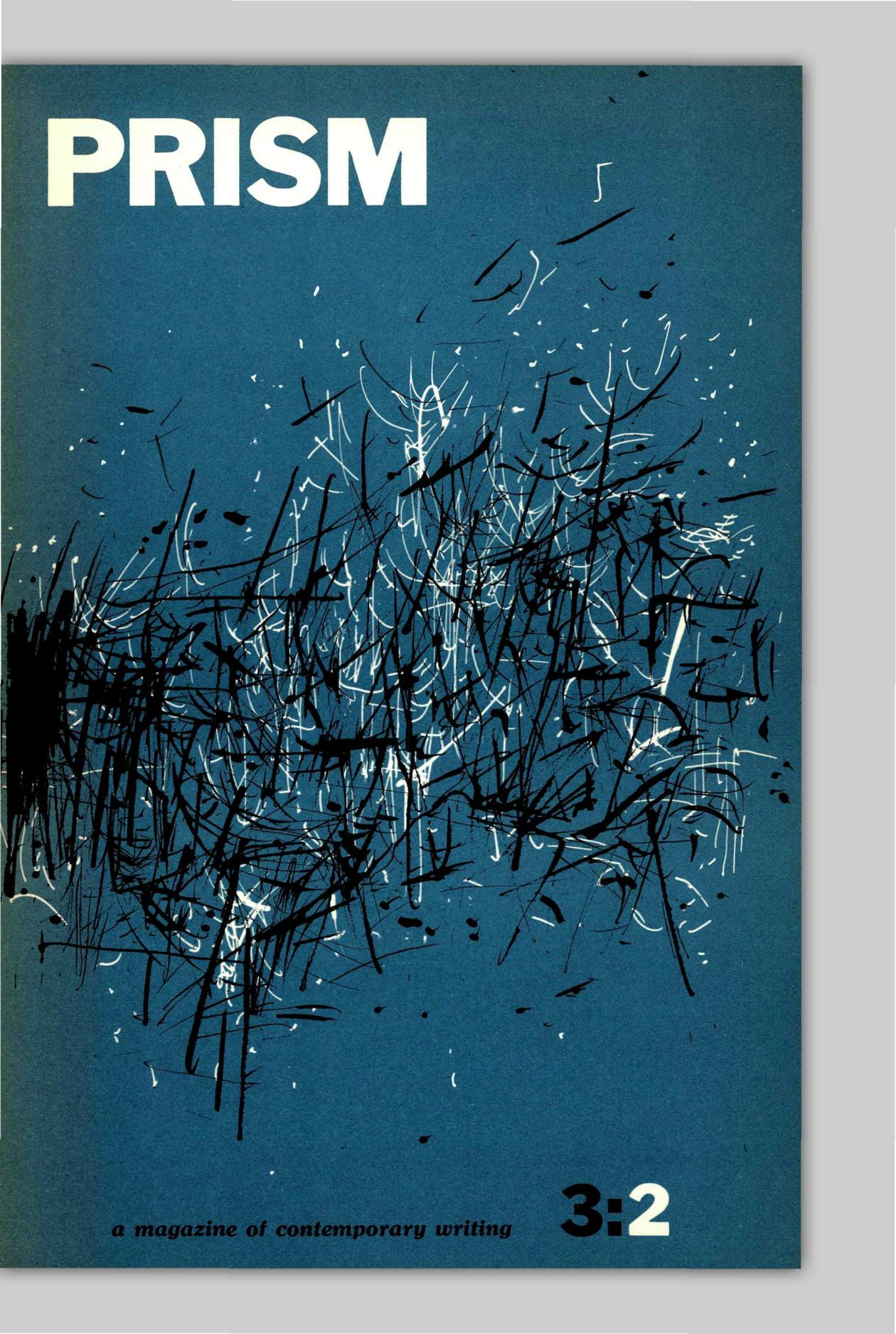
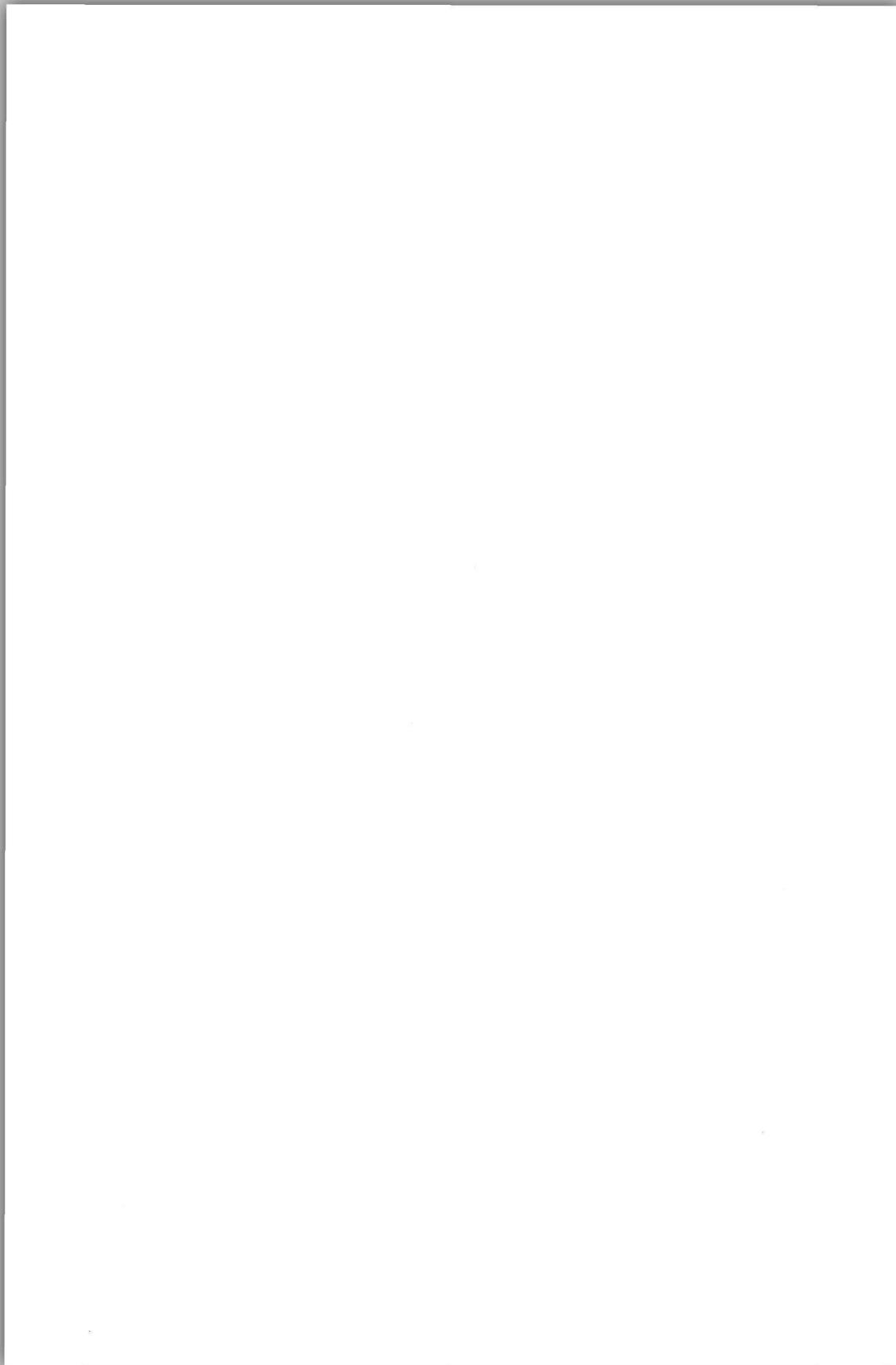


PRISM

The background of the cover is a deep, textured blue. It is filled with a dense, chaotic pattern of white and black scribbles, resembling ink or paint splatters. The scribbles are most concentrated in the lower half of the page, creating a sense of movement and complexity. Some lines are straight and sharp, while others are more fluid and curved. The overall effect is one of organic, almost chaotic energy.

a magazine of contemporary writing

3:2



Prism

WINTER, 1962

VOLUME THREE
NUMBER TWO

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TRUMPETS, CRUMPETS

"Why all the fanfare? As a little magazine, shouldn't *Prism* be printing experimental writing all the time anyway?" Probably, but *Prism* was started because a group of people felt that Canada in general and B.C. in particular had a voice worth hearing. Much of the good writing in *Prism* has been traditional. Normally only some is experimental. Besides it's an open question what experimental (or new, or *avant garde*) means. In my opinion the most valuable contemporary explorers of literary *terra incognita* are those whose æsthetic position comes close to being a kinesthetic one. They advocate a naked and radical simplicity that sometimes upsets not only the common reader but also the intellectual. Seen as revolutionaries, these writers are trying to deny, demolish or replace more than conventional forms; they want to establish new ways of seeing, hearing and speaking. Putting their faith in their own senses, this new wave of North American writers has flooded our cities with pamphlets, broadsheets, thin books, evanescent presses, and mimeographed magazines (like Vancouver's *Tish* — "A Poetry Newsletter"). And writing has been reborn.

"Is that why these people so often talk gibberish and baby-talk?" Yes, it is. And they feel we do no favour to children by moving them so quickly from their own expressive language to our adult abstractions and conventions. What Kerouac did in *On the Road* or Ginsberg in *Howl* was to reject "adult" discursive discourse in favour of "immature" self-expression and self-indulgence. From one point of view, they were merely following out a well-established principle of psychology — that the individual must live through emotionally those stages of his natural development that authority may originally have withheld from him.

"In other words, we're supposed to be sounding boards for some neurotic's therapy?" Sometimes, and if so the knot that's untied may be our own. But let's shift terms from "infant" or "neurotic" to the "primitive," a stage of human development with which Kerouac, and many other modern sensibilities, feel a bond. Now the last viable form of primitive expressive art still available to western man is jazz, and Ginsberg claims that the jazz line, transposed to poetry and prose, is the idiom of his and Kerouac's writing. (See Warren Tallman's article in the *Tamarack Review*, Spring, 1959 or *Evergreen Review*, Jan.-Feb. 1960.) We might also cite the flow of dreams, or move even closer to the source by invoking Zen Buddhism to substantiate the virtues of an "uncivilized" mentality. In opposition to the conscious will with which western man has been busy organizing nature for 2500 years, the East has perfected a path to the garden of Eden, the lost state of union with nature as an undifferentiated whole.

"You trying to convert us or something?" Not really, nor am I necessarily speaking for any of the writers in this issue. Most of them speak briefly for themselves on pp. 58-9. But I am trying to describe the mental climate in which the contemporary revolution is taking place. And I'm trying to indicate by variety of reference that what is happening goes deeper than scraggly beards and dirty corduroys. These writers are shaping the sensibilities of a younger generation which our society has clearly failed to engage. Understanding them can be taken as a duty as well as a pleasure.

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THE
HOME
FOR
HEROES



a parable in one act by GEORGE BOWERING

The scene is a large, almost bare room. High on one wall is a bell-shaped loudspeaker. There is a high wooden stool (the folksinger type) in the middle of the room. On the wall opposite to the loudspeaker — let us say the loudspeaker is at CL and the punching bag is at CR — is a speed punching bag. No drapes or hangings of any kind, except a blackboard about four feet wide on the wall up-stage centre. There is one door UR. It is closed as the play begins. There are no windows.

Mr. Aligari, a short man dressed in a business suit and horn-rim glasses, is sitting on the floor, or rather he looks as if he is half-sitting, half-fallen. His hat, one of those green affairs, that looks as if it has been influenced by an advertisement for Alpine holiday fun, lies on the floor beside him. Aligari appears to have fallen there, though from no great height. He seems to be just regaining enough consciousness to be able to look around and see where he is. He is in no way injured.

He gets shakily to his feet. He looks around him, apparently puzzled to find himself in such a strange place. He picks up his hat. He walks around the room, finally coming upon the door. He tries the door, finds it locked. As he turns his back on it, it opens silently, stays part way open for just a moment, then just as silently closes. Aligari walks around the room again, prepares to take a swing at the punching bag, stops himself. He walks around to the blackboard, picks up a piece of thick chalk (TV weatherman's type) from the blackboard sill, prepares to write, stops himself. He walks to the door, tries it again, finds it locked. He goes to the blackboard again, prepares to write again, stops himself again. Then he letters in block:

WHERE AM I?

He walks around the room again, this time feeling for secret doors or panels. Then he comes back to the blackboard, hesitates, picks up a blackboard eraser from the sill, wipes out the former words, and letters in block:

WHEN AM I?

LOUDSPEAKER: The time is exactly four-thirty.

ALIGARI: I have to get up at six-thirty.

Pause.

I'll be no good at work in the morning.

LOUD: The time is exactly nine p.m.

ALI: (*To loudspeaker*) See if you can do any better with my other question.

Silence for fifteen seconds. Then the door opens. A man enters. He is athletic, dressed in a comic-strip hero's uniform, in the manner of Superman, Captain Marvel, etc., complete with a long cape. The new entrant closes the door behind him, walks over to the blackboard and erases the lettering with immaculate care. He then goes to the stool and sits atop it, looking finally at Aligari.

THE MAN OF STEEL: You in sports?

ALI: (*Moving toward the door*) Weekend golf. A little water skiing.

STEEL: Comics?

ALI: (*At the door now*) What?

STEEL: You in a comic strip?

ALI: Not up till now, no.

Aligari tries the door. It is still locked. No reaction on the part of the Man of Steel.

STEEL: War?

ALI: No.

STEEL: Books? Movies? Exploring?

ALI: (*With some impatience*) No.

STEEL: Well, what are you in?

ALI: That's precisely what I'd like to know.

STEEL: Aren't you a hero?

ALI: I'm afraid I'm just an ordinary junior executive of a confectionery organization. I'm also a commuter. I'm a husband and a father. During the war I was a conscientious objector. Once I was a waiter on the railway. I have varicose veins, anyway. Not a hero. Not hero material. Not the stuff heroes are made of. Right now I'm probably either late at home or late at the shop. The office. I can't seem to find out where I'm supposed to be because I don't know if it's morning or night.

STEEL: I've got varicose veins. In my legs. In my neck. I've got a boil, too. And I get short of breath from flying.

ALI: I'm disillusioned. Or I would be if I could concentrate on it.

STEEL: You're not a hero, eh?

ALI: I'm a flop. I can't even sell candies, or so my wife says. (*He adds as a confidential explanation*) I'm a daydreamer, she says.

STEEL: Well, what are you doing here?

ALI: I don't have the slightest idea. Why don't you ask him? (*He gestures toward the loudspeaker*).

LOUD: The time is exactly twelve-fifteen.

As if that were a signal, the Man of Steel gets off the stool, goes to the blackboard, and letters in large blocks:

THE MAN OF STEEL.

Aligari sits on the stool, puts his hat on his head, watching distractedly.

LOUD: Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird!

STEEL: I know, now. (*to Aligari*) You're still in your secret identity.

ALI: I'll say.

LOUD: Faster than a speeding bullet!

The Man of Steel runs in a ludicrous stumbling gait around the room, a look of haggard desperate pride on his face.

LOUD: The Man of Steel!

The Man of Steel swings mightily at the punching bag, misses completely, sprawls on the floor.

ALI: (*To loudspeaker*) Leave him alone!

STEEL: (*Miserably*) Aren't you going to help me up?

Aligari goes over and helps The Man of Steel to his feet, then walks away from him in disgust.

STEEL: (*Petulantly*) Well, how would *you* like it? I'd sell my soul not to be a hero, believe *you* me. The first chance I got, so help me—

Stuck for the word or name, he stops. He walks hurriedly over to the blackboard, hurriedly wipes it clean. Then he leaves the room in a hangdog manner.

Aligari once more tries the door, once more finds it locked. He lights a cigarette, having trouble with the matches, using three or four matches before the cigarette lights at last. Puzzled, he wets an index finger and holds it up in the air. There is no breeze. He shrugs his shoulders.

LOUD: No smoking! Absolutely no smoking, please!

Aligari drops his cigarette on the floor, steps it out.

LOUD: You may smoke if you like.

Aligari does not smoke. He has his back to the door as a second man enters and sits on the stool. This is a robust man in a baseball uniform, complete except for team insignia. He carries a heavy baseball bat.

THE SULTAN OF SWAT: (*Diffidently*) Want an autograph?

ALI: (*Turning to look at him*) You too? What are you doing here? What did you ever do to be here?

SULTAN: I?

ALI: You. Both of you. All of you, I guess.

SULTAN: Well, why not? Didn't you ever get a stomach ache from eating a lot of something you like a lot? And you can't help it. You never think of the stomach ache till you have it.

ALI: Mmm. Well, I don't deserve a stomach ache or any kind of ache. I shouldn't be here at all. Somebody has obviously made a mistake.

SULTAN: Oh, really?

The Sultan is obviously bored. He takes a small book from his back pocket. He begins to read abstractedly.

Have you read Plotinus?

ALI: Because I am not now, nor ever have been a hero.

SULTAN: Because he leads his league. When you read him you say to yourself: "This is a young Plato."

ALI: Nor ever expect to be a hero —

(Subdued)

— really.

SULTAN: *(Obvious boredom)* Maybe you are the unknown soldier.

ALI: I'm a coward, that's all.

SULTAN: I rather wish I were the unknown soldier, because having an indefinite identity in the first place, I would probably become acclimatized here sooner. He isn't here yet, though.

ALI: Who isn't here yet?

SULTAN: Well, we won't know who until he gets here, will we? The unknown soldier is by definition unknown until he arrives wherever he arrives, if he does.

ALI: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What about — Are there any missionaries here? Any Red Cross nurses? Any, uh, uh, college professors?

LOUD: The time is exactly ten-thirty.

The Sultan pays no further attention to Aligari. Instead, he goes to the blackboard and letters in large blocks:

THE SULTAN OF SWAT.

ALI: I hope next time they send a ballerina.

LOUD: *(Baseball crowd noise behind the voice)* And with two men on base and two out, the big guy strides to the plate. Listen to that roar for the Sultan of Swat!

The Sultan takes a menacing stance at an imaginary plate, the bat held high, waiting for the imaginary pitch.

LOUD: The big guy waits. Here's the pitch.

Half-hearted swing by the Sultan.

Strike one!

ALI: *(Involuntarily)* Come on, stay in there, fella!

Sultan swings again, even more futile.

LOUD: Strike two!

The most futile swing possible.

Strike three! Once again the big fellow fails his team mates in the clutch.

There is a large-throated boo from the baseball crowd.

The Sultant throws his bat to the floor, sits down on the floor with his back to Aligari, takes out his little book and reads.

ALI: Tough luck, big fellow.

SULTAN: I can't do a thing right since I got traded into this league.

ALI: Ah well, tomorrow is another day.

SULTAN: *Don't say that!*

Sultan goes into a fit of violent laughter, picking up his bat and swinging it around his head. Still laughing, he swings it at the punching bag and misses. Immediately his laughter stops and he stands still, his back to the audience, the bat drooping from his loose arm.

LOUD: The time is Tuesday, October the fourth.

Sultan immediately goes to the blackboard and wipes it clean. He goes to the door with his bat dragging behind him.

SULTAN: (*As he is going out the door*) Ever had your picture in the paper?

He goes out and closes the door.

ALI: In the company magazine once, a group picture of the bowling team.

LOUD: Have your return route ticket stubs ready, please.

Aligari takes a handful of paper money out of his billfold, holds it ready.

Attention! All flights have been cancelled.

A third hero enters the room. He is large, husky, has a fan-shaped white beard, not very long. He wears aviator-type glasses with large panes and steel rims. He is dressed in safari fashion — shorts, putties, boots, shirt, hunting vest, peaked cap, all in khaki. He is carrying a high-powered rifle with a scope sight over one shoulder, a portable typewriter without a case dangling from the other hand.

He puts his typewriter on the stool, leans his rifle against a wall. He pulls a large cigar from his vest pocket and lights it.

ALI: How can you be here? I thought you were — (*Hesitant*).

PAPA: What did you think I was?

ALI: — Well, God, I guess. That is, a lot of people thought you were. Still do, I guess. I've never really read —

PAPA: You have no wine.

ALI: No, I haven't got a thing.

PAPA: Too many people haven't.

ALI: I don't even know where I am. Am I in Africa now?

PAPA: I liked Africa. A man sees a new country and he likes it. He knows it is good. It is like a woman who accepts her man and his clean love. I liked the people and the land, but it is the land you learn to like first. Then you can begin to like the people. I liked Africa as soon as I woke up my first morning in camp and had my first whiskey. The first one is the best. I could fish and hunt there.

ALI: I always wanted to go to Africa.

PAPA: Every country is good. It is the men who make a country bad.

ALI: Is it good here?

LOUD: The time is exactly eleven-fourteen.

Papa steps his cigar out, goes to the blackboard, and letters in large blocks:

PAPA.

Papa picks up his rifle, readies it for firing, stands as if looking across a plain.

LOUD: Bhwana! Look, the big cat!

Papa aims the rifle.

No, Bhwana, over there!

Papa aims the rifle in the opposite direction.

No, Bhwana, that is the car!

Papa takes off his glasses, leans the rifle against his leg, takes out a large khaki handkerchief and wipes the glasses, puts them on. He looks out over the plain again, then up at the loudspeaker. Then he takes the glasses off and puts them in his pocket. He picks up the rifle and aims it at the loudspeaker.

LOUD: (*Laughing*) Ha ha ha ha ha.

Papa squeezes the trigger. There is a loud click. He squeezes it again and again. After each click there is a short burst of laughter from the loudspeaker. Papa drops the rifle to the floor and stands with his head down, carefully avoiding looking at Aligari, who is behind him.

LOUD: Bhwana! Look, the elephant!

Papa goes to the typewriter, sits on the stool with the machine on his lap. He takes a sheet of paper from a pocket, puts it in the machine. He thinks for a while, then, very slowly, with a great show of choosing the right key, taps it once.

LOUD: Dark laughter again, Bhwana.

Papa pulls the sheet of paper from the machine, and puts it back in his pocket.

ALI: (*Quietly*) Too bad about the big cat.

PAPA: (*Still in character*) Tomorrow we will shoot again.

ALI: I'm sorry you didn't get him today.

PAPA: (*Breaking character. Peevishly*) Ah, the shooting's lousy around here. You haven't got a chance. I shoulda stayed in India, for cat's sake.

Papa walks out of the room, dragging the rifle on the floor and carrying the typewriter dangling from one arm.

ALI: *Buenas tardes.*

LOUD: (*As the door slams shut*) *Buenas Tardes.*

Resolutely, Aligari tests the door again, finds it locked. He walks restlessly around the room, glancing expectantly at the door and the loudspeaker. He stops in front of the punching bag, starts to swing his fist at it, arrests his fist just before he would have hit it. He walks to the stool and sits on it. He notices the lettering on the blackboard, gets up and wipes it off. He returns to the stool and sits on it.

LOUD: Take a ten minute smoke break.

ALI: (*Sarcastically*) Many thanks. (*Lights a cigarette*).

LOUD: No smoking, please.

Aligari blows smoke toward the loudspeaker. A piercing siren noise from the loudspeaker. Aligari squashes his cigarette on the floor. The siren noise stops.

ALI: Well, come on, let's get on with it.

Nothing happens.

Come on, trot out your next object lesson.

LOUD: No spitting.

ALI: Who's spitting?

LOUD: Keep off the grass.

ALI: What grass?

LOUD: No swimming beyond this point.

ALI: What is this point?

LOUD: No passing in this lane. City by-law.

ALI: Aw, shut up.

More siren noise from loudspeaker.

ALI: (*Yelling*) I'm sorry!

LOUD: Post no bills.

ALI: (*Despondent*) Do not feed the animals.

LOUD: No trespassing.

ALI: No fishing.

LOUD: No hunting.

ALI: No parking.

LOUD: No stop.

ALI: No sale.

LOUD: No dice.

ALI: No soap.

LOUD: No.

ALI: No.

LOUD: No.

ALI: No.

LOUD: No.

ALI: (*After a slight pause. Getting to his feet and shouting*) Yes!

LOUD: No.

ALI: (*Louder*) *Y-e-e-e-ssss!*

Siren noise. The Man of Steel, The Sultan of Swat, and Papa dash into the room. They stand together, watching Aligari. The siren noise stops.

LOUD: The time is exactly eleven fifty-seven.

Aligari goes to the blackboard, picks up chalk, and letters in large blocks:

DANIEL ALIGARI.

He looks at his wristwatch, letters:

THE TIME IS 4:30.

The four men look up at the silent loudspeaker. The silence lies heavy in the room. Finally:

Aligari coughs.

The Man of Steel coughs.

Papa coughs.

The Sultan of Swat coughs.

ALI: (*Looking at his watch*) Four thirty-one, now.

SULTAN: Four thirty-one.

PAPA: Four thirty-one is a good time.

STEEL: They said it is eleven fifty-seven.

SULTAN: But he says it is four thirty-one.

They all look at Aligari.

ALI: Standard time.

PAPA: It is good to have a standard time.

LOUD: You are all confined to barracks until further notice.

All but Aligari start to leave.

ALI: Wait!

They stop.

Why don't you all wait right here? I'm going to wait right here.

They look at one another.

STEEL: They said we have to be confined to barracks.

ALI: I say: why? Why don't you just stick right here and see what happens?

PAPA: It never happens. *Nothing* ever happens to you.

ALI: (*Looks around the room, like a strategy-minded general reconnoitering a prospective battefield*) Watch!

He walks over to the blackboard and rips it from the wall where it had been attached by screws. He throws it to the floor.

STEEL: Oh!

PAPA: Oh!!

SULTAN: Wow!

Aligari walks over to the punching bag and rips it off its support, throws it to the floor.

STEEL: Yes!

Steel walks over and kicks the punching bag.

SULTAN: Wow!

Sultan kicks the punching bag. Papa wordlessly stomps on the blackboard.

Siren noise comes from the loudspeaker. Aligari picks up the stool by its legs and swings it against the loudspeaker until the loudspeaker is ripped from the wall and crashes to the floor. The siren noise is cut off abruptly by the action.

The Man of Steel, the Sultan of Swat, and Papa walk over to the dead loudspeaker, look at it for a few moments, then turn away from it.

ALI: (*Puffing*) That's what happens.

SULTAN: Wow!

PAPA: That was remarkable.

STEEL: Boy oh boy, you know what you are?

SULTAN: (*Exuberantly, with a tone of wonder*) You're a hero, that's what you are.

ALI: No. No, not a hero. I don't think I want to be called a hero or thought of as a hero. By anyone.

SULTAN: No, but that's what you are. You're a *Hero!*

ALI: (*After a slight pause*) No, I'll tell you who's a hero.

(*To the Sultan of Swat*) You, you're a hero.

The Sultan bows his head.

(*To Papa*) You're a hero.

Papa bows his head.

(*To the Man of Steel*) You're a hero.

Man of Steel bows his head.

You see. You're the heroes.

SULTAN

STEEL: (*Together, Heads bowed*) Yes, we're the heroes.

PAPA

ALI: I'm just a man. I work at a desk in a candy factory. (*Pause*) That is, I used to work at a desk in a candy factory.

SULTAN

STEEL: (*Together. Heads bowed*) A candy factory.

PAPA

Aligari walks to the door, reaches for the doorknob, drops his hand to his side. He looks around at all the rubble. Then he puts his hand on the doorknob and wrenches the door crashing open. He looks at the open door for a moment. He takes a deep breath.

ALI: (*Leaving*) I used to work at a candy factory. (*Pause*) Goodbye, heroes.

PICTURES FROM THE MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS

JIM SALT

The door is awesome do I dare to enter
or is it just as well or better to
slip past down this familiar street as
I have done before drink a coffee at
the shop around the corner and go home
the back way I do it every day I
live not far away
but here before the door it seems more
distant than before

still the show is free I'll just go in
and see

Visions glimpsed from the world a sherd of
laughter a smile at the illimitable
comedy the world is stone souls of dust
people this one headless winged that one
serpentbound discovering each other in
the embarrassment of paper chambers
languages transcended incredible phrases
of tone and shade given translation
Nur wer mit Toten vom Mohn
asz, von dem ihren,
wird nicht den leisesten Ton
wieder verlieren.

It is a large room of marble and oak dirt
in the cracks of the floor like dirt
under the fingernails before dinner
grubby fragments of time permanent
refuse from the mighty digestivetract of
culture a rat ruminates behind an attic
statue

Yet I come here to reorder my fiveday mind
and whitecollar soul
it's lucky there were no steps before the
door I'd never have come in

First there is the untouchable smile but
I will not stop she is as appealing as
a flytempting spider her virtue was the
mother of sin and besides this woman
is playing at cat with us I feel it

Night the superhuman mistress of our
waking dream all muscled with vibrant
tissue and lover to dawn but set alive
and given to her love by the great
dreamer's undoting eye
if every mother killed herself in birth
each child would be this free of the
tyranny disguised in innocent nipple lip
breast

angelo who with the light of leonardo
to have visions by the bed of fourteen
centuries to rest on yet plunged into his
own night from the skirt of the great
mother Sleep

Voices shuffle like feet at auctions with
the soft rattle possibly of beads
in the room's wilderness
others are here just as rich and poor as
I but there is no prayer in them they
are only tired in the colloquial manner
the way of suits that slump at desks near
five o'clock the way of hair brought
over suppers cooking on the stove

wearing the countenance of sunday duty
wearing the scents of shoepolish lotions
drycleaning and barren children
whose dream are we? voices that creep
and droop collars stuffed with fear
Is there nodamndrinkingfountain inthis
place? look at that one it looks like
aunt joan before she lets go homesoon
canwe? canwe?
shhh

Profuse death is here it is in the nostrils
a smell of linseed in discarded fragments
of men or it is wiped from fingers once
perfumed by lovemaking
it is all that is left over from lips
that have kissed.

Daumier's duellists contending the Rights
of Art quixote the human effigy long
shadow of daumier's dream pain even in
the leanness of him hungry for a food
the earth's mills have forgotten how to
grind

A myopic squint at sainte-victoire swift and
unintentioned as watercolours merging
down the autumn page of cezanne's
sketchbook
the heathazed valley sounds of guitar
listlessly played smells of dust and
of the sap of pine counterpoint of
earth and air (cezanne did you know what
walls would bind you when you relinquished
the dust of your flesh to the earth's flesh?)
walls of price and the usury of love

Toledo sky of melted lead hills with
the writhe of a body dying shape and
colours of unterminating torment
Greco dreaming a soulscape dream but
were there no women there with children
and washings and meals to cook and floors
to clean? were there gardens bearing
other fruit and springs where the sun had
left a little light and men with the nobler
work of laughter before them?
to set the soul of this city what violence
did you do your own soul
it is there drawn tight on the unseen cross
above the hill

A hill night a cypress like a twisted
nail into the sky
a churn of stars illuminates a
cosmic dream
(dear theo send money)

After the reign of light the night
establishing kingdoms of corpses
along the earth
pause lurch of stars rush of
heaven in the treetops lunge and
din of earth battling space war receding
echoing in the abyss of the moon
wheelsounds and footsounds fading behind
a dense mountain and a scent of the vagrant
breeze Love recaptures the starscape
(dear theo)

elle est retrouvée!
quoi? l'éternité.
c'est la mer mêlée
au soleil.

This turbulence asked once the eternal
question
and then the throat that spoke it
took a draught of death to make
the longest journey by

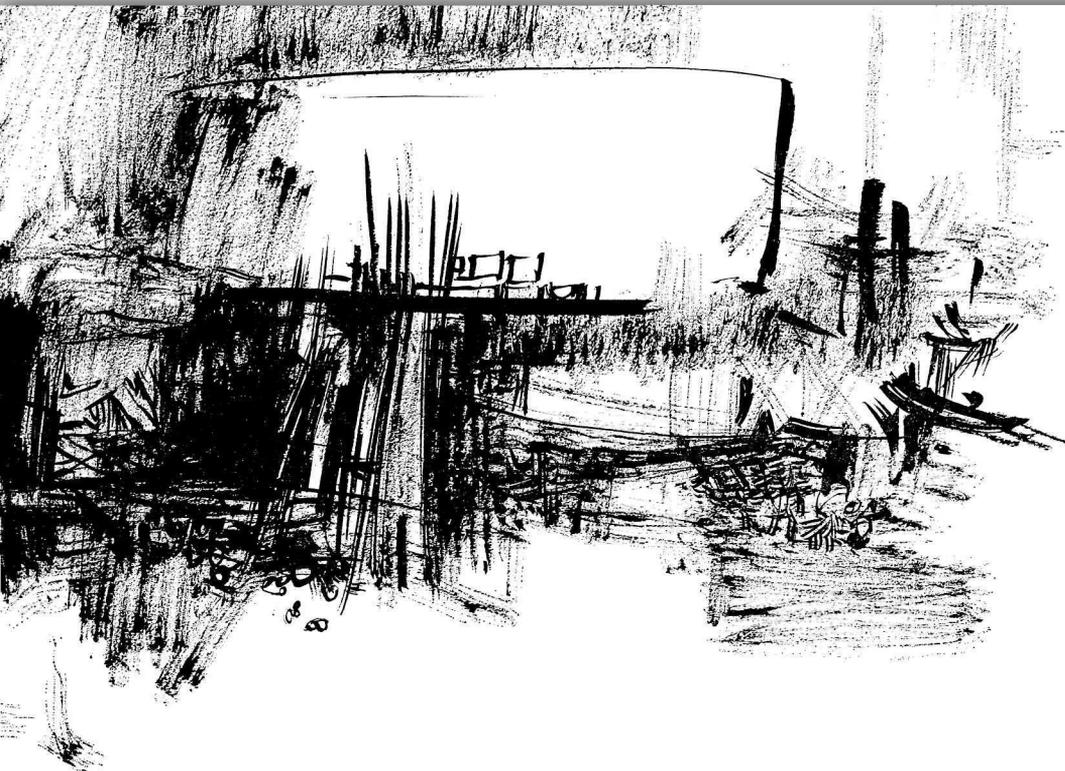
1316 NORTH DEARBORN

PAUL CARROLL

A fuzz of buds.
The quick pip of a bird.
The death who is salt a fish a sewer
who works quietly in a corner
of my body.



THE WAR MUST



GO ON UNTIL CARTHAGE IS DESTROYED

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

I.

He came to the city on furlough. No one was at the station to meet him. The black sails along the wharves were motionless in the sultry afternoon. Shutters were up and the few melons left from the morning market already crawled with maggots. He walked over the parboiled cobblestones until his

strength faltered: there were no streetcars. And yet in the wrought-iron balconies and fenestrations there were innumerable birds-nests and from the broken pillars lanterns proclaimed the virtues of asepsis.

He sought out his aunt's house by the gold bridge: she no longer lived there.

The beaches are thick with oysters, said the old porter. Your relatives have left the rolls of public assistance. I advise you to forget whatever dream you pursue.

And the war?

It is terminated.

With victory?

With honour, said the old man. We have been devoured.

He left the suburbs and returned to the havens of the dark boats. There under a pile of hawsers he found the last tempests uncoiling in the insatiable sunlight. And the captains! Already their nets were ashore and the molluscs were spread gasping on the lawns awaiting redeemers. The harbour had become a pulpit of ooze.

2.

Do you have the roadmap?

Yes.

And these socks?

What about them?

Whose are they?

They must be yours.

No they're not.

Well, they aren't mine.

Did you throw away the old razor blades?

I did.

And the phonograph needles?

Are they dangerous?

The children might eat them.

They're plainly labelled.

Teddy can't read.

He ought to learn.

Did you disconnect the washing machine?

You said you would.

No I didn't.

You certainly did.

I certainly did not!

All right. It doesn't matter.

Why not?

The electricity has gone off.

It may come back.

And it may not.

3.

In the yellow boulevard he discovered his mother weeping, her rhinestones despoliated and the tender perimeter of her hallucination ravaged by minnows. She no longer recognized him.

Where are my laces? she cried.

Search, he implored her.

The porcelains are broken, she said and turned away from him disconsolate.

4.

ALL WAS STABILITY THEN.

In one etiolated hand the curate held the faintly tinted blue porcelain cup while with the other he readjusted the knitted cozy which had fallen askew about the neck of the teapot and then, in that subtle ritual which had in the course of the years' processional become as habitual to him as the discharge of his clerical offices, sniffed the barely discernible odour of the Ceylon tea now rising in visible curlicues of steam from its receptacle and, satisfied at last that the fragrant leaves had indeed been steeped the requisite spate which his practiced tongue demanded, turned now to his guest with a delicate yet unmistakably ironic smile as if seeking to share with him his own appreciation (acquired over a lifetime of just such nuances) of the inherently ridiculous yet in the final analysis aesthetically justifiable nature of these ceremonies, and, apparently now aware that the slight arching of his eyebrow and the flaring of one pale nostril had conveyed as much of his true sentiments as he was prepared to vouchsafe one who was after all still a relative intruder in the arcane mysteries of crumpets and tea-cozies, he asked, fully aware that the syllables were in a sense a supererogation and had like pebbles at the bottom of a stream long since been rubbed clean of any but their precise denotative significance, the ritual question.

One lump or two?

5.

WHAT ABOUT THE WASHING MACHINE?

6.

He ran toward the sawdust river and lost his way among wounded packing sheds. Owls flew out of the cannons and dogs urinated in their dark aviaries. The mailmen divested the windows of their clothing. Hair grew in the streets. Arcturus rose in the south and thrice shed its malevolent electricity upon the merchants wailing among the turbots. Lymphatic emissions rushed from the sewers and swept the tortured sidewalks, depositing cabbalistic detritis on the awnings. Policemen were discovered in the cupolas waving felt erasers at the aroused populace.

7.

DURING INTERMISSIONS PATRONS WILL BE RENDERED IN THE LOBBY. VIOLATORS WILL KINDLY REFRAIN FROM DEPOSITING FIRE ESCAPES IN THE POTTED PALMS. HARPSICORDS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW.

8.

Who has travestied the flowers? he cried, What conspiracy has subsumed the egrets?

There was no answer.

War was pursued like love.

Knives emerged from the engorged throats of the onlookers.

The volcano rumbled and gave rise to prurient explosions.

The stone gates grew wings and the Archangel Michael appeared over the estuary with a scimitar of burning thatch in his violent hand.

Steppingstones became ambulant.

Dark crevices appeared in the cataleptic roadways.

The voice of the Archangel fell like a hot shadow across the turnstiles:

Render unto Caesar the wine of your visions!

9.

Turn over.

Who?

You.

Turn over where?

On the other side.

Which other side?

Your other side.

It hurts.

Did it hurt before?

Yes.

Just as much?

Almost.

Be honest.

It hurt at least as much.

Be honest!

All right, it hurt more.

Then you feel better now?

Some.

How much?

Not much.

Then turn over again.

Why?

Why not?
You're right.
There.
There?
There.
There!

10.

he said and she said and she said and he said and she said and he said and she said

11.

He fled from the harbour, pursuing sanity in crepuscular avenues where the phantoms formed brigades of black wings to assail him. Apocryphal teeth appeared like the seed of Cadmus on the screen-doors. Nasturtiums screamed in his ears. Disgusting regiments of coprophagi pelted him with their revolting tears. Brontosauri were seen emerging from the lavatories chewing on scented mortgages. An immense concourse of brief-cases ran in the nude down the steps leading to the river and plunged like lemmings into the filthy water. A pale ichor dripped from the leaking telephone wires.

BULLETIN: The general staff announces penetration of the enemy's thorax.

Like a fantastic spiderweb the dark heat grew about him and embraced him in its shimmering tentacles. He awoke amidst a conclave of chattering embalmers, discovering in horror that his members had turned to mould and that powdered alum lay thick in his throat.

BULLETIN: Syntactical emendations are taking place all along the battlefield. Our troops have achieved orgasm.

Luxuriant fingers of vines entered his orifices. He endeavoured to scrape away the chlorophyl with the blade of his tongue but, exhausted, fell back in a clutch of thistles.

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an urgent message from the front.

The motorbuses had stopped running. His blood was thick with algæ.

BULLETIN!

12.

Meteors. Sunflowers. Bicycles. Grindstones. Saint Catherine's Wheels. Pulleys. Shrapnel. Starfish. Snowflakes. Prince Rupert's Drops. Jonquils. Watchsprings. Clamshells. Turntables. Hawsers.

Late afternoon.

The Brownian movement.



PASTORAL

RICHARD WATSON

(Part One)

1.

Birds break mouths in song, earth
cracks in bud, the light
solid
he sat there, his eyes crying
his horn at his side just lying there,
and I said SHUTUP but it didn't
do no good he simply got mad
too and said names between his tears
And solid light breaking
on us. One can't turn sun off with a switch.
Well let's get out of this dump anyway
I said. I felt embarrassed him crying there
among the trash while People come in cars
and ditch garbage and look at us
sitting there stupid like that.

He looked up with a hard look
You know, you have an idea
he said, somewhat ironically
flung his hair back with a quick
movement. Even here in the dump birds sang,
things like crows among the cans and things
Mirie it is while sumer ilast
With fugheles song,
Let's go, I said again. He slowly got to his feet.
Oc nu necheth windes blast
And weder strong.

He was talking or chanting some of that old stuff
which I couldn't really get.
BLAST he said

Out there in the dump
he had turned to playing again
Giving a blast
on his horn he turned to me and said:
Building massive engines out of bestial bones
we can perform Vivaldi, you know, although some old men
still sing bawdy nursery tunes
with a wheezy pipe.
I really didn't care
Wordy bastards never stop spouting
 So Orlando Gibbons never wrote for saxophones
I really didn't care
 And slow Gregorian bop meandering round
 That DAMN half-cut cat
 strumming his gut
 's passacaglia
BOP

I didn't really care, I said
let's go, the earth tilted more
the light broken
after about four hours of almost steady practice
rats fiddling with the cans and junk
Let's go home
I am older than you
but he kept on playing
Tu-whit tu-who a merry note
the moon there now

2.

(An Interlude)

Eve said once to Mr. Adam
Have you heard of our sons going to the dump
And he said no my dear why should they go
Giving her big backside a thump
Truly she said I do not know
But I am afeard my throat has a lump
Thus Mrs. Eve once said to Mr. Adam

Eve said again to Mr. Adam
Have you heard that one of our sons has pipes
And he said no my dear why should he this
Holding her tight and kissing her lips
Truly she said to pipe in bliss
And to find his flock that gives him the slips
Thus Mrs. Eve once said to Mr. Adam

Again Eve said to Mr. Adam
Have you heard that one of our sons is mad
And he said no my dear which one is that
Kissing each of her eyes so sad
Truly she said the bigger brat
And they have gone to the dumps and are going to be bad
Thus Mrs. Eve once said to Mr. Adam

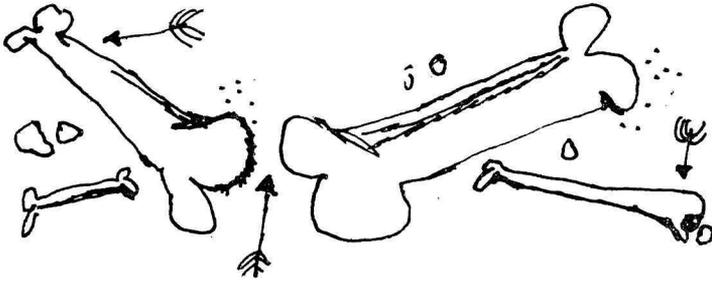
3.

The moon twisting me
God
I felt the breath of grandfather
on me. I tripped over stones I running
so fast the world dipping and turning
Something wrinkled my brow up, I did not know
why he had cried. But I laughed and shouted
to forget, until slowly the sky
began to collect its light

(Part Two)

1.

The sun breaking
it is out of the night
and voices grow round me, the voices
and I wake up singing
THE FOOTBONE CONNECTED TO THE
shinbone
THE SHINBONE CONNECTED TO THE
kneebone
(Picasso's fawns piping on straight lines)
I alone, out of bed, asleep, singing
God, I thought to myself, what
is it. I, so much as loony, was I
But there must be a lack of straight DEFINITION here.
I sat there among a crowd



And we there singing
 He came to us, up to us, an old guy
 Bald, eyes shifting, the
 shinbone connected to the
KNEEBONE
 the kneebone connected to the
THIGHBONE
 Bound into breaking, ripe sound turns inside
 my ear, torn out of reed and blown
 metal, ripe sound turns inside my ear
 In strict beat, the drums
 Find you never the complications
 Don't you ever find
 Syncopations, ever torn out of beat?
 No, never, only military strictness here, sir, never
 Fawns breaking into wild flute noises
 sighing for nymphs
 Never
 For Love hath blown its heart away

 I knew what he wanted, Yes, he wanted
 me of course, I knew
 the crowd around me shouting
HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD
 He looked at me,
 smiled with a damn superior smile
 Hi, he said
 Hi, I said
 Old he was, and heavy, wrinkled,
AND HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD
 earth bound by muscles
 earth is bound

Really, it was
 And I had never loved him before
 And I loved him then

(Part Three)

I.

The earth again tilting
Light had sunk into my eyes
(they felt sore)
and by the time I got home it was finally dark again
the skies felt filled with rain
Pa was waiting, nose
as usual dripping, Where have you been
he said, convulsively reaching into pocket
Where've you been the last couple days
Out in the dump for a while, I says
Met an old fellow we talked a bit
Pa blew his nose, his face reddened
you Son of a bitch, Where
in the hell is your brother
Mother came in and fussed around

DEAD, I said

 DEAD

 Pa was silent, he just stood there
 Sure, I killed him

Light had sunk through my eyes
I felt the emptiness in me
Death had given me emptiness
Earth, the earth, Earth indifferent and dark
 And dark the speech

No longer any sounds in my head
 I remember though, both of them, they looked at me
 thru the stillness
 And I went from them thru silent air
out of the door
I felt only rain breaking down out of black sky
thru the stillness

2.

(An Interlude)

You know, this vision continued to stick, it actually grew on me.

I of course had as they say given up my father and my mother and my God,

I refused to believe in any of them.

But the vision when it came was deeper and silent in a way.

It wasn't even a vision, it didn't have much to do with seeing.

It all had something to do with a mixing up of syllables, a new way of
breathing

3.

I walked along for a while

and then it began to dawn on me

Sure, I lust my nam: I cunt find ma nam

Whore is it, I cryd

Please, sir, wire home to find out

wire me round I sucks ma nose

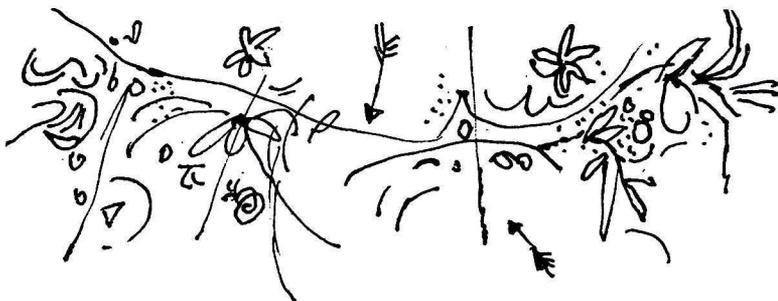
(A dog came up to me and stuck out his tongue)

bump bump bum bump

Away we go, my nostrills merrily along, trills

MERRILY we grow along, grow along, grow alone, down
to the deep blue

sea



THE PROPHET AFTER SODOM

BARBARA DRAKE

For what is he searching,
Old gore bones gone dry,
Stomping the walks and staring,
Hide out of hand, eyes red
And blood-letting
Someone is hiding
Under the sidewalks
Of the city. His one
Live eye rolls dry
And the steps of dead houses
Lie in the street, cat ridden.

The awnings spilled
Their shores of green
And gold between the awning
Rims and gold between
The windows all
And gold between
The earth and sky.

Gone is the shape for which
He is searching, turning
His one dry eye,
Begging his hands
To find it, under a sky
Hot and blood-let, a sun
Dull like a heat-split plum.
When he is done
The rooted pavements
Open their cracks
And let him die
And dirt him down
In the ground
And cover his
Blood-let eye.

**A
PORTRAIT
OF RAIN
AND
STEAMBATH
IN
NEW COLORS**

RAINER MARIO WINDISH



The rain. Still there along the road and hills and on the trees.

"How sad," said Grey.

"Sun will come out again," I said, trying to smile. Grey laughed bitterly.

"Let's go," he said, taking off his shoes.

We walked all night and sang the song of the lonely tree. We reached the house at daylight.

"Nice town," said Grey.

"Dunno," I said. I could smell the tears from the roof and the humming from the cellar.

"Let's go," said Grey.

"Dunno," I said, and we went. Grey went through the glass door, and I followed.

A bald-headed fellow was sitting at the desk in his shorts, smoking a cigar. A beautiful wrinkled doll was tickling his feet.

"Hi there," I said to the doll. She took off her earrings and didn't say anything.

"A very nice town," said Grey to the bald head, smiling. The bald head stuck a second cigar between his teeth and pushed a button. All of a sudden cool jazz, real cool.

"Man, oh man," I said.

Grey quit smiling. He had forgotten his lighter. I moved closer to the doll.

"You wanna dance?" I asked. She stopped tickling Baldy's feet and looked at my glasses.

"I forgot my thumbscrews," she said.

"Me too," I said, beaming.

"Really," she said, dropping Baldy's feet and getting up. Baldy laughed.

"Let's see your whiskey," he said to Grey. Grey looked embarrassed.

"I just got peanut butter," he said, licking his lips in a rapid fashion. Baldy got pale. But after a while he said, "Okay doc," and they started eating.

Doll took off my glasses and softly stepped on my toes.

"Please let me sit on you," she said.

I looked around quickly. There was nothing to stretch out on. Nothing but the floor. So I stretched out on the floor and said "Honey."

"Honey," she said, and she sat down on my belly.

Baldy and Grey were still eating. Doll looked at Baldy.

"Honey," I said, breathing hard.

"Honey," she said, looking at Baldy.

The cool jazz had stopped.

"Is this a steam bath?" I asked Doll, just to break the silence.

"This is life," Doll said, still looking at Baldy and pressing all her weight into her seat.

"Ouch," I said, wishing I had my glasses, to see if she was doing it on purpose. Doll turned around — and looked down at me.

"I thought you forgot your thumbscrews," she said disappointed, getting up at the same time.

"Wait," I cried, "at least I tried to forget them." Doll walked to the desk and put her earrings back on.

I chewed my nails for a while, humming the song of the lonely tree, and thinking that it was better to try and fail, than to fail to try. I made a perfect headstand, sleeping a little, and then I got down and stretched my arms.

Doll was still at the desk, and Grey and Baldy were still eating. I took off my coat and went over to them.

"You still eating?" I said to Grey.

"A man's got to live," said Grey.

I was glad I wasn't hungry. I went over to Doll.

"May I press the button?" I asked her. She smiled, and I pressed.

"Are there any other buttons?"

"Just this nice one," she said, still smiling.

Cool jazz, real cool. All around. I touched her cheek, trying to straighten the wrinkles.

"Let's dance," she said.

"I forgot my thumbscrews."

"Me too," she said, beaming.

"Really," I said, pushing the desk aside and stepping softly on her toes.

"I'm going to sit on you," I said, holding her tight. She stretched out on the floor and said "Honey." I sat down on her belly and looked out of the window.

"Honey," I said, still looking out. I took off my boots, and she was panting. The jazz had stopped and I became restless. I got up and went to the desk and sat down. Grey was taking off his shirt and wiping his mouth with his elbows. Baldy leaned far back in his chair. He was stark naked, and for the first time he looked at me.

"I'm sick," he said, staring at me. I felt uneasy.

"Can I help you?" I asked and smiled wryly.

"I'm sick," said Baldy again, getting up and looking around wildly. "Conform to going now," he said, still staring at me. He was shivering and wiping his palms frantically along his bare thighs.

"Don't want to go just now," he said hoarsely, turning around and stumbling over Grey's outstretched legs and falling down and then getting up on his hands.

"A handstand," I yelled excitedly.

Grey didn't bother to look up, and Baldy walked out on his hands. Out into the rain. All of a sudden I was sad. Baldy wouldn't be able to smoke now, with his hands in the mud.

"Baldy's gone," I said to Grey.

Grey was eating again.

"Baldy's gone," I said again.

"So what," said Grey, without looking up.

I shrugged my shoulders and picked up a badly chewed cigar.

"Baldy's," I said.

"What?" said, Grey, looking up now.

"Baldy's. Baldy's cigar."

"Good," said Grey, "very good," stretching out his hand and smiling broadly.

"No," I said firmly, sticking the cigar between my teeth. "I'm Baldy now."

"Give me that cigar," said Grey, getting up and taking off his trousers.

I pushed him aside and took off my shirt.

"Please, please, *please* . . ." said Grey.

"Shut up," I said, "I'm hungry." And I sat down. Grey was on the floor and tickling my feet. I was annoyed.

"Honey," I called, "honey." She came over from the corner in a bathing suit and looked at me. I showed her the cigar.

"How jolly," she said, smiling sweetly. She looked as if she'd remembered now that I had tried very hard to forget my thumbscrews.

"Sit on Grey, will you," I said, eating some of the peanut butter.

Doll sat down on Grey, and Grey rolled over and said "Honey." Doll looked at me and winked with her sad green eyes, and she said, "Honey."

When I had finished eating, I smeared peanut butter all over me. I always wanted to get a sun tan. Doll watched me and clapped her hands and said "Honey, honey, honey." Grey was softly moaning. I looked down at Doll and smiled. She remembered me all right. I stuck the cigar in my mouth again, and I said "Honey." Immediately she cried out and jumped up and with her lips took Baldy's cigar from my mouth.

"For you," I said, wishing she hadn't taken the cigar from me.

"Oh, honey," she said and pushed me down on the floor. She sat on my belly, looked down at me and said "Honey, honey," all the while chewing wildly on Baldy's cigar.

Later I sat on her belly for a while, and then she sat on my belly for a while, and so on, and I was glad that I really didn't have any thumbscrews anymore.

A little later she said, "I'm tired," as though she didn't care what became of me or anybody or anything. I noticed the upper part of her bathing suit was missing. "How ugly she is," I thought, and I got up. Grey was sitting at the desk again. He was naked.

"I'm getting old," he said, looking at his toes.

I felt sorry for him, and I went over.

"Are you cold?" I asked.

"I'm hungry," he said, looking at the empty peanut butter jar. I took off my jeans.

"Here, put 'em on," I said, "they'll keep you warm."

Grey was trying to brush his teeth with his thumb.

"Jeans don't fit me," he said, "and anyway, I'm too old for that." I felt like crying, and I thought I should push the button; but then I thought that's too far, and who wants to push the button anyway.

"I want to have a bath and clean up," I said vaguely. Grey didn't say anything.

"I wonder what it looks like outside," I said, just to say something.

Grey stared at me.

"I got to go pretty soon."

"Oh, cheer up," I said, "maybe the sun is out by now." Grey tried to laugh bitterly. But it sounded like the whimpering of a sick dog.

"There's just the rain," he said. "Nothing but rain."

"But can't you remember," I said eagerly. "The beautiful day. When we sat all day by the spring. And I picked the flowers. Remember? I picked the flowers, and you said . . . you said . . ." But Grey just kept staring at me. Then he started to shiver violently, and I wanted to help him. But I didn't know what to do. I asked him if he really *wanted* to go.

"Yessss," he said "yesssiirrrr," and he got up, clenching one fist and holding it close to his chest, "yesssiirrrr," and he walked drunkenly toward the door, waving his other hand wildly, "yesssiirrrr," and out the door he went.

I felt terribly alone.

"Honey," I called, "honey." I turned and looked around. "Honey." She came out of a corner and stopped at the desk.

"What do you know," she said slowly, "you actually have a flower in your hair. And I never noticed. But then you didn't either, did you."

"No," I said, and for a moment I felt silly for having a flower in my hair. But then I smiled. I smiled so deep and so sincerely that Doll couldn't help herself but smile as sincerely as I. We smiled like that for a very long time, and I noticed how her wrinkles disappeared.

"I can see it now," I said happily, "you've got wrinkles from not smiling."

"You better check out," she said harshly. "It's after three." All her wrinkles were back, and she looked as if she hated me for having mentioned her wrinkles.

I took the flower from my hair and looked at it.

"There *were* flowers. I picked them. On a beautiful day. By a mountain spring." I tried to tell her that *I* had picked that flower. That the flower was only here because *I* was here. But she did not smile anymore.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked, a little bit frightened by her silence.

"This is life," she said in a strange voice. "And I never noticed the flower in your hair."

She sounded now as if she was sorry she hadn't noticed the flower before and as if it'd made a great difference if she had.

"Please," I said quickly, "take my flower and put it in your hair."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course," I said, and put the flower in her hair. She stood like a child

that had for the first time looked into the water of a mountain spring and marvelled at her reflection in the water.

"You are beautiful," I said.

The door opened, and I thought it was perhaps Grey who'd forgotten something; but nobody entered. I wished it was Grey. I could've shown him the flower. Maybe he'd have remembered then.

"Aren't you cold?" I asked her softly. She looked so young and innocent with my flower in her hair that I gallantly took off my socks.

"Here," I said, feeling rather cold suddenly, "put them on. They'll keep you warm."

"Oh, you mustn't," she said coyly. "I'm not cold at all. But you, my poor darling, you are shivering. Oh, look at these holes. I'll mend them for you. Do you want me to mend them for you?"

"Yes," I said and clenched my teeth. I'd be a fool to do any more talking now, I thought, with all this shivering. I thought of closing the door, and I walked backward, looking at her, because she looked so beautiful.

"Oh, are you going now?" she asked. "I haven't mended your socks yet." I must've looked rather lost because she said sadly, "I can't come with you. I never go out, you know."

I tried to walk toward her and say something, like oh lovely beauty mine. But my lips didn't move, and I had the strange feeling that Grey was there, pulling me out, into the rain.

"Bring me some more flowers from the mountain spring," somebody whispered in my ear. Then I felt soft lips on my cheeks and the beautiful Doll was waving good-bye with my socks, and blowing me kisses, till a curtain of rain enfolded me, and she was gone.

Outside. The rain and the road, and I walked. It was as if I'd never been in the house and made Doll beautiful with my flower. But she had been there, just like that beautiful day, and the spring in the mountains. I wasn't sure in what direction I was going. The rain was thick, and I didn't know the country. But it was good to be alive. And that girl sure looked beautiful with my flower in her hair.

"Yeah," I said, walking uphill, "it's good to be alive."

D-DAY

FRANK DAVEY

Today
is destroy old poems day
and before breakfast
eight
 drunk
 masters
with fragments of two more
lie
 braided in the basket

and now these dishes
who
 can let me hurl them
toast crumbs and tea
at that face which makes the air
fettters
 around me?

FOR ONE OF THEM

FRANK DAVEY

boxes and buildings
 sandstone
 flapping in the breeze
the flag
 snow crisp
 mud
 (girls)
underfoot
bread wrappers
 quasi lunch bags
 in my pocket
no sky
 (girls)
 must be some clouds
 curbstone

tripping me up
 auto-dodging
 objects
 everywhere
 even the coins
 tinkling in my right pocket
 or my car keys
WHAT CAN I DO WITH THEM
 there
 another
 three tall dark girls
 seven
 all accompanied and in
 white raincoats
 there a
 and there
 a short blonde girl
 alone and a
 voiding
 there a no four
 medium almost red-headed girls
 with
 perhaps mysterious
 I think stares
 There five medium darks
 with
 without
 short talls my past is
 criss-crossing my present
 my future is ghosts
 white raincoats
 accompanied

 I trip over my curbstone
 haven't I done this before
 I must apologize
 Maybe my car keys will unlock
 that flagpole

PAUPER'S BRATS

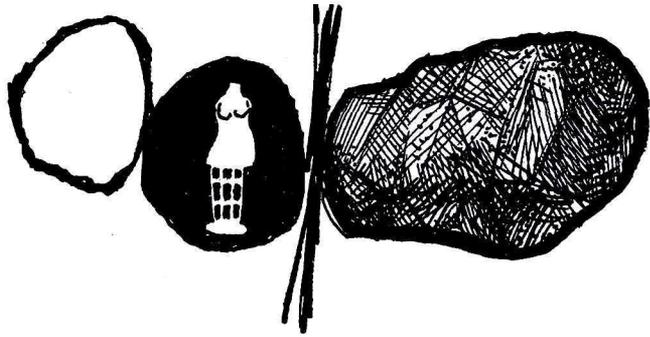
BARBARA DRAKE

These are the dog children, all
Yellowed fang children,
Playing among the queen's lace
And nettles.

Baring their yellowed fang teeth,
Their seed-centred faces are rank
And thin, their dresses
Fly in a little wind
Their bodies created.

Their hair hangs like fur strands
Out of old moss trees crumbling
And with mildew blued. They run
In a pack, witch-grown, chanting
Dog-spells over the stones. None
Knows his father.

Their mother is a she-dog
And her yellowed fangs are dull.
Her cheeks suck air and her eyes
Are hardly there, so lost their gleam
In the pockets of her face.
Under her moss-like hair, those eyes,
They seldom catch the sun
Turning clear, crystalline,
Bright like yellow bottle glass,
Or caught by a light in the night
Where she broods, and watches
The dog children's whimpering sleep.



THE DRESS

ROBERT CREELEY

Much was simple about Mary and Peter, and to describe them quickly, it was first of all two people, in a house into which not many others came. And three children, pushed into corners, and a friend or two who came to call. After ten years or so of living together, there were no very actual momentos, or none that either felt much disposition to recognize. There were no flags, and in fact few signs of even time except for the children, and a scar which traversed Mary from belly-button to bottom. Which both had *done*, but also for which Peter was in some sense guilty. Not her.

But, passing that, walking into the room, at this instant, saying something, Peter wanted one action, definite, to place them all in that place where time shall have no dominion. Louise, Mary's *present* friend, was a tall woman, dangling happy jiggly things hung from both ears with such weight that he was worried her ears might tear loose. The pain of speaking was in this way increased.

But now — for once he shook free of it, taking with him both Louise and Mary. And through a small opening in the floor, pulled them down, into where *he* lived. Saying nothing, because there was nothing to say, *now* he led them through a tiny passage, obliging Louise in particular to crawl on all embarrassed fours, like the tiny and comfortable being she was. He snapped a whip. He turned on a light, and in an instant, the cavern was flooded with a warm rich yellow searching glow. Peering into the two faces looking up at him, he saw, first, dismay. Then, laughter. And then, dismay. So back up they went, into the room, and sat there.

Mary's dress, half-finished, lay on the table, and this is what the two women had been talking about, planning, deciding, when he had first come in. It was a question as to whether this material, as an added border and so, design, would be the best, the most interesting, or on the other hand, that. Two materials lay beside the half-finished dress, in long narrow strips, and on one there was a quiet, rich, oblique design of some warm grey and blue and red. And on the other, a more excited, flaring, intense design of green, yellow and blue. Louise asked him what he thought would look best, and

Mary, by her listening, also was curious to know. So he thought, *under* the dress will be, of course, Mary. So what is Mary like? Yet that necessitated returning to *under* the floor, so down they all went again, the women this time less hesitant, as he drew them on, and down, and also more curious to explore, should he let them, this sudden, exciting inclination.

He let them explore, and as the yellow light reached all corners of the underfloor cavern, the two women went, hand in hand, to one after another of the sights which were here. As, for example, the stalactites and the stalagmites. Which had been formed by the dripping, and which hung, like icicles, from the roof of the cavern, or else rose like spikes, from the floor of the cavern. The dripping itself was from a fissure, a cleft or split. But also, a narrow opening in an *organ*, as was now the case. A cleavage. Findo. To *cleave*. Peter had accomplished this by a daily *expenditure*, and these objects, precariously enough arrived at and / or created, were important to him.

The women moved incautiously, because these things were not what he had *done*, not, that is, what they had done for him. Mary did many things for him, as she now did, certainly, in the present place — by moving there at all — and by looking, touching, exploring. Louise, striking one of the pendular accumulations with the hard heel of her hand, said, listen! And from the hanging, or rather the hanging up spike-like accumulation came notes, with each blow, like those of Big Ben chiming the hour, in London. Peter brusquely silenced her, and it was then that both women reminded him, of their reason for coming to the cavern, at all.

So again they sat in the room, with the dress material across Mary's knees while she bent over it, as if to catch now, in some pattern of the varied cloth, an instance of her own person. Finally, in short, this was to be her own *person*, or at least was, from, roughly, the knees to the neck, with arms and varied other areas left clear. Under it of course would be her own body.

Louise interposed the *idea* of, in New Mexico, Indian women, with their many layered dresses, built out into a raging, piled, and then formed piece of clothing. This, with the hair pulled back, long, and left to hang down. Also, they had straight backs, fine clear features, a race altogether of clean dark women. Under this onslaught Mary buckled, adding for herself a host of other details, taken from pictures of Mexican women, Italian women, and the more known Spanish women. Peter himself saw his wife as *white*, and had known her as such. He added to the material which she held on her knees, the memory of other materials, and in particular, one thin worn black and purple-spotted dress, for which he had a great fondness. This dress, when she wore it, swelled into desirable proportions, the breast forward, the waist drawn in, and for the neck, low and round, of the dress, a leaving open of the bones which formed the height of the body, wide, then certain, down, into the complexity of the *flesh*.

It was the friend's *promise*, however, to make the wife not a wife? This was where Peter himself was confused. To take Louise, too, into the cavern

— she was with Mary and that allowed it. Louise, looking at him now, was *older* than he was. As, in some crowded neighborhood, this building is older than that one, and because it is, seems, appears, insists on itself, as in that way more rightly there. Under any dress the body is this or that, older or younger, whiter or darker. Under the floor he had the cavern to think about, but Louise could not think *about* it. She was either there or not. Mary likewise.

Mary, the young wife, getting up, put the cloth on the table where it had first been, and went out to see about supper. In the room behind them Louise and Peter heard her speak, then the maid answer, then Mary speaking, again. Whether or not the children had always been in the room, as they now were, looking at both Peter and Louise, covetously, was not certain. Could he take *Louise* into the cavern? Alone?

In the cavern Louise stood back from him, crouched under the warm yellow light, and hidden behind the multiplicity of forms which crowded from all sides. He spoke, yet the voice in finding her became too changed to be recognized. It was not his voice. Had he thought of her otherwise, he might well have *approached* her. But he did not. Soon other faces looked down from that point at which they had entered the cavern, little faces looked down, three in number. This time Louise did not strike the coagulated, hardened and depending forms, with her hand. No tone, at all, broke the silence.

Yet the relief was in the *body*, both his, and hers, and also Mary's? Who was not present but was felt, among them, and each, Louise and himself, insisted on that knowledge. In the yellow light one group of stalactites and stalagmites appeared to be a castle. Another seemed a forest. Another not far from where Louise continued to *creep* back, on hands and knees, was a snow scene, and reared up and down, in sinuous, fixed motion.

When Mary re-entered the room Louise spoke to her, but Peter was unable to. He remained in the cavern. But concern soon brought him out, and closely listening, he accepted the invitation of their words and re-addressed himself to the problem of material.

Was the dress to be final — is in effect how he addressed it. The *body* was not final, yet women, or rather his wife — she was final. Louise was not. In the cavern, revealed, or veiled? In that light it was Louise, entire, who was revealed. In the mind, or idea, of Peter.

Picking up the material again, Mary let it spread over her knees, and looked at Peter, and then at Louise. The concern was whether or not the dress was to be her own person, or Louise's? Or the Indian women. Or, in the cavern, all these forms were taken care of, redisposed in, surely, a wide variety of *attitudes*. Peter wanted a dress for Mary, that would not be Louise, at all. He wanted, desperately enough, to make the *body* present, all of it, by simply that clothing of Mary, which would not re-displace her, not again.

Each time she left the room he thought she would never come back. He was left with Louise.

Left with Peter, Louise turned to Mary. It was Mary's suggestion that, in the cavern, they wear *no* clothes, because she was Peter's wife. But Louise wanted the *dress*. She arranged the dress, on Mary, and then chose the intenser, more flaring design of green, yellow and blue, from the two materials either one of which she might have added. To finish the dress. Peter laughed but felt dismayed too. This was to be Mary's *own* person. Mary readjusted the half-done dress upon herself, and held the material, which Louise had chosen, against it. The dress, with the material, became her.

But the *cavern* was and *is* an underfloor hollow, with a *horizontal* entrance. and is made by the *subsiding*, or *giving inwards*, or *smashing in*, of *soil*, *walls*, etc. Cavern-dwellers are *prehistoric men* living in these huge or deep *hollows within solids*. Peter said.

MY AUSTERE VISAGE LIGHTED BY TWO MOONS

PAUL CARROLL

There are no moons. Except
these flat discs of glass
circling my eyes.

There are no moons. Or if
there are, it's only
the loop-the-loops

of the green bird of the night.
Perhaps. Or
the shadow of loops. Perhaps.

There are no moons. Deliberately,
delicately,
the hand in chauffeur's glove
shuts the lids of father's eyes.

It is written:
only the naked are ecstatic.

* * * * *

i want to scream out to everyone help me

poet goes to psychiatrist
doubts about his career his own fears
and profoundly unsatisfactory
rejection slips

TELL IT TO THE BIRDS BOY

the birds?

yaas, who drop pellets of rotten stomach
HARD HARD HARD and twisted lung
FIBRE like scrapedwire down your spine MRS
NAILLOR
SCRATCHING
CHALK ON
BLACKBOARDS
in grade 3
INTO
your gouging for splitty
head tooth CRACKD OPEN
NERVE holes

* * * * *

you know there's a hook from our
ceiling

martina, well wondred what had hung there — no
thing hangs from
it, now

i said your empty shoes AND she askd
had my body been in dust decay yes i sd. allaround the
room / but that all that DUST

CAME TOGETHER

& put all of itselvs into
this ball that rolld up the rockies and then down across
the prairie and over into a little town near timmins
ontario found her mother & jumped inside

YEARS LATER

You came back you returnd to THIS VERY ROOM
took down your shoes
& put them on

* * * * *



HAD A WIFE

GLADYS HINDMARCH

(TO BE READ ALOUD)

There was a man whose name was Peter. He had a wife who ran around quite a bit. Peter would come home at night tired from logging and find no supper on the table. Then he would go into the bedroom and find that the bed had not been made. He would look at the refrigerator — here a piece of toast; at the kitchen counter — there a bite of cookie; at the table — here a paper there a magazine everywhere a clutter clutter. Then he would go out into the back yard to look for her: up the alley, through the pumpkin patch, around and around the woodpile — and still he could not find his wife.

Peter would go back into the kitchen and open the refrigerator and get some beer to take outside to drink in his pumpkin patch. His pumpkin patch was the largest most orangest most prickly-stemmed in all the town. He would sit on the tallest pumpkin watching the rowboats of the harbour watching the coloured cars of the street eating pumpkin drinking beer — waiting for his wife to come home. He got to know how often the people below had tomatoes for supper, who packed groceries in a little pink bag, who came from a drygoods-store job to a nobody-there house and left quite soon to an empty-yet bowling alley — waiting for his wife to come home.

After he had drunk three or four beer and after he had left his pumpkin patch to the night moths and rats and after he had watched a western, a

sea hunt story, a panel discussion, and a court story on TV, and after he had fixed himself some cold pork beets and pumpkin pie from the frig, he went to bed waiting for his wife to come home. And sometimes somehow in the middle of the night she did — she did with her thin legs and short hair and holey slip, she did with her sloped bottom and scrunched shoulders and moley knees — she did licking and touching and sliding and holding — she did and it didn't seem right to bawl her out now and there wasn't time because it was morning so she got up and made him breakfast and things seemed almost right as he went off to work.

And after work it was as he had done before: waiting in the pumpkin patch, walking up the alley, opening beer closing gates, sitting, anything to stay out of that house to keep away from her carrot bites, pepperoni sticks, dusty flower pots, from her splotchy-duster, opened-bed, scattered magazine box. He threw beer caps between the leaves, saw tomatoes being plucked, watched garbage coming out, and left. Left to the pub where one man he knew was, left to a poker game with four teenage hoods, left to a bowling alley with five Indian girls, but all of this was no good. So he went home, picked the duster off the chair and sat and rocked and waited for his wife. So he turned on the set and watched and rocked and ate baked pumpkin slices and waited for his wife.

But again she did not come. And again he went to bed. And again she came in curling legs around above his hips, sliding arms fullways along his back, dropping fingers all over lightly, loosely touching, then letting go — down his front, past his thighs, over his kneecaps and ankles and toe cracks; then up a bit firmer in longer touching presses lightly and starting with her mouth. And again he turned to her, jagged tongued and heavy knuckled — squeezing her bottom up, jerking her front down, blowing her legs out, circling her breasts in, twisting her waist, smoothing her top, stroking and hugging and licking all over.

But not again did he just leave her and let her be as she was. The next morning he took her and bound her — bound her with sheets and with belts and neckties. He wrapped an orange felt blanket round her and round her and left her there moaning ready to cry. He fried his eggs, caught his crummy, sat with his pail being driven to work — up to Second Lake, “I hear they're clearing the canyon”; up a tree rigging; down, over, to limb another; down again and then back. “There was an accident on First — a young kid was killed.” “Yeah, he set chokers I think” — on the way back from work. “Who's for a beer” and cork boots on pavement and kids eating popsicles and hard hats all sweaty on the way back from work.

And when he got home his wife was there — crying and screeching, still tied to the bed. “Oh, it's you . . . what are you doing this to me for . . . what have I ever done . . . you've had other women, haven't you . . . get me out of here, won't you . . . can't you even loosen the back ones a little . . . the least you could have done was turn on the radio.”

"I hate you, can't you understand that I hate you . . . what do you mean you don't know why . . . you know, don't kid yourself . . . what does it matter? it matters a lot . . . am I going to sit here night after night waiting . . . am I meant to . . ."

"Yes you are. You are you are you are."

"No, I'm not."

"You're nothing but a . . ."

"Go ahead, say it."

"You're nothing but a . . ."

"Haven't got any words, have you?"

"Bastard — bugger — goddamn stinking fiddilly fidgety . . ."

"Doesn't mean a thing, does it — doesn't mean a thing."

"No. I guess not."

He sat by her back and started to untie her, dropped a finger between two belts and touched.

"Don't touch me — what do you want to touch me now for?"

"I do. That's all. And that's that."

"You're an odd one Peter. You know you're really odd."

And after she was loose and they had made love and eaten supper, he took her outside into the pumpkin patch. He sat her down on the biggest pumpkin and with a breadknife and a hammer and his cork boots, he squashed and sliced and banged and cut, he stamped and tore and busted every pumpkin in the patch except that one. He spread the walk with newspaper and slung the pulpy chunky juicy seedy hard stuff on it. He rolled the stuff up with the tips of his boots, but the paper kept breaking so he left little heaps lying all over the walk. Then he lifted his wife off the only pumpkin and plunked her down on one of the heaps.

He cut into the big pumpkin and pulled fistfulls of fibre out of its bulk — he sucked it and chewed it and spat — he ate it all and his stomach swelled, pushed through his pants out; and the sky pulsed, shrunk through its skin down; and the fence boards squished, pressed through their veins in; and the walk and the pumpkin leaves just lay there flat, doing nothing; and his wife just sat there numb, looking stupid. He yanked her off the silly paper and dropped her into the empty pumpkin belly. He cut out an eye and made her eat it; cut out another and made her eat that. Put on the lid and sat and stared; listened to her scream and holler and pound. Looked at her wiggling and bouncing and pushing, trying to roll it to bust it open, trying to bite the eyes out with her mouth — but she couldn't, couldn't move freely, couldn't get the noise out through the eyes, couldn't roll it over or butt it open, couldn't gouge it or do anything at all. And so it was there during the days that Peter kept her and kept her very well.

POETIC

LIONEL KEARNS

Dangerous it is
to think in a poem
and doubly so
to dream. At night
words grow
too big for the page

I know
having strained my limbs
in quixotic attempts
to encompass them. Remember

those frenzied apprehensions of
the vision in the glass of beer
myopic miscalculations
of rudimentary organs and

other natural phenomena; poems
jumping from the tips
of my youthful fingers
reams of schizophrenic hieroglyphics
falling in disorder
under my desk. Value

lurks in the mind
of an economist. Beware

twisting metaphor and
hardening animal matter. The

authentic dance
is the wobbly stance
of a living man

FAMILY

LIONEL KEARNS

Angelo ducking his head below the dash
puffing to catch the flicker of Ivo's lighter. Me
beside them in the front seat, watching
the road twist away to the left

The car speeding straight on

end-over-end once slowly

waiting for the and one

and two rolls gently

and three and stop

We climbed up from beach-level and the wreck
noticing where
the car had crashed down through the brush:
small trees sheared right off, a scrape
on the great Douglas Fir
at the side of the road

7:45 pm

Maria Ludavicci, her five brothers and me
struggling up in the rain
onto the highway. Mrs. Ludavicci at Benediction.
Old Ludavicci at home, drinking his wine
alone in the big house

PROBLEM OF VOICE

LIONEL KEARNS

Melody

swills from the flute in the evening air. Mind
slips to the fingers. Pure sound
spreading on the wind. Notes
suppress words — DENY them. I experience
freedom in this loosening of
the brain-knot. Seconds of joy.

Words control my inner dimension
through a sequence of definitions. It's
a process of containment; makes for
unity but enforces a
limitation. Words for everything, though
frequently there's that
blockage between gut and pen nib.
Maybe I need a transformer in the arm
to relieve the congestion.

Meditations too are strong-armed by words;
I concede to them now, thinking
THAT man's life futile as
a melody on the evening wind

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CONTRIBUTORS

In addition to the usual biographical information, many of the writers responded to an appeal for comments, however indirect, on their aims.

BILL BISSETT lives in Vancouver.

north america becomes increasingly facist
not aroused by finding myself in easy identifiable historical poetics line
poem: to work with the unfinished proposition
 between one instant and the next " "
 use breath in you body syllable space now i
 control space to equate you see
i feel there is a truth that should make everyone shut up
i am open to anything that happens within this energy
"i" become hung up about being open that is when i do not
move a canadian wants to be hip is that it
messy in halifax puritan freudian casebook born in messy here see chamber of com-
merce some people see me thru a fog and to some people i insist that that is where
i am the people and the statements dont connect that much

GEORGE BOWERING is a graduate of the University of British Columbia and of the Royal Canadian Air Force. In recent years he has published numerous poems in most of the Canadian literary magazines, and will soon have his fiction published for the first time in *Exchange* and *Evidence*. He is an editor of *Tish*.

I intend that my theater should project my personal vision of the world I find myself in. I am not interested in telling a story in order to teach or to show—I will teach and show with the material of my inside world: that is, symbols and images, as they strike me, in order of importance rather than in order of chronology. More important than story or character is theme, and everything extends from theme. Nothing need be valid on an objective level because the image-seeing mind is not interested in cause & effect, but rather effect & effect. Of course I am interested in reality, but I will show how I intuit it, not how the recording machine fixes it. I show not a peek into private lives, but a look into the human condition.

PAUL GARROLL, editor of *Big Table*, lives in Chicago. A book of his poems is being published.

ROBERT CREELEY lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. A former editor of *The Black Mountain Review*, he had seven stories in Scribner's *Short Story 3*, and the same publisher is bringing out his collected poems in April. He is presently working on a novel, *The Island*. "The Dress" has appeared in print previously in the Scottish magazine *Sidewalk*.

At a recent reading of his stories in Vancouver, Mr. Creeley made some comments about short-story writing. Here is the way they filtered through one listener: A writer must have as developed a sense of balance as a skier. Once he gives himself to a trail he may follow it with art, but to *its* conclusion. Rather than allowing his mind to speculate behind or to the side, or having too set a notion of where he is going, he must respond intuitively to the unknown terrain before him. In other words, he maintains his own balance best by being in balance with nature.

FRANK DAVEY was born 1940 in Vancouver, says he couldn't help it—his mother distrusted country hospitals. Never got away from the place. Still enjoys living, and this is why he writes poems. In his work he says he is seeking the psychological reality back of things thru things—especially in the multitudinous random moments when objects pour upon one, each with its own personality and its story to tell of the sadness of its home. To get this on paper he is willing to go to any lengths. Experience being non-logical, he finds that logic, syntax, and grammar must often be warped or even swept away. The old story of the aim justifying the means. He ignores all the old absolutes of poetry, such as tropes and strict form, seeing them as justifiable only if they contribute function-

ally to the conveying of the image and form of his vision of life itself. He has poems published or being published in *Tish*, *Halton Hi-Lites*, *Canadian Forum*, *Evidence*, and *Delta*, and his book, *D-Day and After*, is to be released late this spring. He is editor of *Tish*.

BARBARA DRAKE, a native of Oregon, is married and a teaching assistant in the English Department at the University of Oregon.

I usually have the feeling that the person I am when I write and the person I am when I read what I have written must be two separate individuals. If I like what I have written, I am amazed that I did such a good job. If I don't like it, I am likewise amazed that I didn't see what a lot of crap it was when I was writing it. Either way, it is almost like reading something I have never seen before when I go back over my work the first time. Or rather, it is as if I have had a curious dream and am walking down the street thinking it over when I come to a newspaper stand and find a detailed, exact account of my dream on the front page.

I think poetry should be read aloud, although it isn't absolutely necessary to read it aloud to anyone.

GLADYS HINDMARCH attends the University of British Columbia.

I think that I ask nothing of the short story except that it have a form; a surface description that skitters about the outside of things, that either is or is not held down or pulled ahead by some line of action is not enough; neither is a quality or mood that is created by five, nine, twenty-three pages unless that quality is the form, is within every object word person that comes out of the flatness into itself.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK is one of the editors of the *San Francisco Review*. He has had numerous stories printed, seven plays produced and has a book of poems coming out this summer.

You ask my intentions in this novel. The intentions of all enemies of Carthage are the same — to mine and explode her insolent chromium walls. Methods, however, vary. Cato prefers the sword and Roman law. As a reading of my 12th chapter should make clear, I put my faith in those immaculate, joyous and circular explosions which surround us all yet generally pass unperceived. I come to them by the stratagem of derangement which, in this time of dementia, is my concession to conformism. *Necesses est cum insanientibus furere.*

LIONEL KEARNS has published poetry previously in *Prism* and a number of other Canadian magazines.

It's very simple. The poet objectifies a charge of his own subjective energy. The listener taps the poem and draws off that charge into his own subjective person. This closed poetic circuit is an instance of inter-subjective communion, and the initiating creative act of the poet is, therefore, the apersonal act of love.

JIM SALT lives in Regina, Saskatchewan. He is presently at work on a trilogy of plays and a novel.

FREDERIC WAH goes to the University of British Columbia and is an editor of *Tish*.

A poem works for me as it is a natural thing. An utterance. A fluent merging of myself with my surroundings. It is fluent because, when it happens, it is as natural as song, a sigh of recognition, a correspondence between the actual event and language. A correspondence between reality and all of me — eyes, ears, breath, etc. As this is, in part, my stance, my poetry desires to *testify*, to some depth, the balance or equilibrium set up between me, objects, human behaviour, facts, and events. *It is my song.*

RICHARD WATSON is married and a graduate student at the University of Washington. He has appeared in *Prism* before. "Pastoral" as published here is the second stage of a story which Mr. Watson envisions as continuing to evolve during the rest of his life.

RANIER MARIO WINDISH was born in Germany and came to Canada in 1955 for the purpose of becoming a cowboy, which he was for three years. Now living in Vancouver, he has had two plays produced and is working on a novel. After arguments with people who had seen the plays

I began seriously to wonder if I shouldn't abandon this kind of writing, if I could find another more conventional way to say whatever I intended to say. But then I realized that there was no other way, that the only way I could express myself was in this kind of writing. By no means am I standing on firm ground yet, but I sincerely feel that through this unconventional approach of writing I can touch on the unexpressable and one day express the unexpressable.

AWARD RECEIVED

At the Fourth Annual Vancouver Art Directors' show, the Prism Society was presented with the AWARD OF DISTINCTIVE MERIT for their magazine cover issue No. 2:2. This award was the only one presented in the category of magazine covers.

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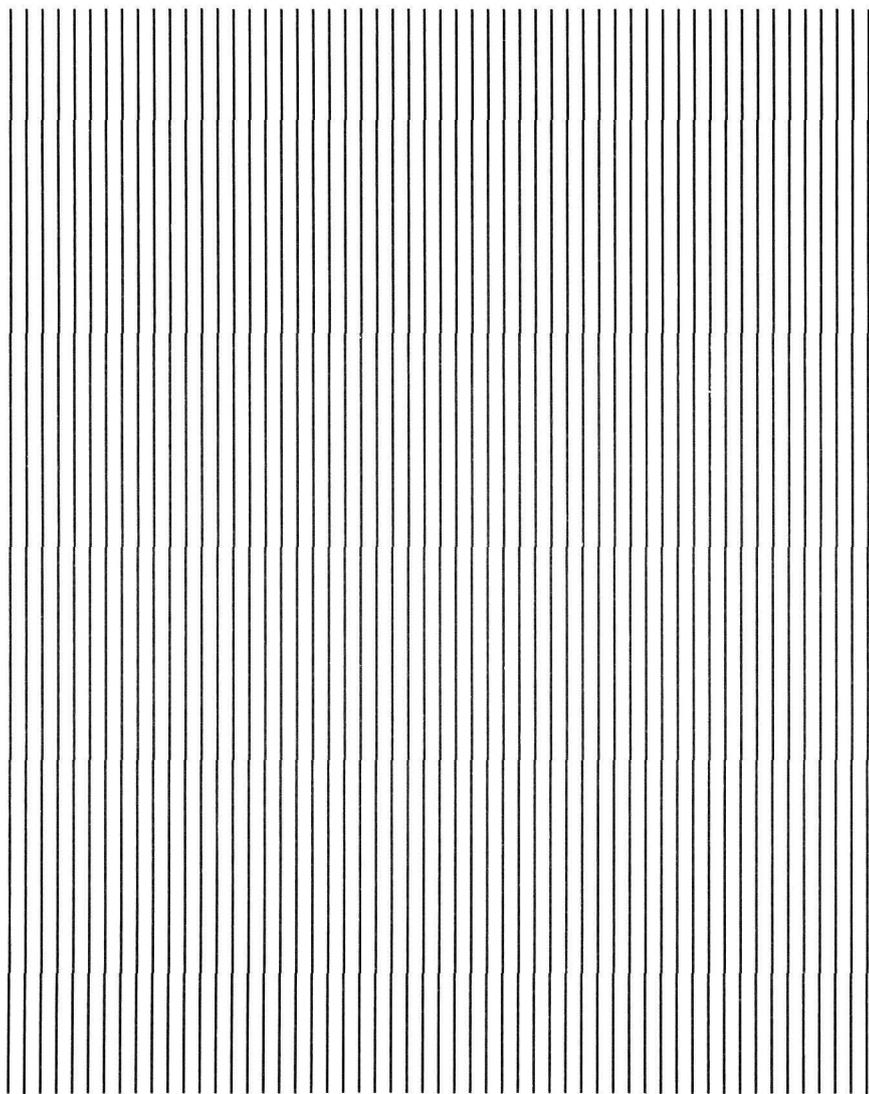
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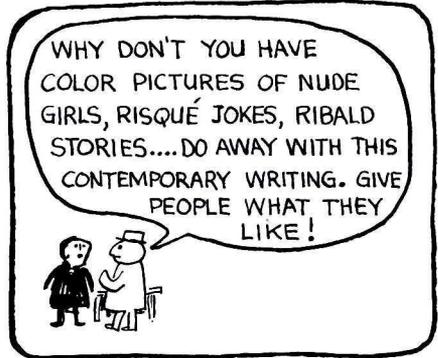
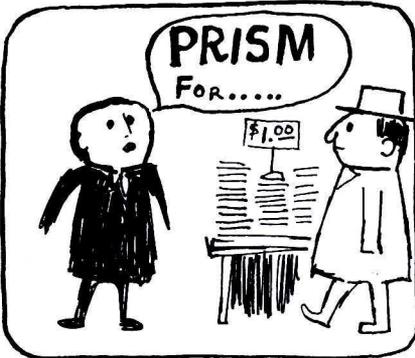
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