

PRISM



a magazine of contemporary writing

3:2

El. Hindmarch

Prism

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* * * * *

ivy surrounds
this house.
 clutches
at my heart a
giant tree growth
of hemmerhoids
in the garden our cat morris
 sees always
butterfly on his nose as an abcess of
imagination
 blackbirds zoom into that tree
i see his fur shiver and his nose grope

* * * * *

BILL BISSETT

THE SCAFFOLDING

FREDRIC WAH

The scaffolding
is a caging in
of the nearly finished building

it is a pipe and board jungle
gawping cubes of space
streaked with wet cement droppings

and the workmen strut and shout
erect assurance
of the solidity
of early morning air

CONTRIBUTORS

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

BILL BISSETT lives in Vancouver.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GLADYS HINDMARCH attends the University of British Columbia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AWARD RECEIVED

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

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