ÉDITORIAL


Au cours des siècles, on a glorifié la nourriture en peignant inlassablement des natures mortes. Les écrivains ont chanté les vertus de la bonne chère et des bons vins. La nourriture constituait déjà un grand thème de la mythologie gréco-romaine. Souvenons-nous de Perséphone et de la grenade, du Cyclope antrephage, des dieux de l’Olympe, Dionysos et Diane, de la pomme d’or, du nectar et de l’ambroisie. Dans toutes les civilisations, des dieux étaient associés à l’alimentation. Chez les Arabcès, c’était Xilonen, la déesse du miel, chez les Inuits, Agloolik, le dieu de la chasse, au Japon, Inari, le dieu du riz, en Inde, Vishnu, sous la forme de Krishna, était berger dans son enfance. Le symbolisme de la nourriture est partout présent dans l’Évangile, de la parabole du grain de sèche à la pêche miraculeuse, au vinaigre sur la croix et à l’Eucharistie. La religion et l’art se sont souvent rencontrés sur ce thème, par exemple, dans la Cène du Tintoret ou de Léonard de Vinci.

Pour se rendre compte de sa place à diverses époques, il suffit de lire les fables d’Ésope ou de La Fontaine, les contes de Chaucer, le traité du Curiosias de Castiglione, de penser au Penseur de Jonson, à Falstaff dans Shakespeare, à la Modeste proposition de Swift et au Gargantua de Rabelais. Plus près de nous, il est aisé de repérer le cinéma, dans des films comme La grande bouffe, Le tambour, Les dents de la mer ou même encore L’attaque des tomates extraterrestres. La culture qu’elle soit classique ou populaire est imprégnée de symboles liés à la nourriture.

Nous sommes des consommateurs au siècle de la consommation. Jamais l’alimentation n’a occupé une plus grande place qu’aujourd’hui, en raison de l’explosion démographique. Dans certaines parties du globe, on regorge de hamburgers, de boissons gazeuses et de bière, tandis que dans d’autres, il n’existe que l’innommable désert, sans eau et sans un brin de végétation. D’un côté, les pays riches dévorent dans l’océan leur surplus alimentaires, et de l’autre, des millions de gens meurent de faim. Au Canada, on connaît un génocide culturel contre les populations autochtones : les droits de chasse et de pêche dont elles bénéficient soi-disant sont une plaisanterie, vu la pollution croissante des eaux par le mercure et la destruction des forêts. Les répercussions de la catastrophe de Tchernobyl se feront sentir pendant des années dans l’agriculture des pays d’Eurasie. L’homme consommateur conduit à l’extinction un nombre incalculable d’espèces animales, perturbant ainsi la chaîne alimentaire au risque même de causer des dégâts irréparables. Le jour viendra peut-être où nous n’aurons plus le choix qu’entre le cannibalisme et la famine. Mais cela a–il vraiment tant d’importance puisque, au bout du compte, nous finirons tous mangés par les vers !

D’ici là, adonnons-nous aux plaisirs de la nourriture, camelote alimentaire ou fins gourmets. Arachides, mais écâlés, gomme à mâcher, gomme balleine, mousse, crème glacée et “revello.” Hamburgerons au fromage, pastilles à la césure, croissantes de pomme de terre au barbecque-poulet, régalises de toutes sortes, frites à la sauce brune et au ketchup, soda mousse, amuse-gueule au fromage et bière. Ou … champagne et caviar, légumes au cari doux ou relevé, croustillant aux pois chiches et à la sauce aigre-douce, escargots de Montpellier, tresse de loup et de saumon aux poivrons doux, pampette de sole au citron avec mousse d’artichauts et hollandaise à la tomate, huitres chaudes à la mousse de cresson, galettes de jambon cru avec sauce aux épinards frais, brioches mousseline au ragout fin, charlotte normande au coulis de fraises, sucrée de Reims à la compote d’anglois, crème de mascarpone et biscuits à la cuillère, gâteau au chocolat à la menthe avec riche sauce au chocolat nappe de compote de pommes.

Mais n’allaons pas oublier les vertus du bon pain et de l’eau fraîche, d’un bol de riz ou d’une poignée de baies sauvages. Songeons aux avantages du régime végétarien, du partage et du jeûne et n’oubliions jamais nos frères.

Bon appétit !

From the earliest cave drawings in Altamira to contemporary rock video, food has been both fuel and inspiration for artists. Rembrandt, Arcimboldo, Soutine, Aertsen, and Bacon all explored the many dimensions of food. Van Gogh’s farmers and their fields, Millet’s “Sower”, Cézanne’s fruit, and Manet’s “Le déjeuner sur l’herbe” have all created reverberations in the art world.

Endless still lites with various foods have been painted over the years. For centuries, writers have extolled the virtues of fine food and drink. The subject of eating goes back to the Greco-Roman myths, Persephone and the pomegranate, the Cyclops and his victims, the Olympic gods Bacchus, Dionysiüs, and Diana, the golden apples, and the delights of ambrosia. In every culture there were gods associated with food; in Aztec religion there was Xilonen the corn goddess; among the Hindu, Agloliik, the god of the hunt; in ancient Japan, Inari, the rice god, while in India Vishnu in his manifestation as Krishna lived his early days as a cowherd. Food imagery is prominent throughout the Bible, from the parable of the mustard seed to the significance of fish, to the consumption of vinegar on the cross, to the meaning of the Eucharist. Often, religion and fine art have come together on this subject as in Tintoretto’s or Da Vinci’s “The Last Supper.”

In other ways it is central to Asop’s fables, Chaucer’s tales, and Castiglione’s “Courtier”, Jonson’s “Penshurst,” Shakespeare’s Falstaff, Swift’s “Modest Proposal,” and Rabelais’ “Gargantua.” It has even become entrenched in cinema, as for instance in the films La Grande Bouffe, or The Tin Drum, or Jaws, or even Attack of the Killer Tomatoes. Both “high” and “pop” culture is permeated with food imagery.

We are consumers in a consumer world. With the population explosion, food has never been more important than today. On the one hand we have mountains of hamburgers and cigarettes, oceans of soda pop and beer. On the other we have ever-growing tracts of desert. Powerful nations are dumping surplus aliments into the ocean while millions die from lack of nutrition. Cultural genocide is being committed against the native population of Canada. Their hunting and fishing rights are a travesty in the face of increasing mercury pollution in the waters, and other forms of poison on the land. The impact of Chernoble will be felt for years by the agricultural community in Eurasia. Man the consumer is forcing endless species from the animal kingdom into extinction. Without them, the great food chain is being disrupted, and perhaps broken beyond repair. Perhaps one day we will face either cannibalism or starvation. Perhaps it doesn’t matter, since in the end we all end up as maggot fodder.

In the meantime, let us celebrate the joys of food, the junk food and the gourmet meal. Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, bubble gum, cotton candy, ice cream and Eskimo pie. Cheeseburgers, pink cherry-flavoured pez, barbecue-chicken-flavoured potato chips, licorice all sorts, french fries with brown gravy and ketchup, red-dutch cream soda, cheezies and beer. In the other hand, champagne and caviar, sweet and pungent vegetable curry, couscous for Arabian Nights and garlic and sour sauce, escargots de Montpellier, garland of sea bass and salmon with red peppers, paspiettes of lemon sole with artichoke mousse and tomato hollandaise, hot oysters with watercress mousse, galettes of prosciutto with fresh spinach sauce, ragout of sweetbread and sopp in bechamel, apple charlotte with raspberry sauce, sugar tart with plum compote, mascarpone cream with ladyfingers, peppermint Bavarian with mint fudge sauce, cinnamon ice cream in a chocolate cookie cup with purée of apples.

But let us also consider the virtues of honest bread and sweet water, of a bowl of rice, or a handful of wild berries. Let us consider the virtues of vegetarianism, of eating lower on the food chain, of sharing and fasting. And let us always be mindful of the needs of others. Bon appetit!
FALLEN A Selection from \textit{Drame} by Philippe Sollers

Translation by Bruce Birdander \& Ursula Molinaro

Philippe Sollers has been and remains a revolutionary figure in France as a writer, artist, editor, and architect. One of the highly influential journals \textit{Tel Quel} and now \textit{L'Infini}. He is the author of numerous books including \textit{Les, Nombres, Paradis, and Drame}. He writes:

"Nothing for us outside of here, but nothing if we let this 'here' be subjected to the outside. So I look for you inside, I wipe out my presence, which would now force me to rely on someone other than myself, someone who would think of \textit{himself} as elsewhere, namely just a transit in front of this page, namely what this page could show. No. Namely someone who would forget the question now posed by the mild (quietly mild) impact of this page (it's all there in the margin past the limits of the paper: open your eyes, look ...) no. The real story again? No. And yet that's what I'm trying to tell, the story that probably silently riffs everything from the beginning. In coming back, I haven't for a moment lost sight of the ground on which I'm walking, limited, wavering (you have to go a little above it), disappearance, prizing of words on neutral ground.... Once I could do that. Once the sight of a pebble or a fruit that had fallen onto the walk reverberated with light, cancelling the rest, giving the setting its suspended weight. Then the caption was written within a strict framework. Rotting and burrowing were part of that surface breathing: nothing could disappear without discharging a sort of still, sparkling air, settling little by little, once more, on earth. Each uncovered sleep. Each forgetting at the same time. Each sentence immediately deleting, erased, without echoes, without memory. Maybe? But I remember and the memory comes by itself without any warning, and I am only this neutral, defenceless place, unless I speak and answer, here, indirectly.

But for him the reply and the other side and the elsewhere of that surface-response are most often hidden territory, a winter, an underground garage, interrupted, prolonged mass, designed according to other projects and other aspects, a neutral waiting and repeating, in place. Traces of lost time. Wasted realization. Everything that he doesn't want to think expressly making itself known language .... It is really the "whole world" that is felt in this frail, uncertain, direct speech in broad daylight ...). And the night takes possession of the earth, outside, filters with the mist into the more and more silent city, that is least lasting" (an instant lasts too long to represent it). Collapse, fainting, prolonged, final tone: the more you divide it, the more it escapes you: the more confident you are, the less you are able to grasp the real pain.... Now the pain is sharp, incessant (there was a moment when that could be clearly said, but the trap is always the same, always works with the same precision. "Why both? Why still be there in your mind\?"") Closing his eyes, he tries to let "the spring" well up "right from the source." Then a shaking that gets stronger and stronger: his whole body, but a body that has been conceived rather than perceived, now seems as if it were vibrating in place, as though -- but the comparison immediately makes it skid to the side -- as though at a distance he can see the curve, the curve. Escape, everything that he doesn't want to think expressly making itself thought.... The place is reduced, a kind of hand closes over the whole landscape, takes it together. folds it up, loosens the mooring of the whole landscape, as if he were trying to pull a few disguised fragments of this work out of the current ... a few insignificant stage directions for a whole text that is sure to have read, unattended, dimly lived ... always this margin, this cut, thin, hidden immensity.... He writes:

"The problem never presents itself head on.... Its basic organization keeps us from seeing it.... You move forward with me in this story, and you surprise me, the way you take the turns of this imperceptible journey, hour after hour, day after day, seemingly without losing anything, of a dull intensity, a certainty you find outside of me, of a sort of shadowiness and softness (you act as if you can see beyond you, really see something, as if you are the property of something whose secret orders you follow), unfocused zone behind your face that seems as if it is asleep in a deep perpetual absence, a side from brief nervous breakthroughs, high points to which it's impossible to make you return.... Never repeated, immediately dissolved, disguised, disguised sentences that are implicitly worth "if only you knew" each time .... Half-finished gestures ... As if you haven't accepted the sheer illusion, the theme and variation of the place in which I am told to drag me along, and if I try to question you about it, you dodge the question or answer too quickly beside the point.... And then that dark, fixed invasion that strays right to the surface of your eyes -- appeal, perplexity, silent crisis, intensity offered through me to something very real .... very cold, very great .... that makes your tensed face half smile, as if it were subtly waiting, drawing near, without noticing it, without having even opened your eyes to the movement (of your lips behind the glass, the train leaning, brief white and reddened spot in the fog and fumes of the grey morning), this it is of an unattached, detached time in which I am unable to tell you how you live it, aloof, isolated, withdrawn into your incomprehensible life (amazingly the side of the train that is passing into this dense trench that runs through the middle of the city, between the high look and façade of scenes)...."
27A. "Our host is very Italian," said that perpetual guest, Bernstein. "But four generations of the Rossetti family have lived in Mexico; in Guanajuato for two generations before they fled here to the capital," replied Jarna. "Surely, Bernstein, you accept that at some time one becomes native?"

27B. "The Italians understand nothing of the old or the new, only the eternal."

27C. "They do find the accidents of history inconsequential, I grant you that. Even the Borgia didn't seem really to try. Except perhaps for Alexander and Caesarea."

27D. Rossetti is dishonoured by Felix because he can't understand that we Jews are paricides, while all Mexicans are filicides. In Christ, we tried to kill the Father, terri­fied that we might find the Messiah incarnate in a usurper. This makes sense, especi­ally if you consider that each time a Redeemer appears, our destruction hangs in the balance. On the other hand, Mexicans wish only to kill their sons." But what tortures you is the idea of offspring. Any form of continuation serves as proof of your degeneration and bastardy."

Do mothers wish to kill their daughters or are mothers not Mexican?" replied Jarna, hiding her anger in irony. Then, more sadly, thinking of Leika's madness, "But it is true, Malinche was passed from people to people, as part of tributes, until she was offered to the blond-bearded god from Spain. We are all part of her, in some way."

Bernstein was nervous; he observed Armo across the room, smiling ironically. Rossetti was making his way through the crowd toward Jarna, his current lover. The Director General waved his hand in the direction of the wharf where the boat and the smugglers were still held.

The President, Leonine, powerful and somewhat weary, was within a few steps of Brattjfa. "Perhaps we are all both paricides and filicides?" Rossetti said to Jarna as he ar­rived, one brief moment before the gunfire.

27E. And old Hadonus, that patriarch, heaven knew, had never needed to get hold of any guts or gumption, showing in his constant rut, his riotous, enslaving, dionysian rut more than any of the thirty-three remaining brothers and half-brothers could possibly con­ceive of or dream of, in Amon, the wanderer, the crazed one, the mountain walker, whose visits into the mountains of Setha had become so much more frequent since the death of his full sister Sarona in the fortified caves where Hadonus, that patriarch, the stout-bodied from birth and strong-tongued since children came no more to her.

27F. One his strongest dogs contorted their bodies into silence. When the crash of the furious waves against the imperilled fishing boat was at its height and ragged streaks of lightning lit up the sky, they saw Amon hurl himself over the gunnel and heard his last words.

27G. "I thought prisoners were always locked up?"

27H. "Not in Mexico. Or they have some kind of visiting rights. She was a mess; I don't see what either of them saw in her. Her eyes were like the tunnels in the Rockies. And her mouth was red as a stoplight, like she'd swallowed a pomegranate and was sucking a lemon at the same time."

27I. "Oh, Lucia; you're unbelievable. And what happened to the children? That's what I want to know."

27J. "She sucked them up too. What did you think? And headed for the hills with the hundred thousand. All she paid her dear lawyer was however many screws she had available for the fat little beast. Honestly, if she weren't my own sister I wouldn't even want to know any of this. He'll be out in five years and then he'll probably murder her. That's just what I need."

27K. "Better get yourself a good lawyer."

27L. "Well, I know one to avoid. That's a start."

27M. "Let's order something, Lucia. This is almost as bad as our discussion last week. They were such lovely children."

28. Though history says she died of the coughing death, I am sure the one that they put in the coffin they first murdered; Guipas, the daughter of slaves, my mother's slaves. Murdered her and gave her my name. Or gave her my name so they could murder her. So there were two I had to live for in one name, Ce Malianalli, both Guipas and Malintzin; and two I had to lie for, and two I had to love for.

29. After you have become like silver and gold and stone yourself, after you have been object of greed and lifted from cart to cart by priests and warriors, after you have been shamed by kings, after a dozen tribes have passed you from hand to hand with the curse shamed by kings, after a dozen tribes have passed you from hand to hand with the curse of Vancouver, daughter of the tides, Dzonokwa, D'Sonaqua."

30. Of the costumes of the dancers, of the acrobats who had been promised but had never arrived, thinking of the food served on the cruise so far, of probably never made errors: gullet, gusset, guywire, Guinevere; and taught you that the Lord of the Great Voice

32. Somehow, after the death of Sarona, Hadonus had known not to carelessly take hold of guts or guavas, knowing that some depth (starting from his good eye and his buried eye at the women around the fires), that the only two women bold enough to visit Amon after Sarona's death were Jarna, the bird catcher, and old Leika, aunt to Sa­rona and Amon and headwife of all the fruit-gatherer women, a head taller even than Hadonus, stout-bodied from birth and strong-tongued since children came no more to her. So none of Amon's skills with herbs was more than an amusement for that rock­heart patriarch who fed the poisoned gulls to his red-skinned hunting dogs, calling Jarna in to watch in the dark firelight of the inner caves as the dogs wrinkled and retched and bit at their stomachs until her own eyes grew slack with terror as she guessed at his in­tests, his tongue purple-blue with berry juice and his face dark with frenzy as one by one his strongest dogs contorted their bodies into silence.

Waited. Let her live her days in terror. Waiting. Climbing after the nexts and await­ing the arrival of 'Tosening' sets and expecting the larger set. Running with the young red dogs and feeling the teeth. Always awaiting the stone, the spear, the angry young dogs, the guillotine, the murre's beak at her throat, the sharpened guillotine, the final dream, the grenade placed in her hands.

33. After my little guignol with Jarna, I encouraged neither men nor women in any sort of intimacy; yet I have gone on being for one artist or another a symbol until I've become something of a legend myself. It is not really respectable, in Western Canada anyway, for a poet to pass thirty without having written a poem to me. I have been muse, witch, preying lesbian. I have also been devouring mother, where, Diana, spirit of Vancouver, daughter of the ides, Dzonokwa, D'Sonaqua."

34. "Charming, Lucia. What the hell's a gweeo-nault?"

35. "A Punch and Judy show. That does sound pompous, doesn't it?"

36. "I like the rhythms, but it will be better when the winter ceremonials begin and everyone must change their names. Then maybe we will all become serious."

37. "Winter ceremonials. You sound just like Sara. You know that woman was sleep­ing with both of them all through the trial."

38. "I thought prisoners were always locked up?"

39. "Not in Mexico. Or they have some kind of visiting rights. She was a mess; I don't see what either of them saw in her. Her eyes were like the tunnels in the Rockies. And her mouth was red as a stoplight, like she'd swallowed a pomegranate and was sucking a lemon at the same time."

40. "Oh, Lucia; you're unbelievable. And what happened to the children? That's what I want to know."

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42. "Better get yourself a good lawyer."

43. "Well, I know one to avoid. That's a start."

44. "Let's order something, Lucia. This is almost as bad as our discussion last week. They were such lovely children."

45. When the crash of the furious waves against the imperilled fishing boat was at its height and raging streaks of lightning lit up the sky, they saw Amon hurl himself over the gunnel and heard his last words.

"Knot by knot I untie myself from the past and let it rise away from me like a balloon. What a small thing it becomes. What a bright tweak at the vanishing point, blue on blue. One way or another, the negotiations will be short. One way or the other."

"A five-letter word, Kurt, starting with gu; probably gu, maybe gr."

Thinking that it must be an error, although the Times never made errors: gulei, gyerre, gusset, guywire, Gauerne; thinking of the food served on the cruise so far, of the costumes of the dancers, of the acrobats who had been promised but had never arrived.
Perhaps thug, 12 down, was wrong. "Four letters, Smalltime crook. Nothing but thug, right?"

"Try, then, your father."

"Ha, ha, Ha."

If yours made $992,000 last year you wouldn’t say that so easily. If you could have finished your MBA. If you had started as a restaurant manager and made your way up to where you could fire four thousand people last year alone. "No, Kurt. Not smalltime. It takes a bigtime crook to fire four thousand men in one year; managers, even his own protege."

She didn’t listen to his sarcastic reply. An r in place of the a would make it so easy: a grand or great, or correct or grape. There was something Christian and reassuring about it; she had never seen that; something that gut lacked entirely; guts were foreign, Arabic perhaps. Guttural. She barely noticed the four young men who pushed the fat Greek captain into the main saloon, barely noticed until the shots rang out and they were all dead. Their motions, the guns pointed slightly upwards, as though acting as a shield against the darkness. Guilt, she suddenly thought. We are all guilty; it is all a guilty dance.

The fog while the two nervous Mounties, who had all six of them trussed in the bottom of the hold, grew in you. The irrational terror deep in the throats of the young smugglers who held them all alone, a swish of naked leaves, a newspaper unfolded, as he stumbled over a chair and then righted himself. Guilt, she suddenly thought. We are all guilty; it is all a guilty dance.

19.

How had they got hold of a Gulf Island ferry? And brought it all the way around the island? A monster, a sea cambal that came thundering towards them in the fog with the two nervous Mounties, who had all six of them trussed in the bottom of the hold like the zodiac like so many sacrificial chickens, stared gull-eyed in horror and disbelief at the immense white null, righting themselves out of their fear to prepare for evasive action only once they had accepted the boat that was hundreds of kilometres off course as nonetheless falling securely into this reality its very bulk casting aside doubts, preparing themselves to dart here or there once they saw the pattern of movement through the fog, until they finally recognized that the monster was slowing, shuddering in the fog and waves as the engines revved and drove it back against its own momentum and Amon came out on the deck with the crew lined up like dolls in front of him, shouting:

"This is going to be a quick negotiation. One way or the other it’s going to be quick."

The first bullet hit the stern of the zodiac and you could hear the hiss of air above the ever-present screeching of the gulls and murmurs, and the sob of one of the kitchen crew who had broken down in fear from looking at the angry waves below and hearing the irrational terror deep in the throats of the young smugglers who held them all prisoner.

15.

How Michael Gurdus got hold of all this information was clear even to the non-technical. He monitors regularly selected news broadcasts in many countries and other wireless transmissions including air-ground communications and top-secret military messages. When the late Greek Cypriot leader, Archbishop Makarios, fled for his life in 1974 and broadcast for help on a makeshift transmitter, the message was not heard by any military listening post. Mr. Gurdus, however, picked it up and notified the British authorities led to the Archbishop’s rescue.

He heard the young boy crying in the gulch. He heard the hunter father wail as the last breaths. He heard the agony calls of Krattfja, younger half-sister of Leika, the slayer of Hadonus. "The light of day breaks through the cracks into Tartarus and frightens the king of the deep and his wives. Everywhere the ground bursts. What new evil is born today?"

The thick yellowish milk of the Guerneys had always made the best cakes. How to leave alone in all seasons the gullards, the guides of lost fishermen; the messengers of Leikana. Where the guereias chatted in the mountains of Abyssinia, stealing fruit, fouling the ground beneath their home trees, but amusing in the way of their tribe; they had lived in these trees since before memory. The trees had shaved the river ever longer to give a shit, myself. Never trust people who tell you they have a direct line to god. If he wanted us to be on his PBX, he would have wired us in directly."

"Yes, father.

33.

The walk to the outcasts with the terrible sack on my shoulder was a painful business, as was everything else that happened to me afterwards, but when, on the many such occasions I find the key and look deep down into myself where the images of destiny lie crumbling in the dark mirror, I only need to bend my head over the black mirror to see my own image which now wholly resembles him, my friend and leader, my master and guide."

13.

At first, Amon made rites to hold us together and the death was great enough in all of our minds to put away thoughts of women, but over time what could you expect when we had no political soul to sustain our desire to sing us solidarity songs, no Guy Fawkes to sell us dreams of eternal life, no Gustav I to teach us how to dance-spirit with hand and stick and guiro; how first to carve the rings into the dried calabash so that the tool knew your hand; how to take the colour from the red resin of the guano-limbo. How to make the dance-spirit with hand and stick and guiro; how first to carve the rings into the dried calabash so that the tool knew your hand; how to take the colour from the red resin of the guano-limbo.

The quick rhythm of the knife on avocado flesh so that only small pieces go into the copper sieve that she kept for guacamole. The thrill of the chase after guanacos; where to make the first cut; how to hang the young males, bleed, peel the fawn-brown hide so that it was skin, not fur. How to catch the blood darkened the soft fur. What soil Leika had sowed would grow the richest guavas.

"Everywhere the ground bursts," Leika chanted within the cave after the women had brought home the grazied, stiffened, headless memory of the body and fear and protection that had been broken. "The light of day breaks through the cracks into Tartarus and frightens the king of the deep and his wives. Everywhere the ground bursts. What new evil is born today?"

The thick yellowish milk of the Guerneys had always made the best cakes. How to leave alone in all seasons the gullards, the guides of lost fishermen; the messengers of Leikana. Where the guereias chatted in the mountains of Abyssinia, stealing fruit, fouling the ground beneath their home trees, but amusing in the way of their tribe; they had lived in these trees since before memory. The trees had shaved the river ever longer to give a shit, myself. Never trust people who tell you they have a direct line to god. If he wanted us to be on his PBX, he would have wired us in directly."

"Yes, father."

How to take the colour from the red resin of the guano-limbo. How to make the dance-spirit with hand and stick and guiro; how first to carve the rings into the dried calabash so that the tool knew your hand; how to take the colour from the red resin of the guano-limbo.
CHANSON DU DEJEUNER GRATIS
by Sid Marty
"Ou est le parapluie de ma Tante?"... A. B. Tennent, French Language Instructor
William Aberhart High, 1958
A. B. Tenant, French Language Instructor

Ice shuts up the creek
A steer goes skating out
It falls and stays, as if to sleep
The other's frozen to the sun
La vue dans la fenêtre

The main course has arrived
Prime Alberta beef
soon one eye's welded to the ice
The diners blow in on the breeze
Le bouvillon, sur la glace

"I'm gonna call
Le menu, il est toilette!"

Monteiro le Ministère de l'Agriculture
il ne répond rien
Il va chercher son déjeuner
parlementaire encore

"Oh, la, the cheeky thing!
See how it folds its wings, then
digging with its beak
Pour le déjeuner"

"J'ai faim, et je demande
un biféce, très cru
Et vin du pays, rouge!"

Oo la la, the cheeky thing!
See how it folds its wings, then
digging with its beak
Pour le déjeuner

"J'ai fain, et je demande
un biféce, très cru
Et vin du pays, rouge!"

 manifesto le Ministère de l'Agriculture
"Je vous en prière, monsieur"
"Je déclare le bistro ouvert"
"Le menu, il est toilette!"

"Oo la la, the cheeky thing!
See how it folds its wings, then
digging with its beak
Pour le déjeuner"

"J'ai fain, et je demande
un biféce, très cru
Et vin du pays, rouge!"

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"Je vous en prière, monsieur"
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"Oo la la, the cheeky thing!
See how it folds its wings, then
digging with its beak
Pour le déjeuner"

4 POEMS FROM "SEX & THE SINGLE MUSHROOM"
by Gerry Gilbert

Week
I was sitting in the sentimental cafe last night
licking at the pat of butter
that had fallen off my knife
like a preposition
into my mushroom soup
& when it was all gone
into me
aren't
I cried to myself
oh woman
I say to you
I taste you
every time I talk

Chilled Grease San
not too big a deal
your knocking off the fly we were playing with
easy to decide
you got more going than any bug
flies survive winter
hands attract dirt
you drive a hand moon
it isn't heaven until we're all dead
it isn't the classless society until we're all broke
in the meantime one ear screwed up with wax is useful
when the rush hour starts scoring your dream against you
memories howling at intentions down blind alleys of belief
the temperature of blood
the first reader & the last word
tongue licking at the swelling where the idea will appear
the starving publisher sniffs at the teeth in the mug
the market for egg rolls excites the chickens into extinction
imagining by instruments lest you forget about colour

you is just a figure of speech
hit the silk & follow the sun down
which lines grew above this as inevitably as a mushroom
time & forever wakes up here & after
play at first
fuck as second
eat at last
by the way
love only makes it when you're incensed

third world lucky

Soup
make a marinade of vinegar, soy sauce, crushed garlic & slivers of ginger
slice tofu into it
don't even think about granola
slice an onion & a couple of tomatoes into the skillet with butter or olive oil & fry
set them down on a platter of brown rice
i cooked the raisins with the granola once & they turned back into seeds
fry the tofu with some grated cheese on it in the skillet
slap it on top of everything on the platter

an ice thing about slap, it won't remind anyone of meat
i haven't been able to make pancake soup work yet
but if there's any hot dog buns left in the lurch, bananas & peanut butter make nice cold cats

From Year One
you got mustard
i got mustard
all god's turds got mustard

paradise for breakfast
dialectic for lunch
freedom for tea
the whole world on the same time for supper
win yr race & embrace yr ancient self for snack
smash the upper class for nitecap

i go to double bills with a noisy bag of stewed popcorn sprinkled with maple syrup &
3 days later half my major lower molar turns to food
& a shivering of old coffee & your favourite mug
& sit at the front enjoying my fats alone hoping they never pull a posthumous pink
panacea outta my off moments

you there & it's you
me here & it's me
Tributes to the fine art of drinking are exceptional not for their frequency alone, proof of a practice which is sometimes, as Hamlet observed to Horatio on the subject of Danish carousing, "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

A SHORT SURVEY

Nomer's warrior Greeks were wine connoisseurs, Plato regarded wine as a truth serum and official ritual observances came twice a year in the Attic social calendar; a little later, Homer's warrior Greeks were wine connoisseurs, Plato regarded wine as a truth serum and Petronius introduced Trimalchio; biblical injunctions are rife of course and they go either way, Ecclesiastes observing that wine was created to make men joyful, and not to make them drunk.

But what of Dürer's "Memorial to a Drunkard?"

Amongst his last works, and designed as an instructional text in solid geometry and perspective for his country's youth, for embryonic painters, goldsmiths, sculptors, stonemasons and carpenters, Albrecht Dürer in 1525 published The Painter's Manual, "A Manual of Measurement of Lines, Areas and Solids by Means of Compass and Ruler," dedicating the work to his mentor Pirckheymer. Included there in Book 3, between the "Monument to Commemorate a Victory over the Rebellious Peasants" and "Construction of a Tower," is another monumental column -- his design of the "Memorial to a Drunkard" (Fig. 1). This from the old master of religious and royal iconography! The grave is dated 1525; it is topped by a beer cask, draught board, two dishes one face down on the other, "weit niedertrachtigen Bierkrug" -- a wide-mouthed common beer mug, inverted beer glass and a basket of food. The figure is exemplary, a study in perfect symmetry, a source for learning about measurement with ruler and compass. It is also, one concludes, a witty joke, at the expense, perhaps, of all commissioners of commemorative columns. Who, indeed, would see this project through, situating the parodic structure in a cemetery or park -- the drunkard, the drunkard's family, a forgiving patron, the State? Is the "Memorial to a Drunkard" an impossibility, then, designed "Haec delectationis causa" (Scheurle's 1525 Latin translation), for amusement's sake only, as Dürer suggested?

Even so, mindful of Pataphysics but a speculative philosopher ever reluctant to concede the completely impossible, and despite total failure (so far) in my correspondence, archival research and visits to European cemeteries (confirmation I agree of the current scepticism about empirical studies), I shall continue (Fig. 2). If not a drunkard's friend -- a loyal drinking companion -- then maybe a widow in jest or an enemy in malice has suggested?

DURER'S MEMORIAL

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HONOURED IN THE BREAHC

"MEMORIAL TO A DRUNKARD"

by Brian Edwards

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I had been waiting by the entrance since 8 a.m. and had almost given up hope when at Peter Winn and John Heath-Stubbs both obsequiously and mockingly, attempting by flattery to ingratiate myself with the Genius and by sarcasm to gain the sympathy of passersby. The Genius looked up with eyes swollen from lack of sleep, glanced indifferently in my direction and stood still, silently, thinking. He probably thought that those days with introductions from higher up to bound him. Well, even geniuses make occasional mistakes. My task came, indeed, from higher up, but in the metaphysical, not political, sense.

A few idle spectators who just happened to be near the house became interested. A well-dressed Young Promising Talent, in a suit of velvet and a peaked cap, went about asking people what they thought. The Genius looked up with a sneer and a scornful gesture. The Young Promising Talent said hesitantly, "I don't know, it's a bit of a problem." The Genius shook his head and walked away. The Young Promising Talent's plan was to gain the sympathy of passersby. Everything was going according to plan. I set to work on the next stage. Forcing my way back through the crowd of admirers, who in their enthusiasm had already managed to push me away) and coming face to face with the Genius, I hurled the most dazzling abuse at him, each word of which had been lovingly and painstakingly prepared over a period of months.

A sudden hush came over the crowd, followed by a murmur of admiration. Then, with complete assurance, I led the people to the main square of the city. Pressed from all sides, the Genius was compelled to move along with the mass. On the way the procession increased and multiplied. "Whom are you going to string up?" eagerly inquired the representatives of the intelligentsia. "I'm going to string up all the racists in the city," I replied. The Genius shook his head and walked away. The people were delighted. They were free, and everything was going according to plan.

Years went by. The Genius grew old and feeble, and whatever health he had once enjoyed began to fail him. And I, myself, to be honest, was no longer that brave, energetic young fellow-me-lad that I had been back in the square. From the constant strain my nerves were weakened, and I began to doubt my own abilities. The Genius, in his turn, gained the attention of an even greater public because of my efforts and at the same time a certain immunity from the attacks of his enemies. Such was the price of success.

"Immortality!" His playmates, school-bullies, roommates, casual acquaintances and even the Young Promising Talents and the gentle people in plain clothes muttered anxiously and righteously.

During the next few months, I have decided to reconstruct my autobiography. I need your help. Do you remember any time we might have shared dinner, lunch, breakfast...? Tell me where/when (include the year, month, time of day, other friends who might have been there, important details, etc.). Any mementos of the occasion -- photos, menus, bottles, amusing anecdotes? Please help me with your memories of these happenings.

This information will help me a great deal, as I am exhausted dealing with the past as I know it, and rather than live in the future, I want to create a new past.
UNIVERSAL CHICKEN by Brian Fawcett

You've just pulled your car off the freeway into one of those new service-station complexes. You've been driving since dawn. You're tired, the car needs gas, and you're hungry. It's just past noon, one of those horrible days that seem more frequent now than ever. You're not used to this, not used to the sun, no rain, just dull cloud from horizon to horizon, like plexes. You've been driving since dawn. You're tired, the car needs gas, and you're wondering where you are because there's nothing here you haven't seen somewhere else. Your entire body is numb from sitting in the car, from your toes to your ass right up to your dis position.

You've seen twenty or thirty sets of Golden Arches since you started driving this morning. They were pictures that helped people to remember them. They were identical. They were corporate identities. And the drive-through is a two-way process; you affect what affects you. That's how democracy is supposed to work. But kids and machines are affecting you. In fact, they're the only things affecting you. You're depressed and you're depressing. You might as well get into the main building of the complex, half-wishing that you were Tyrannosaurus Rex but for the chicken.

The only things you enjoy are those that are somehow substandard and screwed up. You're whacked-out ex-marines you've read about. Or maybe he's been reading your mind and before the chicken arrives. Good. There it is.

Fresh from the freezer and dropped into a boiling mixture of deodorized pre-processed beef fat and oil pressed from corn. Those identities also obliterated. Antidemocratic, anti-memory. Machine-gutted but still twitching, into a vat of acid that dissolved the feathers and loosened the bones. Then the carcasses were ripped apart in a huge machine that separated them to other people, to nature and to God. What you've been in is the opposite. There are no gods, no nature if it can be tarmacked, and the people you see are encapsulated the same way you are; they are corporate identities. And the drive-through is a two-way process; you affect what affects you. That's how democracy is supposed to work. But kids and machines are affecting you. In fact, they're the only things affecting you. You're depressed and you're depressing. You might as well get into the main building of the complex, half-wishing that you were Tyrannosaurus Rex but for the chicken.

The villain, you decide, shaking off the self-doubting question, is the freeway. No, it's the villain. It's Planet of the Franchises they're putting you in, and the images you see are for product outlets for everything from places to sleep, to food, to gasoline and parts for your car. If you're not careful you'll next see something that just doesn't make sense. Something that human beings have done that is singular, something slightly inefficient, something that has no head office and no profit-taking trajectory — something, say, that is an extension of the human spirit. And the way you're feeling is that there are millions of others into temporary oblivion after a full day of being assaulted by the franchise products that have been assaulting you all morning. It's a subtle assault, of course. It's a process of infill and you can't always feel it. But it becomes a race to see which one will be able to go first, and you both stay in position, straining absurdly, the veins in your necks and foreheads swelling with the effort. You're feeling truly adult and in control. You didn't need to pee in the first place. You didn't need to pee at all. You're feeling more like you're taking on national planning, rather than your own.
You push it off your plate, poke it across the table and oent the floor. When you look up, satisfied with your small act of protest, the waitress is gazing at you with a puzzled expression. You ignore her, and your eyes search the restaurant once more for some missed pertinency—anything single and unique will do; a cracked window, a flaw in the plaster, anything at all.

There's nothing. The waitresses are uniformed, the pump jockeys are uniformed, the whole place is designed to create dull familiarity. Everything damned thing you can see in this scene is empty, except your gas tank and your stomach. And, shh! your bladder.

Your private argument with yourself has shifted the stresses, and you feel a sudden urgent pressure. You pay the bill, pocket the receipt, and swing through the washroom door, ready to unzip and let fly in the same motion.

The guy in the mackinaw is still standing at the urinal.

A wave of delight passes through you, sweeping your gloom away in an instant. In fact, it is so profound that you nearly lose control of your bladder. You move in next to him, stifling a giggle. You chance a peek at him, and see that he's exhausted, his face lined with no-epic tension and effort. He turns to look at you, his eyes filled with shame and utter hopelessness, and you are overcome with compassion for him. For the first time in your life you are able to speak to another man while standing at a urinal.

"Lousy out there, eh?" you say, staring carefully at the wall in front of you. Before he can reply, you let fly, and, unable to suppress your sense of well-being, you turn to your companion and grin right in his face. Damn the consequences.

With a groan of relief, he too begins to pee. He smiles back at you gratefully. After all, you've saved him from the unpeachable fate of having to spend the rest of his life peeing in the plaster, anything at all.

You chance another look at him, and see that he's filled with all the possibilities that have been brought to the surface of his mind by your act. You are moved by the sudden spirit of generosity with which he has been moved. You are overcome by the forces of the moment.

"Yeah," he replies coldly, "it's a pisser.

INDIA POEMS
by Frank Davey

Liquids
Drink lots of hot liquids. Drink tea, coffee or, when sick, scalded milk. Go to the bathroom immediately before leaving your guest house or hotel. Go to every convenient occasion thereafter. Drink lots of bottled liquids. Avoid all urges to totalize. Drink beer, drink mineral water, drink soft drinks at most roadsides. A void the washrooms in bus stations and train stations. Make sure the bottle of mineral water is kept shut to exclude flies.

Food
In Udaipur try the chicken biriani at the Lake Palace Hotel. In Jaipur you can get excellent spaghetti in the basement of the President. It is illegal to prepare beef for sale anywhere. In Delhi dine at Gaylord's or the Madarin Room of the Janpath. The hotels of Bombay package what you leave on your plate and re-sell it to the poor. In Jaipur have lamb kebabs at Nero's. Breads are the necessity of a poor man's meal and an agreeable complement to yours. Always wash fresh fruit in a weak iodine solution before eating. Order curds with all Indian meals to cool your mouth of hot spices. Always wash and re-sell it to the poor.

POPCORN POPCORN

Play baseball using popcorn balls. Make popcorn balls w/ molasses & invent a game to play. Stuff a mattress w/ popped corn. Stuff a row of glass phone booths at Park Street subway station w/ popcorn. Add popcorn sandwiches. Add popcorn balls. Add popcorn to sandwiches. Add popcorn w/ molasses & invent a game to play.

One kernel to a square. Devise a grid to show relation between average kernel and dimensions of popped corn. Determine this from average-size bowl. Find average-size piece w/in bowl. Draw a grid showing 16 popcorn kernels as a concept of popcorn unpopped.

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Feed it to the birds. Fish. Butter it. Make popcorn sandwiches. Add popcorn to sandwiches. Add popcorn w/ molasses & invent a game to play. Stuff a mattress w/ popped corn. Stuff a row of glass phone booths at Park Street subway station w/ popcorn. Add popcorn sandwiches. Add popcorn balls. Add popcorn to sandwiches. Add popcorn w/ molasses & invent a game to play.

Posterity admires photographs. Near the Delhi zoo a family of beggars have cut off a hand to win the sympathy of the wealthy. Beggars have cut off a hand to win the sympathy of the wealthy. Beggars have cut off a hand to win the sympathy of the wealthy.

Burnt corn is represented and therefore imagined thru sound -- the moment of impact when heat (energy) transforms the materials (kernels) and thereby engendering the process of its existence.

Use tape recording of popcorn popping. Play tape of popcorn before & after metamorphosis -- same amount -- to study process. Spread popcorn on gallery floor w/ observation platform. Fill bathtub w/ popcorn, toilet bowl and sink -- show environmental effects of popcorn.

Popped popcorn implies a method. The implementation of a specific method becomes impossible by which the kernels as a concept of popcorn unpopped becomes transformed in appearance. The process of sound is important in order to identify this transformation. Popped popcorn implies this process given the condition of the stated concept.

The existence of concept in relation to process hegets a work of art. The result of this co-existence may be perceived and/or eaten which has nothing to do w/ art.

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THE BURNT CORN MANIFESTO
by Robert Morgan

The distinction: Kernels of corn in a jar unity, the object. The idea of displacing these kernels by putting them into an aluminum container and applying heat so as to transform their appearance as a multiplicity becomes a concept. Popcorn unpopped in this sense is a concept.

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WASTING
by Richard Kostelanetz

Note: Richard Kostelanetz will have a new book out with Atticus by the time this issue is printed. Keep an eye out for this superlative edition entitled Prose Pieces/Fictionets (Atticus Press, 722 Heber Avenue, Calexico, CA).

When I was born, I was twenty-two inches long and weighed nine pounds. On my first birthday, I was thirty-four inches long and weighed thirty-five pounds. On my second birthday, I was thirty-nine inches high and weighed thirty-four pounds. On my third birthday, I was forty-two inches high and weighed forty-two pounds. On my fourth birthday, I was forty-five inches high and weighed forty-six pounds. On my fifth birthday, I was forty-seven inches high and weighed forty-eight pounds. On my sixth birthday, I was fifty inches high and weighed fifty-one pounds. On my seventh birthday, I was fifty-one inches high and weighed fifty-five pounds. On my eighth birthday, I was fifty-two inches high and weighed sixty pounds. On my ninth birthday, I was fifty-four inches high and weighed seventy-two pounds. On my tenth birthday, I was fifty-six inches high and weighed eighty pounds. On my twelfth birthday, I was fifty-eight inches high and weighed one hundred pounds. On my thirteenth birthday, I was sixty-four inches high and weighed one hundred and four pounds. On my fourteenth birthday, I was sixty-eight inches high and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. On my fifteenth birthday, I was seventy-two inches high and weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds. On my sixteenth birthday, I was seventy-three inches high and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. On my seventeenth birthday, I was seventy-five inches high and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. On my eighteenth birthday, I was seventy-five inches high and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. On my nineteenth birthday, I was seventy-eight inches high and weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. On my twentieth birthday, I was seventy-nine inches high and weighed one hundred and ninety-two pounds. On my twenty-first birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred pounds. On my twenty-second birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds. On my twenty-third birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and twenty-seven pounds. On my twenty-fourth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and thirty-one pounds. On my twenty-fifth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and thirty-four pounds. On my twenty-sixth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and sixty-nine pounds. On my twenty-seventh birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and seventy-one pounds. On my twenty-eighth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-one pounds. On my twenty-ninth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-one pounds. On my thirtieth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-one pounds. On my thirty-first birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-second birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-third birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-fourth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-fifth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-sixth birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds. On my thirty-seventh birthday, I was eighty inches high and weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds.

THE ILL-FATED RANDY PALMETTO VISITS THREE TORONTO RESTAURANTS, ALL ON THE SAME DAY
by David McFadden

1. STEAK-BANCAKE STUFF WITH SHRIMP

Randy Palmetto went back to University Avenue and sat on a bench by a fountain in a long thin park that ran along the middle of the street with patterns of white and red begonias, ornamental trees and statues of angels, and read some magazines until lunch. Then he got up and went to King ho's, a restaurant that displayed in 3/2 window illuminated photos of the featured meals, the colours sun-faded into stomach-wrenching grotesqueness. There was a black couple at the next table. The woman, loaded with jewel­ry, was in a foul mood and the man was suffering patiently, shoulders hunched.

"I have absolutely no interest," the woman kept saying in a Jamaican accent. Randy couldn't hear the man's reply. "This is just not good enough," she said. "Where's our ginger ale?" She called the waitress over and complained that they were almost finished their meal and the ginger ale still hadn't arrived. The waitress, a young Chinese woman with a troubled look accented by serious acne, brought a couple of cups with straws.

Randy picked up a pair of chopsticks and absent-mindedly clicked them together. The black woman looked over at him and smiled. "He's got Chinese chopsticks," she said. She was wearing two gold necklaces, one with a cross and the other with an astro­logical figure. She had four gold rings on her finger. The man was wearing a grey cardigan zipped up almost to the neck, a blue sports shirt and navy pants.

Randy put the sticks down. "That's all right," the woman said. She was glaring at the man by now. "You have the keys to my apartment but I don't have the keys to yours." The man seemed quite browbeaten. "Aren't you going to eat?" Randy tried to remember everything he'd eaten that week. Then he heard the woman's voice again, saying, "That wasn't sudden."

"Yes it was," said the man, quietly.

"If you want to call that sudden then go right ahead but it wasn't sudden at all. Not a bit."

Randy's "Steam Banacee Stuff With Shrimp" arrived: two rows of four banacees each, all eight shaking like jelly in a watered-down, soy sauce sauce and each topped with a little scrunch-downed load of tempa, the whole thing topped with long thin Chinese greens. He scooped a few of the top on his of rice and started eating. "If they going to do a Chinese section they going to open her uterus up and find two babies there," said the Jamaican woman.

A Chinese couple and their two kids took the table behind Randy and the Jamaican woman said, "Chinese people, they have the best religion on the planet.

"Daddy, help me, help me," the little Chinese boy was saying. He meant he couldn't figure out the menu.

"You want fish?" said dad. "Um ... yes, fish. Seafood."

"You want lobster?"

"Umm..."

"You want crab?"

"Not!"

"You want meat?"

No answer.

"You want fish or meat?"

No answer.

"You want fish or meat?"

Still no answer. The father was so patient. It was inspiring.

The mother and little girl were also chattering away but Randy couldn't listen to anything at once. Then suddenly the little girl's big-sisterly voice came through: "How about sweet and sour spare ribs in Cantonese sauce?"

The little boy thought for a moment then said, "What's Cantonese sauce?"

Peripherally, Randy thought he saw a waiter, standing in the middle of the dining room, pick his nose with his finger on the seat of his trousers. He came and took away Randy's plate then brought a small plate with a quartered orange and a fortune cookie. Randy broke open the cookie immediately, his hand shaking ominously.

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"You want crab?"

"You want fish?

No answer.

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The little boy thought for a moment then said, "What's Cantonese sauce?"

Peripherally, Randy thought he saw a waiter, standing in the middle of the dining room, pick his nose with his finger on the seat of his trousers. He came and took away Randy's plate then brought a small plate with a quartered orange and a fortune cookie. Randy broke open the cookie immediately, his hand shaking ominously.

"Oh heart," it said, "now could I ever have forgotten you?" A Chinese Riksa! The suffering of the world drifted into Randy's mind, tilted as it was on his unsupportable, shakily-exaggerated suffering, looking like a fortune cookie.

"Lobster, then?"

Randy picked up a pair of chopsticks and absent-mindedly clicked them together.

There must be a new generation of people writing fortunes for fortune cookies. "Oh heart," it said, "now could I ever have forgotten you?" A Chinese Riksa! The suffering of the world drifted into Randy's mind, tilted as it was on his unsupportable, shakily-exaggerated suffering, looking like a fortune cookie.

In the Jamaican accent, the little girl said, "We want the sweet and sour spare ribs."

But Randy wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to be a new generation of people writing fortunes for fortune cookies. "Oh heart," it said, "now could I ever have forgotten you?" A Chinese Riksa! The suffering of the world drifted into Randy's mind, tilted as it was on his unsupportable, shakily-exaggerated suffering, looking like a fortune cookie.

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"Lobster, then?"

As Randy left he heard the little boy say, "And for a beverage I want grape juice."

2. NEW ZEALAND LAMB

"Don't have it," said the bartender at the Barmaid's Arms when Randy Palmetto inquired about stout. "Couple of guys used to drink it all the time but they don't come in any more so we don't get it any more."

"It's nice on days like this."

"I wouldn't know, I never tried it."

"About the only thing she's ever tried," said a man a few stools down.

A thin black woman came up from the tables in the dimly lit dining room and stood at Randy's side for a moment, silently, a thin woman with dozens of long deep scars on her face. "Hello, Winnie," Randy said. On the night of Alf's party at the Royal York he'd given her a story of his to read. She reminded him momentarily ashamed of his own overestimated, highly exaggerated suffering, but proud of it too for without it (as minor as it really was) he wouldn't have had the unexpected chance of making him momentarily ashamed of his own overestimated, highly exaggerated suffering, but proud of it too for without it (as minor as it really was) he wouldn't have been as sensitive to the sufferings of others. Suffering leads to the end of suffering. Suffering tends compassion.

As Randy left he heard the little boy say, "And for a beverage I want grape juice."
Toronto plaque with a gold-braided postcard of the city hall. There was a toy traffic signal with the green light on and it said BAR IS OPEN. Someone was talking about MEXICO A DRINK IT HERE, a framed autographed photo of Ernie Whitt and a City of man accent. Randy asked what was the funniest thing that happened in all that time.

The people at the bar were talking about the superiority of Ontario lamb over New Zealand lamb. It was impossible to anticipate what people will be talking about in any given bar. The incredible richness of our lives. One guy said he'd ordered New Zealand lamb in a restaurant and "it was dry and tasted disgusting."

The barmaid had been there twenty years. She was about forty, with a slight Ger­man accent. Randy asked what was the funniest thing that happened in all that time.

"I got older."

"That's not funny."

"And fatter."

"Neither is it."

"Yes it is, I gained forty-five pounds."

There was a sign behind the bar reading IN HEAVEN THERE AIN'T NO BEER GOTTA DRINK IT HERE, a framed autographed photo of Emi White and a City of Toronto plaque with a gold bracket in front of the city hall. There was a toy traffic sig­nal with the green light on and it said BAR IS OPEN. Someone was talking about Mexican food.

"I had Mexican food once," said the barmaid. "I was gulping water for three days after."

The guy next to Randy had a Cockney accent. A young woman who looked like a model named Norma had come up to him as he was trying to explain how to get to Paddy C's, his favourite Mexican restaurant, and he became distracted. Her name was Norma.

"You look wonderful," he said. "Usually when I see you you look three sheets to the wind."

"I quit," She looked pleased. She wondered why he was in so early in the evening.

The rain had given the night a head start.

"What are the lyrics?" said one of the guys.

"That's not funny."

"Yes it is, I gained forty-five pounds."

Drank alot of vodka. The beach good. Talked to Mary. Will my life go on? Am I a failure? L has guns over his bed! Bought some weird stuff. Miss being with someone.

At the beach now and just about numb, anesthetized. Feel like I'm in Europe, fun to be alone in a weird way, went right to the liquor store bought vodka, grapefruit juice, mts, turkey, bread, mayo, pesto, banana. Came back, read and drank on the porch, fought off the dogs, drank, then slept 15 hours. Dreamt about cancer and swimming and was at Wayne's concert, he played a 2 piano piece, then this doctor was examining me slowly all over, it was great, he made me put my hand down his trousers and hold his hands.

BOLINAS
by Barbara Golden

Fri Night August 30

At the beach now and just about numb, anesthetized. Feel like I'm in Europe, fun to be alone in a weird way, went right to the liquor store bought vodka, grapefruit juice, mts, turkey, bread, mayo, pesto, banana. Came back, read and drank on the porch, fought off the dogs, drank, then slept 15 hours. Dreamt about cancer and swimming and was at Wayne's concert, he played a 2 piano piece, then this doctor was examining me slowly all over, it was great, he made me put my hand down his trousers and hold his hands.

At the beach, the tide is coming in, white surf, rushing tumbling, never still, the

The radio show was really swell, tons of people phoned in, not the usual drunks and wankers, and were enjoying. Toyoi phoned in and gave a recipe for chicken and we had him on the air. People from Thacker Container phoned in on their graveyard shift, they were enjoying the raunch. Played Pauline Oliveros, Maggi Payne, Nick Collins, Bob Ashley's Automatic Writing.

Sat Morn Aug 31

I think now that D might have heres or something because he kept saying "let's do this in 2 weeks" etc. But it's over. That with P things are quite over in another way. Wait, time to go to the bakery for coffee, juice, and a cheese danish. Yesterday I stopped at the Pelican for lunch of bangers and mash, good thing I went. Pint of ale, light coming in through smoky windows.

Sun Aug 31

So here I am in my blue bikini bought with Kenny in the Dolomites last June. At Bolinas town beach now, fairly sparse, sun absolutely blazing, surf lazy and gorgeous, brought me in a tiny colour TV, people in wet suits, the water must be fuckin frigid. Haven't craked Pauline's book yet, might even not. Woke up at 5, slept 15 hours. Morning phoned with news that W and I might break up, she fell in love in Tibet, I doubt she'll leave him. Almost too bright to write. Found some earrings that I love have a new haircut too, the sides are real short and the top high, an adult mohawk. Guess I'll be alone the rest of my life. It's not that bad.

2 pr earrings
1 blue jumpsuit
1 red nightgown
1 bks & gold shirt
3 dessert plates
3 paperbacks
1 tank top-red
1 bile & gold shirt
1.50
1.00
5.00
4.24
11.75

Drank alot of vodka. The beach good. Talked to Mary. Will my life go on? Am I a failure? L has guns over his bed! Bought some weird stuff. Miss being with someone. Will I ever not be alone?

Sun

Dream about hot fudge sundaes and coffee with chocolate and sweets. Feel sick and disgusting. 2nd rate because make no money. Very afraid for the SFAI gig, what if it is a real bust?

Must finish the Baboon Benediction.

Nov Snt 1

At the beach the tide is coming in, white surf, rushing tumbling, never still, the sound like the wind with an intermittent heavy wave breaking the rolling relentlessness. Dogs, people strolling, surfers, families, druggies, hippies, millionaires, sun and light dazzling glare! ALIVE! Pelicans fly overhead in a vee.
POUND-OF-FLESH PROJECT
by Alida Walsh

INTRODUCTION
The Pound of Flesh Project is a multi-faceted production-event utilizing sculpture, performance and video art to make a major statement about survival -- and the buying and selling of flesh in our time.

Years ago human beings were intimately familiar with the life/death cycle, and survival meant actively taking part in that cycle. More often than not, the man who ate his own existence that there was little separation between the man and the act, the man and the animal.

Today of course this is history. Most of us are totally separated from the killing of the meat we eat. Still the basic process hasn't changed and, in spite of the neat plastic wrapping that covers our meat today, we are vaguely aware, on some level or another, of the great similarity between ourselves and those packages in the supermarket.

The Pound of Flesh Project speaks to the basic connection between human beings and nature, and the power inherent in the fact of flesh ... nothing less than the power of life and death.

This unique multi-discipline project includes the creation and exhibition of a major sculptural work, the presentation of original works by a select number of artists at a special performance event, and the production of a video documentary. In addition this project involves a most innovative method of fundraising and development. The artist will design, print and present, in a public offering, "stock certificates" representing shares in the project. The dividends on these shares will be "paid out" the night of the performance event and include a "Limited Edition Video Print" of the documentary "Pound of Flesh."

The Pound of Flesh Project is a work of art that will attract and involve the public on many different levels, from the personal interior response of an individual in a gallery to the joyous collective celebration of enlivening performance. We invite you to be a part of this extraordinary event.

THE SCULPTURE
The central focus of the Pound of Flesh Project is a ten-foot-high human form, sculpted in raw meat, encased in a twelve-foot-by-twelve-foot refrigerated unit made of glass, spotlit and transparent. The sculpture will be made of a steel frame skeleton structured from welded metal and meat hooks, forming the "bones" of the human figure.

The meat will be procured at the Fourteenth Street meat market in Manhattan, cut and mounted on the welded metal frame to create an apparent musculature. After construction the piece will be transported to its exhibition site where it will be on view for a period of four weeks.

The sculpture will be displayed in a dark gallery space, the only light source coming from the vertical cube case itself. Initially visitors will see the figure from a distance. As they approach, and it becomes apparent that the sculpture is actually formed of real meat, the full effect of this powerful piece will be realized.

BENEATH THE SKIN
In creating this work the artist is drawing on a rich history that includes the technical beauty of anatomical renderings, from the great works by da Vinci to "How to Draw" textbooks for visual arts instruction; the paintings of Arcimboldi and Soutine; the hanging meat piece of Rembrandt; all are antecedents to the Pound of Flesh Project.

This sculpture takes one step further the time-honoured tradition of the visual artist and the nude. In going "beyond the skin," the artist addresses the question of essence and appearance, stripping away identity and differences. Anatomical rendering becomes more than a pictorial curiosity or an exercise in technique, it becomes a powerful evocation of essence.

THE EVENT
At the end of the exhibition period the "Pound of Flesh" sculpture will be moved to Area in Lower Manhattan where it will form the centrepiece of a performance and dinner "art event."

The audience and guests will see the sculpture disembowelled and cut up in a spectacular manner by a number of professional "Benihana Sushi-type" chefs who specialize in carving and preparing foodstuffs with flourish. Minus the meat, the sculpture will now consist of bare "bones" and meat hooks, resembling Duchampian ready-mades.

While the meat is being cooked and dinner prepared (a vegetarian alternative will be available for those who wish it), performances will be presented.

[additional info and specifics on performances should go here, as it becomes available]

THE DINNER
After the performance dinner will be served. This dinner is symbolic of a very basic process -- a process that the Western world tends to ignore, to deny, to avoid if at all possible ... the life/death cycle.

The power of the "Pound of Flesh" sculpture lies in its evocation of this primal process. The sculpture becomes a totem for our collective fears. When the meat is cooked and eaten we consume the totem and with it our fear.

In taking raw meat from the human form and transfiguring it into a harmless entrée or a nouvelle cuisine menu in the midst of a dinner party celebrating art, the artist diffuses the fear, taking away the terror. The dinner becomes a metaphor for the process of transformation (and has of course many and various antecedents throughout history, the most obvious being the sacrificial lamb and The Last Supper).

In its ideal form this transformation becomes a celebration of thanksgiving in which human beings gather together, acknowledge their vulnerability, and take comfort in one another (the celebration part has to do with surviving to eat, rather than being eaten).

FUNDRAISING PLANS
Fundraising plans for the Pound of Flesh Project will cover each of the standard areas of art support -- public and private sector funding organizations and individual contributors. Within this last category the artist has developed some rather innovative plans.

In seeking funds to underwrite the costs of the project the artist will design and print "stock certificates" in limited editions to be sold in a "public offering" advertised in the local media. These prints will be designed in the form of actual stock certificates and will give the purchaser/patron a "share" in the project.

Both "common" and "preferred" stock will be sold. A common stock purchase entitles the "shareholder" to attend the "Pound of Flesh" dinner while a preferred stock purchase will include the dinner and a copy of the Limited Edition Video Print -- a cassette copy of the video documentary "Pound of Flesh."

(Please see supplementary material for more information on the video production.)

In addition the artist sees this event, and the sale of shares in it, as addressing the issue of consumption in the arts. Since the value of art is, for the most part, set in terms of the marketplace (like other commodities in which we invest or trade), the artist has decided to raise a portion of the needed funds in these same terms. It is hoped this will encourage the idea of "investment" in art and spotlight the importance of the individual patron-contributor (in this case, "stockholder") to the production of art.

The arts will be working with a professional-development consultant to cultivate this group of individual contributors.

One of the most interesting aspects of this project lies in this particular feature. When a patron/stockholder purchases a share in the project, they will then, at the dinner, actually eat their share. The ecological efficiency of this concept is worth noting.

25
The question of survival, of eating or being eaten, is a primal issue. While today, in our world it is hardly visible in any direct way. In avoiding the idea of death, in denying our familiarity, in that reality. We are uncomfortable with this power and we miss our standing of that power, and our ability to use it, is perverted.

It will look at our society's fascination with food, from fat to fasting, diets and food diseases (anorexia, bulimia, etc.) and will culminate in footage of the assembly, exhibition and consumption of a sculpture made of real meat. This sculpture, designed to evoke an awareness of our connection between meat and our own bodies.

To be underwritten the cost of this video production "stock certificates" will be designed, printed and sold to the general public. The purchase of a certificate entitles the contributor to a "share" in the project and to a copy of the video piece which will be presented as a "Limited Edition Video Art Print." Our intention is to encourage participation, support and general public to consider this video work as an art object, produced in a numbered edition and signed by the artist.

In addition the tape will be distributed through the standard exhibition channels and made available for broadcast.
I wrote a poem called “Necropsy of Love” quite a few years ago. I’d been working on it in late evening. After going to bed I’d think of still another line or phrase, get up and write it down, then go back to bed. My wife, predictably, did not appreciate cold nocturnal intrusions. Sometimes, I wascouponed for my efforts. I would get up and eat a little breakfast, go to bed again, and fall asleep with my head toward the jumping and bemoaning by themselves: for when I was asleep the ghastly shape of a mushroom cloud hovered over my head. My collaborators must have seen it too. It frightened, them, to think that it had been witnessed by an observer from space. Such travelling has almost been a way of life for me, especially in the last few years. Strange landscapes and foreign climes have produced a feeling of renewal, the earth itself gives me a sense of history, stimulation from the original event carried over in time and entering my own brain.

This is a principle that I have been working on in my own way. A kind of social anthropologist, I have some interesting theories about myth and legend: primitive peoples re-enact that original event in repeated ritual, and each time they do so for them the first time. And thus they live through the bodies of their ancestors.

I know what Eliade means, or think I do. And travelling in Peru, the Soviet Union, South Africa, the Galapagos Islands, Greece, Mexico, etc., has evoked excitement in the piling-up of the idea of the island as an island. In a sense, it is the same thing as the idea of the island as a small world.}

All through early evening the hilltop hunters fired their guns at seals far below is the flaming blue water. During lulls in censoning other hunters in canoes picked up by the boat while hunting, I had made a few seals in order to keep their spirits entertained in this instance. Even when rifles stopped firing, weird echoes bounced back from mainland mountains. Close to midnight the sun balanced on the horizon like a crimson egg, light turned greening, casting the landscape to skull-like desolation.

There was a blind dog in our canoe. I helped Leah, Jonahsie’s wife, get the dog onto the beach. Several other canoes were there already, their owners farther inland on the hilly island. Rancid pieces of fat, gnawed bones and dogshit littered the gravel beach. The sea surrounding our island was like the concentrated essence of all the blue beauty. I can feel that blue seep into me, and all my innards changed colour. And those icebergs! They were shimmery lace and white brocade, became my standard for the Titanic egg; light turned grey, changing the landscape to skull-like desolation.

Next day we reached the certified actual Kikastan Islands, Jonahsie’s stamping ground. I was lucky on those islands; sometimes poems do not get written so easily. In inner poems to Hiroshima, his encounters with beer, and his experience during a journey in the Canadians, the ancient Eskimo hunter was a crack shot and highly regarded by the administration at Pang. But Jonahsie Dust? I don’t know, I was too occupied with the poem, Success Wax parka, heavy clothing, tent, sleeping bag, Coleman stove and groceries. The Kikastan Islands’ location had been pointed out to me on the map. Jonahsie, my personal Eskimo hunter, was a crack shot and highly regarded by the administration at Pang. But Jonahsie didn’t ask Jonahsie what the hell was happening to our travel school. It made me a little nervous: I was being kidnapped and forced to read William Blake to a northern audience, like Evelyn Waugh’s hero reads Dickens in “A Handful of Dust”.

Once a little Japanese girl walked up to me on the street, and asked the time in English. But I didn’t fit the country physically. Too tall. I kept hitting my head on the opposite things at the same time. I had learned from him both how to write and how not to write. Very few people can teach you these opposite things at the same time.

Yes and years of writing monotonous doggerel, imitating every bad poet who ever lived. Six of those in the RCAF, where I met John Gillespie Magee who wrote “High Flight” (Oh I have touched the surly et cetera), when he was a trainer at Trenton and I a security guard corporal, we read each other’s poems and were not impressed. It was then when I became more and more the kind of poet I am now, one who is severely negative. I was very impressed by the poem, “The Wasteland,” by T. S. Eliot, becoming fascinated by Dylan Thomas, that I realized how bad I was. And consciously set out to change. Not like a body builder or long-distance runner training to be champions; just so I wouldn’t spoil the last five years of poems I had written. And time saw that I was on the right road. Steve McIntyre, a notably unsopher Vancouver bookseller, admired and abstained this opinion of my badness. He said, “Purdy, you ain’t read nothin’ yet” — meaning Great Books. I do read them but until they came out of my system. And McIntyre said, “You never will make it.” After Curt Lang and I met Malcolm Lowry at Deep Cove near Vancouver, Lowry remembered Curt’s name but not mine. This opinion of my badness seemed to be unanimous. It accounts for my shy and retiring demeanour.

I was counselled to be not long haul, this writing lifetime. I think I’ve learned from everyone I’ve read, chewed their stuff and digested it and forgot it entirely when I was writing myself. That is a debt which all of us who write must acknowledge: we owe everyone. I have been enjoying and writing a great deal, being ashamed and pridelful, making mistakes and stumbling on answers before I knew the questions existed. In a world so abundant with both good and bad things, in which my own life is so light, and which includes so much that is dark, I think the present and the past and future converge to a pinpoint now, at which the body says, “Slow down, you silly bugger”: there are still important things in my life and poems I want to write.

Which is a very long sentence; it makes me thirsty for a beer or two. And it occurs to me that if I were absorbed a rowboat and floating in the middle of all the beer I’ve drunk in life, I’d be able to see the shore.

At which the high gods of serious things now show up in their hands in horror.
L’HISTOIRE DU P.D.G. DU COIN
par Claudine Bertrand
Le péquenaud du coin même une vie de pataches en PDG et son parka sent le patchouli. Il entretient son patch et le parfum de manière paroxysmale. Ce partouze et de parutions pakistanaises. Parvenue sur le parvis de Parkinston il pageinent le mot de passe, a pas-de-geant dans le passé-temps favori qui est le passe-montagne. C’est un patapouf pantalone, passif et passionné de passionnés, passible de prison pataphysique et patate et patatine.... Pataugeant dans le patchouli et les pâtes de son pantalon longtemps perdu et que c’est qu’un patchouli, il est l’un des rares passant classique du passé-tempes-favori qui est le passé-montagne. Patient pour le patron ou la patronne sur le patio il mange ses pitousseries sous son patchet il patrouille patauche et patruque chez le patriarche patagrualesque qui s’ennuie de patchouli. Il entre patente chez son parrain et le parodie de manière lente patente pour épater son patemel, il est patieux dans le patelin pataphysique et passif et passionné de passionnette, passible de prison pataphysique sage passager du jour pascal, où il essaie de rencontrer une passante dans un patio ou la patinette sur le patio a l’abri de la patine du temps. C’est un patriote parti pour la paquerettes à la boutonnière. Il piaille sous son patchwork et patente ses pamoison. On le voit partout passer avec son odeur de paprika et ses gloire qui pandicule dans les pattes du patronat sans patronyme. Il se pro­longe par-ci par-la. Peut-être qu’un jour il passera par la Pensylvanie ou bien par chez-vous avec son pastor. Patientez en pourfendant de rire dans le chinois pompiers pédales aux pompons pendants.

PETIT SIRAH
by Sheila Davies
The younger one she LIES, CHEATS and STEALS. The older one she PICKS on her. The younger one she TOOK up with a Spanish sailor and they left together for a big country in the California coast. The OLDIER one STRIKING the RESEMBLANCE of King Kong, His name was Eben. He drove a shiny thunder-black FLATBED truck and painted electric fences on the hoo. The YOUNGER one she SETTLED NICELY INTO CITY LIFE WITH HER BUFFALO DANDY. They had fine tastes which took them often onto the sleazy BOULEVARDS and CRUISEWAYS. They were inseparable. They were such a subtle pair THAT they lacked enthusiasm. When they separated or A Street corner, when she wanted to work and he went to the groire which is pandicule dans les pattes du patronat sans patronyme. Il se pro­mène en pédalo dans le paysage paganique avec un air pédant de PDG en pomois. On le voit partout passer avec son oedemolase paprika et ses pâtures courtes à la boutonnière. Il piaille sous son patchet il patente ses palabres par-ci par-la. Peut-être qu’un jour il passera par la Pensylvanien ou bien par chez-vous avec son pastis. Patientez en pourfendant de rire dans le chinois pompiers pédales aux pompons pendants.

FOOD FORFAIT
par Céline Messner
Du granola power au saucisson McDonald, de la “Grande Bouffe” au “Petit discret de la bourgeoisie,” du trigide vide à la sauce qui déborde sur le feu, rien à faire, on ne s’en sort pas vivant. Food Forfait par capitalisme surfait, il n’y a plus de fantaisie dans l’alimentation, manger se fait maintenant à la chaîne sans nous amener pour autant à la production idéale.
De votre première crise de cacahuètes jetables de votre petit dernier, du tube digestif sous-aliment à la scatologie la plus perverse, des appartements aux salles de bain surréalistes aux toilettes à pédale françaises, magasiner et égorer deviennent des préoccupations omniprésentes, envahissantes, symptomatiques.
Symptomatiques en effet. Il y a des périodes pires que les autres; quand votre chèque de Bien-Être Social est en retard, par exemple, et que vous ne croyez plus pouvoir vous resservir un récipient de seltz et que vous doisiez honteusement en votre marché d’alimentation préféré, un deal de dope manqué, une crise de délinquance avortée.... Tout cela n’est rien dans l’univers des repas ratés, des factures nos payées, des gérances pourbres à l’univers terrestre et pas de temps qu’il ne résistaient pas à la chaleur, des recettes faisant appel à des ingrédients introuvables, non non, cela n’est rien. Le Food Forfait par excellence, celui entre tous, le voyage à l’âne pas cher, pays, dépenses incluses, par votre chaîne de télévision ou votre poste de radio habituel c’est: LA FAMINE.
La famine, en Ethiopie ou ailleurs, où Dieu le veut, et généralement là où le Pape se rend et se vend, la famine demeure la préoccupation principale. Elle a animisme et passion pour nos instincts alimentaires de nord-américains, mal, mais trop nourris. Enfin, un Food Forfait de grande occasion, achetable, revendable, négociable, retatable à tous les niveaux – à n’importe quelle saison de l’année, en dépit des marchés boucharies et des oranges victimes du gel en Floride.
Vous pouvez vous procurer le “lounge” qui va avec votre culpabilité, en anglais, en français, en quebecois, vous la redonnez chaque fois que l’envie vous en prend et vous êtes sauvé tout en devenant sauvage....

DEFLOWERING
by Paya Rohay
It was her twenty-fifth birthday and I called her. We laughed in familiar tones like true lovers, like two trees. Our voices were indifferent to the lives that we kept, and it was almost as if we were still there, awakening together in the old house. My father had painted the room with fresh paint and turned the wood furniture into a table with my older sister. The colour was unlike any I had ever seen, and to this day have never been able to match. I always thought it was the colour that flowers would bleed if they could express their pain in getting snatched. It never seemed fair that everyone always picked the most perfect flowers, killing the blossom and leaving the roots to live on.
When we were small, she used to wear boy’s clothes and her hair, usually covered by a baseball cap, was cropped real short. I thought she was trying to live up to the image of that perfect son that never quite arrived. He died on his birthday, and although our parents tried to hide us from exposure, their dream never did vanish. He lived like a secret in our walls, and in winter, when coals burned redly in our cellar, he poured out through the registers and we breathed him in our skin.

"If we were small, she used to wear boy’s clothes and her hair, usually covered by a baseball cap, was cropped real short. I thought she was trying to live up to the image of that perfect son that never quite arrived. He died on his birthday, and although our parents tried to hide us from exposure, their dream never did vanish. He lived like a secret in our walls, and in winter, when coals burned redly in our cellar, he poured out through the registers and we breathed him in our skin."
**ART ZEPPELIN**

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**ANNA BANANA & ME** -- By Lenore Blegvad, illustrations by Erik Blegvad. A Margaret K. McElderry Book/Atheneum. Ages four to eight. "Ellen's ability to make up real stories about a foot each of an 8,000-foot-long banana split -- containing 8,000 bananas, 800 gallons of ice cream plus fruit toppings, cherries and peanuts -- to qualify for the Guinness Book of World Records." -- United Press, 5/18.

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**TRADE EMBARGO ON NICARAGUA'S BANANAS** -- Reagan supporter Jack Pandel, who runs an import-export firm in Delano, California, said his contract with Nicaragua represents almost 25% of the firm's $100 million-a-year business. Says Pandel: "I've gone down to Nicaragua and never found any ill-feeling toward me. The people there are hungry and they're suffering. I'm no Communist lover, but it's just logic. If we choke them, they will blame us, and this embargo will only hurt us, too."

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**BANANA 500**

**BANANA 500 [1]** -- A race for rubberband-powered vehicles carrying a banana. Winners will be judged on their ability to travel the greatest distance over a straight course. "Golden Banana Awards" for winners at the Pacific Science Centre, Seattle. -- Carol Beers, Seattle Times, 3/10/80.

**BANANA 500**

**BANANA 500 [2 & 3]** -- Took place in Vancouver's Arts, Sciences and Technology Centre, 26-27/3/83 and 18-20/5/83.

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**THE GREAT RACE** -- Organized by MacAvoy Layne as a fund-raising event for Maui's wheelchair athletes. More than 200 took part in the around-the-island, carry-a-banana extravaganza. -- Maui Sun, 16/4/80.

**INTERNATIONAL BANANA FESTIVAL** -- "An annual event since 1963, in the twin cities of Fulton, Kentucky, and South Fulton, Tennessee. The festival is an experiment in human relations that has achieved remarkable success, bringing together peoples of the two Americas." -- Holiday Inn International Magazine, 8/73.

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**BANANA OLYMPICS** -- This parody of the Olympic Games was conceived and staged as an April Fool's event by Anna Banana in San Francisco's Embarcadero Centre in 1975. More than 100 persons competed for the Banana trophies in the first Banana Olympics, which was broadcast live by KPFK, Berkeley.

1980 BANANA OLYMPICS -- Staged by Ms. Banana through the auspices of the Surrey Art Gallery and the Canada Council. Again, more than a hundred persons competed in the event. Criterion for winning was not who crossed the finish line first, but who did it with the most appeal, i.e. costume and style of performing. This event took place at Surrey's Bear Creek Park, 13/7/80.

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**GIAN T BANANA SPLIT** (one of many) -- Selinsgrove, PA. Eight thousand people ate about a foot each of an 8,000-foot-long banana split -- containing 8,000 bananas, 800 gallons of ice cream plus fruit toppings, cherries and peanuts -- to qualify for the Guinness Book of World Records. -- United Press, 5/18.

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**Facts & Marketing**

**a. Growing & Marketing**

"The real, honest, I-kid-you-not truth is that, while very few Northern California nurseries regularly stock bananas, a number of these lush, 10-25 foot high wonders are not only thriving, but producing fresh, edible fruit throughout the Bay area. Even more amazing: Many gardeners are growing bananas outside!" -- From "Growing Exotic Plants in Your Own Backyard," by Gary Hancer. New West, 13/3/76.

**b. Importers**

**TRADE EMBARGO ON NICARAGUA'S BANANAS** -- Reagan supporter Jack Pandel, who runs an import-export firm in Delano, California, said his contract with Nicaragua represents almost 25% of the firm's $100 million-a-year business. Says Pandel: "I've gone down to Nicaragua and never found any ill-feeling toward me. The people there are hungry and they're suffering. I'm no Communist lover, but it's just logic. If we choke them, they will blame us, and this embargo will only hurt us."
b. Nutrition & Cooking

PROXIMATE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION FULLY RIPE BANANA

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nutrient</th>
<th>Grams per 100g</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>86 %</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Protein</td>
<td>2 %</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Fat</td>
<td>0.6 %</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carbohydrate</td>
<td>19.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fiber</td>
<td>0.0236%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugars</td>
<td>19.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vitamin A</td>
<td>0.0348%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vitamin C</td>
<td>0.0100%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron</td>
<td>0.0236%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calcium</td>
<td>0.0410%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phosphorus</td>
<td>0.0410%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Potassium</td>
<td>0.0410%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sodium</td>
<td>0.0410%</td>
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</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nutrient</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Magnesium</td>
<td>0.0100%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manganese</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phosphorus</td>
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<td>Potassium</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sodium</td>
<td>0.0236%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add coffee-flavoured cream and mix. Spread the remaining whipped cream on and chill. - - 

BANANAS FELPHAM STYLE -- For six servings. Ingredients: 9 ripe bananas, 2 Tbsp boiling water, 3 Tbsp dark rum, 3/4 pint whipping cream, 3 Tsp instant coffee, 2 oz. chopped raisins, 3 Tbsp brown sugar. PROCEDURE: Put coffee & boiling water in cup and set aside to cool. Whip cream. Add half the cream, half the rum to the coffee. Slice the bananas into a bowl, sprinkle with remainder of rum, sugar and raisins and mix lightly. Add coffee-flavoured cream and mix. Spread the remaining whipped cream on and chill. -- UN.

Mary-Anne Buxton, San Francisco

history

All evidence shows that the banana is one of the oldest fruits known to mankind, perhaps one of the first plants to be cultivated. It had distinctive names in Sanskrit, ancient Chinese and the Malay languages, indicating that it was known throughout much of Southern Asia in prehistoric times. Bananas were found on all tropical Pacific islands when those islands were first visited by white men. Apparently the fruit was transported by immigrants from Asia starting around the time of Christ.

Constantinople and Cairo -- a confection of almonds, honey and bananas in nut oil, thus indicating that bananas had reached the Mediterranean by then.

Shortly after, bananas were taken to mainland Mexico. The fruit thrived and spread to the New World. He brought plants from the Canary Islands to Hispaniola in 1516.

How Biz

And the law

BANANA LABEL CLUB IN FATAL BOMBING -- Wellington, N.Z. (AP) -- A banana label may be the vital clue in the Wellington Trades Hall bomb murder. The label was found on a fragment of the suitcase which contained the bomb. Detective Inspector Ted Lines, who revealed the discovery of the banana label, said the signiﬁcance of the label was its rarity. The Rice label was seldom seen in New Zealand, Mr. Lines said. -- Daily News, New Plymouth, N.Z., 5/84.

CRASH VICTIM CAN TASTE ONLY BANANAS -- Mr. Herbert Talbot, a pensioner, told a High Court judge yesterday that road-crash injuries had robbed him of his senses of taste and smell. "Now the only foods I can taste are bananas and hot custard. I love flowers but cannot now smell any of them," Mr. Talbot, 67, received £7,500 damages for his injuries and loss at King’s Langley, Herts. -- UN.

And the law

BANANAS used as an adjective means crazy. William Safire writing on language in the Times says "Banana singular is a word used to derogate Latin American nations, as in 'Banana Republic,' while Bananas plural means crazy. Bananaville, then, is that frantic, crazy city across the river from Shrinkville." -- New York Times.

personals

SAN JOSE, CA. -- The government has finally been able to get Joseph "Joe Banana" Bonanno, Sr., sentenced to prison. Until last year, the only time the 76-year-old Mafia patriarch had been successfully prosecuted was in 1945, when he paid a $450 fine for violating a wage-and-hour law in his Brooklyn garment business. Last summer he was convicted of conspiring to interfere with a grand jury inquiry into his son's business activities. Etc. -- San Francisco Examiner, 1/31/81.

JOSEPHINE BAKER -- American-born entertainer rose to stardom in Paris in 1925 as the "Banana Girl," wearing no clothes except for a girdle of rubber bananas, dancing on a mirror and singing Ave Maria. -- UB.

KEN BANNISTER -- Top banana of the International Banana Club, 2524 North El Molino Avenue, Alhambra, CA U.S.A. 91001. -- Club Newsletter.

BANANA KELLY -- A civic auction group that has been lauded for their work in restoring buildings in the Longwood Historic District near the Hunts Point section of the Bronx. -- UN.

PROFESSOR BANANACO -- "Of no worldwide prominence or fame, but of kind heart and steady hand in the creation of personal mythology." -- Letter, 6/78.

BANANAMATION -- Christopher Hinton, 108 Bole Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada R3 L 1X 5. -- Letter, 2/80.

TOP BANANA -- "Makes 'em laugh when you say -- 'I can't hear you, I've got bananas in my ears.'" -- UC.

司法

MUSIC & FRUIT LOVERS alike are tuning into the 'Locriat Banana Stero phonograph' designed to play four speeds, even upside-down. A-H Industries, Box 91, Coloma, MI U.S.A. 49038. -- Mechanix Illustrated, 12/74.

BANANA WALKIE-TALKIES & COMPASS. A pair of solid-state 11" walkie-talkies with voice volume control, telescopic antenna, Morse-code beep button and belt clip. Battery operated from Chiquita Brands.

BANANAMOUR -- Kevin Ayers.

BANANARAMA -- British rock trio known probably the most critically re­pected of the "girl groups," for their sweet, airy voices contrasted with the themes of their co-written songs: starv­ing kids, gun pushers, etc. -- UN.

BANANA RIDGE -- Movie with Robert Morley & George Cole. "Hilar­ious success." -- UN.

SECOND BANANAHOOD -- By Dick Shawn. Combines a rubbery face theme of the show is Second Banana­hood, warily wrapping his witticisms in­side wackiness, unpeeling it like his own omnipresent banana. -- San Francisco Chronicle, 2/4/85.

TOP BANANA of bananas slang is GO, GOING, GONE BANANAS, with 61 entries to date, while TOP BANANA has only 18, SEC - OND BANANA only 7. -- Banana Archives.

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THE ETIQUETTE OF INVISIBLE EATING by Opal Louis Nations

The secret of manners is what we call "Invisible Eating." It is a matter of disguise, and the easiest way of acquiring a knowledge of the basic tricks employed by skilful ventrilquistos. Anything which advertises your eating, displays it, emphasizes it, is objectionable.

A young child once told me she had encountered an elderly jundi... person at the family dinner table and was amazed to find that although he seemed to be just talking and having a jolly time, his plate was as white and glazed as the day it was made when the servants took it away.

Let us now examine the spoon. Stir up your tea with it one minute too long, too eagerly, and you'll never understand why she asked whether you had any brandy in your coffee.

"Zigzag eating," the continual shifting of the fork after cutting meat from a piece of cod-liver oil, but at the table it involves a semi-technique with the fork that is that elaborate arrangement of the digits known as the "touch system." You poke the knife, you jiggle the glass, ignoring the stem and leaving enough fingerprints to convict you of "cabbage patch doll in Ukraine..." and fishing the fruit trees into and out of the porridge bowl stream as if to fix the direction of foul winds so self-consciously, is an artform.

...the foliage of your cauliflower ears" -- Popeye exclaims munching the Kellogg vegetables into and out of the upstairs bath. The blackened toast of Sky "scraping it to the shade me wants" fishing into and out of the sink full of dishes for the Fruit Loop bowl stream wondering "where the yellow went"...
FOOD FOR THOUGHT
by Judith Fitzgerald

aliment: nourriture
Speise: Nahrung: Futter: Lebensmittel
alimento

with ground-based telescopes one can learn a number of important things about --
-- a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food whether stewed roasted baked or boiled and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout --
-- remote planetary satellites --
-- no love sincerer than the love of food --
-- knowledge of a satellite's orbital parameters enables workers to calculate the mass of the planet and the strength of its gravitational field at various locations --
-- as good as a meal --
-- the mass of the satellite itself can often be inferred by observing the perturbations it induces in the orbits of other satellites if its diameter is known one can then compute its mean density --
-- if music be the food of love play on give me excess of it that surfeiting the appetite may sicken and so die --
-- which is the most important clue to bulk composition

CONFECTIONARY
by Dennis Cooley

when the squeeze is on life is maple syrup
the sun is a lemon
meringue pie it sweats something awful
that's when the carmel drops gather
faster than spruce leaks resin beyond all reason you spoon up an awful lot & that's the overflow that's carnal knowledge save some for me you can grip the ball
the skin you are in is amber in love save some for me & the sky in your eye buzzes in milk & honey
A is for bright eyes eat your carrots D is for strong teeth & bones
when thou art seen too much in the glorious sun oh leman mine i seize the day you squeeze damn near all the goodness out of me
when the heat is on you when you are in heat & you are loaded with beads gold as cod liver oil ring around a rosary told into the streets that are cold it is then my sugar you are awfully sweet on me it is then you cure me of my malformed bones you open my eyes to new tricks & treats that's when all the goodness gathers
sweet ball
into one

JOY ALLISON
Ayanna Black
Nicole Brossard
Louise Cotnoir
Louise Dupre
Maxine Gadd
Dorothy Livesay
Daphne Marlatt
Lesley McAllister
P.K. Page
Lola Lemire Tostevin
Ann Wallace
Betsy Warland

A Gala Celebration of Canadian Women Poets/Le gala de la parole des femmes canadiennes
on the occasion of the launch of SP/ELLES: Poetry by Canadian Women/Poesie de femmes canadiennes (ed. Judith Fitzgerald, Black Moss Press).
Saturday, November 8, 1986
A Space
183 Bathurst Street at Queen
Second Floor, 364-3227
7:00 P.M.
celebrate a fumbled arrogance
for every atom observing summer grass
my tongue brutally spiritual
tasting slurping
retiring good or bad
Nature without check

houses rooms endgames (better than orgasms)
shelves books speech reach
my mouth forever the passing of blood & air
and a retired poet and a working one,
both getting at
the meaning of poems
listening to all sides, filtering them

the talkers talking talk of the beginning and the end
the talkers talking talk of the beginning and the end
the talkers talking talk of the beginning and the end
the fat comensales ready themselves
to crucify the wrong thief

the latest
the real the fancied sickness
besides, horrors apart
looking in & out watching

deeper shallow, wandering among linguists and contenders
without mockery: witnessing and waiting

you and I
not words not music very CPU-like
carnal representations DNA satrapies
"sensing devices that can measure speed, distance, etc."
input-output of our self-monitoringness
before a screen the screech mostly our refraction.

Not sure of anything, consuming ritual portions
we seek the vomiters

a "..."
how I guess must be bearing the owner's name
Or food or wish read-write
large-scale integrations Go back to first elastic ogone
tool around and change
the look of everything

lucky to die? Luckier, perhaps not to have been born?
If Life's asynchronous, is Death a synchronicity? I eat, therefore I fart. Very well, I contain death in me. Or am contained by it in all I do, that's done to me. The crucial uncial question: AM I LOSING WEIGHT OR is weight losing me?

Favourite number, this, my "vertical infinity." I want to say, "The letter 4 and the number A are siblings." I want to say, "The number G and the letter L are friendly." I want to say the same kind of thing about R & B, the number "Q" and the letter zero. and so on. are is may be it's an alphanumeric universe, don't you agree? The blad of The heavy The snow-eights shouted jokes pels of snowballs The horns the fury The flag of The meeting of The excited The impassive The silly syntax The surpris words The introduction The programming The image-base wherein all possible images are possible

The inverse of the image-base
The brain's control, the camera oscars of
The body [ a window ] through which = peaks leading to,

The big doors of the country
The dried grass of the harvest
The clear light

The Yankee clipper
My eyes
The boatmen and clam-diggers
My trouser-ends my boots a good time. That day
Round the chowder-kettle
All the wholesome eating
The marriage in the open air
The bride
The red girl
Her father and his friends Her voluptuous limbs Exorbitant in FORTRAN.

upside-down 2 a hook which makes of 28 a representation Infinity can cling to, while "Twenty men crossing a bridge, Into a village..." supply us with an idea of a twenty-first.

butcher-knife anvil fire hammer computer repartee breakdown

The closest thing I know to an Immortal: leaping to your "death" twice and bouncing back.

This makes of you, too, one of my favourite realities.

The wild leads and sounds suppose is meaningless upward the wintry sky an invitation promising, eventually, a downward turn Ya-honk Ya-honk (such is the bird's shout) curving, beak like ancient radar, airborne mathematician
Tantalizations

by Marina deBellagenthe LaPalma

Outlined in noon against a flat, dark sky, the figure of a woman in a full skirt dansing towards the horizon. But her white netting and the red peony flower on her head. A detail (sometimes unremarked) might endure. Distilled by time, it can work like a singular trigger: Each time it's pulled a sensation explodes at the base of the skull, flashes through the eyes, twists the lip into a knowing smile. And if you own a breed of these, like me, you use them in rotation and make them last.

With a restless of my satin gown we pass through the glass door held by the doorman. His cap is white, his look one of the many知 know how to be polite. And if you own a breed of these, like me, you use them in rotation and make them last.

In the club I toy with my silverware against the linen tablecloth, and realize I...
HOT ABOUT BEANS
by Margaret Dragu

Toronto's well-known performance artist and ex-exotic dancer Margaret Dragu shares some of her best bean recipes with Rampike readers. The renowned dancer and Canadian film star believes that beans represent a food that is both socio-politically responsible and highly flavourful.

With these exotic bean recipes, Margaret proves that she can bring the palate as well as the other senses to a state of ecstasy.

Black Mexican Bean Soup
Sauté an onion in oil and garlic.
Add some chopped tomato, a bay leaf and some chopped chiles (or my favourite -- Rebel Fire Hot Sauce).
Remove bay leaf and whizz in blender until pureed.
Add black beans (cooked the night before) and puree.
Heat this mixture in saucepan until warm but not boiled.
Add more bean juice, tomato juice or beef broth if too thick.
Serve in a bowl -- have an accompaniment table of chopped green onions, grated cheese, and sour cream if you want to be fancy. It is a good idea to serve this with brown rice to make a complete protein. Red wine doesn't hurt either.

Persian Beans
Cook one cup of soy beans. Takes two days.
Saute two large onions in oil. With curry, including curry powder, cinamon, coriander, cumin, turmeric, cardamom, ginger, dash nutmeg.
Add one cup of tomato sauce, one cup of beef stock; then, the cooked soy beans and about one cup of raw peanuts. If too dry, add more stock. Or more tomatoes.
Cover and simmer for twenty minutes.
Toast half a cup of sesame seeds. Stir in. Sometimes I add celery or onions or green peppers.
Serve with salad.

Brown Rice Salad
Cook brown rice in the old two-to-one combination.
While the rice is still hot, add six tablespoons oil, three tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper, tarragon, parsley, paprika.
Cool.
Cook half a cup of green beans.
Stir in beans, half a cup of chopped onion and a bit of chive.
Serve in a big bowl with an accompaniment of sliced tomatoes (with olive oil and rosemary and some black olives).

Easy Green Split Pea Soup
In a crock pot, cook overnight two ham pork hocks.
Cool.
Take meat off bones and throw away fat and bone.
Save broth and meat.
To this mixture, add carrots, celery, onion, pepper, half a lemon squeezed including rind, half a cup of red wine, bay leaves, basil, two chopped potatoes.
Let cook overnight.
Cool and skim off fat.
Reheat to serve.

Best Super Beans
Cook pinto beans overnight in the crock pot.
Drain.
Fry onion and oil and garlic.
Add a few cooked beans and mash.
Add half a cup of red wine.
Keep stirring.
Add the rest of the super beans and a can of tomatoes.
Keep cooking.
Add a bay leaf or two and keep simmering.
Remove bay leaf.
If you need more liquid, you can add some of the bean juice. Note: Leftover bean juice is good to add to soups.
Serve with grated cheese, or yogurt, or sour cream, and a salad.
Can be refried and served with fried eggs for a hearty breakfast when guests stay the night.

Chicken and Sausage Cassoulet
Cook one and a quarter cup of navy white beans in four cups of water for about one and a quarter hours.
Refrigerate overnight.
Next day, brown one pound of sausage (farmer’s sausage or Italian hot sausage) then remove from pan.
Fry about one and a half pounds of cut-up chicken in the brownings.
Cool, in fridge, beans and chicken and sausage again.
Next day, put chicken, beans, sausage, half a cup of chopped carrots, half a cup of chopped celery, half a cup of chopped onion and one and a half cups of tomato juice in a crock pot.
Add Worcestershire sauce, basil, oregano, pepper, paprika, Rebel Fire Hot Sauce, pepper and salt.
Cook on low heat for six hours.
Note: A very hearty winter meal....
EAT YOUR WORDS
by George Swede

"Eat your words, Jimmy," said his mother.

Jimmy sat staring at the words left on one side of his plate. "I hate these words, mom. They're too long."

"You eat what your mother puts on your plate!" said Jimmy's father. "If it's good enough for us it's good enough for you."

Jimmy poked the words with his fork until he found one that looked familiar. He wound the letters around the tines: REINCARNATE. The word had something to do with horses and Jimmy liked horses. "Not bad," he thought as he stuffed it into his mouth and chewed rapidly.

The next word was hyphenated: POST-MODERNIST. Jimmy knew that this was something to which you tied horses. Only it was a fancy one that's all.

"These aren't bad," said Jimmy out loud.

His parents glanced at one another and then at Jimmy. The mother's expression was adoring, the father's smug.

"These aren't bad," the mother重复 said. "You eat what your mother puts on your plate!"

"You eat what your mother puts on your plate!" said Jimmy's father.

Jimmy poked the words with his fork until he found one that looked familiar. He wound the letters around the tines: QUESTIONER. It had something to do with horseback riding. He remembered the word from the Olympics on TV. It was good too.

Jimmy's mother beamed. The man at the word store had been right.

"But don't ever serve them with horse meat!" the word man had warned.

The table finally turned over on Jimmy's mother. Her head struck the floor and cracked open. Hundreds of letters spilled out.

The table turned over on Jimmy's mother. Her head struck the floor and cracked open. Hundreds of letters spilled out.

Jimmy kicked down the front door and trotted to the street. Soon he was joined by some of his friends whose mothers had been to the same word store and to the same butcher.

As he horsed around with the guys, Jimmy heard his mother's voice. "REINCARNATE, POST-MODERNIST, QUESTIONER," said the word store man. "It whispered over and over in his ears.

Jimmy shook his head, trying to stop the voice. He was frightened. Fortunately, his horse sense took over. His mother only wanted him to eat the right kinds of grass. As long as she whispered in his ears, he would not forget.

Whinnying loudly, Jimmy reared on his hind legs. Then he whirled and galloped in the direction of the highway. It would lead him to the grasses.

His friends eagerly followed. They were glad to leave this one-horse town.

DUGONG SONG
An Ocean "Rap-ture"
by Karl Jirgens

This rap-piece was inspired by a television documentary featuring the plight of a South Seas mammal similar to the manatee. This creature, known as the dugong, faces imminent extinction. Natives in the region believe that God has supplied them with an endless supply of dugong and so are unwilling to reduce their consumption of it. Their culture of music, ritual and dance centres around the generations-old relationship between man the hunter and his sacred prey, the dugong. Now, however, pulp and paper plants have been built along the coast and mercury pollution is rapidly destroying the natural habitat of the dugong. The combined effects of pollution and native consumption almost certainly ensure the extinction of this gentle-natured, beneficial and highly intelligent animal.

One day sitting in front of TV
I was watchin' a program about the South Seas,
about islands green and oceans deep,
about a ten-leg beast called the giant squid,
about fish and birds and turtles and snails,
about the inky octopus and great blue whales,
about coral and clams and surf and tides,
about the nosy scallops with a hundred eyes,
about island green and oceans deep.

Dugong run! Go someplace new,
and then we'll miss you, we'll
be sad,
Dugong's facing his last days.

So sitting at home in front of TV
I got to thinking and I wrote this song,
called, "What you gonna do when the Dugong's gone?"
What you gonna do when the Dugong's gone?

So, hold the mustard and hold the mayo,
hold the Dugong for another day, oh!
Dugong run! Go somplace new,
or you'll boil up in a Dugong stew,
and then we'll miss you, we'll be sad,
thinking about the Dugong we once had.

So do your bit, on your next bite,
don't eat no sandwich with a Dugong inside,
stick to cabbage and stick to peas,
and let the Dugong roam the seas.
Remember him, and remember this song,
'cause, what you gonna do when the Dugong's gone?
What you gonna do when the Dugong's gone?
The bearable lightness of being

An Inquiry into the Ontology of Vegetarianism:
A Technique for Rejuvenation (Subtext: Colonic Debunging) by Marino Tuzi

Tortured by the pummelling diurnally received, we grasp for any technique minor or major for sustaining a sense of our intactness. Sometimes this grasping, futile as it is, does not stop us from trying. Sometimes it is merely a means to an end. We seek quick fixes in order to slip out of ourselves. And mostly we throw ourselves headlong into an orgiastic carnivore frenzy of self-appointment. Who said carnivore? But surely there is an over-consideration of the actual and discernable to the extent that we cannot reduce anxiety to a dimension of time and place. Our most improbable and impalpable palata need to devour the whole world without masticating it properly and allowing its substance to fulfill us with its crude compass. Honestly, this kind of self-degradation is the keynote to our times. The criminality of our carnivorous urge is not sufficient enough to cure our ontological condition. We are mere beings of illusion and epistemology of our experience of the tortures of daily life.

But wait there must be a way to counter this rationalist, mechanical elementization of life in the crucible of contemporary technocracy. There must be a technique for reducing this imbalance of the human caught in vice-grip fashion in the act of satisfying its tragic carnivore need. There must be a purer strategy to inject an ontological quality into the solid carnivore rationalism practised by technocratized individuals. In the residual chambers of our convulsing psyches, there is the eternal means to overthrow the nihilism of the modern world of the Big Mac or the T-bone. However, many people do not opt for a solution to the problem of coping with daily life. On the contrary, they prefer to resort to it. But it is like to have an easy and natural bowel movement. Or that somehow eating meat sometimes feels like that old shoe that took too long to die. Or that there must be greater subtleties to life than the crudest and neediest. Now, you may say, why do I need control, when the realities of economic returns, a pound of meat can indeed be a pound of flesh. What brings some of the same solution can never be reduced to a simple case of bowel motion or cash flow. It is rather a dam that bursts at a certain time after the impossible power of its own pressure.

Nonetheless, a practical technique for refurbishing the soul awaits us past that last mindless swallowing of flesh. Past that point in our existence where carrying last week's meat in our mouth's right might be ruminus to us as we try with all our strength and time to contain that inevitable bilious movement of gas rounding like a thunderstorm in the hinterland of our posterior while we sip our wine in the preciousness of an aesthetic boudoir. Sometimes the meal is maddening in itself. The epicurean desire trembles before us like an indigestible meal as we flatter in the embarrassment of that unstoppable but therapeutic fart.

It is at this threshold of human existence that we shift our troubled gaze to the green world so distant and alienated from the meat counter at the supermarket. There is that green world lies the material for the technique to revive the ontological premises of our existence. It begins to remain a kind of theatricality and rawness, a theatricality and rawness of a world as we are one with our food. In this, the minerality and fibrousness of our being is so splendiferous and complete in its song of the serene, calling us back to the nihilism that we have in an attempt to accept stoically like an orator with a bad bladder, dreaming of the unreal while imitating knowledge so keenly desired by the listener. But some forge on, determined in their colonic suffering to see the thing through, despite the painfully poignant sweetness of that lingering Big Mac still alive in the landscape of the palate. The salad and turpentine stretch into the ontological interface with the divinity of vegetable protein. Like the primal utterings of that first language of human kind expressing the wonder of lovemaking and the ability of fire, the carnivorous hunger is a human unique emotion in itself. As the epicurean desire trembles before a world as we are one with our food. So as we meet each other in health food stores or in vegetarian eateries or at the local Krishna vegetarian brunch, we will, in the silence and balance of our colon, share an ontology that is not affected by contingency but supported by the depth of our effort.

Yet if we hold firm and temper our vegetarian habit with a practical and receptive approach, we will not relapse into a carnivore vegetarianism. We, the few remaining in their morality play movement into human experience, will not be afraid of the unlimited and sometimes unpredictable adventure of vegetarianism, but in the eventual clearing of the morass of contemporary technomad life. We, our colon from its martyrdom in the clutches of totalitarian red meat. You feel like this kind of mesmerism which holds us in that first meeting of our colon with the facticity of plant life. For it is a kind of mesmerism which holds us. And mostly we throw ourselves headlong into the wilderness of our most improbable and impalpable palata need to devour the whole world without masticating it properly and allowing its substance to fulfill us with its crude compass. Honestly, this kind of self-degradation is the keynote to our times. The criminality of our carnivorous urge is not sufficient enough to cure our ontological condition. We are mere beings of illusion and epistemology of our experience of the tortures of daily life.

Yet there are those very few of us who remain grounded in the edenic pasture of our carnivore lives. And we recognize with bracing courage that this is indeed a fine line that we walk in order to constitute an ontology in the centre of our troubled beings. That even as we glimpse into the futurity of a meal, encompassing unrefined grains, beans, and leafy green goodnesses of the exotic wonder foods purchased by the carnivore to facilitate its crude habit. Its consumption sets up a once-shuggled colon into motion like the hard, rigid ice that breaks and floats in the approaching spring-time as the homesick sailor yearning for landstarved his hungry, craving, waiting compulsion. Yes, sprouted bread, composed of the pure un streamed kernels of grain severed from their stocks, and slowly allowed to bake in low heat, is the magick talisman to relieve the hunger up from its marrows in the clutches of totalitarian red meat. You feel like this kind of mesmerism which holds us in that first meeting of our colon with the facticity of plant life. For it is a kind of mesmerism which holds us. And mostly we throw ourselves headlong into the wilderness of our most improbable and impalpable palata need to devour the whole world without masticating it properly and allowing its substance to fulfill us with its crude compass. Honestly, this kind of self-degradation is the keynote to our times. The criminality of our carnivorous urge is not sufficient enough to cure our ontological condition. We are mere beings of illusion and epistemology of our experience of the tortures of daily life.

We are too overburdened by the carnivore, technocratic epistemology of their existence to continue the journey into the realm of vegetarianism. A severe biochemical withdrawal will sometimes accompany the emotional resistance to the virtues of this new ontology. The severity of this withdrawal will sometimes accompany the emotional resistance to the virtues of this new ontology. It is the ultimate protein, it is the assemblage of its organic state, tofu raises its consumer to indescribable heights of masticating pleasure while imparting knowledge so keenly desired by the listener.

And finally we are in the ontological anxiety of this most absolute failure to construct an ontology in the midst of our carnivore return, to check out Kentucky Fried Chicken, or choose the greater refinement of Swiss Chalet, in our progressive attempt to stomach the spiritual and physical value of our commitment. So as we relish our most improbable and impalpable palata need to devour the whole world without masticating it properly and allowing its substance to fulfill us with its crude compass. Honestly, this kind of self-degradation is the keynote to our times. The criminality of our carnivorous urge is not sufficient enough to cure our ontological condition. We are mere beings of illusion and epistemology of our experience of the tortures of daily life.

However, most people do not opt for a solution to the problem of coping with daily life. On the contrary, they prefer to resort to it. But it is like to have an easy and natural bowel movement. Or that somehow eating meat sometimes feels like that old shoe that took too long to die. Or that there must be greater subtleties to life than the crudest and neediest. Now, you may say, why do I need control, when the realities of economic returns, a pound of meat can indeed be a pound of flesh. What brings some of the same solution can never be reduced to a simple case of bowel motion or cash flow. It is rather a dam that bursts at a certain time after the impossible power of its own pressure.

In eating that m·eaty T-bone steak we are not so much enacting a carnivore ritualistic murder of the meat, but the technocratic world requires its own cosmic craving for meat. It is good and well to indulge in the intricacies of illusion so perfectly. To the senses dulled and ruined by the carnivore rationalism of daily life, tofu is the perfect solution to the problem of coping with daily life. On the contrary, they prefer to resort to it. But it is like to have an easy and natural bowel movement. Or that somehow eating meat sometimes feels like that old shoe that took too long to die. Or that there must be greater subtleties to life than the crudest and neediest. Now, you may say, why do I need control, when the realities of economic returns, a pound of meat can indeed be a pound of flesh. What brings some of the same solution can never be reduced to a simple case of bowel motion or cash flow. It is rather a dam that bursts at a certain time after the impossible power of its own pressure.

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THE RESTAURANT
by Alan Lord

For a pleasant evening and an unforgettable gastric experience I suggest you come visit us at The Restaurant, 450 Fakevew Road next Drivewdll Boulevard, where we will wine and dine you to the limit.

Our kitchens are expertly staffed with ex-cons dropping their lit cigarettes into the garbage, and the air is thick with the smell of the vichyssoisse without noticing and whipping the result into a creamy consistency. At The Restaurant we serve the slowest food in town, and our gazpacho is always piping hot.

We freeze all our ingredients in the freezer which has been out of order for months by a cook with AIDS returning from the Philippines. We then put the ingredients into a saucepan with a permanent ring of grime at the edge, and charred the steak on an intense flame to erase the green spots and stop the maggots from wiggling. Then, we pour liqueur wrapped in pink ribbon accompanied by a scented note declaring in Wrong English: "mesa mágica!"

The Restaurant? It's the kind of place where you turn to your plate and mouthing out: "Is it time. And the bus boys? Hey, they're the guys who bring the food to the table, not the guys who serve it.

The Restaurant we serve the slowest food in town, and our gazpacho is always piping hot.

The Old One takes off his torn pseudo-peasant's cap and places it over his heart. "Yes comrades, look into each other's eyes with pride, for you know that there will be no more exploitation and misery."

The Old One points at the walls. "The mighty flames of our bonfire will burn as long as the Communist ideals set in motion by the Restaurant Revolution continue to grow and forever!"

The Restaurant has been cleared of chairs, tables, and other such bourgeois knick-knacks, and has been transformed into the golden rollning wheat fields of East Bulgovaslovakia. The wheat has already grown so much, so that superior scientific principles must be employed to ripen it. But this is not enough: even the children must be taught to fire the wheat with a wild wacky zany slapstick buffet accelerating faster and faster as Goofy's ears converge."

"And now faithful comrades, we proceed to the weighing in. Results will be examined by our panel of experts,..."

The Old One throws up his hands with an air of frustration. "The Old One feels that our report has been written by the critics!"

"And now for the weighing in. Results will be examined by our panel of experts,..."

Bob fires the starting gun, and the exhausted guests get carted off moaning on stretchers. The Old One stands on his head and yells, "Let the hungry work, that's a Robert Lipps' principle."

"And now for the weighing in. Results will be examined by our panel of experts,..."

The grumbling crowd shuffles dejectedly out the door, helped along by pushing garbage dressed in white gloves and ties.

Well! That certainly is a lot of fun, but my favourite event is Ethnic Salute Day! Once a month we have a gala buffet celebrating a specific ethnic group, and the guests love it. It's the most colourfully dressed crowd you'll ever see.

"And now for the weighing in. Results will be examined by our panel of experts,..."

Once a month we have a gala buffet celebrating a specific ethnic group, and the guests love it. It's the most colourfully dressed crowd you'll ever see.

The Old One steps up solemnly to speak. His age commands the respect he would otherwise not enjoy.

"And now I declare the proceedings closed. The judges will render their decision, and theGUILELESS BOOK OF DUBIOUS RECORDS. Now will you please vacate the premises, we need to signal to each other our next move."

We all break into a deep hearty peasant's laughter echoing across the distant hills, and vigorously slap our knees with hitch joy, for we are the True Brothers and Sisters of Collectivized Soviet Food! Of our own volition, the women break rank to form a voluntary firewood-gathering brigade. They do not need any capitalist boss restaurant owner to yell instructions in their face! The men meanwhile busy themselves building sturdy picnic tables out of rough boulders found on the side of the mountain. They do not need any capitalist boss restaurant owner to yell instructions in their face!

But get ready for Thursday night, guys and gals, because it's... battle of the tables! The evening starts off quietly, with our guests arriving in groups amid the relative atmosphere created by Mr. Johnny's delightful tinkling background piano muzak. Our lights dim, and onstage "Battle of the Tables" theme song, from a tantalizing swirl of curtains emerges... our lights dim, and onstage "Battle of the Tables" theme song, from a tantalizing swirl of curtains emerges... our lights dim, and onstage "Battle of the Tables" theme song, from a tantalizing swirl of curtains emerges... our lights dim, and onstage "Battle of the Tables" theme song, from a tantalizing swirl of curtains emerges... our lights dim, and onstage "Battle of the Tables" theme song, from a tantalizing swirl of curtains emerges...

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It's 3:15 in the morning and the rain has started again. It's almost cold enough to freeze but instead it melts the last crusty bones of snow, collects in puddles by the curbs and in the street, creating a river of slush. The street-car tracks. The reflection of a neon coffee cup was down semi-submerged in its ripples and distortions, occasionally distorting in a gust of wind. The brown and orange colours spread on the oily sidewalk and mingle with the brown slush from the storm drain in the street-car tracks. The reflection of a neon coffee cup was down semi-submerged in its ripples and distortions, occasionally distorting in a gust of wind. The brown and orange colours spread on the oily sidewalk and mingle with the brown slush from the storm drain.

'The Donut Shop' is a place where the donut shop ever closes. Twenty-four hours every day the neon signs deliquesce, their messages. The rain brings them together. Behind the hot red record spinning noisily in the window is darkness except for the glow of a sixty-watt bulb illuminating a life-size cut-out of James Dean smoking a cigarette. This is at the back of the store not immediately visible from the street. Behind the windows of the donut shop there are tables and chairs and yellow light.

Sitting in a table in one corner is Charles "Butterman" Butler the sax player. He has such a smooth way of letting notes roll out of his horn with a slippery ease, like brightly coloured liquid marbles trickling over the spout of a kettle at boil. Nothing a straight line could ever pull out of the open. It just makes itself appear like ruffled air, a sort of words with smooth gurgling vowel sounds and soft transparent consonants. It isn't even a delivery. He never lets on that he has to blow into the instrument. The warring high beams of his horn together with you life standing on a roof, glistening on a roof, glistening, on a roof, glistening.

The Butterman stands up. I didn't know his name was Charles until the donut shop was robbed.

From my window I can see the Butterman ignoring the woman at the next table. He stares down at his coffee and cruller, no expression on his face, unaware of the woman's blue-green eyes not watching him but the pavement beyond the window. Their lips move privately, I watch, imagining conversation. The Butterman is explaining that he had a woman. "We had something together. Now we're not together and I have something different." He wipes crumbs from the corners of his mouth. The woman with the blue-green eyes brings her coffee cup to his lips, sips slowly, and continues to stare through the window. She plucks the cup from the saucer and pulls a cigarette out of a silver case. "I once saved a man's life by sticking my fingers down his throat and pulling out a chunk of flesh that had lodged in his wind-pipe. The dinner was a reward for preventing a large car from slipping away. It got my boss off the hook and he thought it was worth a pearl or two and a life." He said thanks I almost choked, and then finished his meal.

Until now the thick, steel-haired man in the Petro-Can work clothes had ignored them. He glances over his shoulder, almost seeing them. The waitress behind the counter at which he sits brings him a donut. He bites into it and red jam filling oozes from a hole in the middle. "I had to eat a man's throat. I was taking a tanker up highway 11 and just around that tight bend, y'know, right before Murray's Diner, I see this car overturned by Martha Nichols.

Sitting at a table in one corner is Charles "Butterman" Butler the sax player. He has such a smooth way of letting notes roll out of his horn with a slippery ease, like brightly coloured liquid marbles trickling over the spout of a kettle at boil. Nothing a straight line could ever pull out of the open. It just makes itself appear like ruffled air, a sort of words with smooth gurgling vowel sounds and soft transparent consonants. It isn't even a delivery. He never lets on that he has to blow into the instrument. The warring high beams of his horn together with you life standing on a roof, glistening on a roof, glistening, on a roof, glistening.

The rain has stopped. Except for the occasional gust of wind there is nothing to disturb the reflections on the street. A street car rumbles by flinging the river out of its bed. After it passes the water collects itself again in the tracks and carries on. I look through the donut shop window. The Donut Lady has moved to the end of the counter where she circles round to the wall. I can see her hand as she picks up the phone. The phone rings. I answer. It is the Donut Lady. When I hang up I put on a jacket, lock my door and cross the street to the donut shop.

As I enter, four young people are coming out gesturing frantically to the Donut Lady. I sit at my usual table and the Donut Lady brings me coffee and sweet rolls. She asks me if I want my tips. She walks away. She is saying, "The cruller's fresh. Don't worry, something will come up soon. Keep trying." I look out the window to see light splashing in the puddles. The store fronts on the other side of the street are reflected in the window next door. The record shop is closed but the huge neon sign blaring Playa's Filter pours liquid blue and white onto the pavement. Next door is Horatio's Used Books. There is no neon, no light at all from the shop.

I look up at the sky again. I see the Butterman sitting at a table where a beer-writer sits humming. A man looks from the window, smoking a cigarette. He looks to where I am sitting. I bite my cruller and imagine he is talking to Grace Kelly and that the Donut Lady is rhythmically massaging my shoulders.

The girl rises her teeth with Coke.

The waves are high and bitter, pulled apart by a fire tide strands on end

The sand and sky unbreakable.

She waits. Some day

The green bottle will crack open

A brown-haired woman is wearing brown gold highlights in her eyes. She stares out a tenth-floor window and can't imagine the ground below. Meanwhile the blue contains so many things: French vanilla sailing boats. Her feet kick away the window ledge.

The child asks her once, "What do clouds taste like?"

Ice and sapphire. Clouds coat her lips, sweet

She throws back her head, her mouth wide open, swallows everything before her fall

I have a particular vantage point: a rounded hollow in the moon, dust like silk, so fine like powder ladies wear, just a glint in check hollows.

It's on my hand, this fineness, not part of the earth at all.

"Remember the old woman in a basket?" I asked my daughter all grown up. "She flew seventeen times higher than the moon."

And the child asks her, asks her

Where? With cobwebs on the clouds and silence, this old woman:

My flattened soles. I know the straw weave very well, the cracks

The need to float on sound
INDEFINITE SABBATICAL
by John Cartan

That evening, Amber returned triumphant from her first class.

"You will never get away with this, Amber Ducket."

The professor twisted in his chair. Clip clip.

Amber heard again the sound of a hundred medical schools slamming their doors.

"I like poetry," said Amber. "I think perhaps I will read some poetry to your class.

"That's what you would have to be attempted sooner or later. He resolved to set aside one coin a day."

"Damn it! There's a rope around my neck. I need help."
VEHICLE OF THE PARASITE
by Richard Truhlar

Ever tell your kids you’re glad they can think?
FRANK ZAPPA

you are sitting in the Other Café
with the tubular furniture
the dispossessed wine glass
all the values of an abstract institution

The Other Café
is a practised intention
foodstuffs equalizing satisfaction and communication

you pick up a pencil
let your hand wander over
blank space
in which you arrange a colony of parasites
with interior movements

when time is severed
gesture exists as spectacle
the eat is on
foodstuffs wander from mouth to mouth

pick up that pencil
chew up the work
you are the poet in the Other Café
a ponderous substance
which sticks to a blank space

while
she likes everything all at once
even the addition of certain bloods
to the meat pudding

the farm confirms the existence of the country
so
she leaves the city every weekend

she dislikes insects

you are a man in the Other Café
the tubular furniture falls against the flagstones
you remember
the head is a suspect site
unlike a farm
you can almost hear
the helicopters of the intellect

she has picked at
in petrified distraction
a qualitative world of poisons on her plate

consider the polytechnics of punishment

you are in the Other Café
with a veritable promotion of edible objects

to name them as little as possible
always ends this way
A=A

to dig holes or to pile stones
the head is a suspect site
in which we arrange the entire collection
of practised intentions
petrified distractions

it is not
a ballet of revolvers
a raincoat without rain
a coat without wear

you are the writer of the Other Café
she likes everything
the delicious risk of deluxe objects

chew up the work
give it the meaning of its contrary
not emotion
but the sign of emotion
she leaves you sitting in the Other Café
pondering a qualitative world of poisons

there is no revolution
the helicopters of the intellect
do not attack tautologies

the eat is on

when you leave the Other Café
perhaps the graphic gesture
guarantees
the value of the farm
confirms the existence of the country

to dig holes in or pile stones upon
the face of sociability
all anti-intellectualism ends this way

in the Other Café
with the promotion of objects
the entire collection of practised intentions and emotions

you have not left the Other Café
what appeal has a colony of parasites
to a pencil on a page
with interior movements
practised in naming it as little as possible?

perhaps
the guarantee of an event
when a blank space sticks to a man?

in the Other Café
she has carefully placed a ponderous substance
upon your face
a wrinkle of a doubt
as to the existence of the country

but the farm confirms it
so
your smile exists as a spectacle
an optical space into which she collects
the interior movements of the everything she likes

this is imagined at the Other Café
we may be distracted for the moment
but the plastic success of emotion exists
as a veritable object

when time is severed
she leaves the city every weekend
you may go with her
if you wish to guarantee the event

sitting in the Other Café
with the tubular furniture
the dispossessed wine glass
all the values of an abstract institution
there is no revolution
in the death of language
WINTR SOLSTIS SONG
FAMINE IN AFRIKA
CRESCENT MOONS
by bill bissett

thers snow all around th cabin
boy ium luckee boy ium luckee
her th melodee her th song
tone thers th famine in afrika
help send sum munee send sum
thers luckee boy ium luckee starlites
with war drink th tea lile th
moon shining thru th plente
wher i am near th dream
kokee from above th dancing
sumtimes ium a plant with feet
litting my sky th fish rushing
floating ov th mountain rain
rainbow floating ov th sea
sum mor wood th in th fire put
er th mountain kileaks
ar bowing soon lar sleep
swimming in my dreams
song thers snow all around th
my soul th sleeping wild
onysis thirded dandilion
pig weed boy ium luckee
er th singing winds thers
familee we can help send
sum love her th ice
th kiyots howling at th crescent
put sum mor wood in th fire
runnin round each othr runnin up n

hi round th spinning moon
her th war sing

heer th war sing

TH FIRST TERRORISM
by bill bissett

in all countrees is th raling militaree class against th
civilyun poor handing down th correct grammar proper art
behaviour module see leaiving bloated behelvet no access
to anesochi guilt is useless what we can do abt th wars
troubled ozone polaritrees ev caste sexual roles arms erths
destruksyun th pomes art return us to our world to make
equal wages for work uv equl valu juris ev whos peers
if peopul bcum equal all ov wrld ther will b no
munee for war or destruktiv religyus control
wealthy peopul n corporaysuns can pay hight taxes insted
zv ripping soulful services defens budgets are in th trillyuns
now thais wher th dootis ar th first qwestyun dew we
want to die or not we can give each othr guaranteed minimum
incums solv thers war end th militaree industrial pavlovian
strangel holds on all ov our lives th world we make togetir due
owe us life not cum living doth why shud we be bizilee paying
for our own destruksyun lemmings prolonging th suspens
and anxietee for what patriotism greed who is bettr matching
utopian bath towells holding th missiles only making war
nice
we cud still em above our guaranteed minimum incums munee
and still make munee on munee ofen tasnahit in starting up
xpanding manufacturing th cud still be initiates freedom
n sum real guarantees proteksyon from th ravages uv competitiv
systems ev everwun losess from if ther ar no othr ways develop
arint we call waiting for th two day work week ther ar othr ways
so everwun can b working if we want all ov wrld is it
going to cum soon n love without fear th influens uv youn yuns
is for mor equalite
in th interim ov all bled by censorship mor n mor instalysun
tortur mystifiksyns uv church n state dont let thos othr
countrees peopuls have aborsyns keep them overpopulatid so we
can control them save thay souls whi they work for nothing for
us ane repressed sexualitee or hungr is a war ur sharing lves

Image by Don Thompson

LES NOURRITURES TERRESTRES
par Lucien Francoeur

à Langue de Feu
pour le naked lunch litteraire

"Don't go no further
(You need meat)"
-- Jim Morrison

C'est son désordre d'ultra-desperados
qui le nourrit de pensées sauvages
et de fleur du mal

sur la route de la soie
le soir l'émousse le trouve
en attente de grâce et d'overdose:
une Ethiopie du Faubourg à Malasse
rien d'autre à se mettre sur la peau
que cette langue dont nul ne parle
et les chants de Maldoror

il est l'ultime recours de la dernière scène
dans ses hystéries au goût de jelinez zen
où il dévole ce qui lui reste de lui-même:
le clitoris de la fée des étoiles
e les rejets de prance

nous commussions encore au Pornographic Delicatessen
où les lesbiennes d'acid et les illes-commandos bandés
échent l'oeur des athlètes et des travesty-kamikazes
quand plus rien n vaut la peine à la petite semaine

"Don't go no further
(You need meat)"
-- Jim Morrison

58
ONLY HOURS
IN WADI HALFA
by Karen McCormack

failure to a pulled string would not be an instrument
tuned to any perfection other than

the outward reach

does knowledge equal Africa

will ever

leave electricity out of this cube and look at the sky
accumulated shadow rising
if bones are measure to flesh
these fires fly

in the north of intention

final word of every sentence and
the question mark upside down with exclamation

cold muscles are take to demand a graduated
longing for lengthening heat

hands seek not to meet but round a change in temperature
vertical keening the white voice hums beneath its separate selves

not conversant with the audial
simmering of individual colours in a lake
there are animals too and muder to track them
newspapers get left behind with the crumbs, on what is remembered as a table

never to have lived in the place of birth
denotes a photographic memory
black and white, a false order in the garden’s
banana sprawl and papaya abundance,
mangoes: two men leaving and the snake the dog caught
they are everywhere tongues prove
but no vipers in Egypt

mòbius knotted a singular passion for retrieval

the miles discuss among themselves the many feet to Mecca
a continent’s accounting
of mouthy and tea, kilometres commodity

green reckoning on rains a season temporary
bending heads to an horizon astonished
by itself reluctantly

sauth of
the equator might foresee itself backwards
and so one believes in the need for harpsichords
when Victoria falls
that height and the lady agree

THE REASON WHY
GRACES FERVENTLY SAID
by Thomas Kretz

Amidst the Jesuits of long tables
In coldest corner of refectory
In house called Casa degli Scrittori
With not even the Last Supper painted
And digested by hungry centuries
To draw the mind above esophagus
I sit in an international soup:
On elbow left El Paso man speaking
In French to black visitor from Zaire
On the right wrist two Poles having it out
In German clicking polished tongues like heels;
Across the fence of bread sticks a Brother
Fresh from Mato Grosso, still not able
To breathe in oxygen-poor Italy.
Whistling through white wine until the pasta
Comes in all its gory groves of garlic
When I lose myself in contemplation
Twirling thoughts into an enormous ball
Of matter for siesta to break down.

WAITING FOR THE MENU
by Joseph McLeod

In the darkness
a moth sings
in the branches
above the shed
moving ponderously
through the night
without moon or wind

I hear the mother sing
among the dying flowers
in the garden below my window

The moth sings
so low
the vibrations
move at the speed of day
across my countryside

Across the world
a mother sings
below the three towers
that mark my way

I hear the moth singing
and the dog whines
in his small dark house

And below this mind
a river pulses
with a song of the mother
as it pushes down
to the centre
of my heart
and carries this love
cool as a cucumber
as I wait
for the menu
Food. How can I help you, Tokyo Rose, to heal your obsession with food? How can I ask you to enter the huge black hole which you try to fill with chicken salad, mangoes and chocolate? What kind of mirror ran I hold up to reflect the madness of stuffing and starving your body as a way of appeasing a restless soul? Perhaps it's just a habit — something to do instead of making love or getting angry. After all, you're a Catholic. You've been programmed to be good — and you know you are a saint destined for the fires of a raging hell. Guilty. Guilt is the key Tokyo Rose. You are guilty of committing sack sins — you are guilty of being in a body — a hungry body — with an appetite that can't ever be satisfied by a voracious body — an animal body — a body that will lead you into temptation — the body of Eve — the body of Mary Magdalene — a body that wants to eat and sink — a body that screams for attention — a body in a state of war. Your body is your name.

Emotion. Living in a state of war. A war between the Catholic Church and your soul. But the church has been absorbed into your cells and you no longer even give a conscious thought to the presence of the Holy Spirit in the underground of your temple — a resistance movement — resisting your very nature. Like a radio station — a twenty-four-hour broadcast sending messages over the wave into your mind — messages of discontent and need. Hunger. It says, "You're not enough. I am. I am the Son and the God and the Holy Spirit. I am strong. I am enough."

But the church has absorbed into your cells and you no longer even give a conscious thought to the presence of the Holy Spirit in the underground of your temple — a resistance movement — resisting your very nature. Like a radio station — a twenty-four-hour broadcast sending messages over the wave into your mind — messages of discontent and need. Hunger. It says, "You're not enough. I am. I am the Son and the God and the Holy Spirit. I am strong. I am enough." No, Tokyo Rose — you must distill man — popes and priests who have turned you against your body, your soul. Popes, priests, mothers, nurses — raped your psyche and called you a whore.

Your body, movements locked in your body. It's funny what happened then. My intention was to enter the black hole, to look into hell, dive into my anger and fear and this knot of misunderstanding — I felt so heavy yesterday afternoon as we got dressed up for Easter mass, so pretty in my pink coat, white hat and white shoes. The ice cream is going to melt. I got up, took the grocery bag into the kitchen, cooked dinner and chose to ignore my need to move — I was so heavy with the written words you gave back to me and my calligraphy. "Your body, movements locked in your body, emptied through the dance. I felt so heavy yesterday afternoon as we got dressed up for Easter mass, so pretty in my pink coat, white hat and white shoes. The ice cream is going to melt."

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"It would be quite easy to keep writing and postpone my breakfast. But I won't, knowing that my writing will be crooked because of the physical hunger, my heart will bleed for comfort and my mind will go lazy as a flirtet. So let me have some breakfast before I go on with this piece of writing I want to finish before you leave for California."

So here you are, seated in the Japanese garden of the Golden Gate Park Chin Rain. Reading Tokyo Rose's answer. You know that right this moment she is entering the huge black hole because she has committed herself to do so. You close your eyes and see her whirling in the medicine wheel, clear and focused, mad at anger, at her sorrow. Can you picture you sitting in this Japanese garden China Rain, eyes closed on your own hill, trusting the medicine wheel will heal us both and bring forth this book we want to be healing dances for the future of us all.

Let me travel all the way to Atlantis as it is where and when my obsession with food has its roots. I won't tell the story here, it is too long a story. It's going to be the subject of this book I wanna write and call An American Best-Seller. I see this novel about Atlantis as the first step towards this movie about Atlantis I want to shoot in the Egyptian Arabian desert in about five years from now. I want the movie to be called: To Eat. It's like ET, but reversed. T.H. You see me? As soon as I get off the past, Tokyo Rose comes in and carries me into the future.

Back in present time I must confess I had a croissant, a chocolate chip scone, raspberry jam and hot chocolate for breakfast. I ate in a rush, in a total state of anxiety, feeding my need to be grounded much more than my physical body. I know I use food to ground myself. To tap the fear and the insecurity, the I don't know which is my grounding of being most of the time.

Back to Easter Sunday, three days ago. In the shrine church of St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling. My mother has a nice beige hat on, I'm wearing a straw hat with a pink and green flower, mint green wool suit and a lace tie. I feel like I'm eight years old, all dressed up for Easter mass, so pretty in my pink coat, white hat and white shoes. The priest is saying that Jesus Christ is alive here, in 1985, on Sullivan Street. Jewish memories pop up in my mind but I repression them. I don't want to reveal! I was once something other than a Catholic. I've been Jewish, Buddhist, Shintoist, Hindu and so on but who cares? I have been brought up by these two Catholic parents in a very Catholic rite, and Catholicism must be embedded in my cells so deeply I can't tell the difference between my voice and the Church voice when I want to be in communion with it. The young priest who said Jesus Christ is alive now is sitting at a table, arms open, palms up. He says: You want to open arms, palms up. I've never been in a Catholic church for a long time. My body seems to be ready to move but I remember that the Catholic Church -- your answer is cleansing the guilt syndrome, activating something quite new in my body. Words. Words are food. Your words are feeding my hungry mind.

Let me go of the past Tokyo Rose. You wanted me to write about Atlantis, food and anger when you gave me a few minutes ago. You sit at your typewriter to write down your answer to China Rain. Now you are standing at the edge of a black hole filled up by the dead bodies of the Jews of the concentration camps. Let go of the past Tokyo Rose. You are gone. For me in the black hole is the black hole.

Krisha is surfacing sometimes in my body as I am dancing, light and lyrical, joyous being, emploined through the dance. I felt so heavy yesterday afternoon as we got dressed up for Easter mass, so pretty in my pink coat, white hat and white shoes. The ice cream is going to melt. I got up, took the grocery bag into the kitchen, cooked dinner and chose to ignore my need to move — I was so heavy with the written words you gave back to me and my calligraphy. "Your body, movements locked in your body, emptied through the dance. I felt so heavy yesterday afternoon as we got dressed up for Easter mass, so pretty in my pink coat, white hat and white shoes. The ice cream is going to melt."

My body wants to pray arms open, palms up also. I haven't been in a Catholic church for a long time. My body seems to be ready to move but I remember that the Catholic Church -- your answer is cleansing the guilt syndrome, activating something quite new in my body. Words. Words are food. Your words are feeding my hungry mind.

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The only thing I know how to do is give names to things. The tension is a nexus of so many things, the struggle is to transform my body from an enemy to an ally, the memories are coats of arms and shields, the dreams are messages from eternity, lifetimes are disguises for the chameleon, opinions are something you get killed for. The wind is blowing, rushing into my body, making it tremble and shake and scream. I'm empty as I will ever be. I can get no satisfaction.

The wind is blowing, rushing into my body, making it tremble and shake and scream. I'm empty as I will ever be. I can get no satisfaction.

My father was so funny this weekend, finding directions by looking at the sun as he would in the Canadian forest. He kept reminding me of our Indian blood all weekend. I was so surprised. A few years ago he wouldn't even admit his Indian blood. I took him and my mother to the Northeast Indians section of the Museum of Natural History when you sent me when I arrived in Manhattan. My father was impressed by the blue horse on a Dakota Indian shield. We both stood still in front of the window while I was telling him the story of the Dakota warrior who had a dream in which he was receiving some supernatural power through the thunder. My other, meanwhile, was intoxicated by some old Indian men in leather clothes, a statue in a window that looked so real she said she was scared like a kid. She seemed so different here, so much a stranger in this magic and red environment with her blue eyes and her blond hair.

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Food. She is the one who taught me what she knows about food. She is the one who fed me as a baby and as a child. She was cooking my meals when I was a teenager and she handed me some recipes as a young adult. My feeling is that we don't have the same body needs. My eyes aren't blue, my hair isn't blond. Why should I eat steak and turnips? She doesn't even like steak and turnips herself. She is telling me I should eat meat because it is good for me. She, herself, really doesn't like meat either but they say in the papers and on the radio that we should eat meat. My father tells me in Wasaw during the war children had to eat rats. We, his children, are lucky. There is meat on the table. Thou shall eat meat except on Fridays.

Friday was my favourite day because we had no meat, what a relief. I loved the Catholic church because meat was forbidden on Fridays. It would have been a much better religion if meat was forbidden every day. No wonder I turned Buddhist in my twenties.

I am tripping too far away from our subject China Rain? Tell me about unity, tell me how to do it.

THE MILKY WAY GOES INTO THE FOOD PROCESSOR

-- A GHAZAL --

by Mia Anderson

Milch Mama. One's suckled, one's squirted sphtt sphtt into a kettle of mashed plantain. Dinner for six.

Worms eat your heart out. Sons of pigs eat shit. Brer Rabbit at home in the briar patch. He goes to ground.

Oh Leivy Jane Leivy Jane your grave must needs be un grand lit. Flowers will raise a star where you sprawl.

I'll drink a burnt toast to my merry old ghost and the spheres sing Bottom's Up.

Weave weave oh weave, knit and knit oh the endless unwindable interconcatenation of tissue.

Alice took another nibble of the mushroom. My ear shrinks. My left arm sprouts leaves.

TOILETSEAT

by John Bennett

I was rubbing my thighs with toiletseat to the floor I was nailing a toiletseat standing on a toiletseat I was flating at the ants on the ceiling I was spinning in the eye of a toiletseat wiping on the toiletseat a sausage I was trying to open the toiletseat make a door of the toiletseat I slapped the toiletseat against the window was biting and kicking the toiletseat hurting my change at the toiletseat I lowered over my head the toiletseat and ran to the drugstore, shouted DOCTOR at the fleeing clerks: I was hiding in the trashbin I was hugging the seat under my shirt I was hoping it would guide me, be flushing the dark, be a boat and a mirror and a headlight

BEARINGS

by Bob Wakulich

Every spring she supplies me with a knapsack full of pennnican, a compass, a napkin with her lip prints and four litres of Doug wine.

She blindfolds me and drive me to a spot she likes and lets me go.

I meander a bit and make my way back, arriving refreshed and severely horny, bearing silly trophies and superficial injuries.

The way this woman peeks a plumb would amaze you.

SWALLOWING COLD

by Edward Nixon

licking dirtswaste/cleaning himself

for her delectation ...

in the third century before Christ it became very popular for Romans to eat fruit smashed with mountain-ice into a paste, spooned into the sweltering mouth, chilling their saliva, sweetening words.

passing the ice over her breasts ... she penetrates with ice

now suddenly cold blood ... his anus washed frigid

taste her chilled cunt ... vanilla sperm now edible

* * *

clean and cold

take this flesh which was sacrificed for you

it is no one else's now

eating is your only possession of another

the cannibals were on the right track

but they 'liked their feasts served hot, poor savages.

image by Ernie Erna
The dream Robinson had, not this one he talks about and tried to convince himself is the dream. The dream of the old man, with his ears too big for his head, his boyish, buck-toothed smile? With that little-boy smile of his, how much he wanted to be loved. And yet he knew with that tinge to the heavy air, like that from a car leaking oil. He rubs his forehead. He looks around. He pulls his Detroit Tigers baseball cap down over his eyes. He licks his lips, as if voluntarily. His right hand reaches out and pauses, while he waits to understand the noise he has just heard. His arm and hand continue their downward movement to the lid of the garbage can.

Glenna looks at Robinson and thinks of him, understanding and, at thirty, almost told his skin slack from what he ate (or what he did not eat), lacy. What was it she saw this bird of a man, with his ears too big for his head, his boyish, buck-toothed smile? With that little-boy smile of his, how much he wanted to be loved. And yet he knew with that tinge to the heavy air, like that from a car leaking oil. He rubs his forehead. He looks around. He pulls his Detroit Tigers baseball cap down over his eyes. He licks his lips, as if voluntarily. His right hand reaches out and pauses, while he waits to understand the noise he has just heard. His arm and hand continue their downward movement to the lid of the garbage can.

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Robinson concentrates on breathing in and out, slowly, quietly, and he feels his chest rise and fall, his nostrils flare, his body ease itself with his breathing, as if his breath were fingers rubbing his back. He could not tolerate the pain in her eyes.

-- Look. I don't know why I'm telling you this, I can just go ahead and do it. You know I'll be careful.

It's a place of cake. Robinson tells himself. Even the one-legged woman down the street came back with something yesterday. And Jones's new door said he heard people were walking right past once, daring them to do something, laughing at them.

His fingers tap at the arm of the chair and Robinson took a deep breath. He needs fresh air.

Just to have it there. Your own. That you want and in your pocket. You. And no salesman, company, contract, agent, bank rating on your shoulder, on your case. Robinson knows he will not watch the TV.

-- Careful, he says. Careful, I suppose. I could laugh. It's not just the police or Quo. Do you think the man who even the store is going to hold the door open for you? He's got a gun. And as far as it's concerned, it's his children you're taking food from.

Now Robinson remembers one night years back a fire hydrant streaming water, the smell of sneakers against asphalt, bodies groaning. Couples walking slowly down East Grant towards an orange and beavine movie sunset. Robinson and Glenna, her arm in his

In the store Robinson stands in front of a bald mannequin with her nippleless breast exposed, lies on her side with a bemused look on her face. Another mannequin has been knocked against the side wall of the display and her face muffled by a dress. The floor is covered with broken glass, though the plate-glass display window is intact. DRESS-UP FOR FALL, FALL IS THE TIME FOR CLASS.

The man startles him. Robinson has not been aware that the man had begun walking again and up close he stinks and his hands shake. For a moment he stops in front of Robinson ~d does not exactly look at him and does not exactly not either. There seems merely something that had come into his mind, whether from seeing Robinson or from something he already had in mind, you could not tell.

In the dream Robinson cannot forget the old man laughs soundlessly and holds up an empty wallet.

Suddenly it is still. Someone or something has shut off the alarm which has been ringing shrilly ever since Robinson entered the Electronic Lab store ten minutes ago. He feels his chest rise and fall, fall and rise, with his breathing. (Like walking down the street to your bar at the moment someone behind the wheel clicks into a channel only he hears and his car comes screaming down the sidewalk at you.)

The old man reaches into the garbage can. He has never reached the bottom of the garbage without finding food.

Robinson feels the pressure against his chest. His lungs contracting and expanding so many times a minute. His own sweet breath, clean and pure.

He feels in that pounding, throbbing pressure of his own life blood what he does not have to hear to hear.

That old, beat-up, red Fender Telecaster of Muddy Waters, insistent, throbbing. The life, that music.

He feels the wrench in his hand.

---

SECONDS
by Mark Beamish

A summer spent
treepanting
outside a Northern
Alberta mining town.
Breadth and black flies.

The meals in camp
(nine a day to accommodate
the various shifts)
slowly became an obsession
a night out
a narcotic.

We line up patiently again
at 11 p.m. for our second steak
of the evening
second pile of potatoes
second slab of pie
and on rare nights to town
we return from the bar
and head straight for 1 a.m.
bacon eggs hash brown juice coffee
before bed.

We all put on fifteen pounds
over a summer
and because we're sweating
in fields all day
it becomes muscle.

Back in Toronto/real world
we melt down to our
former selves
brag about the size
of their steaks
and our muscles
but there are no takers.
It was during the air war against sigatoka, over the lush jungles of Central America, that I first learned about the intrigues of banana politics.

The tropical sun can play strange tricks on a man, so I quickly elevated, invoked a spell, and learned from the Fruit Company guru, made a 360-degree turn, and swooped down again from a different angle to see if the experience would repeat itself.

The time a giant banana appeared on the horizon, its green skin like a brushstroke against the streamers from the sun, and a high-pitched, unmistakably feminine voice said: "Yanqui, go home. Take your money and run."

I was being paid well, but I did not consider myself a mercenary since I was completely apolitical, as well as asexual. As a perennial existential bumgourder in search of new targets, I had been having difficulty feeding my fantasies, shedding identities, and deepening with intallment payments on my underground shelter. Thus, when an IMP Representative (International Monetary Predictors) approached me and asked if I would like to earn some quick cash fighting sigatoka, I felt it was my patriotic duty to accept. I thought he was speaking about a rebel Marxist political movement.

Actually, sigatoka is a soil disease capable of destroying an entire banana crop. The name comes from an eleventh-century Oriental droppet who had a liking for bananas, and once turned the whole of China into a banana jungle. They became a code name for a Vietnamese guerrilla leader in the war against rice substitutes. When I returned to the airport that day and tried to tell the natives about my experience, they became a vengeful force. They referred me to my flight kit, which contained a manual translated from the Quechuan, entitled "Nietzsche mad: Warum ist die Banana krumm?"

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The sheriff stood in front of the station. The Dusenberg pulled up inches away in a show of precision driving. Cato pushed the plastic bag of cocaine into the secret compartment below the steering wheel. The sheriff confirmed his belief that the goggled and bound men were criminals. He admitted his lack of evidence. In secret (uncommunicated) each thought at once of phenomenology. Dilly agreed to hire a photographer provided he could keep the negatives. Cato regretted the cameras he’d left behind in Wu’s variety shop. Our Heroes placed an ad for a photographer in the Dallas Morning News. They used a box to hide their secret identities. Several men and women applied. One of them turned out to be a long-lost cousin of Cato’s.

“If these odd relationships have troubled you half as much as they have disturbed me you have been sorely put upon.”

Cato’s long-lost cousin was chosen as photographer. In stressful situations he tended to call Cato Wu. Equally unfortunate was the lack of a clear nickname for the photographing cousin. “Shutterbug,” “Mr. Flash,” or “Brownie” were all tried and discarded. Outside observers of Our Heroes predicted that this third member would be the end of the team. Nevertheless they performed their jobs efficiently and with good cheer. The ratio of criminals convicted to criminals captured rose significantly. Anonymous callers suggested that the terrific trio were soft on drug pushers. Editorials began to appear questioning why Chinese criminals weren’t caught. The Dusenberg received a ticket for double parking.

“The bowl hunting is legend today in certain parts of Idaho.”

The terrific trio basted a Black Mass in progress. The mayor of one of the more insignificant cities of the Metroplex was officiating. Photographs were published. Many city councils urged that the trio receive official sanction. Others were vehemently against Cato tore up the parking ticket. The photographer believed that they were being followed by men in mirrored sunglasses driving a black Lincoln. Dilly suggested it was coincidence. Cato and Dilly sent the photographer out for burgers so they could snort cocaine alone.

“Do your readers really like to imagine female adventurers in this manner?”

To all those who have changed along with me, and to those who have journeyed that rainbow road to Carcosa, I give my humble thanks.”

“Albert, you have committed for the last time.”

As the photographer waited for the bucket of Extra Crispy, the Forces of Evil were in motion. They waited with sap and rope outside the glass door unaware that the photographer was not for Cato. As he emerged, the sap descended. The bounty hunters ate the chicken regretting only that it had come with the beans and not the slaw. After cleaning their hands on the handy lemon-scented Wetwipes (bounty hunters are a fastidious lot), they drove back to New Jersey. In their joyous abandon they ditched the box full of salad forks and spoons. When the cocaine euphoria had waned, Cato and Dilly were hungry. They drove the Dusenberg to the chicken place.

“Her swimming pool was the last to dry up during that long summer.”

He feared total sensory deprivation.”

“She spoke seven languages including Japanese and Navajo at age four.”

On the way they found the box of assorted salad forks and spoons. They thought it was a godsend. When they later counted them, they found twenty-three complete pairs and three unmated forks. In later years many restless nights would recall the mystery of those three forks. As the chicken place they got a bucket of original and two large ice teas. As they ate they cursed the fecklessness of the photographer, who’d obviously abandoned them. They rejoiced that he had left his equipment. Cato had been a fairly good amateur photographer at one time.

“I grow faint when someone mentions glad-rags.”

To replenish their cocaine supply, Dilly and Cato flew to Bogota. There they met a godsend. When they later counted them, they found twenty-three complete pairs and three unmated forks. In later years many restless nights would recall the mystery of those three forks. As the chicken place they got a bucket of original and two large ice teas. As they ate they cursed the fecklessness of the photographer, who’d obviously abandoned them. They rejoiced that he had left his equipment. Cato had been a fairly good amateur photographer at one time.

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RAPPING WITH A FOOD PACKAGER
by Rod Anderson

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Used to be that the job was a little repetitive. A little repetitive. The labelling. Packaging's too important to be struck by labels. Important? Why?

Hell, everyone knows the secret of making labels in packaging. Lies? Eye-turning can sell stomach-turning. Nobody likes an ugly package. We make it look like them for a minute. Give a day and they'd take a week. So I threw them all out.

democracy, pal. Love at first bite. Spread it on creamy and thick. Some lies are socially useful. Packaging helps to get all the food eaten. Meatballism? Metabolism. So?

the till. Cut the frill. I had to reduce package cost relative to content cost. But now?

undelivered. Rolled out of refrigerators still unrefrigerated. Rolled off eating tables still uncooled. Lost a fortune. Some good ideas just don't work. What else?

Size. Surface-to-volume ratio decreases with increasing radius. You mean the giant economy size? That was only my beginning. My packages grew dinosaurial. Their relative packaging costs dropped to microbial proportions. But look what happened to transportation! The camels couldn't hold them. Too much lump per hump. The milk route collapsed. My final jumbos are still today floating in Levantine harbours. Elephantine harbours? Waiting to be transhipped through Asia by rail once someone builds enough boxcars. I lost another fortune. But was there a way?

Then I invented brown paper bags. Cheaper. Years later, thinner plastic ones. Cheaper by centuries I gave my customers heavy cloth sacks to hold their comestibles. Stupid! They in turn? Oh get your damn noggin joggin'! Of food protons and electrons, of

And psychologists! According to them the first thing a newborn food package Meets is its texture behind. The ultimate generic. No name. No label. No package. But won't people miss the excitement of unwrapping -- the ripping of the roping?

Let me explain it this way. When a guitar string is plucked, a standing wave is set up. Just stands still -- like the cheese. Now follow my way. You're still not discerning. There's no turning. We're all in this communion of

All wisdom is buried somewhere in etymology. And if you break food down into its aliments? As simple as a keyless coffee can! We find the prefix all refers to old (as in the German alt) and so the Latin aler, to nourish, means, in its innermost gut, in its belly, in its colon: to make grow old. So there you have it, ginger rabbit. Nourishment enfeebles. Senility is the result of decades of stomaching food. Of stuffing all your

But won't the bread turn into flesh some day? The wine into blood? Oh wrap it up! You're still not discerning. There's no turning. We're all in this communion of food together. So the separate packaging was, in the end, an illusion? Eat your heart out. You is me, sugarqua. All the same, I wish...?
SOCIAL CONVENTIONS
by Alexandre L. Amprimoz

Ego sum imperator Romanorum et super grammaticam.
Sisigmund, Holy Roman Emperor.
To a cardinal who corrected his Latin.

1. I Like Ike, Long Live Jakobsen

like a word that no longer explains anything
the long poem is so much for theory
like michelangelo who in the four years it took
him to paint the sistine chapel didn't take
a bath so much for cultural references
like the piece de resistance in a bedouin desert
where i was once with my father when i
was five, cooked eggs are stuffed into fish.
the fish are stuffed into cooked chickens.
the chickens go into a roasted sheep. the
sheep is stuffed into a whole camel.
like einstein who once flunked out of hairdressing.
like my uncle Flavio Spaghettini
who gave me a dish washer job.
he is not my real relative
he is my friend of cousin
who works
at Kremleen.

2. I Love Ove, Long Live Roland Barthes

u com'n read
yr stooped poultry
at least honeste jobbe
my uncle Flavio Spaghettini
gave me dish washer job.
he is not my real relative
he is my friend of cousin
who works
at Kremleen.

3. I Adore ore, Long Live Paul de Man

(who deconstructed himself out of existence)

Relax. In his country Casanova was a gynecologist. He had come to Canada. In
Italy, most gynecologists are on welfare. But his Swiss wife refused to accompany him.
She didn't want to part with a cheese. It was a wedding gift.
A six-foot-in-diameter Swiss cheese on which Casanova had carved the very poem
he had used to seduce other women.

Conclusion

Draw your own conclusion here:

Did I leave you enough room?

Here's mine:

but gravity is still here
it pulls down organs
and skin
i made my calculations
given the length of my legs
if i lived 732 years 3 months and 1 day
my testicles would drag on the floor
my heart would be in touch
with my ass
i hate gravity
tenacity and other systems

Oh, I almost forgot! Here is Casanova's conclusion:

when i'm in love
my prick reaches my chin
my heart pushes
against mine testicles

New can begin. We always begin.
The great Toronto editor Barry Tone made a writer out of Casanova.

FAMOUS AFFLICTIONS 2
by Noah Zacharin
THE MAN IN THE COUCH
by Richard Gessner

A man lies inside a couch with a spring stuck through his body like a skewer.

Stuck from nap to back ball with his spiral-wound tool, his arms and legs are stretched across the webbing beneath his back, supporting him in his skeletal bed cell.

The rows of coils running across the oblong couch frame are hooked through rows of holes at opposite ends behind his head and feet.

The springs flanking his ankles and ribs are shiny and paint-free from hours of scrabbling with his fingers and toes on sleepless days and nights while going through the motions of washing.

Prostrate in his cramped but compact living space, he is a fugitive trapped in hiding; feeling his dry tongue against his lower lip in the darkness.

He feels a grinding in his belly when he moves, lifting his head up from the pillow of coils jutting from his nape, his face brushing against the burlap lining above him and beneath the outer cushions.

He listens to his breathing with eyes ajar while memories of washing dishes in the diner where he once worked flash through his head.

The world outside the couch is a room in a city boarding house. The smell of dirty laundry and stale cigarette smoke permeates the room. Beneath the sill of a dim window, piles of yellowing newspapers are scattered across the floor, making his outer cell a tabernacle of menopausal strength. At one end of the room is a neatly made bed and a dresser covered with bottles of aftershave, shaving cream dispensers, mountains of soapy disposable razors, crumpled government envelopes & loose change.

The owner of the couch who lives in the building comes to the room daily, bringing a fresh slip cover and bowls of oatmeal for the man on the spring.

The owner hands him his bowl which the man takes with hesitation poking at the clotted oatmeal with his fingers, bringing it to his mouth and chewing while gazing up at his owner sitting on his bed holding his bowl of food.

On the one hand, he would like to pull the spring out of the man's body once and for all, tasting him out of the couch and into the world, thus destroying his dreams of glory and martyrdom on the spit. Then he could take the couch back to his own room, restoring it to its natural condition, reupholstering the interior with a fresh set of springs (the owner lent the man the couch so he could more comfortably accommodate his frequent party guests).

But the owner lets the man stay on the spring because he enjoys the submissive look on his face when he emerges from the couch to eat.

When the man finishes eating he goes back into the couch, spiralling onto his spring to wash a dish in his mind, rehooking the neck end of his wire so he lies level with the rows of adjacent coils.
 CONTRIBUTORS

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Dubnov is a former Muscovite now living in London, England. His fabulous stories are being translated

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Maryse Mendelson, writer, publisher, and editor of the long-running

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