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Featuring the various arts, *Rampike* is published three times a year.

Edited by Karl E. Jirgens

Contributing Correspondents:

New York; Christopher Brady

Montreal; Fausto Bedoya

Toronto; John Grube

Submissions are encouraged.

Rampike focuses on post-modern expression within a thematic format.

Please accompany all pieces with S.A.S.E. (Material will be returned only upon request). For further information call or write:

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Rampike est une revue éditée trois fois par année.

Rédacteur: Karl-Edouard Jirgens.

Rédacteur-associé:

New York; Christopher Brady.

Montréal; Fausto Bedoya.

Toronto; John Grube.

Rampike, une revue qui encourage la recherche artistique et

littéraire à l'intérieur du cadre d'un thème donné,

est toujours à la recherche de nouveaux collaborateurs,

bien qu'on ne renvoyera pas à l'auteur ce qu'il nous a envoyé

sans demande précise et payée à l'avance.

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Le thème du numéro prochain sera l'électricité et ses

manifestations.

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EDITORIAL

Rampike while pursuing themes of international significance continues to provide a conceptual framework with is simultaneously a cross-reference on forms of creative expression. This second issue of *Rampike* deals with the theme of "Wood". It came to the editors' attention that rubber is one of wood's many manifestations. We chose therefore to expand this into a double issue featuring both materials.

Our relationship to wood is a close one. We have come from the campfire to the television cabinet, we move from the crib to the casket. Great writings and musics have been preserved on paper. Sculptors have shaped wood or arranged it while painters have used it to stretch their canvasses. Wooden vehicles were used to conquer the land oceans, arctic and air. The wooden wheel has become the rubber tire. With its depletion, wood's status increases. All that remains of the wooden buggy is the imitation dashboard on the production automobile. Natural rubber has been replaced by synthetic petroleum by-products. Still wood remains, a link with our past and the natural world.

This magazine has been printed on paper made from partially recycled wood. This is the *Rampike*, the skeleton of the tree ravaged by lightning or fire. The leaves of this magazine talk to you. The *Rampike* speaks.

The next issue of *Rampike* will deal with the cultural manifestations of electricity. It will materialise in metamorphosed electronic format. *Rampike* continues its policy of providing a forum for new and exciting works of expression.

Rampike continue à donner un cadre conceptuel et thématique aux recherches littéraires et artistiques avant ont une signification universelle et concrète en même temps. Donc dans le premier numéro il s'agissait des maintes facettes du phénomène de l'érosion tandis qu'ici, dans le deuxième numéro, il s'agit du bois, y compris le caoutchouc le papier et les autres produits de l'arbre.

Le lien homme-bois remonte à l'orée du temps. Nos ancêtres s'en servaient à se chauffer; nous l'employons pour un cabinet de télévision. Le vie commence dans un berceau de bois et finit dans un cerceuil. Les chefs-d'oeuvres de passé nous arrivent écrits sur papier. Le sculpteur s'en sert, le peintre également. Les découvreurs du pays et les pionniers se servaient des véhicules de bois; bien que le boghei du bien vieux temps est devenu l'automobile moderne, il lui reste quelques morceaux de plastique — transformation ultramoderne du bois — et quelques pièces de caoutchouc. Remplacé ici et là par les produits de métal, de plastique ou de l'électronique, le bois reste un lien avec notre passé et avec notre environnement naturel.

Cette revue fut imprimé sur papier fait en partie du bois recyclé. Donc, ce bois que vous tenez entre vos mains vous parle de son passé et son avenir. Que veut dire au juste le mot "rampike"? Le mot indique le squelette de l'arbre carbonisé par l'éclair ou par un feu hors contrôle dans la forêt. Sa voix de phénix s'élève avec la chaleur et la fumée, ses feuilles poussent des cendres. Le "Rampike" parle.

Le thème du prochain numéro de *Rampike* sera l'électricité dans ses manifestations culturelles. Son format même sera électronique. *Rampike* continuera sa politique de donner un lieu de rencontre aux oeuvres nouvelles et emballantes.



Devastation Trail, Hawaii Volcanoes National Park

PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO PETITION FOR REDRESS
USA 10c

Continental card of HAWAII

post card

Karl Jürgens
95 Rivercrest Rd.
Toronto M6S 4H7
Ontario, Canada

Mele Kalikimaka
Ehika o Pihia

WHEN KILAUEA IKI volcano erupted in 1959 and 1960 the lava flow destroyed vegetation and valuable Ohia trees. A boardwalk was installed so visitors could walk out and see the destruction caused by the flow. B7282

Distributed by Movie Supply of Hawaii, Honolulu

You'd love this place... the Continental card of HAWAII Plus. beauty. Devastation Places the lava marks milk of trees, and in others there are huge boulders that spiral into the bowels of the earth.

CENSORED!

The artist must serve the cause, toe the line, promote the party and celebrate the ultimate triumph of the revolution by using the social-realist mode. To fail to do so is to be disqualified as an artist. In 1958 Joseph was 'strongly encouraged' to move wood instead of minds. In glorious fashion his voice-song became the silent scream of the mill saw, in heroic dedication his guiding fingers became stumps of ineloquence. In triumph the cause was assured.

— Latvian S.S.R. —



Отъ Во... Советъ

Къ

Времеа

ственная в... органа Петроградского Совета рабочих и Солдатских Депутатов Военно-Революционного Комитета, стоящего во главъ Петроградского пролетариата и гарнизона.

Дѣло, за которое боролся народъ: немедленное предложение демократического мира, отмена помещичьей собственности на землю, рабочий контроль надъ производствомъ, создание Советскаго Правительства — это дѣло обезпечено.

ДА ЗДРАВСТВУЕТЪ РЕВОЛЮЦІЯ РАБОЧИХЪ, СОЛДАТЪ И КРЕСТЬЯНЫ!

Военно-Революционный Комитетъ при Петроградскомъ Советѣ Рабочихъ и Солдатскихъ Депутатовъ

25 октября 1917 г. 10 ч. утра.

"To the Citizens of Russia: The Provisional Government has been overthrown. State power has passed into the hands of the organ of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, the Military Revolutionary Committee, which leads the Petrograd proletariat and garrison. The cause for which the people have fought: the immediate proposal of a democratic peace, the abolition of landlords' rights to the land, workers' control over production, the creation of a Soviet Government-- this cause is assured. Long live the Revolution of workers, soldiers and peasants!"-- 25 October, 1917, 10 a.m.

X-CHANGE



What a sap I am. At this stage of the game I am merely content to see my name in print and to appreciate how my pecks

Walter finally fired me. He couldn't screw me any other way. Nazi sod. A month with no money coming in. It should have been the ideal occasion for me to reapply my efforts toward finishing my paintings, but I couldn't get motivated. They just sit there, morose and staring, half-finished suspended sentences.

I got another stint tending bar, but the money's not a fraction of what I made at Dazzels. The patrons are a strange lot, too: an old black guy who drinks Perrier, makes cartoon drawings with crayons on a sketch pad and remembers that he didn't bring any money with him *after* he's guzzled down his drink. "I'll pay ya on Toosdee, Simmy." He always forgets my name. Rowdy, drunken stagehands and young Viet vets still with blood in their eyes make periodic appearances.

Business is slow during the day. I wipe down the bar, rewash glasses, and play the Sex Pistols on the 8-track 'til the manager gets pissed off and pays quarters to the juke box for a little soothing jazz. I brought in my backgammon board but nobody seems to know the game, so I have a couple of beers. I call it "quality control". The bar in Dazzels is mahogany; this one's pine. I dwell on the thought of America as low-grade anarchy.

A couple of weeks ago at about twenty to four in the morning, I received a hysterical telephone call from my girlfriend. Some guy had just jumped in through the window. He had grabbed the pillow off the chair and had started climbing up the ladder to the loft when he heard her scream into the phone "He's here! He's here now!" He must've realized she was already on the line to the police. She later told me that he simply dropped the pillow, climbed back down and ambled over to the door and left.

Back in the bar, I dropped the phone and ran out shouting to Hugo to hold the fort. I searched Columbus Avenue frantically for a cab. I saw one coming my way from a distance of several blocks and ran toward it up the street waving my arms. I told the guy to step on it, my wife's just been raped. He took off like a rocket sled. When we arrived there was already a squad car in front of the building. I threw the driver a few crumpled bills and bounded up the flight of steps.

Two uniformed cops were questioning Masha. I ask her if she's alright; did he hurt you; what happened. She replied that she was o.k.; no she wasn't raped; she wasn't hurt; he didn't even touch her. She's a bit shaken and appeared to be in a daze. The cops took her off in the car to cruise around for awhile to see if they could find the perpetrator. I grabbed my knife and plunged up the stairs and searched the hallways of the five floor brownstone. My breath was short by the time I reached the top floor. My heart felt like it was going to burst with every throat-shaking pound. I tried the locks on the trap to the roof, and then went back down the stairs looking to see if I missed anything. My ears strained as I paused briefly at every landing holding my breath. I tried the basement door. Locked.

Out on the street, I looked in doorways and alcoves when the copy car drove by. They stopped. The cop told me that if I found the guy to make sure that I killed him. They'd be witnesses to the effect that he attacked me. If he lived, there'd be endless court scenes; he'd say he wasn't anywhere near the scene. I reaffirmed the description Masha had given me. There was an image, no, more like some half-formed concept, not so visually oriented, of a 21-year old female student with beautiful round breasts — nude, defiled, dead. I desperately desired to make an encounter with that killer pervert. No truly articulated thoughts made me realize in any progressively philosophical form that society would be better off if this demented deviate was to be stabbed and slashed and hacked. Eliminated. No waste.

With impotent fury, tight lips sealing abuse, I climbed into the car the we all took a little drive through the park. What the fuck, did they expect the bastard to jump out of those dark bushes and meekly raise his arms and wave a white flag? We coasted around a couple of city blocks in the neighbourhood and then pulled up in front of the place of my abode, suddenly suspect.

The cops checked the basement door and it was unlocked. Holy Shit! I was sure it was locked. Abruptly I realized that the prick was probably on the other side of that door when I checked it. I had just come from the roof and merely grabbed the handle and when it hadn't turned or moved at my hurried shove/pull, I had assumed that it was secure. The fucker was holding it from the other side.

They had their guns out as their flashlights probed the shadows of the dripping cellar. "Yeah, see, he got out the back window here. It's broken."

No attempt was made to follow this trail. It had been too long a period of time since the initial event. He was safe and gone by now.

For a week after that, whenever we were out and I saw a man of a lithe build, around six feet tall, mid-twenties, white, medium length sandy hair and beard, I'd ask her, my mind poised and crouched like a panther, "Is that him?" There's a lot of them.

i'm in a dream that recurs once every few years. i am walking beside a grey stone wall that is very thick and high. it is outside; the ground is dry; the lighting is a dim grey. it could be the beginning or the end of a day, or merely heavily overcast. i am just pacing beside the wall, trudging along in one direction. it goes on and on. on the other side of the wall it is very dark. there is one who is beside me on the other side going in the same direction. it is a woman. young. one from the past or present is unclear. it is dark. in order to keep up to my slow amble she must run. there is an effect somewhat as though she were on a treadmill. the wall must contain some time distorting qualities. there is no horizon, fore or aft, and to the right distance dwindles in bleak static haze. to the left of the wall and beyond in the blackness, my fellow traveller hurries along beside the wall. with no adjustment to her pace, the time difference ceases. the treadmill is stopped. she speeds ahead and is gone. i walk beside the wall. there is no change. because of the angle of light, my bottle of beer appears to be growing scales. patterns of snake-skin come to mind.

the humidity in new york in the summer is very high. today the temperature/humidity index is the highest for any day in the past thirty-six years. 79 - 36 = 43. 1943. the war years. tropical.

As a Canadian I never saw 'Nam. It was, to my generation living above the 49th, a concept, an evil concept generously embellished by media-supplied atrocity reportage. It is only now that I have come into contact with the still young Viet vets and heard/not heard their stories, seen/not seen their scars, witnessed the reality of their existence. Why did they go when in Toronto there were so many evaders and deserters aided by us? Was it because of the Republic, dominoes, or the oft-voiced "duty"? Duty is a baby word for shit.

coming out of the tunnel in the bus there is a split-second large screen movie. encapsulated in the moving vehicle, we plunge into the scene.

(think: tv in america. think: mediaevil.)

walking down madison avenue past the private galleries, there is a room full of miro sculptures. in the window is reflected a street repair view: a square hole, heaps of dirt surrounded by red & white sawhorse barriers. much more intriguing as a superimposed concept.

Waiting outside the Whitney, there is a huge line-up at the door. I hate waiting in lines. I debate going for a coffee. First I call Stef at the booth on the corner. The crowd disappears inside. Someone answers the phone and goes to look for him. I hear their footsteps receding in the big house. Silence over the line — buses roar past, cars, footsteps on pavement. He isn't there.

11 am on the second sunny day of spring after another sleepless night. I foresake the coffee and enter the gallery. Pay. Hit the video room. First thing I notice in REVOLVE is Dennis Wheeler's Canadian accent. Monologuing his leukemia and associated cure and death concepts. Suddenly solitary with his demise.

There is an immediate influx of young teenagers into the room. I believe it is an art class. ("Is this tv?") A nervousness behind me — giggling. They had come in twenty minutes after the start of the video. I have only a slightly better comprehension of what is going on here. Dennis Wheeler mentions the Vancouver General Hospital. This is like a buzzword for me. I know that waiting room. Blood flowing from my foot into a puddle on the grey terrazo floor.

The instructor of the young students enters the room. They look up. He says, "Come on." They leave. The camera moves from Wheeler's face/head for the first time to show his hands as he fiddles with some pills and capsules before he swallows them with a glass of water.

When I came in I bought a square book entitled "Exhibition Biennial". I was pleased with my purchase until, upon purusing the pages, I recognized the fact that the year of this edition was 1975. I ventured back to the counter to question why the museum had the 1975 catalogue on display when I could nowhere perceive the edition of the current biennial. I was informed that all the copies for the 1979 show had been sold out and that there was no possibility of buying one now or later. Bemused to say the least, I went back to the video room where Wheeler was discussing his chemotherapy treatments. The man on the screen scratches his sideburns and I feel itchy.

After Wheeler is through, I take a quick out to see if I can get a beer in this place. As I leave the room, a pretty young lady says to me, "Wasn't that great?"

"Incredible," I replied, shocked, and continued on, thinking how incongruous that remark was. She disappeared. Gone off to the main exhibits upstairs I supposed. Under the circumstances of Sid's letter where he informed me of the death of a person I didn't know, it suddenly confronted me: our choices and the fleeting of time.

There are many classes on field trips and quite a few middle-aged women's groups all with shouting tour guides telling people to shut-up. I did my own tour of the show. There was so much revolving around, hidden (to me), math, geometry, or is it something more like intuitive extrapolation, et hoc. In my state of fatigue, I find it difficult to concentrate on the complexities, the conexions. I feel odd.

Then there are the single women. They are on lunch break or off from school or just sampling the art and airconditioning. A guy on the prowl should take my advice: invest a measly \$1.50 in an afternoon here. More intelligent than a disco or a bar, by far, unless your a moronandthenbyallmeansdancethenightaweigh. At a couple of isolated incidental moments, young women either left open the opportunity or subtly endeavoured to engage me in conversation. I was too whirled blown away to reply in more than grunts of approval or monosyllabic responses "oh, yess . . ." . . . trailing off. I recall four days of protracted complete insomnia in Halifax 4 years ago. My writing was prolific.

Finally leaving the Whitney due to intellectual incompetence and social impotence, I wound up in a Lexington Avenue bar. It was all very East Side. Overwhelmed by the roaring in my ears and by the buzz of conversation, I shouted "HEINEKEN!" as the bartender came in my direction. He gave me a queer look as he bent over to the fridge. Pouring my beer into the glass I experienced a half-second of extremely dislocated fearful timarity as I saw in my mind's eye the bottle descending slowly as I held it, descending pouring gushing foaming beer as its pressure against the lip of the glass increased and the vessel burst spraying shards of glass spilling gold liquid all heads turning stares.

I wished that I knew all the women here or just one nice, and longed for them, or that one, to beckon me to a table where they would comfort me with carresses, maternal perfume, putting my head in a soft lap, murmuring "there, there . . .", whispering consoling inarticulate non-words

mmmmmmmmnnnnnn

mmmmnnnnhh

I realize with a flash of profound recognition, that it is only when I leave Gotham's canyoned streets, that, indeed, we do not dwell in some perverse pre-Copernican anomaly. Far from the city lights, gazing up at billions of stars, the Milky Way a distinct swath of bright nebulousity, "Make a wish," she said, "when you see a shooting star."

aaahh . . .

Christopher Brady

WHIPPING INTO SHAPE

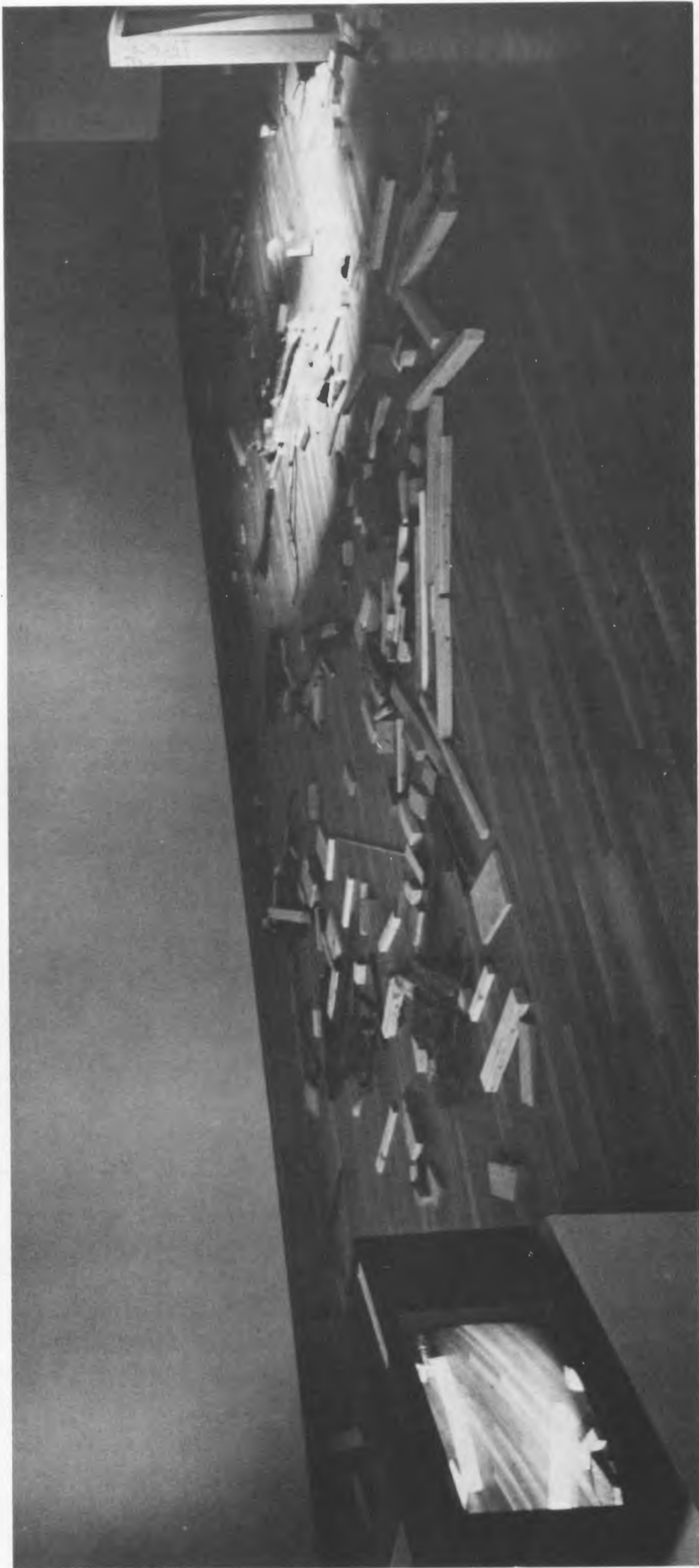
Dennis Oppenheim

1978. Video installation using bull whip, various wood fragments, spotlight.
Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston.

Soundtrack for video monitor
(excerpt):

You've been hiding too long . . .
come out and show us what you
look like . . . turn around, show
your 'face . . . don't put your back to
me . . . mother-fucker . . . Do you
want to put me where I want . . .
want me to move you around . . .
want me to put you in the spotlight .
. . . want me to move you into the
circle so people can see you're lying .
. . . hiding the truth . . . showing
your back to us . . . come on
mother-fucker show us where you
really belong . . . what you look like
. . . let me look at your face . . .
where do the pieces go . . . Or do
you want me to put you in order . . .
put you where I want . . . yes, yes,
let me make you into something . . .
something else . . . we don't care
what you look like, what you are . . .
where you belong . . . I'm going to
put you where you don't belong . . .
where you don't want to go . . . I'm
going to come out of the dark . . .
force you to the surface . . . so they
can all see the structure, finally . . .
No, you could never be placed . . .
but this . . . you've had to be forced
. . . but I'm not moving you . . . I'm
not forcing you . . . you're not telling
me what you look like . . . you're
moving me . . . you're making me do
this . . . you're making me show
myself . . . you're putting me in the
circle . . . in the spotlight . . .

D.O.



CONSTRUCTION VS. DECONSTRUCTION

Peter Gnass

Nous avons un support tridimensionnel (soit provoqué ou déjà existant), un objet ou lieu fixe, construction

La projection peinte d'un polygone à partir d'un endroit déterminé (point privilégié) sur le support tridimensionnel, provoque une image de bidimensionalité.

Toute partie du support touchée par la couleur, forme un ensemble de surfaces (le polygone)

Vu de tout autre endroit que du point privilégié, ces surfaces donnent à découvrir une restructuration de l'espace par la couleur.

We have a three dimensional support (either provoked or existing) a construction, an object or an existing place

A painted projection of a polygon-shape, seen from one determined viewpoint, on the three dimensional support, will provoke a two dimensional image.

All parts of the support touched by color are the surfaces, which make up the polygon.

Seen from all other view points, these surfaces lead to a 'restructuration' of the space by the color.

P.G.

Photo c/o Musée d'Art Contemporain: Montreal



BOIS DE CONIFERE

Bill Vazan

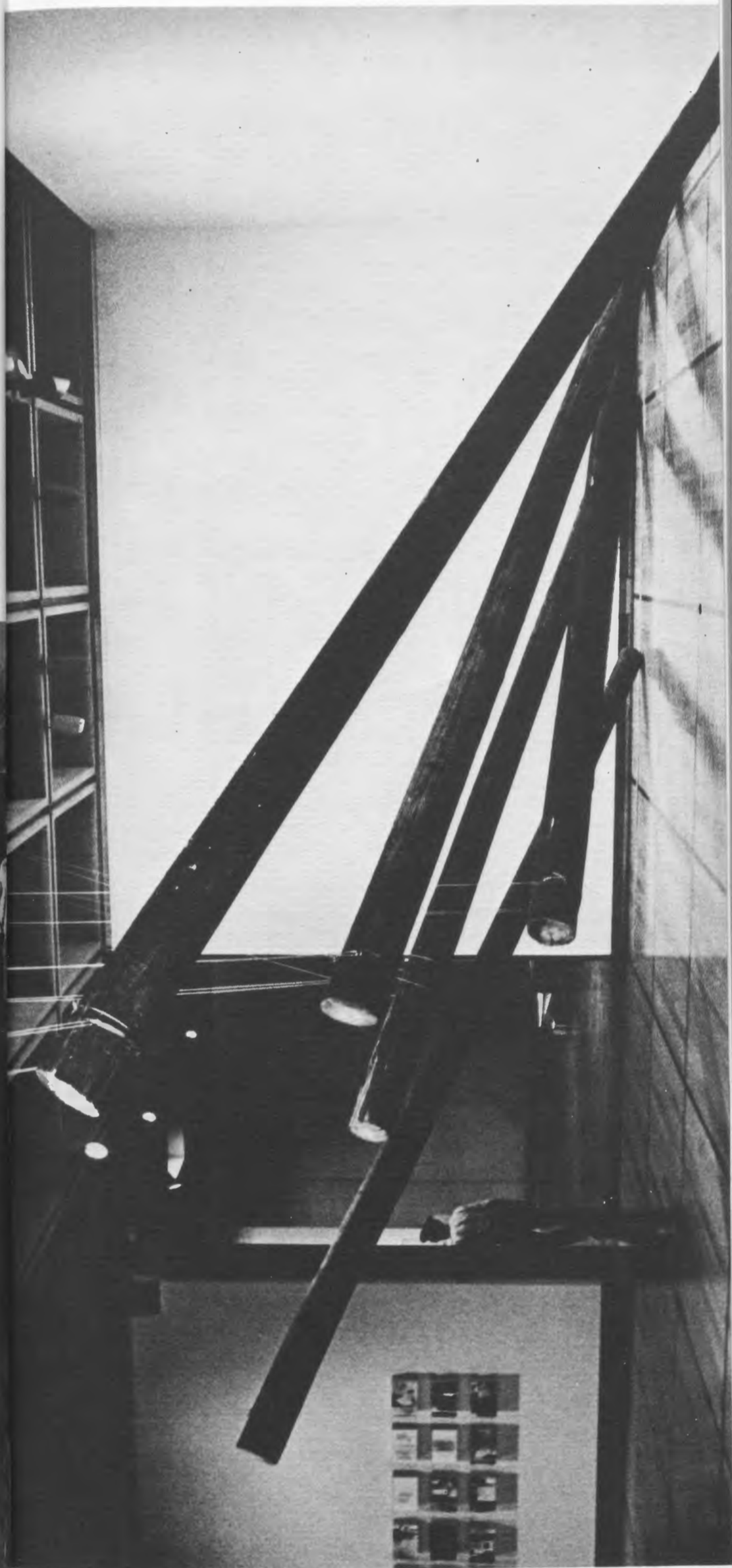


Photo: Bill Vazan

Photo c/o Musée d'Art Contemporain: Montreal

A LA RECHERCHE DE MONS. ANGERS: LE DEBUT

Montréal, 3 juillet, 1979

Mr. John Nicholson,
88 Bloor St. E., apt. 3114, Toronto.

Mon cher John:

Tu te demandes sans doute comment vont mes démarches actuelles à Montréal. Pas mal je crois pouvoir dire. Le projet sur la pensée de M. Angers commence à prendre corps et âme.

Le premier juillet, fête du Canada, j'ai rencontré le docteur Jacques Ferron le matin et Jean Genest, Directeur de l'*Action Nationale* l'après-midi. Anglais d'Angleterre, tu es plus prêt à comprendre le Québec. J'ai souvent parlé de Jacques Ferron, n'est-ce pas? Et de notre campagne lancée en 1971 à mettre toute la lumière sur les événements d'octobre, 1970? Or, il est venu me chercher à la station de Métro de Longueuil ce dimanche matin, il m'a conduit dans sa petite voiture jaune à son cabinet de médecin et on a discuté un peu de la politique.

"Pourquoi les Cossette-Trudel ont-ils écopé d'une peine si légère" ai-je lancé, "Après tout le pauvre agent Robert Samson travaillait également pour le compte de la GRC et lui, le pauvre, il a écopé d'une peine de sept ans!"

"Eh oui," répondit Ferron. Sa voix traînait.

"Cossette-Trudel . . . le nom a une certaine résonance française, trait d'union et le reste."

"Pas du tout. Pas du tout. Mon cher John la basse Mauricie fourmille de Cossette-Trudel. Trait d'union . . . oui . . . la haute bourgeoisie y inclinait à une certaine époque . . . son père travaille aux Affaires Extérieures je crois. C'est rare pour un Québécois vous savez."

On sonna à la porte.

Un jeune homme se présenta, garçon de dix-huit ans. Dr. Ferron est sorti le recevoir dans le corridor. Je ne pouvais suivre la conversation mais le jeune homme tenait à parler anglais et cet anglais à trop haute voix qu'affectent les anglophones de Montréal quand ils parlent aux Québécois. Le docteur lui a conseillé d'aller visiter le "drugstore" en haut, c'est tout ce que j'ai pu entendre, puis il s'est vite revenu dans son cabinet.

"Et le PQ ne croit pas de son intérêt de révéler les dessous de la crise d'octobre?" persistai-je

"Quelques bribes peut-être pendant la campagne référendaire" dit-il "Nous allons manger?" Il s'est levé et nous nous sommes sortis manger chez le chinois en face. Mon cher John, c'est extrêmement difficile à te dire combien je respect cet homme. Dans le temps, au plus chaud de notre "enquête" sur les événements d'octobre, on s'est écrit deux ou trois fois par semaine quelquefois . . . j'ai un gros paquet de ses lettres que je donnerai à la bibliothèque nationale. Maintenant on se parle comme en Orient, sans beaucoup dire de précis, suivant les formes prescrites de la politesse, se parlant sans paroles. Cela nous fait plaisir mutuellement.

De Ferron à Angers . . . un cheminement bizarre dira-t-on, non sans raison. Mais afin de voir clairement le ciel du Québec — et les illusions de son aurore boréale sont célèbres — il faut se sentir bien planté sur *terra firma*. Donc, mon pied gauche à côté de Ferron, mon pied droite à côté d'Angers. Et la route à Angers passe par Jean Genest. Si le docteur Ferron reçoit avec la formalité qui renie cent pour cent l'atmosphère de vie de Bohème qu'on rencontre généralement chez les écrivains, soit dans le Quartier Latin de Paris, soit aux environs du Carré St. Louis où j'écris ces lignes, le père Jean Genest, S.J., lui, reçoit avec une informalité qui casserait n'importe quel stéréotype qu'un protestant moyen pourrait avoir du jésuite typique!

Je lui avait donné un coup de téléphone de la station de Longueuil où m'avait déposé le docteur Ferron.

"Jean Genest?"

"Oui"

"C'est John Grube qui parle."

"Bienvenu mon cher John! Vous êtes bien installé au Shangri-là?"

"Oui j'ai réussi à dénicher une chambre. Merci."

"Et ça vous va?"

"Parfaitement"

"Eh bien, écoutez. Je passerai par la maison Shangri-là vers 4:30, on peut discuter de votre projet un certain temps puis nous pouvons bouffer quelque chose . . . cela vous va?"

"Parfaitement. Je vous attends."

"Alors, a bientôt. " On accrocha.

Tu connais bien, mon cher John, ma passion pour l'aquarelle. De retour au "guesthouse" Shangri-là, il me restait au moins une heure. Et quelle décision épineuse! Ou Jean Genest me trouve bien habillé, jacquette, cravate et le reste, très comme il faut, une personne à laquelle on fait confiance. Ou, et voici la tentation, il me trouve sur le gazon du Shangri-là tout à fait occupé de mon aquarelle. Renforcement de cette image de l'Anglais eccentric qu'on trouve un peu partout dans le monde. Donc, je me suis promené direction Carré St. Louis. Je cherchais des endroits à peindre, des restaurants à prix modique. Je goutais l'atmosphère du quartier.

Tu te figures ma surprise quand j'ai vu, de retour, Jean Genest déjà arrivé! Je me suis présenté, je me suis excusé. Pas besoin. Je t'assure que c'est un type au moins aussi original et eccentric que moi . . . avec un sens d'humour colossal. Tout de suite il m'a commandé d'enlever ma cravate, ma jacquette, de chercher mes espadrilles. Tu aurais vite reconnu le ton de voix; par réflexe on obéit à un prof! Me voici cinq minutes après habillé convenablement pour un après-midi bien chaud. Et on allait à La Ronde, lieu parfait, dit-il, pour discuter du national et du social. Pour un instant j'avais le sentiment d'être collégien de 15 ans et collégien de province par surcroît: "John, ton billet de Métro. Voici la correspondance. Garde-la". Mon éducation, cet éternel retour, commence toujours avec un certain rajeunissement. C'était la même chose quand j'a commencé l'aquarelle avec le vieux chinois il y a deux ans. C'était la même chose la première fois que Jacques Ferron m'a emmené dans le restaurant chinois. Je me la rappelle très vivement, comme une sorte d'expérience supra-terrestre. En présence du maître-écrivain, je me sentais un jeune gar du Rive Sud, un Pierre Vallières, un Paul Rose. C'était de ce moment-là qu'il a pu m'expliquer ce qui s'est arrivé avant et après horrible crise d'octobre. Jean Genest est moins genre chaman mais quand même extraordinaire.

Mon très cher John, diplômé d'Oxford, toi qui possèdes le grand dictionnaire Harrap, tu ne trouverais jamais là-dedans la "pitoune". C'est une sorte de tronc d'arbre où on s'assoit à deux, à l'entrée de La Ronde, et qui fait rappeler un peu les maîtres-draveurs du bon vieux temps pendant qu'elle fait les "chutes" et tout le monde s'est mouillé par l'eau quand même rafraichissante. Lieu idéal pour commencer nos discussions de trois heures — qui m'a fait perdre un peu mon sérieux professoral je crois — sur la pensée de M. Angers. Une pensée liée à la "pitoune"? Oui. A la pitoune. Au peuple. A la base. Au peuple qui travaille et qui s'amuse de plein coeur. Et dans un pays où le bois a été à la base de tout. Vive la "pitoune"! Témoin des maîtres-draveurs du passé et des coopératives forestières à venir.

John Grube

FLOATING STAIRCASE

By Tom Dean



'... an act of daring verging on insanity.'

— Adele Freedman —



'The first work of art I've seen in years.'

— Eldon Garnet —



'the ascent beyond sea-level realized.'

— Karl Jirgens —



'The ur-monument, the Platonic monument.'

— Tom Dean —



WOODSTRUCTS
By Louise Nevelson



Dawn's Presence II



Installation

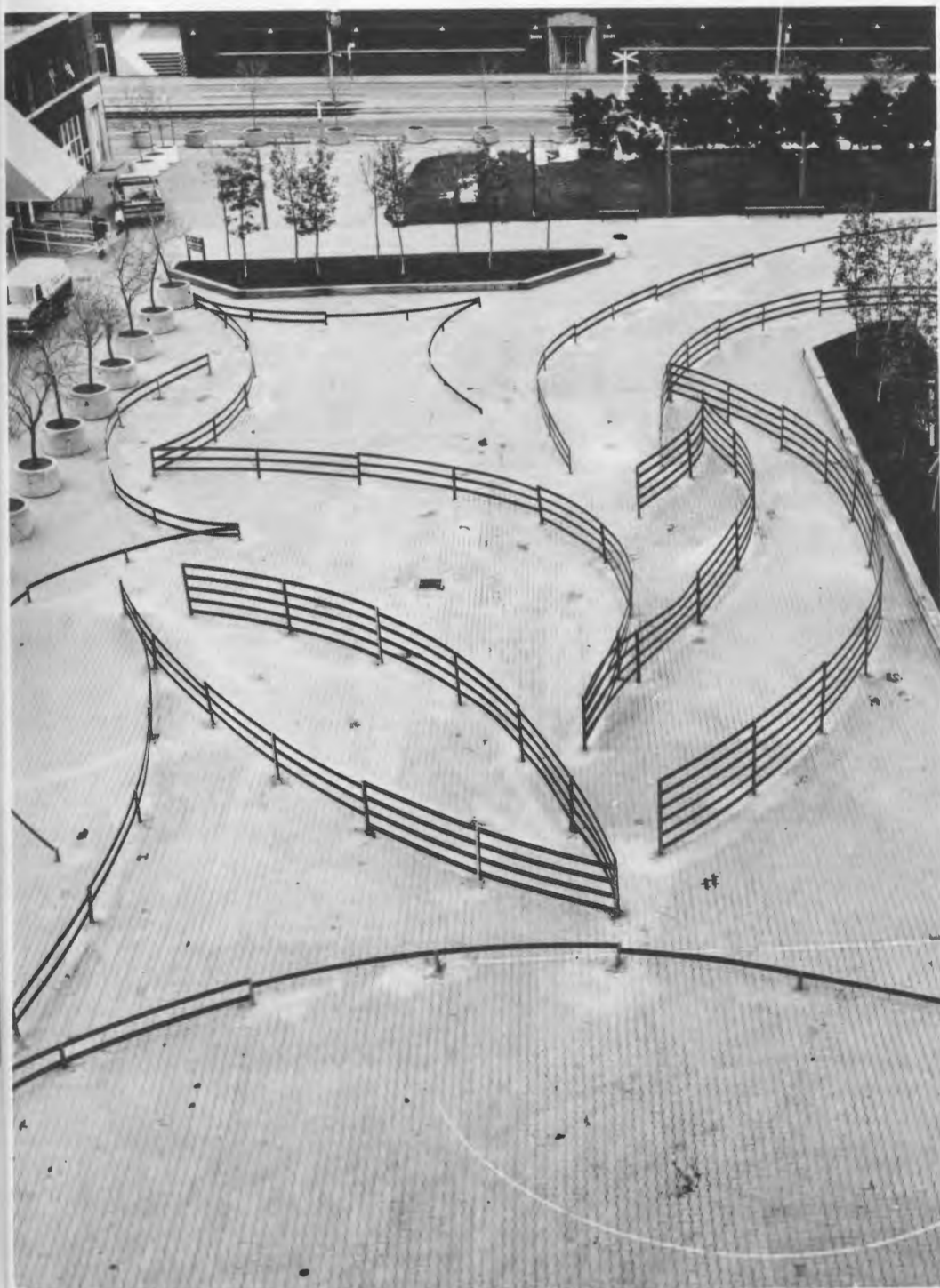
Photos by Al Mozell
Courtesy of:
The Pace Gallery, 32 East 57th Street, N.Y., N.Y.

BOUNDARIES
Louis Stokes

I am interested in an approach that appeals to all the senses. The visual aspect is only one. Physical movement through interaction with my sculpture is essential to my work.

I like working with wood. There is something about the aliveness of wood. Each board is different. Even within the same wood there are differences in cut and grain. So every board is unique, there is a life quality to it. And wood is fragile, it should be worked carefully. There is a warmth and life in wood, an organic process that is crucial for me.

L.S.



FAMILY TREE

An Interview with Clark Blaise



KJ I wanted to ask you something about your new novel *Lunar Attractions*. Seems to me you've been dealing in the past with characterisations. Has moving from the short story mode into the novel mode changed your approach to characterisation?

CB Well the character is a suspension of action in time, and the character is the most conveniently packaged way to get discovered in writing, to concentrate all your ideas, all your potentialities, and all histories and all influences in one form that is capable of action and we try to hook into that aspects of humour sympathy suspense because we care, but there is nothing necessarily sacrosanct about it being a human figure, it could just as easily be a tree or a mountain or anything else like that, all those potentialities are equally available, so the question of the character in a story or the character in a novella or character in a novel, character in a saga or character in a series, a trilogy or something, is really a question of how long you can suspend all of these things all of these potentialities, and keep them alive, and that's something that is to be taken seriously, it's a very difficult thing to pull off, I came at it very slowly, because I thought I was not able to suspend through one character all the things that I wanted to show, which is as one reader recently said *all* of western history, it was taking the life of the simple human being, and showing in it everything that has gone into our era, say, into the seventies, by showing it when it was potent and alive in the fifties. In *Lunar Attractions* I was hoping that the sixties and seventies are implicit in what was shown in the forties and fifties, that the personal liberation, politics, sexuality, wilful distortion, all these things that are now a part of us, were outlawed notions then, so I feel now a lot more confident in suspending through one character a number of forces. I think a lot of that confidence to do that came from writing that India book, in which through 300 pages I was going through a year in Indian culture, and once I did that it seemed easy then to turn around and imagine me, another me in a comparatively longer stretch of time.

KJ You mentioned wilful distortion, It seems to me that you have two kinds of themes running through your work, one often symbolized by the male or father figure, the other by the female or mother; the father usually in some kind of exile, moving around without any kind of root and then the mother figure representing some kind of historical past, or some root, and the character that is central somehow seeing this in a distorted way . . . and trying to deal with that, a kind of identity crisis.

CB That's I think, all in the past, that is, all in my past. My own father was a kind of fluid figure, something of a con man a man of disguises, it was as though he had been planted with an awful lot of potential and then every time he sent up a tentative bud it was pruned, and so you had a massive root structure, but you didn't have much to show on top, and I think as a child I was always snuffling around in his roots, trying to discover what the real man was, and there seemed to be any number of potential foundations, to an impressive life, but what was finally erected was a pretty pathetic little twig. My mother, I always had a very strong sense of her purposefulness, her will, her direction, her beliefs, they were very clear to me very real, very re-assuring, certainly she was rooted in a place, in western Canada, from the turn of the century to the twenties which remained very romantic to me, and something I could long for, given the way my own hand was dealt to me, it was very reassuring, so that I simply took the facts of my own life and didn't argue with it too strongly. That is, I realized on the one hand they were bizarre, and applicable only to myself, but on the other hand I realized that they stand metaphorically for the condition of an awful lot of people, especially a lot of men or male artists whose fathers were a kind of generative force in their lives, but which were at the same time never an easy relationship

whereas, the mother was the artistic impulse, so that you had this unwelcome identification with the father but he withholds, or he doesn't understand, he is vaguely repulsed by his own son, because he has turned out to be something that he can't control or understand, so that that's an unrelieved tension in the make-up of the artist as he grows up, he has to invent an admiration for his father, and he has to, in a sense, shun his admiration for his mother, or else he will never grow out of the paradigm that is painfully distasteful to him, so that's what I did, I think, in a lot of my early stories, in fact all the way up to *Lunar Attractions* there is a lot of invention of the father, and invention of a resolution to the tension, (which never happened in life,) but I profoundly wished it to happen so I made it happen. Now that's behind me, I doubt if I'll ever write about it again. My father died last year, but even before he died I became my own father, he's not around to dispute what I do, and I am now in the role of my father, to my own sons, so that I will be writing now from what I hope is the combined position, of the father and of the son, so that I'm free of writing about childhood or adolescence I'm free from writing about the yearning for fatherhood and all the rest of it.

KJ I've heard you say that when you write you start with a great body of work and you distill it or refine it until it becomes something like a short story or a novella. I was just wondering what your approach was with your recent novel *Lunar Attractions*. I felt that in the short stories that there wasn't any central situation happening, there seemed to be more than one thing going on, did you treat the chapters in your novel in somewhat the same way as you might a short story?

CB I didn't see it that way. Some of the reviewers did, I saw it all along as clearly a novel. I won't get into disputes over what is a novel, because I feel that the only boundary that a novel has is that its an undefined form and that such forms are necessary in all of the arts, there are things that are larger than any definition, and simply as viewer or as witness or as audience you can give your allegiance to it and say this is more of the good stuff that I like. Call it novel, call it what you will, to me it was an impulse behind Wordsworth's prelude, to make an epic of one's own life, to make an epic of one's first seventeen years, and that's what I was setting out to do and the topic was nothing more and nothing less than the formation of a mature man's politics, sexuality, language, *métier* and all the rest of it as they were tested in the family that he was given, as they were tested in the political medium that he grew up in. It was a novel about the formations of things rather than the workings out of things. It ended when it did. I could easily have picked up chapters two and three, or volumes two and three of the same saga and brought them up to date, but that doesn't interest me as much, I would rather go to the next book and plunder into a new way of life and look back on it and look forward on it and deal with the immediacy of it, of a different life . . .

KJ Is there anything different from the way you approach a novel and the way you approach, say a collection of short stories?

CB The only thing that's different was that I realized that I have to build my rooms in a novel with two doors, with one way in and one way out, whereas in a short story you build an enclosed room with one door in, but nothing out, a window. There is a certain flow through pattern to parts of the novel, they can be as pleasantly decorated as a story as totally satisfying but nevertheless, they have a completeness in themselves, I love nooks and crannies, I love bends, and 'L's' and the alcoves and any kind of structure that has had tentativeness built into it, and I think that's how I operate. I don't see myself as being one of those organic structuralists, where the whole thing is a perfect spherical shape from the beginning, that's not how I operate. I want anything that I write to have a sense of discovery, in the process of writing as well, so that as we dig we discover that we have to go deeper than we thought, set up a second shaft here, that doesn't particularly bother me, I think people who are disturbed by form as opposed to people who disturbed by tone, are people who I have no communication with. I can't read a work if I find a lapse in time, if I find a voice breaking, if I find sentences that are inattentive or details that have been sketched and not etched. I can take any number of odd byways and passages that are not formalistic and tight but I cannot take undeveloped language, tone or voice. If I find a verb that fails to express, if I find a character that is not coming to life, if I find people being forced to express ideas in dialogue that should be made manifest by details, then I'll put the book down. That book has failed me. I read for language and I read for words and I read for the ability of the writer who is psychologically, and sociologically, and thematically acute purely from the view of language.

ROAD GAMES

By George Bowering

I: Old World Baseball

He had a window seat on the left side of the first class train streaming from Trieste to Florence. Just north of Bologna it is pretty ugly, wires, slag, grime-windowed factories, hapless labourers planning holidays, unaware of bourgeois Padua students blowing kneecaps off professors. In a grey cinder field ahead he saw three figures in a line. As the train shrieks for an industrial station outside the communist city, he saw that they were pitcher, hitter, & catcher.

The pitch was over his head, & the catcher had to run back to retrieve it. Please, he thought, get a hit before I'm out of range. Ball two. The train was beginning to slow, but he was looking back now. Ball three. He stood up & looked back as far as he could at the small figures. The three & oh pitch came in high, but he swung, & popt one over the pitcher's head, & they disappeared.

If there had been a few more of them, boys, it would have been an easy out. The sky was low & heavy. There was a good chance it would be called for rain anyway. The grisly environs of Bologna lookt as if they had always been under a dirty rain.

II: Third World Baseball Jan. 1978

Under the constant blast of an overhead sun, he walkt a few blocks east of the waterfront in Puerto Limon, & came upon what he'd been looking for, old square Bigboy Baseball Stadium, pissy concrete surrounded by dry weeds.

There were five thin young black men with new-looking gloves ranged around the dirt infield, & an old black guy hitting them grounders off an aluminum bat. It must be pre-season tryouts, he thought, as he sat on one of the wooden benches in the low grandstand, between home & first. The old guy knew a lot, & the young ones needed instructions. A few days ago in San José he had watcht the black soccer players from Limon, playing with the extra hip jazzy hotdog finish he was used to seeing in black athletes back home. Here these kids lookt a little like colonials half-way thru learning a new game. The manager, he likely was, was a small town Dick Williams. You've seen him before, in your home town.

Leaning back against the next bench, with his arms spread out along it, he heard himself saying quietly but aloud, no, dont back up for the big hop, charge that ball. There were a few more people in the stands, a couple kids, an old geezer in a sweater. It was, he noticed, the coolest place in town. The manager was shouting instructions in that Jamaican dialect he couldn't quite follow. He wisht he had brought his glove.

Now the manager had them out on the spotty outfield grass, nearly to the greenish concrete wall in left, & was lofting flies to them & looking for the throw to the plate. Now that natural fungo camaraderie & fooling around took effect, a guy making a catch in front of another guy, throwing to the vicinity of home, & chattering to his friends or rivals.

The manager sent a fly ball to short centre, & one of the youths took off after it. At the last moment he lunged, made a shoe-string catch, & staggered forward, falling in a mess of limbs.

He got up to leave, slowly, wishing the youngster had rolled twice & held the ball high to signify that he hadnt trapt it.



KOUFAX, SANFORD, Pitcher, Los Angeles Dodgers
 Born: Brooklyn, New York, Dec. 30, 1935 Ht: 6'2" Wt: 205 Bats: Right Throws: Left

YEAR	CLUB	LEA.	POS.	G	IP	W	L	PCT.	SO	BB	H	ERA
1955	Brooklyn	N.L.	P	12	42	2	2	.500	30	28	33	3.00
1956	Brooklyn	N.L.	P	16	59	2	4	.333	30	29	66	4.88
1957	Brooklyn	N.L.	P	34	104	5	4	.556	122	51	83	3.89
1958	Los Angeles	N.L.	P	40	159	11	11	.500	131	105	132	4.47
1959	Los Angeles	N.L.	P	35	153	8	6	.571	173	92	136	4.06
1960	Los Angeles	N.L.	P	37	175	8	13	.381	197	100	133	3.91
1961	Los Angeles	N.L.	P	42	256	18	13	.581	269	96	212	3.52
MAJOR LEAGUE TOTALS				216	948	54	53	.505	952	501	795	3.94

THE WOODEN SIDEWALK

By Frank Davey



My father once told me
that when he was young in Vancouver
he & other boys used to lie
under wooden sidewalks, so they could look
through the spaces between the boards
& up the skirts of the women passing, & the girls.
But that he personally had seen nothing,
the women walking so quickly,
the skirts being so long,
& there being so little light
shining up, or through.
In our village there were still a few
wooden sidewalks, & skirts were now shorter,
& some dresses almost transparent
even above the sidewalk.
& so when I walked around the village
I sometimes looked for low spots,
even likely places to excavate where I might
lie down like my dad, & shuffle on my back
under the boards. I never found one, maybe
because I didn't look hard, maybe because
being up there on the sidewalk with the women
seemed like more. Even so,
I often thought of my dad's choice
to lie down there on his back, & thought
of the darkness, of the woman so close,
of the quick confusion of cloth & flesh,
& the dust falling
in his eyes, with the grey 2 x 6's
right there, all their weight
on his cheeks, his chest, his knees, trapping them
between the gravel & the approaching, receding, footsteps.

(From *War Poems*, Coach House Press MS Editions, 1979)

CHOPPING WOOD

an excerpt from a talk with bill bissett in a toronto restaurant
during the spring of 1980

bill bissett oh! ginger ale fantastic, can i have a hot hamburger
sandwich and mashed potatoes?
waitress: mmmhmmnn . . .
bb: and a giant ginger ale and a coffee . . .
w: hot hamburg mash potatoes ginger ale coffee, and you?
karl jirgens: could i have the same only with a small milk and coffee,
and do you have juice? . . . uh, tomato juice?
w: mmmhmmnn . . .
bb: could i have a small milk as well?
w: mmmhmmnn . . .
bb: that's great, a small milk . . .
kj: yeah, settles yer stomach,
bb: yeah, i'm really starving . . .
kj: you gotta keep you're energy up . . . stay strong . . . whereabouts do you live, out in
ahhh,
bb: mostly in vancouver, and i like to go north a lot, i like to go up around william's lake,
kj: where's that?
bb: that's about 350 miles north of vancouver, maybe 300, but the climate is completely
different, its dry and it gets lots of snow some years like ah, early november till april, not
so much this year, it goes to forty below, sixty below sometimes, its great . . .
kj: d'you ever do any cross country skiing, anything like that?
bb: no, i just hang around there and chop wood, i had a job up there for a while doin'
dishes, and then i got laid off so i was on welfare for a couple of months and then i got
the grant . . . so i picked up my last welfare cheque last week, i only had two cheques this
year, i've been selling some paintings and stuff, last year i was on for six months, so its
great i got my grant, its my first full grant in five and a half years . . .
kj: its really hard doing your art and making a living at the same time,
bb: yeah, it really is, you have to really like it, its not easy,
kj: so you adjust,
bb: you adjust everything down, you don't have a night out on the town, right?
kj: right, yeah, you do different kinds of things, you go for a walk,
bb: i go for a walk in the park and then later to macdonalds, that's only two dollars, and
then if its a big nite i can go to a movie, that tops it at five dollars, seven dollars is a big
deal,
kj: when i run out of money, i always have to go and get more, i don't really like doing
that because it means that much less time that i'm spending on my art, if i could combine
my vocation with my avocation i'd be able to produce so much more . . .
bb: i think artists should get paid for their art,
kj: yeah,
bb: its a full time job right?
kj: uh huh,
bb: its awfully hard to be doing that and then having to get a job in order to keep doing
art, its like doing two jobs at once, a lot of artists get tired . . . i was over in England for
a while and they have a British Arts Council, its not as great as our Art Council, and in
the United States they don't have the assistance they do here in Canada . . . its a little
better here,
kj: yeah, actually we're not doing too bad,
bb: yeah, well . . . we're doing terrible, but we're doing better than anyone else,
kj: (laughing) yeah that's right,
bb: i guess that's the fallacy of comparing anything, even in an aesthetic theory, comparing
anything is always misleading, because you can be doing shitty and be doing better than
everyone else, but i guess we are lucky,
kj: yeah, not bad . . .
bb: yeah, terrific here . . . i feel lucky now, its nice to feel lucky for a while,
kj: keeps your spirits up, keeps you energetic,
bb: yeah, right, i think art is the bridge to life, and i think we've got a magnificent
opportunity here, to keep art going, like the readings that happen all the time for all the
writers, and all the art shows, and all the work that goes on, its incredible, like we forget
about, at least i did till a couple of years ago when i did all those shows, that the council
books a thousand readings a year, its incredible, and you start to talk to interviewers
about all this activity that's going on, anyway, it involves a continually widening aesthetic
range . . .
kj: yeah, right . . . hey, here comes the hamburger sandwiches . . .
bb: yeah, hey! great . . .



Kariboo Dream by bill bissett

Collection: Rosemary Hollingshead

Photo by Allan Rosen

bill bissett's new book 'Soul Arrow' is now available from *blewointmentpress*. over 100 pages of
poems photo-collage and multi-colored painting reproductions. Box 48870 Stn bentall
vancouver bc. canada.

paper (n.) ① Kami [紙]; ② Shimbun-shi [新聞紙]; ③ Rom-
bun [論文]; [Shiken] Tōan [(試験)答案]; ⑤ (Plural) Shorui
[書類]; [Mibun nado no] Shōmei-sho [(身分などの)證明書];

⑥ Hito-tsutsumi [一包]。

paper-mill (n.) Seishi-kōjō [製紙工場]。

papyrus (n.) Papirusu [パピルス]; Shisō [紙草]。 「ト」。

MOSTLY FLOWERS (II)

my
dream
wet

when
paper
couldn't stem the flow
my memories
flew away

the god of poems
is a fisherman
wearing long rubber boots
&
reeling in
the shadows of the walls

SOAP OPERA

the floor
is always
crying
&
no one
seems responsible

people
go to sleep
in the lap
of worn newspapers

an artificial
rain
swells
in the eye
of the revolving window

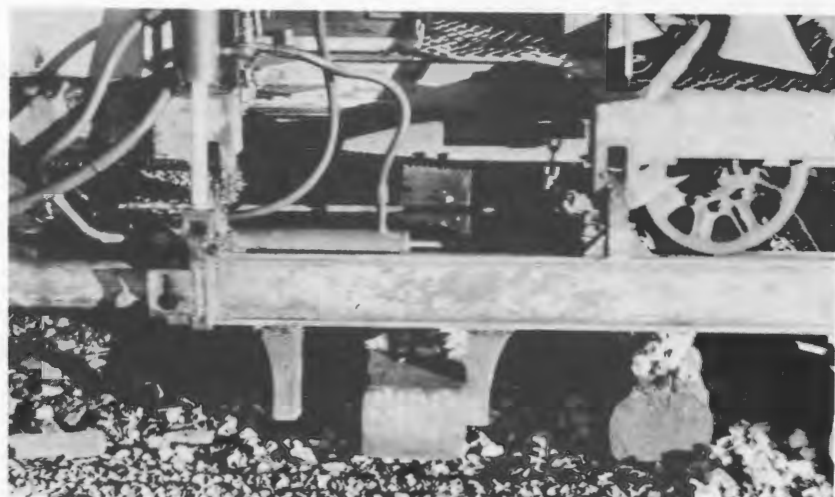
By Ernest J. Oswald

(From *The Cross-Your-Heart Steel Belted Radial*: 1979)

RAILROAD TIE REPLACEMENT

Talking with Keith Carter

'They pulled 250 yesterday, we pulled 360. We'll catch up to them and then it'll be easier. It's hot but you gotta keep workin', you don't wanna take too many breaks 'cause the guys in front get too far ahead. We came from London to Milton, in about a month we should hit the outskirts of Toronto. Altogether we do about 500 to 600 a day. The average tie weighs 75 to 100 pounds. First thing they do is go along and rip up the track and the ties with the sled. Then they bang off the ties with sledge hammers and pull 'em out. Then we go along and pull out the old ties using these claw-like grips, kinda like ice-tongs. After that we shove the old ties out of the way, usually into the ditch on the side. Later on guys have to come and pull 'em back out and load em on the lorries, we got a machine can do that too, with a kinda claw on it. And then, the new ties are placed back under and they're followed by guys on little machines that tap down the spikes, they put down the plates and tap down the spikes. Then one guy follows on foot bangin in any that are still loose or those that come loose by the machines goin' back and forth. He uses a sledge hammer for that. Later on, there's a train that goes by, the slag train and pours the slag for fill between the ties to keep 'em from shifting. Finally there's a train that goes by and makes sure the tracks are all lined up, and they take any excess slag out. My jobs loadin' the lorries up with old ties. There's usually six of us, there's one guy in Campelville, he hitch hikes in everyday. There's a bunch of us gangs. Hank, he's one of the hulks workin' up in front with the new ties, puttin' 'em in. He just comes up to a tie with a pair of tongs and goes slap puts the tongs on one end, and he'll just throw 'em right up like there's nothin' doin', and the new ties are a lot heavier than the old ones. Sometimes a train comes up behind us while we're loadin' a lorry. Its gotta get thru, so we gotta unload it and take it off the track. A lorry weighs about 400 pounds. We throw the ties off real quick and then grab a corner and throw it off. There's three trains that go by in the morning, two carrying workers, one slag. Lot of newfies workin' here. Our boss is a Jehovah witness. We got him excited. He never drinks or smokes, but we got him goin', he used to brag about how the wife better look out when he got home. I think we got him perverted, goin' to all those strip joints. My boss pays for my hotel, some of the guys lived in a boarding house. One night they got all pissed up, one of 'em walked nude into the landladies room, middle of the night, got sick all over the floor. Now they're in the hotel too. Gotta be careful when you load the lorries. You don't wanna lose a finger or a hand. Hangovers are dangerous. Boss sells 'em for eight bucks a tie, makes a killing. Pays us five bucks, six bucks an hour. He's got a contract with CP, pays 'em dollar twenny-nine a tie so you figger out how much he makes. We take eight loads at a time, which is two hundred ties. Use the front end loader to drop 'em off. Do that twice a day. You figger it out.

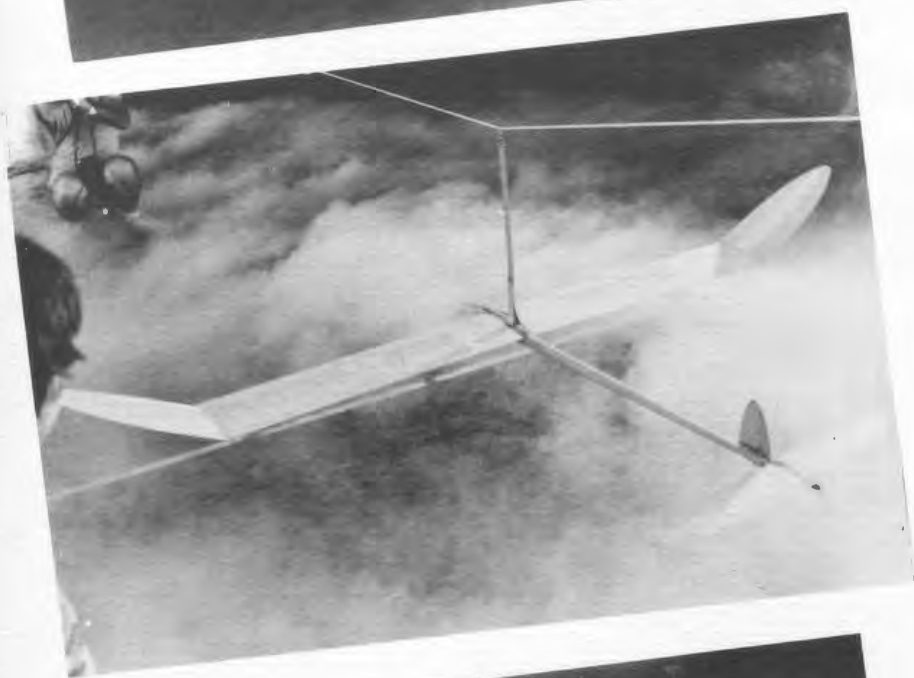
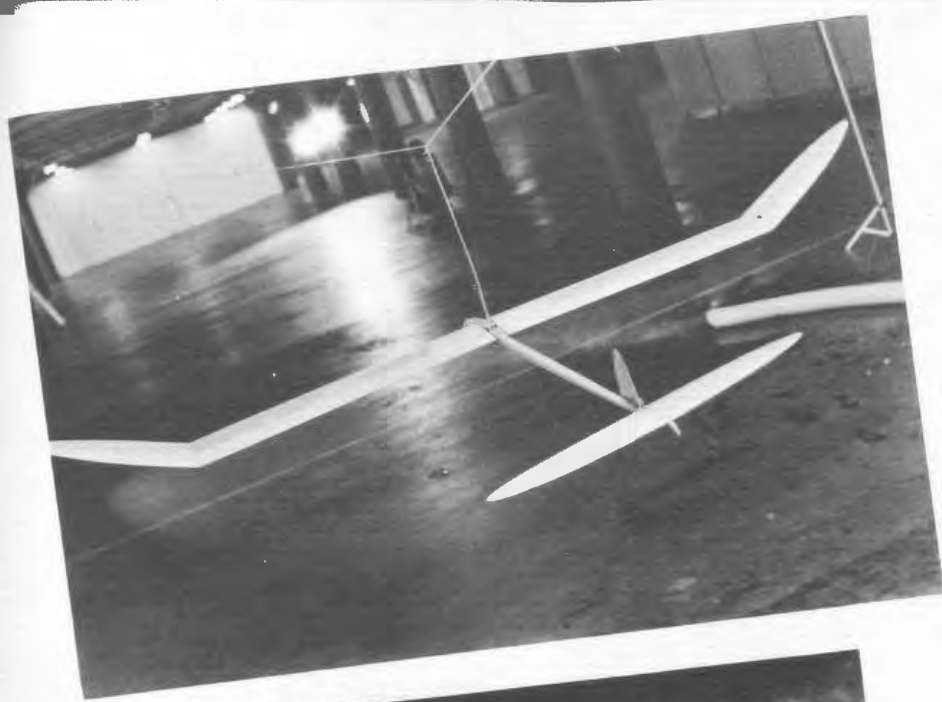


WALKING ON CLOUDS

Excerpts from a Talk with Noel Harding:

. . . it took a year to prepare, finances, material, research . . . one month of intensive work, 7 days a week work for 3 people, we had to do a test for the clouds; then there was the whole job of moving the thing from outside to inside, arranging the dry ice conveyors, the heaters, the fans . . . then, waiting for moments, special moments involving an interplay of action, climaxing with a sense of peace when the plane flew over cloud, the edge of the plane against the softness of cloud . . . almost escaping; an experimental moment, its like a lock and key, beautiful when found . . . it can't be approached or felt if you're looking for something, it has to happen to you . . . and then there's the absurdity of the industrial putting-together of it; there's a number of ways to take the work into yourself, there *are* repetitions, cycles . . . the path of the plane bursts the cloud, its a lyrical freedom, a poetic movement, I'm dealing with man's way of loving nature, all the energy and work which is inevitable to us surviving as human beings, we *have* to produce, sustain, create, do, constantly . . . in spite of the mechanical equipment it is a natural feeling of quietude . . . the axis is mechanical/natural, its a man-made bird in a man-made sky arriving at a moment of magic every twenty minutes, a joyful involvement, the sound: whooshhhh . . . an ethereal final action and an absurd feeling of meaningless, but that's only if its being judged (falsely) on *logical* terms! After all, where are the edges . . . ?

N.H.



CCX PARALLEL CXX

By Steve McCaffery

Photo-Documentation and Visual
Direction: Marilyn Westlake



I have tried to write Paradise

Do not move
Let the wind speak
that is paradise.

Let the Gods forgive what I
have made
Let those I love try to forgive
what I have made.

Ezra Pound

PARADISE. French paradis. Old Persian pairidaeza, from pairi, around, diz, to form, mould or shape, hence to build around, to form an enclosure.

PARA: Turkish parah, a piece, a portion

PARA: Greek para, beside,

PARA: Sanskrit, away, from.

PARA: Italian, imperative or parare, to ward off, hence to parry.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.

Dante, Inferno I II. 1-7



DO NOT GO DOWN INTO THE FOREST; WHEN I
OPENED THE GATE MY HAND LOST ITS STRENGTH.

Together they went down into the forest and they came to the green mountain. There they stood still
and gazed at the forest.

Epic Of Gilgamesh

TEXT: Latin textus, a thing woven, fabric and hence the weave of a subject in a book.
The Sanskrit cognate is TAKSH: to cut wood.



Every word has its potential theatre. Around the word BOOK constellate such words as Beech, Birch and Bark — the rich grouping of wood-words that tie nature to a writing. BOOK derives from the Anglo Saxon BOC: a beech-tree from whence "bocstaef" or beech-staff at a letter or character. It is supposed that the ancient runes were originally scratched upon beech bark as testified by Venantius Fortunatus: "Barbara fraxineis pingatus runa tabellis" — 'Let the barbarian rune be marked on beechwood tablets' — although John Bently Mays theorizes that the runes were actually read from the living branches on the trees themselves, somewhat in the active reading manner of the Kaballistic sky texts of Abulafia. So the connexion of wood and word through their etyms is intimate. The potential theatre of the Book (as Mallarmé desired it) is found in the actual space of the forest.



This linking of wood to word, with the beech synonymous for all literature connects too with the concept of a literary ecology. The notion that literature, before all else, is a complex ecosystem of balances and transgressions. The PARALLAX PERFORMANCE was conceived as a contribution to literary ecology. It is a piece about books, word, reading and delirium with an intended victim in the ecosystem of the Milton canon. This canon situates two epics in Milton's works: the first "Paradise Lost" begun in 1658, finished in 1664 and published in 1667 and the second "Paradise Regained" published in 1671. As a performed implication of PARADISE LOST, PARALLAX eliminates PARADISES REGAINED from the Miltonic ecosystem, replacing it by a reconstitution of the first epic. PARALLAX was first performed, photodocumented and filmed on Sunday, 6 May 1979 a few miles north of Bracebridge, Ontario to commemorate the 112th and 108th anniversaries of the two respective epics. Throughout the performance delirium was taken in its decisive Gallic connotation as a praxiological un-reading of Milton's two poems. Hence the violence of the scenario will be a double violence: the literal defoliation of one epic with its subsequent scattering and discharge throughout a landscape; and the elimination of the ontological need for the second epic within the Miltonic ecosystem.



After a few days we revisited the site to make a random reconstruction of the pages obliterating the existence of PARADISE REGAINED as a textural entity separate from the earlier epic. A theme of loss and recovery along the praxiological axis of which an ecological metamorphosis is perpetuated.

It was a beautiful day when we drove after breakfast to find a site. The trees were not too dense and the presence of a small swamp and a burnt-out cabin rendered the site irresistible. The Book fell, literally, leaf by leaf throughout the forest. Absolute loss was defined as occurring only with the discharge of the final page.



That which is cannot contain motion.
Nietzsche

And perhaps Artaud on poetry is relevant:

Poetry is that dissociative and anarchic power,
which by analogy, associations, images lives
entirely on the destruction of known relations.



If loss concatenates with metamorphosis and banishing, then it too connects with translation. As Jacob Grimm points out the mythic archeverb is ENTRUCKUNG (removal) which is a vanishing, a voluntary translation to another sphere which is always the prerogative of the Gods.



EVOLVER An Excerpt

The beech deposits a fan of sediment into a blue ocean of sky, drainage roots drawing water and silt from soil. Leaves harbor sunlight made richly green with runoff, for

shored fragments,
life low and littoral,
animal undergrowth,
man.

Seral communities prepare the soil for man, a climax forest evergreen and stable until smokers drop the atom butt, until careful fingers snub the Button dead-out. Conflagration will level his stand, and in the clearing of smoke and trees, even fireweed will not use the ashtray.

Water

rises from the land and carries crystals of wood and leaf that dry, trees in the air. Through a green thicket, I follow the twisted logic of a path. Trunks thick as a throat lift ahead; feet of countless votaries have pressed back the bushes from their base; I breathlessly touch the grey skin, the chant that rises like sap through those cords. A housecat crouches in the backwood, ears running to every sound. Her face is pressed to the woods like a window, her head alerted by an ancient drug. Together, we hear the heathen.

David Sharpe

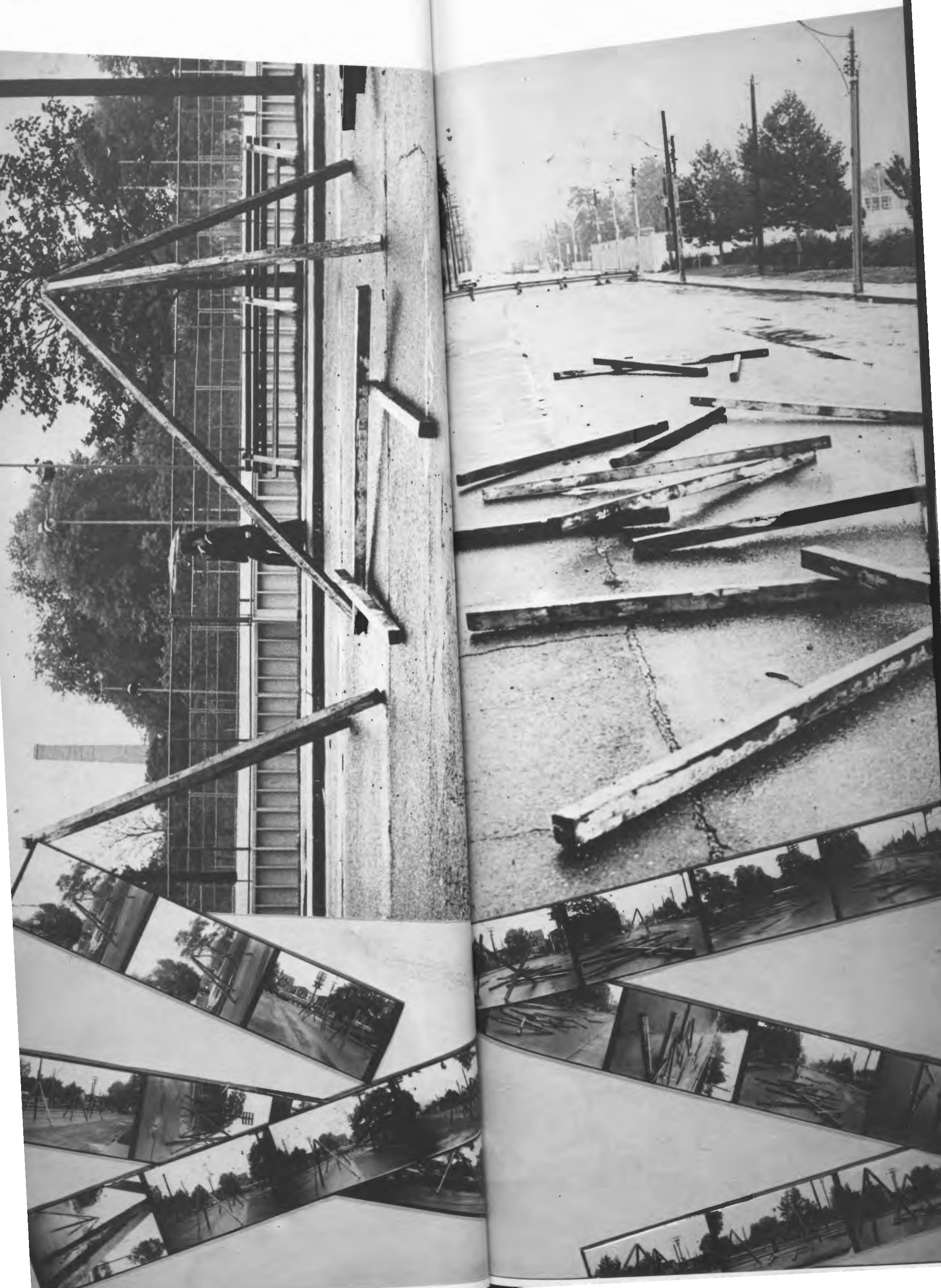


Photo by Junebug Clark: Detroit U.S.A.

At the Jack Daniel's distillery tall ricks of maple are burned to create the charcoal used in smoothing out their whisky. It takes a lot of charcoal 'cause the oldtime method of mellowing whisky calls for seeping every drop through charcoal vats that stand as tall as a good-sized room. Just to fill *one* vat takes the charcoal from three ricks of hard maple burned in the sweet Tennessee air. Jack Daniel's rickyard is always pretty full. After an easy sip of old Jack Daniel's finest, you'll know why.

ROADWORK

by Ed Niedzielski
and Karl Jirgens



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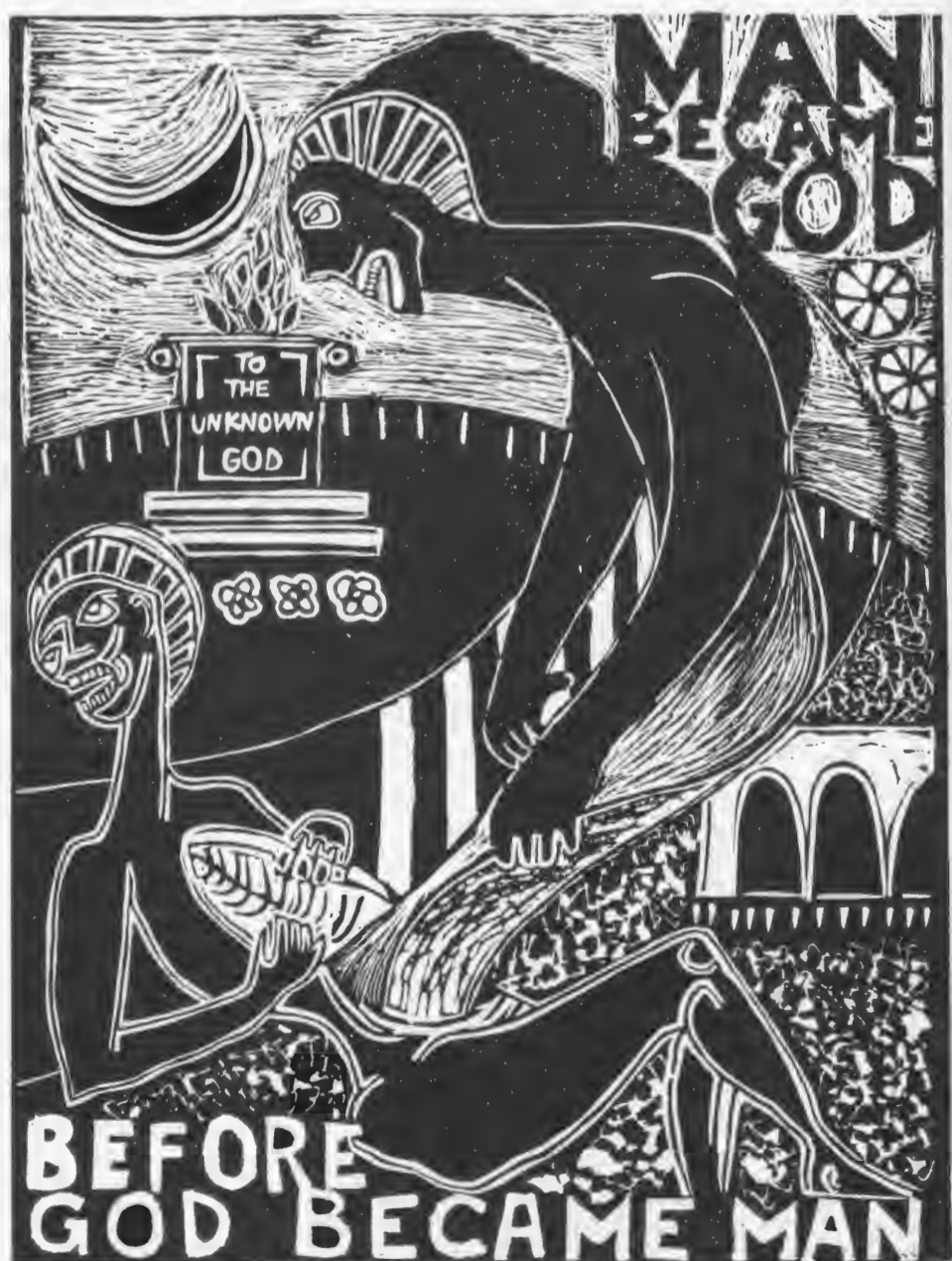
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MEDITATIONS OF DAVID AVON

A Man Of The World

Illustrations And Design
By Brian Johnston



**SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD,
AND I'M GONNA SEE MY BABE TONITE**
By Steve Linn

Full scale Kenworth Tractor, 11 ft. 9 in. x 15 ft. including: full controls instruments switches, custom seats with rolled and pleated upholstery, personal effects of the driver (glasses, gloves, suitcase, boots) heavy duty tires of ash wood (hollow, with 22 laminations, 55 pieces of wood), total 90 parts, 2500 board feet of wood and 500 pounds of bronze, curb weight — 2 tons, completed Feb. 1, 1979. New York, N.Y.



Photos by D. James De

FIN WING AND SACRED LEAF
By Stephen Hogbin

Technique provides us with a way to bring objects into existence — it doesn't deal with the broader and fundamental questions of conception, perception and expression. Materials and technique are the vocabulary of form and are the means to a more expansive end.

S.H.



Photo Courtesy of Aggregation Gallery: Toronto

In 1975, Stephan Hogbin was craftsman-in-residence at Australia's Melbourne State College. Wood Turning: The Purpose of the Object (Van Nostrand Rhinehold), written by Hogbin with photos by Tony Boyd, is a presentation of his work during that time. - Ed.

TOTEM POLE

Don McLeay



The blade of the eagle knife is skillfully arched through the heavy log of red cedar. Don McLeay, a plains Cree is using a style similar to the Kwaikiutle of Vancouver Island mixed with his own feeling for how the piece should appear. When completed the totem pole will include Bear with Salmon in paws, Beaver, Wolf with Human in paws, Raven and Thunderbird. Worked into the design of the pole will be images of Weasel, Turtle and Frog. When finished the piece will be painted in the traditional colours of red black and blue-green.



Originally, natives obtained red from iron oxide, black from charcoal and blue-green from oxidized copper. These pigments were then mixed with Salmon eggs to give them a homogeneity, and urine which acted as a fixative. The pole when finished will most likely be erected on the front lawn of the Native Resource Centre on Spadina Avenue's west side just north of Bloor Street in Toronto. The cedar log weighs several tons.

K.J.



REESOR CROSSING

Featuring Stompin' Tom Connors

Stompin' Tom Connors kicks his cowboy boot through a quarter-inch thick sheet of plywood every time he performs. In 1963 several lumberworkers were shot during the bloodiest battle in Canadian labour history. The event took place during a strike at the Spruce Falls Power and Paper Co. The ensuing clash between union and nonunion workers left three dead at Reesor Crossing. Tom Connors wrote a song commemorating that event . . .



Just a bit west of Kapuskasing
They carved a sculpture beside the tracks,
Of the bushman and his family
Who lived their lives behind the axe.
It reminds us in the North
Not to bring our tempers forth,
So there may never elsewhere be
A Reesor Crossing Tragedy.

- Tom Connors -



Focus
The scene's
not in its green
but in its branch;
too may leaves
between a tree
and me.

Edith Van Beek

RADIATOR AND HYDRANT By Gord Peteran

photos by G. Peteran



THE TOOTHPICK

(For Al Capone)

By John Oughton

Slim elegance am I. Yes, we may be shaved out of the unwieldy xylem and phloem by clumsy machines, but the final form is perfect. A slim, ever-so-slightly rounded wedge, the rate of whose curve always changes. Our point is the point, our shape makes the heads of bloated humans into the swollen dot at the end of a wooden exclamation mark.

But I humour them, the users. They give us a place. Despite our eternally fashionable form — Could Duchamp have made a better toothpick? No, he knew better, and retired to chess — we may not always appear in the most soignée of dining places. A beanery is as good as a \$15-for-appetizers place, in fact more likely to appreciate us.

The toothpick is unchanged, like the number one it represents, by its surroundings. We pierce the bullseye of a gooey canapé built of concentric food-colouring rings as well as an arrow the straw.

But I am here, floating beside the cashier, to tell a streamlined tale not of plurals, but of one. Myself. My perfection became a flawed man's final flaw. Making comments with non-verbal but oral techniques has long been a ploy favored by tough guys . . . the spit of contempt, a calculated rolling of cigar from corner to corner like a rolling pin flattening doughy enemies, cool whistling, popping gum between the front teeth while someone pleads for their life. Al was a toothpick man. Something in his rhythms demanded a minute after each gut-jamming meal, back against a brick wall, arms crossed over holstered chest, the toothpick darting in and out of his maw much like a pilot fish cleaning the dentures of a shark gone soft.

Everyone who knew him knew this. Tonight his associates urged him to hurry on to the car. Al's kind of friends were all chips off the same block until someone's head was chopped on it.

Al, will ya come on already. We're late," yelled the one held in by the steering wheel. "Hang on a sec. Don't get yer balls in an uproar," Al advised them. He was in his charming Cro-Magnon way coming to realize that I was the best he'd ever had. His thoughts, translated by a university humanities professor, were: "If ever a Platonic form were embodied in a physical exemplar (Plato of course held this to be impossible but never envisioned a society which could produce so many virtually identical simple or complex objects through assembly lines that indeed one somewhere might be the Form), it would be truth! There would be no gap between the concept and realization." This was Al's truthpick!

And his moment of truth came. As the other car rounded the corner with radials screaming and started to punctuate the air around him with bullets, he moved with the comic-strip slowness of an about-to-be dead man. His hand going for the Magnum in his armpit could have equally been reaching to pluck me from his mouth for all the intention it showed and as he crumpled, leaking, to the sidewalk, his monument of holes became apparent. The bulletholes in the brick where he had stood a moment ago were slightly less deep than those sprayed all around him. He was aplack.

And I also was his monument. An unscrupulous newspaper photographer caught a close-up of the formal irony: an untouched toothpick still protruding from between those discoloured, skyward lips — and sold it to a scandal sheet. I was again a forest, a place of fear and darkness for men.

CUT-OUTS

By Colette Whiten

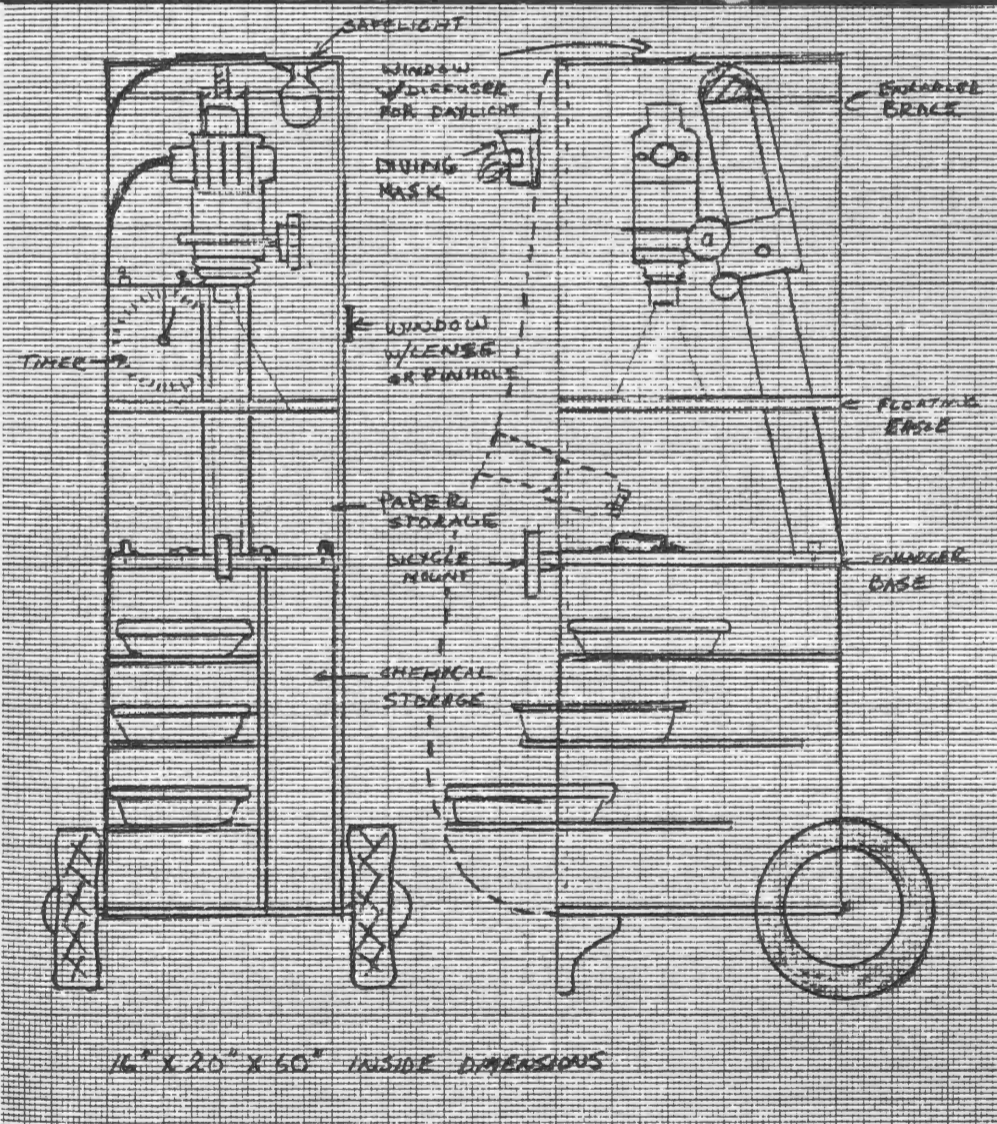
The following is a series of photos taken of an installation of wood sculptures located in front of the Mental Health Institute on Queen Street in Toronto. The images are those of persons living and/or working in the Mental Health Institute.



MOBILE DARKROOM

By Lorne Fromer

Making use of readily-available components, the mobile darkroom converts back yards, wilderness, or overcrowded apartments into profitable studio space. Ideal for art-on-the-run, this portable unit transports on any sturdy roofrack. Set up time is approximately 2 hours, and with the new 12 volt conversion unit, a car battery provides all the electrical power needed for hours of printing. Water is lifted, manually, to the darkroom roof, where it is heated to temperature by the sun. The only other component needed is patience. The operator breathes fresh air while he works, standing both inside and outside his work area. Prints are wind-dried in less than 15 minutes.



THE SPRUCE GOOSE

By Howard Hughes

Howard Hughes' eight story tall 200 ton flying boat as seen afloat off of Long Beach California. Nicknamed the 'Spruce Goose' the craft cost the U.S. government \$18 million and Hughes several times that amount. It flew only once for a distance of about one mile in 1947. The 'Spruce Goose' was designed to carry up to 700 troops across the Atlantic.

F.B.





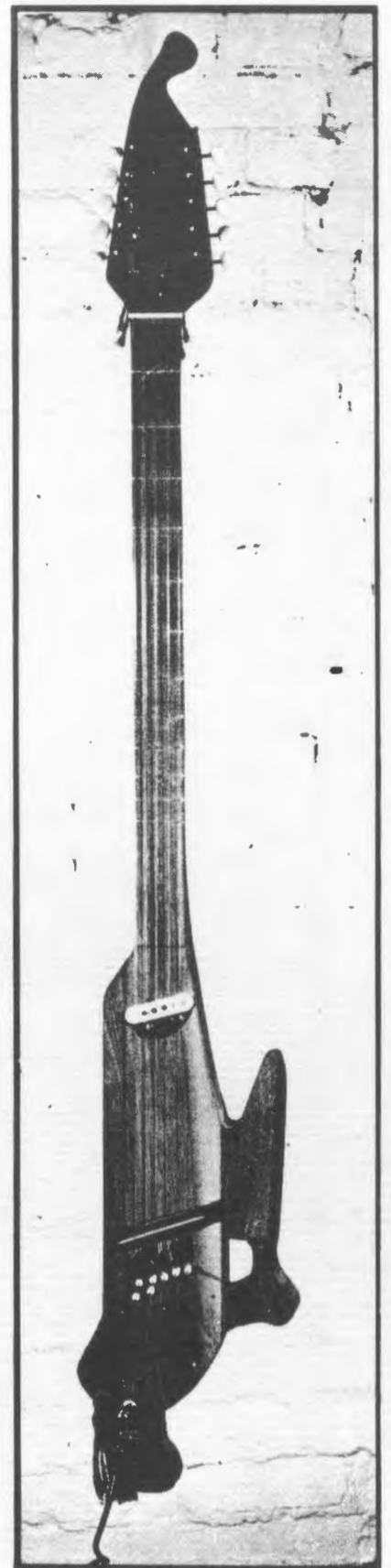
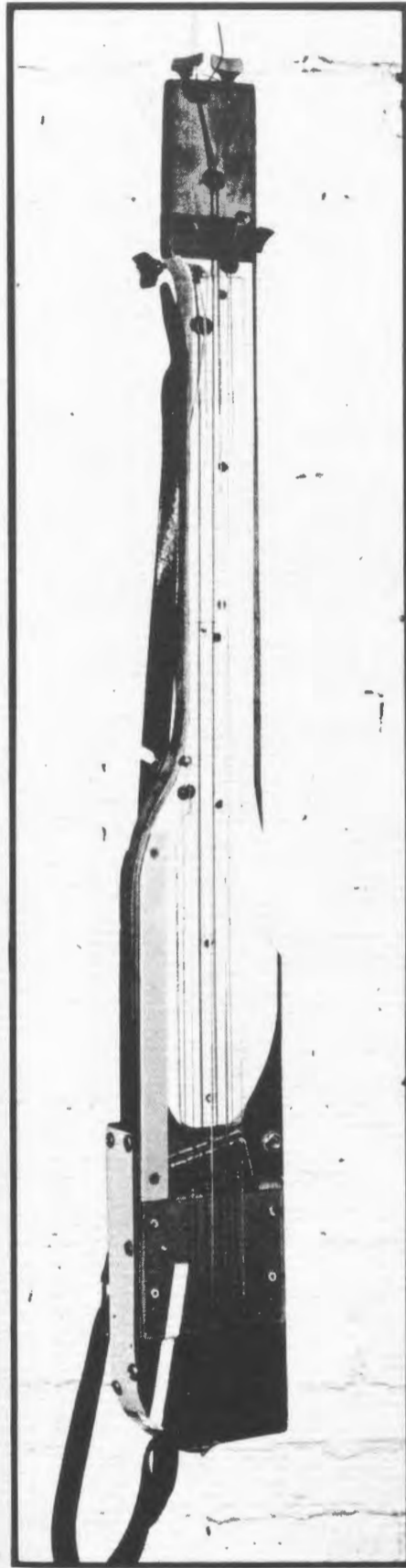
Collecting Latex

Rubber is made by crumbling co-agulated latex into small pieces which are washed and dried then fed into a machine which compresses them into blocks. This type of rubber is used in automobile, aircraft, and off-road tires, some hoses and in rubber footwear.

The Para Rubber tree grows to a height of well over 60 ft and has leaves that grow in clusters of three. When the tree is full grown the circumference of the trunk is about 8 ft. Its flowers are usually pale green. It grows best on rich clay slopes along the banks of rivers where the soil has good drainage and the temp. never rises above 94° F. and never drops below 73° F. The air and the soil where the tree is found are moist the year round. The useful life of the rubber tree is about 25-30 years. A mature tree yields from 8-10 lbs of rubber a year.

Between the bark and the wood of the tree is a thin layer of cells which contain a milky liquid called latex. It is from this latex that rubber is made. To obtain this milky fluid the rubber worker 'taps' the tree every other day by cutting away a thin shaving of the bark about 1/15" thick in a downward slanting stroke. After the latex has been collected it is taken to a highly mechanized central processing plant, where it is prepared for shipment. Rubber comes to Canada from the Far East either in liquid form, which is a preserved, concentrated latex, or in one of two dry forms — smoked sheets or pale crepe. Before the liquid latex can be shipped it must be concentrated. This is done by removing most of its water content. There are two ways to do this; by creaming or centrifuging. Liquid latex is used in many products such as foam rubber cushioning and mattresses, adhesive tape, elastic yarns, rubber toys, tire cord dipping solutions, wire insulation, and rubber gloves.

- Fausto Bedoya -



Photos by Bill McGrath

A unique blend of wood and electronics.

Two 'Guitars' from the Nihilist Spasm Band. One has frets but no fingerboards. Thus notes can be varied or bent by varying the pressure applied between the frets. The second 'guitar' is usually played with a slide (a test-tube).

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BUBBLEGUM
By Eldon Garnet



model: Shelagh Alexander

sugar is added. The tree is placed in the mouth. chewed until pliable. employing a coordinated usage of teeth tongue + air the bubble gum is blown. too much air + the bubble will explode, too little air + the bubble will placidly collapse. bubble gum is a temporary dramatic gesture usually employed by a youthful individual. the term bubblegummer is synonymous with pubescent girl. 479

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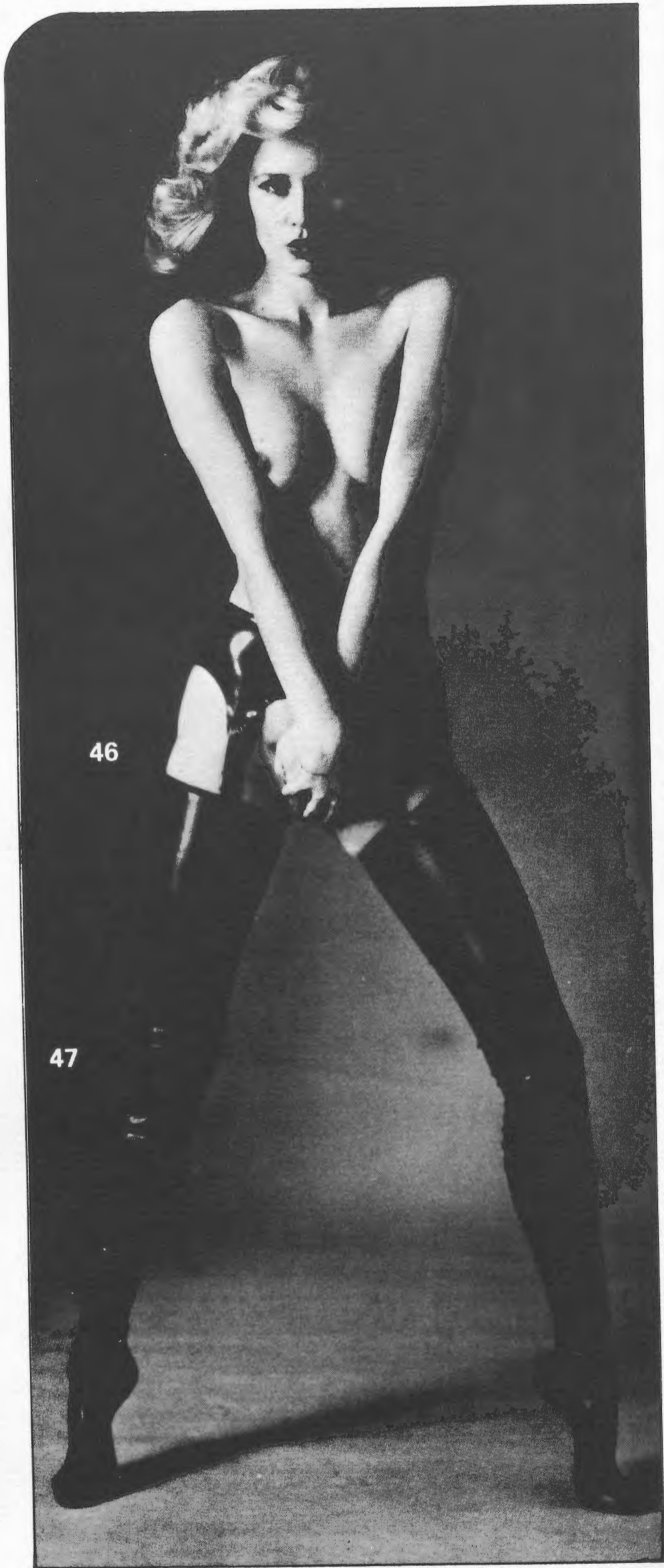
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model: Candice Ultra

A FOREST SOWN IS A FOREST RAPED:

Development in the Mountain Provinces of the Philippines

By Joachim Voss and Villia Jefremovas

The mountain municipality of Sagada, where we have made our home for the past year, sits perched high on the crest of the eastern watershed of the Cordillera Central of Northern Luzon — the main island of the Philippine archipelago. Culturally it is defined by the Hispanized lowland Filipinos as an "ethnic minority" area. It is the land of the "savage" Igorots who still carry the stereotypes from their headhunting past into the social studies readers and tourist brochures of today.

It is a place of contrasts caught in a tangled net of rice terraces, cold pine-clad mountain peaks, lush sweltering valleys, vital traditions and plastic plates. We are constantly confronted by the contradictions between new and old. Teenagers, dressed in Levis, model themselves after the latest disco dreams and still earnestly explain that the ancestors will cause sickness and death if the proper number of pigs are not slaughtered at a funeral. The wrinkled tin sides of an enormous newly built "GI" house reflect a distorted image of the thatched roof and hand hewn pine boards of the hut next door. Old women carrying loads on heads decorated with beads and snake vertebrae greet us in flawless English. Old men, wearing loincloths, suit coats and 'gimme' hats inscribed "Caterpillar" or "Coca-Cola", chant tales of past exploits to one another while sitting on the skin polished stones of the men's house, drink rice wine and smoke fat cigars carefully rolled in old newspapers — which give glowing reports of the latest presidential decrees.

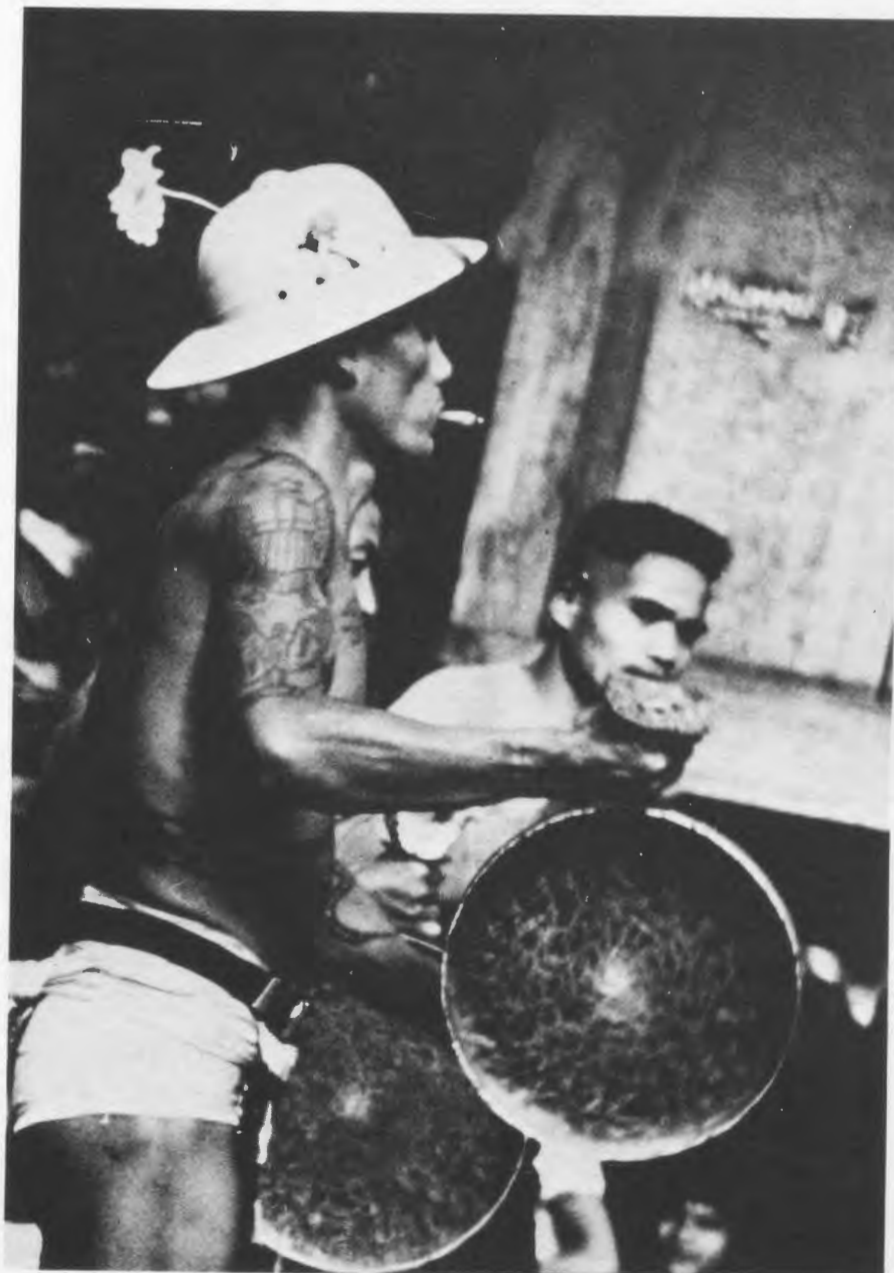
In these small, and we're tempted to say 'cute', examples lie the superficial signs of a much deeper conflict between the right to self-determination of the mountain peoples and the incursion of a national government and international economy which is carrying on a colonial legacy under the new guise of National Development. In the past this incursion was far more direct. The Spaniards spent more than two hundred years sending military expeditions to subjugate the "wild" mountain tribes, but did not succeed in getting more than a toe hold. The motivation was not "God and country" but simply Igorot gold. The rationalizations were more complex though still transparent. The Catholic church at the time wrote, quite seriously, that since God would not have put all that gold into the mountains for the use of godless and kingless savages therefore he must have put it there for the use of the Spanish.

Now there are two major exploitable resources in the mountains, hydro electric power and timber. Both are the center of heated and sporadically violent controversy. The timber issue is central in Sagada.

In 1904, following the American 'liberation' of the Philippines from Spain, a strong Episcopalian mission began to be established in the region. Under the direction of an energetic and ambitious priest — Father Staunton — an extensive building program was launched. Saw mills were imported from the States, and many of the mountainsides were deforested until lumbering ceased to be economically feasible. At this point the mission began to encourage reforestation — with considerable success. Groups of related families, or clans, reforested and tended their particular clan lands. These same families had the right to harvest the trees for the traditional uses — firewood, housebuilding, and the construction of irrigation causeways. Since these uses have not exceeded the forests' ability to regenerate, the mountains around Sagada have once again become covered in lush forest stands, which are now from thirty to fifty years old.

Under the current military dictatorship, exploitation of resources has come less through military compulsion (too expensive and messy) and more through economic compulsion — by manipulating taxes, terms of trade and granting concessionary rights to multi-national corporations and their Filipino counterparts. The end result is still the same — wealth comes to be concentrated in the hands of a few powerful families who control these transactions and corporations.

Under this system, the lowland tropical rainforests were systematically raped and depleted so that a covetous eye was once again cast upon the less desirable and less accessible highland forests. The government response is uncannily reminiscent of the rationalization the Spanish used. All forests in the Cordillera were declared National Forest Preserves, ostensibly to protect them against the ravages of slash and burn agriculture (Those ignorant mountain agriculturalists don't know how to manage their forests). In fact, slash and burn agriculture employs a rotation system which depends on allowing the forest to regenerate. Then logging and tapping concessions were given to Celophil, a large lumbering and cellophane producing corporation which, through a remarkable coincidence, is owned by a close relative of the president's wife.





The Igorots, needless to say, are not amused. In Sagada, where there are many well educated people versed in the intricacies of national politics, a massive petition requesting the exclusion of their lands from the Celophil concession was mounted on the grounds that deforestation of the watershed would endanger the dry season irrigation water supply. The govt. responded by declaring the area a national watershed and prohibiting all cutting of trees (If we can't have them, you can't have them either). The Sagadans who planted the trees and justifiably feel they have proprietary rights, are now resorting to an effective form of passive resistance. During the dry season, fires frequently start in the forest lands. As long as these were Sagadan lands, the community would quickly check such fires. Now they say, "It's the Marcus' forest, let him put out the fires."

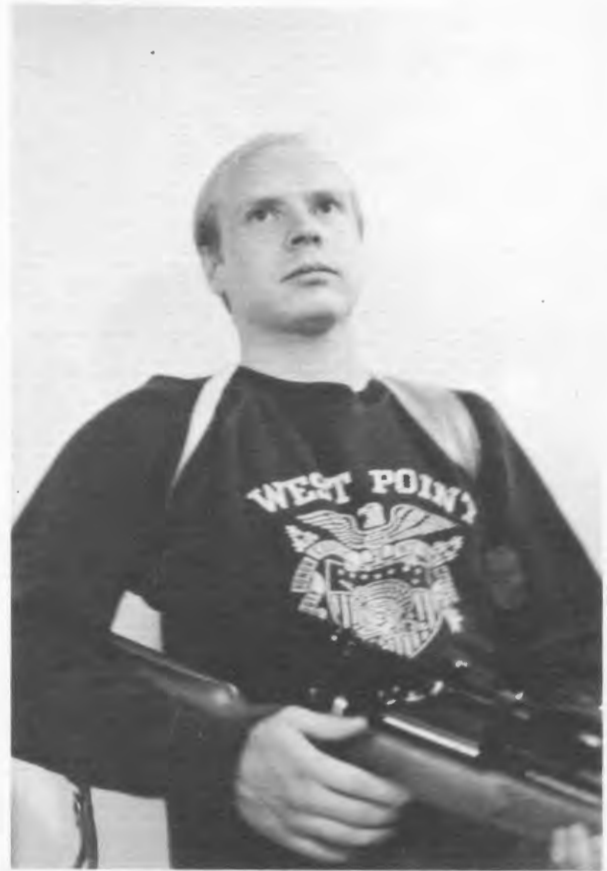
Such fires do not kill most of the mature trees — pines are quite fire resistant — but they do kill the young saplings, thus keeping the forest from regenerating if it is burned over every year. In fact, pine forests are well adapted to forest fires of a 20 year cycle, since such fires break the dormancy of the pine cones and cause them to sprout new seedlings.

In the more remote mountain areas where Celophil has obtained concessions, and where people are more isolated, fragmented and traditional, concerned opposition groups and radical church elements are attempting to transform the traditional institution of the *Bodong* or peace pact, to organize an effective opposition.

Traditionally, the peace pact was used to settle feuds between enemy villages and to ensure future cooperation. Once such a pact has been made, a pact breaker can be severely punished or killed without his relatives having the right to reprisals for these measures. The new peace pacts are used both to increase the size of the opposition against Celophil, by united several villages, and to allow for the punishment of individuals who try to cooperate with the corporation or take a job with it. Otherwise their home village would feel obliged to protect or avenge them. In this way the Igorots are resisting the classical tactics of divide and rule and are showing once again that they consider someone else's development, at the expense of their resources, to be no development at all.

GUNS AND STOCKS

An Interview with Harold Jakonen



F.B. How long does it usually take to prepare a gun stock?

H.J. Hours, perhaps dozens of hours can be spent mating wood to metal. A rifle that comes from the factory, the original wood . . . you can spend many hours just to shape the wood properly, so that you can get the ultimate in accuracy. Of course, I won't dispute the fact that a plastic or rubber combination might be better for accuracy, it should be. You see, wood has the flaw that it absorbs moisture and then twists, or later it might get dry and tend to twist the other way. It affects the tension of the screws holding it to the gun metal, but on the other hand it has a workability. Most of the top shooters, 22 calibre class shooters anyway, use wooden stocks, with minimal wood-metal contact — say, one screw.

F.B. You mean Olympic calibre shooters don't you?

H.J. Olympic 22 shooters.

F.B. Well, do you think that there is also a romantic attachment to wood; like you get plastic corks and wooden corks in wine bottles, and plastic stocks and wooden stocks for rifles?

H.J. Definitely, definitely . . . its beautiful to look at and its warm to the feel. The technical advantage of its accuracy, well, I think its slight to the average shooter. To the average *target* shooter the difference between wood and rubber and plastic or synthesised rubber is negligible, its the *feel* that *really* counts. I like rubber stocks, they feel good. For my handgun, I have rubber grips, they really feel good, but they look like hell. The wooden ones I have look beautiful, they feel ok, but I can't control them like I can the rubber. Wood has the advantage of workability, flexibility. You can *change* the configuration. Its a warm material, traditional. Its use in guns dates back hundreds of years. They used to make guns out of wooden barrels.

F.B. What were the bullets made out of?

H.J. Rocks.

F.B. They must've used hard wood . . .

H.J. They used to wrap bands of brass around the barrels. It was like a wooden barrel that you see nowadays for collecting rain or water, except it was long. It was a long barrel, like a cannon, and they used to have rings around it. Steel and iron rings.

F.B. What calibre were they?

H.J. They didn't bother with calibres, they just dropped a blast of gunpowder down the end, jammed it up with rocks and put a plug in the end to hold it all in. Then, they'd light it off.

F.B. Why would you say more people haven't switched over to the more effective plastic stocks or rubber grips?

H.J. Even though wood is not quite as efficient target-wise as its substitutes, plastic and rubber; it feels *so* good in your arms that there's a *psychological* advantage. So, they try to minimize the contact between the wood and the steel of the gun. Two screws is all they use. And, they try to minimize the tension between the two. Like I said, wood has a tendency to warp with humidity and temperature. The plastic and rubber will not. So you find the higher calibre, say, 30 calibre shooters using the rubber grips. Rubber has a lot of advantages in hand guns. 35 - 45 calibre are harder to control in a re-coil such as you get with sustained or rapid fire conditions. The first shot doesn't always matter, if you miss you can recover. Still, *any* gun *looks* better with a wooden stock, but even if its used properly its not as efficient. That's been my experience with say, Smith and Wesson's, anywhere up to a 35 calibre. 44 calibre and up, the wood grips take a lot more getting used to, just from the recoil and that. An interesting compromise is to interchange rubber and wood grips.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PROPHYLACTICS

By Terrence McCubbin

My friend and I were fishing from atop a concrete culvert that, like many others on the Sydenham and Pattawottamy Rivers, disgorged completely undigested sewage. Happy lusty turds decorated these rivers. A prophylactic floated peacefully down the foamy water. It was the first one I'd ever seen. I was nine years old.

Not many people appeared to look closely at these rivers and the evidence they bore up. What no one could ignore was that this untreated effluent was seriously damaging Owen Sound's claim to fame as "The Trout Capital of Ontario". Every Spring the migrating browns and rainbows had to face sink and bathwater, turds, lamprey eels, prophylactics, and the spinning gear of hundreds of drunk fishermen. If a fish making it's way up the Sydenham River was lucky enough to survive the oxygen-starved journey as far as the "mill dam", it had a chance to climb onto a fish ladder and made its way to the relatively unpolluted water above. Most of them didn't make it. They collected in panicky herds at the foot of the falls where they had to be smart enough not to bite on the temptations offered by the fishermen, many of whom actually came from as far as the United States. Many fish tried vainly to vault the two main falls. They had no way of knowing, as they flung themselves into exhaustion, that they had to keep to the right of the pool and staying submerged pick out a two-foot square hole that would lead them to placid waters and a chance to procreate. And so most of them wrung their muscular bodies until, in desperation they spawned in impossibly turbulent waters. (Not many of them bit on the fishing gear.) For all their exercise they didn't seem all that concerned with food. Not the way you'd think they'd be after a hard days migrating. The youngest fish headed back after trying to spawn. The older ones would finish their cycle and belly-up, float whitely back toward the bay.

Eventually the trout began to get so sick and people so disgusted at looking at turds and contraceptives that a sewage treatment plant was built. After a couple of years it was even considered safe to swim in the bay, provided you weren't too close to the action.

Much of the city's drainage system had been constructed before it was customary to keep records of such things. A person building anything in 1890 would tie into whatever plumbing was already available. A maze of unknown passages formed subterraneously.

By 1960 the problem was amazingly complicated. A public health inspector my father knew tried to trace the sewage flowings. He used a powerful orange chemical that upon contact with water, would turn a fantastic green colour. He'd flush it down people's toilets and then run down to the rivers, trying to figure out where it went. He rarely found anything that supported his theories. The invisible meandering defied analysis.

"I've been doing this for years and I still don't know what the hell is going on down there" he complained.

Trout were hard to catch at anytime, at least legally. What we caught in those pre-sewage treatment plant days were usually carp. They were oblivious; and seemed to be able to live in anything, permanently. After the spring trout run was over we abandoned hope of catching anything but Carp and the odd Rock Bass. Usually we squashed them or exploded them with big firecrackers.

Our summers would pass in this fashion, guddling into the water with our lines and hooks and dew worms, all the while remaining careful not to step or fall in. This is when my attention was drawn to the procession of prophylactics which floated regularly by and which issued from the colvert at our feet. I had never noticed them. My friend explained what they were for. He called them "shieks".

"There's a lot of fucking going on" he observed.

I had to agree. The idea of the citizens of Owen Sound going through motions I could only imagine and then flushing the evidence furtively down the toilet hurled me into a frenzy of speculation. Who was doing it? How old were they? Informed, that recently — screwed girls found it painful to walk, I would look at any slightly bowlegged girl and think "She's just been fucked."

I stuck to fantasizing about young, unmarried people sneaking off into bushes and parked cars. The prospect of well-off middle-aged people fornicating lawfully didn't appeal.

My friend fished that first prophylactic out of the stinking water. It was delicate and filmy but enormous. It reminded me of a deflated Zeppelino. It was beyond comprehension how it could be filled. My friend wouldn't touch it, but I was too fascinated to care. I took it and ran behind some bushes. Unzipping my junior-sized cock I tried to put it on. It was like trying to push a train with a rope. Dishearted, I threw it away and began to worry if my condition was permanent. Everytime I walked by the Sydenham or Pottawattamy, I would stop and wait for a propylactic to float by and, comparing dimensions, feel a fresh wave of uneasiness.

Due to the advent of modern hormonal discoveries and my own complete disregard for contraception, my first experiences with females were relatively carefree. For quite a while I was proud of not using condoms.

"Like taking a shower with a raincoat," I declared pompously. It wasn't until I found myself in the position of being potentially responsible for the fertilization of embarrassingly young girls that I was forced to take contraceptive measures.

In the first case I probed around without one. Then in a fit of conscience, I unplugged long enough to get one out of my pants pocket. I put it on and it didn't work too badly. It was covered with a slippery white powder that made it easy. Nancy, who told me that she was a virgin and may well have been one, even started to get vocal about it.

"Oh . . . it feels good" she breathed invitingly, and accelerated her hips instinctively in a primordial fashion. Then her face grew pale and she suddenly lost interest. She drew away, put on a nightie and ran out of the room. I got dressed and found her at the kitchen sink, vomiting quite a bit of red pasty-looking stuff. It may have been Italian food, but I doubt it. People from Owen Sound don't eat a lot of it.

I stood in the kitchen and watched her hurl. I started laughing. Her girlfriend sat at the formica kitchen table; she had been playing solitaire.

I saw Nancy downtown a couple of weeks later and she looked scared out of her mind. She lurched at the sight of me and regarded me frozenly. She didn't stop to talk; she just kept walking.

I phoned her that night and asked what the problem was, as if I didn't already know.

She dropped it right away. "I'm well over due."

"That's entirely possible. From what I hear there's millions of sperm cells in every drop."

"That's what the doctor said."

"How co-operative can this doctor be?"

"I'll know soon."

A few days later Nancy phoned to say everything was okay.

Two years elapsed. I phoned her up and casually asked her if she wanted to go fishing.

"No," she said coldly, "I don't think I'd like that very much."

A personal visit would do the trick, maybe. A few jokes. No doubt I'd brighten up her whole day, maybe even the rest of the week. So I decided to drop by the restaurant where she was working between university terms.

She was cleaning off tables when I found her.

"Hi" I said, smiling wistfully.

"You look like a slob" she said. I was wearing a torn T-shirt. That's how much she knew about fashion.

She walked off into the kitchen with her dishes. I may as well have been contaminated potato salad. As I drove home I thought about her perfect fingernails.

I used to stay at Rochdale. I spent a few weeks squatting there. Nobody else seemed to be paying rent either. Once, when visiting a friend there I came across his prophylactics supply. He had two kinds: regular rubber ones and another type that were made out of sheep intestines. Having an orgasm into a dead soft animal bowel seemed improper, as though there ought to be a law against it. My friend, who had not yet told anyone he was a homosexual, kept his supply on hand for a girl who treasured him like an incurable disease.

I took a regular rubber and stretched its mouth over the bathroom sink faucet. It swelled tremulously, taking on the shape of the sink. I disengaged the faucet and carefully rolled the sluggish water-bloated prophylactic out of the sink and into a waste basket. I took it to the window and dumped it out. From the sixteenth floor it fell just the way you'd expect a twenty-pound drop of water to fall. It exploded onto the top of a parked car. About twenty minutes later someone pounded on the door. I answered.

A man was standing there.

"If you don't stop throwing stuff out the window you're going to be evicted" he said.

Patty was a girl I could take anywhere so that people could speculate as to a sexual status. I was certainly puzzled as to her, especially as she automatically sought out the most androgynous company I could offer her. As an executive for a high-powered ad agency, she seemed to have developed an indifference for the heterosexual men she did business with. It was as though she wasn't casually interested in anyone at all. This made her very interesting.

All that mattered to her were "auras" and "vibes" that people toted with them like sets of matched luggage. The unseen. After a party, on our way home to separate beds she would go into detail.

"Did you feel the vibes coming off Bill? He is so evil."

All the personalities she took care to sample, were changing in precise accordance with the astronomical machinery rolling around out there. She knew I didn't believe any of it, but she never held it against me.

Manufacturers of drugs and birth control equipment were among her agency's clients. They used to send her a lot of samples, so she gave me a box of a dozen safes, just in case. A hazily-focused couple caressed each other dreamily on the package. Each condom was wrapped in a blue foil package. At home I took one out and saw that it was one of the well-lubricated variety. There was no need for it right then, so I stapled it against the fantastically decayed mouth of a movie poster monster. The "Shock Theatre" was advertising "I Eat your Skin", "Night of the Living Dead" and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

That stapled prophylactic stayed in the monster's mouth for a year. It disintegrated and I lost confidence in the rest of them. When it began to look as though I might need some I went to a drugstore. Determined not to be embarrassed, I marched in and asked for them, right in front of a line of customers.

"We don't have any" the druggist said. I felt stupid. On the way out, I noticed that there weren't any skin mags either.

I went to another drugstore, a newer, more progressive-looking establishment. There were plenty of safes there, invitingly displayed and available in all kinds of colours and styles. The cheapest brand they had cost over five dollars for a dozen, so I went to Honest Ed's drug department and bought ten "Trojans" for a dollar seventy-five. "For those who prefer an unlubricated condom without reservoir" the Spartan package advised.

When the time came to use one I could hardly fit it on: it was so tight. It felt like a boa constrictor. Intense pain.

The alternatives were obvious: get a soft-on or die. I thought about hockey games, war documentaries, "Front Page Challenge", "Wayne and Shuster" and finally, in desperation, Anne Murray in concert at the Hamilton Forum. It was a classic effort of detumescence. But this evil prophylactic fed some kind of energy back in, punishing me.

I started clawing at it. It split a little along the upper middle. I began to panic. In desperation I grabbed it by the base and peeled it off forcefully, tearing out clumps of hair.

That was the last time I had anything to do with prophylactics.

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UNDERWATER HOCKEY

An Interview with Karl Jirgens

By Fauste Bedoya

fb: how long ago did you begin to play underwater hockey?

kj: I began when I became the youngest rookie ever to make the U of T men's varsity swim team, first string. I qualified for the nationals that same year. Being naive and impressionable I fell in with bad company. I wanna say right here and now for the record that it was all that maniac Fedko's fault. 'Doc' we used to call him, he had us so weird after a while that the coach thought he had a bunch of Jekyll & Hydes on his hands. I was especially suspect, first off 'cause I was new and unknown, and second 'cause I kept asking for more work. This was a thing verging on lunacy since at night we would all go berserk and let off steam, (ya gotta do it 'cause of all the energy you get from training, ya gotta find ways to relax), and then during the day we'd swim two two-hour workouts each ten miles long. That translates into about 80 miles of running for example. And I was asking for *more*. And I had every reason to be trashed out from the night before. *And*, (the coach knew) I had a bum shoulder. So the team shrink figgers its my way of punishing myself for being bad at night. Do more work the next day and the guilt is relieved. Go berserk at night and end up feeling terrible about it. In a way the shrink was right, even though he never *once* got me into his office, cause you *gotta* be crazy to swim that much. But then me and Fedko, we were animals. I mean the coach'd throw the toughest workout he had at us, and after it was over we'd slide over to him with evil grins, pinch him on the bum and say, 'Hey coachie, now that the warmups over, when does the *real* work-out start?' That used to really piss him off 'cause he suspected every one of us with messin' around with his wife. *God* she was beautiful!

fb: I see, well I suppose that all of us have a certain amount of latent schizophrenia in us, its only normal, take me for example, hasn't it ever occurred to you that since I'm your psuedonym, then I must also be another face of your split personality? I mean, what if I decided to split up *my* personality?

kj: then, that'd make four of us.

fb: . . . you mean, there's someone else?

kj: well, let's not get into that right now. When I quit, or rather was strongly invited to leave competitive swimming, I went into these horrible withdrawals. I mean you can't go from four hours of workouts to four hours of television without your body going crazy. So I decided to switch sports. I liked water so I tried water polo, but even in high school I wasn't much for ball sports, although back then Chumley, Durango, Reynolds and I used to play a game called 'murder-ball'. A lot like water-polo, except that in water polo the idea is to do all of your cheating in a subtle manner underwater where the referee can't see. Instead we all decided ahead of time to be honest about it and do our cheating in the open. *No* rules. One time, Reynolds blew a burgeoning backhand at me while I was in the goal. The ball skipped over the water surface with a pit-pot-pit whistle and crushed my nose. I was so incensed that I grabbed my nose with one hand, the ball with the other, I could feel its cold rubber form collapsing as I dove down, swam along the bottom of the pool, and during the confusion came up *behind* the other goalie and stuffed it into the net. But like I say that was high school and I had to find some other thing. I bumped into Chumley one day and he, after listening to my plight calmly suggested that I come out to his Scuba club. I was still in tremendous physical condition, but by now I had lost some of my edge, otherwise I might've noticed the slightly evil glint in his eye while he made that seemingly innocent remark.

fb: so you joined the Scuba club . . .

kj: right, things started off calmly enough. I learned all about masks, snorkels, fins, tanks, regulators, wetsuits, (I kinda like wet suits, all black neoprene rubber, act as a second layer of skin and fat, keep you warm as toast even in icy water). I learned Boyle's law. *Then* after a summer of all this I found out what these guys do in the winter to keep in shape. Underwater hockey! Apparently its very popular in Europe and Australia. Anyway, these lunatics have been doing this for ages and they're the Ontario Champs for over ten years now. Not only that but they're in the top two or three in the country. I mean, what a thing to be good at, eh?

fb: so you joined the underwater hockey team?

kj: right. Now I use a modified snorkel with a wide barrel and short tube that extends my windpipe dolphin-like over my head. The mouthpiece is custom-shaped soft rubber made to fit my teeth. I've got a low profile mask that keeps the pressure offa my eyes so I can see clear. The mask also has double thin rubber skirts around the edge to prevent water from seeping in between the mask-edge and my skin. My flippers are modified Nimrod specials. They attach to my ankles with triangle shaped rubber straps outside of a soft rubber shoe. The shoe flares out into a skin-like but somewhat stiffer thin sheet of flipper that is reinforced by two harder rubber ribs. I wear rubber gloves with quarter inch hard-rubber padding on them to keep my knuckles from being mashed by the puck. The puck is metal and is fired off of a capital 'I' shaped stick about a foot long. When we play we get as many contusions and abrasions from the pool and each other as we do from the friction caused by the artificial extensions we wear over our own relatively tender skins.

fb: how do you play this game?

kj: just like hockey only underwater. From one end of the pool to the other. No scuba tanks, just masks, snorkels, fins, gloves and sticks. A lot of breath control, guys pushing the puck and then being relieved by a team mate in the last second. Lots of checking. We switch ends after half-time cause defending the deep-end is a lot more difficult.

fb: so you've found yourself in this bizarre and demanding sport. Do you still exhibit overt schizophrenic tendencies?

kj: well, not really, I mean there's no more of this Jekyll and Hyde thing, we sometimes have a coffee or tea, maybe a sandwich after the practice, talk over some of the plays. After a *game* we might have a beer or two. We're still in the top three in the country, but we're relaxed about it. On the other hand, there's still *you*. After all Fauste, you *are* my alter ego so I suppose that a certain amount of split in personality still prevails. Say, why don't you come around to the pool sometime . . . ?

fb: thanks, but uhhh, I've got this interview to transcribe and ahhh . . .

kj: yeah,

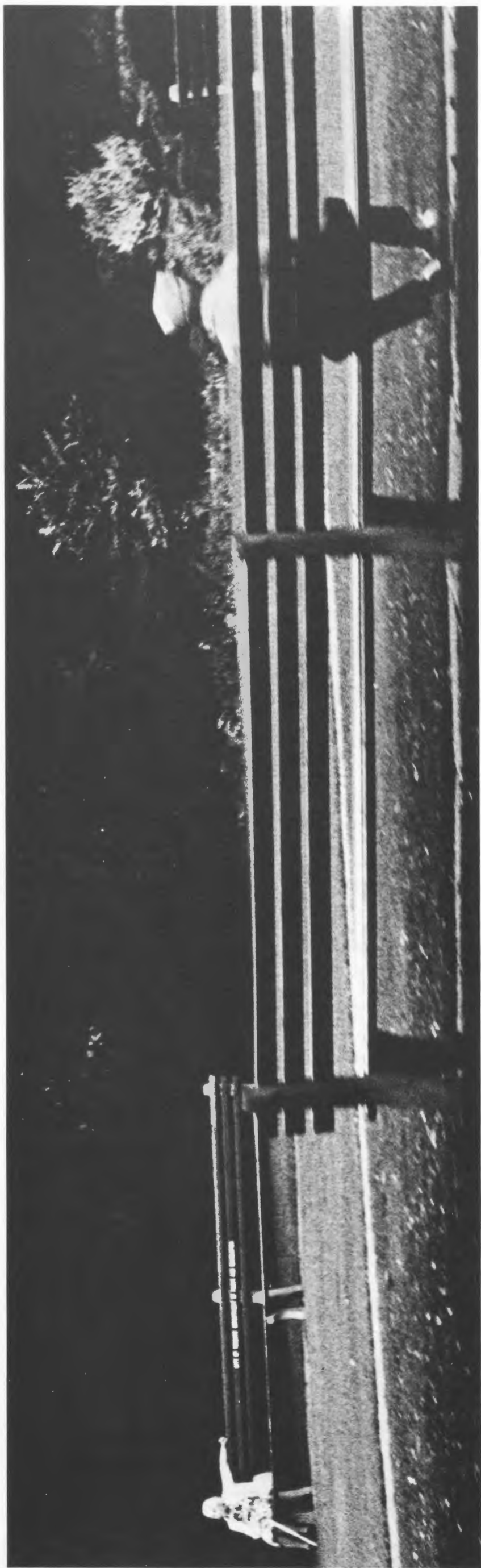


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