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House of Cars

By Vito Acconci
Sculpture (usable architectural unit) Langton Street parking lot, San Francisco. A Housing complex, the components of which are used cars.

The complex is multi-level and linear; its location is where it is a custom for cars to be - curbside, like ordinary parked cars, or in a parking lot, within the lines allotting a parking space. The complex is directional; the ground-level cars face one way, while the upper-level cars face the opposite way - the wheels have been removed from the upper case so that they are, in effect, carried by the lower cars. The cars are chrome-painted, uniform. The cars are welded together, with an internal structure.

The ground level is made up of a single-level house and the first story of a double-level house: two cars placed one behind the other and separated by the space of a passenger-compartment. These two cars support the mezzanine level: one car whose front rests on the front of the second car and whose back rests on the back of the first car. The front of the mezzanine-level car helps support the second-story: the mezzanine-level car supports the back of a car whose front rests on the passenger-compartment of the ground-level car in the rear.

The complex has two porches; a front porch in the first car, that can be entered from outside - the hood, hinged at the back is propped up, and a single-level car-seat is wedged inside; and a back porch in the second-story car that can be entered from inside the complex - the hood, hinged at the front, is propped open, and a red awning connects the top of the hood with the top of the passenger-compartment. There are two entrances to the complex, one door opens into the single-level car, front, on one side, and one door opens into the ground-level car, back, on the other side; the rest of the doors are fixed shut: passage from car to car is by means of a stairway system in and out of cars.

The interior of each car is painted a single color, walls and furnishings. The interior of the first car is red. Two double car-seats are placed at right angles to each other, making an L-shaped couch. In the rear of the car, a red metal stairway goes out the back window, up the back of the mezzanine car, and into the back window of that car.

The interior of the mezzanine car is black. In the middle, two single car-seats face each other, on either side of a central aisle. In the front of the car, a black metal stairway goes out the front window, up the back of the second-story car, and into the back window.
The interior of the second-story car is red. On the way into the car, a single car-seat, red, covers half the step. The seat faces the back porch, a swing made from a rubber tire, hanging from the hood. The floor of the car has an opening cut into it as does the roof of the car below: a red metal ladder goes from second story to first story.

The interior of the ground-level car is black. In the back, a single car-seat is set in front of a metal table, with a metal shelf beneath, coming out from the trunk. In the front, a foam mattress and pillow provide a bed under the hood.

Where Rape is Not a Crime

By Alexandre Amprimoz

So I caught the Mayor’s son raping Lidia, the poor girl I loved but couldn’t marry because I was a rich boy — that was at least what her kind and lovely mother had said to dissuade me; so rape was only a minor manifestation of the diabolic life, the daily routine of the village of black houses. Many years later, in a bar near L’Opéra, while I was signing all my traveller’s cheques to three knives and three dark faces — thinking that my end was near — I again saw the shepherd’s cabin in my mind’s eye — and concluded that the whole world had become the village of black houses. Many years later when my daughter drowned in a cold Manitoba lake I should have thought of my friend Eazo Focolari who had ended the same way in the Lago di Como or of my colleague Pierre Desronces of the École Normale Supérieure who died of hydrocution while testing the water with his toes on the shore of La Repentie, a village near La Rochelle also haunted by cruel memories; but instead I thought of Lidia, the only memory that remains in us like a clear picture without ever being discoloured.

But that evening my rage was still mounting like the tide. I hit the Mayor’s son in the face and he fell, striking his head against the rough wall of the cabin. Lidia was sobbing and trying to rearrange her clothes as well as she could. Once the rapist was down I jumped on him and began to pound his face with my fist and the fact that he wasn’t defending himself enraged me even more.

‘Stop it,’ repeated Lidia: ‘Do you want to kill him?’ And I realized that she had guessed my intention. But then I don’t know if I can speak of intentions because all this had happened so fast, out of reflex and now it had left me bewildered as I was beginning to understand that the village’s germ of violence had also reached me. ‘Let’s get out of here,’ she insisted. Finally, I spoke to her: ‘Are you okay?’ ‘More or less,’ she answered trying to smile through her tears.

‘I was on my way to The Philosopher’s house. Do you want to go there or would you prefer that I brought you back home?’

The Philosopher’s house was closer and rumour was that he had once been a doctor. We began to walk across the muddy field. Lidia leaned on me making strange soft sounds to appease her pain and tension. Perhaps it was better to leave her to her sad monologue, because I really didn’t know what to say.

‘You’re sure, you’re okay?’ ‘Yes, yes,’ she would repeat without really convincing me. Why had I been so violent with the Mayor’s son? Perhaps my instincts — if not my reason — had told me that in the village of black houses there was no justice. If the police could allow a man to be beheaded every year out of superstitious traditions would rape even be considered as a serious offence?

I imagined reporting the incident and punching the officer in the mouth when he would start to laugh in my face, telling me that I must have been some type of effeminate city boy to believe that the Mayor’s son could be arrested for anything — even for a serious matter — but rape, was I joking?

But we had reached the Philosopher’s house and I stopped worrying because I wanted to believe that from then on all answers would be provided.
Danny on Yonge Street
By Paul Arteau

The following is an excerpt from a work in progress entitled 'Danny on Yonge Street'.

Graceful walk but did Danny along sidewalk cement, scuffed by Metro scene shoes of passing citizens. Danny's eye widened. Moment confrontation with dog being there aside bus-stop pole. After approaching dog, Danny asked - "You want to take a taxi?" to which burked dog and Danny tangoed his feet but only for a while. For Police patrol could pronounce penalty at Danny's faceless actions. So, in conformity, he moved on - with smile hidden.

Wide expansion greeny with spring odourance abundant spelled park surrounded by side streets of scattered children playing sports. Out of limits but Danny advanced just the same. Arrival actioned as he jumped and hit grass at severed second interval - but never felt backwards. Faces turned and grinned as Danny picked himself up as governor and walked quietly towards side street. Small irritation child hit Danny on side of leg with broken hockey stick for interruption of hockey match. Danny knew in mind kick in side of head was solutioned in will but will could only explode in outer reaches of night-park atmosphere. So, howling, 'Beat it, brat!', was emitted but rejected by goof giggles of infant horde. Flash of ego-spark sent Danny into reels without minute so decision had to be made fast. Side streets spelled scenery scenic and not meant for souls sold on expression. Return to central core had to make or risk perishing in people's park by own hand.

Walk wasn't too drastic in length but became mindful fulfillment when demoned drink vibes reached rock bottom as soon as feet felt floor of central core.

Wander lust loomed throughout in large lengths though feet traveled the area countless times but no matter to Danny for exploring entitled his everyday-life.

'Hey, ya got a smoke? You there, I'm askin' ya, ya got a smoke ya can spare?'

Words twirled Danny to source. Griname answered question. Short pause and, 'An extra-smoke? I'm from Tartu,' came finally reply.

Astonished alky asked again - 'Yeah, from Tartu, but do ya have an extra smoke?'

Loosing ground for Danny? But had to end pointless speaking. 'The rodent! My bone's been bitten by the rodent!' and man scurry-staggered away under reality-radiance lamp in safety, hurling bitching vibes, or thought Danny. Passing stench of gibbering alky nauseated Danny into enveloping his outlook in terms of vomit-reflections but he quickly decided against puking his own pain by form of planned pro-test towards citizens.

'Hey, you got a quarter?' No reply. 'Hey, Danny wants a just the same.' A rmval actioned as he Jumped and hit grass.

Yeah, you can usually tell by the strange look in their eyes.'

'Lot's of nutty bums in downtown these days.'

Background musics for many munchings of mouth-chew;

the music Danny cared for but little. Survival had to be suggested everywhere and the times were becoming increasingly chillier as fall just a three month sprint past summer, well on its way.

Playing careful chooser as to where he slept outside was one way to avoid sideshowing in public. He realized, despite low energy spell, survival sense had to be manifested everywhere, in contrast to the Rodent's utter rejection of such activity.

Returning to street scene left still Danny in low gear period, energy seeping out of exploited body. Question that raged - how to heighten forces - fattomed greedy moment of reflection; psyche chewing at fibrous nervicords to force messages to recapture original orgastic winter-lore. But snow could not be commanded to reign as psyche telecasted rain drizzle which bore fever of fused frenzy into Danny's forecast. Rain ripped at mind in torrents. His difficulty in keeping up with his christ-reflecting was evident as torment cemented in sky now became known. It was then that he needed rhythm in his head but found instead a lullaby forced in his eye - as rain let off slightly. But it was not enough. His thoughts now rested on broken kites. Revolt from inside was converted into hideous nightmares. Anxiety seized Danny by the eyes and his nose began to drool, his mouth began to run. He appeared to have suffered ceasing spell of non-existence but fought back in top form, but it was all useless. Retreat was all that he could muster. A white rabbit's tail he now had one, but shelter still too far away for escape-possible, dragging his naked shoes in the dusty storm.

Unclassified Yields
By Ben Azarm

On the verbal side of the table with no orientation of casting; listener's services stretch out to Modesto, and even as far as Encino. The criteria call for a dandy of the media to book an even bet on fraud of personalities, providing the helpers wouldn't talk. & on the deal of passion the voice writers kick the darling of the lecture-media industry circuit when surrounded by coaxed creatures of carriers. Roy Henry, or Henry Roy, whichever comes first, would then have to register with the organizations of conference. Any attempt to discern whether either way may then bring a painted pig into the picture. & when the random sampling of bad apples turns out to have an F-distribution while trying to find out why Alger Hiss is still a lawyer drop a hat and start making $350 million a year.

well, the franchized speech patterns industry will soon offer photographs of points of view at their annual tiki torch sale for price of a memory Just a memory on the waiting line of the J.C. Penney look-alike Ralph Lauren polo shirt contest pale green top-siders.
Searchless Warrant
By Charles Bernstein

Germinal detonation inculcates missing resemblance not otherwise pared, or, wishing you’d said, sank curtly, brusque insolence narrowing on dated theatrics, brutalized homilies to regulated mists. The parson takes the moment to wish for a speedy return in a gabardine suit. Drips decorate the porcelain, view is emblazoned on polished pretense, insular monuments. A restive restraint corrals the aroma; reception areas are cordoned off in other words liquid laminated. Restraint takes a breather, rippling through halls of necrotic prostration, autochthonous titillation. Vehement interlocution denudes reptilian cleavage (fiduciary squirrels). The allot is haggle ecstasy, spec’d out on charm. Embue is given but shifty (mobilized wingspan). She detours at torn shock. Brays beguile injection, reduplication of absolves, if invincible lobby fever, nest on the town: vindicates aviation.

Eyes tumble (escaged encaustic). Who emblèm ablative decoration, marsh keyed at vagrant tusk. The or angiotropic miasma (charisma): sputter at ooze. Gulled by splash, guttered by inadvertent remission. Then unbutton your presentient irritation, take coil for describe, which powers moody harbingers. These ammo places blast all semblance of decorum – jaded lids of betterment’s employ. Search or set upon, entitling harbors. For instance, detonate when you mean debutante, fan when furnace. Stalk of at what within which lords: neuter shibboleth. For instance, vaccination when you indicate stormwindow (saronged widow). Increments of routine disinterest disabling trapezoids: trampolines of the spleen.

Décrire le mots du corps
Par Claudine Bertrand

Entre Montréal et Paris
la peau familière
entre ciel et terre
des lignes transatlantiques
au-dessus du Groenland
comme un baume blanc aérien

Entre deux sommeils
le bleu de la nuit
et celui du jour
reprend ce geste
des traces inscrites
au corps du quotidien
de l’écran / des nuages
entre le diurne
et le nocturne
la chair du verbe
comme une nécessité
lecture suspendue / zone de turbulente
je m’attache au texte qui clignote

Entre le brouillard
je relis les mots de la nuit
je suis celle qui dessine
der lignes entre
les blancs du texte
et sur le mot déjà là
entre-découverte
les yeux à demi-ouverts
sur l’inocatastrophe
du déjà vu à l’envers
et je pousse ma lecture
entre les lignes vers elle
jusqu’en ses ailes entrouvertes
vers la peau familière
écrire le corps
écrire directement sur le corps
la peau familière

l’art moderne

VIA NEW YORK

les multiples visages

LE COEUR AU MÉTIER

Derrière l’autoportrait

UNE FEMME MEURTRE
Les mots pour le dire

LE CINÉMA QUI S’ÉCRIT!
Poems from the canyun

by bill bissett

the following texts are from canyun uv the flying mattresses, a work in progress.

t h r o n e s w e c o r e s t a n t s

we not doing what we think we doing

dwelling is that distinct work out something

sometimes we talk puzzl what we

dwelling is that distinct work out something

ok th consciousness keeps on changing

say nothin for a while it all your

pay evirthing for a while wh it pay whata normal its not real forget

th lines feel a cold chill go back to th rectangul breathing get mor sos

i get a great moovee visit all our conflicting therees make a brek for it n

th angels lay down voices dripping in lite cumming thru cement

leon into on repairs th need

i phoned ya i didn't know

show i hold

ya i didn't know is it alright

if i say i don't know is it alright

if i say i don't know is it alright

ok the consciousness keeps on changin

say nothin for a while it all your
courrent processes on changing th notes ar ther all around us

angel hair enlivens windows seeds seeds flying into our rooms

the objects disapeer bcum

below out th e r th glaciers ar movin g closer bright eyes skin

as warm as eyes uv th deer in th wind e e air see th

gol dun hummmm we disapeer entr th molecular transparency go . up into

i is opning

i is opning

say nothin for a while it all goez

the consciousness

i is opning

i is opning

say nothin for a while it all goez

n nnn facees apear

thats sumtimes fine get mor alone thats okay thers gud stretches n patchee

show i held yu n i didint know is it alrite

if i say i don't know is it alright

ok the consciousness keeps on changin

say nothin for a while it all your

the glaciers ar movin g closer bright eyes skin

as warm as eyes uv th deer in th wind e e air see th

on the flying mattresses,

from the fridge.

& get a glass of lemonade

& wait for

& wait for

it is. a ribbon of black water filled ~ith violet gleams

The dead man's little parade passes through dust

hanging over decaying streets·

it is a ribbon of black water filled with violet gleams

in the puddles.

and an odor of rotten metal

slaps the heads of the pallbearers.

It's a long road climbing to the eye of the church;

slow march of the black cart,

the sluggish horses, & the coffin

that weighs heavy as the blue light of a dead pigeon.

The cross stands between candles on the dim mountain

that lifts the road

& a few clouds of straw muffing the horizon.

Morning ripples like a banner of tears,

& the dead man grinds patterns in every face.

Slow is the steep road, like a long rag

slapping the cheek of Nadar,

slow the people who must carry the dead man,

slow the thin spectre horses

of cloud & sun stamping on the dead man.

These men grab the coffin still

& underneath is the mouth of the church.

adapted from Manuel Pcheco

Election Poem

Deposed election time politicians yakking all over TV,

& my wife sleeping in bed, are naked.

I say fuck all politicians.

I vote for the

Invent catchy words for campaign slogans, you poster fibs

in your starch collars, wear

straw hat for Saskatchewan

vote, you're all Liberal Conservatives, I vote

for the Venezuelan rebels &

my wife, in bed & in forest -

we'll shoot you all down,

it'll come to that, but you'll rise from the grave

& call

another election.

Television campaign trail I'm tired of your situation comedy, I don't even sing the national anthem

at football games.

My Friend

wants me to donate something

to the party. Fuck your party.

You're a long commercial, I'll go & get a glass of lemonade

from the fridge.

& wait for

the late movie, it's The Werewolf.

He's out for blood

once in a while.

(Alberta)

Spanish Burial

By George Bowering

From 77 Poems for People, a work in progress.

This morning's old bridge is made of high broken clouds of ashen May.

In a poor house a man has died, a poor square house containing a ground-down dead man
dead man small as a fish's scale

hung on the hook of the sun.

The dead man's little parade passes through dust

hanging over decaying streets;

it is a ribbon of black water filled with violet gleams

in the puddles.

And an odor of rotten metal

slaps the heads of the pallbearers.

The cross stands between candles on the dim mountain

that lifts the road

& a few clouds of straw muffing the horizon.

Morning ripples like a banner of tears,

& the dead man grinds patterns in every face.

Slow is the steep road, like a long rag

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slow the people who must carry the dead man,

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of cloud & sun stamping on the dead man.

These men grab the coffin still

& underneath is the mouth of the church.

adapted from Manuel Pcheco
The words of language as a breath that bangs the building into shape. Figures of speech back and forth and up and down the dark corridors. Some are still perpetually washing their hands in thin air, others repeat the alphabet endlessly, or they make a sound of a baseball bat rubbing the bristles of a doormat. The walls grow fur at night which brushes up against the feet of our beds, feet blistered by the sound of a baseball bat rubbing the bristles. The sounds of a baseball bat rubbing the bristles of a doormat are exciting, the furniture starts to sweat. Look at that third floor. Tzme. For such a luxury now. Time is money, money talks, talk is cheap.

I can hear the echo still. The sound of a baseball bat rubbing the bristles of a doormat which a hamster surely feels while revolving on its lovely chrome wheels. Experiments? What experiments? Others have special messages to transmit immediately to the authorities based on secret information delivered personally to them by the aliens who landed in their backyards each evening to sniff out their barbecue pit. Our ashes are their jewels. Of course I believe them! These are kept under lock and key in a seclusion of course. Of course I don’t believe them! No, there are no aliens. The invasion will occur from the inside, not the outside. No, there is no outside. I lost my horse in space.

Allow me to describe the architecture of the institution in which we are housed. Since the outside of our institution is like the inside of an aquarium, the style is at first difficult to determine, somewhat like bauhaus underwater. A biological building where the walls feel like cool february skin. The roof appears to be constructed of dry blonde hair and each window has a series of strings dangling from its ledge. From the outside of the institution the windows look like hoes drilled into the earth with gigantic fountain pens using grey ink. From the inside the windows look like portals in the side of some huge ship sailing through an immense darkness. Naturally the building is circular, if only to confuse those foolish enough to wander in out of the coldness of space. One can literally spend years roaming around these corridors without ever arriving anywhere at all and yet cherish the feeling of accomplishment which a hamster surely feels while revolving on its lovely chrome wheels. Experiments? What experiments?

I only hope they don’t make me walk into that room with the carpet made of living mice. What a screeching sound they make when you step on the furry grey broadloom of wall to wall mice.

Every so often a dangerous inmate will smash a ladder through a window in order to escape. But the ladder is only made of yellow legal paper and it crumples out into the air, splintering into the sunlight. And as the window breaks (which will happen if the words written on the paper are powerful enough), it is not an alarm which goes off but rather, a sudden upsurge of music, as if one had just parachuted into a concert hall danging a performance of the ninth symphony. But every day is like this. Allow me to describe our schedule here - no, I don’t have the time for such a luxury now. Time is money, money talks, talk is cheap.

The furniture among us is constructed of an alluring reptile scale finish, but I am afraid that the lizards are still alive. Some insurance policy! When certain of our friends are excited, the furniture starts to sweat. Look at that chair! The lawn is littered with the following small monuments to short breath:

1. A diploma from an institute of higher learning, in Latin.
2. A birth certificate from the institute of death on the installment plan.
3. A driver’s license from the waterfall at the edge of the world.

You live in the city of mirrors, country of sighs, I live in the butcher shop of the mind, where thoughts hang on velvet hooks. This is what it feels like to live surrounded by space. Hear the bells? The walls grow far at night which brushes up against the feet of our beds, feet blistered by walking an incredible distance without ever moving an inch. Don’t get cocky! Being an inmate is just like being a citizen in your own free country. But your room is bigger.
Count your blessings. This is just like living inside a ball floating down a river of electrified water:

Home is where the head is, after all. What time is it? At eight o’clock there is a special television program and I have to wrap my legs in aluminum foil. I feel like we’re all living frozen on our own individual picture postcards, one for each day of the year. Yet we’re free to travel anywhere. Don’t you? Yes, the postcards are very huge, even gigantic. My particular postcard is entitled: ‘Getting Ready for the World’. Which gives me an idea. I think I’ll send you a postcard, one for every day of the year. All one has consulted me about the things I saw. Should I admit to anything just to get away from all these attorneys? Are you still there? How is the weather there? Here the weather is stored in glass cylinders and kept downstairs in the refrigerator.

You’ve heard of living a hand to mouth existence? I envy the masters of the streets outside. This is a hand to ear existence, its quite dreadful the things we hear about, living inside a brain the size of a building. Hand me my shopping cart and point me to the oceans of talkative soup flowing through the streets.

All these attorneys barking like brilliant dogs – all these libraries filled with blank books and dangerous escaped circus animals – all these hospitals with their elevator shaft cures – all these insurance companies with their guided tours of the centre of the earth – all these schools with their trained-pet degrees – all these political parties with their interchangeable dance numbers – all these churches like vacuum cleaners full of fear – all these nations with different definitions for the same words and the weapons to define it – all these cultures with secret codes like grey magic just collecting dust – all these museums with their dreams of the future pressed between glass plates – all these men and women seeking desperately to escape glass plates – all these men and women seeking desperately to escape from the terrorist state of international childhood – all these kidnap victims held ransom for sixty-five years then suddenly released when it is already too late –

Excuse me for getting excited. I’d like to see them all fall from a high place. We have to get down to procedures for a well-timed ending. May I have a glass of water? We owe our allegiance to all representatives of the mineral kingdom. Now if you’ll excuse me, I must take the paper this message is written on and smash it through the nearest window, and if you had any sense you’d do the same.

yours sincerely

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**Blue Movie**

By Vince Chetcuti


Movie opens with man standing in blue theatre shivering trembling hands sick and inflamed. Swollen silver eyes melt like hot butter spread over the thin metal pores of reality.

Naked glow cosmic in opalescent crystal cycle. Strangers analyzed by remote control objectivity. Covered by vapour film of a blue carbonic movie. Lobotomized electric shocks screech past the night. Sparkling SORIES Tiny SPOTS of tranquility tumescent in swollen dissatisfaction. A surreal misunderstanding.

Visionless opaque mirrors reflect junk protracted glare fresh incessant scars CRACK SLASH OPEN only to gross quietly. Blue flesh stench of burning white smoke.

Stairs of cruel disinterest draped the dismembered body of screaming allegory.

Crystals of coke misty and filled with the forgetfulness of years.

Ooze of school boys masturbating in tired stalls of institutional slumber.
Body Sound Art Manifesto

By Jean-Paul Curtay

Lettrist performance-poet Jean-Paul Curtay presents several performance projects along with his recent Body Sound Art Manifesto.

The pleasure of traveling light when you tour.
The pleasure of playing your body.
The pleasure of controlling / decontrolling flows of energy coming out of your cells through vibrations in the air.
The pleasure of turning one’s skin to a living skin’s drum: skull, lips, cheeks, voice box, chest, hands, belly, thighs.
The pleasure of matching emotions to the sounds, to the dynamic of the sounds, to the rhythms. The surprise of having the sounds triggered by fake emotions, trigger sounds which trigger real emotions.
The joy of regression into the primeval sounds of your pre-speech life: orality, anality, genitality and the like.
The amazement of feeling primeval forces invest you the power of reworking with the strength of the survival instinct on the knots of your present.
The exultation of disclosing a most often repressed degree of transparency.
The activation of mind / body through sound-making.
The rerooting into fun, communication, creativity through sound games. Fun of fun. Fun of communication. Fun of creativity.
Communication of fun. Communication of communication.
Communication of exploration. Creation of unexpected fun.
Creation of unexpected communication. The delightful discovery of creativity.
Words are supposedly generated from the left cortical hemisphere.
Non verbal sounds get the images from the right cortical hemisphere, the emotions from the mammalian brain and the drives from the reptilian brain to the surface.
Body sound art as an activator / integrator.
Body sound art as an off the masks art.
Body sound art to listen to our intimate universe’s music.
Body sound art to communicate with the preborn, the baby, the animal, the under-the-ideologies human being, the under-the-conventions human being, the under-the-cultures human being, the under-the-words human being.
Body sound art to help clearing both internal and external universes from their anti-life threats.

PERFORMANCE PROJECT:

Little Body Sound Pieces solo – 10 minutes
Mouth noises, percussion of the voice box, of the cheeks, rubbing the hair, scratching skin and hair, percussioning the chest, the thighs, the feet – provide the material for several short improvised pieces.

Biohythm: The Oral Pole 2 tapes & solo – 20 minutes
Stereo mix down of a 6 track tape overlapping sounds rendering the oral relationship in between mother and baby: sucking, blowing, calling, saliva and water games (blowing bubbles) – The piece is built on different psychological textures – baby: need, satisfaction, frustration – mother: pleasure to answer, urge to refuse.

The idea is to have an adult (the performer) to regress thanks to this sort of sound psychodrama to the ‘oral stage’. The performer plays roles (baby or mother or both) through sound-making until he / she gets into the emotional world of the oral period and then plugs in his / her actual life conflicts to re-enact them.

From a portable cassette player looped baby sounds (hunger cry, surprise cooing –) are amplified at times through the mike (synthesizer modulation by Stephen Ruppenthal).

Elefantasy (pre-piece) audience participation – 15 minutes
Inspired by self-hypnosis methods. ‘Elefantasy’ is a guided imagery relaxation. The people in the audience are invited to close their eyes – if possible to lie down – and the performers make suggestions for them to feel each part of their body ‘heavy, slow, calm, strong as an elephant.’

How Do You Feel About – ? (II) audience participation
Invitation to a collective non verbal sound improvisation activated (or not if no need) by questions: ‘how do you feel about being relaxed, 15 years old, 10 years old, 5 years old, a baby, being fed, being nursed, being let alone, etc.’

Photo by Louise Gabb / Gamna Liaison

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Scissors, Paper, Stone

By Humberto Da Silva

The story arbitrarily begins in the gazebo down by the lake. It is arbitrary that the story begins here because the gazebo is an archetypal type to the author. You see, the author once made love in a gazebo and has chosen to fete his characters to the same doom.

The girl in the gazebo is named Elspeth because the author once desired a girl named Elspeth. The girl to whom the author made love to in a gazebo was not named Elspeth. The boy in the gazebo is named Troy because the author, who is no longer young enough to make love in a gazebo, wishes to name his first son Troy. Troy is making love to Elspeth in the gazebo.

Upon the hill, in a Chinese lantern strung backyard of an Edwardian mansion, a party is in progress. Men are dressed in tailored black dinner suits and women in Balenciaga gowns of every kind of silk.

A black dinner suit and a taffeta gown litter the gazebo floor. The hot secreted moistures of Troy and Elspeth are slowly ruining these garments. Elspeth demurely screams and the sound carries across the water to the author, who is sitting in a row boat with a bottle of gin. It is a tragic sonic principle that allows sound to travel so clearly over water for such long distances. Troy gently bites her lower lip thereby silencing her. Elspeth is thinking: how beautiful my lover. Elspeth never thinks of anything else. Her love of beauty will kill her one day. Troy is beautiful; everybody says Troy is beautiful; in fact up on the hill right now one woman is saying to another woman:

'That Troy, he is so very beautiful, don't you agree?' The second woman, after sipping from a cocktail made with a much better quality of gin than that of the author, agrees: 'Yes, he is beautiful.'

Troy's beauty will not kill him one day. The author does not begrudge Troy his beauty. The author once wanted to be beautiful. Elspeth weeps for Troy's beauty as he pumps his love for her with great finesse. Moths and mayflies flutter frantically against the cruel screen walls of the gazebo. The smell of the feast inside has rendered them oblivious to the savaging of their fragile wings against the fine wire screening. The author is touched by the martyrdom of the insects. They too are not beautiful. Finishing the gin, the author drops the bottle into the lake and rows toward the shore. By this time Elspeth is crying: 'No more, no more.'

Troy disregards her supplications as she knows he will. Troy knows instinctively that Elspeth does not wish him to stop. Troy has excellent instincts. Troy lives off his instincts and his beauty. Troy is not very intelligent though, because the idea that someone could be beautiful and intelligent is alien to the author, who is not beautiful. Reaching the shore the author moors the boat and starts trudging up the hill. Elspeth's loins are now more liquid than solid and sensitive only to the see-like rhythm of Troy's hips. No longer is the electricity generated by Troy's cock setting off cherry bomb-sized explosions underneath her stomach.

The author has crested the hill and is making his way through the party crowd toward Elspeth's husband. Normally polite ladies comment loudly upon the author's tuxedo which is of a burgundy hue and trimmed in velvet. Men openly stare at the author and shake their heads superciliously. They are wondering how the author made it past the doorman. Elspeth's husband is dismayed as the author approaches him. They have not been introduced. He does not even want to be introduced to the author. It would interfere with his world view.

The author informs you at this time that a small revolver has been placed beneath Elspeth's busk by a cumberbund for the express purpose of shooting Elspeth just above the left breast. Although he has never seen this revolver, or touched it, when the occasion comes to use it he will not question its presence. The author stands close to Elspeth's husband and whispers:

'Even as we speak your wife is cuckoldng you in the gazebo.' Stepping out of range of the author's chemical after-shave, Elspeth's husband indignantly roars:

'Who sir, are you?'

'A ninterested party.'

I say this and skip down the hill to my boat. I row like a fiend and I am not a stone's throw across the lake when I hear the shot. It is a sad sound for it tells me that I can never have Elspeth now, she is dead. Let the boat drift past me, naked and beautiful in the cold water. I'd like to row alongside him and have him tell me if Elspeth died unsPElshly, but he is swimming so fast. I could never keep up. So I remain safely adrift,dreaming that I could be beautiful like Troy, or that I was ever so shameless as to make love in a gazebo.

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Swift Current: Interview

With Frank Davey

Canada’s first national literary database and informal network of writers began operation in the late summer of 1984. Using UNIX-based VAX computers, one at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia and one at York University in Ontario, the project has linked more than 30 writers from coast to coast via a UUCP (unix to unix copy) line providing electronic mail, enabling collaborative projects, and creating an electronic magazine of current work. Unix communicates through ‘C’ language which can be compiled into CIPM or MS/DOS. As a result of the ‘gateway’ and ‘terminal’ programs prepared for Swift Current nearly all popular brand personal computers will be able to access the database making his form of electronic publishing available to individuals with their own personal computers, or to libraries, schools and other larger organisations. Subscriptions to Swift Current are now available on an individual and institutional basis. Rampike editor Karl Jingen spoke with Frank Davey during the late summer of 1984.

KJ: Could you tell us more about the VAX system being used by Swift Current?

FD: This particular machine is a VAX 11-750 which is similar to the old PDP-1134. It has large address space, a lot of operations can be carried on inside the computer at once. It has large disk storage space, and you can add more disk storage space to it so that its possible to have 80 ports on it, eighty phone lines, or terminals plugged into it and all of those users having accounts that are taking up space in the memory. The advantage is that its a very powerful machine that can house Swift Current and yet find Swift Current a very small part of its overall operations, so that I can, in effect lease space and time on this VAX at a very low rate because the University finds that Swift Current is in fact a very small part of the total workload of that computer.

KJ: You once mentioned that you didn't think that this project could work as well in the United States as in Canada. Could you expand on that?

FD: I can see that from a practical point of view that if I were to try to set up in the United States, not only would I have to write a lot of letters to all of the eligible writers who might have something interesting to put up on the computer, but the computer itself would have to be extremely large, the communications bills would be enormous because instead of looking at forty writers which is what I hope to have working with Swift Current in the first year, we might be working with at least four hundred writers, probably with a thousand writers, and if each writer is contributing say, fifty thousand words a year which is quite possible, then you’re going to have enormous storage problems, your going to have to have a computer that has multiple telephone lines, also, you’re going to service maybe a thousand libraries in the United States that will want to subscribe, because of their educational system - its not just larger in proportion to the difference between the two countries, but its a larger system. I think they educate more people at a university level, so you would not only be handling subscriptions from universities, but state universities, and state colleges, and junior colleges and so on. The market for this kind of thing in the states would be really too large.
KJ: You have always argued for writers controlling the means of publishing. Could you say more about that in light of this new electronic publishing project?

FD: I've always believed that people who control technology, have effective control over what content that technology distributes, so that people that control the book publishing industry, do control what books get published. Now, these people may be very benight perceptive generous people and often they have been, and they publish the kind of books that you or I may want to see published. But even more often than not, they use the technology not to serve literary but quite understandably to serve commercial ends. People who publish mass circulation books, are not interested in developing a literary heritage. And quite often the literary publishers will find that they have to find a balance between the commercially marketable book and the one that's going to be of literary significance, and these two are not quite the same. When writers control that same kind of technology, they don't have to make that distinction, they don't have to worry about whether a book is going to be of one kind or another. Its possible to publish a book which is of literary merit and happens to be of mass interest. That will also happen, the book will find its market, it may even be picked up for second printing by a publisher who can publish more, but the important thing for a writer is that the available technology be made to serve contemporary writing, and that the writers are not shut out of that technology in any significant way. With electronic technology, the stock market is being published, with electronic technology the business reports are being published, with electronic technology scientific news letters are being published. There are commercially successful firms who find that their operations are enhanced by scientists communicating with each other by or stock market information or business information being available on line. Nobody's going to go out there and publish writing in this new technology. Nobody's going to allow writers to dictate to each other unless they get out there and do it themselves. I just don't see any generous spirit coming up and saying, 'OK, I'm not a writer, but I've always loved writing and culture, and I'm going to set up this database for you and as writers you can use it and do whatever you want on it.' I don't see that happening.

KJ: Is there a prospect Ian Lancashire suggested that reading material off of a monitor or a television screen or off of a printed out would tend to affect the respect that the reader has for the printed word as prepared by the writer. How do you feel about this idea?

FD: I think that there's an element of truth there, in that the monitor screen, the TV screen or the computer print-out all have associations with ephemerality. One might think of these and therefore the content as temporary, thus inconsequential. Swift Current of course isn't set up to be a medium for finished texts. Its meant to be a medium for the work in progress, or for the work just completed. Its meant to provide advance copies, or even advance notice of work which will soon be completed. I don't see the TV screen or the computer screen as the medium for Swift Current. We're using the screen mainly to show people what's on the database. If people want to read it, then we're going to provide that in print. Use microcomputers and print up a copy because I don't think that a literary text can be read fairly as it scrolls on a computer screen. A literary text is something that you want to read, and re-read some lines of, or perhaps re-read the whole text again. Reading a literary text is not a totally sequential linear experience. It needs the printed page to go back to, to go over sometime.

KJ: So the end product is similar to what has been introduced as the Coach House Press' 'Manuscript Series'?

FD: That's right. The Coach House manuscript edition series was published in quite difficult to read line-printer format — type that was similar to poor typewriting. I didn't see any of those texts being disregarded by their readers, that didn't happen. In fact, perhaps a text receives greater acknowledgement because it is visibly a special text. I notice that when scholars go to work in libraries on manuscripts on the archives of a writer, that the handwritten page or the type-written page somehow attracts greater respect than the printed page. The printed page is available anywhere, but not everyone can have access to the holograph, or the handwritten page. So that its possible that Ian Lancashire's comments should actually point the other way, in that there may be a text of greater interest, worthy of greater respect.

KJ: Do you see it as a kind of second cousin to the palimpsest?

FD: Well, yes. The palimpsest is always there as a kind of metaphor in the writer's work. You re-work a text and re-work a text, you scratch out your corrections and so on. Electronically one can do something similar, but that doesn't happen, the book will find its market, it may even be picked up for second printing by a publisher who can publish more, but the important thing for a writer is that the available technology be made to serve contemporary writing, and that the writers are not shut out of that technology in any significant way. With electronic technology, the stock market is being published, with electronic technology scientific news letters are being published. There are commercially successful firms who find that their operations are enhanced by scientists communicating with each other by or stock market information or business information being available on line. Nobody's going to go out there and publish writing in this new technology. Nobody's going to allow writers to dictate to each other unless they get out there and do it themselves. I just don't see any generous spirit coming up and saying, 'OK, I'm not a writer, but I've always loved writing and culture, and I'm going to set up this database for you and as writers you can use it and do whatever you want on it.' I don't see that happening.

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History stands outside. If this works in a big way, I suppose historians have to do this and say it was an important moment. You can't be concerned with that though, because your object's not to make history, your object's to make the project work, that's difficult enough. On the other hand, I'm not trying to create ephemerality. I think what a computer screen offers is extraordinarily greater speed. We can cut down the distance between the writing of the text and the permanent validating typeface of the bookface. We can cut down on that time.

FD: I've never thought of going through a manuscript edition as going through a garbage can, on the other hand, a lot of the manuscripts of recent times have been accomplished by going through people's garbage. Going through Iroquois garbage, going through Mayan garbage, the whole history of archaeology has been to move through monumental
works of city centres, like say in Tikal, where the German archaeologists uncovered and rebuilt the great temples where the centre of the culture was. Now, current archaeologists go out to the fringes of the jungle to try to find out how the people archaeologists uncovered and rebuilt the great temples where the centre of the culture was. Now, current archaeologists go to the fringes of the village, instead of looking at the great works, to go through the garbage, go through the peasant huts, find out what the people ate, what the farmers raised, what kind of trade was carried on between that particular city and other cities, find out by what economic basis, and what basis in everyday life, these monuments were built. If you look at our culture and you try to define it only by say, the National Art Gallery, the O'Keefe Centre, by Massey Hall, or by the Toronto Dominion tower, then that ignores Sudbury, that ignores farms in the west, it ignores smelters in Castlegar.

KJ: I think that recently there has been a much greater interest in this. For example a group of sociologists are studying garbage in the Los Angeles area with an eye to socio-political and economic ramifications involved with the types of garbage they discover at various sites.

FD: Garbage I think is interesting because it enables one to understand process, and one of the big shifts in art in our own time has been to acknowledge process, and to elevate it to at least equal standing with product. It seems to me that someone who finds looking at Swift Current tantamount to looking through people's garbage and therefore unsatisfying, probably doesn't like looking through garbage, but perhaps more importantly doesn't like process, and in fact, wants a product.

KJ: It seems clear that while modern works were clearly product oriented, so-called post-structural or post-modern works are concerned with process, and that Swift Current reflects this newer concern.

FD: I'm not sure about the labels, but I find the whole process of producing art to be more interesting, or as interesting as the product itself, and when I look in the product, what I see in it is evidence of how it was shaped. Its like when you look at a piece of obsidian, you see evidence of the volcano that shaped it, you look at a pond, you see evidence of the glacier that shaped it.

For further information contact Swift Current c/o Frank Davey at 104 Lyndhurst Ave. Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 2Z7.

Lucien Francoeur

Sense Shift Unknown

By Sheila Davies

Metropolis from a measure: geometry blocks and thin amber sticks of polyurethane. Tushingham cigarettes lie straight and flat and white in the 3 x 2 box he steadily alternates from hand to hand. He abstracts vanilla to something which cannot be seen through her clothing. His mother wears a polished presentation. Whether she has a sleeping arrangement, which at this time in her life she does, is of no consequence to the particular moment. Or not in the same way his subsequent removal of a Tushingham White is. As the flame of the match ignites the pungent tobacco shreds, his eye aims and splits directly at the house itself.

The house is simple, built plummeted and cramped in the sky; steeple white stucco, serrated turquoise, airy and blooming of itself.

His mother produces a key. The front door plays a useful role, not merely for opening, but for a heavily dark fragrence of balsam which conjugates the scent of his smoke: licorice, mescal, mint weed and pasque flower. The foyer crowds into tiles, freezing up suck-like the sound and endless grind from Metropolis.

He depends on his mother. He also smokes down to the quick and callous. Not yet thirty, his fingertips are a 1945 celophane yellow.

His back molars are chipping out.

All of the lower rooms are tigh in their vacance of ceilings. The floors are smooth, often parquet or otherwise colored, carpeted. The furnishings are in tact. They are brusque and perfectly unused.

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Family Plans
By Brian Dedora

1. I and one equals 2, and one well exercised can make any number as it takes 2 to tango which they did not make her 6, and one equals 8 let's begin with 1 and the other one with consequences

2. Master and Maid and their relationship as to who is who the power of the dynamic in them both knowing their places and saying yes his taking her giving

3. in a context that was 1 and one equals 8 where the shuffle between 1 and one was marriage by shotgun and saving Catholic face where 1 was a Master and one the Maid the ensuing fraught and non-acceptance went for years as one tried to prove by cleaning and cooking that it wasn't a mistake if one was marriage by shotgun and saving Catholic face where 1 was a Master and one the Maid

4. the spirit to the flame and the rack and thumbscrews were applied to dole out (once again) the pain and measure of this initial guilt forced as was the marriage pressure brought to bear 6 times over hoping to assuage to pay and what could one pay that had not been paid already for remember the contract was signed in anger anger and guilt guilt first the anger later it being the camouflage for what in fact was jealousy paid out day after day after anniversary after anniversary until the only socially acceptable form of suicide had to and did happen leukemia in the narrow as it was from the beginning the very first step along that aside it slowly ate (eating is apt for it is devouring) a most civilized cannibalism that has its place at the bottom of this relationship the weaker of the 2 finally adopts it wholesale making the exterior the interior and commences to devour oneself as release oh please God one wants out

5. about biting the hand that feeds you which in translation becomes moulting the bite feeding on you with the full Clerch of the original friction that offered up birth as problem solver

mama, I'm going to give you 12 inches of the angriest in town ie; 6 inches twice

6. for example his overriding sense as if tyrant and tantrum could take the place of a dialogue of feelings and wishes blackmail a black anger barely disguised used for coercion to disallow the movement of anyone's right to the other side to allow such behaviour to take place allow such tyranny to triumph in any give situation in this case marriage and family based hopefully on understanding on the wholesome give and take of relationship

this vicious circle of anger and fear confronted not talked about after some fact but actually kept aware so that at the time of the serving the dishing out as one tried to prove by cleaning and cooking that it wasn't a mistake if one was marriage by shotgun and saving Catholic face where 1 was a Master and one the Maid the ensuing fraught and non-acceptance went for years as one tried to prove by cleaning and cooking that it wasn't a mistake if one was marriage by shotgun and saving Catholic face where 1 was a Master and one the Maid

7. when does that decision begin to decide itself if it's even that conscious (as I'm sure it isn't) that one owns son and 1 owns daughter without regard to brother and sister as cover for some problem between the 2 of them that is so overwhelming as there are no lines of communication open to discussion. Battles lines are drawn a battle that needs recruits what better recruits than your own children who (unable to cognise the environment or the war) are

some recognition some repARATION must take place some hard won recognition (hard won not in the battle planned but hard won in those few moments of light and perception allowed by their own ability quietly nourished and sustained ability the indomnibility of the human spirit) that shows this battle as senseless and not of their making a truce and peace making on their own part should not only take place but will re-place that original problem which bore this insidious plan in the hands drawing 5 lines of battle (and here I am generous for the lines of battle is too polite for what in reality is guerilla warfare) no clear sighted enemy no open field on which to advance overage but rather jangle of half truth and insinuation the constant playing and toying with perception and feeling that leads to the disguise and final castration of sexual feeling not sexual feeling in its most physical sense but sexual feeling as being and power to regenerate and give the ability of full and potent reciprocation and respect the very embodiment of that which informs the human spirit the movement of that spirit into temporal incorporation as Divine Fun

A Thief's Diary
By Glenn Deer

Horoscope by Omar – Saturday July 23, 1984

YOUR BIRTHDAY TODAY: The colorful Emperor Haile Selasie of Ethiopia, author Raymond Chandler and everyone's favourite movie butler, Arthur Treacher, were born on this date. Also sharing your birthday: Brooklyn shortstop Pee Wee Reese, and New York restauranteur Vincent Sardi. It is time to prove your leadership skills, learn to lessen rancour. Do not be oppressed by stone walls or lean on thorns and thistles. Your voice may be gloomy, but you can sit up high in the bleachers. Never be like them, a servant to evil, however high the pay-scales. Do not say to me, like them, 'Movement brings remorse.' Make a start, damn it, make a firm decision.

24.07.84. He is no longer interested in petty acts of extortion, the weekend amateur terrorism, or catsneaking his way into bedroom closets. That's no longer his game. No roughup jobs, no more heartbeat encounters with the gun-happy. He will pick up his last deal, deposit the money, take home some groceries and move into the ease of ex-Thief. Kingpin go away, he has retired from the rackets. But when he got home there was a message on the answering machine: the voice was facietious. This might interest you Mr. Thief, it said. Just take a good look at the dead fish in your aquarium, it said, then hung up.

25.07.84. He has finished cleaning out the salt-water fish tank. The sun-fish is dead. There was a note, 'hovers, stuck in the turrets of one of the miniature underwater castles. It read: you too can find treasure. Drive to the Rex Hotel. Ask the desk clerk for Louie. Eat breakfast with Louie because he only functions de-motivated. He promises to show you how to play for dinner. Charm the wife and get to know the inside of the kitchen. Locate the old blue enamel cannister with the fleur de lis. The treasure is in a little plastic bag under six inches of flour. If you follow the plans precisely you won't be disappointed. Yours desievously, Mildred Crawford.

26.07.84 The question is whether he will bite, take the bait. The question is this quest: to play or not to play. His quest is a thief's game. Can he steal home-plate consistently?

5 AM He is getting the message by staring at the wall and bouncing alpha waves against it. He is getting the message. It is messy. He is getting so many messages he doesn't know what to do with them. He is throwing stones at the hyena on the other side of the wall. He is sending a message in morse code to the Kingpin.

7 AM TIME and the condition of MUSIC. He is no longer in the Circus. His letters, so long to them. He bought a piano and likes to play it all day. All day. He likes the concept of throwing tiny hammers at metal strings and making metal sing. His steady girl, Rose, brings him black roses one day and comments that she is disgusted with archaic romance. She wants to change her name to Florida. He says, well you've got the same coastline so why not? Sometimes he shows off and talks Prussian Pig Latin but she can't stand word games. Cat language, he calls it, but she only gets madder and madder. So mad she thinks of taking a sledge hammer to the keys of his spanking new baby grand piano. She wants some real action. She wants to make it happen. He gets her message thru instant telepathy, doublingsues her, and reaches into her left cortical staircase. She's fast on the draw, sideswets his lurching digits, and puts on her red sunglasses. Play for me, she commands. Pound it!!

So he pounds the piano for six hours, arpeggiases a la dente: he calls this piece The Winds of Zephyr Humming Like A Bird. She gets bored and leaves - see you in the morning, she says. He calls this piece The Winds of Zephyr Humming Like A Bird. She gets bored and leaves - see you in the morning, she says. She has secretly stolen his little black book of what she calls his bitches and she plans to put some jealous lighter-fluid to

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SUPPERTIME Time for feeding the animals so he grabs a bag of lentils and some cornmeal and walks over to the zoo. The sidewalk stretches like tossing whales, seas rolling in the dent-
ing sun. He holds his breath along miles of tree-lined arbour and thinks hedgerows sounds of birds flying insects hungry rodbets dogs drooling in the late high tide sun. His eyes are
blue clear of lentils and some cornmeal and walks over to the zoo. The rodents dogs drooling in the late heighti
des sun.

doesn't work and he has a very difficult time describing the little horrors - bats lurking and riding them; trikes through his bel-
fre. The zoo approximately very slowly but there are animals everywhere and my god how long will this take. He knows that his problem is guilt starting from some raw unpasturized place where the dainty criminal law won't trickle. He walks to the side of the roadway and looks down into the flow of cars. He spots a red volkswagen bus bootleg zinging it around a
curve. Hey Gloria, he says, and launches a telepathic message
will have to stop on the side of the roadway sometimes. Where are you going, she asks. To your zoo, he says. Why don't you take me home and feed me. No chance, I've got a date tonight with Dr. Bonz, she

He writes a poem and tapes it to his front door.

In his dream he meets agent 269 Golf alias Gopher in a com-
partment with Sonny Mueller and Dicky Howell, the

To your zoo, he says. Why don't you take me home and feed me. No chance, I've got a date tonight with Dr. Bonz, she

Gloria says okay I'm splitting and she's about to roar off and give them the finger and just at that moment a wallowing blood-freezing screen lifts off the freeway bridge and careers into the cops' skulls.

What the HELL was that.

There is a metal blur of tiny spokes, tube frame, and plastic streamers. Slipships. Howls. A metallic crunchcrunch. A car in the fast lane juts on the brakes as ten pound of steel tricycle-toy falling at twenty mph smashes the windshield which is bullet-
ing along at sixty mph, so the combined force explodes the glass. Fragments are everywhere, the driver screaming as a van slams into the back of his dodge. Then a Ford pinto with a gas tank explodes when a low slung austin mini careens into it - gas flames are everywhere, metal is twisted, sick, and mutant. Then another delivery van appears but manages to pull over, and sees him sitting on the railing of the bridge way up
above her. He shimmies down a pole, careful not to get suckt
external biofeedback mechanisms. She adjusts electrodes all
in teaching self-regulation of anti-body production through external biofeedback mechanisms. She adjusts electrodes all
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there are questions to answer, cops you know. Thief knows. Bell of an accident. Gilbert is glad to have gotten the primary witness. In these days of automotive gore you need to get the salt of the earth: Thief thinks mercurichrome, hydrogen peroxide, alcohol for the wounded. I need alcohol for I am wounded. He pours himself a coffee cup full of white wine that has been sitting open in the fridge for eight months. He pours it methodi-
cally down the sink measuring out the number of cups left in the carafe. Then he puts the carafe in the garage. He boils
water, pours it into the cup then pours it into the sink. He dries the cup and puts it back on the shelf. He carefully picks up a hi-ball glass. He splits open a fresh rack of ice-cubes tink drops tink three tink into the glass and fills it halfway with rye. He drinks. He thinks. Now how did those tiny monkeys think about assassinating the Gopher? He thinks. He drinks. He drifts.

They're why she's parked on the side of the freeway having a picnic. We're going to the zoo, said Thief.

Do ya wanna get killed or something, ask the cops.

No no problem, they answer.

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Artists, Philosophers and Institutions

A Talk With Jacques Derrida

In the summer of 1984 Prof. Paul Bouissac of the University Toronto organized a worldwide semiotics conference at St. Michael's College. Among the speakers at the conference was Jacques Derrida. Monsieur Derrida graciously gave permission to Rampike Magazine to print portions of a seminar he held during the conference provided Rampike would accept responsibility for the verity of the transcription of the recording. Rampike magazine confidently accredits the accuracy of this exclusive transcription with one of the world's leading philosophers.

On the relationship between art and philosophy:

I could comment on many established diagrams, I could explain to you what Kant for instance thought of the relationship between the philosopher and the artist. While on the contrary Schelling was thinking of the artist as philosopher and so on. But I myself have no diagram, and I have no diagram because I don't know what today we should call, strictly speaking, a philosopher or an artist. I am sure that there are interesting things today that must connect something philosophical and something artistic without being additional to one or the other. But this doesn't make a diagram, this doesn't draw a sort of chart, or cartography of their positions.

If we rely on given traditional positions, we know what to say, we know that for a philosopher as such, art is not essential. A philosopher, in principle, doesn't write works of art, which means that he is interested in the meaning, he is interested in the concept, not in the form, not in the composition. But - in principle, from the point of view that Plato was also an artist, and Spinoza was also an artist - for Schelling and for Nietzsche philosophy was a form of art. But since what I am interested in is the essence of philosophy, the essence of art, and I don't know what philosophy and art should be, I have no answer to what we have to do. I am sure that (the) writing of something which has to do with thought, I didn't say with philosophy but with thought, this writing can not be an objective writing having nothing to do with the signifiers, with the form, with the composition. So, thinking has an essential link with writing. So, here I will paraphrase Schelling - any new form of thinking implies a new way of writing - an originality in form, but I am not sure that this originality is what you call artistic originality - deconstruction in thought, if there is such a thing, is not, strictly speaking philosophical or artistic.
As you know, in the western tradition, especially in the modern tradition, since the beginning of the nineteenth century – philosophy is located at the top of the pyramid, its a point from which the philosopher can watch the whole field, every regime of the encyclopaedia. It is the philosopher who knows what the physicality of physics is, what the psychology of the psyche is. The philosopher is at the top of the hierarchy, or what I call the ontological encyclopaedia. But being at the top, he is reduced in fact to almost nothing, to a point, a point at the top of the pyramid. In principle he has the right – to look over everything. And he is reduced, as we know, to almost nothing. The philosophy department is nothing. The discourse on the death of philosophy in the western countries, a discourse which started a long time ago in the nineteenth century, the discourse on the death of philosophy has to do, to some extent, with this institutional situation, which is not only institutional in the external sense, it is institutional in the deepest sense. So, what we would like to do is displace the status of philosophy, which means at the same time more philosophy than in the university – and a philosophy which is related to the other fields in another way: in a less vertical, more horizontal way, with other types of provocation connections with other fields. The interest of a project should have something to do with philosophy in this new sense. – It is not simply an interdisciplinary institution. Interdisciplinary structure is very traditional – what we are interested in is not interdisciplinary studies, but the cooperation of many competences. (In an interdisciplinary structure, they know this object, they have identified this object, and they know that the study of this object requires a philologist plus a philosopher plus an architect and so on. But you (they)* already know what this object is. – In this new institution, we would like to recognize unidentified objects.

* parenthesis Rampike's

Readers are welcome to write for further information to the College Internationale de la Philosophie, 1 Rue Descartes, Paris France, Prospective and admissions forms are available at the college. And, for further information on the Toronto Semiotic Circle contact Prof. P. Bouissac, 73 Queen’s Park Crescent East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 1K7. S.A.S.E. with international postage coupons would be appreciated.
Chateau de Songe-creux
By Paul Dutton

The women who come here are crazy: they don't know their minds, nor who they are; they plan for this long for that, leave in the middle of either, women always leaving always seeking something else before something itself is completed.

Oh, I’ve been in this hotel, learned its corridors, its rooms, the women who favour it, who sample its fine cuisine with the nonchalance that one accords a diner.

They order a meal and leave the best of it untouched; they desert the finest rooms, abandoned in chaos, forgotten belongings of, often, considerable value.

Truly crazy women.

Yes, I’ve been in this hotel and met its patrons, from inarticulate women crossed its lobby on intricate errands, bearing messages I did not comprehend who received them in puzzlement, angry that I came to learn what they themselves could never understand, from one unsatisfactory room to another, departing, at last, in rage, while I repeated in lucid calm the essence of their missives.

I’ve been in this hotel and lost my luggage trying to keep pace with the mad movements of the crazy women I’ve come here with, enduring their insults, often in the presence of the very lovers they have opted for in media res.

I’ve been in this hotel.

Crazy women.

Good food.

Mad messages.

Lost luggage.

Once Upon A Time
By Eugene Dubnov

Eugene Dubnov is a Soviet émigré writer presently living in London, England. This particular story is set in the Soviet Union. Christopher Newman translated this piece from the original Russian.

There was once a man with a red umbrella. And every time he opened it the rain would stop. There was once a girl with shoes made of glass. And when she had them on she could walk on the water. And the man kept his umbrella open the whole time so that it stopped raining altogether and there wasn’t any water anymore and so the girl couldn’t walk on it. And they all took a bus from Vira Square to the beach.

And the beach was there windy and wide and I could see the sea. I sat high up in my branchy seat and spat down on the water. And the man kept his umbrella open the whole time so that it stopped raining altogether and there wasn’t any water anymore and so the girl couldn’t walk on it. And they all took a bus from Vira Square to the beach.

And in the summer, after school, she often went to the railway track to collect pebbles. And in the winter she walked on the snowdrifts by the big wooden fence. And in the spring when the grass was becoming green in Hirve Park and the birds began to fly she climbed to the top of the hill where High Hermann Tower stood and ran all the way down the steep winding path. And in the autumn Grandfather died.

it was one Sunday morning when the sky was blue and the sun was in the sky. Skinny and me had finished our homework and I was walking over to Skinny’s place with him. Bet you can’t run as fast as me, says Skin. Bet I can – bet I can run faster than you, says me. And we race to his place – me round the building site and him down Fabriku Street. And here I am standing on his doorstep when he comes panting round the corner. What happened to you then, Skin? says me. You cheated Fourreyes, says Skin, girls always cheat. Yeah, of course Skin, I flew.

Auntie made a funny face. ‘Believe in God? Well, personally so, I don’t. But I know many people much more intelligent than me who do.’ ‘I think God’s got more to do with the mind than with the body,’ I told her and she laughed and ran to tell Mum.

Years pass and one can no longer feel the wind as it sweeps across the beach shifting the clear sand, nor can one walk the astonishing wideness of the strand on an early summer’s day; one can no longer see the sea.

And the dream one once had, with the Grandfather’s face fading in the photograph, is forgotten.

He wasn’t really our Grandfather at all, but we called him Grandfather. He came every Sunday for lunch and we all giggled when he said ‘Good it was’ after finishing his stewed fruit. And then we saw him off to the tram stop in Fabriku Street. He lived alone with his son who loved him not.

In the picture she was standing on his right. His face looked straight ahead with its moustache eagerly surging forward, as if in expectation of some encounter. And then his face began to pale and his features one by one slowly began to disappear. His side of the picture became as grey as ashes, and all the outlines blurred, and the paper began to disintegrate. But her face remained intact – only it became much older, the face from a photograph taken much later.

And now she is walking towards the glass door in the passage and she sees a stranger approaching her from the other side of the door. But coming closer she realises that it is only her own reflection which she sees.

‘If you don’t look both ways before crossing the road you’ll be run over by a car’, I said.

‘And what will happen then, Mummy?’ she asked.

‘Then you’ll die’, I said.

‘What does it mean, ‘I’ll die’?’ she asked.

‘It means – you’ll no longer live’, I said.

‘What does it mean, ‘I’ll no longer live’?’ she asked.

‘It means – it means you won’t be alive any more’, I said.

‘Does it mean I won’t be any more?’ she asked.

‘Yes, that’s what it means’. I said.
Upon the battlements of a tower
an azure leg rated proper,
a wreath of the colours,
a death's head charged transfixed with a
tongue in hand sinister, barbed and seeded, point downward all,
a rodent rampant.

Issuant therefrom an iceberg proper,
a skyrocket cypress fructed and
coloured counterpaned with
pommelled and hilted vert.

Gates, a spark plug embattled
counter-embattled, azure, guillo
d'sang between as many jambons
violet proper respecting
each other and, in base, a seal
rising, or, in centre a battle-ax
dove-tailed.

Ermine, engorged, three lozenges
gules and, in base, a cony head
couped close sable, all within
a bordure inerced of the second
and charged with three crosses
crosslet fitchy of the first.
Over and Out
Par Lucien Francoeur

qui clignote quand je pense?
s’enfuir en une cathodique passion
cosmic-connexion

je pense donc je n’obeis plus qu’à mes désirs

qui clignote dans la poussière d’étoiles?

- lis tes ratures!

Garth

By Nira Fleischmann

Silence shattered
Tile and grout
Splattered like blood across the day room’

Where Garth, the silent man
Explodes
And out of the blue, blue
Protruding veins force their way
From the forehead’s prison
In magnificent escape

Garth examines shape and colour
sits in his corner, turning his ashtray – his tiled anger –
They’ve seen enough – tranquility – for – today –
They’re satisfied.

They are not there to witness its conclusion –

The ashy tray seemingly performs its function
Confident in therapeutic wonders they watch.

Garth turns around and resumed his walk. At brief intervals he found himself straining to listen for the sound of the chimes, but the chimes never rang out. There was nothing to hear in the whiteness. Suddenly, the man stopped and quickly turned around. Looking from side to side he surveyed the space around him. It seemed to him that the chimes had sounded all around him. But there was nothing for the man to see. The chimes sounded again and the man stood still. Absolutely still. Looking straight ahead into the white the man could not think of a time when anything had been different. A time when he was not surrounded by white. He closed his eyes. Then all was silent. There was nothing to hear. The man opened his eyes and wondered if the chimes had ever rung at all.

The man walked on into the whiteness. A gust of wind blew by the man and the sound of chimes rang in the air. The man stopped and quickly turned around. Looking from side to side he surveyed the space around him. He turned straight ahead into the white. He lifted the ball level with his eyes. It was red, pure red. He couldn’t remember seeing a colour that was so complete, so pure. The man closed his eyes and moaned, ‘I thought for a moment. Then he remembered. There was a time before that he had seen such an absolute red. He saw it when he first was. Red. A red that was so pure, so absolute. The man told people about this when he was a little boy. He thought that he should do something with this red. But the little boy was never believed. His teachers told him that people don’t remember things about their lives from such an early age, so how could he, the little boy, remember the red from when he first was? And we should know because we are older and wiser than you.’ So the boy forgot about the red and everything became white. Until now. The little boy in the man reminded him about the red. They had to do something with the red. Then the little boy was gone. And the man stood alone in the white. Thinking about the red.

As far back as he could remember, the man had been enveloped by the white. He had never felt that he was a part of it. The white was separate from the man. It seemed to the man that the whiteness that surrounded him had impressed upon him his distinctness from the white. Yet at the same time the whiteness would often overcome the man almost to the point where he had been assimilated into the white. Almost. But never completely. The whiteness seemed to ensure that the assimilation was always incomplete.

The man struggled within the constant shift between himself and the white. Feeling himself being drawn into the white. Sometimes freely allowing the white to pull him, even pushing himself towards it. But most oftentimes resisting the white with all of his will, consciously looking out and readying himself for the next struggle. The man didn’t know how long this struggle would continue nor what its outcome might be.

Suddenly, the whiteness intruded upon his thoughts. Looking from side to side and then behind him the man quickly lifted the ball in his left hand and held it high above his head. He raised his head to look at the ball and then slowly closed his eyes. The man stood unmoving for a short period of time. Then he knew. He wouldn’t forget it again – ever. And the man walked into the white with his red.

Red In and On White
By Rob Fujimoto

From the collected dreams of Kevin Yamashita

It was white. Everything was white. Except for the man. He walked slowly, with purpose. Yet there was something about his walk that seemed off, out of phase. Perhaps it was his actions as he walked. With a certain regularity he would turn his head from side to side then turn slowly around to look behind him. Why he looked back was unclear, there was nothing behind him. All was white, everything was blank.

The man walked on into the whiteness. A gust of wind blew by the man and the sound of chimes rang in the air. The man stopped and quickly turned around. Looking from side to side he surveyed the space around him. It seemed to him that the chimes had sounded all around him. But there was nothing for the man to see. The chimes sounded again and the man stood still. Absolutely still. Looking straight ahead into the white the man could not think of a time when anything had been different. A time when he was not surrounded by white. He closed his eyes. Then all was silent. There was nothing to hear. The man opened his eyes and wondered if the chimes had ever rung at all.

The man turned around and resumed his walk. At brief intervals he found himself straining to listen for the sound of the chimes, but the chimes never rang out. There was nothing to hear in the whiteness. Suddenly, the man stopped and quickly turned around. Looking from side to side he surveyed the space around him. It seemed to him that the chimes had sounded all around him. But there was nothing for the man to see. The chimes sounded again and the man stood still. Absolutely still. Looking straight ahead into the white the man could not think of a time when anything had been different. A time when he was not surrounded by white. He closed his eyes. Then all was silent. There was nothing to hear. The man opened his eyes and wondered if the chimes had ever rung at all.

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Social Problems Today

By A. Franza

I met René Magritte at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn in 1942. Whitlow Wyatt was pitching. What a fortunate man I was! The small band-box stadium was half empty since rain clouds were building in the west. René Magritte wore his bowler hat and was huddled under an umbrella of turkey feathers. When I told him he was sitting my box seat, he said, "Avez vous cochons avec moi?" Well, that's all I had to hear. I called the Tate and cancelled his next show. Then I asked him to recite the averages of the Dodger nine. When he couldn't - his eyelid rate jumped a quarter - I knew what I had on my hands. Loose lips sink ships' came to mind, so I sewed up my yap and tapped out my desire for franks and beer in morse code.

The question was not was this Magritte? The question was who was impersonating Magritte and what was he doing at Ebbets Field? Handicapped as I was, I scratched out a series of questions in high school French on my scorecard and passed them to René. "Ecorcher les oreilles," I wrote, to which he responded, "second base." But Lew Riggs was playing there, so I had him. "Rez-de-chausse," I wrote again, and he said "Shortstop." I had him. It was Pee Wee Reese. I'd give him one more chance. "La vérité sort de la bouche des enfants." Third base, he said, plucking a turkey feather from his umbrella with the confidence of a young mother proffering her breast to her newly born tot. Wrong again. I wrote. "Cookie Lavagetto."

By this time, Gladys Gooding was on her organ, singing and playing "La Vida es Sueno," I got up and took off my sailor hat. Magritte took off his bowler and under it was a sailor hat. Magritte took off his bowler and under it was the only blue sky in the park since the firmament was glowing and the lowing herd was climbing slowly o'er the lea.

It was the first time I'd ever seen a blue-sky-brain. They had told me at OCS that I'd be shocked when I saw the first one. They were right. The world was out of joint. Usually - at least before the war - a man took off his hat and you saw head. But now now, not in this time of international turmoil, these days of infamy, this era of putting our differences aside and fighting for a great cause. We were all part of the War Effort! All the posters I saw in post offices and public buildings re-enforced me: EIN KAMPF; EIN SIEG! The others: SIEG UM JEDEN PREIS and TENG PUERTO RICO EN MI CORAZÓN.

I forced myself to inspect Magritte's blue-sky-brain while Gladys Gooding performed her quotidian, though seasonal, duties.

Gaspillé!" he muttered.

I don't even have a car," I wrote.

When I saw what I saw, I undid my mouth and uttered a dernier cri, and a garotte. Into the maw of the sky I sent my blazing gaze as the team captains exchanged line-up cards and the umpires explained the ground rules under the low skies which darkened like the rude heaths of Wuthering Heights, when the wind moaned low and the cow dung caked.

There was little to be done. Magritte had fallen among hard times and had wandered desultorily into Ebbets Field concealing his blue-sky-brain under his bowler hat and his bowler hat under an umbrella of turkey feathers. By the seventh inning stretch, I found what I was looking for. On the second tier of his blue-sky-brain I saw it in fine print, and I knew suddenly that life had a meaning, all my efforts were not for nought, and the war effort was worth all the trials and tribulations it caused myriads of citizens, including myself. The future seemed bright. The Nazis and the Japs would not conquer the freedom-loving nations. I broke forth into a popular son, based on a traditional theme from Snow White and the Seven Dwarves' (the movie):

Whistle while you work,
Hitler is a jerk,
Mussolini is a meanie
And the Japs are worse.

Magritte looked at me with tears in his eyes. He broke down and sang the code song which revealed exactly where the German sub would try to land a band of invaders at Westhampton Beach in two days:

Walking down the street
And who do I meet?
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm - Leo Durocher.

Now I saw all the connections. I knew why he had come to Ebbets Field. It was not desultory; it was precipitate! It was intractable! On the second tier of his blue-sky-brain, I read the heartening message and thought of all the boys fighting around the world to make it safe for democracy. I dreamed of the day the boys came home and there would be times for things like wedding rings and sweetheart songs who sing. The message went:

Government restrictions on materials have made it essential that the amount of paper used in each book be reduced to a minimum. This volume printed on lighter paper than would have been used before material limitations became necessary and the number of words on each page has been substantially increased.

That was it! It all made sense again. I put his bowler back on his head, took out my pistol and while the crowd roared at Dixie Walker's triple in the bottom of the eighth, I pulled the trigger.

Years later, in retrospect, I see how jejeune and buffett we all were. As I sit here at the Kirby Higbie Home for the Aged overlooking Long Island's terminal moraine, I laugh at the ironies and putridities of existence. Laugh, clown, laugh! cries a voice from within. Government wartime restrictions, my foot! It was all propaganda. We are not at war today, and still the quality of paper is poor and the number of words on a page has been substantially increased! So what was the war all about? What shall I do with the blood on my hands and the caked dung on my feet? What will I do with the blood of Magritte? I have pondered these questions endlessly, and all I can conclude is, 'L'Etat, c'est moi!'
this is not
a poem
by michel gay

i met
gaston miron on the street
yesterday
i was in a hurry
as usual
i tried to say hello
without stopping
but already
a flow of words
was bringing up
subjects
i thought
i had something to say
about
books & poetry
& poets & reading
& working & living
& what have you been
writing

minutes a cars
were passing by
another day
would be longer
than i had hoped

looking behind
i saw those books
of poetry i had not
written a novel
barely started working on

miron went on
speaking trying
to make sense
out of ideas that kept
bouncing back
and forth and
leaving me dreaming
there must be
another way
of writing
after all
what is poetry
all about

is miron a man
or a book
or a clown
or a clone i thought
of how little i
was writing
how poems were
becoming less
& less frequent
a few
words here
& there
& practically
nothing
left
for example for
others to read

with thoughts of that kind
in my mind i left
miron on the corner
but what streets
montreal is swallowing
each bit of poetry
each bit of unwritten
poem

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evolution of world literature."
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"[Skvorecky] has captured life's richness and complexity
in a novel of exceptional power. No one who cares about
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Kirkus Reviews

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(Last Night) I Gambled With My Anger And Lost

John Giorno

You're laying down watching TV,
monitoring the telephone
automatic answering machine
when it rings,
and I don't want to talk to you
'cause I know what you want,
it's a great step forward
when you listen to your friends call
and dissolve them one by one.

I prefer wandering alone
in the bardo,
sexual warmth, being one pointed,
bacon fat and blood,
and it doesn't matter
if you like being here
or whether it's good for you.
You must stay here
you must stay here
you must stay here
you must stay here.

This is a time
to lay low,
no heroic
wfforts
or noble
endeavors,
but that is
not to say
we don't have
to make a deal.

And I want to punch him
in the face
I want to put my fist in his face
I want to put my fist in his face
again,

You are on hold,
and you're trying to give this
a wash
and a rinse,
create it
and spin it,
and when I got nothing else to think about,
I like to think about
the things you did wrong,
what you did wrong,
and how I'm telling it to you,
and getting rid of you,
and I always got to have someone like that
to think about
and I always got to have someone like that
to think about
and I always got to have someone like that
to think about.
There was this great snow mountain, blue sky and majesty, the secret home of the gods you can't see, and all around the mountain was a battlefield, green leaves, soft breezes, warm air, and bloody atrocities and you got the Jones.

There were these trees and their roots went down into the ground, and at the root endings there were jewels, diamonds and emeralds and rubies, which were stars in the sky of the world below, and recently during petroleum exploration, they cut down the trees and are drilling for oil.

I am up there past my elbow and leave it in, and I think you can handle it, teach me some manners, tell me how to be polite, make me want to smear it in your face, make me want to smear it in your face, in your mouth, and your nose, and your holes, drastic and desperate, and it shouldn't be fatal.

I like video tapes like that, that make you feel good, deep intimacy, long T con sex tenderness, bankrupting yourself with generosity, bankrupting yourself with generosity.
I'm waiting in line
with my groceries
in the supermarket,
and I want to
get away
without incident
and I want to get
away without incident
and I want to get away without incident.

I like drinking
vodka
by myself
at home
alone
smoking
dope,
nothing is
more exhilarating
nothing is more exhilarating.

It is so hopeless,
you can't begin
io imagine,
so you want to go
gentle,
you want to go soft,
came when you go
as easy,
you get your
hand in,
Boeing 7-18
Fighter-Bombers
flying in
formation,
homing in
beyond
digital,
fire the
absolute
guns
fire the absolute
guns
fire the absolute
guns
fire the absolute
guns
fire the absolute
guns,
las night,
I gambled with
my anger
and lost.

1983

Panopticon
Steve McCaffery

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EFFETE ECUMEN

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A Subway Novel & Gary Shilling 1983

GRAVITY

The earth is caught in an anti-gravity ray. Orientation and plotting are virtually impossible.

ANTHEM

All sing...

"Return to heroic deeds, Furious and cruel. Habitual ferocity. Fanatical free.

Fresh eggs, fresh flowers. ACTUAL YOUTH. Neglect friends & duties. Exert Power."

GOVERNMENT

The shape of the world is constantly Changing, with continents realigning. To conform with current trade patterns. Never venture from the security state. Humourless pranksters rule. Thoughtwaves a nation. Seriousness prevails.

WORK

For some it is shift work. Bergmar Sternham always works. His position is difficult. And requires extra precision. Decision making.

It is a digital world. His thoughts are not of them but what they Might be persuaded to do.

An endless stream of products flow.

ORDER

In a world where everything has a place, Nothing can be left behind. To part with an Object is to lose yourself. Maintain an order. And believe you know where everything is. Without this assurance, all is lost.

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The Diary of Don Juan

By Karl Jirgens

The following text if from a new collection of works entitled Strappado now available through the Coach House Press.

... the machete's advance very slowly. It is essential that we keep on marching. We rested for a while and dined on meat and charqui. Carlos and Eduardo went ahead on a scouting mission. Tomorrow we prepare an ambush against the reactionary forces assembled twenty kilometers southeast of Salvador.

-Fragment from the Diary of Don Juan-

He has been sitting at the table for years, staring outside the window at the street below. Staring at the typewriter sitting before him instead of sitting at his desk. He thought he could detect his own reflection in the glass as the street spun past into future. He gave himself shit. 'Today is different,' he said, and he fumbled desperately with the keys. 'Nobody's gonna lock me out of immortality.' He said, and he wrote a poem. An epic poem. And then he passed out.

He spun down from the ceiling to the bed, he spun like the petal of a small flower falling to rest onto the salt wet sand on a beach in El Salvador. And he dreamed. He dreamed that he was in a church at a great rock at the edge of that beach and that the tide was coming in. The wind and the surf drownd out his voice, and he was singing, crazy, in the top of his lungs. The spinning gulls ignored him.

He woke up. He was back in the darkness of his bedroom staring up at the ceiling. The ceiling was slowly spinning. He got up and went back to the typewriter. He was the same epic he had written twenty-six ounces ago. He began to read it. He could taste salt in his mouth. He couldn't hear himself over the roar of his hangover. Outside, the street spun by, ignoring him. Yet he sensed a décor of the poem's secret fantasies. He had convinced her to run away with him to Latin America. The writer thought about getting angry. He thought he should convince Don Juan that he should say something like, 'I taught this guy everything I knew. I gave him the clothes on his back, a place to sleep, food and drink. I made him what he is today!' Instead, he watched them leave through the window in front of the typewriter, and then he sat back down in front of the television. Maybe he didn't say anything because he knew it wouldn't make any difference. Maybe because he knew what Don Juan would say anyway. He would say something like, 'that may well be, but Heidi likes me better.'

After that, the writer didn't sit at his desk anymore. Instead, he sat in front of the television drinking Black Label beer. Instead, he listened to the surf grow louder in his mind while the hair grew longer on his face. He watched Loveboat and The Price is Right. One day he was washing the windows and he saw a U.S. journalist interviewing a guerilla from San Salvador. The guerilla had wild eyes and a beard that seemed to be made up entirely of sea epics. He watched Don Juan in silence and had to admit a secret admiration. He even forgave him for stealing Heidi, and this admiration may have reached some receptive ear and another hand may be extended to wield our weapons.' The writer watched Don Juan in silence. He had convinced him to run away with him to Latin America. The writer thought about getting angry. He thought he should convince Don Juan that he should say something like, 'I taught this guy everything I knew. I gave him the clothes on his back, a place to sleep, food and drink! I made him what he is today!' Instead, he watched them leave through the window in front of the typewriter, and then he sat back down in front of the television. Maybe he didn't say anything because he knew it wouldn't make any difference. Maybe because he knew what Don Juan would say anyway. He would say something like, 'that may well be, but Heidi likes me better.'

Not much later the writer received news that Don Juan had been captured by a superior force of United States troops. His M-2 carbine had been destroyed by gun-fire, and he had been shot in the legs so that he couldn't walk. He had been interviewed by a drunken officer who had threatened him with strangulation and had tried to convince him to betray his comrades. Instead, Don Juan scrambled in the mud and the slumbering army was from the Pacific Ocean. He had been scheduled to be assassinated by American-trained rangers under the command of Generalissimo Casanova. When confronted, Don Juan noticed that the assassin was vacillating. Juan spoke firmly. 'The thing that they hate, is hate itself,' he said. The assassin said, 'I taught this guy everything I knew. I gave him the clothes on his back, a place to sleep, food and drink! I made him what he is today!' Instead, he watched them leave through the window in front of the typewriter, and then he sat back down in front of the television. Maybe he didn't say anything because he knew it wouldn't make any difference. Maybe because he knew what Don Juan would say anyway. He would say something like, 'that may well be, but Heidi likes me better.'
The Circumcision Rites
Of The Toronto Stock Exchange

By Crad Kilodon

Among the many secret rituals that take place within the Toronto Stock Exchange, none is more complex or mysterious than the ritual of circumcision. Outside of the financial district, few persons are ever aware that such a practice exists. Only a few people have been privileged to observe and document it.

It is not until the apprentice or novice on the floor of the T.S.E. becomes circumcised into the entitled to call himself a trader in full standing (moran) and enjoy full freedom of action, a freedom which he uses especially for erotic purposes. Uncircumcised, he cannot marry; the same is true for young females of a brokerage house working within the firm. It is only through circumcision that the brokerage house acknowledges them to be sexually mature adults. Therefore, nothing is more desired by both sexes. The young male novice (layoni) becomes a man (moran); the girl (kyepta) becomes a woman (osotyo).

Despite the universality of circumcision among all brokerage houses, the reason for it is obscure. If one asks a partner of the firm about it, he merely says, 'Zamani' which means 'since ancient times.' In answer to my question on the circumcision of females, a senior partner of Hector, M. Chisholm said to me, 'We don't want anything hanging like that in front of our women!' And he made a disdainful gesture with his littlefinger, signifying the clitoris.

But it seems to me that the fundamental reason for circumcision of young men is to make the act of intercourse easier. And of secondary significance is the period of convalescence following the operation, when the youth can be initiated into the mysteries of the stock market.

Among girls, the reason may be that of removing the erogenous zone, thereby ensuring that they will be perpetually unsatisfied and therefore more fit for the fast track of Exchange life.

The circumcision rites are conducted secretly approximately every four years, and, in the case of both males and females, before their 26th birthday. The candidates then convene for that solemn act, which is undertaken as a group, but on different days for males and females.

There is much dancing the evening before the circumcision of the males. The layoni appear in colourful leisure suits. They have had their hair styled and their facial hair shaved. They dance, leap and hop until they are exhausted.

Very early the next morning the male candidates appear in pompadour dress -- grey three-piece suits and grey or black ties. They have just returned from the lake, where the circumcisor (materot) sent them before sunrise to bathe. 'Lapat lin' ('Go wash it'), he has said to them. Now they return to the Exchange, where circumcision takes place. No uncircumcised male, no female, and no animal may be present. The morans, boyot (old men or senior partners), and those to be circumcised gather around the 'burning pyre,' represented by any small, smokeless flame, such as a can of Sterno. Now a senior partner approaches. He questions each novice as to whether he has ever had sexual intercourse with a circumcised woman (the uncircumcised do not count). Then the poor fellow must confess. He must look the executive secretary or sometimes the wife of the Chairman, brings the99

The circumcision of the girls (kyepta) is an equally complex ritual. Those to be circumcised are obliged to have their hair styled, buy new clothes, and wear numerous plastic accessories. But the ornamentation is not yet complete. Each female candidate will be given the traditional thigh bells, or kurrurie. These massive iron bells, six inches long, resemble hollow pods, within which several iron peas may be seen. The kurrurie are attached to the thigh with a strap, preferably three on each leg. The more bells, the louder the noise made by the rhythmic shaking and stamping.

There is wild dancing on the floor of the Exchange the night before the circumcision of the girls. Both men and women appear in their most magnificent costumes. The men may appear in the traditional calf-skin (grosiy) covering the buttocks, and the high baboon-skin cap. The women may wear huge earrings and a profusion of plastic bracelets; they anoint their faces with oil, so that the color of their make-up runs down their faces.

Late that night, each female candidate must be prepared for the circumcision to take place the next morning. An old woman, usually an executive secretary or sometimes the wife of the Chairman, brings the shaving necessities of the species Girardinia condensata. The girl sits on a stool and spreads her legs. Now the genitalia are examined. If it is found that she is a virgin, she is kissed by the women. All are happy. Indeed, her immediate superior even has a cow slaughtered when she bears the good news! The necessities are now applied to the clitoris. It burns terribly, but the girl bears the pain with unbelievable patience. The clitoris swells and becomes large.

Early in the morning, an experienced woman, the female materot, approaches the girl, who is crouching on the floor with her legs outspread. In a small grill over the fire is a glowing coal. The materot places the coal on a spoon-like instrument and applies it to the swollen clitoris, which gradually becomes a dark blister. The girl endures this pain without a moan, for her thoughts are of the fast track and the exciting future that lay ahead of her. Now she is called tarusyot, the newly-circumcised. But the girl is not satisfied until she is able to rape a cow. The girls dance on, all day long, singing their own circumcision son, 'Eyo leyo or it would cost him his career. His salary would be permanently frozen at the entry level, and he would henceforth be the object of ridicule.

Now all the newly-circumcised (tarusyot) withdraw into the mendjet, a small sparsely furnished room, to sing the Circumcision Song:

The mendjet becomes the abode of the circumcised for several weeks. A courier brings them their food: soft drinks, donuts, and fried chicken. In the meantime, their wounds heal.

The materot remains with them. He initiates them into all the mysteries of Business and how to survive in a jungle of wolves and snakes.

After his convalescence, the tarusyot finally leaves the mendjet. Many questions must now be put to him. He is taken to the lake. One of the morans will ask, 'What is a put?' An option to sell,' is the answer. Indeed, he knows their legs; her replacing friends. (Another possible question might be: 'What resembles the sound of a vagina during coitus?') But this has not been asked in recent years.)

The next day his best friend visits him at home, and he (the tarusyot) slaughter a goat for him. The day after that, the friend returns the favor by slaughtering a goat for him. They eat. The goats' stomachs are given to his mother.

The Toronto Stock Exchange is the only exchange in North America where circumcision is still accomplished by burning; everywhere else the knife is used for this purpose.

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Early in the morning, an experienced woman, the female materot, approaches the girl, who is crouching on the floor with her legs outspread. In a small grill over the fire is a glowing coal. The materot places the coal on a spoon-like instrument and applies it to the swollen clitoris, which gradually becomes a dark blister. The girl endures this pain without a moan, for her thoughts are of the fast track and the exciting future that lay ahead of her. Now she is called tarusyot, the newly-circumcised. But the girl is not satisfied until she is able to rape a cow. The girls dance on, all day long, singing their own circumcision son, 'Eyo leyo
During her period of seclusion in the home of a girlfriend or older woman, the tarusyot will be attended by her girlfriends. She must wear a tight leather dress (nyargit) and a large three-cornered cowl (soynet), which covers her entire head and which has two peep holes. No man may look at her at this time. As in the case of the young men, the girl receives instruction by her materryot in the secrets of Business and Sex.

When her wound is healed, a concluding feast is then given, which is celebrated very ceremoniously by the women employees of the brokerage firm and the Exchange. The highlight of this ceremony is the entrance of the lion, which has been brought into the Exchange by several older women. A jug of beer is offered to the lion. The old women stroke it to make it tame. All this time, the newly-circumcised girls have been kept in a dark room. The lion is brought into the room and begins to growl, causing the girls great fright. Now they must eat all the insects off the lion and sip his urine from the floor. Then the old women lead the lion out.

The circumcised girls believe in the authenticity of the lion with full seriousness. When I tried to hint politely that the 'lion' was merely an Exchange official wearing a costume, the tarusyots almost wept because of the 'dirty lie' I was telling about their grand experience. Consequently, I had to desist from further explanations.

The ritual is concluded by the giving of money and shares of stock to the tarusyots by the old men of the brokerage firms. Beer has been brought in, and now both men and women participate in the picturesque Beer Dance. Pressed close to each other, the married women from the various firms move in a circle, beating the leather parts of their clothing and thus giving a clapping accompaniment to their song. The dance is concluded by the tarusyots, who, in honor of the occasion, have painted themselves heavily with make-up.

Despite the pain that they have endured, both young men and women will always remember their day of circumcision as a sublime event and a joyous occasion.

From time to time, legal and medical authorities have attempted to put a stop to the circumcision rites of the Toronto Stock Exchange, but the combined power of the brokerage firms and the deep sense of tradition that pervades Exchange life make it unlikely that these attempts will ever succeed.

There can be no doubt that these rites, which may seem 'barbaric' to the layman who is unconnected to the business world, serve an important social purpose and contribute to the stability and orderliness that one notices everywhere as one walks through the peaceful, shady valleys of the financial district.
Duets, Trios & Choruses

By Richard Kostelantez

Possibly what basically distinguishes poetry from prose is its greater range of geometric devices: A whole series of arbitrary semantic resolutions can be replaced by a purely formal, geometric resolution.

- 'Poetry and Prose in Cinematography' Viktor Shklovsky; 1927

I.

POETIC
HIRSUTE
SEWAGE
BICYCLE
SUSPECT
ONE
VAGARY
CORNUCOPIA
VANQUISH
HENPECK
SQUASH
SURPRISE
SOUL
RECORD

POETIC LIGHT
HIRSUTE PINBALL
SEWAGE SEWING
BICYCLE ASTEROID
SUSPECT RESPECT
ONE ESTRANGEMENT
VAGARY VAGRANT
CORNUCOPIA CREMATORY
VANQUISH SAVORY
HENPECK CALISTHENICS
SQUASH TETRAHEDRON
SURPRISE SURCEASE
SOUL SOLE
RECORD SCORE

II.

GRAMMAR MAPS PUZZLES
CALIPER CALLOW CALIBRATE
EXCELSIOR EUPHORIA EXCAHTHEDRA
COMMON COMMONER COMMUNE
MEMORY POETRY ECONOMY
CONFIDE LEND LOVE
INTRIGUE TENSION POWER
BOOK CONVERSE PLAY
DESIRE DESTINY DESERT
RICHES DENSITY DUTIES
REJUVENATE JURIDICAL VENEMOUS
SPERMATAZOA BACTERIA SHRAPPEN

III.
Genderous

By François Lachance

Can polymorphous perversity free
free speech from the monopoly of free
enterprise?
Can heterosexism and socialism co-exist?

Duo division
Self serve circus
Compulsion attraction

Centre ring lesions
Stir side raucus
Duo divisions

Paring kindergarten eden
Couple-locked line-ups
Compulsion attraction

his tube image of toothpaste harem
she, protection conscious
duo divisions

Mutations of alienations
Ghetitos plus
Compulsion attraction

Mutations of alienation:
Ghetitos plus
Compulsion attraction

Mute tiny infiltrations
To counter causus
Duo divisions
Compulsive addictions

Multiple Choice

By Marina LaPalma

The fat one, I thought, was the only one who could get me the job. When we climbed into the mirrored chamber I knew I
would have to:
1) relax and 'go with the flow'
2) think fast
3) fuck him and get it over with
4) get out my revolver again

I could hear them hooting and hollering up the canyon, headed
our way. Mary stood shaking uncontrollably in the middle of
the cabin. As I pulled out the shotgun, I was calm, calm as the:

1) landscape at Blainville
2) lake on a windless day
3) red house among the apple trees
4) xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx –

We'd cycled past the terrace again and again. That whole sum­
mer. No one was ever on it, or anywhere about the narrow
garden surrounding the house which in the mornings I ima­
gined seemed always about to spew forth some comely inhabi­tant. At twilight its yellow walls glowed nearly as long as the
sky to the west over France and the Atlantic. I wondered:

1) If I asked for it, would Salmi give me the house?
2) Whether those walls had come from the depleted quarry
behind the hills.
3) How to break the padlocks on those thick wood doors.

Sozialtriptych

By Alan Lord

Sozialtriptych is a three-part poem/object/installation work-in-progress which
processes a fixed set of words through various stages, culminating in practically
endless permutations of three-word phrases or commands. Its purpose is to verbally
simulate the wide range of social pressures that bombard us throughout our lives,
specifically in the Anglophone North American social context.

Sozialtriptych works in the following way: A TRS – 80 Pocket Computer, in one cal­
culation cycle, selects one word at random from each of three separate lists of 33
words each, and displays them in the sequence: A, B, C.

The A list contains a set of verbs selected to correspond to manipulative actions
useful in an aggressive, competitive society. The B list is a set of both social institu­
tions and personal preoccupations representative of a wide section of society, while
the C list corresponds to popular ideals or objectives of planned social interaction.

These lists do not in any way constitute either a complete or exhaustive range of
possibilities; the total number of words utilized (99) was both dictated by available
computer memory space and the practicality of only selecting two-digit random
numbers. The total number of permutations of commands theoretically possible is
33,937 (if there are 3 positions in a sequence, and 33 distinguishable elements can
occupy each position, then the number of distinct sequences of 3 elements possible
is 3^3 cubed. I constantly have to modify the TRS – 80 program in order to keep it
from converging into calculation loops which repeat the same pattern of words after
several iterations, depending upon the complexity of the program and the steps
taken to ensure fresh starts in the randomization process.

A.
1) WIN
2) WATCH
3) DEVELOP
4) PUSH
5) JOIN
6) TEACH
7) BUILD
8) CHOOSE
9) ORIENT
10) THINK
11) USE
12) LEARN
13) SPOT
14) APPLY
15) DECIDE
16) HOLD
17) DISCUSS
18) GAIN
19) RETAIN
20) PROVE
21) GRAB
22) DRAW
23) PROVIDE
24) PLAN
25) FILL
26) ADD
27) STRESS
28) MEET
29) SAVE
30) SHARE
31) CREATE
32) BOOK
33) RUN

B.
1) JOB
2) MONEY
3) FAMILY
4) HOME
5) SEX
6) CAR
7) HEALTH
8) FOOD
9) SPORTS
10) BUSINESS
11) MANAGER
12) CAREER
13) INDUSTRY
14) BANKING
15) FUTURE
16) OFFICE
17) SCIENCE
18) POLICE
19) MARKET
20) LAW
21) SCHOOL
22) CHURCH
23) LEADER
24) FORMS
25) GOVERNMENT
26) MILITARY
27) INSURANCE
28) PARENT
29) ART
30) TAX
31) PUBLIC
32) CREDIT
33) DINNER

C.
1) REWARDS
2) MATTERS
3) VALUES
4) MURALS
5) STUDIES
6) CARE
7) PLANS
8) FACTS
9) COMPETITION
10) RESULTS
11) SKILLS
12) GOALS
13) TRENDS
14) IDEAS
15) ETHICS
16) ORDER
17) BENEFITS
18) SUCCESS
19) GOODS
20) SERVICES
21) AIMS
22) COMFORT
23) STATUS
24) SECURITY
25) FORMS
26) SALES
27) SPACE
28) NEEDS
29) PRIDE
30) CREDIT
31) INTEREST
32) DATES
33) AFFAIRS

Image by Jon Baturin
The Way It Really Is
By Jonathan Lowe

I'm supposed to tell you something about my book, and why I wrote it. Well, one morning I woke up sick of life. I'm thinking about sick here - moral fever, existentialist chest pains, the whole shebang. So the question was this - would I go to the office in such a condition and patiently prescribe for Mrs. Zabonzy and her ilk the proper medicines needed to drain their souses, or would I stoop to alleviate all my own peculiar distress by 'nipping it in the bud'?

Unfortunately, no sooner had this question come to mind when the symptoms of my condition (a blue mood) melted away, leaving nothing but the remains of the beautiful gray ocean of tenements. I immediately sneezed three times rapidly, like a snuff-box fireworks, and fell to the floor downstairs, up against a fire hydrant by a dynamite blond who emitted a rather unpleasant vulgarity. Since she appeared to be neither my apartment nor my clinically sketchy self-diagnosis, I soon discovered yet another symptom of this unique strain of Nouveau Lifesickness - the marvelous inability to keep from saying what one really thought. 'Hey - you're too beautiful.' I told her, (dissolving somewhat from the subject of skull fracturing), 'and furthermore, such a distinction should be illegal. They should cart you off for it.

Although I'll admit that the expression of this religiously-kept opinion of mine momentarily relieved my discomfort, I can't recall if the same enervating drop of wino did what I suggested, because by then I'd passed out. And since my ambulance driver favored the scenic route, I spent the better part of that first hour in a daze of sluggish semi-wakefulness, unable to consider my situation further. It was only after my hospital stretcher was straitened in my way by the driver's license and credit cards being analyzed in the lab that I began to clearly visualize my new career. Not much later, then, leaping up from my Deathbed (which caused a 50 extra a day anyway), I rejected the consultation of the priest, the rabbi, the Minkate, and the witch-doctor-visiting-Disney-world-from-the-New-Guinea-bush (all of whom the hospital kept on retainer), and despite their insistence that I'd be unemployed in the afterlife (there being no need for small-time quack doctors there), I stubbornly continued on that beautiful gray ocean of tenements, I immediately sneezed three times rapidly, like a snuff-box fireworks, and fell to the floor downstairs, up against a fire hydrant by a dynamite blond who emitted a rather unpleasant vulgarity. Since she appeared to be neither my apartment nor my clinically sketchy self-diagnosis, I soon discovered yet another symptom of this unique strain of Nouveau Lifesickness - the marvelous inability to keep from saying what one really thought. 'Hey - you're too beautiful.' I told her, (dissolving somewhat from the subject of skull fracturing), 'and furthermore, such a distinction should be illegal. They should cart you off for it.

Not only did the writing of my book, The Way It Really Is cure me of all my ills, but its radical know-it-all philosophy was rejected by 'those having the most to lose', and the original publisher, WhyNot Press - 'irreparable damage' in the form of a 1000 pound wrecking ball, black in color. Bogdredge, the literary critic, began writing 'burn-out' when the only copies of my book ran for 6000 each, having been hand-scribed by monks doing freelance career-work for the Fatso Vallencici family of Brooklyn. Soon only those with connections could get a copy. Celebrities. Sports Figures. Henry Kissinger. Anyone requiring classified information as to the state of humanity. Exceptions were made and books sold only to qualified applicants who could successfully describe in twenty-five words or less the 'intolerable cosmic banana peel upon which they had slipped.'

For instance; 'After I became a diabetic I lost an eye in an alley over a bit of mis­taken identity. Couldn't afford no fancy glass eye so I had this big white marble painted by a sailor who does tattoos real cheap and he plugged it in. Later I stole a telephone to put in my condemned flat, but the only calls I got were wrong numbers. Then the police found out and put me in jail with the guy who put out my eye. Now I'm missing three toes.'

Another flunkie of remedial math wrote;

_ Been sleeping on a torn couch spewing orange peel and want to know paints by a sailor who does tattoos real cheap and he plugged it in. Later on I _

Not since signatures counted too, neither of these gentlemen (?) received copies, although eventually one copy was granted to an applicant who wrote simply, 'Please.' Suffice it to say that six months later, having done the lecture circuit along with the required moronic spate of morning talk shows, I was forced to con­clude my business in the States and move to St. Tropez on the advice of a _

SC 29606 USA.

Now on the particular morning in question, as I stumbled down 7th Avenue (or was it 42nd St.?), this distress resulted in my being jack-knifed up and hurled against a fire hydrant by a dynamite blond who emitted a rather unpleasant vulgarity. Since she appeared to be neither my apartment nor my clinically sketchy self-diagnosis, I soon discovered yet another symptom of this unique strain of Nouveau Lifesickness - the marvelous inability to keep from saying what one really thought. 'Hey - you're too beautiful.' I told her, (dissolving somewhat from the subject of skull fracturing), 'and furthermore, such a distinction should be illegal. They should cart you off for it.

Life is baffling to most of the mass reading public, I'm sure. But to me it is crystal clear. This is why I have subsequently authorized (during autograph parties), many blank pages.

So, what is the synopsis of my book, or the summary of my prophetic vision which sweeps aside all the conflicting and conflicting missus touted by other book-selling philosophers and psychologists down through the ages? In a word, HONEY LAKE is in defining the parameters of existence I have not merely paid my rent and kept myself in BLACK RUSSIAN CAVIAR, I have pointed the way for that new generation of 'lifesick' people among us to be healed. Why this particular way? Well, the world's most 'civilized' trash has become TECHNICAL, so immersed in diet books and computer books and sex books and psychology books - isn't it obvi­ous that he has become the victim of his own blind complexity? If you think about it, before long, no one will be able to get a date because the only girl with the correct compatibility-quotient and DNA-readout will live in Bangor, Maine and have buck teeth. Or just watch with what abandon those Electrical Engineers or Computer Science teachers 'shake their booties' while drunk out of their gourds on -

The Annotated Kafka.

Insert Commercial Here
By Ron Mann

SCENE #1.

_Shot of a Stop sign. All sounds voiced over._

PROJECTIONIST: Focus.

ADVERTISING MAN: We want to convey life style.

CONSUMER: We can't afford it.

FILMMAKER: We want to convey dreams.

CRITIC: HorseShit has a new definition.

PROJECTIONIST: Silence.

ADVERTISING MAN: Will the consumer respond to such horseshit?

CONSUMER: Fifty percent of people buy on impulse.

FILMMAKER: Movie Houses are the new churches.

PROJECTIONIST: Lights.

CONDUCTOR: Harmony please –

ADVERTISING MAN: Our slogan will be 'Life with style'.

FILMMAKER: I won't take the job unless I can do it my way.

ADVERTISING MAN: You have no choice.

CONSUMER: We are bored. We need a new life style.

PROJECTIONIST: Hit the lights.

Fade to black.

SCENE #2.

ADVERTISING MAN: We'll try a test market.

PROJECTIONIST: Silence.

POLITICIAN: We need co-operation.

ADVERTISING MAN: We need hard sell.

POLITICIAN: A good idea doesn't need hard sell.

ADVERTISING MAN: We created you, we can destroy you.

CONSUMER: I saw it advertised on t.v.

FILMMAKER: Insert commercial here.

CRITIC: I've seen better commercials.
By Karen MacCormack

(A). i. A man moves on the diagonal across a courtyard. A bird, any bird larger than a pigeon, flies concentrically above the man’s head as he advances to the opposite side. A wind blows in a direction which cuts across the path of the man at right angles. When the man is at the halfway point rain begins to fall. The bird takes cover. The man slips a piece of paper which he has been holding in his left hand, into his jacket pocket, and runs to a man retrieve a memoir from his jacket pocket. This code reads as if he had written a love letter. In fact, it is intended for the Minister of the Interior. It is a memo which she thinks may contain information for her lover, the Minister of the Interior. It accidentally falls to the ground when the man kisses his wife and children. A minute later the woman leads her family away. In her purse is a memo which she thinks may contain information for her lover, the Minister of the Interior. ii. Leaving a plane which has travelled many thousands of miles, a man retrieves a memoir from his jacket pocket. He has, during the flight, rearranged its contents into a code. This code reads as if he had written a love letter. In fact, it is intended for the Minister of the Interior. The doorway is not filled by the door. The key cannot be removed from the lock. The cork swells above the neck of a half-empty bottle. The ice was still cold but the arena was warm and the players didn’t really get cold like I did at 7 o’clock in the morning with magazines for shin guards under my frozen corduroys caked with ice shit and hopeless protection against crazily struck frozen, black pucks that shattered my kneecap into real pain – let me tell you, boy! The ice was cool against my cheek and seemed a safer thing to concentrate on rather than the burning kneecap squirming into the ice – which is an adequate analysis of winter’s paradox – winter always leads to an analysis of extremes – like licking the fencepost on a dare to see how stupid you could be and the first frozen shock of awareness that stupidity can transcend your own expectations and someone running for a kettle of hot water and your frozen tongue saying over and over, ‘Now, everyone will think I’m an idiot.’

By Ward Maxwell

Winter on T.V.

I guess the thing I remember most about winter is hockey on t.v. Looking at the ice on the t.v., the red and blue stripes, the white boards, the t.v. screen a boundary between me and the ice – there it was – the ice on t.v. and I wasn’t cold – it seemed a great thing – t.v. that is – that was when I realized what a great thing t.v. was.

I knew the ice was still cold but the arena was warm and the players didn’t really get cold like I did at 7 o’clock in the morning with magazines for shin guards under my frozen corduroys caked with ice shit and hopeless protection against crazily struck frozen, black pucks that shattered my kneecap into real pain – let me tell you, boy! The ice was cool against my cheek and seemed a safer thing to concentrate on rather than the burning kneecap squirming into the ice – which is an adequate analysis of winter’s paradox – winter always leads to an analysis of extremes – like licking the fencepost on a dare to see how stupid you could be and the first frozen shock of awareness that stupidity can transcend your own expectations and someone running for a kettle of hot water and your frozen tongue saying over and over, ‘Now, everyone will think I’m an idiot.’

Hockey was like that too. I could never see the puck on t.v. – I had a good idea where it was unless all the players were milling around and then I couldn’t tell where the puck was – cause I always watched which way the players were facing and then I figured – there goes the puck! – it was how I figured it out – I mean for all I knew there wasn’t even a puck – it could have been a act of faith and I WOULD NOT HAVE KNOWN! Even now.

I don’t care – I mean I didn’t even like hockey on t.v. – cause I didn’t understand it and I liked it even less in real life ‘cause it was cold and it hurt – that’s when I realized what a great invention t.v. was – ‘cause everyone knew what was going on because the announcer TOLD you what was going on, so I didn’t have to admit, ‘hey, I can’t figure out what is going on’. If you locked the screen your tongue didn’t stick to the screen even if there was snow on the t.v. – all they did was flash a sign that read ‘Sorry, We Are Experiencing Technical Difficulties’. T.v. was a big pill we swallowed for safety; it was too bad the t.v. didn’t swallow us ‘cause then we’d be safe and if it was winter somewhere then we’d just go to another channel. T.V. could have been the perfect snow suit – if it would have had us.

You could never imagine a civil defense test in the middle of a hockey game. The Maple Leafs, after all, were too important, then, to be interrupted by a thermonuclear device. And besides, it was only a test – the long, painful hump a symbol of our safety – we knew the t.v. would continue – this is a test, this is only a test’. But hockey really pulled it all together – the print-out of the score superimposed on the action long before anyone thought of special effects and the computer was just science fiction and the idea of coaches watching the game on t.v. way up in the stands rather than being down by the ice would have been like ripping up free reds tickets ‘cause you didn’t want to miss your favourite t.v. show – hockey was both modern and timeless and it wasn’t AFFECTED by the t.v. – it’s like hockey just happened as if the cameras weren’t there. Hockey was a natural. Even if you didn’t like hockey you had to like it.

And you always rushed through dinner on Saturday so you could be watching when ‘Hockey Night In Canada’ came on and usually on t.v. there’s always lots of pictures of eating - mouths opening and closing with obvious satisfaction and hands shove, shoving it in – zoom close-ups of soggy muck going down the ol’ hatch – but it was as if all that racing through dinner emptied the t.v. of all that food imagery and all that was left was a sleek tiger and an idea of power that might t.v. was - ‘cause everyone knew what was going on because the announcer TOLD you what was going on, so I didn’t have to admit, ‘hey, I can’t figure out what is going on’. If you locked the screen your tongue didn’t stick to the screen even if there was snow on the t.v. – all they did was flash a sign that read ‘Sorry, We Are Experiencing Technical Difficulties’. T.v. was a big pill we swallowed for safety; it was too bad the t.v. didn’t swallow us ‘cause then we’d be safe and if it was winter somewhere then we’d just go to another channel. T.V. could have been the perfect snow suit – if it would have had us.

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Hockey on t.v. really made sense.
Seven Part Theory
for Michael Palmer

By Steve McCaffrey

We say a character is drawn when a character is written in 1. the action of instituting or establishing setting on foot or in operation foundation ordainment the fact of written characters. Being instituted anything thus isolated is meaningful at its optimal level of insufficiency and so the word arrives (with us) at 2. the giving of form or order or a narrational base or thing in an orderly arrangement regulation. We can even now in a speech we are writing speak of into the fictive base of a plot cutting into the characters that then cut out into b) the established order by which anything is regulated by a system or a constitution of their own topographies. The pascal realization in all of this is how it goes or how it appears. Even now a character is written when a character is described by means of 3. establishment in a charge or position. Syntax. Written characters. That is what it means by fiction. 4. training instruction education teaching. That is what the story formulates. The key factor in semantics is the transformation of word into world through institutional. The definition is an embed. There is elsewhere the action of a space between theme monotony and incident. There is something else as well. 5. usually pluralized. Then it disappears.

We say a character has insight when a) elements of instruction equal first principles of a science or art. The reader sees his plans by a technique of transformation that involves b) a book of first principles an elementary treatise or the optical replacement of what that story was. It is enough to say this is the study of a twofold movement. Points arise as reveries to form 6) an established law custom usage practice organization or other element in the political or social life of a character from a rational node of control tensions a regulative principle or convention subservient to a twist in a charge or position. That is what it means by fiction. 4. training instruction education teaching. That is what the story formulates. The key factor in semantics is the transformation of word into world through institutional. The definition is an embed. There is elsewhere the action of a space between theme monotony and incident. There is something else as well. 5. usually pluralized. Then it disappears.

The Apartment Building
By Thomas McNeely

i am getting too fat from eating all these bananas
my yellow budgie bird used to like them and i would stock up
and buy in bulk

it got out of its cage once when i was cleaning the newspapers
it flew out the window of my apartment and landed in the neighbour's yard and bopped around
the neighbour's persian cat captured it before i could rescue it
i captured the persian cat and cut off it's head with my WW1 antique bayonet
the neighbours freaked out and called the cops
the cops pulled up to the curb in front of my apartment building
in their yellow car
they got out and went into the lobby
two punky guys who live on the seventh floor came walking along
and i watched them get in and steal the cop car
i laughed and went to answer my door
i opened it and said to the two moustaches 'someone just stole your car'
one cop was walking back down the stairs
the other one looked me up and down 'what are you looking at?' i asked him
you look like a cat-killer' he answered
'here - have a banana' i replied

when i got out of the 52 division headquarters later
i was taken to the humane society building
and they also took mug shots
i was put on the humane society's 'WANTED FOR CRUELTY' list
i made the top ten on my first offence
people began to recognize me from my mug shots
a woman smashed her shopping cart into mine while i was in the
loblaws bulk terminal buying yellow no-name stuff
a man started to hiss and scratch at me on the street
i started to get crank calls at night, the voices of meowing and purring
i was invited to appear on the 'Wide World of Cats' television
show to explain my position and give my version of the story
' i don't hate cats, just the one persian that ate my budgie,' i pleaded
someone broke into my apartment and spray painted 'CATS ROOL' on the ceiling of the kitchen
they used yellow paint so i think i'll leave it

i got a new budgie but he turned different colours and then died
i tried to cook him, but i couldn't pull his legs off, so i threw
him off the balcony in frustration
one of the punky guys on the seventh floor uses him now

By Michael Palmer
Asylum Kinetic

Andy McCutcheon

'Stochastic: (Greek, stochazein, to shoot with a bow at a target; that is, to scatter events in a partially random manner, some of which achieve a preferred outcome.) If a sequence of events combines a random component with a selective process so that only certain outcomes of the random are allowed to endure, that sequence is said to be stochastic.'

Gregory Bateson
Mind and Nature

'Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia, e' l duol che trova in sugli occhi rintoppo, si volge in entro a far crescere l'ambascia.'

Dante
Inferno, XXXIII, 94-96.

I.
all
my
predictions
have
stopped
coming
true
here's how
they
shot
my
one good eye
out
now it's
ants
feet in
the
crawl
spaces
violin
music
pum
ped
up
the key hole

II.
i'd go
after
them
but i
keep
getting stuck
in
the rain
standing in
doors
ways
listen
ing to the drops
hit

Jane Eyre

By Sparling Mills

Plain Jane
had
2 men
begging for her: St. John, the Christian, and Rochester the rake.
One was blond & beautiful;
the other dark & desperate.

'Marry me.' St. John would say, 'Well got to Calcutta & die martyrs. What fun we'll have, claiming our Reward.'

Rochester, on the other hand, had bought engagement pearls. Next day they would wed – but for Bertha, his wife, showing up.

Dilemma: sizzle in India or become a mistress.
Jane did neither.
She waited.

Finally
St. John is dying happily
Rochester is blind & crippled, and Jane is able to laugh out loud whenever she wants to. There's nothing so cramping as stifling a giggle.
A, B, C.

By Gil McElroy

A. Narrative is everywhere an apparent. A remorseless chain of commands. A shrieking cascade in terms of certain friction. Decay.

Go to the threshold and listen there. The low murmur you hear is a fabled resonance. The ghostly plot of a particular strangeness.

It has a story to tell.

Consider the Beast cold-blooded Viscously specific. Osmotic, it Seams

Hell is a point somewhere sudden.

A(2)

The graze Of systems is Prized as Toes, clotted Unto gesture.

Context is an acquired skill.

A(3)

Delivered unto Metaphor, fossils Articulate functional Errors in the binding Ageat.

Their sentiment is limitless.

B.

Surface is everywhere a medium of exchange. It is names we give. Pious areas of things. Small jokes.

The negative-energy sea has a deceptively calm meniscus. Exercise extreme caution. There are regions rude with double negatives. Empty promises. Hungry hollows.

There are things there that go bump in the night.

B(2).

I am as clever As bark, as Cunning as Wheat. I have an Acute sense of Nostalgia, a factor Of hands; once Opposable, twice Immaculate.

Behold their small mercies.

B(3).

What is tactile Is the cruel charm Of periphery. The Bottom line is a Gravity well. a Beauty

Just skin deep.

C.

Horizon is everywhere a containing. The registered is an isolate system. The metabolism tends toward maximum entropy. c

Heat death.

To a traveller, an oasis may be a fabulous truth. Humour him. Derive a Newtonian thirst. It is the source of this polarity, and it demands symmetry. Parity.

Salt spray.

To a traveller, an oasis may be a terrible romance.

C(3)

In a sub-system Of apples there are No guarantees. Only The common ground Of acquittal, a creature Comfort so inevitable It cheats you.

From dense foliage You are quick and Mandane.

Given the vanity Of acceleration, frail Talents emerge; naked Singularities,

All in a row.
I was sitting on a park bench thinking about psychokinesis and decided it would be interesting to search for someone who could give a convincing demonstration. The search would be interesting any- way. There was the, late afternoon traffic along St. Clair Avenue West, red and yellow streetcars moving peacefully along, hordes of nervous cars frantically jockeying for position, trying to get ahead of everyone else.

The CN Tower and the turrets and spires of Casa Loma rose above the trees behind the tennis courts and reservoir. There was a softball game in progress. The park custodian, a mean-looking dude, was sitting on a bench next to the entrance to the washrooms. I thought he was going to tell me I couldn’t go in. He had a big paunch, a cigar, a cowboy hat, and, attached to his belt loop, a chain loaded with keys.

He didn’t say anything. There seemed to be a lot of silence in the air. The softball game was being played in silence, the traffic was going by in silence, no sounds from the tennis court, silence, other-worldliness, stepping out of normal life.

And there was a playground right in front of the washrooms, with dozens of kids playing on a set of sculpted white and yellow plastic slides and monkey bars and swings, with their parents standing around chatting and puffing on cigarettes. But silently. A strange pink light was everywhere, and no sound.

When I came out of the john the custodian was talking to a woman in tennis whites, pushing forty with a sexy little skirt showing a hint of underlace. ‘Well, golly gee,’ said the meanie, taking his cigar from his mouth. ‘Every time I see you you look younger and younger.’ He was standing next to her, looking down at her, his keys bulging out. She was blushing.

‘Are you always like this?’ she said.

‘Almost always.’

I sat down at a nearby bench and watched the kids in the play area. ‘Even when you’re at home with your wife?’

‘Yes, I’d say so.’

Two kids went by on one bicycle. The one pedalling was black, with close-cut kinky hair and a grey Michigan State University sweatshirt. The one sitting on the white plastic banana seat was white, with a Montreal Canadiens sweater.

The custodian began talking about an accident he’d had ten years ago. He’d cracked his spine in the neck area. He was driving along the Queen Elizabeth Way at seventy miles an hour with no traffic ahead or behind. Then all of a sudden, clunk. At first he thought something had gone wrong with his motor. Then he noticed a car had hit him in the rear. He swerved all over the road and when his car came to a rest finally, upright, he jumped out and saw that the other car had rolled over several times and was a total wreck. He helped them. The fingers are okay, it’s in my spine.

The woman was touching his two fingers. ‘I still can’t move them,’ he said. ‘And they feel cold all the time, you know?’

‘Isn’t there anything the doctors can do for you?’

‘I don’t know,’ he said, his voice becoming softer, ‘but I know this when I say that you’re really a beautiful woman, and I don’t just mean your personality either.’

‘Why thank you.’

The kids kept playing. I got up and walked around the tennis courts to the pumphouses, two interesting little buildings in the civic architectural style of the twenties, with identical green tin roofs, marble and limestone columns and pale yellow bricks. One of the buildings was at the top of the ravine and the other was about thirty feet lower. There was a wide set of stone steps leading steeply down from one to the other, and the set split in two and went around each side of the larger building. Toronto Water Works, 1930.

A young woman was performing religious prostrations on a blue blanket in between two young maple trees further down the ravine. She had red curly hair and a green sweater with beige cords and bare feet. I sat on the crest of the ravine and watched, trying to figure out the pattern in her combinations and prostrations, kneelings, stretchings, up and down, in and out. She took off her sweater and was wearing nothing underneath. A pair of small, and very pretty breasts. She occasionally looked over her right shoulder to see if anyone was watching. If she’d looked over her left she’d have seen me watching but she didn’t. She relaxed on her back with her knees up, her bare feet on the grass, and an arm shielding her eyes from the sun.

It was like being on the shore of an ancient beach. On the St. Clair ravine you’re several miles from the shore of Lake Ontario, but the modern dance school can see with its modern prehistoric eyes the crumbling sea cliffs overhanging the foot of the ravine on the south side of St. Clair, and the stately homes and doctors’ offices on the north side begin to resem­ble prehistoric lakeside chalets.

You sometimes enjoy trying to produce images by concentrating on the ancient idea that everything is composed of atoms and that at a subatomic level the entire universe is empty of substance. Sanatrus. You get the impression of nothingness existing in the same space as ours but of a different atomic composition; the various planes partake of the same atoms but in different combinations, as if form can have different layers of meaning.

St. Clair Avenue is a good area for such a practice: you often see a beautiful beach teeming with prehistoric life, pterodactyls flapping overhead, the sun shining over the world and longing for the tranquility of a Jamaican bar in a quiet Italian / Greek neighborhood. Once you saw a serpent, ten feet in diameter and possibly two hundred feet long, curled up in hibernation like a subway train composed of slowly breathing flesh, at the bottom of the St. Clair West subway station. The serpent hovered between visibility and invisibility: it was transparent and its beating heart was visible, solid, but it wasn’t a real heart: it was a crescent moon, brilliant.

A jogger went by, jogging along the crest of the ravine, making a lit­tle detour to avoid me. In the mail from Hiroko that day had come a beautiful clothbound copy of Velikovsky’s Oedipus and Akhnaton, which she’d been telling me about enthusiastically, the book where Velikovsky makes his case for Oedipus and Akhnaton being one and the same.

I was reading the Velikovsky book as I sat on the bench; it was con­juring up images for me as they were conjured up by the meanie King Oedipus / Akhnaton. I left the park and walked west on the south side of St. Clair, past the subway station, past Vaughan Road, and into a variety store to pick up a paper. Standing there was a tall thin fellow in his late teens wearing a T-shirt with red VELIKOVSKY IS RIGHT.

He was an unusual looking fellow, with a long, thin face, large eyes, a long nose, and lips that were full and beautifully shaped. From the waist up he was thin but below the waist he was heavy. His thighs seemed grotesquely swollen and out of proportion with the rest of his body. I flashed the book at him and said I agreed with his T-shirt. He didn’t seem to be much of a coincidence freak. ‘Are you an admirer of Velikovsky?’ I said. He looked at me with a trace of regal amuse­ment in his eye.

‘No, not really,’ he said, ‘My mother gave me the shirt.’

‘Your mother? Is she a Velikovsky fan?’

‘I wouldn’t exactly call her a fan. She’s been a serious student of Velikovsky for years. In fact she’s an archaeologist and is working on a research project in Greece at the moment. She’s deeply into Velikovsky’s work.’

‘You’re lucky to have such a mother,’ I said, ‘She sounds like a remarkable woman.’

‘I know,’ he said. ‘She’s really beautiful. I’m going to be spending the winter with her – in Greece.’

I went into a Jamaican bar to drink a beer, read my paper and think about psychokinesis. Service was slow. Self-contained, calm black reggae on the juke box, smiling into space, walking quietly in and out. The kid on the floor seemed grotesquely swelled and out of proportion with the rest of his body, I flashed the book at him and said I agreed with his T-shirt. Everyone seemed half asleep. I flipped to the TV listings to see if there were any good late movies coming up. The synopsis of one went like this: ‘The tranquillity of a quiet suburban neighbourhood is shattered when a black family moves in.’

SMASH THE KLAN was the only thing written on the walls of the bar, and it was written tentatively in a spidery ballpoint. I took a quick look in the women’s washroom even though and maybe because the sign on the door said WOMEN ONLY, with ONLY underlined twice, and there was nothing at all on the wall except a mirror. Upstairs I ordered another beer and a plate of curried goat. I was in the bar about an hour and the only interesting thing that hap­pened was a white guy in a jogging outfit jogged in with a liberal look on his face and went up to the bar to order a beer, went to sit on the bar stool, slipped, the stool fell over and hit the floor and he turned red with embarrassment. Imagine a movie with this synopsis: the tranquility of a Jamaican bar in a quiet Italian / Greek / Hungarian section of Toronto is shattered when a jogger from Forest Hill comes in for a beer.

Delicious traces of conversation trickled from the table behind me. A woman and a man were quietly speaking about some romantic spot,
possessed of some strange attraction, a place where 'astral bodies could meet and make love for all eternity.' I looked out at the street to see if it were raining and still saw some of them in the mid-thirties, black well dressed, beautiful and quiet looking.

'In heaven,' the man was saying, 'in heaven I've often imagined that I could meet and make love for all eternity.' I looked out at the street and saw a woman saying something about the astral body being the vehicle of the mind and just as she said that there was a two-vehicle accident in front of the restaurant. I paid my bill and left. An old wreck full of kids had ploughed into the back of a beautiful new Cadillac being driven by an elderly Japanese couple. The woman was holding her new baby. She was standing in front of a fortune teller's storefront, with crude drawings of Tarot figures in the window. I wanted to say what's that in your mouth, lady? I was startled when she pulled the stick out and painted it at me. It was a yellow sucker. She must have been reading my mind.

A lot of restaurants in that area have signs in the window advertising psychic readers. I decided to try one, because I had a lot of time on my hands and maybe I could find something about psychokinesis. I tried Professor Barrie, in the Citadel Restaurant. I ordered a cup of tea. There was a well-dressed man with a briefcase sitting at the counter and eating a strawberry sundae. There was a severely deformed man with no chin sitting at a table and sipping a tomato juice through a straw. It was probably the only way he could drink. I shuddered. He looked like a giant mosquito. I had a feeling he was Professor Barrie but he refused to acknowledge the thought. The waitress said that the professor had taken a few days off but if I really wanted to see him I could knock on the door of his apartment which was directly above the restaurant.

He was a sweet old guy, with white hair and a merry look in his eye. He looked a little too happy, as if he refused to acknowledge the suffering and tragedy of life. He told me he'd just returned from a trip to Dublin, his home town. 'Ah, the girls over there are wonderful,' he said, winking. 'They have fifty years off your life. They told me they felt better after seeing me again after all these years. I'm eighty-two, you know.'

He invited me to sit at the kitchen table, then sat across from me. He told me he didn't have to read my cards because he could see vivid pictures all around my head. 'You just won't believe the things I can see,' he said, sighting, dreamy eyed, looking intently at a piece of space above my head and on either side. I looked above his head: there was a framed picture of a dog on the wall. Under the dog were the words: Thinking of you on Father's Day. World's Greatest Grandfather.'

'What can you see, in particular?'

Pause. 'I believe,' he said finally, 'that you are going to spend your retirement years down in the tropics somewhere, in a tropical island in the Caribbean or the South Seas.'

I didn't want to tell him I'd just come from a Jamaican bar. 'Why do you say that, exactly?'

'Because I can just feel it in my bones. And the pictures I see all around your head. I see bright sunshine, sparkling waves, palm trees, and happy black people smiling and dancing. Oh, you're going to be happy in your old age.'

With the professor's permission I looked around the apartment a bit. It was interesting. There was a glass china cabinet full of cups and saucers from all around the world, souvenirs, the professor said, of his days in the merchant marine. His pipes and cigarettes were neatly arranged on top of the cabinet. There was an old brass horse-and-coach clock, with a driver holding a whip. As the clock ticked the whip came down over the horse's flanks over and over again. But the horse never moved. I stood there under the lampost. There was a cuckoo clock on the wall with carved wooden mice on the sides. I told the professor a story from my childhood. My parents had taken me to Storybook Gardens in London and in the Hickory Dickory Dock display the mother mouse was eating her baby: 'Come quick, mother,' I said. 'The big mouse is eating the baby mice.'

The professor looked stricken. 'That's just terrible,' he said. I began laughing and dropped my cigarette. Amazingly it landed upright on the floor.

'Well, I'll be,' said the professor. 'I'm eighty-two years old and I never see a cigarette land like that in my whole life.' I guess we were making too much noise for his wife called him into the bedroom. I had the feeling she had gone in there when I arrived and that my laughter was bothering her.

When he came back out he looked a little subdued. 'My wife isn't feeling very well,' he said. 'She's got cancer of the spleen.'
I decided I had to get out of there. I’d totally lost control of the inter­
vention and was developing a headache. In truth, Mrs. Nixon kept
wheeling off on impossible-to-follow tangents but when she sensed I
was about to leave she began feeding me tidbits quickly and more
irra­
tionally, giving me no pause for a graceful exit.

‘And then Phyllis, you see, crawled down in the dark out of the room
where the casket was. She began crawling down the stairs in the
dark. I tried to visualize Phyllis on her hands and knees looking for
the plug for the lights that had gone out in darkness. And then she
just shot up like a balloon. She was just halfway down the stairs and
then she just shot up like a balloon. And just as Dorothy got back up

‘Excuse me, but who was Dorothy again?’

‘Tsk.’ She was beginning to lose patience with me. ‘Dorothy was
Phyllis’ sister. She’s dead now too.’

‘Both sisters are now dead?’

‘Yes.’

‘I’m sorry for the interruption. Please go on.’

‘Well now, just as Dorothy got back up, the undertaker sent a man
down to find the switch. He said everything was okay. So the under­
taker says that’s the funniest thing he ever saw. He was trembling and
witahe as a ghost.’

The man the undertaker sent down said everything was okay but the
undertaker himself was trembling and white as a ghost.

‘Yes, he said he’d never seen anything like this in all his experience.’

‘You mean the lights going out?’

‘Yes.’ She sighed. She was anxious to get on with the story. It was
going to get a lot better, the look in her eyes was trying to tell me,
and I was sure it was, but I was also sure it was going to get less and
coherent, and I wasn’t going to be able to keep up with people’s minds so
confused I can’t read them. I tell them to come back next week.’

‘When their minds aren’t so confused?’

‘Yes.’

I said I’d better be going but before I went I asked him if he’d ever
seen a demonstration of psychokinesis, or if he knew anyone who
practiced it. Sometimes people talk more when they know I’m about to
see a convincing demonstration. He said he’d visited a medium in Lisbon
in 1927. He must have caught a look of doubt in my eye. ‘I’ve got a
good memory for dates,’ he said. ‘She made a pen move across the
bible and was giving me a suspicious look. He kept staring and
screaming at me. He was carrying a telephone pole so hard his
glasses fell to the sidewalk and he stepped on them. I ran down from the
verandah and offered to help. The man stared sadly at his glasses, all
smashed, and he put them in his pocket.

‘I don’t know what I’m going to do now,’ he said. ‘I can’t see
without them, you know.’

‘Are you on your way home?’

‘No, I was going to church. It’s our Bible study night.’

‘Where is the church? Is it far?’

‘It’s only half a block away.’

So I walked with him, just to be on the safe side. If he could smash
into a telephone pole with his glasses on it, I could happen to him
blind.

It turned out he was going to the Spiritualist church on St. Clair. He
was quite a gentle old fellow. He reminded me of my father. ‘Were you
going to call on Mrs. Nixon?’ he asked.

I explained that I’d been visiting her and had just left. And that she
was a little annoyed with me.

‘Oh, she’s annoyed with everyone, that woman,’ he said. ‘It’s a
funny thing about her leg. The leg’s a little twisted. Did you notice?’

‘Yes, as a matter of fact I did. It was peculiar.’

‘Well, it was just as normal as yours or mine this time last year. But it
just started gradually twisting until now it looks like a pretzel. She’s
a weird one all right.’

‘Why do you think it happened?’

‘I really don’t know for sure.’

We walked in silence.

‘Are you a spiritualist?’

‘No.’

‘About her leg?’

‘I don’t think so.’

Well, she dabbles a lot in the occult, you know.

‘Could that make a person’s leg twist up like a pretzel?’

‘Oh, I wouldn’t say that for sure. But maybe.’
Aligning Forefingers
By Shifting Planes

By Robert Morgan

A Window Piece Proposed for Printed Matter, Inc., N.Y.

An image / text lay-out appeared in Newsweek (August 8, 1983) in which two color press photos received on two separate occasions, depict Fidel Castro and Ronald Reagan with their respective forefingers extended towards one another. Castro was supposedly giving an anniversary speech in celebration of his Cuban regime. Reagan was supposedly giving a press conference in which he defended his 'gunboat diplomacy' off the Honduran shoreline.

The problem with the original photo manipulation was in the alignment of the two forefingers: Castro's was down, Reagan's was up. In this corrected photo-manipulation, I have attempted to solve the problem by shifting the placement of the two photographs (details of the forefingers) so that both men's extensions are properly aligned; thus, neutralizing the obvious aggression implied in the Newsweek manipulation into a force resembling that of Michelangelo's 'Creation'.
Talking with Norval Morrisseau
At J. Richards’ Open Studio: Toronto ’84.

Norval Morrisseau is a visionary with a unique sense of the world. In some ways his perspectives echo neo­Platonic concepts prevalent during the Renaissance, but he transcends any conventional academic view. In this talk he discusses his perceptions of the physical and spiritual planes explaining that, all of our designs, inventions, and institutions have always existed in the astral world. To see what was, is, and will be, we need only travel there and look for ourselves.

In a dream I can go anywhere, whereas my body is limited as to where it can go. Like many times I’m sittin’ here and there’s this guy talking to me, all this mental garbage...that’s his dream. But I’m sittin’ there sketching, and I can see myself in a dream from the night before on top of a huge huge bird, I’m sitting right on its neck, my legs straddling it’s neck, and the bird is flying through this beautiful beautiful valley on the astral world. And behind me the other guy is sitting with me, my other self, and I’m saying ok now, give me the horn I’ll blow it...ooowwwwwoooooommm, and it echoes and echoes, it’s like a bull horn or a buffalo horn, and it’s just like Indian summer when all the haze is out, beautiful, and there’s many others out there, all on birds, that’s their transportation too.

The higher you get in the astral world, even in the mental world, things get brighter and brighter. But the places you go to there! It seems more real there than here. Lots of things happen, you see square shaped flying objects, flying saucers going by. The body leaves when you sleep, the soul leaves, the soul body. The flying saucers are a real thing in a sense. Lake Nippigon, you take Lake Nippigon, spring water comes into it from one hundred miles, two hundred miles, maybe three hundred miles, so now the flying saucer comes down, he can go through ice, he can go through water, and that’s what he does, zip he goes down, and that’s the end of it, you don’t see him anymore, because then he can go as far as he wants to go. Now, Lake Superior here, and Lake Nippigon here, James Bay here...it just depends now, if he goes a hundred miles out there, through the underwater system, then he could come out at Lake Superior, Lake Ontario, all these different lakes. He just follows the underwater system. As well, there’s many cities, many cities, can you imagine the world being round like this and all this space in the central core? All this space, it could be ten thousand miles long...maybe so much height. There’s lots of space. I understand that they’re more concerned with what we do up here than with what they do down there. And if they have to, then one day they may come up here and tell us, ‘look, do it this way,’ they may have to ‘cause its survival for them as well. – What I just said is what I heard, but what I know is that they come from the astral plane. What’s up above there is down below here, this table is already up there, ‘cause its where inventions come from, the ark is up there, the house designs are up there, everything is up there, so they all come down, just like a mirror, except its dimmer down here, comparing to what’s over there, so this is just a mirror reflection. In that world we even have astral police. Our police pretty well follow the same things they follow. Only they have much better things to find out what’s going on. Like they would look through a scan maybe like a computer-like thing, and its the astral fibres that make that work, so they don’t have to have the police force checking all over. They just look through there and then they know. So they have the astral police, and they have pranksters just as much as we have down here. So the prankster out in the astral world, he’s throwing these images. Certain people, not all of us can see flying saucers but certain people can see them, because they are very in tune with it. So, these pranksters throw false images around for a certain period of time and just like any of us, they go home and laugh about it, if we don’t want to do it we have to. What I did downtown here, so its the same thing with them, among their friends, they would laugh, but eventually they get caught, the astral police have to round them up, its public mischief, and they have to throw them into some zone somewhere.

But the machinery they have up there! We haven’t reached that stage of development, eventually all of that will come down, all of our people will use these things as modern inventions. Our children will bring them out.

You can’t blame anyone for the way they treat you because we’re all throwing off these vibes. If I see the dog barking at me then I say to myself, ‘I better watch it,’ ‘cause he’s the first one to feel these things.

Sometimes, I feel like a gypsy, I’ve counselled so many people with, what do you call it...compassion.
You don't have to worry about the astral plane, just go there and see for yourself, that's the whole process. Prove it to yourself. That's what I like about it. People might say I'm a little bit crazy if I say I've been to see my mother, but I saw her. I feel fine nowadays, because I'm happy, I've got nothing to worry about. I know I already have a home. Its in the inner plane. I think I did a pretty good job these past twenty, twenty-five years, my house is really bright. Its a freedom, total freedom. Mind you, a lot of your knowledge sometimes seems to go away. The knowledge that you have known before doesn’t seem to be anything anymore. All the knowledge I have known! Now I don’t know nothing. And from that viewpoint, that's where I start from. Now, you take some guys who have all this very-well educated knowledge, then you take a shaman, what is a shaman? A shaman never needs to go to any of these schools of knowledge that these guys have gone to. He doesn’t need to have any knowledge of theology, or what the theologian is saying. Nothing. The less that he knows, the better so long as he is able to communicate with the times of his people, because he’s not using voice, he's using the vibes. OK, so I say to one of these guys you're educated, I'm a shaman, to your eyes I don't know nothing, I'm just a piece of garbage. But let me tell you something, there's the Master's door, (we call it Master’s, but you can call it Mohammed’s, Jesus’, whatever), the door I said is partly closed, just a little bit open; and you're just like a little wee cat, barely scratching the surface of the door for someone to open the door for you, for the master to open the door for you and say 'come in'. Why? I say, because you're deaf to any vibes. You know the Alexandrian library? It was burned down a long time ago, well, in that time, the scholars and the philosophers, all those people that studied the history that goes way back into the antideluvian times, it tells about a lot of things that we do not know today, it explains about Atlantis, what it was, MU, Lamorra, and way back, you know it would frighten us; to see how many beautiful cities did exist before this one, and we're always thinking this is the one. Now, the library gets burnt down, but these guys will never know what was there 'cause it got burnt down. But a shaman goes there, turns the pages, and says, ok, how did we Indians cross the Bering Strait, or did Alexander really find time to find the drink of eternal youth when he was running through the Himalayas or whatever. Things like that, information.

In a dream I can go anywhere.
HALF OF HIS ground floor was taken up by televisions. Sometimes
he turned them on: two, three, or twenty of a hundred, until the
room was lit blue as an aquarium. He moved slowly, smoking,
repeating again and again his circuitous route through the stands
of radiant, charming screens. They were like trees to him then;
simmering poplar, incandescent birch. Untouched by all the life
of life, they were, to him, possessed of more. They became imbued
with all the quietly hurrying from one place to another of capillaries, the clever hurtling of electric messages from brain
to hand.

He was a fish, haunting the transparent sides of its tank, believing, as fish believe, that one day they would open out,
would bloom like a blue flower, allowing him to pass into the oceans of the world.

Once he saw Melanie. She was hurrying across a busy city street
he didn’t recognize, carrying a parcel tied in string. He called
her name until he remembered that the people in the television
never could see him, they just told him news of the war. There
was always someone new telling him about the war, although there
was nothing new about the war itself. Like the televisions, they
just went on.

He sleeps in a cot in the hallway, dreaming that the war is between human beings and dogs, and he is a dog. As a prisoner of war he is kept in a large cage and threatened with torture if he doesn’t talk, which is difficult to do, being a dog. On the first Wednesday of every month Melanie comes to see him, if she can get through the border patrols. He looks forward to her visits, and grovels doggily when she arrives. She almost always brings him something nice to eat.

The rusty chains rasp at his neck. The white robed doctors with their click-click heels and their cool sullen blondness poke things into his ribs; long sharp needles sink into the tender flesh of his inner thigh. He doesn’t even growl. He looks steadily into their pale eyes, masking his dog cleverness and cunning behind a beaten, docile, tame dog face. With his left hind foot he hides her gift, a little something to gnaw upon, a piece of flesh she has cut from herself, with little bits of her blood still on it.

Once she couldn’t get through for three months, but when she did she was all breathless and frayed, wild and tired looking, the way he loved her best. She brought him a picture of the moon.

‘What is it?’ he snarls. ‘I can’t eat it.’

‘It’s the moon. You remember the moon.’

‘Yes.’ And he remembers how to howl.

When she is gone he looks at the moon, and dreams of changing his form. He dreams of the breathing of oceans, of the breath of the moon on an empty shoreline, empty a long time now, but for the sticks and stones and televisions the storm left there. The televisions are all imploded, like skulls caved in on themselves.

He dreams that he is a man, wearing a dog mask, and that when Melanie comes he shows himself to her proudly.

‘I am a man.’

‘You poor old mutt, you,’ she says, reaching between the bars to scratch his ears, and he bites her, because she is right.

Why was she afraid of the dog? Melanie broke open her last pack of cigarettes and switched the channel back to the horror movie.

Where did she know the dog from? He scared her, but she still liked him more than the humans he slaughtered, weak and ineffective. She tried to laugh, but the dog pulled her to another place, beyond laughter, where she knew his story was her own. He tugged at her memory as though it were a toy duck on a string, leading her down long twisted hallways to the bathtub of remembering.

She had dreamed the dog. The nightmare had wakened her. A man in a dog mask had stood at her door, his wooden teeth dripping blood and saliva.

‘What are you doing here?’ she had demanded.

‘Get your mask. You’ll need it to rip through.’

She watched the continuation of her dream, cigarette hanging from a curled lip. Her lip curled further, she snarled in empathy for him. When she thought she felt fur on her hands she understood; we are the people inside the television, trying to blast our way out.
By Paul Rutkowsky

Six captivated characters entertain visitors to a section of Florida parkland by discussing their perspectives on daily life via TV monitors mounted high atop metal poles.

Ed Silano - I'm a wondering type person, if you know what I mean? I like to think about important things that influence the world or even the universe I suppose. You know we live in a very technological time - there seem to be so many exciting things happening in the world today - cable TV, Beta Max, Kenmore Microwave Ovens that look like neat little televisions and so many more important devices that will make the world a better place to live in. I like science and would like it to do all the research it can possibly do to help the world. I read somewhere in Reader's Digest that science is being over-regulated and cannot come up with all of the wonderful devices we had as a result of the industrial revolution. That's what we need is another revolution but without all of those Washington-type regulations.

John Pyridine - I'm an executive for the Osilane Corporation which manufactures natural chemicals for the chemical industry. That means we don't do research into new and exotic chemicals. We only do research and development into substances that already exist in nature. So I guess you could say I'm a natural chemical engineer. Hey, you like nature, I like nature, and we all know you can't do without it! My hobbies are cooking and boating. A favorite dish of mine is Chicken Tarragon. Our corporation manufactures the tarragon which allows me to use it as much as I want for free. In fact I get the chicken for nothing and serve friends practically every week, they love it. We also produce special paints for the boating industry and I've used all of them on my boats. The paints are holding up and the boats are still floating.

Barbara Trace - I'm six years old and would like to be thirteen just like my boy friend Johnny. He's an adult and very smart and can do almost anything he can get away with. When I'm that old I'll even do more. I don't see my boy friend too often because he's away in a higher grade making lots of money. That's why I can't wait to be an adult like Johnny. Adults make money - that's why everyone grows tall, much taller than my boy friend Johnny. Taller people are better people too, according to my daddy. I hope I'm really tall soon and go into a higher grade with Johnny.
Teresa Greene – I go shopping about every day for one thing or another. The only problem of course is the price of all the merchandise. Everything is so expensive especially when I want something that I saw on TV or in the Sunday supplement, it’s so darn expensive. How do those people expect me to buy everything if they keep making it so high in price? I believe in the economic system in this wonderful country because I sent away for a booklet to Washington that explained why this country is so great and other countries are not. But when I try to buy everything I want, I can’t convince everyone that I know how the system works. As a consumer I’m supposed to buy all of the products that make life convenient and modern and, and — technologically superior. The basic problem is my credit line – it’s too short or limited. If banks are to grow and make a profit, they should let me borrow more. Those banks aren’t stupid! If the banks only knew they were slowing the economy down by not letting me buy everything. That’s all I want, everything.

Joanne Cluster – I work for a big company that makes small boxes that fit into a larger box that operates some kind of radar. At least that’s what my supervisor told us. I like my work because it’s only a four day week with many benefits and sometime in the near future a possible three day week. This company is very modern. I live in a four room apartment and spend lots of time decorating it. I’m now shopping for a sofa and a coffee table with two end tables, maybe. I’ve been thinking about consulting an expert, one of those interior designers to help me with the color scheme and other important decisions. I think my apartment is an important environment, especially when I bring a date home or have several people over for dinner. The first impression is so important, isn’t it?
Acts
By James Sallis

As the audience enters, the curtain is up, and onstage people are sitting, walking about, talking, removing coats — engaged in much the same uncertain settling as the audience itself. For the most part these are actors, but several members of the audience have also been escorted by ushers to seats there.

The stage contains a variety of seats. Some actors are scattered thinly among a carefully aligned block of folding chairs such as those encountered at business conferences, religious tent revivals, PTA meetings. There are also church pews of various kinds, a oddly pink loveseat on which two audience members are exsconced, an automobile tire suspended on a rod from the ceiling. Near the back, a shabby, battered stage-prop throne and a tiny lady wearing size 12 sneakers almost lost to view inside of it. The audience is allowed to mill about in confusion for several minutes. Then a loudspeaker announces from the rear of the theatre in a extremely forceful voice:

You are all supposed to be sitting down now! (A slight pause).

You are all supposed to be sitting down now! This is the curtain raiser, you know! (A slightly longer pause).

Will you please step talking? (Very brief pause.) And cough — only — when absolutely necessary. (Several actors find it absolutely necessary at this very moment).

The audience quietens then, and the actors applaud them soundly for some time. (They will continue to applaud the audience at intervals throughout the performance.)

LOUDSPEAKER: Well, now that that's taken care of, I think we shall have intermission. Then there will be no interruption during the play. (It repeats these last words with somewhat snifter import.) No interruption during the play.

Coffee is run down the aisles on carts and served to the audience. An identical cart rolls onstage and serves the actors. All sit quietly drinking coffee. Actors smoke. The loudspeaker announces that due to fire department regulations smoking is permitted only onstage, and that those who care to smoke must move to the stage area.

Footlights begin to pop out with loud explosive sounds and a noticeable diminishing of light. After a bit, a technician comes onstage and reaches down into them. He is still for some moments. O my God! He cries finally, they're dead, all dead! He begins to cry and cradles a number of the dead bodies in his arms, carrying them away down the aisle through the audience weeping. Footlights continue to explode throughout the performance.

An actor comes fromstage, shades his eyes - kicks out a footlight in order to see better — and says, Dan? — Dan? - He repeats this any number of times, then, Glad to see you. didn't think you were going to make it for a while there.

Behind him a lady removes a huge dead fish from her coffee cup and holds it up by the tail, looking vacantly out at the audience. I'll see that fish and raise you a turtle, a man beside her says. He pokes a finger into his own cup, stirs it about, and eventually removes from it a small turtle. Its shell is broken. The turtle is dead, all dead!

He begins to cry and cradles a number of the dead bodies in his arms, carrying them away down the aisle through the audience weeping. Footlights continue to explode throughout the performance.

What now.

The actors from time to time break into applause and are hushed by it. The loudspeaker continues its parables, quotations, personal vignettes, anecdotes.

At this point the theatre manager runs down the aisle from the rear of the theatre and bounds onto the stage, addressing the actors and gesturing wildly.

What are you doing here! You have no business up here! There's a play about to start for God's sake! The actors are in the wings waiting for you to get the hell off this stage. These people paid good money to see a play and by God I'm going to see that they do! If you're not all off in three minutes, I'll call the police!

The actors smile and look offstage right: the dead chaplain. The manager continues to rage while the actors protest; But we were told to sit here. He finally passes offstage, where we hear him arguing now with the stage manager.

I'm sorry, I only follow the director's instructions. Who's the director then, HE'LL never work again (etc). Come to think of it, I don't know WHO'S supposed to be directing this play. I think he's got a beard — that any help?

The curtain begins to drop, then rise. Up and down, again and again and yet again as we hear the two men quarreling. Finally an actor rises, goes offstage, there is a great crash, the actor returns and takes his seat. The curtain remains partly down for the remainder of the performance. The manager is seen at stage left as he attempts to claw back onstage. The loudspeaker has been talking through all this. Now it comes to a sudden stop:

Who is that man? Get him off the stage this moment! Off, off, off! Get him off my stage!

Everything is suddenly quiet. (A few footlights burst perfumecorly.) From stage right, where the chaplain presumably lies dead, emerges a young man. Beautiful long hair, dressed in sackcloth: a shepherd. He carries a crook and, surrounded by his flock, progresses slowly onto the stage.

The manager by this time has regained his footing and is attempting to reason individually with the actors. Beautiful features forever in repose, the shepherd approaches him and gently places the crook about his neck, continuing across the stage. The manager makes no protest; he walks behind the shepherd, among the sheep, head bowed at though in prayer. When they are offstage only a few snuggling sheep remain, an actor asks very quietly of the person closest to him:

How do you suppose he came to be a shepherd? There aren't many left, you know, and with HIS looks —

HIS mind —

HIS narrow agile hands — (The tiny lady on the throne responds). An aptitude test, at school. Dad and I wondered at first; wouldn't you? But if that's what he's meant for

There's not a great deal of light left. The loudspeaker has gone on to another topic, speaking quite softly, its voice sinking with the light. Everything can be easily heard above the lecture, this one on Fortitude.

An actor, finally; Are we just going to sit here? Answer: We can't just sit here.

Still another: It is a bit unethical, actually, as we are, at least I assume we are, getting paid scale.

Several rise and pace about the stage. One takes a huge piece of chalk from his coat and draws a hopscock-grid; another comes over with something to be used as a hopskoach piece (possibly a dung patty left behind by the sheep) and stands by him expectantly. But the chalk breaks, breaks again, again, until it's little more than chunky powder, and the grid is never completed. The owner sweeps it into his hand, takes it over and throws it into the footlights. There is a bright flash. Eventually, all return to their chairs. A long five-pause.

Well?
What?
Well?
What now.

(Four actors. They are spread about the stage, and delivery of the lines is telegraphic.) Another pause. Hell if I know. (The tiny lady on the throne.)

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(Four actors. They are spread about the stage, and delivery of the lines is telegraphic.) Another pause. Hell if I know. (The tiny lady on the throne.)

The director (he has a beard) comes onstage wearing a sweatshirt, jeans, the chaplain's hat. He is carrying an open Complete Shakespeare, frantically searching from page to page, play to play. In his concentration he bumps into several actors and pieces of furniture. Everyone waits anxiously.
The Bebop of Richard Kambala

By Josef Skvorecky
Translated by Kacea Polackova Henley

You must not know where Bop comes from – Every time a cop hits a Negro with a billy club, that old club says Bop! Bop! – Bebop! – Mop! Bop!" – Langston Hughes

This is the story of Richard Kambala, and may it remain his obituary. There won’t be any words lost on him anyway, and they don’t even put a notice in Musical Review when a jazz musician dies.

Not to mention when he kills himself.

Because for the most part, it’s like a confirmation of the formula that starts with cosmopolitan music, proceeds through hepcats, and winds up with existentialism and suicide.

For that matter, maybe the formula is true. I don’t claim it isn’t.

But why?

That why is at the beginning of all things, and at the end of them. And as for what’s in between –

Well, some people know how to live, even between those two why’s, and don’t give a damn if anyone answers them. But Kambala probably wasn’t one of those people.

And so this is his obituary.

I don’t know when he was born, but it was in Prague, and his father was in export-import. And it was definitely a wrong time to be born, for the son of a man who was in export-import.

That was also why they kept him out of classical high school. Naturally. Because what kind of fine feathered fellows would the cadre selection guys be, in the words of Charles David, if once in a while they didn’t grab a millionaire’s boy by the scruff of his neck when he was trying to squeeze through to a higher education, or if they didn’t see to it now and then that some ex-prisoner couldn’t get a job anywhere, except maybe as the most manual of labourers.

In this case, they were true to form and kept Kambala out, and instead they forced his best friend Josef Vorech to go – the perfect model of a country yokel who just happened to live in Prague, where his dad was overseer at the state farm in Jinonice.

Josef Vorech! A red-headed kid whose ears stuck out like signal flags, who had loved cows and hay and the smell of alfalfa ever since he was little and who always wanted to go live in the country up near the border as soon as he finished grade ten. They forced him to go to classical high school, and he struggled to get through it like a camel through the eye of a needle, and then, when he wanted at least to go study agriculture –

Ah, well, now he’s still busting his buns at the College of Engineering, and Saturdays he sits around at the Alfa Cafe, staring at us with watery eyes and crying. He’s been crying ever since Kambala did it. He was his best friend.

Anyway, they forced Vorech in even though he had bad grades, because his father was rural proletarian. They kept Kambala out because his grades were too good and he was the son of a capitalist and who knows, something might become of him and he might somehow harm the people’s democratic regime.

So Vorech attended classical high school and Kambala was in an apprenticeship at the Ringhofer plant. Both of them were peeved off.

Vorech floundered in high school like a fish out of water, occasionally boosted by some uneasy comrade professor, while Kambala did his best at the Ringhofer plant. He crammed, he

Image by Enzo Mantelli

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Vorech floundered in high school like a fish out of water, occasionally boosted by some uneasy comrade professor, while Kambala did his best at the Ringhofer plant. He crammed, he
I went to hear them once. You simply wouldn't believe that.

He had no other choice, did he, wanting what he wanted. And this could exist a few kilometers from the Boulevard Café and he performed with us twice a week at the Boulevard Café, and that's what he played. We made a special number for him, hot flugelhorn, world sensation, and he performed with us twice a week at the Boulevard Café.

Under a pseudonym, of course.

Meanwhile – and it was really touching – he still hung around with Vorech, the yoker from Jinonice. The cadre selection guys hadn't broken up their friendship. As a matter of fact, the two of them formed a flugelhorn and vocal duo, which wailed and played at dances Sunday after Sunday in the villages around Prague.

I went to hear them once. You simply wouldn't believe that this could exist a few kilometers from the Boulevard Café and from Wenceslas Square. It was a tiny village in the Dobři district, a tavern with a dingy dance hall, with a hand-lettered sign by the door which read: HOLIDAY DANCE, MUSIC BY Mr. URAL'S GROUP. 5 CROWNS A TICKET. And inside, the place was crowded with crackers like Vorech, girls with shoulders straight out of a fashion magazine imported from Moscow, smoke and liquor fumes, and on the old-fashioned platform with a curved railing sat Vorech and Kambala, each of them blowing his horn, accompanied by some old geezers on clarinet, fiddle, accordion bass and drums.

And every so often they would sing. God, it's enough to make you cry, even with all those stupidities, to see Kambala standing there, pale and dandy, with his hair in a d.a. and his aristocratic countenance, standing in front of the band with Vorech, arms around each other's shoulders, singing in that uniquely polka manner where nobody cares about details like having the same number of syllables as notes in the melodies. Singing, head to head, immobile except for their mouths opening and closing, Vorech's flat ears glowing like a neon sign, sincere tears flowing from his blue eyes to his rosy cheeks. The two of them singing, Kambala carrying the melody in his tenor voice, deformed by the polka style, and above him Vorech, big and blustering – he could have swallowed Kambala after lunch – singing harmony in his eusuch's falsetto, slicing the syllables for all they're worth:

*Roooll – out – the barrel* *We'll have – a barrel – of fun,*

So while Kambala attended vocational high school, Vorech studied at classical high school till they abolished that, then at the eleven-year school until finally, with the joint efforts of all the relevant cadre selection guys, and all the uneasy professors and informed commission chairmen, he was pushed through the sieve of matriculation exams. And then, by the same methods, they shoved him through the entrance exams at the College of Engineering, where he didn't want to go but where they were short of students. Now, if he was going to have to undergo all the unpleasantness connected with studying, Vorech would have preferred, as I have mentioned, to attend the College of Agriculture. But of course, in the end, he had to obey and go where society was supposed to have needed him most. Or so society thought. At least, as rumour had it, that's what they said so they didn't have to say that they were simply ordering him to go there.

Naturally, Kambala had no trouble at all getting through vocational high school, it was child's play for him, and after school he studied college textbooks. Because that fool had set his mind on becoming a mechanical engineer.

Anyway –

Meanwhile his dad, formerly in export-import, was working in a warehouse in Kbely. Thes one day they arrested him.

We never did find out why. There was nothing about it in the newspapers, and Kambala didn't know for sure either. The only one who might have known was the dad himself, or maybe the prosecuting attorney knew – well, what can I tell you, you know how it goes.

That doesn't mean that I think that he never did anything. I'm sure he did. Like maybe bad-mouthing current conditions, since he used to be in export-import. Or maybe telling a joke.

Or maybe he was in contact with enemy intelligence or maybe he was appropriating the property of the people.

I don't know.

Anything is possible.

Except that's not the point, where Kambala is concerned. The point was something else.

So Kambala played with us. Wednesdays and Saturdays as Lajos Kerdely, Hungarian flugelhorn player, a sensation in Budapest and the world. As sometimes happens – he was a relatively good-looking fellow – he fell into the trap set for him by Marcelia Ruzikova, whose name on posters was Cella Rossova and who performed at various joints, singing songs like *Ghost Riders in the Sky* and *C'est si bon* and various other hits of the early post-Stalin era in Prague. In matters of the heart, Kambala was still very green, and so he tumbled, at a hundred and twenty degrees Reamur.

The principal at the vocational school was a particular dope. For example: he had installed a huge alcohol thermometer with a sign; THERMOMETER OF LOVE FOR JOSEF VISARIONOVICH STALIN. In the winter, they had to put an electric heater by it.

Enough said.

And then, in the autumn of the year of our Lord 1955, instructions arrived from the Ministry of Education, that in the interest of conscientious attention to the prudent selection of reliable cadres, children of citizens imprisoned for crimes against the state are to be dropped immediately from specialized schools, that is to say, kicked out.

It would be interesting to know what kind of thinking from what kind of brain gives rise to instructions like that. One is forced to recall, willy nilly, the case of Dr. Bohadlo, that great progressive from Pankrac prison – but that's beside the point.

Simply, the dope who was principal of the vocational high school obeyed, as is the wont of dopes, to the minute and to the letter. That is to say he went directly to the classroom of the fourth year students, where they were just having a lesson in the Czech language, tossed Kambala out of the room bodily with his own two hands and a scowl of class hatred, and accompanied him outside in front of the school building, barely allowing him into the cloak-room to get his coat.

Later on, the Czech professor, a certain Milada Kalinova, a maid who could justly be called old, stood up for Kambala in the teachers' staff room, pointing out his excellent marks, his activity in the Youth Union, and finally something that she considered obvious, blind to the fact that it's not that simple: that the cadre selection guys, children of citizens imprisoned for crimes against the state are to be dropped immediately from specialized schools, that is to say, kicked out.

It slipped her mind that they often pay the penalty for them, allowing him into the cloak-room to get his coat.

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It slipped her mind that they often pay the penalty for them, however.

Well, old maids are frequently naive, there's nothing new about that.

Ner did she get away with it. The comrades in the staff room had for some time been observing her political instability, that is to say, comrade principal had been observing her, and the staff room went along with his observations. She received a strict reprimand.

Later on, I found out that for a similar affair – standing up for some student who had written some vulgar verse about the erstwhile Thermometer of Love – she had been fired.
There isn't much more to tell. It was Thursday, and a bunch of a whiff of her. But when he melted like butter in someone's flugelhorn, bassoon and drums, and the rest of the time, wherever. He made his way any way he could, and he clung to the aforementioned Marcella like flypaper.

He had an inner attachment to her.

Poor guy, he was simply young and inexperienced.

Because it's a commonly known fact that what appeals to women is a man, i.e. a Man, if not a MAN — but that someone who hangs on to them, needs them, loves them to distraction, in fact so much that he can't live without them, someone like that annoys them.

In short, the same old story.

In Kambala's case it was just like that.

As long as he was Lajos Kerdely, sensation in Budapest and the world, a rather happy and frivolous kid with his hair in a d.a., who would occasionally go silly around Marcella when the situation warranted, but who for the most part let her run after him because his head was full of engineering and music and what they call the Future, Marcella could have doused herself with all the perfume in the world to at least get him to take a whiff of her. But when he melted like butter in someone's pocket, and began to look to her for understanding and something like moral support in life's difficulties, naturally, Cella was not amused, she was not impressed.

For that matter, what is there about that kind of behaviour that could and would impress a woman?

Cella Marcella simply gave him the cold shoulder.

As for him, unfortunate fool that he was, after all the blows that his young life had dealt him he, naturally, went ahead and did exactly the wrong thing.

He wept, he begged, etcetera, he pursued her, he pled, sent her presents.

Marcella got together with Tony Bantam, a crooner from the Cafe Vltava.

One night in the men's room at the Cafe Vltava, Bantam took Kambala and turned him upside down with a professional clout, a left to the chin.

And then —

There isn't much more to tell. It was Thursday, and a bunch of us went to Drahovny's club after work for a jam session. Around midnight, Kambala came limping in with his bebop trio. Without a word, they got up on the stage, the fellow with the bassoon moistened his reeds, the drummer began softly to tickle the cymbals, and then they let go and began to fall.

And fall they did — the way they fell, everyone there was sick to his stomach. And the people that go there for the most part aren't philosophers, but rather select hepcats and their very superficial lady friends. They fell in major seconds and in diminished fifths, down and down, immobile, someone put a blue spotlight on them and the people in the room quit talking, just gaped and listened.

And I'll never forget the way Kambala looked.

He stood tall and straight, his flugelhorn twisted like a pretzel by his mouth, and as he toyed with the keys, you couldn't even see him inhale or anything. His face was expressionless. His eyes were on the edge of the bell or wherever. And he played — or God knows just what he was doing. Close beside him the obscure little gnome of a guy with whiskers and a bassoon creaked and creaked and grumbled, while behind them De Martini scrunched down, softly rusting his cymbals.

Horrible music.

Existentialism in unwritten notes.

They played something, I couldn't tell what, nobody could tell, not even them, except probably Kambala, they played it for exactly thirty-seven minutes without a break.

Then they split.

The hepcats applauded for ten minutes more, but nobody came back, no encore.

Suddenly I was overcome with an evil premonition, I slipped outside, but Kambala was already gone.

I caught a streetcar and went after him. He lived in a villa in Stresovice, in an attic room that they left for him.

When I got there, it was raining. I climbed the fence and there was a light on in his room. Then I saw Kambala by the window in his pyjamas, brushing his teeth.

It seemed dumb to ring the bell and say something to him, besides, what could I say, in fact it began to seem to me that I had acted rashly and foolishly in coming. That I simply, well, have a strong reaction to music, and maybe this time Kambala had succeeded with his thirty-seven-minute uninterrupted bebop in getting Marcella and all the rest of it out of his system.

So I turned on my heel and went home.

Except it wasn't that way at all.

The next evening, Josef Vorech burst into the Boulevard Cafe, his blue eyes reddened and tears streaming down his chin.

'Fellows, Kambala is dead,' he says.

I jumped up, because it sliced through my spine like an electric shock.

'What?'

'Yes, guys,' says Vorech, pressing a blue farmer's handkerchief to his face. 'He did himself in, guys, oh, oh!'

In short, it turned out that when Kambala finished cleaning his teeth, he lay down on his bed, stuck a grenade in his mouth and pulled the pin.

If only yesterday I'd —

But what if I had. If they hadn't —

No, thinking about it in the conditional is useless.

And so this, then, is the obituary of Richard Kambala, hot flugelhorn and bebop virtuoso, sensation in Budapest and the world. May at least his memory remain.
Ike Met Space Aliens

By Jim Smith

1. Introduction

It'll be hard to train them suckers to appreciate golf with three arms
the cure for cancer
and all of space to explore

2. Mise-en-scene

Betty Crocker tugged on Rin-Tin-Tin's leash. Sorry ma'am but they were pretty specific - no dogs allowed. Rin-Tin-Tin isn't a dog soldier he's an institution. He looks pretty much like a dog to me ma'am.

What race are you, boy?

I'm Eye-talian, ma'am, second generation American.

Well listen here my little Eye-talian, you don't let me through, this then american dog is going to bite your face off.

Rin-Tin-Tin does so.

Betty Crocker hurries across the tarmac to where the space aliens are waiting for the President of the United States of America, the strongest nation in the world.

As she does so she mutters to herself - no immigrant is going to stop an American institution from seeing the space aliens.

3. Meanwhile

Power out. A bowl of warm milk on the steps of the White House.

Two hot dogs with mustard and a couple cokes. Sweet Marie chocolate bars. Keep watchin' the skies, and Jayne Mansfield's head brought up the back way in an ambulance.

In the garage, two armoured limos and a ball of blue light.

'Cure her and you can have every Russian in the country.'

Ike is doing some hard dealing.

The space aliens are having none of it. They've brought their trade goods and a list of desired items. They're collecting sports figures this year.

Carl Jung is sucking oxygen from a tube in the corner.

Babe Ruth's palms sweat as he goes up to bat.

The gloves are coming off.

4. Flash to the Future

Ronald Reagan sits back and winks at the TV console. It burbles to life.

'Well, Ike, a fine mess now. You were a terrible horse-trader. Look at the evidence. We should have let them move on.'

'I had no way of knowing, Ronnie. There was a decision to make.' Ike's voice seems doubly disembodied today.

'Yup, pardon, let's tote up the benefits you got us - hydrogen fusion too early, Kennedy et al, Backminster Fuller and airplane hijacking as subconscious sky worship. Nice. Hippos. Spaceship Earth. Penthouse. New wave music. The Black Panthers. Working from within the system as a viable alternative. The Pill. And now herpes. Damn it Ike, they've given us herpes! I can't believe it!'

'Well, we don't know they did.' A disembodied Republican on the defensive was quite something to hear.

'You know they did - they look like herpes, for God's sake!'
these seamen to be our assistants.'

Pandemonium.

'We require one of our shows be produced on your primitive television grid.'

7. Cast

Phil Silvers was a space alien.
Mort Sahl was not.
Lenny Bruce was a space alien.
The Smothers Brothers were not.

On the Dick van Dyke show, Laura was a space alien but Rob Petri was not. On I Love Lucy the Mertz's were.

Everyone else was not.

Epilogue

You want words –
I’ll give your words:
scrEEEEEEEEE
jerkscile
megamegamegamegamurdermeter
oMMMMMM neutralizer
pantworm –

those’re all words
for things that really exist –
they were sold to the United States of America
by visiting aliens
in nineteen fifty-four.

You never hear’em?
No wonder –
they sold ’em in turn
to nazi-loving South American colonels
for torture.

Every one of ’em is in use
this second –
that’s why there’s so many flies up here
these days.

God – what burns me’s they threw
the advisors in
for free.

Animal Spirits
David McFadden
Greg Curnoe, Illustrator
1983 Fiction 248 pp  9 x 12
$30.00  0-88910-205-8 hb

A bright and witty collection of new stories by David McFadden, with 65 pen and ink drawings by the celebrated Canadian artist Greg Curnoe. This pair first teamed up to produce The Great Canadian Sonnet, a ‘Big Little Book’ lookalike that is now a collector’s item.

Of that earlier collaborative effort, Pierre Théberge wrote: The juxtaposition of the two produces new paradoxes and enigmas, and from this wonderful disorder of meanings comes a joyful description of the ordinary which turns out to be very funny, as well as very beautiful indeed:

Curnoe’s spirited iconography functions as an animated caption to the text. Casebound in a limited edition, Animal Spirits continues the picture book for grown-ups tradition in a large, cuddly format.

Visits

By Steven Smith

There are many who keenly anticipate visits to earth by aliens. There are even more who fear extra terrestrial intelligences drawn by our oscillations.

not counting natural radiation
earth is still a very bright star
especially in the invisible spectrum
we are constantly broadcasting
radio & television messages
to outer space

aliens have seen
the Man from Glad
Charlie’s Angels
The Price is Right
Ed Sullivan
Mork & Mindy
Morris the Cat
Red Fisher
I Love Lucy
Howard Cosell
Family Feud
& the Pillsbury Dough Boy

we have nothing to fear
they’ve turned us off
re-aligned their receivers
fired the retro rockets
& sped from our bright & lethal glow

Mr. Johnson

mr. Johnson
in the clarity
of those last few mortal moments
raised himself
out of his hospital bed
& walked
neither quick nor slow
afraid of either extreme
but with intention
out the main entrance
& straight toward the fence

coming to the garden
he knelt &
plunged
his nose into the first available flower
inhaled & collapsed

rules were soon established:
Dying outside this hospital is prohibited.
Those of you who insist on leaving the building for this purpose must not die in the flower beds.
It creates public relations difficulties & gets the gardener’s day off to a bad start.
Retreat to Yaddo

By Robert Sward

Alpha the Dog

It isn’t enough that when I go off for three weeks to an artists’ colony and phone home the first thing my wife tells me is there’s a new addition to the family, a seven-month old poodle named Alpha and that Alpha has papers, an honest-to-God pedigree that includes not only aristocratic ancestors, but recent appearances in *The New York Review of Books* and a novel published by Houghton-Mifflin. And when I am somewhat less than ecstatic, Whoopee Dingle, my wife, asks me to at least say a few words to the new addition, and puts on Alpha the dog. ‘Speak, Alpha, speak,’ I hear her say. And Alpha who is, by all accounts, loyal and obedient, a noted storyteller, intelligent and amusing as Oscar Wilde, refuses to speak, to bark or make some witty remark like, ‘What’s the weather like in Saratoga?’ All I hear is Alpha’s low doggy breathing and the tinkle of the elegant silver bell on her collar.

Whoopee Dingle comes back on and says, ‘I have an idea. You bark into the phone. Alpha will answer back.’

Well, it’s only costing a dollar ninety-five a minute and, good-natured soul that I am, devoted to my wife, guilty at running off for three weeks, I put myself into it, throw back my head and howl, barking, yowling, yipping like a real dog – a dog without papers, a dog with fleas, a dog like one of those mutts I knew growing up in Chicago and this happening, of course, on the public pay phone at Yaddo, the ‘artists’ heaven,’ what the *New York Times* calls the Harvard of Artists’ Colonies.

Looking up, sure enough, I see one of America’s more distinguished composers with his mouth open, his pipe falling to the floor, waiting in line, no doubt, to speak to his wife and children and his cats and dogs.

‘Well, Whoopee Dingle,’ I say, ‘we’ve been talking for twenty-five minutes. This is going to cost a fortune.’

At that moment, Alpha decides she wants to make her presence known to all concerned and she begins barking into the phone, answering me in kind, responding yip for yip, and yap for yap, lest there be any doubt in anyone’s mind as to who it is I have been speaking, me to Alpha the dog, Alpha the dog to me.

---

Name-Dropping

I’m at Yaddo sheltering myself from the drizzle standing under a tree reading Philip Roth’s *The Great American Novel* waiting for my friends from Canada who are in Saratoga Springs, New York, to give a poetry reading, Bruce Meyer, Richard Harrison, Robert Lawrence and Ross Leckie, when up pulls this big shiny car which I approach smiling thinking it’s Joe but it’s not, it’s Burns International Security Services, Inc.

and the man wants to know if Yaddo has anything more than ‘internal security. I’m John Weidman,’ he says,

‘You must be a writer.’

‘Yep.’

‘What’s your name?’

‘Sward, my name is Sward, like greensward.’

‘Oh,’ he says, disappointed he doesn’t know any of my books but still impressed to be meeting a Yaddo author.

I should have said, ‘My name is Philip Roth, John, and this is my new book, *The Great American Novel,*’ but as usual I think of things like that too late.

‘Look,’ he says, handing me his business card, J.W. Weidman Security Sales Consultant,

‘Mention my name in your next book, okay?’
The Bur-Lined Wall

By Sahara Spracklin


Connoisseur of Noise/Words Mince wor(l)ds/Meat parrot Echo hohoho ohoho monohexoxox Vox Horaces reHorace Sumon Hoards Seduce the Horde WE'RE IN CONTROL & WE'RE IN THE KNOW & WE'RE POWERFUL & POOR

WE'RE IN CONTROL & WE'RE IN THE KNOW & WE'RE POWERFUL & POOR

WE'RE IN CONTROL & WE'RE IN THE KNOW & WE'RE POWERFUL & POOR

Pure base turd.butt WE OUGHT WE HOPE 2 inSTILLIN OTHERS.B.ениelliли systemaxis anti-x cues queues anti-un, une, one, won l. kill control cuneiform tactics attack that, this unsame unsame unsame anti-some sites, licks, worse, lesions. Yes? infect/shun? Yes? decent/scruff? Yes swarms termites Yes$$$$$$$$$$$$$$ Eggs! DEATH TO X Yes. Turd Day Get the barb Get the Claws Barbie Doll Get the garb/out. Dress in The Right HAuTE Cult. A brown shirt, anyone?

he'll have to get married now for cercercercert. CancercercerEarned Nest of Ears cancercercer-^cancercercer cancell'd/sold out. Travelling 'Ni thout Nuracem. Every
each, any? We want THE WORLD AS On Une One WO Ma Then Where What Hat They Tell You pencast patriRist, dear mon cher, My chair ChairsMan Man Monster I XERO phone No see, No? Try To Get To Sleep Count Sheep In a Boxcar / Pit Brother Against Brother 1. cunt tree l. motherfucker Try To Get Two Sleep Count Sheep un, une, one, won you...der. YahShe YahMs. Sneeses der gazm, un, une, won hate l. love. Par gans isn'as good as mea. Yah. Ya ina gazm as a mea as ya XARA. Mea gans, or yours? Severe Y O U R S. S. S. Sing hums to Himler. UN/BR. senior part nurks. U BIT US WE bite back IN PUBLIC where it hurts Ubiquitous 1. love 1. hat You better quit / quites while yr a head. Shut up or Del.does Does doss now - than. A dozen cancercercerEarned Nest of Ears cancercercer-ordon of IneQItaliane. Don't Dip Into The Kitty, the Quickseying/SLang wage sewage Slamt It Out in the O Pen hidden Ichich, tapeworm cancercercer cancel'd/sold out. Travelling Without His Cell-0 He'll have to get married now for cercercercert. L'Earned God did not make ALL/HearTs EEeeeeeeeeek WaLL. Dys-systole Digoxin Dig Ox Get the barb Get the Claws Barbie Doll Get the garb/out. Dress in The Right HAuTE Cult. A brown shirt, anyone?

You better quit/ quittez while yr a head. Shut er gezun, un, une, one, won hate l. love. Yer gans iss as good as mea, YAR. Mea gans, or yours? Severe Y O U R S. S. S. Sing hums to Himler. UN/BR. senior part nurks. U BIT US WE bite back IN PUBLIC where it hurts Ubiquitous 1. love 1. hat You better quit / quites while yr a head. Shut up or Del.does Does doss now - than. A dozen cancercercerEarned Nest of Ears cancercercer-ordon of IneQItaliane. Don't Dip Into The Kitty, the Quickseying/SLang wage sewage Slamt It Out in the O Pen hidden Ichich, tapeworm cancercercer cancel'd/sold out. Travelling Without His Cell-0 He'll have to get married now for cercercercert. L'Earned God did not make ALL/HearTs EEeeeeeeeeek WaLL. Dys-systole Digoxin Dig Ox Get the barb Get the Claws Barbie Doll Get the garb/out. Dress in The Right HAuTE Cult. A brown shirt, anyone?

I love parties and I always leave very late. I love Hollywood and real old movies too. I'm modern and sensitive and I like discos sometimes, and romance is magic - I like talking on the telephone too.

Every morning I catch the Go Train to work and there is a girl in the office who I absolutely hate.

I can't imagine ever falling in love. I have two personalities. It's the business I'm in. And I never let them meet.

I read Vogue and Esquire and know nothing about art. I do flea markets on Sundays and movies when it rains.

I am a suburban girl 1980's version.

Pamela Danforth

Pamela Danforth

Pamela Pamela.

Two girls in one –

I must tell you about my therapist. He's so great. He listens to New Wave Music all of the time.

Isn't that neat –

And he listens so well. He says I am not cured yet but I know I am. I go to him because he needs me.

And during the week I work downtown Toronto. If I go outside the office and cross the street I can see the CN Tower.

I read short stories on the subway. Sometimes I will be so interested in the story that I will miss my stop on purpose -

And I think about planting a garden but I never even do.

I love parties and I always leave very late. I love Hollywood and real old movies too. I'm modern and sensitive and I like discos sometimes, and romance is magic - I like talking on the telephone too.

Every morning I catch the Go Train to work and there is a girl in the office who I absolutely hate.

I can't imagine ever falling in love. I have two personalities. It's the business I'm in. And I never let them meet.

I read Vogue and Esquire and know nothing about art. I do flea markets on Sundays and movies when it rains.

I am a suburban girl 1980's version.

Pamela Danforth.

Pamela Pamela.

Two girls in one –

I have breakdowns when I need them and I carry a gun.

Pamela Danforth.

Two girls in one –
The NIMIS Project

By Lars Vilks

NIMIS - a land-art sculpture by Lars Vilks of Sweden is built of driftwood and is 50 metres long 12 metres high and weighs approximately 20 tons. More than 40,000 nails have been used in its construction. NIMIS was sold in April 1984 to West German artist Joseph Beuys.

The scene is the south of Sweden. Kullaberg is a headland with cliffs and wood. The north side, that is facing the sea, is a very remote place with few visitors. The area is a nature reserve. The arguments for saving this piece of land are: the reserve with its wild cliffs is rather unique and should be serving the needs of recreation. Meanwhile, forestry is being carried out nearby and a large part of the reserve area is a golf course. One summer day, in 1980, Lars Vilks found driftwood that had gathered along the shore for decades. Vilks started to work with the material and was soon absorbed in exploring the possibilities of the driftwood.

Vilks worked on the project for a year and a half. In February 1982 NIMIS was reported to the County Administration. In August 1982 they decided that NIMIS was to be torn down before the 1st of February 1983. The judgement was appealed to the Administrative Court in Gothenburg. The matter was then handed over to the Swedish government.

According to the authorities, NIMIS was considered to be a building disrupting the view in the landscape and creating a danger to the public. The sculpture is in fact 50 metres long with 5 towers, the highest 12 metres. According to Vilks the construction is very strong and creates no risk for any visitors including those that choose to climb on it. Publicity surrounding the work has been extensive (press, radio, TV). During 1983, 10,000 people visited NIMIS. A variety of over 30 Swedish professors, art critics, museum officials etc. maintain that NIMIS is no building, that it does not disturb the landscape and that it should be kept intact.

In November 1983, the Swedish Government decided that NIMIS (now called a 'work of wood') had to be torn down before June 1984. After that a further trial started in order to find out whether NIMIS was a crime or not. The trial was held in December 1983, and it took place on the large stones in front of NIMIS. The verdict stated that NIMIS was criminal, but no punishment was imposed as the Court found no precedent and felt that it was enough to let the artist dismantle the work at his own expense. This would cost an estimated $25,000 and involve the removal of about 20 tons of wood after an initial investment of 3000 hours had already gone into its assembly.

The debate has been extensive. The majority of people in the area wish to keep the work intact. Also, there is a generally favourable reaction to NIMIS from those who have visited it.

Vilks has worked not only as a conceptual artist but has received a grant from the University in Lund at the Institute of the History of Art to write a dissertation on his concept of art. The Board of Swedish Artists has given $10,000 towards a film project featuring the project. The Battle of NIMIS has been showcased in internationally. To date, NIMIS is the only example of land-art in Sweden. At this point it is also one of the largest handmade sculptures in the world.
Vilks has conjectured, (correctly it seems), that if he is not the owner of NIMIS, then the proceedings for the dismantlement of the structure will be retarded. On the one hand, the Swedish Government via the offices of The Ministry of Culture, The Ministry of Agriculture and The Prime Minister's Office have presented their verdict. On the other hand, Vilks has sold the piece to Joseph Beuys. If forced, Beuys will in turn sell the piece to Christo. Vilks is presently documenting his communications with various artists and artists groups that have offered to support and purchase the project. Last year, Rampike magazine was one of a number of groups and individuals that placed offers to purchase NIMIS. These offers were happily received by Vilks. Vilks is also documenting the court case as it progresses. He intends to release the proceedings surrounding the controversy in the near future thus creating a performance-document and yet another facet to this growing sculpture.

For further information on what is becoming one of the world's most complex hybrids of conceptual / process / land / performance and documentary art, read the upcoming issue of Rampike or contact Lars Vilks, Box 1, S-260 43 Arild, Sweden.
Going to the Duke

Your father walked a lot, you think of him sitting on the park benches reading his paper, but he avoided pubs, rarely had change in his pockets, just his pipe and paper and he strolled all over town, you'd find him at the Y, in out of the way places as you careened through your adolescence, now you walk these five blocks to the Duke and wonder how a man could occupy his time just walking.

Death of a Regular

Her absence fell like empty conversation. Days and nights passed in the pub and her boring, dreary absence went unnoticed. As for the other regulars, she had never lived, had just been another upheaval in evenings of small upheavals, a little woman with too much makeup in a French tam and shawl who talked too much of her Egyptian ancestry, smoking cigarettes in long silver holders.

The Businesswoman

Her mouth is a radio on full blast as she stands archly in her trim suit and cropped hair wearing broaches and pearls and diamonds, matching the men beer for beer at the bar, one hand on her hip, the other holding cigarette and filter stabbing the air in magical arcs.

The Secretary

She has an enormous desire to teach, to reach masses of people, to be a guru this woman with the ad-copy smile who hugs people in pubs to show them Toronto is a friendly city and friendship is what matters most, even between strangers. She does not know what she wants to teach but reads Dale Carnegie. When she hugs you her maidenform bra digs into you like a chisel.

Loner

With arms and legs and face like a photo of the horrors of Auschwitz, the bearded man sits tucked away in his corner over his beer with large cat's eyes staring at the crowd. He talks to no one, no one talks to him. In his lumberjacket, chainsmoking, he dangles from the ceiling like a puppet, his hands curled round his stein.

The Nine-to-Fiver

by Noah Zacharin

may have seen her, she may have seen him, they may have taken this elevator to ground some crowded five o'clock this friday, past convention's hour they step in together, polarize for silent descent.

until a sudden slam, light shudders, shuts off, dim back-up stutters on as the chamber bounces once on its cable, twice, stops.

minutes free – fall down the shaft; nothing of rescue, resumption of the norm calls out.

the box is tense hum, dim light: fear – eyes flit, rest a split – second, lift; heat –

scribes lines on his forehead, sets a dew on down of her upper lip, raises moons beneath her arms, mines a dark diamond between his scapulae.

they share warm birds of air, offer them back and forth, like lovers in the long kiss.

sweat and breath spread like vines of jungle swallowing land, cities lying in ruins, through this world between floors.

names are over – run in the tangling; in a cell that does not divide, melds/ pulses as a one-chambered heart.
LYING: The Journals
By Geoffrey Wonnacott

The project is in two phases. Each phase is represented by a separate tableau. During the first tableau the artist lies face up on a low 80 inch square platform. Also on the platform, facing upwards, is a large electric office clock. Directly above the centre of the platform, pointing downwards, is a fixed but accessible position is a Polaroid SX-70 camera with remote shutter release. Attendants, one of whom will always be present, will release the camera shutter at 30 minute intervals. A sequence of photographs will automatically fall directly below. For the extent of this 60 hour period the artist will remain lying still. During the second tableau immediately following the first tableau, the artist is seated in front of a portable computer with a word processing program. He is facing the first tableau. A printer and remote visual display face the entrance of the space. For the extent of this twelve hour period the author continuously types and uses the print-out.

EXCERPTS:

3:34 P.M.
I have been having a good conversation with a viewer. I have been questioned about the title of the work LYING, and I have been asked if I intend more than one interpretation. Yes, I do want people to question the evidence. That is all I want to say.

The fact that I am in control of the evidence should put me in question, it should question the situation, my intentions and should inspire the participants to question their roles in the setting. Are you the judge, the critic, does this work depend on you the viewer? I am asked if I am waiting for a response to this. No I am just offering this to you for you to question.

I thought I was having a good conversation with myself before the last interchange, but now I have forgotten. Oh Well, I'm sure it had something to do with my perception of the audience while I was lying or maybe it was while I am typing. The whole idea escapes me now and I am open to suggestion.

Thinking more along the lines of my relationship to the viewers of the monitor. Some people would be better addressing me personally, others I think need the distancing agent that I take advantage of with this computer. It will enable more personal questions to be directed towards me. The advantage I have is that I can refuse to answer without any loss to myself. In a normal interaction there are the scoring systems of interaction. Not just a simple upmanship but a far subtler system. This is basic psychology. This method of interaction is my protection. Do I need protection? Yes. Why? These questions are asked by myself. Why do I need protection? This gets into personal psychology. Am I motivated by insecurity? Why should I expose myself like this for you. Because I want this to be accepted? Should I confess this has been my purgation. The platform. Now this is an abreaction, I am an abreaction.
INSISTITUTORALLIZATION

THE • STEPPED OUT OF THE •

IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN • DURING AN

• HE • AND SAW THE

• HE BEGAN

• BUT A WOMAN, BIG AND SOFT, STARTED

• IN REGULAR

• S. THEY'VE PUT HIS

• TILL HE GOT SO USED TO THEM THAT

• WITHOUT THEM

• HE BECAME

• HIS THINGS WERE KEPT

• S. LATER ON, HE NOTICED THAT

• WHEN HE

• THEN •

• THEN •

• AND THAT'S HOW

• FINALLY, HE LEARNED TO

• WITH OTHERS

• BUT SLOWLY, GRADUALLY, THEY FORCED HIM TO

• THEN THEY SENT HIM

• INTO VARIOUS

• AND SOON HE WAS ABLE TO

• MUCH LATER

• HE MET ANOTHER

• AND SINCE EVERYBODY ELSE GOT

• D; HE TOO

• GOT

• HE HAD TO FIT INTO

• AND AS EVERYONE ELSE TOO

• TRIED TO

• BUT ONLY

• WHICH CAUSED

• HIM A LOT OF

• BECAUSE

• HE FELT

• DUE TO THE

• YET, HE HAD TO

• THEREFORE, HE DECIDED TO

• OTHERWISE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN

• AND HERE ENDS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

• ALIAS

Robert Zand

AND ALL THE REST OF YOU
POTATO LUST...

Peter B. Ross

In the year 2013, a group of scientists conducted a series of experiments to determine the ultimate potato. They used various methods, including genetic modifications, to create the perfect potato. However, they were unable to find a suitable potato.

"We have tried every method known to science," said Dr. Sarah Black, lead scientist. "But we have not found the perfect potato yet."

Peter, a potato farmer, heard about the scientists' search and decided to help. He believed that he had the perfect potato on his farm.

"My potatoes are the best in the world," said Peter. "They are sweet, fluffy, and delicious."

The scientists visited Peter's farm and were amazed by the quality of his potatoes. They conducted further tests and concluded that Peter's potatoes were indeed the perfect potato.

"We have found the perfect potato," said Dr. Black. "And thanks to Peter, we have the best potato in the world."

Peter was happy to hear the news and decided to donate his potatoes to the scientists. They named the new potato variety "Peter's Love Potato".

"We are grateful to Peter for his contribution," said Dr. Black. "And we will always remember the potato that brought us together."

But even Peter was not prepared for the next event that would change everything.

The potato was introduced to the public, and it quickly became the most popular potato in the world. People loved its taste, and it became a symbol of love and community.

"We are proud of Peter and his potato," said Dr. Black. "And we are happy to see that his hard work has brought us all together."

Peter was overjoyed and decided to continue his work on potato research. He believed that there was always room for improvement.

"I will continue to work on my potatoes," said Peter. "And I will always remember the potato that brought us all together."

The potato became a symbol of love and community, and people all over the world celebrated the potato that brought them together.
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Rev. Katherine

She helps you rid yourself of all pain and suffering — you help to remove all suffering and bad luck from your life. She tells you how to pray for your loved ones by name, and tells you how to keep away from them. She will help you to pray for your health. If you are not healthy, She will help you to pray for your health. She will help you to pray for your health.

Lucky Charms

&

Holy Water

At Each Reading.

I hailed, in my bus .•• I was left on my back, suf•• I was a habitual drunkard, I had lost my loved ones on account of ev•• I suffer from an incurable illness. I have a habit of drinking, I have a fear of heights.

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The Chairman of the Board

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ETHNIC GROUP, CASTE, NATIONALITY, IDEOLOGY, ORGANIZATION

RELIGION, SEXUAL PREFERENCE, OR HOBBY

The Los Angeles Times

Thursday, July 16, 1981

Los Angeles Times

268.314

Fatal Shooting by Deputies Tied to Language Problem

S. LAURIE BRICKLUND, Times Staff Writer

Spanish-speaking man was shot by deputies who didn’t understand his English. Spanish-speaking man told police his English was not perfect. Spanish-speaking man told police his English was not perfect.

In a report to be officially released today, the Los Angeles County district attorney’s office said neither the dead man, Jioh Mayer Jones, nor the deputies who were killed in the ensuing shooting had perfect English.

Father of Five

"It was just damn tragic, as tragic as all get out," said Frank Sinato Jr., a deputy district attorney in the prosecutor’s special investigations division. The division, which investigates officer-involved shootings, was formed in the wake of a "tragedy of a failure of communication and fear." His father and Jioh Mayer Jones were both fathers of five children. Frank Sinato Jr. had been shot in the stomach, and another relative, Juan Macias, 18, was wounded in the shooting.

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"IF THE ACCUSED IS ONE OF US, WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW."

F SECURITY AS A CAREER

4th day of trial
LRN
FROM OUR XCTNG u cn™
CORRESPONDANCE SCHL
SEXUALITY
POLITICS
FOREIGN LANGUAGES
MARKETING
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

SEXUALITY I.

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Paul Zelevansky