It's not Smith, it's Terry I'm worried about.

—Of course, of course. You're worried about her. So am I. Like hell. But we've had enough of him. After all it's a universal process. Take Alfonso, look how they bounced him. Not to say the Cyclops. You remember, 'They ate his mutton, drank his wine, and then they poked his eye out.' Similarly: Smith.

—Smith knew the Kaiser and he said he met Alfonso at the cafe de la Paix and told him he'd been visiting Wilhelm. How is the old boy, Alfonso asked.

—Exactly, how is he? Well, they'll kill themselves in that car. They won't be able to help it, it'll just happen.

—You really used to know him better than anyone else, Sam.

—We all sat at his feet. Well, here's to his damnation.

—Here's, said Rysdale.

They drank.

—Girls should never come on a showdown like this anyway, said Sam.

—Girls! Isn't Terry enough for you?

—He who hath all women hath no woman. He who hath one woman hath all women. At least that's what it says in the Alhambra. We can all be comrades together says Terry to us. Like hell we could. It happened so quickly because their minds move in little leaps. So she jumps away from me to Smith. She sees, what is perfectly true, that it is Smith who has asked us, Smith who has the money, a sweet-smelling Harris Tweed and a damned little secondary sexual characteristic of a car.

—Stolen from his mother.

—Stolen from his mother. And it is therefore Smith who is the desirable, the hardy, dominant male. She quite forgets it was I asked her. So now instead of Let's all go to the bullfight, it's Bill and I are going to the bullfight, are you coming? As though we were really intruders on the party instead of the instigators of it, so far as she is concerned. Soon it will be, My trip with Billy, Billy took me to Spain, and so on.

—Although Smith wrote to us, 'Why don't you all come down to Gibraltar and stay with us and read for the Tripos. As we planned years ago. And if you like, bring Terry along.'

—It's hopeless to try and repeat a moment of happy time.

—Hopeless. Above all, I don't think any of us need each other any more. Even Terry. I've worried about her long enough. The best thing to do is to crawl into some kind of grave, a cave, out of it all, out of all the mess, just lie down there and die.

—I was damned in love with Terry.

—I was too.

—I have been ever since I can remember. Ever since I met her in your digs.

—He took her behind our back.

—Strange what bitchery they're capable of. How they are enslaved by sex and yet still possess the freedom to let down every relationship. To tear your heart out by the roots. You beast indeed! Somehow I feel that's true. That there is something bestial about this, about you and me, about them.

—Now they will be paddling palms and pinching fingers, said Rysdale.

—Lord that we are slaves to such a vile control!

The two men sat in anger, the sweat slowly straining down their faces. There was another flash of lightning, and when the thunder followed it the gloom of the cafe seemed to deepen as though evening had passed into night. Rysdale took off his coat.

—We're being surrounded.

—I wonder what the bulls think of it, Sam said.

Rysdale leaned forward, resting his head on his hands. You know, I had a queer dream last night. I've been trying to remember it and now I have. It was about Smith. I dreamt he'd been beheaded.

—Beheaded ?

—Yes. It sounds crazy, doesn't it? But that's what happened. All of us were in Spain, reading as now, or supposed to be reading, for an exam. Only we were happy in this dream, happy and assured. So much so that Spain itself seemed to be changed, but not wholly changed, to Dartmoor where we were at school together. Where we had been comrades together and happy. Only the school buildings were not here.

—Just the prison?

—Yes, the prison. Only it was not like the prison or anything on earth. But somehow we were pupils there, inmates, whatever you like. There was a city there, Toledo it might have been. It was dark, although I could see. It was Spain, like the foothills of the Sierras, yet it was also Dartmoor where we had played as children.

—You mean, in some respects, like an El Greco canvas?

—No. Not like anything I know, but it's true there was that feeling of absoluteness and the figures I saw at first were attenuated, curious, fixed, as in a picture. But then others were animated.

—Of course. But you suggest it as being neither night nor day, as it is now in fact. Didn't you have a tremendous feeling that one part of this scene was absolute for all time and that in this respect it might resemble an El Greco you had seen?

—It was like El Greco gone mad. No, I'll tell you what it was like. It was as though a moving picture had been projected onto a Greco instead of onto a screen. There was this fixed, timeless, haunted background, but this was not part of what was going on, this was only the relief against which it could be seen, the means by which it became visible. That's what I meant to get at.

—And we participated?

—Yes. And we were happy. We had no restrictions of time. It did not exist. What corresponded to it expanded and diminished at

will like a concertina. To continue: it was dark, yet we could see. Yes —

Rysdale looked round the cafe. Yes, it was this kind of a light. But wild ponies eyes gleamed at us as from the blackness of the pit. Although these might have been burros.

—Was it then, in the sense, Dartmoor as we used to know it, with its cromlechs, stone circles and 'venville' crofters huts?

—Yes. And Smith was with us and was our leader, and although we were neither young nor old, he seemed even then to have some burden of experience of which we were envious and fearful. Then we seemed to lose him. One night we were standing together when suddenly we saw him being driven past us along the moor. It was a desert place and dark and Smith was being driven through this darkness like a beast, driven and beaten with sticks. We tried to help him but it was impossible to find out what it was all about. He had evidently shot someone and was being called upon by the men driving him, policemen they were, or officials of some sort, to reconstruct the crime. He was trying to explain himself but they wouldn't listen. He argued with them. You know the way he has. 'But my dear fellow, it was an accident.' But you shot all the same, they said. He admitted this much but it was pure accident if he had hit anyone, he said: he had let off the shot for no reason at all. Then they put an unloaded rifle in his hands. Show us how you did it, they said. I stood just like this, Smith said, and fired into the air. And he was made to stand up three or four times to show them how he had held the rifle. Then the men, their helmets gleaming and their eyes shining like animals, shouted at him and drove him away.

—And then?

—There isn't much more. Except that the next thing we knew we were all present at his execution which took place right here in Granada in the bullring, whether the old or the new I don't know. Not in the ring, in the empty amphitheatre. Smith was dressed in a black robe and the same man whipped him along. His hands were tied, his face was laced with blood, his eyes were shockingly blood-shot. Frequently he stumbled over the seats and fell and was brutally pulled up again: but he was brave and he sang as they whipped him on bleeding to the block which was in the President's box. Then his head was cut off. After that it is difficult to explain what happened. In the dream it was terrible, now it seems grotesque. His head rolled off the block and bounced down over the stone seats. Then it fell over the edge but came immediately rushing

along the runway out of the cave from which the bull is released. Animated in some extraordinary fashion it then rolled to the middle of the ring.

Rysdale stopped. The dream ended there, he said. Well, dog my cat.

—You've heard of thalavettiparothiam or the authority obtained by decapitation of course, said Sam. You ought to have been reading it up anyway. That probably suggested the dream to you, that together with the present psychological turmoil of our lives. But here's what is queer. I dreamt the precise complement of your dream. That's why I seemed to be apprehending you. I suppose it's not unnatural to dream of Dartmoor in the present mess we're in but nothing seems to explain this. I had precisely the same feeling as you — that we were on Dartmoor, that it might have been here, that it was neither night nor day. Only, in this dream, we seemed to have no individuality. We were shadows whirling together in the void of a nightmare. But I was able to be aware that something even more terrible was impending, could transcend this nightmare. Smith and you and I had all been together and then suddenly you and I were alone, standing by Cawsand Beacon. Around us stretched the dreary moors treacherous with bogs, their fields separated by the same odd gray graveyard stones. Yet the monolith was identified in my mind with Cleopatra's needle and the rest was patently Spain, the foothills of the Sierras. Burros, cacti and all. I don't know how to explain what I felt. I knew we were about to see *something* extraordinary which in some manner held the past and the present in its meaning, and yet I was aware all the while that this would be quite wrong. Omniscient in the dream, I knew in advance that this sacrifice would prove to have been incredibly altered by assumption, by imperfect memory and prejudice and the distortion of historians so as to have quite lost its meaning. In fact it was as though we were to witness the perfect misconception. And as we waited, the night deepened, took on the extraordinary mystical feeling of San Juan de la Cruz, almost of, you remember, 'E una noche oscura —' When suddenly all this was interrupted by the bitter actual, the anachronistic. I saw Terry, and at the same moment heard a shot far off. Terry was standing quite alone in a kind of copse, and as I watched her, not sure whether she wished to be recognized, she gasped, put her hand to her heart, and crumpled up. I hurried to her but she was stone dead, shot through the heart. Nobody was near for after the shot you seemed to have vanished. I ran off to get help. Once I looked around to see that

Terry had somehow got to her feet: once more she gasped, put her hand to her heart, died. I was going back to her when she again gained her feet and collapsed. Then I knew that unless I took action swiftly, Terry would be compelled for ever and ever to go on performing the fatuous dumbshow of her own death.

—What did you do?

—I ran down to the police station and told them that a woman had been shot on the moors.

—For God's sake, said Rysdale.

—Extraordinary, isn't it? Sam said.

When they left the cafe the storm had passed to westward. A shower had fallen unnoticed while they had been talking. In the north, the sky was clean, emptied of storm, which around them still invisibly gathered its forces. They saw the car parked a little further along and then Smith and Terry coming out of a cafe by the cathedral. Policemen in shining oilskins waited in the shadow of the cafe.

—There's not going to be a bullfight, Smith said.

—No, we're going up the Sierras, shouted Terry.

—Go ahead, said Rysdale. We're not coming with you.

—You beast, said Terry.

—Et tu Brute, Smith said.

A pool of water had gathered on the car's hood. They took the hood down. Sam and Rysdale walked on. A minute later the car passed them and then they were gone.

—Here's the tram after all, Rysdale said.

—It'll just happen, said Sam.

They went up to the Alhambra on the number seven tram with its single line, with its single bell banging continuously, gliding past cool taverns in the shadow, with dark barrels. Then they were in the blinding heat again. There seemed to have been no rain up there where the sun struck up once more from the white concrete. Burros nodded along patiently, a flock of goat-bells trilled down towards the Sierra Nevada tram stop, a knifegrinder's song hung in the noonday air.

In the distance the snowlight on the Sierra Nevadas themselves glittered: you could ski up there but Smith and Terry would not be skiing.

Rysdale shivered. Do you know what those dreams really meant?

—No, Sam said. But I know enough to be able to say, when it does happen, I told you so.

## AS HE WOULD DO

Unlucky whose voice is cracked  
And yet is big with song,  
Who cannot bring to birth  
Yet will not hush for long;

Cannot carry tune or note  
Nor speak a lyric through,  
Nor leave the harp alone,  
Nor play as he would do.

Dismal his nails' *dring drang*  
And verses in accord:  
His words not understood,  
His harping is ignored.

Unhappy whose hold is loosened  
Over music and speech,  
Unhappier yet who strives  
For laurels above his reach.

Were laurel my desire  
And I could not reach the crown  
I would hack the very root  
Nor care what the crash brought down!

From the Gaelic of Dunchadh mór Ó Leamhnach—15th century

Translated by PADRAIG Ó BRÓIN

A Uğdur So Donnica möp Ó leimnic

maizg duine do cill a žut,  
azuy 'žá žpud žpuc do žán,  
azuy nac pėsd žabául keó,  
azuy nac eól beic 'na cám.

Azuy nac žeinn cop ná porc,  
azuy nac žab žan loic laoid,  
azuy nac žguyr dá žpuc žinn,  
azuy nac žeinn mas ž ž misn.

ž maizg nac žguyr dá žpung žpung,  
azuy do-ní a žann do žó,  
azuy nac žhincerp a žpuc,  
azuy nac žurgčerp a žán.

'S maizg nac cabsay cós dá cėll,  
ž nac congšann é féin žán;  
ž maizg do-beir epes žo žuc  
šp šn mēš nac žuz a žán.

Dá mbeic mo misn anšpšn mēš,  
nac roicinn do žpess žo h-špó,  
do žesppšann šn epšnn fá žinn,  
žé bé nesc šps žguyr maizg.

## *Three Poems by D. G. Jones*

### THE PERISHING BIRD

The mind is not  
Its own place  
Except in Hell.

It must adjust, even  
When the place is known.

Only time  
Will tell the mind  
What to think,

What birds to place  
On what boughs:

The catbird  
Crying, "Me, me"  
In a dry, hot bush,

At night the owl  
Crying, "Who?"  
In a distant wood.

All else  
Is an infernal shade

Where family trees  
Gather their antique  
Nightingales

And the ill will  
Flowers in the leaves.

For Hell's the Lord's  
Bijouterie,  
A Byzantine world

Where the clock-work birds  
And the golden bees  
Eternally repeat

What the heart once felt,  
What the mind conceived.

For the mind in time  
Is a perishing bird,  
It sings and is still.

It comes and goes like the butterflies  
Who visit the hill.

The cries of the children come on the wind  
And are gone. The wild bees come,  
And the clouds.

And the mind is not  
A place at all,  
But a harmony of now,

The necessary angel, slapping  
Flies in its own sweat.

Cocking its head to the wind  
It cries,  
"Who me? Who me?"

And whatever the answer,  
It forgets.

It is radiant night  
Where time begets  
The sun, the flowers, Naniboozoo's gift —

Mosquitoes,  
Who disturb my sleep —  
And everything else.

## NOCTURNE: IN THE WAY OF A LOVE-SONG

Walls are not vanquished by darkness,

it is light  
makes them merely facades,

But the splash of a fountain echoes  
From the old stones.

The pavement  
Breathes, and a garden  
Breathes like a sleeper beyond it.

The lilies have closed,  
But the water still sways in the dark  
In the gaze (stone eyes in the darkness)  
Of the blind god.

For sight has turned back on its roots

to find eyes in the ramparts,  
antennae in stone:

The thief with his hands on the dresser,  
The lovers  
With their mouths in their hands —

Night leaves the sleepers exposed,  
and the unlit lamp by the bedside,  
and a girl

turning the cards in the shadow  
of a brown shade —

And the murderer knows  
That the thing which he lugs to the cellar  
cannot be hidden. Thunder

east of the city, the wind  
shakes the light in the leaves.

The dead are about us,  
Caesar unburied, and the voice of a mob  
Growing fainter. It fades.

The construction pots gutter.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow:  
In the anarchist laughter, in the grave  
Voices of gamblers, the taunts  
Of a young tough — in the wake

Of the penitent's prayers, in the path  
Of the sailing cathedral,  
Beyond the low cloud, the drift of the clover,  
More loud  
Than the roar of the powerhouse,

tomorrow prepares

all that there is —

with the lightning of cockcrow,  
all that there was.

And the lilies shall open their eyes  
in the glitter of sunlight.

Tomorrow. But now,  
In the rush of the wind, in the dark,  
when the surface is shaken,  
  
when the mirror is shaken,  
and towers, stars,  
all are a tremble of blossom,

The roots  
Are threading the darkness,

The fountain grows louder,  
  
and wherever you are in the rain  
and the gaunt spaces,  
asleep, or in trouble,

I am always your lover: Walls  
  
and the fences of time,  
or the night, but discover  
the world has been joined  
  
indivisible, everywhere, ever.

I stand on the cobbles and listen  
To the multitudinous voices.

In the silence of wind, in the endless  
City of silence, we are together.

### A PLACE FOR "P"

I have nothing to give you but a place to stand.  
I will be nature and uncritical.  
You may walk in me and be alone.

You may whistle and observe my birds,  
Or think your thoughts and never hear the wind.  
You may be naked there and unperturbed.

I may have seasons that are much too cold,  
Too variable, too raw. You may prefer  
An invitation to a furnished room.

I may disappear. I may become  
The empty field in which the winds roam.  
The dead are also standing ground.

I am an air you breathe, a quiet grove  
Where all your skeletons may be exposed  
Like sticks and stones, and left behind.

I am the light where you find shadows,  
I am the night in which you shine.  
To your extension I am time.

I am resigned to be your nothing, suffering  
All careers and exercise.  
I am the paper for your poem, as you are mine.

## LA VITTIMA

Il bianco agnello che sul verde prato  
pascola, è in parte il mio dolce fratello,  
che il suo destin egli non sa, coltello  
non vede sul suo collo alto levato.

Io nulla ignoro, e prego anzi che il Fato  
in me s'adempia, desidero quello  
per cui la faccia tu ti veli: è bello  
aver le mani nei ceppi; frustato

non piangi, anche il morir t'è meno amaro  
che ti spia fra le nubi il Dio in cui credi,  
e il tuo sangue di rose il terren stampa.

In me tu vedi un giovanetto, caro  
ai tuoi sogni di bimbo: Isacco vedi,  
ma senza il braccio d'Iddio che lo campa.

UMBERTO SABA

## THE VICTIM

The white lamb grazing on the green  
field, is partly my own sweet brother,  
ignorant of his fate, not seeing  
the knife hanging over his head.  
I ignore nothing, instead pray that Fate  
will be fulfilled in me, wishing for  
that from which you screen your face; how good  
to keep one's hands in fetters; when beaten  
one does not cry, even dying is less bitter  
when the God you believe in spies on you from above,  
your blood spilling roses on the ground.  
In me you see a youth, dear  
to your childish dreams: you see Isaac  
but without God's arm saving him.

Translated from the Italian of Saba  
by DORA PETTINELLA

## *Two Poems by David Wevill*

### UNIVERSE WITHOUT DEITY

Know me by the nature of sand  
In its tiniest grains: the flash and glitter  
Of particles, societies, brilliant with their own light.

Each grain magnifies the sun  
By concealing itself. Each cache is on fire with what  
It hides: is crystal, the unbroken nucleus —

And turned a thousand ways  
Will show a thousand faces: sawdust  
Even, in its ground finery under a craning lamp.

When I am sleepless,  
I move among this litter of stars and faces.  
It is no dream, but that we shall wake

Shrunken, so, and be born  
Ant-lights in the sand, sea-phosphorus, naked  
Water-drop our ocean and our world.

Fantastic you are  
In that sleep you will never achieve,  
More alive than the living, lit, yet without a centre.

## THE CLOWN WITH A RUBBER HEAD

The clown with a rubber head  
Eats grass as Africa melts lions. Everything vanishes  
Down his gorge, swollen to take  
The tightest-packed removal van or a London bus.

He is capable of anything.  
But she, the pretty marionette, in her toy skirts  
A vision of hidden matchsticks, sent him packing.  
What could he do but cry and cry and cry?

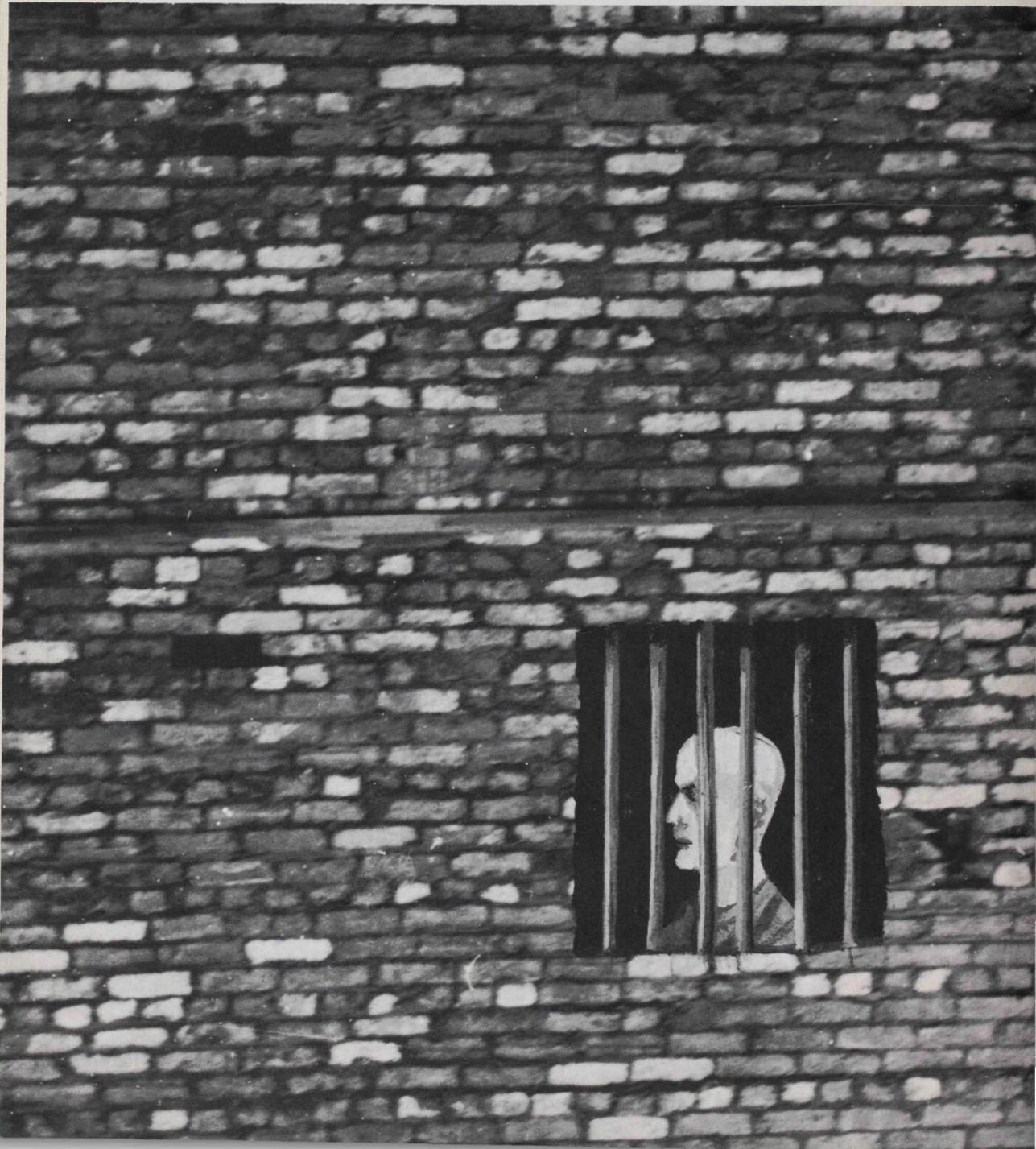
O he could do worse —  
With a sudden rubber swelling of his capricious head  
He swallowed her down. Nobody thought  
He'd have the nerve; but they failed

To appreciate the nature of  
A rubber head. Now, with a delicate pencilled sneer  
Her manager, with marionettes on all his fingers, jams  
A hand in the clown's gaping burst-tyre mouth —

He strikes match after match  
In that rubbery hole: hoping  
By accident, by conflagration, by setting her still undigest-  
ed bones alight, to save the show, his soul, the world,

The rubber industry.

COUNTY JAIL, JUNE 2, 1964



## SAM EISENSTEIN

EVERYTHING CAN BE HOSED OFF: nothing touches the floor.

Murderers are better risks as trustees than bad-check passers. The murderer has passion, is human.

All clothes are taken from the prisoner and put on electronic hangers. Dial the number and the clothes swing round to the checker.

Most prisoners have committed crimes against the society's "things."

Musak implores the prisoner to come on down and "buy a Dodge Dart."

Guards and prisoners are indistinguishable except for the clothes. The prisoner's main punishment is being stripped of "things."

No visible passion: one is invisible, looked through.

The prisoners know all about the visitor, but they show nothing in their eyes.

Passive resistance comes from their knowing, but showing nothing: the grape-vine is omniscient. The cell-blocks are porous.

The election returns, the primaries, come through the T.V. outlets in every day-room. Without the sound, the reporters and the politicians being interviewed make a charade of vital importance: you be the statesman, I'll be the reporter, you be the prisoner, I'll be the jailor.

Unzip any head and exchange it and there will be no difference.

The guards too are locked into their cages, dialing the controls, keeping the prisoners moving, flowing down the yellow, red, and white lined corridors.

80% return; jail is the only real "thing," a destiny. The jail is the only institution that really cares enough to lock them up, to attend to them.

Perverse individuation as the personal is stripped away and assigned a number; the body is deloused and the good, hot meals are served to the bodies.

Some run against the steel doors; they pound against the steel. One prisoner ripped a steel door off its hinges.

The best brains in the society devised, in all ingenuity, this compression, cataloging and coagulating its frayed edges, tidying up its preserves, reducing to homogeneous rubble these awkward ones who could not learn to play the correct game of "things," the child's game that continues in earnest through these doors.

War games — the best. Prisons — the best. A medal to those who kill in the war games.

The guards engaged not in blood sports of passion, but dialing the electronic controls opening and closing the cell blocks. The guards are locked up too.

A trustee plays "Nearer my God to Thee" on the electric organ in the chapel with the observation windows and gun-slits.

Immense refrigerators in the kitchens, holding gutted sides of beef and every kind of vegetable.

Special diets in deep freeze, adjoining chambers for cadavers.

A special place for the "hi-po's," — those condemned to die.

The pimps and the intercourse through the bars.

A conscientious objector, a homosexual, a transvestite — the whole cell block in an uproar.

Five cent stamps and telephone calls borrowed from fellow prisoners must be paid off in service, like circulating libraries and fines.

And the functional shining beauty of shower stall kiosks, spraying from five heads, and hot air afterwards, to dry the bodies off.

Differential air-conditioning — in the kitchens and in the conference rooms for the sheriff.

An alarm system sensitive to the dropping of a leaf.

A woman visitor, overdressed, carrying *Gone with the Wind*, sitting at the functional glass talking (windows over two-way radio), to her man.

Other women, with babies, talking to the trustees.

In the line-up room, the intricate controls that can simulate any kind of lighting or weather conditions. Lightning and heavy rain come over the loudspeaker, and lines on the wall indicate the height of a man in inches.

Special treatment for tubercular or syphilitic prisoners and for former policemen or warders — these last would die in a minute if they were in the regular cell blocks.

And five days off every month if a prisoner works.

There is nothing to abandon, those who enter here.

## Two Poems by Alden Nowlan

### THE SCEPTIC

"I know I'm ugly,  
but please don't taunt me."

She presses both hands  
against my mouth:  
"You talk too much."

In a moment  
we will quarrel  
and all because I told her  
that she is beautiful.

### DOWN SHORE

Since I am a man and never wholly removed from man's echo  
and reflection,  
I hear the sea marching against the continent, the pained  
laughter of gulls —  
the boulders, hairy with seaweed, are the humps of slain  
mammoths —  
a tale for children untouched by violence who smile in their  
sleep when they dream of war.

My young son, laughing at the tide and his mother's fears,  
the waves like great dogs hurling themselves against him,  
beating their wet forepaws against his chest;  
and my wife, salt spray in her hair, still as the gulls  
who stand motionless for what seems like hours,  
time falling around them like the shadow  
of a single cloud crossing the sun —  
fancies of a man never at peace with the inhuman:  
heir of Greeks and Jews whose gods were men and conquerors:  
The Son of Man ate honey and fish:  
*I, a man, have tamed even death.*

XXIX

(from *MANNEN UTAN VÄG*)

långt ute i oceanen gungar Medusas huvud  
med grånade ormar och mastkorg av evig sorg

vi minns det vi känner igen våra bröders blod  
deras svepning i kvinnors brinnande gråt

deras borttappade ögon i dödens tiggande hand  
vi känner igen det vi vet och vi väntar

väntar på befrielsens vingslag över vårt huvud  
på förnedringens slut och vårt eget liv —

o virvelvind av hat som sliter upp vårt bröst  
genomborra oss med liv när vi måste blöda

lyft oss som en trofé i din flykt mot solen  
rista oss en blodörn med skymningens spjut

ty djupt i vårt bröst bor Medusas huvud  
med grånade ormar och tårar av stenad sorg

ERIK LINDEGREN

(FROM) MAN WITHOUT A ROAD

far out in the ocean rocks Medusa's head  
with greying snakes and mast of eternal sorrow

we remember, we recognize our brothers' blood  
their shroud in the burning sobbing of women

their drained-away eyes in death's begging hand  
we recognize that, we know and we wait

wait for liberation's wing-beat over our heads  
for humiliation's end and our own lives —

o whirlwind of hate that tears up our breasts  
pierce us with life when we must bleed

lift us like a trophy in your flight towards the sun  
cut us a spread eagle with the spear of twilight

for deep in our breasts dwells Medusa's head  
with greying snakes and tears of stoned sorrow

Translated from the Swedish of Lindegren  
by RONALD BATES

## *Two Poems by Margaret Atwood*

### THE EXPLORERS

The explorers will come  
in several minutes  
and find this island.

(It is a stunted island,  
rocky, with room  
for only a few trees, a thin  
layer of soil; hardly  
bigger than a bed.  
That is how  
they've missed it  
until now)

Already their boats draw near,  
their flags flutter,  
their oars push at the water.

They will be jubilant  
and shout, at finding  
that there was something  
they had not found before,

although this island will afford  
not much more than a foothold:  
little to explore;

but they will be surprised

(we can't see them yet;  
we know they must be  
coming, because they always come  
several minutes too late)

(they won't be able  
to tell how long  
we were cast away, or why,

or, from these  
gnawed bones,  
which was the survivor)

at the two skeletons

## THE SETTLERS

A second after  
the first boat touched the shore,  
there was a quick skirmish  
brief as a twinge  
and then the land was settled

(of course there was really  
no shore: the water turned  
to land by having  
objects in it: caught and kept  
from surge, made  
less than immense  
by networks of  
roads and grids of fences)

and as for us, who drifted  
picked by the sharks  
during so many bluegreen  
centuries before they came:  
they found us  
inland, stranded  
on a ridge of bedrock,  
defining our own island.

From our inarticulate  
skeleton (so  
intermixed, one  
carcass),  
they postulated wolves.

They dug us down  
into the solid granite  
where our bones grew flesh again,  
came up trees and  
grass.

Still  
we are the salt  
seas that uphold these lands.

Now horses graze  
inside this fence of ribs, and

children run, with green  
smiles, (not knowing  
where) across  
the fields of our open hands.

## *Three Poems by R. G. Everson*

### THE STORM

Last night, waves came up higher than in years,  
scraping deeper. The storm threw foulness  
over breakwaters along our lawns.

I had not known ocean so vile;  
neap tide never exposed these horrors.  
This night of shouting passion opened  
unimagined insights.

I glance at neighbours while we rake our lawns.

I am unsure  
even in my own self — what bigotry?  
what cruel lust?  
Perversion, anyone? how are you fixed?

We smooth our lawns quickly.

## I HAVE A DEATH INSIDE ME

Having embraced life,  
I have a death inside me.

And I have heard death humming to herself  
softly in my ears.

You are aware of remote peerings  
from the small tower of your friend's face;  
more than her own eyes stare out.

The sleeper on this bed — what tweaks her nose?  
what tosses up her fingers  
in kicking legs of a hanged girl?

## UNDER NOVA SCOTIA

All art depends on  
how far down are the deeps  
from where you draw.

That day at Parrsboro  
the tide fell sixty feet.  
I peered up at the town  
towering above me on long poles.

Underneath, in brown kelp where billows  
had gone ten fathoms over the land,  
I felt small ocean creatures stir.

I saw the fiddler crabs  
running sidewise.  
Irrationals of my nature  
reached into theirs.

৭৭. বৈদান্তিক

প্রকাণ্ড বন প্রকাণ্ড গাছ,—  
বেরিয়া এলেই নেই ।  
ভিতরে কত লক্ষ কথা, পাতা পাতায়, শাখা শাখায়  
সবুজ অন্ধকার ;  
জোনাকি কীট, পাখি পালক, পেঁচার চোখ, বটের ঝুরি,  
ভিতরে কত আরো গভীরে জন্তু চলে, হলদে পথ,  
তীব্র ঝরে জ্যোৎস্না-হিম বুক-চিরিয়ে,  
কী প্রকাণ্ড মেঘের ঝড় বৃষ্টি সেই আরণ্যক—  
বেরিয়া এলেই নেই ।  
ভিতরে কত মিষ্টি ফল, তীক্ষ্ণ স্বাদ ফুলের তীর,  
ইচ্ছে ভরা বুনো আঙুর, জামের শাঁস,  
ভিতরে কত দ্রুতের ভয়, কখনো বেলা সময়হীন—  
বেরিয়া এলেই নেই ।  
চক্রবাল চোখে রেখেই বাহিরে চাই,  
গাঁয়ের ঘোঁয়া একটু রেখা সন্ধ্যা হ'লে,  
অনাসক্ত নদীর জলে সিক্ত মাটি  
বিনা চাষের বুনো ধানের গুচ্ছে রয়,  
এখানে সবই বিরলতার ।

বুকের মধ্যে বাড়ি যাবার

খুঁজে পাবার এখনো কোনো চিহ্ন নেই ;

দৃষ্টি আছে ॥

## THE VEDANTIST

AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

Vast the forest, giant the trees —  
Once you are out, all gone.  
Inside, a million whispers — branches, leaves,  
Darkness greenly intertwined;  
Birds and featherwool,  
Glow-worms and glowing eyes of owls,  
Twisted roots of the banyan;  
Inside, the deeper far, the yellow trail of beasts,  
The rage of frosty moonlight piercing through,  
And huge the storm and forest-rain —  
But once you are out, all gone.  
Inside, the lush ripe fruits, the vine with  
    longing swollen,  
Flesh of berries, tang of arrowy flowers,  
And terror of swiftfoot, an hour sudden and timeless —  
Once you are out, all gone.  
Outward I look, the horizon in my eyes,  
Evenings with streak of village smoke,  
Unconcerned rivers moistening the earth  
Where sprouts wild rice untended ,  
And all belongs to the far apart.  
    In my heart not yet a hint,  
    No sign of finding, coming home;  
    But Sight is here.

Translated from the Bengali  
by BUDDHADEVA BOSE

## THE CRUMBLING WALL

A crumbling wall  
is a good thing,

it saves a city,  
this kind of city,

pushing itself north  
wall against new wall.

The foundation  
is crumbling, that

is the only way  
a community can build.

Let the bricks  
fall out. A broken

wall is a thing of  
beauty, for a certain

time. Joy does not  
last forever. It

requires change, it  
must crumble to remain.

GEORGE BOWERING

## POEM

All day long the rain squalled down with punitive force  
driving the window panes  
slashing the deutzia  
shredding its flowers

on the feeding tray the little birds sat  
with their necks drawn in  
and their feathers ruffed

disconsolate too I roamed through the house  
opening cupboards  
and I crushed a small moth  
in my miserable fingers. . . .

Later, towards evening, the clouds broke  
and the sun came out  
suddenly  
everything shone everything glistened

even the horns of the snail who made his black way  
to my petunias  
and I restrained my hand  
though I had on my gardening gloves  
and carried my scissors.

ELIZABETH GOURLAY



# THE MINUTEMAN

ROBERT O. BOWEN

A HALF MILE BEYOND the crest of the ridge, Dave Haddon turned the green Jeep station wagon down the tote road and crossed the meadow into the pines beyond. The grassy crown of the road was too high for anything but a Jeep or pickup, and as he followed the wheel ruts, he watched for tire tracks. Pine branches swiped against the windshield, and just below the first steep downgrade, he cut out between the pines to pass a downed tree that blocked the road.

The road ended in a clearing where Dave backed the station wagon out of sight between two trees. He climbed out, pocketed the keys, and closed the door soundlessly. He was a deer hunter, but standing under the trees in army boots and fatigues and field jacket, he looked like a soldier. He lacked only the helmet. His hair was cropped close, his face drawn and the lips thin. His eyes moved constantly as though he were the hunted and not the hunter.

In a moment he went around to open the back of the station wagon, moving in the sudden and determined rush that often startles visitors to mental hospitals. Dave Haddon was not legally insane, but a board of Army psychiatrists had ruled him unfit for further military service because of recurrent paranoid delusions. As for the mental hospital, the last six months of his three service years were spent in what he vaguely called "the hospital." In Korea he'd been wounded in the back by a shell fragment, and the Purple Heart that went with the scar concealed his hospital time effectively. Not even his wife knew he'd been Section-Eight out of the Army.

He opened the back of the station wagon and pulled out a military pistol belt, hung on the left with three ammo pouches and on the right with a Marine fighting knife. He snapped the belt on and then shrugged into a cotton camouflage parka. Still moving in the same methodical steadiness, he slipped his rifle out of the blanket

padded around it on the floor. The rifle was not a sporter model, but the Garand M1 the Army had used in World War II and in Korea, a blunt, tough, rapid-fire tool more than a hunter's weapon. The M1 was still fitted with military iron sights and a worn sling.

Dave threw the rifle up to his shoulder and aimed at a tree downhill and held steady. The wood of the stock against his cheek and the worn blueing of the barrel made him stronger, safer. He smiled tight-lipped as he brought the piece down and pulled the charging lever back and crammed a clip of cartridges into the magazine.

Now, he thought, now by God! The thought didn't apply to anything beyond the vague feeling of power that always stiffened him when he handled a gun for a few minutes alone, whether it was in his basement workshop or out here in the woods. With a loaded rifle, the feeling was better. He held the rifle ready across his chest and started downhill on the brown bed of pine needles under the trees.

Ten minutes later he came out at the bottom of the stand of pine, where the trees thinned abruptly and the grass began. At the last big pine, he stopped motionless, his camouflage parka blending him against the mottled trunks and clumped grass. To the right a laurel thicket spread down the slope to the foot of the mountain half a mile below. On the left only grass grew, burnt yellow now in the fall and broken by islands of crumbled rock. Far below, the valley floor ran flat for miles to the mountains beyond. Scattered clusters of ranch buildings and dark trees lay out in the farmed fields, tiny and still, the nearest a mile out.

Uh huh, Dave thought, nobody at the ranch could spot him even with glasses, so long as he stayed in the cover of the pines. The M1, the camouflage parka, and the still, dry air of the mountain all brought that wandering dark land he dreamed of into focus so that instead of hoping for an antlered buck to come bounding up out of the laurels, he waited for the silhouette of a man's head and shoulders to rise silently, cautiously under the front sight of the M1.

For ten years inside himself Dave Haddon had lived with a dream in a land of sudden bursts of gunfire and knife thrusts out of the dark. It was the land of his madness, and he loved it like an exile. But he was still in the real world, on an ordinary California mountain, and that dark land which he conjured up whenever he was alone never fell altogether into focus with the real world. A piece here and there matched, but never the whole landscape.

He cradled the M1 over his arm and peeled his cuff back to see

his watch — 7:40. Time to check with his partner down below where he'd dropped him before coming up over the ridge with the Jeep. They were hunting in a pair, driving. Dave took the stand at the edge of the pines, under cover, and his partner drove the deer up through the laurels to his gun. Next time they'd swap parts. In bush like the thick growth of laurels, driving was the only way to take any game.

Dave slipped from tree to tree downhill thirty or forty paces until he could make out over the curve of the slope the clearing where his partner waited 500 feet below and well off to the right. In the middle of the clearing he spotted Barker's red wool hunting coat immediately. He waved, and Barker raised his rifle and fired a single shot to signal the beginning of the drive. Before the noise stopped rattling the slope, he went into the bush below at a run.

For a minute Dave watched the edge of the clearing where Barker had disappeared. Then he moved farther back among the pines, stepping in that tense gait of his, flat-footed, silent, straight-backed. About fifty feet in he found what he wanted, a natural hollow behind a tree. The hollow was protected at the front, the downhill side, by a heavy root, and pine needles cushioned the bottom.

Dave took a position, working his hip around comfortably and laying the M1 ready over the root. An aisle for a clear shot ran from his tree down to the laurels where the deer trail came out. To the left and right the trees blocked his field of fire, but he needed only the one clean shot, and at fifty feet no one could miss. He had only to wait for Barker.

Barker'd be halfway up the slope by now, he figured. After they'd closed the office Tuesday, they'd timed Barker climbing the deer trail through the laurels, and he'd made the 500-foot elevation in twenty-five minutes. For a stocky man, he moved uphill fast. He was in military condition, and that had nagged all of Dave's suspicious nature. No matter how anyone else toted up the evidence, to Dave a leftover from World War II who climbed like Barker was under a combat training schedule. Ten minutes of push-ups before breakfast in a rooming house wouldn't toughen a man like that, not a bookkeeper. This man who called himself Barker had to be an agent, and the only assignment he could have in Norstadt's Grading and Paving office was Dave.

He could be CIA or FBI or even a straight Communist operator. The particular outfit didn't matter to Dave because he'd been convinced for a long time that any information one of them got filtered through to the others. They all wanted information about guys like

Dave who were organized and committed to defending the nation with weapons. They wanted all the names and equipment caches so the Communist take-over would go smoothly. The conspiracy was one of the parts of the real world that fitted Dave's other vision like a cartridge chambered in a rifle — definite and hard and certain.

One morning a month ago Barker drifted into Norstadt Grading and Paving, where Dave was bookkeeper and dispatcher. About 9:30 it was, and the vehicles were just getting lined up for the day. The office was L-shaped, just big enough for the files and two desks and a big blueprint table. At the back the Boss's tiny cubicle was no bigger than the washroom next door.

Dave was dispatching on the two-way radio when Barker came in, and he let him stand a minute, swinging around in the swivel chair to get a look at him. He took him for an engineer. About 5'10", flat across the middle, crew cut, and wearing an outdoor face. German or maybe English. A good open face.

Dave flipped the radio off. "What can I do for you?"

"Name's Barker," he put his hand out to Dave, "Phil Barker. Looking for Mike Garvin."

The phone rang, and Dave said, "In there," to Barker before he grabbed it. Barker squeezed behind him and pushed the Boss's door open. Half an hour later he came out with the Boss's hand on his shoulder.

"Dave!" the Boss always hollered like a football coach. "Make out a time card on old Phil here. He's gonna be your help for a while."

That was the beginning. When Dave tried to construct how that introduction had gone, he couldn't get the details in focus. The phone had been ringing again or the radio squawked. Only one thing stuck with him. He'd been sure from the casual way Barker said, "Looking for Mike Garvin" that he knew the Boss. A job hunter would say "Mr. Garvin." Dave figured the two of them had been in the Air Force together. Why else would the Boss have called him "old Phil"?

If they knew each other, there was a reason, and Dave was the reason himself. He'd leaned back more than once at the desk to light a cigarette and think something out and caught the Boss watching him through his half-open door, cold as a butcher eyeing a beef. He'd probably been reporting on him for months through the Air Force Reserve Intelligence.

People always said Dave was suspicious because he figured things out. Ever since he'd been a kid and they'd tagged him as some kind

of nut, they'd been the same. "Psychopathic personality" the case worker said the time he broke into the school and wrote on the blackboards. They'd always been down on him. After two years the Army Section-Eightened him because he'd spotted a chaplain's clerk as a Communist. They'd given him the whole treatment, hydro therapy and sitting on his tail in a psycho ward for three months with real nuts, all of it, until he got shrewd enough to tell he'd made a mistake. A little show of remorse, a little halting embarrassment, and they'd let him go.

But inside him nothing had changed. Dave Haddon knew as well today as ever who his enemy was. They were all his enemy, all of them. He couldn't be sure which were actual Communists and which just went along, but when one of them was around, the same dark fear grabbed him, and he wanted a weapon and a place to hide, to get his back against something he could fight from. The time for weapons was still in the future, though, and his usefulness in the movement was to stay close to Barker and report his movements and contacts.

Back in the pines, Dave turned his head slowly and studied the open grass slope to the south, below his position, where the mountain ran out in view and then fell to gullies and shouldered down out of sight. Way across the flat valley, five miles away in the foothills, light flashed from what had to be a windshield. Funny how light showed so far when you couldn't see the thing it reflected from.

Something about Phil Barker was like that flashing light. Dave couldn't see exactly what it came from, but he knew what it had to be. Barker didn't come to Santa Clara by accident, and he wasn't a part-time bookkeeper. Dave had learned about guys like him in the news-letter that came every month in a plain wrapper, along with the training schedule and the lists of active subversives. He had learned to use agents like Barker, too, and when he got close to him, he'd feed him information rigged by the experts back at Headquarters in Missouri.

Barker's first night in town, he telephoned Dave after supper and dragged him over to the Legion Hall for a couple of beers. They'd parked Barker's Mercury and crossed under the cottonwoods and into the rambling porch. The place used to be an old ranchhouse. Inside Barker headed past the bar for a booth and called for a couple of beers. Right away he got to something. Dave didn't know whether it was a sales pitch or a test of his reaction. Either way, it was a probe.

"Selling these Porta Power units," Barker leaned over the table

in his tee shirt, his arms thick-muscled like a soldier's. "It's a little generator attaches right onto the spindle for the fanbelt, and it runs 115 volts like a house. You can run a table saw and a television and a pump on it at the same time, just idling your car. A perfect set-up for a guy out in the bush."

"What's a thing like that cost?" Dave had said.

"What I could get," Barker laughed. "\$150 usually." He held his eye on Dave across the table as he drank his beer. "I peddled a fortune in them things to the Minutemen down in Orange County — you know, around Laguna, around there."

Dave drank his beer and said nothing. There hadn't been any special emphasis on *Minutemen*.

"Man," Barker leaned on his elbows, "them Minutemen really go in for the gear."

"Yeah," Dave said, noncommittal. The pattern was coming through, but it was too early to tell yet whether Barker was sent to get information by probing or whether he'd been sent to infiltrate the outfit through Dave.

After an hour at the Legion Bar, Barker hauled Dave over to his apartment in San Jose and showed him an M1 carbine he claimed he'd got from a Minuteman on a swap. Dave sprawled in a basket chair with a steel frame and let his fingers just touch the glass of scotch and water Barker'd made him, on the floor beside the chair. They always tried to get you drunk so you'd talk, but he could spot that. The only stuff that looked like Barker's in the place was a suitcase thrown open on the floor in the bedroom and a portable Olivetti typewriter on the table in the corner. The typewriter would be for his reports, of course. Probably there was a tape recorder turning somewhere, too, taking down anything Dave said.

Dave felt the meaning of each bit like a darkness, a filling out of that dark land he dreamed of. Sometimes, as in Barker's apartment that night, the conspiracy came into focus clearly to him, and then he came bright alive as a fencer, parrying their questions, even throwing questions of his own, toying with them.

"Yeah," he brought his scotch and water up. "You was making a bundle with the generators off them patriots. How come you quit and came to work for old Norstadt Grading and Paving?"

From the couch, Barker looked at him soberly. "Saturated the territory," he said in a minute. "That's half talk anyway, that patriot crap. There ain't that many of them people buying."

He watched Dave as he said it, but Dave didn't follow as though



it'd been a lead. There was no telling how much espionage training Barker might have, and only a detail or two might be all they needed from some careless talk.

"Drink up," Barker went into the bedroom, pulling off his tee shirt. "Let's hit that pool out there and cool off."

It was 10:00 o'clock and time to get on home, and Dave did, but he didn't miss any of the probing Barker had done, that talk about how many Minutemen there were, and the leading with that M1 carbine. Maybe he thought Dave would take him to test the carbine where his Minuteman group trained.

Dave was a watcher, not a talker. He knew what the mental health people had lined up for the guys who talked. A few questions that put some part of the apparatus in the bright light, even in maybe just a neighborhood, and the boys with the white jackets were after you, and off you went for the electric shock treatment. They erased part of your tape, you could say, and you didn't bother people after you got out. *Paranoid* they called you. The word had always enraged Dave, abruptly and thoroughly. They already had hundreds, maybe thousands, of people locked up. If you saw what the apparatus was doing in the schools and the government, you were paranoid. It didn't really matter whether you could prove there was a conspiracy. If you fingered a part of the conspiracy, you were very likely to go out of circulation.

Dave figured that even his wife, Kay, was a victim of the apparatus. The terrible part of the whole thing to him was that people got sucked in so young and so completely, especially in California. They couldn't see the organization when you pointed it out to them. They'd been brainwashed, and where Dave saw clear connections, distinct points, they saw nothing at all. Life was too easy for them. What did a girl like Kay know about Communists? She had the house and two bathrooms and a patio and all that Modern Colonial maple furniture. She'd never been anywhere else, and everything she had, she took for granted. What they told her on the television or in the paper was the same to her as the Bible. She never questioned anything.

Just before Castro came out in the open, Kay showed up at Christmas with a box of UNESCO Christmas cards. They had a date on them and arty pictures from museums, but they weren't Christmas cards. They were One-Worlder propaganda that didn't have anything to do with Christmas.

Dave walked into the dining room, where she was addressing envelopes. "Kay." He held the card in his hand. "You know the

Communists make these UNESCO cards? They use the dough from these cards to buy stuff for that Castro in Cuba. You know that?"

She looked up from the table. Blue eyes, her hair brushed, and another new sweater. She was nice, and he loved her, but he could never get her to see how things really were.

"Look," he began to say.

"Oh, honey, I'm sure they wouldn't do that," and she smiled.

She was being patient with him. They were always patient with him. The Boss turned him off that way sometimes.

"Honey," Kay said, "I bought them from the McClarren boy up the street, for the new PTA furniture. You remember?"

"Yeah," Dave shrugged. "It was something I heard. Well, I gotta do some work downstairs."

He touched her shoulder, and she smiled again, and he went out through the kitchen. No sense to leave her in a mood she'd remember. She could talk too.

In the basement he closed his workshop door behind him and flipped the light on. On the bench the table lamp he'd been building from an artillery shell casing was scattered around. The base was the big brass casing, and he was circling it with empty rifle cartridge cases, soldering each one separately. Kay probably thought that was a six-month job, as he'd told her. Once she'd come down, but he'd heard her on the stairs, and before she got in the door, he'd thrown a newspaper over his work and was fiddling with the lamp again. That satisfied her.

Under the end of the bench, some two-by-four ends were piled on a footlocker. He lifted the two-by-fours off the footlocker very quietly so Kay couldn't hear him upstairs. Even though she hated to move things and wouldn't poke under the wood to get into the footlocker, he wanted no noises for her to remember if she were ever questioned about what gear he had around, exactly what he did down there.

He lifted the locker clear of the bench, still in that stolid way that was odd in a wiry man, and set it down in the light. He reached the key out from the nail under the back of the bench and opened the locker and got out the infrared sniper scope and began to assemble it. With the infrared glasses on and spotting with the beam, a man made a brilliant target for you a city block away on the darkest night. To Dave, this was the greatest piece of equipment they had. They'd gone to a lot of trouble to get the damned scope without any names being on a bill of sale that could trace it, and

he wasn't going to have Kay blab about it to her PTA neighbors. If they had taught him one thing, it was that you couldn't trust anybody. One day they would move in the open, but in this phase of the war, the most important thing was to watch and not give your position away by any sudden action.

On the deer stand, waiting for Barker to drive up through the laurels, Dave narrowed his eyes, remembering the sniper scope. It was stashed safe enough now, where Kay or nobody else would stumble on it. Only the guys in his squad knew where it was and of them only the specialists. Three men, himself and two just like him. They kept fresh batteries for the outfit in the cache, and they'd make a couple of trial runs on deer with it last fall on moonless nights. Dave rubbed the heel of his hand on the stock of his M1. One day they'd be spotting something more important than deer, and he had the patience to wait. He never boasted. He didn't flag-wave to strangers, and as far as Kay knew, the hunt club he went off to was just his weekend beer bust.

The motto was plain enough: "Words won't win. Action will." But the Minutemen weren't stupid, and they knew the time of direct action hadn't come. Now the mission was to trace every step in every link of the conspiracy, and if Dave was Barker's mission in this greasy war, then Barker was Dave's mission, too. Dave would be his hunting partner and drink his scotch or go any other route he had to because whatever he was, he wasn't a quitter.

Down in the laurels the leaves twitched over the trail, and Dave settled into his position behind the pine. Thinking about Barker and the conspiracy, he had almost forgot the hunt altogether. He pushed the safety off and brought the rifle up. At the end of the narrow aisle down through the pines, the leaves moved again, almost as if a breeze touched them, but there was no wind. Then the doe pushed her nose out and turned her head up-slope and down, her ears twitching. Fifty feet away — she was a perfect neck shot. She stepped out, not spooked, and at her flank on the far side a yearling fawn slipped along. Then the buck came on in the laurels with a big rack. He seemed to move faster, but that was just the heft of his shoulders pushing up bigger than hers. He wasn't in the clear yet. Dave followed him with the rifle, starting already to take the slack out of the trigger with his finger.

"Dave!" It was Barker in the laurels, close. "Hey Dave? A buck and a doe. Big buck, coming right into you."

Dave started, and as he swung his eyes back to the buck, he saw the rump slip behind the trees on his left, out of his line of fire.

Then it was gone, and a single stone clicked in the trail where they had passed.

I should have had him, he thought. I would have had him if he hadn't yelled like that.

The leaves moved again where the laurel branched over the trail, and Barker called out low, "Dave? Coming out, Dave."

Dave said nothing at all, and in another breath Barker came out, fifty feet down, where the deer had crossed, and stood looking forward along the trail. His red wool coat was thrown open, and his old Marlin carbine hung in his right hand.

Dave lay hidden behind the pine, only his right eye and shoulder and the muzzle of the rifle showing.

"Dave?" Barker hollered. "Where the Hell are you?" He swung around slowly, but his eyes were high, way above Dave. His face had the same easy openness it had the first day he came into the office.

That's right, Dave thought, they always have that American boy look, but it had never fooled him. Lying in the hole with the rifle in his hands, loaded and charged and even aimed, Dave felt that dark world of his mind fall into focus with the pines and the still air, and in the middle of it all stood Barker, who was one of them.

Barker took another step forward, and the front sight of the M1 covered the side of his head. For a second nothing moved, Dave or the front sight or Barker. Then Barker stooped and laid his carbine flat on the grass and straightened again. He swung around down-slope, and his head bent forward. He lit a cigarette.

As he threw his head back, the slack came out of the trigger of the M1, and Dave's round took him just at the base of the skull. He pitched forward like a wet towel.

Dave got up without taking his eyes from him, the rifle heavy and clumsy in his hands. The lugged soles of Barker's boots did not move, and for a second a terrible feeling of unreality caught Dave. Then his breathing steadied, and he looked up into the pines and out across the open slope one long look before he started running up through the woods to the Jeep. He didn't go down to Barker at all because already that buzz of unreality swept over him again, and his mind raced frantically on, and his lips moved. "It could of been an accident. I'll tell them it was an accident," he said, as the two worlds came together and the light began to fade.

## *Two Poems by Ruth Edwins*

### THE HOUSEKEEPER

Pale in the fogged and frosty night  
I lie awake. The maddening  
moon glows through wet folds of white,  
as through fine cloth, a strain to make  
honey for lovers, juice to jell  
bewitchments as wild as quinces.  
Through the inch-open window I smell  
winter: essence of lemon  
across the face, zero taste.  
Plump the pillow, turn the heart's cup down  
from that hard liquor. What a waste  
of warmth this is: to be, alone.

Restless in the star-shook pre-dawn,  
my eyelids lift under the bright  
moon's penetration. All fog gone,  
long settled light has sugared out:  
the icy shards hardened from dew.

I close the window — not the blind:  
to guillotine Orion through  
might shear my hair-threaded chains.  
The moon is now a pocket stone.  
Plump the pillow, pull the heart's edge back  
from that sharp honing. I, alone,  
keep your place warm, until you come.

### SWIMMING LESSON

*Cogito, ergo sum*

Out far  
and in too deep.  
Almost took  
the stiff sleep.

Waters of  
a green abyss  
dropped me into  
nothingness.

Slipping fingers  
bruised on bark  
where one log floated  
through the dark.

Slashed my elbow,  
scraped my knee,  
pulling out  
of eternity.

Washed the blood  
off my sleeve.  
I am alive,  
therefore I breathe.

This is my  
whole impudence:  
*amo, ergo sum*  
present tense.

## NO SECRET

Six inches of ice  
between me and the gurgle  
of unseen water.

Still I walk with care,  
a small nagging fear  
hard on my heels.

No secret,  
this river would like me  
six inches under  
not over its frozen pride.

RAYMOND SOUSTER

## *Two Poems by Vern Rutsala*

### THE HOUSE

This is my home.  
It wears my address  
and harbors a phone  
that knows only my number.  
When it rings I answer.  
But now the bell sleeps  
and I play the part  
of the building's vital organ —  
a floating rib perhaps.

I feel the stiff pose  
of the house: supports  
at attention in the walls,  
made quiet by nails.  
The stiffness asks me  
to improve my posture  
or fold myself neatly  
on a shelf, but I want to  
tack up a window at random,  
rearrange doors as easily  
as furniture and believe  
the walls are held up  
by pictures pretending  
to be mirrors.

I know the straightness  
of the house — its plumb-line  
certainty — is the real  
awkwardness of the world,  
a place where the person  
I become each morning  
wakes up and clothes himself  
in the dark suit of the pawn  
and inches through the day  
until darkness forces a retreat  
to a place where strangers  
memorize each other's faces.

And now I move  
around the rooms  
trying to douse my thoughts  
by turning off each light,  
but the lights  
have signed a contract  
to stay on all night.

## PAST TWELVE

Warmed by ashes, the hearth  
spirit sleeps; quiet  
invests the house, wrapping  
each object in cotton.  
Sharp edges are dull.  
The termite rests near  
the mouse and floorboards  
relax, no longer stiff  
with waiting blindly  
for heavy feet. Now,  
the house entirely theirs,  
furniture begins to move.  
Slowly at first, the thick paws  
of Morris chairs, the bound  
feet of pianos,  
the peglegs of stools —  
all stir. A table quivers  
and rises like a hummingbird.  
Squat chests two-step.  
Floorlamps pirouette, eyes looking  
and looking under their crazy  
hats. Bookcases waltz  
as the phone rises like  
a cobra, swaying and buzzing —  
the only sound. This lasts  
until first light when all objects  
settle in place once more  
to hibernate all day  
within their heavy pretence.

## LYDIA'S CHILDREN

“Whatever they are,” someone says,  
“they’re beautiful children”  
and I know they’ve been puzzling  
over Lydia:  
white negro? thinly diluted blood?  
but cannot dismiss  
her classic angled face,  
her unquestionably negro husband,  
and the little girls:  
black hair, beige skin,  
delicate profiles,  
and Gregggy, golden boy,  
hair and skin a monotone  
dark gold;  
and I think  
of their beginnings:  
telegram from her parents  
to a girl in love:  
consider some less irrevocable  
step stop.  
And the rabbi  
sending her answer:  
remember the nuremberg  
laws love.

“They’re beautiful children,”  
someone says, and eyes return  
to the exotic family  
suddenly in the midst  
of all-average vacationers,  
as if in a vegetable garden  
some chance of wind  
and magic pollen  
grew a miracle tree  
with graceful and rich fruit,  
the sturdy, delicate girls,  
the golden boy.

Somebody smiles self-consciously  
at me, travelling with them,  
no longer pale, medium,  
ordinary canadian,  
but someone to be seen whole,  
and grateful  
to be travelling with  
pioneers.

PAT LOWTHER

### STAGE DIRECTIONS FOR A MYSTERY PLAY

Take a cross  
twelve by six  
hang someone on it. Let him say  
he dies for us  
(a partial truth:  
we killed him)  
then his crucifix  
becomes our own  
this play our play  
at once the auditor  
and actor both.

But let him first  
(here offstage drum  
and clarinet)  
forgive us all  
and not alone  
for what we did  
but in advance  
for sins to come:  
then is it odd  
that we should call  
this play a mystery  
this man a god?

J. MAVOR MOORE

## STILL LIFE

(translated from the Bengali by the author)

O apple, what *are* you? Redness of lips withdrawn  
After the kiss, that strikes the air with lustre?  
Or an *apsara's*\* rounded breast, darkened with rapture  
And held in the hand of a god whose sight is gone?

So much, yet just begun! This autumn seems unending.  
Enough! But more. Even the skin is meshed  
In eager sweetness. This glad befriending  
Works through the loss undiminished.

And is that all? So think the sleepy ones.  
But when some lust-encumbered eye  
Sees through bowl and orchard, tears across the veils,

And in a strange spell of light, becomes  
In you a forest, a spacious sky —  
We too then wish we were something else.

BUDDHADEVA BOSE

\* Apsara: celestial nymph. The passage refers to sculptured figures in Konarak temple (13th cent.).

### ১৩০. স্টিল্‌ লাইফ

সোনালি আপেল, তুমি কেন আছো? চুমো-খাওয়া হাসির কৌটোয়  
দাঁতের আভায় জলা লাল ঠোঁটে বাতাস রাঙাবে?  
ঠাণ্ডা, আঁটো, কঠিন কোনারকের বৈকুণ্ঠ জাগাবে  
অপ্সরীর স্তনে ভরা অন্ধকার হাতের মুঠোয়?

এত, তবু তোমার আরম্ভ মাত্র। হেমস্তের যেন অস্ত নেই।  
গন্ধ, রস, স্নিগ্ধতা জড়িয়ে থাকে এমনকি উন্মুখ নিচোলে।  
তৃপ্তির পরেও দেখি আরো বাকি; এবং ফুরোলে  
খামে না পুলক, পুষ্টি, উপকার। কিন্তু শুধু এই?

তা-ই ভেবে সবাই ঘুমিয়ে পড়ে । কিন্তু মাঝে-মাঝে  
আসে ভারি-চোখের দু-একজন কামাতুর, যারা  
খালা, ডালা, কাননের ছদ্মবেশ সব ভাঁজে-ভাঁজে

ছিঁড়ে ফেলে, নিজেরা তোমার মধ্যে অদ্ভুত আলোতে  
হ'য়ে ওঠে আকাশ, অরণ্য আর আকাশের তারা—  
যা দেখে, হঠাৎ কেঁপে, আমাদেরও ইচ্ছে করে অগ্নি কিছু হ'তে ।

## VOYEUR

He undressed beside the sunlit pool,  
Stripped at last like an Indian who survived  
The racial wars, a secret that thrived  
Somehow, still watched by the water's winking jewel.

We, too, are watched, go through his motions  
with him —  
The nude in us is forever furtive  
Yet seeking every chance to live,  
Granting that the great eye never will go dim.

It must happen and yet be truly seen :  
That is what we ask for others and ourselves —  
Now the clandestine diver in us delves,  
And, like a sick eye, the water loses what we  
mean.

There is nothing to do but come up streaming anguish,  
Scrape ourselves like Indians until we gleam  
With some hard, joyous burnish of a dream  
Men have, lucid-risen from an eye that does not languish.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

## *Two Poems by W. Nyberg*

### LOVE POEM

She stripped her lower half,  
lay back upon the bed. He said  
"Take off your blouse"  
and she complied:

a ribb'd exposure,  
swelling skeleton,  
bonegrey brittle cage  
of drycracked bars  
and empty space;

he kissed the skull,  
breathed in her breath  
that sunk along his throat  
to freeze his lungs;

he spread her thighs — shrunk hard  
and dead as ice-bound saplings.

They thrust and rattled,  
panted sweated clacked —

he closed his eyes  
and felt the moss  
spread damp and cold  
upon his back.

## OWL

As it floated from the trees  
phantom white, it seemed in no hurry,  
thinking itself immortal perhaps,  
ignoring my headlights.  
But it hit the grill,  
bounced and struck the glass before my face,  
then vanished, leaving empty night once more,  
with but one feather on my windshield, and some blood.

I backed up, guided by its scuffling  
till it was in my lights again,  
scraping, jerking,  
pivoting on outstretched wing.  
I drove slowly forward,  
aimed exactly.  
The crunch was deafening.

Lying still now, in the red light and fumes,  
it didn't look so white.  
But I wanted proof  
or satisfaction;  
so I grasped the wing  
and FLUNG the owl — high hard —  
and waited for its clumsy fall.  
It twisted and was gone.  
I lost it against the trees  
but I heard its wings beat    thup thup thup  
and I saw it later,  
crossing the moon.

## *Two Poems by Robert Gibbs*

### TRYING A PETER WALK

Anything so restless and formless as an  
ocean rubbing under your scalp troubles  
your dear but hardly secret illusion of being  
able to measure such expanses of time and wind  
out in drops  
to suit yourself, and water taken in large doses  
often brings on muscle cramps of swell rhetoric.

Living by it I acquired some indifference  
a shell to keep it out much of the time  
and walking by it, squilching  
through bladdered fucus after periwinkles  
feeling its grit and mucous in the cracks  
between my toes, I got to know how  
little of its debris is picturesque. It's

like the local paper, a daily blotter  
absorbing and emptying you of impressions —  
King Jumbo Potato and the bicycle race  
J. Glenn astronaut aground in his tub, a  
mustachioed minor dictator bullying  
and coupling, indecent exposures fuzzy and  
bloated, drowned floaters out of the murk.

Fall and rise of water  
waves breaking over  
white feet tickling  
calves, wind socking round  
ears and temples, toneless  
endless, like the voice of the leader of the opposition  
soothe you numb  
punchdrunk.

Widely known as a tranquilizer  
in the shell, transistor size you can get  
as hooked on it as any beetle fan.

For the city boy it's  
waterfronts, a drunk's delicate  
wipe of white lips after  
lemon extract behind a stack of lobstercrates  
a half-blind negro baiting up with bloody  
chunks of gaspereaux, smelt fishing  
from the top step at the end of the pier  
sulfur stink at low tide and shiplights  
at dusk accordion distensions in the slack.  
It's red flats of Courtenay Bay where  
sewers gush, a dead sea-dog stews in  
sun and flies and a sturgeon's gold  
carapace dries translucent, caviar long gone  
to wharf rats a short Russian feast.

What's there to say but seas are  
cesspools shaky under fairy green and  
dancing rings on them is a tricky  
business for fishermen or poets.  
Try making a Peter walk to  
what you've often denied, a strange fish  
stranded on one of your herring weirs, those stilted  
waders with small gull bodies flown. Then  
you're caught in a device of your own  
making, a flimsy scaffold, and echoes  
of absurd screaming birds flown off  
you know by ear. Poets they say  
have always run like fishes in the sea  
and some up north a forthright few  
small fry schools strain through  
new nets draped below the swells, swim  
clear and up to nibble at the light.

## BLOW HIGH BLOW LOW

Tidal songs are old sea saws  
Teeter totter up and down  
Cradling blood through a body's flaws  
Lodestone drag of the weighty moon  
Find out if I or my father sinned  
That my love feeds such a cold wind.

Bridal songs are old sea saws  
Vows made up as soft as down  
Salt water kisses, sweet kickshaws  
Frothy cake and candy moon  
Taste cold in a mouth whose blood has thinned  
For still love feeds a bitter wind.

Daedal songs are old sea saws  
Homer, Sappho and on down  
Wreaking out in its cranky jaws  
Lovenuts for the virgin moon  
Stood the spray till almost skinned  
Sure love feeds an old cold wind.

Libidal songs are old sea saws  
Jung fry up and sing Freud down  
Sounding the deep and the deep's laws  
Out of the self-effacing moon  
Find Cain to Abel siamese twinned  
O yes love feeds a cold still wind.

## CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET ATWOOD has published poems and stories in *Kayak*, *Tamarack*, *Alphabet*, *Queens*, *Best Poems of 1963*, and other North American publications, and recently had a libretto broadcast by CBC.

RONALD BATES, formerly on the staff of the University of Uppsala, and now teaching at the University of Western Ontario, published his first book of poems, *The Wandering World*, in 1959 (Toronto, Macmillan).

PROFESSOR BUDDHADEVA BOSE founded the *avant-garde* Bengali poetry magazine *Kavita*. He is also well-known as a translator (of Baudelaire into Bengali, and of modern Bengali poetry into English), and as a prolific poet, critic and short story writer. Formerly Chairman of Comparative Literature at Jadavpur University, he is at present visiting several universities in the United States, and editing an anthology of modern Bengali writing in English translation.

ROBERT O. BOWEN, the well-known American novelist, is editor of the *Alaska Review*, and conducts the Creative Writing programme at Alaska Methodist University. He has just finished a new novel.

GEORGE BOWERING last year published his first book of poems, *Points on the Grid* (Toronto, Contact Press). His first TV play was produced recently over a CBC network. He is presently marketing a novel, writing short stories, editing a magazine for long poems (*Imago*), preparing for publication a new book of poems, and teaching full-time in the English Department at the Calgary branch of the University of Alberta.

<p>A political indictment of a nation selling itself into the American Empire.</p> <p><b>Lament for a Nation: The Defeat of Canadian Nationalism</b></p> <p><i>by George P. Grant</i></p> <p>\$3.50</p>	<p><b>Frenzied Fiction</b></p> <p><i>by Stephen Leacock</i></p> <p>The brilliant series of satirical sketches set against World War I.</p> <p>Paper \$1.25</p>
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- CHARLES EDWARD EATON, American poet and story writer, contributes to *Poetry*, *Yale Review* and other leading journals. His fifth and current book, *Countermoves*, was published by Abelard-Schuman, New York.
- SAM EISENSTEIN, on the staff of Los Angeles City College, will be teaching this fall at Tokyo University. His short stories have appeared in American journals, and he is currently at work on a second novel.
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- R. G. EVERSON is Canada's unique business-man-poet. His latest book, due in March, is *I Wrestle with an Angel*. It is to be the first of a series by the new publishing house of Delta which Louis Dudek has set up in Montreal.
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- ELIZABETH GOURLAY is a previous contributor to *Prism* (Spring 1962). Her poems have also appeared in *Saturday Night*, *Fiddlehead* and the *Canadian Forum*, and have been broadcast over the CBC. She lives in Vancouver.
- DOUGLAS JONES is a bilingual lecturer at the Universities of Sherbrooke and Laval, Quebec. His poems have appeared in journals throughout Canada. His most recent collection was *The Sun is Axeman*, University of Toronto Press, 1961.
- ERIK LINDEGREN, leading Swedish poet of the so-called Forties generation, is also a well-known translator of such authors as Eliot, Perse, Faulkner, Thomas. He has published a number of volumes of poetry, notably *The Man Without a Road*. He is a member of the Swedish Academy.
- MALCOLM LOWRY — see page 3 of this issue.
- PAT LOWTHER lives in Vancouver. She is a contributor to *Breakthru* and to several Canadian magazines.
- J. MAVOR MOORE, one of Canada's leading theatre men: actor, producer, writer (for stage, television and radio), lecturer, theatre manager, etc., also finds time to write poetry.
- ALDEN NOWLAN is a New Brunswick newspaper editor, well-known to readers of North American poetry magazines. His published works include five books of poetry and a number of short stories.
- W. NYBERG is an undergraduate student in Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia. His first published poems appear in this issue.
- PADRAIG Ó BRÓIN, born in Ireland, lives in Toronto and edits *Canadian Poetry*. His own poems appear frequently in magazines through the English-speaking world. He is represented in this issue by a translation from a fifteenth-century Irish poet, of whom nothing beyond his name is now known.
- Ó LEAMHNACH — see Ó BRÓIN
- DORA PETTINELLA's translations appeared in our last issue.

VERN RUTSALA teaches at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. Wesleyan University Press published a book of his poems, *The Window*, last year. His work has appeared in *Paris Review*, *Nation*, *North American Review*, and elsewhere.

UMBERTO SABA, of Jewish-Italian ancestry, was born in Trieste and lived most of his life in that city. One of Italy's greatest modern lyricists, he also wrote prose fiction. He died in 1957.

RAYMOND SOUSTER, Toronto poet, and publisher of poets, is author of a dozen books including the current *The Colour of the Times* (Ryerson, Toronto), which recently won the Governor-General's Award for Poetry.

DAVID WEVILL, born in Canada, lives in London, England. He is a former contributor to *Prism*. With his appearance in *Penguin Modern Poets*, 4, he entered the forefront of younger English poets.

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- MOSES, W. R., *Identities*. Don Mills, Ontario, Burns and MacEachern Ltd., 77 pp. \$2.25.
- WILLIAMS, OSCAR, *Selected Poems*. Don Mills, Ontario, 128 pp. \$5.50.
- Ambit*, no. 22 ("a quarterly of poems, short stories, drawings, and criticism"). Ed. Martin Bax, 62 Hornsey Lane, London N.2, England; 49 pp.; 50¢
- Approach*, no. 54 ("a literary quarterly"). Ed. A. & H. Fowler, 114 Petrie Ave., Rosemont, Penn.; 46 pp.; 75¢.
- Breakthru*, no. 20; "international poetry magazine"; 6x yr.; ed. Ken Geering, Taormina, Penn. Cresc., Haywards Heath, Sussex, England.
- Comparative Literature*, XVI:4; a quarterly forum of literary criticism from an international viewpoint; ed. Carleton Beall, University of Oregon, Eugene; 91 pp.; \$1.00.
- Descant*, VIII:2; "literary journal," 3x yr.; ed. Betsy Colquitt; Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas; 50 pp.; 50¢.
- Edge*, no. 3; "an independent periodical edited by Henry Beissel"; semi-annual; Box 4067, Edmonton, Alta.; 122 pp.; \$1.00.
- Epos*, extra issue, 1965; poetry quarterly; ed. W. Tulos and E. Thorne, Crescent City, Fla.; 29 pp.; 50¢.
- Extra Verse*, no. 14; poetry quarterly; ed. D. M. Black, 10 Claremont Pk., Edinburgh 6, Scotland; 21 pp.; 2/6.
- Iconolâtre*, no. 11; quarterly "magazine of the arts"; ed. A. Hand and A. Turner, 71 Ryehill Gardens, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, England.
- Imago*, no. 2, irreg., "a magazine that specializes in the long poem or the poem series"; ed. George Bowering, English Department, University of Alberta, Calgary, Alta.; 44 pp.; 60¢.
- Manifold*, no. 13; "a quarterly of new verse"; ed. Vera Rich, 6 Luna St., London SW 10; 18 pp.; 1/6.
- Ole*, no. 2; 449 South Center, Bensenville, Ill.
- Origins/diversions*, no. 9; quarterly/ of "poetry/jazz, stories"; ed. M. J. Dyke, C. Torrance; 33 pp.; ls. 8 Court Drive, Sutton, Surrey, England.
- Scrip*, no. 13; "a quarterly selection of recent poetry"; ed. D. Holliday; 35 spring bank road; chesterfield, derbyshire, england.

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As we go to press, word comes that the President's Medal of the University of Western Ontario, awarded annually for the best poem published in a Canadian magazine, has been given for the year 1964 to RICHARD EMIL BRAUN for his "Niagara," which appeared in our autumn issue (Vol. 4, no. 2). An earlier poem, published in our Vol. 3, no. 4, was Mr. Braun's first acceptance in Canada, but he has since been represented in several other Canadian journals, and in many in the United States. His first book of verse, *Children Passing*, was issued by the University of Texas Press three years ago, and has recently been reprinted. Presently living in Detroit, Mr. Braun was until recently a member of the Classics Department of the University of Alberta at Edmonton.

PRISM *international* is happy to send Professor Braun our congratulations on what we naturally feel to be a well-merited honour.

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