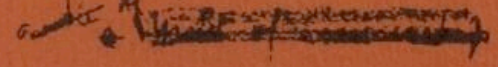
line

number two

somebodies walked the woods
in the air, the lines appear, as a grid
cut thru trees, is
possession in 9 10 s of the law
theft
stealing etc makes up the rest
what men have walked the
woods, carried chains
+ instruments
of exactitude
to own nothing learnes
achievement, not to care



fall 1983

line

number two

a journal of the contemporary literature collection

Simon Fraser University

fall 1983

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Cover from "The North," as reproduced in The Death of a Lyric Poet, by Barry McKinnon.

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contents

from the Preface to Line, Number One, Spring 1983:

As a journal of the Contemporary Literature Collection, Line will reflect in its content the range of the collection. The materials it plans to publish--archival items, interviews, essays, review/commentaries, and bibliographies--will be related to the line of post-1945 Canadian, American, and British writers whose work issues from, or extends, the work of Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, H.D., Gertrude Stein, and Charles Olson.

The editorial board encourages the submission of manuscripts, though a brief letter of inquiry preceding a submission can prevent needless disappointment. Comments by readers are also welcome.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Line, Number Two is pleased to feature Barry McKinnon and the Caledonia Writing Series (1972-1980). The Contemporary Literature Collection recently acquired the archive of this publication venture which brought the localism of the "small press" tradition to Prince George, British Columbia. McKinnon's latest book of poems, The the., is available through Coach House; Capilano Review is planning to publish his "Thoughts/Sketches," a series of new poems, in a forthcoming special section on him. The essays/commentaries forming the main body of this issue exemplify the kind of active readership called for in the Preface to Line, Number One. Angela Bowering's essay is an excerpt from her unpublished study of Sheila Watson's writing, "Illuminati in The Double Hook: Figures Cut in Sacred Ground." Robin Blaser's essay on Charles Olson and Alfred North Whitehead has been published in a slightly altered form in the United States by Process Studies (Vanderbilt University), and is published here in Canada with agreement; his latest book of poems, Syntax, is now available from Talonbooks. Shirley Neuman is an editor of Longspoon Press, and the author of studies on autobiography in the works of Gertrude Stein and William Butler Yeats; her essay on Robert Kroetsch's poetry complements her more recent book, Labyrinths of Voice: Conversations with Robert Kroetsch, a series of interviews she and Robert Wilson conducted with Kroetsch, published by NeWest. George Bowering, a regular contributor to Line, closes the issue with a Review/Commentary on "recent reading"; his latest book of stories, A Place to Die, is available from Oberon, and a new series of poems, Kerrisdale Elegies, is forthcoming next month from Coach House.

RM
November 15, 1983

BARRY MCKINNON

THE CALEDONIA WRITING SERIES: A CHRONICLE

Literary activity is never separate from the various contexts, situations and circumstances it arises from. In many respects, it is precisely the contexts and materials that really define it. The Caledonia Writing Series, as I look at the history of it now, is a cupboard full of books, a bibliography, a stream of images (in some cases blurred), memory, and anecdote. But whatever happened always seemed human, and any version of the story, by that fact, defies a conventional chronological history. Harvey Chometsky asked me the other day, "Do you remember when we plugged the Dodson in for the first time without a rheostadt and how the damn thing was going so fast it danced all over the floor?" I had forgotten that image: a huge letterpress ferociously opening and closing, dancing a crazy dance--clunk clunk clunk clunk clunk--shifting its own cast iron weight with such speed that we wondered what kind of magic it would require from us to actually print on it. There are many stories like that.

To go back, I left Vancouver for Prince George in the summer of 1969, happy to have a job in the new college there, but also apprehensive and scared. The notion of poetry and the teaching of liberal arts in a town that was initially skeptical to this kind of change (represented by a tax hike for a college with a mandate to establish the liberal arts) quickly made me feel as if I made a mistake in accepting the job. I remember my wife, Joy, crying as we crossed the Fraser River bridge into a hot stinky Prince George, and later that day, my own compounded anxiety after visiting the so-called college which consisted of two portable trailers and an office in an unused gym storage room at the local high school. This was it. But the principal had an obsessive vision that art and culture were going to arrive in the form of the staff he hired: musicians, poets, philosophers, and scholars--and that this raw pulp / logging primary resource city would move, he supposed, from the primitive to the cosmopolitan as a result of these new energies. A

cockeyed notion, but he was enthusiastic enough to alter my instinct to turn around and leave; we were "chosen," as it were. I was also flat broke and the '57 Plymouth wouldn't go another inch.

Within a few months, everything at the college became very chaotic in a different way: a faculty split, a non-confidence vote against the administration, and the local distrust of these elitist hippy-looking imports (I got kicked out of an apartment I rented for having moderately long hair). Finally, the principal's religious and autocratic insistence on a liberal educational philosophy seemed alien to the establishment's notion of real education, which to them meant an emphasis on career and vocational training. You learn Prince George's version of Newton's law; in this case, an equal force driving back. Yet in the midst of those early disparate forces, ideas formed and, in some cases, survived the necessary tests.

Part of my job was to start a student literary magazine and as a teacher, particularly in creative writing, to involve the students in a way that made articulation of their experience reasonable and real (given the context of the skeptical attitudes about literature and poetry most of them grew up with). Loggers' kids, pulp mill workers, housewives, country kids, local eccentrics, and ordinary citizens took the courses, wrote their first college essays, wrote poems and stories and talked ideas over countless beers at the bar in the Inn of the North hotel. For me I don't think it was totally a question of survival (I thought I'd leave after a year or two), but it was necessary to confront the constant pressure, and the task, of going against the odds of the environment and my own inadequacies, to deal with the demands of what turned out to be a handful of very serious students who really wanted a world of language and thought, and wanted me to give it to them. What I was learning to do mostly was to teach, and to deal with both the sense of my responsibility as a teacher, and the sense that I would be held responsible. There were times in the first few months I wanted to quit, but Charlie Boylan (an excellent teacher hired to teach English and Canadian literature and start a student newspaper, and later fired for his politics) bouyed me up with his friendship and confidence. He saw things with a clarity I envied, and could go at the social and political scramble with a wonderful vengeance. He got wind of a new Canada Council scheme to pay writers to read their work, and began immediately to make contacts and organize what was to become a long standing reading series of over 100 readings in 14 years.

The first reading was the biggest test; it gave a measure of the town beyond the redneck-hard-macho surface that Prince George has always been known for--showing that whatever else the town wanted, it wanted also what the liberal arts offered. Charlie

and I visited local schools, sent out letters and posters to schools in the college district and the local media, announcing a free concert by Tom Hawkin (a folksinger well known in the area for his performances in Barkerville), and a poetry reading by Al Purdy (the famous Canadian poet that nobody here seemed to know about). Charlie's bait for a guaranteed audience was the folksinger, but Hawkin didn't show up and Charlie had to give his first public speech to 500 anxious people explaining that ". . . however, we have Al Purdy . . .," then a long moment of silent tension until Purdy lolled onto the stage and loosened them up with jokes about how his two go-go girls also didn't show up . . . so all they were going to get was Al Purdy and his poems. It was a wonderful night: 500 people, trapped, so to speak, in the first official poetry reading in Prince George. But nobody left the hall. A sort of beginning.

A full time teaching load, the poetry reading series, Caledonia Writing Series, contact with writing students and writers, and this urge to make a place for writing and poetry, were to keep me busy for the next 14 years. In 1970 and 1971 I edited a student magazine called 54'40" (i.e. the longitude/latitude lines that cross at Summit Lake, just north of Prince George), a magazine that featured student writing, photography and art. A group of students, in particular, Maureen Morton (a young artist raised in Prince George) and Larry Calvert (a curious Canadian lad who had just returned from Vietnam, where he was a volunteer U.S. army journalist/photographer), volunteered their help and expertise for the two issues. This initial experience with 54'40" gave me my first taste of what it was to edit, design and coordinate the production of a literary journal.

I spent the summer of 1972 working at Talonbooks, and became interested in the various aspects of book editing, book design and production--and also gained a sense of how the various levels of a small press operate (i.e. the financial, technical and political complexities that often interfere or shift aesthetic or editorial intent). David Robinson, one of Talonbooks' original editors and its chief book designer had moved from the 25¢ Talon magazine, produced in his garage, out into the larger world of book publishing and Canadian literature. I found myself complaining about the editorial direction of the press, or lack of direction. My complaints, I suppose, were a result of Talon's move from a small (and therefore independent) to a larger more morally complex and expensive operation. Plant books had to subsidize the poetry. I didn't really understand it and I didn't really want to. Any sympathy I now have for people like Robinson, or anyone else foolish enough to persist against the odds of publishing poetry in Canada, only came after I started the Caledonia Writing Series. (Note: I spent

so much time doing this work by myself that the first person "I" as I use it in this chronicle is, for the most part, accurate. When I shift to the pronoun "we" and "our," I am referring to the many times when others helped out--moments of collective activity with Joy McKinnon, John Harris, Bill Bailey, Harvey Chometsky, and the students who worked during the two O.F.Y. [Opportunities for Youth] summers: Louis Stevenson, Patti Van Nuus, Robert Riggan, Robert Moen, Virginia Marsolais, and others who might have dropped by the old warehouse for a visit, sometimes to find themselves collating, gluing, binding and printing. Many of the books and broadsides could be annotated with a list of personnel.)

I always liked the concept of chapbooks. I'd worked in the stacks of the Sir George Williams Library in 1965-66 and remember digging through the Canadian poetry section to find the Ryerson series, Contact books like Moving in Alone by John Newlove, the McGill series, Delta and Tishbooks etc. For a one man press operation, the notion of producing small books or chapbooks made good sense (i.e. quickly and cheaply printed and a way to get recent work quickly out into the bookstores that take them, and into the mail to writers, reviewers, and friends you hope to get a response from). Ezra Pound's lesson of taking things into your own hands and keeping the overhead to a minimum was good practical advice, as was bill bissett's notion of "printing as a natural extension of writing." Nelson Ball (Weed Flower), bpNichol (Ganglia), George Bowering (Tish, Imago), Gerry Gilbert (B.C. Monthly), bill bissett (Blewointment), Andy Suknaski (Elfin Plot)--were among the models and sources I followed. Up north, the active populated southern centres with "culture" seem remote, so you start a press--start anything--out of necessity. Besides, I was curious about the local, the local voice, and I needed to make an attempt to deal with this place I'd found myself in. The press began.

The first chapbook I printed was Th Book of Snow Poems (Cabin Fever) by David Phillips in 1972 (under the press name 54'40"). I asked David for a small manuscript, probably during some moment of enthusiasm in a Vancouver bar--I can't remember exactly--and at some point got the sequence of poems in the mail. That first manuscript tested my offer. Without grants, budgets or equipment, I was forced into finding ways and means via borrowed equipment, etc., accompanied by the scary sense that I didn't quite know how to make a book completely on my own. (This feeling lasted almost the life of the press.)

David's book was followed by Norm Sibum's first book Banjo (and the first title under the Caledonia Writing Series logo), and On Your Left Jaw, a first book by the young Prince George poet, Harvey Chometsky. They were all printed on the school Gestetner

in editions of approximately 100 copies. The format was fairly standard: 8 1/2 x 11" Gestetner cover stock, usually folded in half for the text, hand sewn spine, or stapled, construction paper cover wraps with offset label stickers for the cover and title pages. With the exception of the label designs printed by commercial printers, all of the work (typing, printing, collating, folding, sewing, gluing, etc.) was done by hand.

My original intention, and one I pretty well stuck with, was to publish a mix of local writers and outside writers, usually better known, who had manuscripts small enough to handle given my full time teaching load. The college at that time, on an informal level, gave me the use of the Gestetner mimeo and later, off hour use of a Gestetner offset press that I convinced them to buy (arguing that they could cut their xerox expenses). Various briefs and proposals drafted by me, and later by John Harris (a teaching colleague who was continuing Repository magazine and his book-publishing program in Prince George), were written to "formalize" a commitment by the college to an active publishing program. Beyond the chapbooks, we envisioned books and anthologies and other printed materials that could be used as textbooks and reference--a press along the lines of the large university sponsored presses that publish literary and scholarly work usually not of interest to commercial houses. Maybe we got naively ahead of ourselves, partly out of an attempt to "legitimize" the activity and get financial support. The Caledonia Writing Series, as a press name, connected the college with the publishing that followed; that connection was loosely defined yet remained because of the donation of space, equipment, and some materials, particularly during two O.F.Y. projects which involved College of New Caledonia students in the summers of 1973 and 1975.

My sense now is that the administration was afraid of a financial commitment and that it began to fear literary activity (which did eventually embroil administrators, students, and various public officials, right up to the provincial government level, in an obscenity/pornography debate, because of the Harris/McKinnon Pulp Mill local short story anthology used as a text in some first year English courses). A story in the Pulp Mill called "Walking Cunt," by Brian Fawcett, probably caused the stir. Most students enjoyed this collection because it dealt with situations, places, and experiences that had some direct immediacy for them. The book was interesting to teach because we could tackle this alienating notion that literature and life only happened in Paris or San Francisco etc., but not in Prince George. Fawcett's story tells of a middle class clump of youths in cars, drunk on beer, ceaselessly circling the main downtown streets for that one girl or woman

("walking cunt") who would "educate" them--a story of sexual disappointment, cruelty, and desperation--really, a moral tale about adolescent male behavior and sexuality. The principal received complaints about the anthology and asked me in the hall one day if the collection was pornographic. I assured him jokingly that the Canada Council had given us a grant to publish the book and it was therefore not pornographic. For him, the issue seemed threatening and possibly devastating, given the paradox of a tradition for academic freedom, which Harris and I were exercising, and public pressure that wanted, in this case, a book banned or censored, or at least taken out of the class. The reaction to the word "cunt," no matter the context, put Harris and me in jeopardy, although no official action was taken. One English teacher insisted that "they" were eventually going to get "us"--and he may have been right. Apropos of that incident, our second anthology, The Pulp Mill (Poetry), published some years later (1980) was kept out of the college bookstore for a week because, as I was warned by a college director, the new principal didn't approve of it. The book had to get "special" administrative clearance before my students could buy it.

By 1977 the college was quickly becoming a "real" college with new buildings and an expanding administration. There was initial and lasting support from Gary Bauslaugh, a sympathetic dean, but the pervasive and final administrative response was that our idea for an integrated college press was not a priority, despite the college mandate regarding community involvement, and despite our willingness to take the responsibility for running it. Even after the move, from a college of trailers and borrowed vocational buildings, one old building was kept, and formed the physical centre for our activity. This building, called the warehouse, was half a block from the new facility, and housed the art department, the drama department, the print shop, our offices, and a few classrooms. It became a central hangout for students, visiting writers, artists and anyone else who didn't feel comfortable in the sterile atmosphere of the new campus.

There were many instances when visiting writers extended their stay and got involved with the press at the warehouse. Poems, short books and collaborations were spontaneously printed over an evening or afternoon. Sex at 31, a pamphlet by Pierre Coupey and myself, began as a collaborative poem-satire-joke scribbled on a cigarette package during a party, and got printed the next day. Likewise, Artie Gold wrote and printed his version of "Sex at 31" during a visit to Prince George (see The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, edited by Margaret Atwood). Paul Shuttleworth, a beautifully haywire Irish American poet, trying to escape civilization by moving from San Francisco to MacKenzie (a small

company town 100 miles north of Prince George), bought some of the Caledonia Writing Series books in a local store and wrote a kind note to say how much he enjoyed them, and that he was surprised to see small press activity "up here." Over that winter we taught a course together, talked poetics and eventually collaborated on a publication of broadsides called Say That Again and I'll Kick Your Teeth In. The title was a humorous attempt to match the toughness we saw in the local bars, and to satirize the "sensitive" poetry chapbook stereotype. Pat Lane on one of his visits got drawn into an afternoon of collating. He didn't seem too happy about it and asked, "Isn't this what people in mental hospitals do?" We probably took that as a suggestion to quit for the day. There were other times: I remember printing The Second Life with Brian Fawcett, a book complete with a spoof numbering system, and internal jokes. Fond days in our lives.

Harris and I held our classes in the warehouse and hid out there for days at a time (except for momentary visits to the college to get our mail or attend a compulsory meeting). I think now that we were trying to sustain an alternate version or perhaps the original version of what the college was supposed to be, resisting as we did the administrative and educational shifts that had more to do with quantity than quality.

The "systems" approach finally won. The managers took over with their strange administrative language and official behavior. We were eventually absorbed into the system--and driven into our basements and garages after the warehouse was closed. But that warehouse, for a while, from my perspective, was the college: classes, poetry readings, the constant talk of poetry, writing, politics and art; presses running for posters, books, broadsides and student newsletters or ecological manifestoes, etc. We were doing cultural work with conviction. Occasionally a curious dean or director or assistant would walk through to see what was up and jot down serial numbers off a press or ask a few questions. We were obviously suspect, but we had nothing to hide, a fact which really confused them.

Direct financial support, other than our own personal contributions and limited income from sales, came from two main sources: O.F.Y. and the Canada Council. The Canada Council book publishing program was set up to help small Canadian publishers and required an eligibility criteria before individual titles would be subsidized for printing. Once a publishing house became eligible (i.e. a set number of literary titles per year), it could submit manuscripts to the Canada Council. The manuscripts would then be given to a group of readers. I managed in 10 years or so to get about $2000.00 through this program but the procedure always

struck me as paradoxical: presumably an editor who submitted a manuscript had already decided the worth of its publication, but the group of anonymous readers really became an editorial board with power to accept or reject the application for a publishing grant. A further irony involved Birthday by Gerry Gilbert and Carole Itter. The grant application for funding was rejected by the Council readers, but later, the Canada Council Book Purchasing Program, another arm of the Council, bought 100 copies for national distribution. These were not great problems, but created, on the one hand, a desire for independence from granting institutions, and on the other, a desire to expand the operation with the money these grants provided. For me, a Canada Council rejected manuscript usually meant a longer wait before I could print it, or forced an altered, cheaper design. At any rate, the money we did get, at times kept the press going and allowed some purchase of equipment and materials.

The O.F.Y program paid salaries of $100.00 per week for several students during two summers, 1973 and 1975. The briefs to O.F.Y. proposed the publication of books that would have a particular local interest, and that required substantial physical labour because of their size. Titles printed during this period include: Gardening With Alice, a local/northern gardening book by long time resident gardener and short story writer, Alice Wolczuk; Rearview, a series of satiric sketches by Lee Mackenzie about the history of Prince George, and also produced by Lee as part of a B.C. Centennial project; From the Minds of Children, an anthology of children's poetry edited by Virginia Marsolais, a book that began as an assignment in a first year English class; Cottonwood Canyon, the long poem by Brian Fawcett that gives a view and source definition of Prince George in the 50's and 60's; The Kenojuak Prints, a series of poems based on Eskimo prints, by John Pass. Pass's book was the first letterpress book in the series (printed by Bill Bailey and Robert Riggan) and gave us our first experience with letterpress printing, and a lesson in the importance of having proofs edited. The first version is full of typesetting errors. A second version was corrected and printed on the Gestetner offset press, but few copies of this run remain. A box containing the unbound text was thrown into the garbage by mistake.

The catch with O.F.Y. grants was that very little of the grant money could be used for material costs. The $500.00 that we did get bought paper, paid for typesetting and got us started. In terms of the one-man-operation notion, these two summers were difficult. The more people involved, no matter their interest and ability (and this ranged from those with wonderful and skillful enthusiasm, to the few who didn't show up with any regularity, or

who botched the jobs), the more scattered the energies and the more difficult it was to manage the operation. In a sense, we were a group of amateurs trying to run a press along the lines of a sophisticated established press (complete with catalogues, markets, and books that had the potential to be commerical successes, etc.), but borrowed equipment and facilities, and the lack of technical knowledge, made for difficulties despite the group's general sense of purpose.

My practical advice to anyone interested in starting a small press, and who doesn't have a background in printing technology, would be to send the printing out to professionals, unless you stay with simple mimeo or letterpress. My experience with equipment (particularly offset presses), and the physical task of producing a book, alternated between the joy of seeing an interesting design or a clear printed page shoot onto a paper tray and the angry frustration of seeing, in the next moment, those pages hopelessly gnarled into a wad around countless cogs and rollers--and never really being able to know or solve the problems with any certainty or technical accuracy. The Gestetner offset had a gizmo called a two sheet eliminator, which in theory stopped extra sheets from feeding into the press, but no matter how many times I adjusted the simple control screw, there were two fairly constant results: no sheets or lots of sheets. The Gestetner mimeo was much simpler and very workable but limited us to standard white paper stocks and standard typewriter typefaces for the stencils. The offset technology expanded design possibilities--we tried to make the books look "real"--but it required a fairly complex knowledge of ink/water/feed systems that must work in synchronous fashion before clear printing results. My one week course in Vancouver in the Gestetner showroom never prepared me for the years of frustration to follow. Half my time was spent up to my inky elbows digging out wads of paper jammed inside a machine, or adjusting ink and water to eliminate dark ink smears or images washed out from too much water. The process of doing everything (editing, designing and printing), in the long run, might have been more expensive (i.e. wasted time and wasted supplies)--while we learned, haphazardly, how these mysterious machines worked. With the advent of new print technologies, this may be the case even more in the future. But it must be said that the machines brought and kept us together as a small community of writers, and kept us in control of production (even though the end results were sometimes discouraging). We had fun being together, poking our wrenches into the cogs, and theorizing ways to solve or cover the mistakes.

In 1975 I bought a second hand A.B. Dick tabletop for $750.00, a press with fewer adjustments and much simpler to operate, and

quite capable of professional quality work. (I think that Coach House Press printed some of their early books on a similar A.B. Dick.) But in our case, to cut costs, we used paper plates instead of the more durable metal ones, and got hundreds of pages of inconsistent or washed out texts. Rearview, I Wanted to Say Something, Letters From Geeksville and many smaller books were printed on the A.B. Dick.

Earlier, in 1973 we discovered that the college had acquired and stored a Dodson 10 x 15 letterpress from Uncle Ben Ginter's sale of equipment after his short-lived Prince George Progress weekly paper folded. (Ben Ginter is one Prince George character familiar to people in B.C. through the 60's and 70's, and was one local embodiment of the northern dream. He started out, they say, with one D 9 Caterpillar and amassed a few million dollars, which he invested in various enterprises that eventually went bankrupt or into receivership. He became really well known for his Uncle Ben's Brewery that produced a potent 10% he-man local beer.) The Dodson was used from that point on by O.F.Y. groups, John Harris, myself, and the students who took English 165.

English 165, a course in creative printing, ran for a couple of years but was cancelled in 1980, and the equipment sold to another college. I was never given substantial reasons for the cancellation. At the time, one of the college goals and objectives was that each division develop and provide a community interest course for college credit. The printing class, in a sense, was the English Department's "practical" non-academic offering for the community. Space and equipment limitations meant that enrollment had to be kept to a maximum of 10 students, a condition that may have led the administration to revise their stance toward English 165, given the pressure to fill classes in the Liberal Arts Division to the contractual maximum of 35. "Frill" courses, or courses with "low" enrollments were being cut, and as one colleague told me, the administration considered me an amateur printer and therefore, I suppose, unqualified. I would have agreed with the "amateur" assessment, but could have shown, for instance, Connie Mortenson's first book, which she wrote, designed and printed in that class, or Richard Kaulback's unique letter press productions of his poetry, or Alice Wolczuk's anthology of broadsides. The class was practical and useful, particularly for those students in my creative writing class who had first books to print. These students and bibliophiles wanted to know something of the history and basics of printing, and enjoyed the print shop atmosphere of good talk, ink smells, clanking presses--the centuries-old art and joy of printing words on paper. Cutting the printing course was the first clear withdrawal of college support for this aspect of my work. I never

did get clear information about the fate of our old Ginter/Dodson press.

During the life of the press we were always engaged in equipment scrounging--a picaresque activity that led us into some funny, strange and expensive experiences. I remember once sitting in a Prince George bar with Harvey Chometsky and John Newlove in the early 70's. Harvey and I had just looked at a press owned by an old press scrounger named Smiley--and got took, as they say, for $300.00. This so-called press was one of those short-lived aberrations in the long history of printing. I recently saw one in Sandpoint Idaho--a Multigraph; I'd forgotten the name until I saw it there--used as an antique in a store window display. The press involved hand setting type on a grooved drum that was then fastened to a hand crank platen system. Lines broke off, and the type that was left smashed through the hand fed sheets, because the pressure couldn't be controlled. Hours, days and weeks of frustration passed until we abandoned the idea of using it. Anyway, Newlove said he didn't know exactly what we had described to him that day in the bar, but enthusiastically said that we might as well buy it. I thought he would "know"--being an editor at McClelland and Stewart. Interestingly enough, the only remaining evidence of this early "Multigraph period" of our printing activities is a broadside by John Newlove called "The Flower" in an edition of 25 copies on scrap construction paper. Some months later, Lee MacKenzie, friend and neighbor and author of Rearview, got his school to buy this press so that his "slower," "less motivated" students could typeset their own newsletter and thereby learn to spell and compose sentences. I didn't go into much detail about how the press "worked" and Lee didn't want to hear any horror stories and I wanted the 300 bucks he convinced his administration to spend. It never worked; Lee left town and the press sat unused as a conversation piece in the staffroom of the school. That Multigraph might still be there, but I doubt it.

Our biggest equipment find happened in 1974 when an older College of New Caledonia student, Clarence Wood of Barkerville, decided to sell out the contents of his print shop for $3500.00. We made a trip to Barkerville and looked the stuff over: antique paper cutters, an obsolete Verigraph typesetter, two Chandler Price platen presses, an A.B. Dick tabletop offset press, cases of assorted type, boxes of paper, business card stock, typesetting furniture, slug cutters, etc., etc. The college bought about half of the inventory, and Harris, myself and Bob Atkinson (also of Repository press, living and teaching in Prince George) bought and split up the rest. Some of it was quite usable, in particular the 10 x 15 Chandler Price that I've used since to print C.W.S. and Gorse Press broadsides. But

again, some of it was outmoded, worn out and unwieldy. By now we had tons of equipment for the print course, Repository Press and C.W.S.--and obviously some experience in moving this kind of weight around. Some of our presses were moved three or four times to various locations, and each time it seemed we used a different combination of methods: come along winches, rollers, Hi Abs, greased sheets of plywood, dismantling devices and always four or five guys with an ingenious application of muscle to balance and push these top heavy monsters. Ironically, or perhaps understandably, considering some of the junk we bought, the printing quality only improved slowly. The letterpress printing did get better. We taught ourselves out of old manuals and hit and miss experimentation; with practice, patience and perseverance, we eventually got some control and respect for those beautiful moving parts and what they could produce.

Once we got involved with scrounging, equipment started coming our way even though we weren't particularly looking for it. Speedy Printers used to cut our paper stock--but on more than one occasion I came out of their shop with things like antique line cameras, quartz light systems, flip top plate makers, and boxes of scrap offcuts that often became small books, etc. When printers replace a system, they often can't sell the equipment they're replacing. They would say to me, "if you want it get it out in the next hour or it goes to the dump" . . . or, "give me $100.00 for the works." Likewise, The Citizen, Prince George's daily newspaper, tried to give me two huge photo process lino types worth "thousands" but outmoded for their operation. I didn't take them; I couldn't envision a truck or room big enough to hold them, and suspect that they ended up in the dump or at a scrap metal dealer.

Our last big trip for equipment got us out to Ken Belford's homestead near Hazelton, B.C. Ken was given an 11 x 17 Chandler Price Platen press and had some original plan to run it with a water wheel. He moved the press onto the land (near the creek) and left it under a tarp for about two years, taken as he was by other priorities, like building a log cabin, raising a bit of stock and trying to survive. It was seized up with rust and probably wouldn't have lasted another winter. John Harris and I loaded it into his Datsun truck and headed back to Prince George at 35 miles per hour (for 350 miles) with what became a familiar but frightening sway of the truck at every corner we came to. The weight of the press didn't topple us into the ditch, but it did cause enough strain to burn out John's motor. I sold the press to John; he restored it and then more or less gave up this level of printing when his marriage broke up. John Pass bought the press, moved it to Vancouver, and now plans to locate it at Ruby Lake on the Sechelt Peninsula.

The common aspect shared by most Canadian small literary presses is the ironic fact that there isn't a viable or sustaining market for the product. In my case, the editing and press work was so time consuming that the last and very important task of selling the books was often secondary. I've still got book orders in unopened envelopes from Coutt's Library Services that were never filled. The distribution was haphazard and very limited: 30 to 40 people (writers, friends and reviewers) got copies of everything we did; a few bookstores took books on consignment; there were standing orders from a few Canadian universities and colleges. In 1976 Brian Fawcett and I mailed out 100 copies each of Songs and Speeches (McKinnon), Maple Leaf Band (by Peter Huse), and Letters From Geeksville (letters from Red Lane to George Bowering, edited by George Bowering), as part of Brian's mimeo newsletter No Money From the Government, in an attempt to get C.W.S. titles out to N.M.F.G.'s readership. After those mailouts we got many written responses to the books, some reviews, and surprisingly enough, a few generous donations.

More than once I was lectured to on the importance of cleaning up the business end of things. Once Stan Shaffer, a teaching colleague, and I had dinner with Stan's father, Harold--he was then head of the Sir George Williams School of Retailing--and he advised me to push the limited edition idea, stress the rarity aspect of the product, and charge huge prices! This advice was given after I told him that I couldn't sell the books at cheap or even "reasonable" prices. His logic: the higher the price, the fewer I'd have to sell for a return--and that people who wanted the books would see the value and would pay the asking price anyway.

In my years of printing and publishing, I didn't use more than one current account deposit book. As a business, the operation was a failure. Most of the work was given away. Ultimately, I decided to let Bill Hoffer, the infamous west coast bookseller and self-declared antennae of Canadian literature, settle the question of value and price. He got copies of everything we printed and skillfully hunted down bits of information and gossip about books and broadsides for his catalogues. He seemed to know everything; his countless hours of coffee and talk with almost every B.C. and Canadian writer--like turning over a big rock. I printed a broadside ("Shadows" by Ken Belford) and got so tired of typesetting that I ran the poem without typesetting Ken's name. I signed each copy "Ken Belford" in my own handwriting. Hoffer must have checked out Ken's signature somewhere in the back room archive, compared it with the signed copies, and rightfully reported in his catalogue that the signature was a fake etc., and probably upped the price because the hoax becomes part of the artifact's value. He has a great eye.

But it must be said that he was a main support of the Caledonia Writing Series, not only because he bought all of the books and broadsides (the one exception was that he didn't want gardening or cookbooks)--but because of his interest in and respect for our work. Within the bitchy politics of writing and publishing in this country, Hoffer believed our press gave off some light, and that made a difference at points when it seemed useless and unimportant to continue.

I ended Caledonia Writing Series in 1979. My motives were partly practical. The teaching load increased steadily and required much more of my time. We never found a permanent location for the equipment and the prospect of moving it repeatedly (as was the pattern) wasn't too appealing. After the warehouse closed I moved the Chandler Price letterpress from our last location (Studio 2880, a Community Arts Council sponsored gallery with studio space with more house rules than I cared to follow) to a corner in my basement--and decided that there it should stay. John Harris, the one person, friend and partner close to the history and politics of publishing in Prince George, and I began to realize the advantages of getting smaller and smaller as publishers, which is partly an indication of our lessening energy for publishing, but also a tactic born of personal necessity.

The community for writing and publishing that was created and sustained for 7 years (as the Caledonia Writing Series), and the publishing since then, was eroded by forces that weren't always clear, though we knew they were always there. In retrospect, there are many specifics: Professional Development proposals that involved writing or editing were being questioned by college administration. Minimal amounts of money required for advertising poetry readings, or to pay visiting writers for class room visits, was near impossible to get. The Words/Loves Conference of Poetry (February, 1980) featuring Robert Creeley, and attended by 200 writers, teachers and students, was frustrating to organize, and I almost cancelled it, because of the administration's hesitant support.

Once into the 1980's certain cultural, political, and educational shifts did become clear to everybody. The college, of late, via its management hierarchy, has been given, it seems, license to do as it pleases with post-secondary education, and initiate directions that skirt the original mandate for balanced course offerings in the academic, career, and vocational programs. Simply, at present, arts courses have all but disappeared despite the local and regional demand for them. (In the spring semester, 1983, 100 students were on wait lists for English courses. Two English teachers were laid-off that semester.) Since 1978, Spanish, French, the Theatre Program, Printing, Classics, Shakespeare, American

Literature, and Music have been cut as regular offerings, leaving only a limited "core" of standard University Transfer Arts and Science courses for those students who want university training. The nearest universities with complete program offerings are 500 miles to the south or east.

The present push is for a polytechnical, high-tech oriented institution to train students for specialized jobs in business and industry: CAD/CAM (computer assisted design/computer assisted management), Robotics, goals/objectives/system approaches, and computerized learning situations seem to be key concepts for these new directions, directions that have created, in their wake, an educational and institutional environment in which poetry, the arts, and what they could teach, appear unimportant, impractical or out of touch.

In an overall cultural and economic context, the concern for aligning and reshaping education with the micro-chip revolution is perhaps legitimate, but the administration of that process must move with care, consultation, and concern for those who will presumably be served by it. This has not happened here. Since 1980, students, faculty, the faculty union, and the public of Prince George, have fought the often ill-conceived, wasteful experiments and innovations that give the appearance of progress and accountability (some consider these moves "visionary"), but that finally result in human and educational losses that will take a long time to calculate fully. Those who might be held responsible will most likely have moved up in the system.

There have been two non-confidence votes by both faculty and students, an expensive external investigation of the management/staff relations, a self-study critical in its suggestions and recommendations, advisory committee resignations, letters, petitions and demonstrations protesting course cuts and faculty dismissals--a long and continuous storm of controversy. But none of this activity has stopped, altered, or delayed the shape the college has taken, and no one on the outside, in the larger governing centres to the south, seems to know or care about what goes on in this northern outpost. It is a long, frightening and unbelievable story.

My own situation at CNC, in 1983, has not been a pleasant one, but it may give a clearer sense of the system we have struggled with to keep alive what we value. In January I was "laid off" after 14 years of teaching, and defined as "redundant" on the basis of a change in English offerings for career students. A decision was made that these students don't require English courses--at least in traditional formats--and Creative Writing, representing 1/5, and never more than 2/5 of my workload, was also cut. The case went public. There was a public and tough outcry

from those who wanted to fight, not only for my job, but for a more humane, open, responsible and responsive community college. They wanted to keep the teachers, the programs, and the courses that had contributed to the quality of life and education in this community, and to insure educational opportunities for themselves and their children.

Brian Fawcett and Pierre Coupey started a campaign on my behalf and brought pressure to bear from the outside. About 50 prominent Canadian writers, teachers, and poets--most had read here, or knew the press, and felt a personal connection with the principles and issues the layoff embodied--wrote letters to the newspaper, the principal and the college council, condemning the administration for its actions. The layoff was rescinded in May, 1983, and I was given two sections of English, and a job working in a new division of the college called the Developmental Centre, where I administer and mark self-paced English modules and packages for students who have basic literacy problems. Creative Writing was not re-instated. The poetry series is dormant.

My contact with students who are or might be interested in creative writing (students like Meryl Duprey, a marvellous young local poet in my classes for the past two years) is diminished. Gorse Press, by its nature, wasn't designed to print books with any regularity or volume. It is actually a hobby press for letter press work, and isn't effective as a local literary outlet. The college, as a meeting place for local writers, simply isn't there anymore.

I've driven over the Fraser bridge many times since 1969. Coming up from the south, I cross the bridge and in an instant, think of years past, and the countless images a life accumulates: streets, the city, seasons, people, friends--and that first hot day when the future was only a moment ahead, when one's fate is only a dream. Five minutes from the bridge, down through South Fort, I'm at 1420 Gorse Street: two story, clapboard house, built circa 1917, where the poets visit--willow tree out front the kids sit in, this basement where the books sit on shelves, this desk I write from, the press over by the back door.

In a way, you become something of the place you set out to discover--and in a breath, call it home.

*

A
SELECTION FROM
THE CALEDONIA WRITING SERIES ARCHIVE

*

Barry McKinnon with Daphne Marlatt in Prince George

(Photo by George Bowering)

Cover, *th book of snow poems (cabin fever)*, by David Phillips: 1972
(McKinnon's first chapbook published under the press name *54'40"*)

th book of snow poems

(cabin fever)

david phillips

Aug 22/72

barry,
fantastic! got th books yesterday as special delivery came & no one home on friday. am really proud of th book. i mean it, i haven't felt so good abt a book of mine, ever. everyone's knocked out!
(i am a poet, i am a poet)
i love th print, even tho a little rough sort of. dwight loves it. janie love's it. Pat was nice to me.

i think yu could keep producing books like this at yr own pace & publish people in a unique kind of way. ie, unpretentious inexpensive & high quality.
why spend a thousand plus bucks to produce a piece of shit, when yu can get Cabin Fever so delightfully. i like it so so much!

well, a good way to begin a week.
dug yr letter.
& th memory maching pic of yr trully lookin tough in th summer of '68 (in everyone's life there is a summer of '68)
though if yu can survive such summers yu might get another chance. i'll be 28 in 8 days.
this summer had its moments too.
& its still summer, but th fall creeps in.
what's going to happen this winter?
i think i'll keep working while yet. like th squirrel, get th nuts stored up.
(on a personal note, some troubles with Pat these days)

but i feel pretty good all in all.

i want to send up a large book (for yr reading pleasure) which sort of parallels your Moving Photo Graph & bp's thing, tho isn't so concerned with history. but its in long sections & maybe is more like bp's in a sense. i like writing th lighter things like Snow Poems, but give into th need for more heavier stuff, tho more reluctant to make it public. anyway stay tuned for that one.

barry, its good to get th letters & start writing again. feel really good abt it. makes things more clear. th importance of what we're doing & can share.

when can yu send some more copies?
want to send a couple out & sell a couple/

write soon.

love David

from *The Kenojuak Prints,* by John Pass: 1973

Complex of Birds

this is the first month
background of dirty snow

the dark birds breaking into flight
we hold our hands open, we three

stand among the dark birds walking

what have we to give them
birds of all shape
birds of what hunger

we are not St. Francis
I must remember that

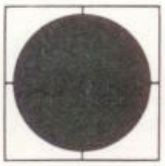
we do not beckon or explain
we are very still so they will know us

the beaks against our palms are not specific
they might touch us any part
as we are present with them
arms outstretched like wings

we do not imitate, begin
with them the year to startle
bleak heart, sullen winter

Letter from Bill Hoffer to McKinnon: February 1974

WILLIAM HOFFER BOOKSELLER • 3293 DUNBAR STREET • VANCOUVER B C V6S 2B6
TELEPHONE (604) 224 - 4121



FEBRUARY 18, 1974

DEAR BARRY/TWO TYPING MISTAKES ALREADY. YOUR LETTER AND PACKAGE ARE DATED DECEMBER 25, A DAY NOTABLE FOR SOMETHING(I FORGET WHAT) BUT DIDN'T ARRIVE UNTIL THIS MORNING.

I'LL SEND YOU THE MONEY, INCLUDING WHATEVER IT WAS FOR THE LAST LOT, AND WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO HAVE MORE COPIES OF BROADSIDES, &C. EPHEMERAL/S AND BOOKS, SAY 10 COPIES OF SOME, AND YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT.

I AM RETURNING ALICE/AND DON'T APPROVE OF GARDENING/OR EVEN THE EARTH. OTHERWISE I'M OK.

TRUE/A LONG TIME. I HAVE BEEN MOVING AGAIN/ABOVE PLEASE FIND THE NEW CORRECT ADDRESS.

FEBRUARY 19, 1974(STILL)

I'M WAITING FOR BPNICHOL/AND LIONEL, WHO THREATEN TO ARRIVE THIS AFTERNOON/WHICH IT IS/AND ACCORDING TO MY HOROSCOPE(I USE ONLY THOSE PRINTED IN THE SHOPPER'S NEWS)THIS IS A TEMPESTUOUS WEEK IN WHICH I AM THE STRAIGHT MAN AND TUESDAY IS THE ONE TO WATCH, (PERHAPS IT'S THURSDAY?)IN ANY EVENT/THE SUN OUTSIDE IS SMALL CONSOLATION FOR THE TERROR WITHIN.

YOUR BOOKS ARE VERY GOOD/I APPROVE OF THEM. THE STORY TO REMEMBER IS THAT IT'S HOW YOU USE WHAT YOU'VE GOT, NOT WHAT YOU'VE GOT, THAT GETS YOU INTO THE GALACTIC FEDERATION. I WOULD LIKE OTHER COPIES OF THE KEN BELFORD BROADSIDE/THE ONE YOU SENT DIDN'T ARRIVE IN MUCH SHAPE. IF YOU KNOW BELFORD, ASK HIM ABOUT HIS BOOK THE HUNGRY TIDE, COPIES OF WHICH I SEEK.

I'M EVEN A WORSE BUSINESS MAN THAN YOU/AND CAN'T HANDLE CONSIGNMENT BOOKS/SO IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PAID IT'S JUST OVERDUE. I'D LIKE TEN COPIES EACH OF EVERYTHING POETICAL, BUT NO MUSHROOM BOOKS OR TAX GUIDES.

BILL.

Letter from Paul Shuttleworth to McKinnon: postmarked 5 September 1974

Paul Shuttleworth
Box 460
MacKenzie, B.C.

Dear Barry,

By all means hang on to my manuscript Prayer For Night, there's no frantic rush. I understand your situation. For over a year I've been editing (in San Francisco) AISLING, a quarterly that started with the intent of publishing only Irish and American poets. Enclosed is a recent issue and a ½-book.

I will send some poems to SEVEN PERSONS REPOSITORY as soon as MacKenzie works itself into some poems. I've been here only a few weeks. At the spur of the moment, my wife and I threw up our teaching jobs in California to seek the wilderness. My wife was hired for a Reading post in the MacKenzie High School, so we came. MacKenzie, as I'm sure you know, is not in the wilderness. It is a strange company town-suburb. Be that as it is, I've taken the year off to do nothing but write.

My main project in motion is a book length poem based on the life of western gunman Doc Holliday. It's nearly finished, so shortly I'll try to place it with a n American university press, probably a Southwestern one.

As per your interest in seeing more poems: I have a full length volume of poems I'm trying to place (64 pages) -- enclosed are some sample poems from it. It's entitled CORMORANT; the title poem will be in this Fall's Confrontation (Long Island University). The several sections deal with childhood, Ireland (where I lived for 2 years), the run away Industrial Revolution, animism, love.

Prayer For Night, which you have, will eventually be a section in yet another book. That book will deal with urban collapse: Sudden Terror.

My wife and I would like to stay in B.C., in this area. But our future will be predicated on whether or not I get a College-university post for next year. I recently completed my MA in Creative Writing at San Francisco State University where I worked with William Dickey & Kay Boyle.

My wife & I'll be coming down to Prince George every once in awhile. I'll try to get in touch then. Do you have a phone #? We won't have a phone for a few weeks.

All the best,

Paul Shuttleworth

THE NORTH

"the worse it gets, the better" ken belford

somebodies walked the woods

.

in the air, the lines appear, as a grid
cut thru trees

possession is 9/10s of the law
theft makes up the rest

what men have walked these
woods, carried chains
& instruments
of exactitude

.

to own nothing becomes
achievement

a kind of ownership
not to care

Aug 31 '75

barry, Joy & clair

congrats barry you are now the proud possessor of a platin press, verityper etc etc & caledonia writing series is entering a new phase of technical sophistication etc. Clarence as I figured went for the deal & we went down on Thurs & cleaned him out. Was a great day in Barkerville & at the good eats. Lynn Dean, Peter Landlauf, Gordon Harris (neighbor in Hixon with Econoline van) Hans & wife, Robin & the Harris's. Things went smoothly. Only hassle was on Friday when I had one hour to get the truck back & Steve Burgess & the boys from the shop had one hell of a time getting the 2 platins & the cutter off. Took them 3 hours. Clarence & his pal with the Ford tractor & bucket in Wells sure know a hell of a lot more abt moving heavy equip than those guys.

2 platins & cutter are now sitting under cover outside at the warehouse. I will have to strip them down one by one to get them in. If I can talk CNC into giving me Rm 7 in the Warehouse there'll be enuf room, but if I can't we should move your platin into your house when you come up here. Of course you will want to take that beauty of a Verityper with you/ I think it has great possibilities.

I have kept away from the LIP deal & the Forestry space & have just told Louis that if he got things going we would move our equipment into that space & he could use it. I simply do not have the time or energy to fart around negotiating with the arts council people etc & I do not want to commit myself to money etc that may disappear if Louis & his people back out. I think the space is Louis'if he wants it/ he's gone on holidays or something & arts council people have been swarming all over the warehouse looking for him.

Ian has written to say that the Malaspina mag (out this summer) is on the rocks & will I continue Caledonian if he edits & does typing, layout etc down there. I said ok though I don't have much hope for Caledonian as a function of CNC A&S budget. Will do it because of Ian & because down there he may be able to get the copy; my ploy is going to be to go to Gordon, not Frank, for money, & to try to get my own budget, so I can order my own paper, cover stock etc & send $ to Ian to hire a typist etc. One of the things that held the C down in the past was that it looked like all other BC educational publications, shitty.

Result of all this activity is that the John Pass book is sitting still. Got all the corrections done & some layout; with luck I'll start making plates next weekend. Tell him not to despair.

Stans got troubles with reading series. It seems all you fuckers want to come to PG in September, inc. you, bissett, belford, suknaski etc. One super-reading????

Here's another adult bed-time story. Schermbrucker is interested in the Giant & hopes to get it into Cap Rev soon. He likes the part where the guy blows down the chimney.

Everyone here fine. Bob negotiating a job with Toulson (BTSD in Fort St James?) Weather continues bad.

Love / John

Cover, *Letters from Geeksville:* 1976
(l. to r. Red Lane, George Bowering, Fred Bing)

Letters From Geeksville

Red Lane to George Bowering

1960 : 1964

tues sept 14 76

dear brian,

thanks for cottonwood - (ya, if you can get it to linda that wld help me out & hows yr $.k I'm in trouble with the press (so to speak) - I owe the bank 600 & only have $200.00 so I'm gonna have to do wome wheeling & dealing. anyway if you can pay for the typsetting (I dunno 30 or 40 bucks - I'll reimburse you (thats a promise). letters from geeksville looks like it will go so I can borrow another 1000.00 wch will be reimbursed by the council. the point is I can print it cheaper than that so with the balance shd be able to pay off thebank etc. & you. what a shitty life sometimes. sorry to have to give you all this financial shit.

please forget abt those drafts I sent you. I've got some work going on now in a notebook - butits stuff I cant look at again for awhile (this fucking typewriter just cant space properly (I didnt mind yr ibm face, by the way, but do understand what you mean by thenoise. see, itdid it again.

I'm feeling drained alreaady by theteaching & just cant get my energy into it. I think I told you , I teach 3 sections of tech report writing (maybe my job is getting to be like yrs. do you really writ tech reports?

while were at it - when do you want to read/ we shd be down (will be down) on thelong wkend in oct. so that will be a bfeak no matter how rushed.

I was thinking today that an nmfg mailout cld be a continuanc e of "the breast pocket poet series". books of say 5 poems along the same format as 2nd life. anyway, keep in touch abt it. those books can get out fast. by the way, I like bowerings allogphones (/0 /?) in cap review & the blaser poem (songs?) is magnifecent. I aint heard from him yet - but bill sayshe's looking forward to coming up.

and by the way, thank you for yr letter & enthusiasm for songs. I just want to get on with something new now, or maybe nothing at all.

well, take care.

love, barry

Letter from McKinnon to Michael Niederman (*ed. Applegarth Follies)*: November 1976

nov 24

dear mike,

just received yr letter this morning & will reply promptly (if I dont I wont - or you know how it is.

ok. songs & speeches (there are actually 2 editions - the cheap one in nmfg & a more exspensive & larger one of 100 copies. but basically the design is the same (paper differences & size only). cover on the bigger one is a wrap etc. much nicer etc.

re design: as you know, maps have been used before . olson maximus ---all kinds of books: I can honestly say that I designed my book without seeing yr work ie. long sault - but can see some similarities (particularly the use of the drawings/ maps etc. so whatever similarity there is, arises out of coincidence - or that the idea aint new to begin with - & that maps literally locate a place (wch is i portant, I think, for the writers I know. the drawings in songs were done by my 3 yr old kid - some of them blown up or reduced - andsome of them taken from the context of alot of drawings on a page. I took what I thot fit (with that, in some cases, weird coicidence of concerns. shes 3 I'm 32 etc.

ok Im an amateur self taught printer working under theusual conditons of very little money - equipment that fucks up - etc etc. plus the lack of time (I teach etc.) but some of the books I like - some done on scrap paper paper. I want to do good work plus get it out fast. cant see this nonsense of having abook tied up for years as happens with presses I know abt. I've gone thru that experience (plus a consistent rejection of work that I knew had to come out. you simply take it in yr own hands & stop bitching (or take on a new set of bitches (politics of publishing etc etc. so my own work comes out of the press plus those others I get commited to (mostly bc writers.

anyway. blah blah. I like what yr doing (& I "ave seen the Kroetsch book. I"d like a copy - so can we trade on it ? as you know this work (small press) is crucial.k the trick is to get smaller. I've had 2 small cc grants - but mostof the work is unfinanced. the business end (distribution etc. is fucked. lack of time. & essentially I work alone. fawcett & I are friends. part of what we might do is distribute some of the chapbooks from here thru his mag & just take donations (surprsingly enough - people will send money - letters so the connections grow - that sense of something going on - ie. yr package today.

what else?

I'll enclsoe a few things plus a catalogue.

take care. hope to near from you again.

best,
.k.. barry mckinnon

real estate

if you come any further you'd better leave
your names with next of kin
sign posted outside of
eucleulet b.c.

we swim this sea, into a 20ft. depth crabs
skitter, the fish shine
amidst the kelp & I think, the sea
cares
not for us
nor for the moon that moves it
the moon itself moving.

these
small facts & natural laws for perspective, as neighbors
shout across the bay, argue ownership
& the legal lines
of trespass. yet I know
below the tide, anyone

can swim

PLACE

This is an empty landscape,
in spite of its light,
air, water -
the people walking the streets.

I feel faint here,
too far off, too
enclosed in myself,
can't make love a way out.

I need the oldtime density,
the dirt, the cold,
the noise through the floor -
my love in company.

Robert Creeley

150 copies printed for WORDS LOVES
in Prince George B.C. 2.8.80

I come to the meeting. . .

I come to the meeting
late
    when
they are cleaning up.
I had wanted
                to the tune
                of rain
no better weather
to do it in.
And I had wanted some thing
not so unlike bark
for all the battles
from the bottom
of the spine, up.

One works alone in the shed
when the wrenches spread.

Break any bone you want
but break the back
and no more fight: this
side of the building is white.

I come late to the meeting,
in time
        to wonder
who came,
            who left
and who spoke.

And I among things
that distress children
wanted to know
if he spoke at all.
                And
if he did,
easily.

Ken Belford

✤ 100 copies printed at GORSE PRESS April 1979

the kiss

the kiss stills the broken heart,
stills & closes the wound, the kiss
heals the wounds of desire &
the unfulfilled vision each carries
& collectively fails
does not end it, the kiss
does not celebrate pain as
the only true evidence of devotion, the kiss is
devotion
& the danger of the kiss is known
in the measure of the world's
legislation against it, we vanish into it

& reappear transformed & the same,
the kiss is not given or received
is no message, it is entered,
unknowingly, the realms of love
bear its weight, weightless in the mind
the kiss is the substance of the world, the body
is luscious with it

the kiss finds us in our hiding place
in our pursuit of it
our passion is revealed & we are
helpless with terror & pleasure

it says to each: you
are the main work of my life, you are my life,
you are my heart, my sentience, my angel
my music, my first word

the embodiment of knowledge

david phillips

100 copies printed at GORSE PRESS april 79

Birth

a freshness, of how
a dog barks, after
the baby comes home
the first day, & I'm tired enough
as if a burden released,
momentarily there is a gift of
what language won't allow

some so closed off, they will not come out
yet today
I await for everything to wake

what is possible

a life,

a pleasure

BARRY MCKINNON

71/ 100 copies printed at Gorse Press March 1979

(a draft

for john harris

how I hide
away or am hidden -- yet
  kept thinking, this is a useless
way to spend your life even tho
I was never promised heaven. that
wind outside from the south oct. 19, 1978
is warm & is a blessing.

barry mckinnon

Printed in an edition of 126 copies at Gorse Press 1.3.79

CALEDONIA WRITING SERIES (1972-1980): A BIBLIOGRAPHY

1972

Chometsky, Harvey. On Your Left Jaw. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1972. Second book of the series. Gestetner with offset photo sticker on cover. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 20 pages. 100 copies, 10 hardcover.

Newlove, John. The Flower. Printed on construction paper by an obsolete drum type (Multigraph) letterpress. 8 x 12" broadside. 20 or 30 copies.

Phillips, David. th book of snow poems (cabin fever). Prince George: 54 40 Press, 1972. The first book McKinnon printed in Prince George. Gestetner, offset sticker on cover/title page. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 14 pages. 100 copies, 12 handbound in hardcover and signed.

Sibum, Norm. Banjo. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1972. First book of the Caledonia Writing Series. Gestetner with offset cover sticker. Construction paper cover. 8 1/2 x 11", 14 pages. 100 copies, approximately 12 handbound.

1973

Belford, Ken. don & i slip past.... No publishing data on broadside. Circa 1973. Offset on scrap paper. 6 x 13" broadside. Approximately 50 copies.

Belford, Ken. One Word. Prince George: privately printed by Belford & McKinnon, 1973. Printed for one of Belford's readings in Prince George. Xeroxed reproduction of Belford's

handprinted text, construction paper cover. 20 pages. 25 copies.

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Chometsky, Harvey. Fringes. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. OFY (Opportunities for Youth) project. Offset with photos. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, stapled. 200 copies.

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Coupey, Pierre. Terminal Series. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. 7 collages and 7 poems, each poem/collage in a folder which fits into a slip cover package. Offset, letterpress cover and folder titles. Cover printing is raised. 9 x 14". 110 copies.

Courtney, Earl. Easy Come. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. Letterpress work by Robert Riggan on OFY project. 11 1/2 x 5 1/2", 16 pages. 250 copies.

Huse, Peter. Prairie Poems. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. OFY project. Offset with letterpress cover, one photo as part of title page design. 12 pages. 185 copies.

Pass, John. The Kenojuak Prints. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. OFY project. Letterpress with errata. 12 pages. 100 copies. Another 100 copies were printed offset--a few were bound. The rest were lost.

Purdy, Al. Scott Hutcheson's Boat. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. Letterpress with cover photo and title page, photo by J. De Visser. 1 page folded sewn. 223 copies, some numbered.

Robinson, Brad. As Far As the Music Will Go. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. Offset text, letterpress cover. 9 1/2 x 11", 20 pages. 185 copies.

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1973. Illustrated by Scherra. OFY project. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 15 pages. 200 copies.

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Wolczuk, Alice. Gardening With Alice. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. OFY project. Offset. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 104 pages. 500 copies.

Wolczuk, Ron. Spring River Country. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1973. OFY project. Designed and printed by Harvey Chometsky. Offset. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 12 pages. 100 copies.

1974

Kaulback, Richard. The Dump. Prince George, 1974. Printing project in McKinnon's letterpress printing class at the College of New Caledonia. Letterpress, 2 offset photos, text sewn. 4 pages. 100 copies.

Kaulback, Richard. Sea Wall/Salt Air. Prince George: Driftwood Press, 1974. Printed in CWS print shop with McKinnon. Offset, 3 photos. 5 x 4 1/2", 8 pages. 250 copies.

Kearns, Lionel. About Time. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1974. Offset, letterpress cover. 10 x 6 1/2", 26 pages. 300 copies.

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Lane, Pat. Certs. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1974. Offset. One leaf insert in cover. 11 1/2 x 4 1/2". 200 copies.

Lattey, Steve. The Vernon Poem. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1974. Offset. Text size 9 1/2 x 5 1/2" in cover 11 x 7". 200 copies.

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Offset. 8 1/2 x 11" folded, 69 pages. Approximately 500 copies.

1975

Coupey, Pierre. Four Island Poems. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Printed by Robert Moen. OFY project. Letterpress. 7 x 10 1/2", 12 pages. Approximately 300 copies.

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Fawcett, Brian. Cottonwood Canyon. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Letterpress cover; contents offset on cheque paper. Printed as an OFY project. 8 1/2 x 14". 300 copies.

Kaulback, Richard. Western Tantrums. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. OFY project. Offset, title page letterpress. 100 copies.

Livesay, Dorothy. Winter Ascending. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. OFY project. Letterpress; sticker on cover. 10 x 8 1/2" broadside, folded. Approximately 200 copies.

Marsolais, Virginia. From the Minds of Children. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. An anthology of Prince George children's poetry. OFY project. Offset. 8 1/2 x 14" folded, 60 pages. Approximately 300 copies.

McKinnon, Barry. The Death of a Lyric Poet. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Offset, with letterpress cover and title page. 11 1/2 x 6", 20 pages. 250 copies.

McKinnon, Barry. I Wanted To Say Something. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Offset, with letterpress cover and title page. 8 1/2 x 14", 31 pages. Approximately 400 copies, 100 copies numbered and signed.

McKinnon, Barry; Shuttleworth, Paul. Say That Again and I'll Kick Yr Teeth In. (a folio of poems). Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Offset. 10 broadsides, 5 by each writer, of various sizes on various stock in an 8 1/2 x 11" envelope.

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Shuttleworth, Paul. Lanterns Searching Night. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. Introduction by William Dickey. Offset. 8 1/2 x 11" folded. Approximately 200 copies.

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Suknaski, Andy, translator. The Shadow of Sound, by Andrei Vosnsensky. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1975. OFY project. Offset, 3 poems. 300 copies.

Wayman, Tom. Routines. Printed for Wayman's reading in Prince George, 1975. Offset. 6 x 12" broadside. 50 copies.

1976

Fawcett, Brian. The Second Life. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series (Breast Pocket Poet Series #5), 1976. Offset text, letterpress title and cover page. 6 x 5", 8 pages. 100 copies, 26 signed and lettered.

Fawcett, Brian; McKinnon, Barry; Marlatt, Daphne. [Three poems]. Printed by McKinnon for a reading November 1, 1976 at the Burnaby Art Gallery. No publication data on broadside. Offset. 13 1/2 x 6 1/2" broadside. 100 copies signed by the writers and given out at the reading.

Huse, Peter. Maple Leaf Band. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1976. There are 3 versions of this book. Offset. Approximately 300 copies. 100 copies mailed out with NMFG (No Money From the Government).

Gilbert, Gerry; Itter, Carole. Birthday. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1976. Offset. 8 1/2 x 11" folded. Cover printed by authors in Vancouver.

Lane, Red. Letters From Geeksville (Red Lane to George Bowering 1960-1964). Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1976. Offset with letterpress cover, paste-on photo of Lane & Bowering. 8 1/2 x 11", 66 pages. Approximately 300 copies. 100 copies sent out with NMFG.

McKinnon, Barry. Songs & Speeches. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1976. Offset. Letterpress cover and title page. Drawings by Claire McKinnon. 7 1/2 x 11 1/2", 12 pages. 200 copies, 100 sent out with NMFG, a magazine edited by Brian Fawcett.

McKinnon, Barry. The Whale/Bathtub. Broadside printed for a reading in Prince George in 1976. Offset text, letterpress cover. Approximately 75 copies.

Pass, John. Love's Confidence. Prince George: Caledonia Writing Series, 1976. Offset with letterpress cover. 10 x 5 1/2", 28 pages. 500 copies, 50 numbered and signed.

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Blaser, Robin. Kim. Printed by McKinnon for Blaser's reading in Prince George, March 18, 1977. Letterpress. 10 x 10" broadside. Approximately 80 copies.

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McKinnon, Barry. Mystery. No publication data on the broadside. Large type. 20 x 12" broadside. 26 copies lettered and signed.

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Stanley, George. Joy is the mother of all virtue. No publishing data. Circa 1977. Letterpress. 13 x 5 1/2 broadside. Approximately 100 copies.

1978

Crowe, Eleanor. Defining. Prince George: Caledonia Writing

Series, 1978. Letterpress. Cover 11 1/2 x 5 1/2", 4 pages. 200 copies.

Gold, Artie. Sex At Thirty One. Printed in Prince George by Artie Gold in the spring of 78. Letterpress. 11 x 11" broadside. Approximately 80 copies.

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McKinnon, Barry. Birch. Prince George: Gorse Press, 1978. Letterpress. 12 x 12" broadside. 100 copies.

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Phillips, David. The Kiss. Prince George: Gorse Press, 1979. Letterpress. 8 x 12" broadside. 100 copies.

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Stanley, George. West of Cedarvale. Prince George: Gorse Press, 1979. Letterpress. 7 1/2 x 8 1/2" broadside. 100 copies.

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ANGELA BOWERING

FIGURES CUT IN SACRED GROUND: ILLUMINATI IN THE DOUBLE HOOK

> . . . what I was concerned with was figures in a ground, from which they could not be separated.[1]

In this essay I use the term illuminati in two distinct but inseparable senses. First, I intend those figures that appear in the pages of medieval manuscripts, illuminating--that is to say, "lighting up"--the script of the text while figuring forth the divine action implicit in the sacred writing which is their ground. Second, I mean to suggest the more colloquial "illuminations" signifying the perceptual enlightenments that occur in a single moment in the mind either of a "character" or of a reader.

Sheila Watson tells us that The Double Hook is not to be read merely as a conventional drama meant to mirror the typical behaviour of "people in a place" acting out their various subjective conflicts and resolutions on a stage set landscape. Rather, the dramatis personae exist in the moment of their making, in the hush that follows their creation. Their figuration is like that of a divine praxis; the action is a sacred one that works itself out through them--but not yet.

In the folds of the hills

under Coyote's eye

lived

the old lady, mother of William

of James and of Greta

lived James and Greta
lived William and Ara his wife
lived the Widow Wagner
the Widow's girl Lenchen
the Widow's boy
lived Felix Prosper and Angel
lived Theophil
and Kip

until one morning in July[2]

The figures are etched or engraved in an eternal and continuous ground which is a field of force, but their existence, uttered in a series of repetitive declarations, feels like inertia despite the reiteration of the word "lived" (inert: Without action; but Latin inert: in: + ars, "without art").[3] Sense and tense fold over and against each other in the repeated verb. What at first feels like artlessness is not. Coyote's language is already tricking us, even as the earth begins its begetting.

Any book begins with words. This book reminds us that it does by echoing the beginning of another book that tells us that the world begins with a word. As God begins by naming the world into being, so this book begins by naming--first the earth, then Coyote's voyeuristic eye; then, echoing the genealogies of Genesis, the figures and their relationships. In principio is remembered by "in the folds of the hills," and back of that lies Hesiod. The beginning, in this book, is the earth, which is to say the ground, the text, the inscribing.

Robert Kroetsch, in an unpublished journal, muses on what "ground" means, saying

> Ground. That word so much in use today. What does it mean beyond the dirt that the dirt farmer uses to grow wheat? Some kind of urcondition, existence itself beyond any naming. The stuff before the stuff that is history or culture or art. That which is before the self, even. The stuff of which "place" is made. By dwelling in place we hope to get back through the naming to the ground.[4]

Sheila Watson's statement about beginning to write The Double Hook "in answer to a challenge that you could not write about particular places in Canada: that what you'd end up with was a regional novel of some kind" should be set beside Kroetsch's meditation. The milieu that one is very much a part of is the ground of emerging being, is language. It is only in language or in the interstices of language, in the "mediating rituals which manifest themselves in what . . . we call art forms" that we are not driven "either towards violence or towards insensibility. . . ."[5] Man is not accidentally, but essentially maker. The beginning of The Double Hook and an article on Wyndham Lewis in which she quotes from his essay The Artist is Older Than the Fish make it clear that she agrees with Lewis when he says "since the artist shares in the work of creation, he too must reach back to the fundamental slime."[6] In another article, she mentions Konrad Fiedler's use of the term form-language or what "Gropius was to call . . . later at the Bauhaus 'the grammar of creation'."[7] Like Lewis, Sheila Watson surveys ground patterns and trains her eye and the eyes of others "to read the arbitrary signs by which mythic objects thrust into the foreground of life, habituate themselves there and generate--or appropriate--ritual patterns and protective coverings . . . 'to meet the terrible needs of life' or 'to work on the psychology of their adversaries'."[8] Her reading of Lewis's art provides Sheila Watson's readers with the instruction that is needed for reading her own.

The grammar of creation on the first page of The Double Hook lies latent in the naming of the figures bound by prepositions, "in" and "under," and by a redundancy that is an insistence on the lamination of language and on the presence of myth, its nowness. The figures are potentiality, a prelude to the breaking into action that is demanded by "until." The preposition holds within it all the tension that has preceded it; these figures are palimpsest; like Gaea's children and like Adam, they are borne out of the folds of the earth. Theirs is a primary naming that gestures toward the not-yet, the unnamed, even the unnameable.

Waiting to be lit up by their release into action, the figures make their appearance as half-emergent figurae. One is reminded of Michaelangelo's slaves, unreleased from the stone. They are the possibility of man and of meaning, an incomplete tableaux vivant. Since meaning resides in action, these figures and their naming are the seed words of action. Lucretius's atoms are called primordia, principia, elementa, semina, also corpora; they are bodies whose combination, motion, order, position, figura bring forth the things of the world. The figurae in this narrative, like Lucretius's atoms, will become a dance of figures who preserve the character of the dance by combining with and reflecting on and repelling each other.

Sheila Watson is image-maker, shamanka, and shape-shifter. Her shapes are shades until syntax makes them move, until action gives them spirit. Their naming is this paradox. Their shaping invests them with a soul which makes them break into the practice of being.

> Greta was at the stove. Turning hotcakes. Reaching for the coffee beans. Grinding away James's voice.
>
> James was at the top of the stairs. His hand half-raised. His voice in the rafters.
>
> James walking away. The old lady falling (p. 19)
>
> (All emphases mine.)

James and Greta lived. James and Greta were. They are placed, "until" the placement of the preposition and the fragmented sentences carry them into a series of gerund-like participles that retain, in the disjointed syntax, the character of nouns and naming. The coupling of noun-verb functions pushes the figures forward into broken gesture that forces the reader to intensify his participation in the language. We are not permitted either complacency or omniscience; we must engage this language as it hacks away at comfortable grammatic form until we become the ground in which it is inscribed, its seed-bed; as we do, our perception is quickened into life.

Sheila Watson's long consideration of Wyndham Lewis is properly the subject of another study, but Frederic Jameson's comment about Lewis's work and, in context, about modernist writing, helps us to see the extraordinary collection of tasks that are occurring at once when the figures in The Double Hook begin to act. He remarks that "the empty matrix of national allegory is . . . immediately seized on by hitherto unformulable impulses which invest its structural positions and, transforming the whole narrative system into a virtual allegory of the fragmented psyche itself, now reach back to overdetermine the resonance of this increasingly layered text."[9]

The typographical shift on the first page of The Double Hook marks another kind of shift that remembers, resonates and reaches outward. The structural trajectories of its sentence fragments cut cross-ways against the grain of grammar, outward into the reader's

eye and thought, vault upward into the architecture of the house, and forward into the narrative of the novel. What happens here is that language, which necessarily takes place in time (we read line by line in time), bends itself into space, extending itself in all directions at once. The reader is both assaulted by and drawn into a narrative that carries the unexpected banality of the almost comically familiar strategies of a domestic quarrel. James and Greta: a couple quarrelling. But an abrupt shift to the sacred is suggested by James's hieratic gesture and by his voice resounding in the vaulted loft--in benediction, perhaps.

This barely formed perception is in its turn undercut by the falling old lady, and we are quickly entangled with death, with matricide "under the jaw of the roof. In the vault of the bed loft. Into the shadow of death" (p. 19). "Under the jaw of the roof" glances backward to "under Coyote's eye," and all of this language action seems suddenly to gather itself inward to be swallowed in death by the form from which it had emerged, from the figure that will say, "In my mouth is forgetting / in my darkness is rest"; "in my mouth is the east wind" (p. 24). The east wind (its Indo-European root meaning "the shining") is origin, and blows westward toward death. The Alpha-Omega paradox haunts all the turns in this book. Invisible, resonating behind "into the shadow of death," lies "the valley of the shadow of death" of the twenty-third Psalm, but here is no comfort except in the half-heard alliteration of "vault" and its shadow "valley" which enclose the mother-murder in circular space which is the birthplace of the narrative's praxis.

The passage we have been discussing begins with Greta "turning," "reaching," "grinding," which faintly echo primary agricultural activity while the nouns "hotcakes" and "coffee beans" literally image breakfast preparations. We can almost see Greta's apron. But the text keeps turning itself and the reader inside out. The necessity of reciprocity, relationship and engagement is relentless in this writing. When, later, we remember that the stove before which Greta here stands turning hotcakes is the same one she turns into an altar for her sacrificial self-immolation, we watch the way narrative and imagery marry domesticity and death, doubling back on themselves. "Dear God," the Widow Wagner will repeatedly say, "There's nothing one can hide," and "How could I know?" It's almost more than one can bear without breaking into wild laughter that confounds darkness with delight. "Truth," as the Sybil said to Aeneus, "is mingled with darkness." And so is laughter.

The density of this many-layered text inevitably involves the reader-critic in such an intimate dialogue that exegesis runs the risk of turning its readers into voyeurs and eavesdroppers. My own critical method, as it attempts to negotiate the dangers of the

double dialogue that I feel must be carried on between the text and its reader-critic and between the critic and the reader of criticism takes its chances weaving itself this way in and out of such compressed language. I have tried to steer my way between the Scylla of appropriation and direction that would affix the vitality of this novel's imagery and syntax to a systematized symbology on the one hand, and the Charybdis of abstract and analytical reading that overreaches and obliterates the text on the other. "Coyote's song fretting the gap between the red boulders" functions chorically here as elsewhere, implying a warning against such readings:

> Those who cling to the rocks I will
> bring down
> I will set my paw on the eagle's nest (p. 24).

Meaning resonates somewhere between the fixed and settled, and the ungrounded transcendent; spare clean language, fragmented sentences and sense emerge from empty space, peel flesh to the bone, search out the hidden connexions, look for what's occulted and bring it into the light. It is our response, however, that provides answer to the question "Shall these bones live?"[10]

The effect of this allusive and elusive language on the reader-Gestalt maker is much like what would happen if time-lapse photography were spliced with blank film that forced the viewer to complete the arc of the perceptual narrative incorrectly every time the image disappeared. This writing leads us "into the shadow of death" through a sequence of events in which syntax and image undergo rapid and radical metamorphoses so that their shifting significance baffles any definite perceptual locus. As if to resist the impulse to entropy, remnants of narrative that propose the possibility of causal exposition attempt to reassemble or reassert themselves: "Pushed by James's will. By James's hand. By James's words." Will becomes act, becomes words, but James's words explain nothing: "This is my day. You'll not fish today" (p. 19). And when we turn the page, we are astonished to read: "Still the old lady fished" (p. 20). The double take we are forced to here when we confront the old lady's sudden resurrection utterly sabotages common sense. The pivotal word here is "still." It doubles over on itself, functioning as both adverb and adjective. It also serves as a conjunction. James's will, hand and words converge simultaneously in the event that kills his mother, but will, act and words ("you'll not fish today") are instantly joined and undercut by the conjunction that insists that the old lady continued to fish. "Nevertheless," says

the conjunction. Repetition of the word "fished" and the adverbial sense of "still" ("now as before," "yet") even intensify the fishing activity of the old lady. "Still" makes nonsense of Death the Absolute, of the nature of things in time.

The intensity of the double effect of the sentence is not diminished by the series of subjunctive verb forms. The activities of the old lady are ones we are made to image in the passage that immediately follows what we take to be her death.

> Still the old lady fished. If the reeds had dried up and the banks folded and crumbled down she would have fished still. If God had come into the valley, come holding out the long finger of salvation, moaning at the darkness, thundering down the gap at the lake head, skimming across the water, drying up the blue signature like blotting paper, asking where, asking why, defying an answer, she would have thrown her line against the rebuke; she would have caught a piece of mud and looked it over; she would have drawn a line with the barb when the fire of righteousness baked the bottom (p. 20).

The rigor of this language is unmistakable; its energy gathers force incrementally as image after image arises of the old lady fishing, defying an answer, throwing her line against God's rebuke, salvation and creation alike. (God's long finger of salvation here recalls the long finger of Adam's creator in Michaelangelo's painting on the Sistine Chapel ceiling.) Catching a piece of mud and looking it over, she seems to question primal creation itself or to regard it as materia, possibly for artistic creation. When the fire of God's righteous apocalyptic wrath bakes the lake bottom, she draws a line across it with her barbed hook. The inscribing artist is older than the fish, older than the blue lake which is God's signature. The word embeds and couples two others: "sign" and "nature." The old lady's ferocious desire would take her beyond the signatures of nature, beyond God's sacred writing, to origin itself: the Word. The force that arises from primordial slime, from the baked crust of the earth turns against God's creation, makes it conditional, dependent on the necessity of her search. She seems archaic, at least as old as the earth from which and in which her force is figured, and upon which she makes her mark.

The effect of all this, despite the persistence of the conditional and hypothetical verbs and clauses is to make us see what logic and common sense defy. We seem to see beyond logos,

beyond utterance and division and individuation. Further, the shift to more commonplace domestic situations which open the next three passages tends to reinforce our sense of her ordinary reality. Ara is hanging out the washing; Felix is sitting on his porch tipped back on his rocking-chair while thistles crowd out his potato plants which lie baking in the sun; the Widow's boy, presumably engaged in doing chores around the farm when he sees the old lady, walks into his mother's kitchen. And so it goes, as Kurt Vonnegut would say; life as usual. Except, one after another, all three of them see the old lady we know is dead. The grammar of these passages uses present progressive and present perfect progressive verb tenses; the other "characters," viewed as ordinary human creatures, think they are seeing the actual old woman. They provide evidence of the old lady's continued existence and activity, irresistibly and compulsively seen in the world by her survivors, even though the carcass of the old woman lies on the boards above James and Greta's kitchen. Seeing is stopped in time by a grammar that makes the old lady's fishing an eternal act: "Ara saw . . . fishing." Her figure becomes an icon of fishing. The old lady is fishing, has been fishing, and she continues to fish as she has always fished.

> Ara saw her fishing along the creek. Fishing shamelessly with bait. Fishing without a glance towards her daughter-in-law, who was hanging washing on the bushes near the rail fence (p. 20).
>
> Felix saw the old lady. She was fishing in his pool where the water lay brown on the black rocks, where the fish lay still under the fallen log. Fishing far from her own place. Throwing her line into his best pool.
>
> He thought: I'll chase her out (p. 23).
>
> The Widow's boy saw the old lady.
>
> The old lady from above is fishing down in our pool, he said, coming into the widow's kitchen. I'm going down to scare her out (p. 25).
>
> (All emphases mine)

The matter of fact tone that opens these passages does little to soothe our unsettled thinking; in fact it reinforces our uncertainty about the nature of the old woman's existence, especially since the verb tenses here and elsewhere in these passages do not discriminate between the quick and the dead, the animate and the inanimate. Domestic sanity, lunatic compulsion, hallucination and vision are knotted together in language that

overlayers them all, folding against itself and over its reader: the old lady "was fishing"; "was rounding the bend of the creek"; "was throwing her line" (p. 20); "water was running low in the creek"; the old lady "was fishing upstream to the source" (p. 21); Felix "fished himself, letting his line fall"; "[He] fished and came from the creek. Pulled the fish out of his pocket. Slit them from tail to chin . . . Cooked them in peace alone with his dogs" (p. 23). "The hounds came back, yellow forms in the yellow sunlight. Creeping round the barn. Flattening themselves to rest" (p. 25). The dead old lady fishes on "with a concentrated ferocity as if she were fishing for something she'd never found," while Ara thinks, "It's not for fish she fishes," and says, oblivious to the irony of her own words, "I might as well be dead for all of her" (p. 21). The irony is not superficial.

An eerie stillness pervades the whole scene which retains the silence of the word that began the previous passage: "Still the old lady fished." It is so quiet that "Ara could hear the cow mumbling dry grass by the bushes. There was no other sound" (p. 21). As the old lady fishes "upstream to the source," Ara, watching her back in the midst of a silence and solitude made more profound by the cow's mumbling in the dry grass, imagines her coming to "the bones of the hills" and the flats where the herd cows range: "They'd turn their living flesh from her as she'd turned hers from others. . . ." "As she watched . . . , Ara felt death leaking through from the centre of the earth. Death rising to the knee. Death rising to the loin" (p. 21).

Ara isn't sure where water comes from. In a drought-ridden waste-land where Coyote's spittle eyes the earth with prickly pear, what should be a life-giving substance only runs and divides and spins when Ara empties her basin of water onto the dust; or it rises from the underworld as the old lady has risen from death. She is, as James will later feel, "there in every fold of the country. Seen by Kip. Seen by Ara" (p. 43). Seen by Felix and the Widow's boy as well, who think to "catch her for once and all" (p. 23), or "to put a fence right across the creek . . . so James Potter's mother can't go up and down . . . any more." She who would survive the wrath of God's righteousness (p. 26) will not so easily die or be turned into a cow or deer or fish to be caught or fenced out, or in either. However, Ara feels caught, and thinks that the handful of people who inhabit these hills are a lost tribe: "There [are] not enough people here to attract his attention"; God's eye could not spy out the men lost here already . . ." who lie ". . . like sift in the cracks of the earth" (pp. 22-23). Neither will following the creek help a man find his way, "for the creek flowed this way and that at the land's whim. The earth fell away in hills and clefts as if it had been dropped carelessly wrinkled on the bare floor of the world," like the

apron with which Ara has wiped the table and thrown into a corner (p. 22).

Everywhere in the double vision of this book, the earth is a folded figured surface of conflicts that are not centred, but nevertheless seem to gather themselves in a search for seeing, to become that seeing. In the fixed and uncertain transitions of this language, something is occulted, "hid from every living thing" (p. 31). Space itself turns inward and outward. Like the "whole round world" it is moving and unmoving at the same time. Its flat surface folds and slips perilously from our grasp as we seem to see two ways at once--far outward to the peripheries and edges of things where "the hill [leads] up to the pines and onto the rock rise which flatten[s] out and [falls] off to nowhere on the other side" (p. 33), out to the ridges and wrinkles of the rim, and inward to the "hollows" of the earth that are "waiting to catch you in the pits and snares of silence" (p. 42). The clutch of figures that fall into its folds, whose houses, connected by the rutted road, cling to the ragged and crevassed declines, expands and contracts. These figures are simultaneously and alternately dwarfed and magnified in the language which inscribes their relationship to the earth which is repeatedly presented to the characters' eyes and to the reader's eye for decipherment. They are presented as Coyote's "ominiscient eye" would view them from the cleft rock, but the rock too exists "in the folds of the hills"; it is a formal replication of those folds. Like the author of this text who is wearing Coyote's mask, Coyote is both vulnerable to, and manipulator of, the tricky doubleness of things--along with the rest of us. An omniscient "I" sees as if from outside, but it speaks with a double tongue--oracularly, and as one voice among others.[11]

Seeing and knowing are both indeterminate; connexions are made, but they are "fixed and uncertain," like the figures themselves, like the figure of Coyote, like "the source," the spring which Greta prefers to the fixed and uncertain pump that brings water to the surface of the earth. Greta, like her mother, prefers to go "upstream to the source," believing it is a single point, as if vision were fixed or fixated. That it is not is made clear by the way the writing cross-hatches the lines of vision of the various figures who look for direction up and down the slopes of the hills, along the furrowed roads and in the turns and twists of the creek bed. Some of them try to puzzle out how they could have seen the old lady multiplied several times over in different places at the same time. When the Widow's boy tells the group at James's house that the old lady is fishing their pool, Greta denies that she has gone out at all. Ara cannot believe her ears:

> How could we both have seen her? Ara asked. How would we have seen her at both our places? She wasn't fishing downstream. She was fishing up, and I saw her ahead of me and moving on. Greta just doesn't know, she said. Go back down to your own creek, James. I saw her there too. There by the cottonwoods (p. 46).

A few minutes later, Kip, standing on the doorstep, peers into the darkness of the room and announces

> If you want to go down to Wagner's now . . . I saw your old lady climb down through the split rock with Coyote, her fishes stiff in her hand (p. 47).

Whereupon Greta denies the possibility of all seeing: "You didn't see her. . . . You couldn't"; "Ma's lying dead in her bed," she says, freezing James into immobility (p. 47).

The earth extends itself as a backdrop and garment for the creatures that fear its crevices, lie in its creases, disappear into the fissures, get lost in the ground of their being. If God's eye cannot spy them out as Ara fears, Coyote's shifting and shifty eye does. His spittle eyes the earth whose creatures are all eyes looking out of its shadows at each other. Kip, Coyote's servant, sees too much for James's liking. He seems to be everywhere "looking wise. Knowing too much. Like the old lady. Like Greta. Like Angel sitting now in the kitchen. Waiting to catch you in the pits and snares of silence" (p. 42). For James, as for Ara, death rises from the ground as moisture: "mist rising from the land and pressing in. Twigs cracking like bone. The loose boulder and the downdrop. The fear of dying somewhere alone, caught against a tree or knocked over in an inch of water." James's fear of what might emerge as the earth's revenge takes form as crucifixion and death by drowning in the primal slime. He is afraid of seeing and knowing. When words cease, what lies "waiting to catch [one] in the pits and snares of silence" is seeing, and seeing that doesn't speak itself outward is what paralyzes James, transfixes him before a primal scene.

Our "Brother Oedipus"[12] is not freed by matricide because his sister knows and sees. She who has "waited to be mistress in [her] own house," is the duplication of the mother. When James kills the old woman he throws fear as a horse balks and then freezes on the

trail; he is unable to act for fear of "what Greta might do." Greta says nothing, does not even look when James slams the door on the death of the mother. What she does is set his breakfast in front of him. Greta takes her mother's place and the two, in silence, partake of the same unholy meal, "while however his mother lay, he knew, her eyes were looking down where the floorboards had been laid apart" (p. 43). Syntactical disorder here marks psychic, social and sacramental disorder, a gap between things done and the things being done. What was done in the Upper Room is represented in the lower room as predatory symbiosis: anamnesis reenacted as a caricature, unholy irony. Where does the mother lie? Upstairs, downstairs, or in my lady's chamber? Or under the floorboards laid apart upon which or through which she has fallen--onto the table or into the earth, under the threshold where dead kin were anciently buried, where her shadow leaves its stain on the ground like blood, while Greta sits in "her mother's doom as she [sits] in her chair" (p. 113).

The language of the text here weaves itself, ply against ply, to evoke a subtext that manages to call up remnants of prehistoric, tribal, pagan and Christian ritual which resonate in the backward and abysm of consciousness; time is abolished: everything happens at once. Greta is body and blood of her mother; she is her mother's resurrection. James's crime against mother-blood is instantly avenged even while he and his sister sit grinding their penitential pancakes between their teeth. Greta incorporates her mother's corruption and James knows it. Mute with fear, he wants to shout "the whole world's got distemper, . . . You and me and the old lady. The ground's rotten with it." In the absence of a language that will permit speaking about anything more than "hammers and buckles," "water for washing," "rotted posts," "ringbone and distemper," there is only the silence of death and waiting for death. James and Greta have

> . . . lived waiting. Waiting to come together at the same lake as dogs creep out of the night to the same fire. Moving their lips when they moved them at all as hunters talk smelling the deer. Edged close wiping plates and forks while the old lady sat in her corner. Moved their lips saying: She'll live forever. And when they'd raised their eyes their mother was watching as a deer watches.
>
> Now Greta'd sat in the old lady's chair. Eyes everywhere. In the cottonwoods the eyes of foolhens. Rats' eyes on the barn rafters. Steers herded together.

> Eyes multiplied. Eyes. Eyes and padded feet. Coyote moving in rank-smelling (p. 43).

Greta and James, like Orestes and Electra, are both victims of their mother's repressiveness and co-conspirators in her death; like dogs, they huddle together, creep at night from outside to the same fire. Like hunters, waiting for the moment of death, they track their deer-mother with their eyes, edge close wiping the implements of an anticipated cannibalism. But when Greta replaces her mother, James, the hunter-predator becomes, in a sudden reversal, the pursued prey of the multiplied eyes of the whole creaturely world. It is not sufficient to describe James's state of mind as paranoia. He might say with Orestes

> These are no fancies of affliction. They are clear and real, and here; the bloodhounds of my mother's hate.

and

> . . . how they grow and multiply
> repulsive for the blood drops of their dripping eyes.[13]

He will shortly respond, as Orestes does, by bolting, even though he knows it is his own fear from which he flees.

> You cannot see them, but I see them. I am driven from this place. I can stay here no longer.[14]

The split between the "subjective" state of mind and the "objective" world simply is not relevant here. It does not exist. James, like Orestes, has become by his act, outsider, outlaw. In his recognition of his solitariness, the multiplied eyes of foolhens and rats, literally there, become for him, precisely, the form of his mother's unrelenting watchfulness. "Since the fury of the morning he'd not been able to act." Within and without, the furies are real. The culpable state of his being is continuous with its manifestation. He is quite right when he says "Nothing had changed. The old lady was there in every fold of the country" (p.

43). Greta too, taking on her mother's watchfulness with her mother's totemic connexion with Coyote, becomes the manifestation of his culpability as well as his repressor and collaborator. Hearing Greta scrape his mother's chair across the floorboards, hearing "her voice dry in his ear: I've been waiting to be mistress in my own house," imagining her listening at doors, and counting the extra wash, refusing to eat at table, James knows Greta will hound him as his mother does, will drag him under the earth, as fury does. He feels "on his shoulder a weight of clay sheets. He [smells] the stench of Coyote's bedhole" (p. 44). Greta knows this too. She says, later, to Lenchen, "He'll kill me too. He'll shove me down for standing in his way" (p. 67).

Greta's venom, like that of the Erinyes, is the fury of a woman scorned, pitied, disregarded and denied a place in the world. Her vengefulness is inflamed and fed by the repression of the incestuous nature of her relationship with her brother which the imagery and intensity of her own language reveal as she attempts to isolate herself and James from all the other figures in the novel; trying to claim her own place, she hurls her vitriolic words at Ara and later at Lenchen, the girl pregnant with James's unacknowledged child.

> I don't want anyone coming here disturbing James and me. There's been more than I could stand. More than anyone could be held responsible for standing. I've been waiting all my life. A person waits and waits. You've got your own house, Ara. You don't have to see lamps in the night and hear feet walking on the stairs and have people coming in on you when they should be in their beds. I want this house to myself. Every living thing has a right to something (pp. 41-42).

The darkened house, the bedroom that Greta doesn't want her mother's lamp and prying eye trained on, is the objective correlative of, is symbolically consubstantial with her own unconscious incestuous desire to take the place of their mother in James's life--to hold the same kind of power over him her mother holds: the power of the woman denied becomes the power of the phallic mother that would devour and paralyze the son-brother's sexuality. Greta clearly does know the effect she has on James, but she cannot release him from her desire. Her words to Lenchen simultaneously assert her domination of him, her fear of losing it, and her dependence on him, while they expose the necessity of all these things, as well as her incestuous hope.

> Keep on looking, she said. And think what you want. I don't care. It's what I am, she said. It's what's driven him out into the creek bottom. Into the brush. Into the hogpen. A woman can stand so much, she said. A man can stand so much. A woman can stand what a man can't stand. To be scorned by others. Pitied. Scrimped. Put upon. Laughed at when no one comes for her, when there's no one to come. She can stand it when she knows she still has the power. When the air's stretched like a rope between her and someone else. It's emptiness that can't be borne. The potholes are filled with rain from time to time. I've seen them stiff with thirst. Ashed white and bitter at the edge. But the rain or the runoff fills them at last. The bitterness licked up. I tell you there was only James. I was never let run loose. I never had two to waste and spill like Angel Prosper.
>
> She pulled the girl over to the foot of the stairs.
>
> I heard her breath stop, she said. And the cold setting her flesh. Don't believe what James might say. She's not looking still. I heard what we'd been waiting to hear. What James and me had been waiting to hear all these years. There was only James and me, she said. Only James and me waiting (p. 66).

The language here utterly confounds blood relationship. Greta's words suggest kinship and collaboration in the blood murder, conspiracy in the matricide committed because both she and her brother-husband desire to escape the condemning eye of their mother that would usurp Greta's "rightful" place in the household as her brother's wife. Her own intense desire, she imagines, is what James must escape because there is a correspondent desire in him. Her sexual thirst metamorphosizes her own and her brother's desire to escape their mother's domination of their sexuality into a strange, even grotesque symbolic coupling and imprisonment. The prolonged and constrained tension of the rope is stretched tight between them until the emptiness of potholes stiff with thirst, ashed white and bitter at the edge will be filled at last with rain or runoff, and all the bitterness will be licked up. James will heal her sexual and psychic wound at last. Her language is oblique because she is protecting James from the others' knowledge of the mother-murder which she herself has desired. Her protection is also

fidelity to James because James is all she's ever had; she's never had two husbands to waste and spill. Imagery of holes in the earth and rope figure both death and sexuality, speaking the fearful possibilities of noose and grave if the two are discovered, and the possibility of sexual release (now that the mother is no longer looking). Threatening Lenchen, Greta's language negotiates and combines the terms of how the protective, desirous, victimized (and doomed) mother-brother-sister-son conjunction will take place, and how it will be fulfilled. Even though Greta, a few moments later, has a premonition that James will strike her down as he'd struck his mother down for standing in his way, she only half-sees, and does not really see what lies before her because she is helpless to control others or to control what possesses her.

As if in response to her seeing what she will not fully see, and in confirmation of what she has said, Greta, with Lenchen, hears James's words as he lashes out with the bullwhip at Kip's eyes that have spied on his love-making with Lenchen, blinding him: "If you had as many eyes as a spider I'd get them all" (p. 67). James, caught in a net of circumstance and in a network of eyes is a trapped creature, and when he reaches the two women, his bullwhip lashes them, "tearing through the flowers of [Greta's] housecoat," coiling "with a jerk about Lenchen's knees." And then James bolts, thinking to escape the trap in which Greta has become the doubled over form, the duplication of his mother's control.

The intersection of the sacred and the profane, the familiar and the awesome criss-cross in the vision and voices that play across the ground to form another network which reveals that, despite their different attitudes, the voices and inclinations of all these figures are the modulations of one voice, the voice of the earth that speaks from beneath the text to tell us of the old lady's persistent presence. The reader is made to participate in the questing and questioning activity that outlasts death. Syntactical disjuncture and continuous conditional tenses only bait the hook and spread toils that further our interrogation of the text. Ara, Felix, the Widow's boy and Kip, seeing what cannot, in fact, be there, make us know that the facts of the matter are not the end of the matter. More lies behind Greta's psychological and iconographic duplication of her mother than meets the corporeal eye. Just as the figures of the text reconstitute her, so must we, if we are not to "let fur grow over [our] eyes" as Theophil does (p. 58). The old lady is an emblem of seeing, of fishing, even to those most hostile to her. Ara tells William

> You're seeing things all the time, but you never look at

anything here. Sometimes when your mother was going up and down the creek I wanted to call out: What are you looking at? She was the one who noticed.

Greta, polishing the lamp globe, says to Angel,

I've seen Ma standing with the lamp by the fence. . . . Holding it up in broad daylight. I've seen her standing looking for something even the birds couldn't see. Something hid from every living thing. . . . Holding the lamp and looking where there's nothing to be found. Nothing but dust (p. 31).

NOTES

1. Sheila Watson, "What I'm Going to Do," Open Letter, Third Series, No. 1 (Winter 1974-75), p. 183. This volume is a collection of pieces by Sheila Watson on several subjects; hereafter, it will be cited as Open Letter.

2. Sheila Watson, The Double Hook (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969), p. 19. Hereafter, page references to this book will be cited within the text.

3. Throughout this essay, my sources for word derivations and etymologies draw upon Eric Partridge, Origins: A Short Etymological Dictionary of Modern English (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966) and on The Heritage Illustrated Dictionary of the English Language, ed. William Morris (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1975).

4. Robert Kroetsch, quoted by Peter Thomas, "Keeping Mum: Kroetsch's Alberta," Journal of Canadian Fiction 2 (Spring, 1973) p. 55.

5. Open Letter, p. 183.

6. Sheila Watson, "The Great War: Wyndham Lewis and the Underground Press," Open Letter, p. 64.

7. Sheila Watson, "Myth and Counter-Myth," Open Letter, p. 120.

8. Ibid., p. 121.

9. Fredric Jameson, Fables of Aggression: Wyndham Lewis, the Modernist as Fascist (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979), p. 96.

10. Previous critical studies are undeniably concerned with real and crucial elements in the text of The Double Hook, but here I attempt to see the book afresh, freed from certain established critical assumptions and attempting a critical method that addresses the text more as archaeology than as explication. That is to say, I have attempted to attend to the text as an illuminated surface that renders its deposits visible.

11. Interestingly, "Sheila" is Irish for "Celia" > Laltin caecus: "blind." Its Indo-European root kaiko means "one-eyed." Coyote has only one natural eye; the other got lost after one of his many deaths and resurrections and was replaced by a pebble. Odin also has only one eye, as do the Cyclopes, as does Balor, the Fomarion opponent of the Tuatha De Danaan of the Irish Celtic myth. Balor, like Goliath, was blinded by a slingstone. The hurler of the stone was an Irish culture hero, as David was a Hebrew culture hero; Lug was, furthermore, a master of all skills: carpenter, smith, warrior, harper, poet, historian, and sorcerer.

12. Sheila Watson, "Brother Oedipus," Four Stories (Toronto: Coach House Press, 1979).

13. Aeschylus, "The Libation Bearers," Oresteia, trans. Richmond Lattimore (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1953), p. 131.

14. Ibid.

ROBIN BLASER

THE VIOLETS: CHARLES OLSON AND ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

"a cosmological reading of a cosmology"[1]

The American poet who has made the most profound use of Whitehead's thought is Charles Olson. On this occasion, when I am to mull over the interchange between them, I am reminded of John Russell's remark as he begins his book on the meanings of modern art: ". . . in art, as in the sciences, ours is one of the big centuries."[2] Out of the gloom, so to speak. Olson and Whitehead are not, of course, alone, but they stand there among the most important figures. And I like to note that Olson many times expressed his view that the finest compliment one can pay to another mind and work is in the use made of them. When he died in 1970, just turned sixty and by his own reckoning ten years short of the time he needed to complete his work,[3] he was well into the third volume of a major verse epic, The Maximus Poems, which stands alongside Pound's Cantos and Williams' Paterson as a major poetic world. Besides The Maximus Poems and the poems that did not find a place in that epic structure, there are the essays and letters which propose the necessary poetic and record the struggle to find it. Olson's poetics are argumentative about the way we stand in the world and how we belong to it (stance and ethos). I wish to emphasize the word 'world' for reasons that I hope will become clear.

For Olson, as for any poet, the poetry is primary, but this poetic places before us the argued ground both of practice and of world-view. Poets have repeatedly in this century turned philosophers, so to speak, in order to argue the value of poetry and its practice within the disturbed meanings of our time. These arguments are fascinating because they have everything to do with the poets' sense of reality in which imagery is entangled with

thought. Often, they reflect Pound's sense of 'make it new' or the modernist notion that this century and its art are simultaneously the end of something and the beginning of something else, a new consciousness, and so forth. It is not one argument or another for or against tradition, nor is it the complex renewal of the imaginary which our arts witness, for, as I take it, the enlightened mind does not undervalue the imaginary, which is the most striking matter of these poetics; what is laid out before us finally is the fundamental struggle for the nature of the real. And this, in my view, is a spiritual struggle, both philosophical and poetic. Old spiritual forms, along with positivisms and materialisms, which 'held' the real together have come loose. This is a cliché of our recognitions and condition. But we need only look at the energy of the struggle in philosophy and poetry to make it alive and central to our private and public lives. We need not, I think, at this point be trapped by that view of which Geoffrey Hartman writes:

> Artistic form and aesthetic illusion are today treated as ideologies to be exposed and demystified--this has long been true on the Continent, where Marxism is part of the intellectual milieu, but it is becoming true also of America.[4]

The reality of Marxism remains, as it began, the other face of Hegel. To put it unphilosophically, the practice of either of these nineteenth-century prophecies in the twentieth century maintains one side of a dualism, on both sides of which the profound place of the aesthetic, understood as the reach of our 'perceptual faith,' in human life is short-circuited.[5] Marxism is an instrument, and an excellent one, for social analysis and the understanding of the problems of necessity for large social bodies, and, perhaps, when the wreckage of its twentieth century practice has been cleared away, it may become an instrument for the founding of social justice. In the meantime, the problem of reality--what do we mean by the real? Part of what is meant is a valuation that includes the world of earth and sky. In the greatest poetry, ancient or modern, the sense of the real is certainly not limited to that other terrifying face of humanism, necessity, an abstract word for the very real limit and terror of poverty and deprivation.[6] The pleasures of art, of philosophy, and of science are joined to us insofar as we are freed from necessity. In Europe and North America, where necessity, as yet, does not widely rule, we have the curiosity that mercantilism controls form, and art, philosophy and science do not belong to the