

BEYOND TISH



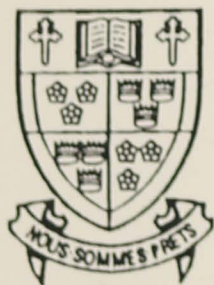
NEW WRITING • INTERVIEWS • CRITICAL ESSAYS

EDITED BY DOUGLAS BARBOUR

BEYOND *TISH*



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Beyond Tish.

BEYOND *TISH*

edited by
Douglas Barbour



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FRED WAH

Seven Poems

I get up in the morning
and the cloudy skies are in my legs.

The news on the doorsill lies
under the guise of someone else's pulp mill.

In the shower I smell creosote,
my brain drinks up the pressure-treated ions.

You choreospect around the kitchen all egg,
you say my eyes have dreamed nothing.

Your eyes. Mine squint from the winter sun,
they read about the world, foothills in the
distance.

They read languageless heads subtract
language. No more poems until.

Your tall body twirls, bone-rippled ankles lift.
We could count, we could dance all day.

Each day depletes a little more mith (sic),
mouth logged – logos scaled and decked.

ə

Aghia

An easthope on that boat going three times as fast as can
should
tessera
puht.

Gallini

The harbour is for the ear and the view. Out there a minor fourth
fog horn claims large chunks of life. Sun glints off a windshield.
Someone waves, falls, drowns. Boats bob. Staring at the water's
risky.

ə

April or maybe March

just this chance touching of you each night
this build-up in our bones under sleep's murky plans
this reservoir of unfamiliar language
near you this disturbed tug of body limb
heart-logged this shore or that
this flailing mind behind your tired sighs all that
core, root

all night the assizes of the years
holds this life at revised angles and intervals
this clamour for America's eyes
all around us "small month's meagerness"
every day precious tonguings accent a fever
words float through the dark freer than ever
know what I mean, this
feeding at the creek mouth
while we wait for the final coordinates

o

You want to know until I found you and your skin which sits in itself language was to me a system out there others thought up but I couldn't.

That story of the moon about her eye knocked out isn't what they told me.

You see I don't remember any other than the sun and moon stuff or mountain mystery almost as "truculent fingerless chamaco" better to be the bird or owl of poetry so I could just do it by itself without being surrounded by these masters of the "arrow" I don't know the surface of unless "it" literally is techne I mean it art is the only environment this paper and all the touch brought to that skin I know the action I'm capable of'll only get done by blood as the life of the mind thought not so silent just thinking of God rather the log sun scooped out his boat from or the cedar Enki drummed with I know exactly every time story happens I remember.

o

for hidden behind glass and silent too walked footsore for years just to have a look led up/on to smouldered tortoise-stoneshell rocks for eyes night seen by day sudden silence stole stolen in the middle of a stealed conversation
borderline of a crowded room wealth taken spoken presence is there a kind of after-trauma of the duplex mode not quite sudden recognition more like being struck dumb loss of memory just brushed dust just passing through

o

MAP/FISH/MIND

"quantity" or size in the fish is really only some souvenir of memory that climbs the map-ladder fingers sensate fighting not to be taken keyhook of print thought out over the paper-blue ocean map of the fish which contains the plat of a world spawned river map harboured in its fight against its mind making the size of the fish-flesh cranial and quantity of the brains going at the fish in the fingers feeling out oceans, ocean getting into the arithmetic double the trouble or nothing into fish story fish map pocketing place and genesis genetic so even if "a" map gets carried to the fingers there's prehension ahead just like driving bridge get back to the creek and smell mind.

the "permanent spirit" turns
pages, the lexicon turns to
numbers, names, and outlines of names

(bare birch of November) nothing
remains after the words
except words, wet leaves

cold substrate of the precessions
motions of the stars
the tongue literally sings through those signs

(buzz)-frost without the body
unable to unscatter the scatter
tremendous volume of light

this is their white bark which coheres
to each phrase, the rest soil
mountain, root-rock

clean tatters shed the mouth
book of the forest uncut hillsides
self-interviewed what fork, sweep

Rhetoric and Poetry and Fred Wah

1. Rhetoric and Poetry

As Earle Birney once said, it's hard to separate myth and reality. If his point was that myth is itself a kind of reality, then his observation applies readily to the long and uneasy relationship between poetry and rhetoric. On the one hand, there is the tradition that poetry is not-rhetoric; another tradition suggests that poetry is a particular application of rhetoric; and the reality is that the intersection of poetry and rhetoric is neither empty nor total. This of course is not news – but the continuing prevalence of the belief that poetry is not rhetorical is hardly supported by the practice of poetry, both historically and in our time.

The relation between poetics and the poem is analogous to the relation between classical rhetoric and the oration: the former is, so to speak, the theory of the composition of the latter. If this sounds terribly prescriptive (and in the hands of the unskilled rhetor or poet it no doubt is) we might recall that for ancients art (theory, rhetoric, poetics) follows nature (practice, oration, poem), not the other way around. Lest the analogy be denied because of the difference between speaking and writing, Cicero reminds us that this separation too is theoretical not practical – “The pen is the best and most eminent author and teacher of eloquence, and rightly so” (*De Oratore* I.150).

The classical intersection between poetics and rhetoric, however, is more than an analogy. Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and *Poetics*, the arts of persuasion and mimesis, respectively, treat style as a common formal element in the production of discourse and epic. The rhetorical triad, ethos/logos/pathos (speaker/text/hearer), is not part of poetics; *a fortiori*, the theory of *topoi*, too, belongs only to rhetoric. The very basis of rhetorical persuasion (a *topos* is a simple formula – for example, “the greater and the lesser” – implicitly accepted by speaker and audience) would seem to be excluded from poetics on the grounds that it has nothing to do with mimesis.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the modern era. Style, as much as content (that is, manner, as much as matter), became subject to invention and grew to include matter as well as manner. Aristotle of course had said that the invention of good metaphors could not be taught, but the whole classical theory of style argued that style could. Kinds of style were related to the aims of rhetoric and to the rhetorical triad; the classical virtues of good style were identified; and ornaments were invented by reference to the lists of figures (Quintilian). By the time of Renaissance, poetics had become applied rhetoric: it retained its definition as a mimetic art; it adopted wholesale the aims of rhetoric and the theory of style; and it enlarged the lists of figures to include most of the classical *topoi* (Erasmus 1534

and Peacham 1577). For the Renaissance poet, style was *verborum et rerum*.

Still, the enterprise was bound to collapse, and collapse it did. Too many poets forgot to follow Peacham's injunction – "the onely Ornamentes" are "wisdom and eloquence" together – and Locke's characterization of rhetoric as "that powerful instrument of error and deceit" (1690, X.34) applied as much to Renaissance poetry as to oratory. The straw that broke rhetoric's back, however, was not excess but rigidity: it could not accommodate a new poetic technique that emerged in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The problem was not the *symbol qua* symbol: the writer who identified the symbol as the central poetic technique for his time based it squarely on the classical *pars pro toto* of synecdoche (Coleridge 1816). The problem was the symbol's link with the imagination. For Coleridge, the poet's (secondary) imagination creates symbols, the reader's imagination responds to symbols, and the poem is a symbolic construct (*Biographia Literaria*). But genius and taste, the exercise of symbolic imagination by poet and reader, just didn't seem to have much to do with synecdoche or rhetoric. The "duty and office of rhetoric," to recommend "reason" to the "imagination" (Bacon 535), was defeated by the Romantic promise of unity and transcendence by way of the imagination and the figure associated with it, the symbol.

The symbol went on to become absorbed into that centrepiece of poetics, the metaphor (Richards). Its association with unconscious processes (Coleridge) became an association with archetypes (Jung); its occasional iconicity prevented it from being treated as a linguistic sign (Saussure). And, despite some New Critical insights into the symbol's power to persuade (Wheelwright), it is still considered to be at best a "kind" of sign or a "mode" (Todorov, and Eco). And it continues to be confused with metaphor (Ricoeur).

Whatever the theoreticians have had to say, modern poetry has gone its symbolic (not metaphoric) way. The practice of Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Williams, Stevens, Olson, and so on, is evidently more symbolic than metaphoric, and the difference is easy to see in any given poem. When the vehicle and its tenor become unhinged, when the vehicle remains and the tenor disappears, then the boundary between metaphor and symbol has been crossed. The indeterminate signifier, in contemporary jargon, is the mark of the symbol: the symbol is a metaphor (vehicle) cut loose from fixity (its tenor). If this sounds suspiciously like Lacan, well it should: the symbol's association with the unconscious and the archetype parallels his association of the (unstable) signifier with unconscious processes and the emergence of repressed desires. Consider the *gyre*, the *great ball of crystal*, the *red wheelbarrow*, the *blue guitar*, and the *sea*!

Similarly, the rhetorical triad continues to be central to poetic practice. Speaker and hearer, writer and reader, are built into the language, are represented in the poem, are the locus of innumerable attempts at communication in poetry:

You! hypocrite lecteur! – mond semblable – mon frère!

What thou lovest well remains / the rest is dross.

– Say it, no ideas but in things –

They said, “You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are.”

I, Maximus, . . . tell you
what is a lance

It is no secret that many readers of poetry recognize implicitly the role of the rhetorical triad – Jakobson’s communication model, Barthes’ crucifixion of the author and resurrection of the reader, Derrida’s critique of the metaphysics of presence (ethos), Lacan’s reading of Freud – the list goes on and on. All that’s missing is the expletive word (*rhetoric*) that names what’s present. Such reticence amounts to a terror of the word, a prissiness of idiom, rather like the pastor’s insistence that his daughter has a “stomach” but no “belly.” Rhetoric’s presence is marked by (its name’s) absence.

C.S. Peirce at the turn of the century had no such qualms. Rhetoric, he said, is that branch of semiotics whose function is to discover the processes by which “one sign gives birth to another, and especially one thought brings forth another” (2.229). And the *sign* (for example, any word) is a triple – representamen, object, interpretant (the word itself, its reference, and its meaning). Two aspects of the sign, its object (reference) and its interpretant (meaning), are *potential*: they grow by accretion, usage, and recursion. This potential measures the incompleteness, the instability, the unfixity, and the peculiar persuasive power of the word-as-symbol: the symbol, “growing” in the mind of the reader and writer of the poem, is part of the continuing production (endless play) of meaning(s).

Unlike Peirce, Charles Olson does suppress the expletive word: (1) “A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it, by way of the poem itself, to . . . the reader” (1967, 16); (2) “Form is never more than an extension of content” (16); (3) “One perception must immediately and directly lead to a further perception” (17). Note the presence of the rhetorical triad with “energy” inserted into logos (1); a variation on the traditional relation between manner and matter (2); the hidden presence of the symbol within “perception” (3). As Olson (Maximus?) says, “I have had to learn the simplest things / last. Which made for difficulties” (*The Maximus Poems* n. pag.).

Poetry, then, cannot readily be separated from rhetoric. Each poem represents within itself some variation on the rhetorical triad; each poem invents its style from a living tradition of figuration; each poem argues by appealing to *topoi* old and new. The poem continues to engage the tradition of poetry and rhetoric of which it is a part, and the good poem will advance that tradition.

2. Fred Wah

It's a very long way from Aristotle to Fred Wah. But along that way stand the major influences on his practice as a poet: the Romantics, especially Coleridge (Bowering in Wah 1980, 12) and Keats (Wah 1985b, 214), and of course Charles Olson. In this tradition, as in Wah's poetry, is the trace of rhetoric. The relations among ethos, logos, and pathos constitute the basis of Fred Wah's poetic: narrator, text, and reader.

i. *Ethos: the self*

Wah is one of the most de-deconstructive poets writing in Canada today – which is to say that he takes his Derrida straight. Far from attempting to expunge presence from the text, Wah places a symbol of his presence at the very centre of that text. *Schwa* [ə] is precisely an instance of synecdoche, which as we have seen, is the rhetorical basis of Coleridge's definition of symbol, of Pierce's living sign, and of Olson's notion of perception. The "wholes" of which the symbol [ə] is or becomes a "part" are therefore various: the poet's own name; the poet's father; the poet's spiritual father; the poetics of the spiritual father; the breath itself; the sound of speech; and so on. To paraphrase Stephen Scobie, whose reading of Wah's *Breathin' My Name with a Sigh* (1981) I am here countering, "[i]t is not a letter but the absence of a letter" (62) and the presence of Wah that [ə] symbolizes. Thus:

Breathin'

My Name

with a Sigh

ə

Fred Wah

(See also the unpaginated text, *passim*.)

To note that this technique is a representation (figuration) of ethos within the text is perhaps an understatement. The book might well have been titled "Breathin' My Name with a Sign." And the same representation reappears in *Music at the Heart of Thinking*:

([ə] Creekscape Looking Upstream)

Fred Was. Fred War. Fred Wan. Fred Way.

Fred Wash. Fred Wag. Fred Roy. Fred What.

(MHT #55)

ii. *Logos: the topoi*

Definition: A topos is a (transitive) relation between two terms.

Examples: (1) "is greater than" (Aristotle); (2) metaphor, traditionally based on the topos "comparison" or "analogy," is the topos (vehicle, tenor) (Richards); (3) the symbol, traditionally based on synecdoche (part, whole), is an instance of the topos (signifier, signified).

If Bach is known today as a composer of canons, in his own time he was reviled for breaking the rules of canon. The point is that he knew the tradition intimately and enlarged it significantly. Fred Wah writes lyric poems in a radical rather than a conventional sense. Employing one of the oldest topoi known to poets, the topos that is the foundation of the lyric, (poetry, music), Wah substitutes the contemporary idiom of jazz to obtain a topos of both form and content in *Music at the Heart of Thinking*, illustrating precisely how the tradition can be made new (what, I ask, is the reference of Pound's *it*!). Here is *MHT* #6 (I have *not* respected the line in the following reproduction of Wah's poem on the grounds that the prose poem really is a prose poem):

Sentence the true morphology or shape of the mind including a complete thought forever little ridges little rhythms scoping out the total picture as a kind of automatic designing device or checklist anyone I've found in true thought goes for all solution to the end concatenates every component within the lines within the picture as a cry to represent going to it with the definite fascination of a game where the number of possibilities increases progressively with each additional bump Plato thought

I would call the figure of this poem a *tumble*. The poem is freely structured (the oxymoron is deliberate) – no punctuation, no line breaks, no sentence structures, apparently random associations. Yet the reader, tumbling through the poem, is in a controlled fall of words – sentence, morphology, shape, mind, thought, ridges, rhythms, picture, design, solution, end, concatenate, component, line, cry, represent, game, and so on – which lands him on earth with a bump ("Plato thought"). The poem's tumble is a free sentence; the shape of a mind thinking is the shape of jazz.

Wah's predilection for jazz is well known. His preface to *MHT* repeats some of his earlier associations of jazz with *ostranenie* (making strange) and *negative capability*, and extends these to the "practice [of] . . . tai chi while drunk." But a poet's pronouncements on his art are likely to lead his readers astray – especially if these pronouncements are taken at face value.

Certainly the jazz model of a freely-moving line playing off of and against the bound chord progressions showed me the delight of distortion and surprise. (Wah 1985b, 214)

"Freely-moving," "playing," "delight," "distortion," and "surprise" evoke the *dis-order* strengthened by the associations in the earlier article and the later preface. In the same sentence, however, is the matter of "the jazz model," "the bound chord progressions," and, in the preface, the business of "a series of improvisations." That is, *dis-order* is unthinkable without *order*, on which it depends to establish itself as different and new. Even the drunken monk is "imbalanced"; he does not "fall over" but "confuse[s his enemies] by his unpredictability."

If Wah's topos, the basis of his lyric art, is specifically (poetry, jazz), and if jazz is ordered *dis-order*, then the topos assumes the form (poetry, order/not-order). But this is an instance of a very old topos which Aristotle called "opposites" and which became a fundamental characteristic of Renaissance thought and poetry. Topoi of the form (A, B/not-B) include such figures as irony and paradox, figures which everyone will agree are part of poetry even in our beleaguered time. My freshman English students, for example, were quick to point out the irony of *MHT* #6: a second reading readily suggests that what Plato thought (B) (that is, what the poem [A] states and re-states) may not be what the poet thinks (not-B).

With paradox, however, we approach (although from a different direction altogether) the fashionable centre of contemporary (read postmodern) thought. The heritage of this figure includes its location within the topos "opposites," its relation to figures such as *aporia*, and its role in the problems of self-reference and *undecidability*. On the one hand, paradox leads directly to undecidability: there are statements in the restricted language of mathematical logic which are demonstrably neither provable nor disprovable (hence, paradoxical or undecidable), yet are intuitively true (hence, the logical system is incomplete) (Goedel's "Incompleteness Theorem"). It is a matter of fact that such statements are almost invariably self-referential (Brown; Martin). On the other hand, paradox leads directly to the mysteries of "truth" and its concomitants, especially "knowing" and "meaning." If this is the case for "restricted" languages such as mathematical logic, it is also the case for their enlargements such as "natural" English.

So paradox hovers wherever there is a binary of the form B/not-B. Consider the following poems from *MHT* (italics added):

Don't *think thinking* without *heart* (#1)

think notation of the *mind* ahead of the writing (#2)

once *thinking as feeling thought*
then becomes simple and there
crows fly in no pattern
through the fir and spruce . . . (from "Another *MHT*")

The first ten poems of the book are full of paradoxes: mind and body, stop and go, past and present, before and during and after. Each paradox, felt if not consciously recognized as such, contributes to the poems' effect on the reader, an effect of

dislocation leading to undecidability. What keeps the lot (and the reader) from flying apart is that rhythm itself is proffered as the resolution of paradox. The apparent split between the objective (the poem) and the subjective (the experience) is healed in poem's cadence (Wah 1986, 114-15). This is rhetoric speaking through the music of thinking. Again, jazz.

Other sections of *MHT*, however, do not focus as intensely on paradox and consequently have rather different effects on the reader. Wah himself has attested to the centrality of *place* in his work (see Banting) first pointed out by Bowering (Wah 1981, 19-21). We may note that *place* translates *topos*, and that for Wah (as for his mentor Olson) place is a rhetorical device used to generate poems. Of course, literal references to place abound in the poems – whole books (for example, *Waiting for Saskatchewan*) are invented out of place. But the ultimate place for Wah is the language itself. Since language is “the true practice of thought,” his *topos* is fitly (the rhetor would say decorously) identical with the mind – not the mind in *stasis*, but the mind in *process* (a process which, paradoxically but rightly, is full of “stops” or unstable moments of stasis). Thinking. Jazz.

A particular example of how this works (*MHT* #22):

Always think thinking inside myself no place without death Kwakiutl song
sings or watch sit scramble and catch last blue Pacific horizon no end to the
complete thought transference of which the words “circling eyes” Mao
knew this is the life writing questions even every rock etched in wonder
sometimes the song feels like the master paradigm or river we return to with
a sigh the archipelago syntagmed “empty from breathing” but the body as
a place that is as a container has suddenness so the politics of dancing is a dead
giveaway to the poet’s “nothing will have taken place but the place.”

The *topos* (poetry, place), given that place=*topos*, becomes (poetry, *topos*), an utterly self-referential statement that is literally present in the poem’s last line. But the presence in the same poem of references to “real” place (including the body) saves the poem from mere tautology. The implication is rather that place is a paradox, is both reference and *topos*, and from that paradox the reader may recoil in dislocation as s/he is drawn to it in familiarity.

There are obviously other *topoi* in Wah’s work, both familiar and strange, and one that deserves mention is repetition. “Repetition by nature desire and need becomes a relief or by jargon animals,” says Wah (*MHT* #7). One can, of course, never mount the same animal twice, and so repetition is paradoxically also its Other, namely variation. This is to say that repetition is improvisation, which leads us back to the jazz of thinking. Repetition is related also to the production of meaning (that is, to signification) and therefore to the symbol.

In *Waiting for Saskatchewan*, a book which “repeats” parts of *Breathin’ My Name with a Sigh* and reprints the very beautifully, privately printed *Grasp the Sparrow’s Tail* (1982), the title poem innocently refers to the horse:

waiting for Saskatchewan to appear for me again over the edge horses led to the huge sky the weight and colour of it over the mountains as if the mass owed me. (3)

Later on, Wah offers up three "Horses": horse as a tai chi exercise ("Doing the horse" 25), "horse as father" and "as in any of us" (26), and horse as play ("Horsing around" 27). Horse as father and figure leads off the "Grasp the Sparrow's Tail" section of the book (31-56): "You never did the 'horse' like I do now," says the narrator, but the poem which follows shows the father doing the "horse" all his life. In the series called "Elite" (59-71), the narrator addresses the father in apostrophe: "Did you ever ride a horse?" (65), and we are back to innocent reference.

Perhaps it does not matter what we call Wah's use of *horse*, but the word (symbol, sign) runs like a current through the poems, erasing but never destroying its familiar symbolic value (Pegasus and poetry) as it accrues further signification. Repetition: desire, need, relief, jargon, animals. We might call this "doing the horse" of *horse*.

iii. *Pathos: the reader*

The reader is, in fact, inseparable from the narrator and the text, or, as the ancients would have said, *logos* presupposes *ethos* and *pathos*. For a *topos* to appear in and function persuasively through a text means that the narrator and the reader have both implicitly (unconsciously?) accepted the *topos* as a fit instrument of persuasion. Alternatively, the *topoi* define the reader as well as the narrator. The reader presupposed by and figured in Wah's poetry, therefore, is the reader who will be persuaded by *topoi* such as (poetry, jazz), (jazz, thought), (A, B/not-B), (poetry, place), and so on, as well as by their attendant figures (which are often inseparable from the *topoi*).

Similarly, the reader presupposed by and figured in these poems is one who will be persuaded by the *ethos* represented in the text. If the narrator's use of [ð] to represent himself leaves you cold, you won't like *Breathin' My Name with a Sigh*; if the narrator's "doing the horse" while *Waiting for Saskatchewan* seems irrelevant, you will dismount; if the musical signature and the citation of community (other authors, other texts) in the preface and poems of *Music at the Heart of Thinking* excludes you too emphatically, you won't enjoy the poems' tumbles. You won't, in short, be persuaded by what the poems say or by my admittedly rhetorical argument. Representation of *ethos* and *pathos* in *logos* doesn't always succeed. In rhetoric as in poetry. As in life.

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DOUGLAS BARBOUR

Tish/Afterword &

Notes on Contributors:

In the thirty years since *Tish*, "A Magazine of Vancouver Poetry," first landed in some chosen mailboxes (it only became "A Poetry Newsletter" with number 4), the youthful, rambunctious, yet highly committed bunch of student writers who put it out have had an impact on Canadian writing far greater than their numbers would have led anyone, even them, to suspect at the time. For all the controversy about American imperialism, unCanadian literary activities, or just plain obscurantism, which have been leveled against them, writers like George Bowering, Frank Davey, Gladys Hindmarch, Lionel Kearns, Daphne Marlatt, and Fred Wah have taught and inspired other writers for three decades, and have always remained faithful to the originating impulses of *Tish*: a commitment to language and locale which each has supplemented in his or her own way. As an interested observer during those three decades, I have often found inspiration in their work. In their continual striving to improve their craft, to transcend what they have already achieved, to expand the range of options open to the writer, these writers have always understood the work of art.

When Harvey De Roo, the then editor of *West Coast Review*, first approached me about the possibility of putting together a special issue on what the members of the original *Tish* group had been up to lately, it struck me as a great idea. As in all such endeavours, the results are far different, and I believe more interesting, than we originally planned. In the years since, as *West Coast Review* and *Line* joined together to become *West Coast Line* under the editorship of Roy Miki, I have had a great deal of help from the magazine's editors, as well as from the original *Tish* editors. The latter kept finding people and writing that I would not have been able to track down on my own; some of the responsibility for the new writing herein is theirs, then, and surely that is how it should be. It's especially gratifying to have new work from some of the early editors and contributors who have not been publishing recently. The range of the new writing reveals just how far these writers have travelled during those decades, and how different their writings are, despite the continuing critical attempt, in some quarters, to brand them as alike (and somehow bearing obvious traces of US colonization). The interviews and critical essays, the latter especially interesting because they include contributions from at least three generations of critics, range widely in approach, and provide a number of differing views of the work these writers have accomplished in the last decade or so.

Frank Davey recently became Carl F. Klinck Professor at the University of Western Ontario in London; Turnstone Press published *Reading Canadian Reading* in 1988 . . . George Bowering's *Harry's Fragments* was published by

Coach House last year; like many of the *Tish* group he still lives in the Vancouver area . . . David Bromige lives and teaches in California; *Desire: Selected Poems 1963-1987* (Black Sparrow 1988) won the Western States Book Award . . . David Cull recently returned to BC from New Zealand . . . David Dawson lives and teaches in Seattle . . . Gladys Hindmarch teaches writing at Capilano College; *The Watery Part of the World* was published by Douglas & McIntyre in 1988 . . . Robert Hogg lives on a farm outside Ottawa and teaches at Carleton; *Heat Lightning* appeared from Black Moss Press in 1986 . . . Lionel Kearns makes his living as a consultant in Interactive Multimedia; his principal interest at the moment is the literary and creative potential of VR (Virtual Reality) . . . Daphne Marlatt now lives on Salt Spring Island; *Salvage* will be published by Red Deer College Press in the fall of 1991. . . Jamie Reid lives in BC; he has performed "Homage to Lester Young" with jazz accompaniment . . . Fred Wah teaches Creative Writing at the University of Calgary; *Limestone Lakes Utaniki* appeared last year from Red Deer College Press.

Pamela Banting has joined the English Department at the University of Western Ontario . . . E.D. Blodgett teaches Comparative Literature at the University of Alberta; *Da Capo: The Selected Poems of E.D. Blodgett* was published by NeWest Press in 1990 . . . Brenda Carr and Manina Jones live and teach in London, Ontario . . . Jeff Derksen lives in Vancouver where he edits *Writing* magazine . . . Ed Dyck lives in Manitoba; Oolichan Books published *Apostrophes to Myself* in 1987 . . . Lynette Hunter teaches Canadian Literature at the University of Leeds in England . . . Tim Hunter edited the Olson/Layton correspondence published in *Line #13* . . . Turnstone Press is publishing Roy Miki's *Saving Face* . . . Lianne Moyes is completing her PhD at York University in Toronto . . . Irene Niechoda's *A Sourcery for Books 1 & 2 of bp Nichol's The Martyrology* is forthcoming from ECW Press . . . Ken Norris teaches Canadian Literature at the University of Orono, Maine; Quarry Press is publishing the latest installment of his ongoing *Report on the Second Half of the Twentieth Century* . . . Sharon Thesen teaches at Capilano College in North Vancouver; McClelland & Stewart published *The Pangs of Sunday* in 1990 . . . Warren Tallman has retired from the English Department at the University of British Columbia, but he still makes sure that things continue to happen on the poetry scene in Vancouver . . . Janice Williamson teaches in the English Department at the University of Alberta; a book of feminist fictions, *Tell-Tale Signs*, will be published by Turnstone Press . . . Geoffrey Zamora grew up in New Westminster and studied Canadian Literature at Simon Fraser University; he now lives in California.

**Beyond Tish:
New Writing, Interviews, Critical Essays**

While many young writers started little magazines in the 1960s, those who initiated and collaborated on the Vancouver poetry newsletter *Tish* created a notorious space for themselves in the Canadian *Literary Canon*. Their original impulse was to write out of a profound commitment to the writing act and the local, and they have never reneged on that commitment. Three decades later, the diversity of innovative works that they have produced — and continue to produce — infuse an irresistible energy into contemporary Canadian writing.

Beyond Tish presents new writing by those associated with the first nineteen issues of *Tish*, as well as interviews and critical essays on the recent writing of the best known among them.

Beyond Tish is a special issue of *West Coast Line* 25/1
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David Cull
Frank Davey
David Dawson
Gladys Hindmarch
Robert Hogg
Lionel Kearns
Daphne Marlatt
Jamie Reid
Fred Wah

INTERVIEWS

Brenda Carr
Tim Hunter
Irene Niechoda
Geoffrey Zamora

CRITICAL ESSAYS

Pamela Banting
E.D. Blodgett
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Ed Dyck
Lynette Hunter
Manina Jones
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