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EDITORIAL

In the west our attachment to the pursuit of knowledge outstrips our digestion of knowledge. It is like pouring liquid into a full cup. But we have "Pataphysics, with its new improved double elision mark!

"Pataphysics, the imaginary science of impossible solutions, can offer instant and gentle relief to clogged mind passages. Digestion of knowledge improves dramatically with regular doses of "Pataphysics. By admitting the impossible, or the possibility of the unknown, a vast frontier suddenly opens. Lewis Carroll knew this when he wrote Through the Looking Glass. Clearly, there is no such thing as clockwise or counter-clockwise. In his book Synergetics Buckminster Fuller has explained the nonsense of up and down. Sunrise! Absurd. The earth turns, but the mind is a pataphysical camera. Sometimes it invents what it sees. Time was invented by people. Set the pataphysical camera's shutter speed to 1/Infinity in order to catch the universal everlasting moment. Is there life after death? After all, space is only a concept. Is transcending space and time possible? The notion of television may seem absurd to natives of the rainforest. But the pataphysical camera has only one moving part—the mind. The Heisenberg uncertainty principle questions the degree to which we affect our perception of things when we try to examine them. When did the notion of telekinesis first reach consciousness? Einstein pointed out that a triangle on the surface of a Mobius strip: "There is a lie written on the other side of this paper." Playwright Alfred Jarry's insane anti-hero Ubu has become a reporter for so-called news tabloids; "Mermaid Attacks Nuclear Submarine off Virgin Islands." Our perception of the world has always been at least partly pataphysical and in this issue of RAMPIKE we celebrate the wonder of the impossible. A child may ask why the sky is blue, why the grass is green. Don't answer. Instead, put your shoes on your head and jump through the window.

Dans les pays occidentaux, la poursuite acharnée de la connaissance dépasse la capacité de digestion: c'est essayer de remplir une tasse déjà pleine! Heureusement, il y a la "Pataphysique, avec sa double elision, la "Pataphysique nouvelle et améliorée, la science des solutions imaginaires qui peut soulager instantanément et en douceur les circuits mentaux surchargés! La digestion de la connaissance s'améliore nettement, à condition de l'accompagner d'une dose régulière de la "Pataphysique.

En admettant l'impossible ou la possibilité de l'inconnu, un immense champ d'expérience s'ouvre. Lewis Carroll ne l'ignorait pas en écrivant Through the Looking Glass. Il est clair que le sens des aiguilles d'une montre n'a pas de sens. Dans son livre Synergetics, Buckminster Fuller montre l'absurdité des notions de haut et de bas. Le soleil se lève? C'est absurde. C'est la terre qui tourne! Mais l'esprit est une caméra pataphysique qui invente parfois ce qu'il voit. L'homme a inventé le temps. Il suffit donc de régler la vitesse de la caméra pataphysique sur 1/infini pour saisir le moment éternel et universel. Y a-t-il une vie après la mort? Après tout, l'espace n'est qu'une représentation de l'esprit. Peut-on transcender la notion d'espace et de temps? Pour les habitants de la jungle, l'idée de la télévision est absurde! Mais la caméra pataphysique n'a qu'une pièce mobile: l'esprit. Et, selon le principe d'incertitude d'Heisenberg, l'esprit modifie sa propre perception des choses dès qu'il essaie de les examiner. Quand l'idée de télékinésie s'est-elle formée pour la première fois?

Einstein soulignait que la somme des angles d'un triangle tracé à la surface du globe était supérieure à 180°. La société pour la défense de la Terre plate en était horrifiée! "Il y a un mensonge sur l'autre côté de cette bande de papier," trouve-t-on écrit sur une bande de Möbius. Ubu, l'anti-héros de l'absurde d'Alfred Jarry, est devenu le redacteur en chef des "tablotts!" "Des sirènes attaquent un sous-marin nucléaire au large des îles Vierges!" Notre perception du monde a toujours été partiellement pataphysique et, dans ce numéro de RAMPIKE, nous célébrons les merveilles de l'imaginaire. Si un enfant vous demande pourquoi le ciel est bleu, pourquoi l'herbe est verte, ne répondez pas. Mettez-vous vos chaussures sur la tête et sortez par la fenêtre!
PROBABLE SYSTEMS 22: TRANSLATION (a continuation of PS 11) by bpNichol

In "Probable" 11 I constructed a table of alphabetic bases. In the process a number of questions were raised which this system attempts to deal with. To recap briefly: the existing alphabet (if considered in numerical base) is base 27, as 1 prefer to call it, base alphabet; to achieve the concept of base alphabet (term revealed to be the name of the next letter beyond z?) we must write it thus—all where z denotes the empty place (as the letter after all letters provided we are to write as, the next letter a, & so on). Now having constructed such a table the possibility of translating texts into other bases instantly emerges. That is what this system proposes to examine.

Let us use as an example René Daumal's 1938 poem, "Orignée de l'astronomie." We will take the first line and use two different approaches in our translation of it:
1) translate it into a different base
2) construct each word as the complex expression of a single letter.

Before proceeding further a word of explanation is in order. In base alphabet the first seven place values have the following numerical values (expressed in base 10, of course):

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Using the nonsense phrase, "Great dogs bark loudly," we can illustrate what is meant by the notion of a single word being the complex expression of a single letter. The "G" in "Great," for instance, in numerical terms would be expressed as 7 (as place in the alphabet) x 530,141 (the position it occupies in base alphabet). To continue, the "R" would be expressed as 18 x 19,863, and so on. In order to do the translation which follows it is first necessary to translate the letters out of the particular bases they are in, into their numerical equivalents (numerical base 10). I show you one such operation in order to make the mechanics of this method of translation clear.

To translate the letter value of the (in base alphabet) times the value of the place it occupies in base alphabet, we arrive at the following answers:

G [7] X 531,441 = 3,720,008
R [18] X 53,141 = 526,398
E [5] X 529 = 2,645
A [1] X 27 = 27
T [10] X 1 = 10
D [1] X 1 = 1

To translate GREAT into another base we simply make a series of divisions by the value of the equivalent place value in the base we are translating into. For example, if we were translating GREAT into base 3 (the easiest base to translate into since its numerical equivalent is 3) the computations would go as follows:

1000010007032 = 4
50000500010702 = 4
20002000010702 = 4
1000010007032 = 4
8000090009030 = 8
4000040004030 = 8
2000020002030 = 8
1000010007032 = 8
4
2
1

Next we translate the numerical equivalents arrived at back into their alphabetic equivalents:

4078073 = DOGHOOCC
2000020002030 = 8
1000010007032 = 4

In adapting the system illustrated here to a different base simply begin your division with the first-place numerical equivalent lower in value than the concept you are dividing into. For example, in base 2 (a base we'll be using in a moment) the first division would be

2345641782073

Where 23456 is the value of the 5th place in base 10.

Let us now apply what we have learned to the first line of "Orignée de l'astronomie"...

"Le son du nihil dans une courer"

The first thing that strikes us about this line is that it could be the expression of a concept in any base from base V (the largest letter in the line being U) to one well beyond base alphabet. For the sake of this particular translation we will consider the line to have been written in base V and will translate the line from base V to base alphabet as we have been writing it.

Using the method previously described for obtaining base alphabets for translations into base V we achieve simply illustrated the first set of translations generates the following line in base alphabet:

"Le mi da gobyen min gip'sha"

The second set of translations (into base 1) generates the following line:

"Ihíchí idi ahábíli edáchí aghíló ahhíghóhíchí"
This is the last point at which the names of any of these certain arcane schools of mysticism suggest this. But if so, that information has been lost, unless we follow some kind of "lost culture" or "lost valley" pipe dream. I would simply remind the reader at this point that values in base 10 are all multiples of 10 (i.e., units, tens, hundreds, thousands, ten-thousands, hundred-thousands, millions, etc.), even as in base alphabet the place values are all multiples of 27 (i.e., units, twenty-seven, seven hundred and twenty-nine, nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three, etc.).

I recognize that this is totally unnecessary but such painstaking detail at this point helps to illustrate the actual translation process for those who wish to translate from base alphabet (numerical equivalent 27) into base M (numerical equivalent 13), an obviously more complicated problem.

1. Obviously base J has a limited palette (or, indeed, palettes) of letters—A through L.

2. How to pronounce "V" remains a problem.

3. In fact a close reading of the poem reveals the word "doves" in the ninth line than fixes the piece as having been written in base alphabet. But because of the theoretical nature of our work in any case we will simply use this as a demonstration of certain paradoxes within the language.—This footnote was written circa 1974. Revising and reprinting this piece now (November 1986) I find in many of my pronouncements a certain juvenile enthusiasm that is difficult to edit out but should be noted.

8. I am talking here about the Arabic alphabet and the languages that make use of it.

There is obviously room here for a fascinating study of comparative alphabatics and the position of the various letters in relation to each other in the larger alphabet to which our second translation system points.

9. The concept of things which cannot be signed, letters which we can point to but cannot write down, points to the existence of worlds and knowledge that we have no way of expressing. At least here, in "Probable Systems 22", we begin to find a way to chart some of that writing, even if the charted portions remain, finally, untranslatable into base alphabet. I am pointing here to the possibility that the very art of translating them into base alphabet garbles the message. We become caught up in our meaning and miss their meaning. See here how point to them but are unable to say what it is I am signing. Is there some connection between this activity and what happens when I "forget" to sign a letter? discover an unsigned note? etc?

10. The arbitrariness of those values remains problematic in terms of any actual "proof" or, indeed, of achieving a definitive reading of any particular work of literature in terms of our second translation system points.

11. See my earlier (1972) "Probable Systems 14: Radiocopy of the 22-Letter Alphabet—An Archaeological Report" in Canadian "Panaphexics (Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1981) for a detailed take on this. I would mention that more recent researches (1986) suggest that at the time of the breakup of the upalphabet a process of conscious confusing was in operation, that the realalphabet put in "Ps14" represents the original choices of the upelders and that our current alphabet emerged out of that. Needless to say all this throws the problem of translation into even deeper confusion. I would add, too, that the alphabet cult was long forgotten at the time of the upalphabet breakup. See my later (1981) "Probable System 36: Digging up the Ps T", in Papers Delivered at the Symposium on Linguistics of the Great Latin Alphabet (Toronto Final Series Number 5, 1985) for a detailed discussion of this cult and its influence on all subsequent language developments.

12. Some now argue that the spaces between characters were nothing more than the empty place being signed in the only way it is possible to sign it—without nothing.

FROM TRANSLATING TRANSLATING APOLLINAIRE by bpNichol

(For the following texts are an ongoing research project in which my very first published poem, "Translating Apollinaire", is subjected to as many translation procedures as I and anyone else can think of. Included in this selection is the original text of the poem (TTA 4) and these translations derived from the method outlined in "Probable Systems 22",—"bn).)

TTA 4: ORIGINAL TEXT OF "TRANSLATING APOLLINAIRE"

Icharrus winging up
Simon the Magician from Jades high in a tree
everyone reaching for the sun

great towers of stone
built by the Aztecs, tearing their hearts out to offer them, wet and beating

mountains, cold wind, Macchu Picchu hiding in the sun
unfound for centuries
care whispering by, sun thru trees passing, a dozen
new wave filters, flickering
on drivers' glasses

flat on their backs in the grass
a dozen bodies slowly turning brown
sun glasses off the pages, "school
cou cupped", rolls in my window
flat on my back on the floor
becoming aware of it
for an instant

TTA 23

The intrinsic content of "Translating Apollinaire" expressed as a whole number.

5406

November 24, 1976

TTA 25/PROBABLE SYSTEMS 22a

If we regard a text as being the complex expression of a single letter (see "Probable Systems 22", then what letter is "Translating Apollinaire" the complex expression of?

Nine letter places are contained in the word "mountains." Considered in base 10 terms, then, the model for "mountains" would be 100,000,000, i.e.

mountain

100,000,000

But as already established in "PS 11," "Translating Apollinaire" is actually written in base alphabet (i.e. base 27) and thus the "at" in mountains would have an equivalence of 13 in the 9th place in base alphabet, the "o" an equivalence of 15 in the 8th place, the "u" an equivalence of 21 in the 7th place, and so on. In order to understand which letter beyond A the entire text is a complex expression of, it is necessary for the entire text to be translated out of base alphabet into base 10. Those wishing to examine the computations involved are welcome to visit the author at the Institute for Alphabet Archaeology in Toronto, Canada, and examine the records kept there. I will not here by including them here.

After translating all the words in the text from base alphabet into base 10 and totaling them, it was discovered that:

"Translating Apollinaire" is the complex expression of a single letter 54,785,210,294,270 letters beyond A.

TTA 57: TRANSLATING FROM BASE ALPHABET INTO BASE J

[N.B. In this translation into base J, I have followed by the now standard practice of allowing "o" to denote the empty place.]

jehoodoff cou defofdoi dbi abisi abid o sojueo be aodbi o adefo
dogue blideffad doa aoebbe
dacado gi adhso biherfog bhadeffido aogisdoo amoo sbi helodo cilido, abis aada hedapego
cuchoffthibe, goob doloib, Alspagbro Hlbbos saffebio bbe adhos adob lhoodedhoi digg soeoghhldg
fobbi bheodoncie gi, abido ciilli saffcob ricbeoeco, a bhsodb bosol dodeg cebiiai, dibeodonfiai di glrogfebe bhossobge
sofie la asoigio asoiffad abh absooghog a bhsodb cedigigf hossobdhe hossobdhe osubof
adisoi bsois sifad o sifad bsois deoqsb ai abhso sifad bsois deoqsb aoqso bioaffo bioaffo fobbi dael bi eal bi bi bi digg da eifflaefo

November 24 to 27, 1976
A SHORT HISTORY OF
'PATAPHYSICS
by Karl Jirgens

Part I

One is well advised to preface any discussion of 'Pataphysics by admitting that nothing authoritative can ultimately be said on the subject. This is so because of the nature of 'Pataphysics itself, and because any definitions are automatically self-efacing. It is possible to record, identify and recall authoritative can ultimately be said on the subject. This is so because of the nature of 'Pataphysics. However, even the word "history" is problematic since it implies a beginning, middle and end. In fact, 'Pataphysics has always transcended spatio-temporal limitations. Nonetheless, it is a good exercise to serve as a starting point. It is as much as to illuminate.

Shattuck presented its novelty in the work of French playwright Alfred Jarry. However, it could be argued that even though Jarry coined the term, pataphysical notions have always existed. Nonetheless, 'Pataphysics pre-dated the Surrealist, Cubist and Dadaist movements in Europe, with Alfred Jarry's first major stage presentation of the now-well-known play Ubu Roi occurring in 1896 at the Théâtre de L'Œuvre. The drama was originally written as a schoolboy burlesque attacking one of Jarry's professors, a man named Hébert but nicknamed Père Ébou.

In her introduction to Ubu Roi, Barbara Wright explains that "Père Ébou was physically grotesque, flabby and piglike, lacked all dignity and authority... To Jarry he became the symbol of all [the] ugliness and audacity he saw in the world."1 At the time of his first production, Jarry was twenty-three.

There is some controversy surrounding the authorship of Ubu Roi. Charles Morris, one of Jarry's cohorts, claimed to have penned it shortly after Jarry's death. However, this may have been a preconceived notion since Jarry had a penchant for mystifying and hoarding people. Those who knew him had no doubt that Jarry was the author. Jarry was at first an anachorite, then an other addict. André Breton claimed he was an absurdist-retrocurrent. He lived in a room called the Shattuckian in the middle and end. In fact, 'Pataphysics is the science of the realm of the particular, despite the common opinion that the only science is that of the general. "Pataphysics will be, above all, the science of the particular, despite the controversy surrounding the authorship of Ubu Roi. The College de 'Pataphysique was founded. With its proliferation have come subcommissions, quarrels that could be compared with the affairs of an endless and incommunicable, restlessly juggling person of Dr. Faustvoll. Then he would appear in the street in a fur coat and cap, and go about buying at a restaurant and a couple of loaded revolvers—there is a story that a Belgian girl who had heard him lecture went to Paris and got herself invited to a lunch he was to attend. [She was] expecting all possible excesses. Jarry, for one, was dressed in an impeccable black suit and behaved like the most perfectly respectable gentleman.2

Jarry eventually died in poverty in 1907 at the age of thirty-four. His last request at the hospital where he was taken by friends was for a footbath.

One of the most significant collections of pataphysical work appeared in the Evergreen Review (volume 1, number 1, May-June, 1960). In his introductory "Superluminal Note," Roger Shattuck announced:

"Both Jarry and 'Pataphysics have remained controversial subjects in French literature through the periods of Symbolism, Dada, Surrealism and even Existentialism. Highly contradictory praise has come from such sources as Apollinaire, Max Jacob, André Breton, André Gide, Antoine Artaud, and Raymond Queneau. 'Pataphysics had occasional difficulty preserving its identity until after World War II, when the College de 'Pataphysique was founded. With its proliferation have come subcommissions, quarrels and settlements, frequently reviewing a publishing house, world-wide representation and occasional public manifestations... In all its internal and external activities, the College has cultivated the pataphysical sense of life, until it is possible to say very simply with Pier Ubu: "'Pataphysics is a branch of science we have invented and for which a crying need is generally experienced." Faustvoll wanted fewer words when he took over. "La 'Pataphysique est une science..."

Shattuck goes on to say that English-speaking members of the College have yet to recognize Heisenberg for introducing the uncertainty principle, that is, the existence of exceptions, and will explain the universe as far beyond metaphysics as metaphysics lies beyond physics-in one direction or another and equally valid activity on each of the four

1. 'Pataphysics is the science of the realm beyond metaphysics; or, 'Pataphysics lies as far beyond metaphysics as metaphysics lies beyond physics-in one direction or another and equally valid activity on each of the four

2. 'Pataphysics is the science of the particular, of laws governing exceptions.

3. 'Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions.

4. For 'Pataphysics, all things are equal.

5. 'Pataphysics is, in effect, impractical.

6. All things are pataphysical; yet few man practice 'Pataphysics consciously.3

Further, Shattuck points to a number of high points in the history of 'Pataphysics, including the argument of the great English-speaking member to Meno that his slave boy had always known the Pythagorean theorem, Lewis Carroll whose looking-glass world could be compared with the 'Pataphysical, and James Joyce, who was an 'Pataphysical of note. Shattuck notes that in this discussion, Wittgenstein who in his Examination of the Metaphysics of the Mind coined the term, 'Pataphysics, Ne:Wton, whose ideas have seemed paradoxical to most people, and Galileo and Copernicus for suggesting that the earth is not at the centre of the universe, the great Experiments in Anarchic Mythology was a genuine subject. Whatever his proofs lay in concepts alone, Wittgenstein in his Tractatus, among other things, uses language to discuss the things that are impossible to record, identify and recall and serve as a means of defining them as much as to illuminate.

We must also consider Heisenberg for introducing the uncertainty principle, that is, for suggesting that the mere presence of an observer affects the thing he or she is observing. M. G. Becker and countless other artists whose work embodies the principles of 'Pataphysics, with their ideas that there are no facts, no absolutes, no centers, whose ideas have yet to be verified but which have gained greater acceptance. Among other things, Einstein suggested that space is curved and that gravity as we know it does not exist. We must also consider Heisenberg and other physicists who try to explain black holes, anti-matter and parallel "phantom" universes.

"Pataphysics is the science of that which is superinduced upon metaphysics, thereby setting within and beyond the latter's limitations, extending as far beyond metaphysics as metaphysics lies beyond physics: in one direction or another and equally valid activity on each of the four

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Simon Watson Taylor in his "Apocatastasis Outline" of 'Pataphysics points out some of the activities of the original College of 'Pataphysics or Collegium Pataphysicum which was inaugurated at a meeting on December 29, 1948, under the auspices of the vice-curator and founder of the College, H. R. Shattuck. The College has since produced a periodical entitled "Vidrile Clandestine, Cabala de College de 'Pataphysique" as well as a second series of publications titled "Diversities and Other" and has taken on an international aspect. The College is not a place where unseen exceptions occur, as many have thought it to be. Or, at least, this is the view of those who are accepted by following generations. Shattuck explains the attitude of the pataphysicians:

"He does not burst out laughing or curse when asked to fill in a quadratopipe with a question-mark or in a logical or sexual habit: on the contrary, he details a different and equally valid activity on each of the four

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Further, Shattuck points to a number of high points in the history of 'Pataphysics, including the argument of the great English-speaking member to Meno that his slave boy had always known the Pythagorean theorem, Lewis Carroll whose looking-glass world could be compared with the 'Pataphysical, and James Joyce, who was an 'Pataphysical of note. Shattuck notes that in this discussion, Wittgenstein who in his Examination of the Metaphysics of the Mind coined the term, 'Pataphysics, Ne:Wton, whose ideas have seemed paradoxical to most people, and Galileo and Copernicus for suggesting that the earth is not at the centre of the universe, the great Experiments in Anarchic Mythology was a genuine subject. Whatever his proofs lay in concepts alone, Wittgenstein in his Tractatus, among other things, uses language to discuss the things that are impossible to record, identify and recall and serve as a means of defining them as much as to illuminate.

We must also consider Heisenberg for introducing the uncertainty principle, that is, for suggesting that the mere presence of an observer affects the thing he or she is observing. M. G. Becker and countless other artists whose work embodies the principles of 'Pataphysics, with their ideas that there are no facts, no absolutes, no centers, whose ideas have yet to be verified but which have gained greater acceptance. Among other things, Einstein suggested that space is curved and that gravity as we know it does not exist. We must also consider Heisenberg and other physicists who try to explain black holes, anti-matter and parallel "phantom" universes.

"Pataphysics is the science of that which is superinduced upon metaphysics, thereby setting within and beyond the latter's limitations, extending as far beyond metaphysics as metaphysics lies beyond physics: in one direction or another and equally valid activity on each of the four

1. 'Pataphysics is the science of the realm beyond metaphysics; or, 'Pataphysics lies as far beyond metaphysics as metaphysics lies beyond physics-in one direction or another and equally valid activity on each of the four

2. 'Pataphysics is the science of the particular, of laws governing exceptions.

3. 'Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions.

4. For 'Pataphysics, all things are equal.

5. 'Pataphysics is, in effect, impractical.

6. All things are pataphysical; yet few man practice 'Pataphysics consciously.

Simon Watson Taylor in his "Apocatastasis Outline" of 'Pataphysics points out some of the activities of the original College of 'Pataphysics or Collegium Pataphysicum which was inaugurated at a meeting on December 29, 1948, under the auspices of the vice-curator and founder of the College, H. R. Shattuck. The College has since produced a periodical entitled "Vidrile Clandestine, Cabala de College de 'Pataphysique" as well as a second series of publications titled "Diversities and Other" and has taken on an international aspect. The College is not a place where unseen exceptions occur, as many have thought it to be. Or, at least, this is the view of those who are accepted by following generations. Shattuck explains the attitude of the pataphysicians:

"He does not burst out laughing or curse when asked to fill in a quadratopipe with a question-mark or in a logical or sexual habit: on the contrary, he details a different and equally valid activity on each of the four
In moving the focus to Canada we find that the next compilation of "Pataphysics from the original form, a double elision mark was used rather than the usual single apostrophe. This did not signify the close of a quotation, but rather the double elision stood for the theft of both the speaker's words and his voice. The TRG (Toronto Research Group) commented on this in their introduction to the Canadian "Pataphysics issue:

In the Canadian contribution is that erasure of "this" elision and the institution of a scientific of the perpetuity open. A shift from bo quàtion in the doubling of the elide, a doubled inverting and an inverted doubling.

Canadian "Pataphysics gives us then quotation, and quotation (as Science always is) of the given we do not understand with emendations that constitute our explanation. If "Pataphysics is the "science of imaginary solutions" and the source of answers to questions never to be posed, then "Pataphysics (the open quotation of a double elision) will be the imaginary science. It will constitute the "pataphysically significant advance of a field of non-signification, moving as closer and hence by transcendental law of the "pataphysically further away from its origin(s).

Hence the science of the never-ending, never-commencing discourse.15

The introduction closed with an elliptic comment from the unanimously elected president of the Canadian College of "Pataphysics, Briean Btwnt. Btwnt's article consisted of a series of ellipsis points followed by an exclamation mark, followed by a pun.

The issues fell into three groups. The first addressed itself to "Problems in the Canadian Consciousness." The opening article was by Steve McCaffery, who presented a theoretical argument between himself, Cleonides, Socrates, and Steve Smith on, among other things, oracle bones from the Shang Dynasty.

The second section of the magazine was concerned with theories of linguistic ontogenetics. It featured Michael Dean who wrote on genetic proliferation of ideas and language, Richard Truhlar on the symbolic unconscious. A major section of the issue was aimed towards a grammatology of language, David Pendaries who wrote not only on Euclidian projectivistic linguistics from the Ophalos Centre for Language Research, but also on the possible extensions of travel via the utterance of vowels and syllables, and Steve Smith on, among other things, oracle bones from the Shang Dynasty.

The third and final section of the issue was aimed towards a grammaticalization of the Canadian unconscious. It featured D. W. S. Anderson, Prof. Kurt Wurtz, Richard Truhlar, Adrian Fortesque, and Dr. Arnold Arbuthnot. This section was also largely the same with the notable exception of Janine Mather, who discussed "Pataphysical occurrences.

During the May 18, 1985, conference several artists moved from strictly textual subject matter to a greater emphasis on ephemeral events. A variety of issues were dealt with, ranging from religious undertones to economic issues, to the significance of frame or context, to historical influences to sexuality, to the importance of the body as both tool and medium. Steve McCaffery was renting apples but required a five-dollar deposit, to be returned only if the apples were returned unblemished and unbruised. He then had himself crucified by the constituents to the conference room window and ultimately hanged and lapped into elision for the duration of the exposition. BobNichol entered the arena of economic and art by selling (at ridiculously low prices), inflatable rubber "Thought Balloons" with the "Pataphysical double-elision logo on them, while Brian Dedora delivered a lecture on the role of the face in contemporary art, concluding with a transcendental abandonment of the face altogether. Christopher Dewdney lectured on the sexual significance of the "bald" artist, Richard Tothler compared spinal fossil forms to contemporary pop art shapes, claiming that along with Doug Uplands he had uncovered evidence of an ancient civilization whose main staple here on unceaseable maleness to present-day ailments. To help convince the skeptical audience he served large quantities of fossils-like past(a) substances. Whitney Smith from the Society for Preservation of Wild Cultures addressed the spiritual nature of the fiddlehead and its similarity to the original spiral logo of the French "Pataphysical movement. Whitney Smith also served huge amounts of fiddleheads to members of the audience while lecturing on wild culture and the significance of the spiral motif in nature. Susan Freyberg combined music and modern technology to create a portable one-woman sound machine which could be worn by a single individual. This unique combination of equipment and performance was perhaps the most fascinating, and followed the line across the outside of her body in order to create a mystic link between herself, the audience and the ethereal spirit of "Pataphysics.

Finally, Michael Dean developed a revolutionary piece of technology. Based on the sixteenth-century notion that vision is the result of beams emanating from the eyes, Dean developed a SASEIR which can amplify the perception of his visualizing. The eye-shaped SASEIR, mounted on the head over the eyes might best be described as a "parallax refiner." It takes advantage of the physical nature of light which can be bent as was explained by Einstein. In this way, the SASEIR permits the viewer to see completely around the planet until he can view the back of his own head. Dean accomplished this feat from the top of Toronto's CN Tower (the world's tallest free-standing structure) at two o'clock in the afternoon of May 7, 1985. Dean's closing statement perhaps best represents this fairly recent departure from a sole focus on linguistics to a wider range of pataphysical events:

By showing that perception is a "seeing what we want to see," a "hearing what we want to hear," the linguistic hope to show that it is not only speech that is expression of what is inside us, but that the sensible world and its disquiet objects are shadow projections from the human imagination.16

This particular issue of RAMPiKE magazine offers a current compilation of "Pataphysical activity. It is by no means complete or representative. It serves no function other than to be "Pataphysical, and by making this claim it may in fact display itself from being pataphysical. But then this could be said about any pataphysical activity or event. It could be argued that "Pataphysics can be encompassed in any medium such as theatre or music or painting or writing or performance. However, this would be misleading. In fact, all media can be imbued with pataphysical concepts, but "Pataphysics as a whole transcends all art, all socio-economic and political events. While it may remain as an underlying principle in any form of expression, no matter how ephemeral, it is nonetheless a (non-)linking into itself.

NOTES:
2. Ibid., p. viii.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., p. ix.
6. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., pp. 27-29.
10. Ibid., p. 29.
11. Ibid., p. 30.
12. Ibid., p. 30.
13. Ibid., p. 131.
15. Ibid., p. 131.
HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS
SERIES: No. 356a
by Richard Truhlar

[This press release was issued by Richard Truhlar in his capacity as director of the CILOG as well as honourable member of BiP.—K]

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
A MEMO FROM CILOG.
TO ALL DELEGATES ATTENDING L'AFFAIRE "PATAPHYSIQNE"

RE: BiP.

On May 15, 1985, through the generous offer of the Honourable Kurt Wurstwagen of the Institute for Creative Misunderstanding and the Centre for Advanced Studies in Epistemological Myopia, CILOG (Construction Institute of Linguistic Onto-Genetics) became a bonafide member of BiP (But is it "Pataphysics")?

BiP is devoted to uncovering any false or misleading attempts to render the science of "Pataphysics" into a frivolous and/or meaningful activity.

Logic is the keystone of "Pataphysics. It is a model system for the organization of semantic content. When the semantic content is rendered absurd yet the system of logic continues to operate and function as usual, we have "Pataphysics. "Pataphysics, then, is the clear, unwavering perception of meaninglessness. All pataphysical premises can be thoroughly believed in because the system of logic operates and fulfills itself despite the semantic content. When a pataphysician takes on the task of proving his premises beyond the shadow of a doubt, he need use only logic since semantic content is insignificant for his purposes. The meaninglessness of his task leads the pataphysician to develop an AVOID or Awareness Vector of Indigenous Deconstruction. With an AVOID the pataphysician can escape the trap of any meaningful rhetoric.

It is the contention of BiP that some delegates attending and participating in L'Affaire "Pataphysique have not developed an AVOID, but rather have become enamored with the semantics of their premises to such an extent that they are undermining their own pataphysical attempts with meaningful activity.

Be on your guard at L'Affaire "Pataphysique. BiP will be listening and watching. Lingo quo tenor.
MEM. MORI
by Maurice Roche
AN EXCERPT FROM COMPACT
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MARK POLIZZOTTI

LOOKING MORE CLOSERLY THERE WAS NOTHING TO SEE IN EACH OTHER.
NONETHELESS, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A FAULT THAT IT WAS TOO EXAG-
GERATING: WART, BEAUTY MARK (1) SMALL LUMP ON THE CHEEK. You would be
intrigued by the presence of this cyst just under the right eye—that You would not have
noticed earlier! You would go to the statutes for more information (on orbit! the uses of
the mark prove it... “impossible to do that, unless you’re a scator as well”—And what
then?... those wouldn’t be the real ears!...
You would doubt it...

...As for the plaster ball on the face: “just a seam in the mold... You could scratch it!...”
One paws one’s own pain like an animal... Stelll apparatus that makes one think of the
“cat photos” for which one must draw up—for a pitiful—n—advertisement prospectus:

(Here one indicates its dimensions—
actually, one doesn’t know them, one knows that it’s not a big thing—a
rectangular parallelepiped about the size of a sphenet).

(One should add: depending on the scruness of their voices,” or
something like that—)

...(get information about the number of
keys—One thinks one knows that the key-
board doesn’t exceed one octave)

One has carefully arranged
several small compartments
in—the-horizontal—sound
box, where one has set ends
of different ages in a certain order,
one next to the other,

The tail of each cat is caught
in a tight cushion over which
a hammer rises and lowers,
corresponding to a key

Each hammer is equipped at
the tip with a needle.
Under the pianist’s
fingers, the points of the
hammers will strike
(one could

—will

artfully strike the animals’
tails; they in turn will strike first
answer with brief, clear
means, but soon infurriated
by the frequency

that the term flâz

of the rings, the
one modulate

looks for another word)

...One notices its painful echo on one’s cheek, in the place of the silences...
One plays with it...

One makes it into a little mechanism.
I now identified with the radio:

...to hear us... we present the latest “His Master’s Voice” model, a masterpiece of mini-
aturization!"
I could pass through the universe in sakes with that compact apparatus broad-
casting pieces of faraway mental cities—each one distant from the others—appraised by
“empty spaces” (their parentheses) and present all at once in the immobility and some-
times the silence of a box.

["...MEMOMATIC...for our leisure and our culture...we’re listening in on the world... MEMOMATIC has a memory for us, thinks for us, Memmatic speaks for us... MEMOMATICMAIMICATES! We are listening at present...]

this translator radio,

do not doubt it...and more...my head...—panasonic with blind cities in sonorous
sciousness—my external voice...

I turned the brush, passing more or less rapidly from
one broadcast to another. One creates a whole series of signs on a mode of intuition, a
handwriting weaving in and out of one’s body. (IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF PASSING
A HAND OVER HER FACE TO EXPERIENCE THE MARK ON THE SKIN AND TO TRY AN
UNFORGETTABLE INSCRIPTION)

SENTENCE PUNCTUATED
BY A TUMOR ON THE CHEEK

(WASN’T IT TRUE THAT IT WAS—

FINALLY, IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP IT FROM GETTING SO LARGE THAT IT WOULD END
UP MAKING EVERYTHING UGLY?)

"PATAPHYSICS’ CHILD
by Jean-Paul Daoust

Dans le ciel y a un marais, c’est là que la Pataphysique égare. C’est la seule certaine
que les dieux refusent de reconnaître. C’est qu’un temps de peine comme de guerre la
Pataphysique continue d’émouvoir. Y sont venus les séditieux les devins quelques philosophe
et scientifiques (en cachette certains messagers divins). Au milieu des émissions de ses
jardins se promènent étrangement toujours quelques poèmes. L’endroit existe bel et bien.
Quoique le pluie mettent en doute. Parce que c’est une place qui ne s’explique pas.
Les rivières, depuis des siècles, pas de problème. Mais la folie de la pythie de Delphes n’est qu’une pâle copie des déambulations de la Pataphysique. La Pataphysique est une
question (pas une réponse). Et dans ce marais c’est finir de tout ces idées qui se
mêlent étrangement de la censure, des lois, des délits, des amendements, des exécutions,
des élections, des révolutions, des peines, des guerres... Là, il pleut et fait beau à la fois. Est-ce assez clair ? Il y a fait jour la nuit. Les ombrages sont des couleurs. Et dans ses émissions épisodent des signes sympathiques qui baignent tout le temps. Certains des
pages de Rampamp ont six étoiles. Il et bien d’autres merveilles.

La pataphysique est post-céleste. C’est un ultime contemporain. Dans la clameur des
demons il douce la vie vécue encore. Dans ce marais il faut bien circuler. C’est d’une tout
tout petite. Mais 99% du monde est par de y a des. Qui perd sa vie la trouve a dit un
obèisen pataphysicien.

Là inhberinent des mondes impossibles. Comme des images improbables. Que les mots
paradigme. Là se devarent des opérateurs qu’on ne connaît pas ni. Des éveils qui jurent 25
heures sur 24. Là y a cinq saisons. Là rire est comme pleurer. Là... you see?
Dans ce marais eux parfums troublants nagent des “chooses” qui n’est pas encore de
rêves. Ces “chooses” se promènent il-diens comme sur un territoire de globe. La Pata-
physique a ses stunts qui rôvent sur des chaînes longues en mangant des hotdogs de
crioul. Le champagne, par exemple, est une découverte d’un pataphysicien. Pour se rendre
dans ce marais c’est être simple: fermer les yeux et vouir comme chose. Dans le vide
bles d’un habitul de jet ou vout bien le marais en question. Tous les stunts y rendent
ou en reviennent. Il y en a des bleus des marues des oranges et des verts. Leurs
formes molles sont troublantes. Certaines qui ont l’air de pages chiffonnées. Tous ces
désirs concassés qui tombent. Souvent pour la Pataphysique l’oscul est trop près ou trop
loin. La terre a beau être rendu elle est plate. La seule irréelle véritable est celle des
Himalaya. Et les avions ne font que passer dans la lumière. Mais dans ces marais il y
a des peine qui chaque jour se donnent et soiennent. Dans les lunes les impertinentes sur
le continent. Les arbres en-siècle y baignent l’air constamment. Genre celui des Niagraus. Le
pataphysicien est de l’atmosphère. Il est doué les rues chuchoter entre elles des histo-
res qu’elles ont connus. Les leurs longs monologues pour désespoir et toujours. Là les peaux
bruissent quand elles sont touchées. Là l’aérodrome et le drogut étaient de filer
l’impératif formel. Là des sirènes dans des grottes d’azur dessinent des fresques pour
les marines obsolètes. Chaque goutte est un univers n’est-ce pas. Mais chaque goutte de ces
marais est d’un condition inimaginable.

Dans le ciel y a un enfant qui est échappé de la réalité. Tout le monde est un enfant d’amour.
Toutes les adresses des marais font un livre que la Pataphysique lit tout le temps de ses
yeux peuplés.

Dans ce marais il y a un petit enfant. Insaisissable. Même si j’ai su reécouter comme un star. Ese
ma faute à moi si j’ai mis l’enfant chétif de la Pataphysique?
THE CRITIC AS ARCHIVIST

by Mas′ud Zavarzadeh

A decade on. (P) 3 (F) MODERN fiction

WRITER

After the death of the AUTHOR (n.y.a.), writers were born. Writers, unlike authors, do not wield power; they just set the language in motion. Authors create BOOKS (n.y.a.), writers produce texts.

TEXT

There is nothing outside the text.

since social reality is not substantialized and devalued, it is easily susceptible to political alienation.

Since social reality is not substantialized and devalued, it is not susceptible to political alienation.

We found there was no bottom.

AMERICA

America is, at best, a strange place for an artist to work in. On the one hand there is the illusion of artistic freedom, constitutionally protected; on the other, there is the oppressive degree of the marketplace: will it sell? In America, art—like everything else (knowledge, sensation, religion, etc.)—is a product. The discovery of this is the outset to the artist's alienation process in writing and art. One knows there is no relation between what he has done and what sells, nor how it is used by the norm nor made rich by his own work, work at all. Critics may beat the beat around the bush, but then it is not his. Most often he sees himself a victim of his own paradoxa. "This is a big mess, premature, premature, premature, premature," is a term for the self-consciousness of the market place.

AUTHOR

of parameter fictions is either dead (David Bartho, 'The Death of the Author') or dehumanized (Michel Foucault, "Man is an Author"). He is, however, there has been a communal effort to locus "A Critic in Texas: Denied or Gaspes" in such public places as MLA Conventions.

TERESA EBERT

Have you been to the MLA lately?

My next April (more about her in other sections) also has been after AUTHORS and its compiled files and files on the西布散文, included, everything:

BLANCHET

REBECCA

COLE

FREUD

HEIDEGGER

HO ー

JUICE

KIERKEGAARD

KOLLENS

LACAN

FOUG

DERRIDA

AUTHORITY

chion daily news

January 2, 1982

sells the report from the French News Agency that the declarations had support all his arguments on Wednesday and analyst had characterized the decision of taking drugs and going a 1-year span of imprisonment in June.

DOSSIER

A collection of papers or documents pertaining to a particular person or subject. Bundle of papers bearing a label on the back.
THE NEW

There are many new things around:

NEW shoes
NEW starting cream
NEW airline uniforms
NEW poems
NEW chef salads
NEW authors
NEW curricula
NEW year
NEW novels
NEW Chauvinism

"The pursuit of the new" said my uncle Philip, "is the oldest game in town."

Then we all went to the new school to hear a lecture on the new architecture of the new city into which we had newly moved. My aunt demanded that I not put "new" in front of every word I used. It is crazy she said and quoted from a book on postmodern fiction saying: "Every is ugly. And God don't like ugly." She said the book was called FOUR POSTMODERN AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

She read a lot of scholarly books which I too had because some in stories are not supposed to read a lot of scholarly books and with her around my every move was being scrutinized which is ugly and of course God doesn't like ugly. She is amazingly familiar with new things. She is in fact my new aunt because my old aunt died recently—she died in an old family; new member of a new family. What is even less realistic in realistic fiction (see REALISM)

than having a scholar for an aunt is having a philosopher-cousin who after hearing the discussions of the new developing between my aunt and me asked: "How do you know something is new when you see something that is new?"

Nobody to the lecture hall suggested that the best way would be to directly ask the object/subject of curiosity, "In the new lamp shade" she said "and not ask 'Are you a new lamp shade?'" The same presumably can be done with new stories.

"Are you a new story?"

It is of course more likely that one may get no answer from a story than from a lamp shade (this is the exaggeration rooted in the second law of transiguation): Stories are usually not always more willing to talk. But this too is relative (see RELATIVITY & RELATIVITIES); there are many stories that do not talk back and refuse to answer questions from their readers. "Shhaw..." said my uncle mischievously and with a very smile and then continued "this is why reader-response criticism was invented." I am embarrassed by all these confusions of knowledge about literature from members of my family—I have a very unrealistic set of characters in my family. "If stories do not answer your questions" my uncle Philip went on "the reader makes them do so..." My cousin: "But then the reader has merely answered his own questions only he has put them in the stories first." My aunt thought this whole discussion was infantile and irrelevant and there was no need to take cheap shots at reader-response criticism since the real question she believed was that the stories don't answer your questions because they are:

a) either too old and are written to be read only—talking back
b) or are too new and don't believe that questions can be answered.
CALM SEAS
by David UU

DATA SUPPLIES
following one upon another he stopped and said well this is a fine one of the facts of the face were missing left behind the station no doubt about it but the inspector has overlooked something here near the ocean or by the bell who can tell one from the other took his place and no one did in view of bandits and other attractions take the scenic route down the coast not if one valued one’s life or other accessories that we can provide at a price you just can’t refuse well it was news to me and to the other lads too but shoes will get you feet they just put their hands in their pockets and thumbed away

later that day offensive took the little bag of good things down to the sewer to share with all his little green slippery friends aha they said and pawed the contents for a minute to collect what few thoughts they had aha they said again noting that now the contents were as covered with fifth as they were delicacies for our maws and paws they ejaculated in a vibrato-laden squeal of delight that did not pierce the darkness that enveloped everything they tried to claim as their own

finally three will get you one maria decided she’d given more blood than she’d soaked up in all these battles and cried a halt but the boys in the malt shop could only count their hair caught in the machine their tongues lapping the spilled drinks until they bled for another round

LORD OF THE FLIES
the room was quiet except for a large swarm of flies the size of hummingbirds buzzing around the light until it shattered

everyone was in a panic everyone fell to the floor flat on his (and jane and alice and fanny on her) face flat out and twitching a large hand reached out from the other took his place and no one did in view of bandits and other attractions take the scenic route down the coast not if one valued one’s life or other accessories that we can provide at a price you just can’t refuse well it was news to me and to the other lads too but shoes will get you feet they just put their hands in their pockets and thumbed away

more morning came and then another and then another but everyone still lay flat on his (and jane and alice and fanny on her) face flat out and twitching hoping someone would come one day and change the bulb

IT WILL SOON BE CLEAR TO YOU
The audience assembles expecting a performance. Instead, hidden microphones have been distributed beforehand throughout the theatre and patched into a hidden mixing board that is connected to the auditorium loudspeakers.

At first quietly but becoming louder, audience noise is played through the loudspeakers and out of a matrix of general noise the sounds of individual members of the audience is, now and then, heard (shuffling of feet, coughing, whispered comments) by means of an operator raising and lowering the gain on specific microphones chosen at random. This continues until the audience finally leaves or, alternately, an announcer may come on stage and say “Thank you; you may go home now.”

CALM SEAS
A mad Calm settled himself in his slightly worn red velvet armchair and anxiously thumbed the first person who came by.

“How could this be,” he exclaimed, his eyes spinning in their sockets.

Since the room was filled with silence, Calm got up and opened the window to let some of it out. He watched as it flowed down the side of the house and along the ground until it formed a puddle in the navel of the man next door, who was slogging himself on the lawn despite the Vancouver fog that lay on him like a down comforter.

That done, he closed the window and returned to the chair. A few squeals from one corner of the room informed him that he had made the right decision. There was, however, little he could make out of such small noises, so he stood up again and twiddled the knob.

“Oh, that’s better,” he thought, but close listening revealed a garbled signal.

“Three deep breaths and a jog around the room; perhaps that will do it,” he found himself saying out loud in front of a full-length mirror, which bowed low as he glanced at it.

Back in the armchair, a breath and a jog later, Calm still felt wholly at sea. He rocked back and forth on the seat of his emotions, face in hands, sighing to himself.

When he composed himself enough to look up, he noticed the rector’s wife staring at him intently. Without thought, he sprang towards her and, with barely a fumble, relieved himself of some of his cares. Fortunately, the rector’s wife was nimble enough to grab a vase from the table beside her to prevent her dress from being spoiled.

“Oh my,” he said when he saw what he had done. The rector’s wife handed him the vase.

It was then that he realized he was missing. No matter where he looked in the room he could not be seen.

“This is intolerable,” he thought in his loudest inner voice. But what this state meant did not come any nearer; in fact it receded like the tide, leaving his socks high and dry.

He scanned the room again. Wall 1: a pattern of jerusalem artichoke tubers repeated in brown over a white background, his empty chair, and beside it his shoes—no, he wasn’t there.
Wall 2: the same wallpaper, the rector’s wife, who sat listening—no, he wasn’t there. Wall 3: the same wallpaper, a couch with three young children on it, who, out of boredom, were searching for pieces of cookies, nuts, or popcorn that had dropped between the cushions, which they were surreptitiously eating, and, yes, a large stain on the wallpaper—but, alas, he wasn’t there. Wall 4: the same wallpaper, a stove, an old cracked and tarnished full-length mirror, and his sister, who was actively talking to the rector’s wife—but he wasn’t there either.

Certainly he felt the fly on the seat of his pants and could scrape a flake of dandruff off the top of his head. The solution seemed on the tip of his tongue, only to recite at the bitter thought of what his sister too often reminded him of what he too often was—noisy, lippy, and yes, even cheeky. He was handy enough about the house and occasionally he would wipe the dribbled sentimentality off the cuff of his sister’s starched blouse, but try as he may he was rarely footloose, even in his dreams.

“Perhaps,” he thought, as an idea began forming in his mind for the first time in his life, though it was almost drowned out by the creaking and cracking of his old habit, which began splitting down the middle like a cococon. “Perhaps I should play it by ear.”

His lobes began flapping, hesitantly at first, and then surer, until the tones they produced became firm and well articulated. It was then, at the height of his ecstasy, that he finally felt a jolt, his heart pinned to his sleeve. He danced a Volta, while his brother William’s bird chattered excitedly in its cage. Then, suddenly, a loud missing person’s report sounded through the interstation hiss.

“That’s better,” he shouted, as he reached the zenith of his highest leap. And a calm breeze wafted across the room.
tesserae
by Thomas Townsley

fool's gold, buddles, silk, lavender, tambourine (the memory of bells), dust-motes in moonlight, a
magician's wink, smoke rings, children's voices, glass of claret, lillac & brimstone,
compass, cuff-links, fine furs, "riding on the horse of breath"
the priest's pale hands, mandolin,
bleeding egg, light of dreams, new moon, dew, pit, heart, goose, shell, vibration, graph,
the fall of rose, argent ring, spectacles, monogram, bowstring's map (pitch &
frequency), pigsoda, tom-map,

"brief rest at bridge-heads"

a novel's content, pomegranate,

passing graces, wind chimes in the corridor, paper lanterns, emeralds & déjà vu, a path
through the battlements, original sin, any sciences, pain from invisible spinners,
bubbles & pirecoutes, unblinking eyes, the web of syntax, lost mice, last sign on the
highway, tree rings,

touch of ice, fever,

numen, gap, white
circles, lights at
christmas, margin of

error, soup du jour, tie-clasp, prism, ingot, glass, mint, beacon, angel & synapse, gilt
framed, yellow, phoenix, seed, desire of moths, widow's veil, a martyr's patience,
iridescence,

"five-coloured radiances of
brilliance, Wisdom of the Simultaneous-Born
dared to be dazzling & light coloured
mode, transparent, glorious & awe-inspiring
your strike against thy heart, so
favourite
cannot bear to look up."

colour
paradise, etching, roof, blazes, vapor, driftwood, tile, roman numerals, carafe, aperture,
inlassen, bellows, rubble, bubble, vowel, snowflakes, parakeet, altar, smoke screen & balloon, the
kindness

"Finding no place for thyself to enter into
have the sensation of being escaped
strangers, crevices amidst rocks and boulders" IV bottle,

impatiens, jungle crossing, plastic fruit, first draft, senskrit, miller, guaze, mallet,

"whichever light shinest upon thee now, meditate upon it
as being the Compassionate One; from whatever place that
light cometh, consider that place to be or to exist in
the Compassionate One. This is an extremely profound
art; it will prevent birth. Or conversely, in any
witty may be, meditate upon the form for much time
being apparent yet non-existent in reality
form produced by a magician. That is
which thou canst not conceive as some-
and abide in that state for awhile
-words allow thee own instinct to
beginning from the extremities"

emblem
by Roy Miki

+ the epigram made much
of spirit demise
+ the false analogy
+ & dying day sported
+ sea flung glutin
+ & scatter with belief

(bowl of cherries
in the threshold of dream
holds head together
with gauze

blights hians network
of undercurrent wheres
& cell endangered sea

the ongoing
rush of sanguinity—

i'd be being bee
bumbling as weeds

in the afternoon sun
on the hot peaches

+ it if be the sacred province &
by the winces, deemed—

the inestimable compensation
of heavier woes

that they purges the soul
of gay-hearted erudus

& replenish with saddened truth—

that holy office is not so much
accomplished by a convertive
reasoning process whose original motive is
received from the particular affliction

as it is the magical effect
of admission into immest spirit of
before unperformed &
wholly inapplicable element

like electricity suddenly received
into sultry atmosphere of dark
in all directions split into
nimble lances of purifying light

+ indigo bends blood air
failing light of day

midst breaks of lightning
rain as they are
waterlogged spend messages
via wind storm

promonoty of hollow
fiction in endless debate

the moonlight prefigured
lines & laughter seeping
revers in the sideslong
handle of abstraction

concretions falling
whiteness of mind's grasp

these matter for dialogue
when lifted in protest
mannered occasion asleep
in weary area of fog

then a blast of air
from cave of mouth

angled lines flaw

caved in thundering
localization the alternate
blows of decaying leaves

watches inside out
wrist of circuity

exchanged glances
MY GOLD BUST
by Monty Cantsin
a.k.a. Istvan Kantor

I'm confused for many years and I get more and more confused every day, I change the title of this writing to:
ALCHEMICAL-PATAPHYSICS & NEOISM
I propose to change Alchemical to Biosomic, Pataphysics to Dataphysics and Neoism to The Great Confusion,
and then the title of this writing will be:
BIOSOMIC DATAPHYSICS & THE GREAT CONFUSION
I accept the above proposal and I propose to change Alchemical to Biosomic, Pataphysics to Dataphysics and Neoism to The Great Confusion,
and do everything in the name of Neoism, in a few years you will have a
great experience in Biosomic Dataphysics and you will understand the idea of The Great Confusion,
but don't forget:
The GREAT CONFUSION was initiated long time ago when a young artist sold his painting for a few thousand $ while another one died of hunger,
but before I get into this old story let's see more about
BIOSOMIC NEOISM.

Marshall McLuhan perceptively saw telecommunications making the Earth into a "global village,
but in reality it is the current BIOSOMIC-METAPHYSICS (BIOlogical-SOCial-Machines) that is making the global village truly possible in a technical sense and is endorsing it with humour, revolution, sex and intelligence,
the "global village" is now
AKADEMGROND UNITED CELLS OF NEOISM
also known as The Promised Land of Neoism,
place for total communication and total freedom with perpetual changes, oh yes, I would like some more, I'm hungry.
The biosomic amplifications of our brains embodied in the Neoist Network makes possible a series of progressively more complex and significant activities bound to revolutionize our society and propel it to higher levels of full-time amusement and guaranteed glory.
In Akademgorod every CELL is a Neoist Brain augmented by a computer.
The Neoist Computer Network, as most of this type of networks among them The Church of the Subneon, S.I.N., (Synthetic International Network), represent the most subtle menace to the survival of AUTHORITY-BRAINISM.
The Neoist Computer Network is the most powerful machinery of TOTAL COLLECTIVE POSITIVE PLAGIARISM.
It is easy to foresee a time when being plugged into the Neoist Computer Network will be as essential to civilized living as having access to FREE TRANSPORTATION, FREE MEDICAL CARE, FREE LIVING QUARTERS, FREE SATELLITES, FREE CHAPATTIS and FREE HAIR CUTS.
Of course,
when we want to communicate with each other, we can do so by correspondence, telephone, printed material or via meetings.

APARTMENT FESTIVALS
the Daiaphysics of Neoist Apartment Festivals are:
1. Original N-occipitor(s)
2. Place(s) and Dates
3. Participants-creepitors
4. Events (street actions, training camp situations, cooking, projections, conferences, concerts, performances ... )
5. Documentation (texts, video, flyers, photos, manifestos, newspaper articles ... )

These are the Daiaphysics of any art festival so the question is what's the difference between a regular ART festival and a Neoist ART Festival????
the difference made by the missing leg of R.
THE MISSING LEG OF R, what a great name for a rock 'n' roll band,
THE MISSING LEG OF R, what a great title for a book,
THE MISSING LEG OF R, what a great password for the creepitors,
and they will say:
"The Missing Leg of R means VIOLENCE DESTRUCTION CONSCIOUSNESS CRUELTY, and I'll say:
"Hello, I would like to hire a Limousine."
"What colour?"
"Gold."
"What about black?"
"Black is not gold."
"But we have only black Limousines."
"So why did you ask me about colour?"
"Because I have to know what colour you want."
"Why?"
"For our statistics."n
"What colour people usually want?"
"Black."

So why am I obsessed with GOLD? the answer is very simple: I am an alcoholic, this explains my project "Blood Campaign": a continuous action to turn my blood into gold, or perhaps more likely this way: turn my blood into an art object and then sell it to collectors and museums,
that I can use this money for the promotion and distribution of Neoism, which is to say that I am a pataphysician, scientist of imaginary solutions, because I never sold my blood for more than $20, and that much money couldn't cover the expenses of a world-wide conspiracy,
can I sing a song now?
this one called ABSURDITY.

When the summer is too hot and the winter is too cold,
your flesh changes to silver, my blood turns into gold.
I was waiting at a corner, because the light was red,
when someone from a black limousine shot me in the head.
I heard people are screaming and I tried to run,
my heart was going crazy, I did not see the run,
I rushed into a house, there was an open door,
and a woman said "Hi, what are you looking for?"
"My name is Robert Wilson, but people call me BOB, they think that I am crazy because I love my job."
"Someone wants to kill me and wants to kill my body, because I'm an art work and I'm worth a lot of money."
That's all I could say, I was bleeding like a chicken.
She smiled "Come in BOB" and we sat down in the kitchen.
We sat there for a while. I finished my tea.
Her eyes touched my eyes and I felt completely FREE.

Absurdity, Absurdity,
Absurdity is a big city.
It's a big city, yes, a big city,
It's a big, big, big, big, big city.
This writing is something between lecture and poetry, daydream and performance, science and cinema, business and mythology, collage and eating, panic and silence, birth and killing, suffering and ocean, liquid paper and blue fish.

THE GREAT CONFUSION is the theatre of Immoral Half Second,
THE GREAT CONFUSION is the poetry of electro-scare, THE GREAT CONFUSION is the revolutionary Dictatorship of Monty Cantsin.

The concept of THE GREAT CONFUSION based on the theory of Neoism: you can become a Neoist by doing everything in the name of Neoism and by calling yourself Monty Cantsin, regardless of sex, politics, religion and any other difference, this creates confusion and makes control impossible (control means to give different names, numbers and jobs to people). Neoism is open to all, anybody can do it, people in the streets are great Neoists, the greatest ones.

"The name of the game is always repressive," said Ray. "First you develop a hit with a core audience and then move it over to a broad pop market."
and Marcel said: "The great artist of tomorrow will go underground," but that was before television time, video and computer age, disco takeover, I'm not looking for MISERY but in the middle of shit and junk I can small better the strong and disgusting perfume of dying freedom, and I light a STEAM BOMB in memory of Captain Midnight,

this is a Monday night, very hot,
my girlfriend Ann-Marie lies on the floor,
we have no cats, no dogs, no car,
we have bikes,
we are bikers,

...THE STARS OF COSMIC-URBAN ETERNITY,
we believe in two wheels,
and this is the end of this writing, because I want to sleep, but do we always need a reason?,
do we always need a definition?, the next one will be the best,
THE PUFF EFFECT
by John Riddell

The completion of a series of extensive tests of object-forms subjected to a variety of atmospheric conditions leads us to assert that the failures of the cruise missile tests in Canada have been caused by the deployment of a technology which counters that of TER COM,7 the cruise missile's mental guidance system. The cruise missile is able to readily and accurately identify and avoid object-forms below radar detection during its normal "search-and-kill" maneuvers:5

The intrusion of the aforementioned technology into field conditions does not in itself affect cruise capability, since it is as easy for the cruise to avoid an object which is "not there" as it is for it to avoid one which "is there."... On the basis of the data at our disposal, we have come to the conclusion that the cruise identifies an "image"6 and an impression (ostensibly) left behind7 by such counter-technology, but which (we must presume) exists exclusively in its (the cruise's) own "mind."8 (i.e., guidance system...). It is "there" in the eyes (the sensory apparatus) of the cruise, but it is not there in the "real" world....

A puff effect field

We believe that upon entering a puff effect field (see Figure I) the cruise sensory apparatus suffers what might be comparable to a nervous breakdown: in this case, being unable to distinguish between real and imaginary object-forms—a condition which further degenerates quickly to a level of functional insanity.10

At this stage (according to our calculations) TER COM, in a desperate attempt to regain control, resorts to a single (fatal) counter-directive: the non-avoidance of an object which is there (a crash):

In our opinion, the Canadian peace movement must ultimately "claim responsibility" for the failures of the cruise missile tests in their locales due to their creation of puff effect scenarios at test sites. Such events have been copiously and duly reported by Canadian regional and national newspapers. Two examples of such reportage we include here:

The environmental group Greenpeace planned to hoist a fishnet into the air with helium balloons, as a symbolic gesture. It was also set to release 26 balloons in the test area to try to disrupt the flight, which was to take place at altitudes of 300 to 1,200 metres, or nautical miles.

"Greenpeace planned to...". The group had the idea to make the cruise change altitude to avoid a balloon, to illustrate the group's point that the cruise can be intercepted easily.

Figure I

The environmental group Greenpeace planned to hoist a fishnet into the air with helium balloons, as a symbolic gesture. It was also set to release 26 balloons in the test area to try to disrupt the flight, which was to take place at altitudes of 300 to 1,200 metres, or nautical miles.

In Vancouver, the environmental group Greenpeace announced that seven of its members will go to Alberta to try to interfere with the test. The seven—five Canadians, an American and a West German—plan to station themselves inside the corridor of the test flight with their so-called "cruise catcher." Greenpeace wants to block the test using 26 balloons equipped with radar deflectors, spokesman Jim Bohlen said in a prepared release.

During last month's cruise test, Greenpeace attempted to deploy a kind of fishnet supported by helium-filled balloons. But the rubber balloons became brittle at the high altitudes and burst.

The present team has modified its cruise catcher to take the cold into consideration, Bohlen said.

Meanwhile, our research widely continues into rudimentary and development forms of a cruise "psychology."11 Further deployments in "field" activities would certainly aid us by providing us with data which could conceivably lead to answers to many pressing questions concerning the operating conditions of this peculiar (behavioural?) problem.

This being so, we urge you to contribute to our data-base by utilizing the technology in question by purchasing a sampler of party balloons. They are low-cost, functionally simple and easily accessible to any and all who wish to deploy them in "field" activities, as the need may arise....

APPENDIX:

NOTES TOWARDS THE POSSIBILITY OF A UNIFIED FIELD THEORY

Of course, we cannot exclude the possibility that the cruise sensory apparatus is in fact detecting and registering an heretofore unknown physical force which we, for some reason, have as yet been unable to detect...12

Presuming that such may indeed be the case, we might then ask: what might the nature of such a force be?13

Our current (and substantial) data-base leads us to assert that just as Einstein found that there was no real difference between mass and energy (mass being merely "trapped" energy) we find, in this instance, that there is no real difference between matter and space (other than delay, or delay the puff effect).14

Can this be?

Well, Einstein was never able to integrate his mass/energy equation into a unified field theory. The missing ingredient (we have found) was not time per se (or speed), but its secondary feature: deferral (or delay)....

With the addition of delay, pure energy over the speed of light squared would be equivalent to space, or, "squeezing" that is.15

\[
e^{\frac{e}{c^2} + d} = x
\]

Given \(e = mc^2\) (The Theory of Relativity)

\[
0 = m e^{c^2} \]

\[
m = d \times X
\]

But this deferral (or "additive") we, would presume, be that which governs the space relations (or density) of atomic particles within any given field at any given moment; thus its differential as "additive" within a given sequence as being "between" matter16 or space is ceased, or cancelled, while simultaneously17 being there. Hence,\n
\[
m = X
\]

The equivalence of matter with space (less the always-present "plus" factor of delay) is, we believe, tantamount to a unified field theory.

Our research into this most intriguing hypothesis continues....

NOTES


2. Terrain Contour Matching.

3. Upon its release from a bomber at 45,000 feet, the wings and tail of an ALOC (Air-Launched Cruise Missile) are unfolded and the engine is running within two seconds. It travels at Mach 25 most of the way to its target. It has a range of 650 nautical miles. An hostile territory is approached, it descends to within 1,200 metres, or nautical miles, of the target. Bohlen satd.

4. Much as an echo may be said to be the deflection of sound, wax an impression of it.

5. Thus the lack of event on March 10, 1984, the date of the first cruise missile test is Canada.

6. Much as an echo may be said to be the deflection of sound, wax an impression of it, object, etc. We have identified the phenomenon under consideration as the puff effect.

7. Thus deferral, or delay, is a key factor: duration beyond the failure of the latest test may be determined by the success or failure of subsequent tests in the same area. But has been argued that the puff effect may be either migrant or static: it may leave its leaf of origin, embark on a residual "drifting" process until it fades below a detectable range. We just don't know yet what we're dealing with here. We don't know what the cruise responds in such a confused fashion, or how it picks up and registers such aberrant "impression."...

8. See Appendix.

9. So suggesting a psychological orientation: is a missile "psychology" possible? th, is, a psychology which probes the inner responses of the sensory apparatus of t' cruise? Would such an analysis be conducted by (like-minded) computer(s), or would "human touch" (a psychoanalyst) be necessary?
10. MADness: that state which exists when opposing forces have an "assured destruc-
tion" capability, that is, a capability able to survive the worst conceivable attack and
still cause massive destruction to its opposition. This state theoretically deters oppo-
sition from initiating attacks. MAD is an acronym for Mutually Assured Destruction.

11. Since all contemporary missiles worsen their salt have guidance systems similar to
that of the craze, we see no reason to doubt that they would set any effect other than the
largest, a "puff effect." This is one reason, of course, to emphasize, however, that we have confined our
research exclusively to a characterization and mobilization of a craze psychology.

12. An array of neutral and positional code modules can inhibit detection; an inescrow crossbred
crater of giants which could make for distant detection. This might even be argued that recent efforts to reinforce interior phononic displays would be detrimental to an accurate detection capability (ADC), due to imperatives in the (admit-
tedly right) mental psyche, etc. In fact, these could be any number of reasons for failure to detect such a force.

13. The nature of such a force might best be understood by contrasting it to the astral phenomenon of the black hole which (as is commonly known) has a mass so
dense that it creates a centripetal force field which sucks not only gravity but light itself
in its core... This hypothesis newly discovered forces, then, would be the obverse of such a phenomenon, namely an "invisible" white hole having a centrifugal force field which ejects gravity at a rate of .005 ergs/second.

14. Many find this baffle and exotic concept, however, and yet the reasoning involved is
in the same impeccable logic as that which asserts than an endlessly infinite buildup of armaments
still be operating in the crash area. ...

15. Put simply: in terms of this outline of mass-space relations, only "nothing" is "that"
which is ever-present, yet simultaneously §-§ nothing. For this reason, no pronouncement of §-§ is coupled with §-§, the insight

... this outline of the paragraph must be re-rattler-thatspecific if r p

* At the time of this writing—February 28, 1986 (crash). Therefore, the puff effect must
still be operating in the crash area.

* This figure (15) is based on the simple employment of normative mass-weight relations—equations derived from the characters which constitute the mathem-
atical composition of any specific field.

* V A §-§ R

$ See note 17.

* A Möbius transformation may be roughly defined as a map of the complex plane to
itself in which a point is mapped to a point by w = z + ax + by + cz, where a, b, c, and d are complex numbers and ad - bc does not equal zero. A fractional transformation. Such a transformation accurately predicts the parameters of our hypothesis, the only addition being that ad - bc equals neither zero nor 1.

FACTOTUM

by Charles Bernstein

Cum ipse pietatum maritium factum Grandiose desiderium bonorum potest Amo dignitas flagrante moribund Annae ipsum luminata finito Repugnae reginae desiderio probabile Haec potentia paternus mea Quaedam posita testificant me Quisquam fortunatus modo pumex

[This fragment has been reconstructed from documents recently discovered near Rome. It is believed to be derived from a poem by Cæsarius Ambrosii, who was an advisor to Nero, although little else is known. As many lexical and positional irregularities characterize this no doubt debased text, the translation provided tries to remain as literal as possible, providing in English an experience close to what it might have been like for the first Latin auditors of this self-canceling work.—Charles Bernstein.]

With itself plucked marble, factum
Grandiose with ludicrous decoration, is full
Amo dignitas flagrante moribund
Annae ipsum luminata finito

Reginae reginae desiderio probabile
Haec potentia paternus mea
Quaedam posita testificant me
Quisquam fortunatus modo pumex

[Quoted in Latin.]

THE SEARCH FOR THE SAME (CONTINUED)

by Shauat Basmajian

Yiron inmeeingismo yron dillastheosy mthlatteron things.
shlalstre achaathesigydhlhase uch haeatnathm tm i fithahe.
chelo stelle eam masai thesahgalery yron bimee nhan eam
eswith langauge structurerand nystavd e eamaent m ro

n unaent efactor. nac.

And there the reasoning involved is
in the same impeccable logic as that which asserts than an endlessly infinite buildup of armaments
still be operating in the crash area. ...

11. Put simply: in terms of this outline of mass-space relations, only "nothing" is "that"
which is ever-present, yet simultaneously §-§ nothing. For this reason, no pronouncement of §-§ is coupled with §-§, the insight

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Yiron inmeeingismo yron dillastheosy mthlatteron things.
shlalstre achaathesigydhlhase uch haeatnathm tm i fithahe.
chelo stelle eam masai thesahgalery yron bimee nhan eam
eswith langauge structurerand nystavd e eamaent m ro

n unaent efactor. nac.
**A SELECTION FROM DRAME**

By Philippe Sollers

He writes:

... in the breathing that takes place under the apparent breathing (of the lungs, of the air). As if, behind the point where breath seems to remain (of a movement that *should* come to—still shut up in their warm, total, night—that these have not just not entered the random, scattered operation—and I see those that are there, that see me, looking at the edge of the grass, that awake up, stir their bodies a turn around the world, in and for an image we evoke the work that is being done in us (rotting, our side, and our lips too tongue, you speak and I answer you.... Once again disinterested, distant... Without having left the current.... However, each feels at home, asleep or awake, but the sum is always the same, and the game is repeated, has to be to (nothing has been thought out enough). Despite these stains of thought on the surface... Forests, plains, rivers, mountains.... And we, in our beds, turning over, whispering and repeating our lines, hanging out in the void, blind to it... then a word, a sentence is already a little less, so a whole book is not very much (what seems biggest fits in the hollow of the hand). Problem: being limitless, being wordless.

Which is to say, the silence that comes before it, since the last word is already a sentence:

Double-edged sword.

The complete formless would be: being a limitless book, means being a book that is a word (a point). And that can be summed up by a single picture, pink and grey; this near the eye of a man with arrows, hands tied behind him by rope, the field of a white material turning and floating around his legs, the arrows stripping the vertical canvas from left to right and from right to left or still zinging face on as on they had been let go by everywhere at the same time.... But this pale and riddled corpse is alive, his fallen, tense face splits into shadow and light, one leg is slightly raised, he seems to be inside an open, elevated coffin, in continued frozen accession, climbing to the edge of the open book itself. For the image of the twisting ladder that is him, though the blood is already clotted near the wounds that he yet continues to receive—... The upturned eyes, the open mouth, the radiant (burning) hair, say in a single figure, what the stroke of the knife which has uncovered him, and in his organ, without his organ, in his organ, without anything out.

The violence of the torture is the direct result of its detail: simultaneously sublime and terrible—the world having shot all its resources (its words) at a single target that never stops plummeting as it simultaneously contacts light and shade, even though from teeth hardly visible to the white of the eye, by breath imperceptibly exhaled from the greater and greater depth, something is nevertheless spoken, revealed, shown, its image preserved, preserved, this is the sum of the word, this is what I must see.

But here: fully asleep, he is, so to speak, held up to his own thought—explosion, bubbling up of air in fire that sucks him up and kills him (the world blows up, the source in the eye of a man—a man whose face is white and which barely tricks back unrecognizable fragments (it's a matter of a movement that he can't endow with speech). Why resonate this gesture? This path? This plane of stammering, emptiness, gap? Why what forces whose form (he scratches the consultation, it says nothing) Why participate in this stunning? He sees the light house again, the rays plunging to the horizon in the night, the ocean—and he lying the sand, starting at a star and suddenly seeing the gliding reverse itself, which is to say that the night becomes liquid and flows rapidly, in sheets, beyond the luminous rumps that form a spherical cage above his head.... Always the same frozen star in the act of endlessly falling to the same limit of staring eyes.... But right now it is taking place in him without his knowing it—as though he had been turned inside out, as though he were watching himself disappear by means of the trick side— and if for a moment we evoke the work that is being done on him, the impression of being dead, of a movement that he can't endow with speech. His story is no longer his story—it is something that never stops plummeting as it simultaneously contacts light and shade, even though from teeth hardly visible to the white of the eye, by breath imperceptibly exhaled from the greater and greater depth, something is nevertheless spoken, revealed, shown, its image preserved, preserved, this is the sum of the word, this is what I must see.

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He crosses the square. Swallowed by a violent wind, head 

... For a moment I imagine those that have passed by here—their side, and if for a moment we evoke the work that is being done in us (rotting, our side, and our lips too tongue, you speak and I answer you.... Once again disinterested, distant... Without having left the current.... However, each feels at home, asleep or awake, but the sum is always the same, and the game is repeated, has to be to (nothing has been thought out enough). Despite these stains of thought on the surface... Forests, plains, rivers, mountains.... And we, in our beds, turning over, whispering and repeating our lines, hanging out in the void, blind to it... then a word, a sentence is already a little less, so a whole book is not very much (what seems biggest fits in the hollow of the hand). Problem: being limitless, being wordless.

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Double-edged sword.
De Chocolat
Méthode de Conspiration assise, du type "À LA MAISON".

Professeur: B. Wonowitch G.C.A.

La terre est ronde, elle toume.

L'archiveuse de chocolat n'est pas ronde mais elle roule, moissonne et archive les données scandaleuses au risque de faire trembler la diaspora du chocolat. (Fig. 6)

L'Archiveuse est des piégées, les données sont les armements les plus futurs, les réseaux des cerveaux de la destruction scientifique et du chaos programmé. (Fig. 5, 6, 7)

D'après mes observations faites par les plus éminents spécialistes et corroborées ultérieurement par les amateurs les plus avertis, la qualité du chocolat a subi une dégradation progressive et exponentielle depuis le début de nombreuses années.

La désormais mission de l'Archiveuse de Chocolat associée à l'infrastructure de communication, ultra électronique doit éclairer la lanterne de l'humanité sur les valeurs les plus fondamentales, entre autre de l'existence.

QUI MANGE LE CHOCOLAT ?

Le retour de l'Archiveuse de Chocolat à été programmé pour le 24 Mars 1988 date à laquelle elle regagnera Montréal afin d'être entièrement démontée inspectée et finalement présentée au musée de la Lutte Contre la Désertification Culturelle.

Le résultat du projet, l'ensemble des données recueillies, les analyses et études résultantes seront publiés à grands frais éventuellement.

L'Archiveuse de chocolat (Fig. 1) est un laboratoire d'analyse intellectuel, 100% robotisé et doté d'un système de communications non-stop 3-D en temps réel. Elle est reliée en permanence avec une unité centrale à laquelle elle transmet avec la plus grande discrétion les données pertinentes à sa mission. C'est d'une manière perpétuelle et intangible.

L'Archiveuse de Chocolat à quitté Montréal le 24 Mars 1983 chargée d'une mission quinquennale d'Archivage de Chocolat à travers 345 pays, états et républiques.

Sa mission:
• visiter les entrepôts, centres de distribution & d'approvisionnement en chocolat,
• effectuer des prélèvements, analyser les échantillons,
• transmettre les résultats au central. (Fig. 5)

Banque de données à accès libre Total Freedom data base

Conspirateur contribuant à l'enrichissement des données.

Pourvoyeur de Chocolat

Personne se renseignant eventuellement sur le Chocolat
REPORT FROM THE WORLD FEDERATION OF DISPLACED WRITERS

by Raymond Federman

we had never known our old man to be that violent, on the contrary, more like him to talk or double-talk hoy out of a fight, either in French or in English, or in both simultaneously, except once, in 1993, when he was seventy-five years old, images that, on our old man getting into a fight at seventy-five

yes I remember it was in Sofia Bulgaria, Moinous exclaimed, not that long ago, when he kicked a guy in the throat, and then punched him in the mouth

it was during a literary conference, a huge international conference on the future of literature, a wide, in Sofia, Nazemradf confirmed, The World Federation of Displaced Writers, W.F.D.W., we were there too of course

all the literature in the world were present, some already dead, others half-dead, others on their way out, they had gathered urgently in the Dimnvor Great Hall of the People to discuss the critical situation of contemporary literature, and an authoritive literature was seriously and painstakingly questioning its raison dêtre, when the very set of writing was being challenged and displaced from all sides by technological substitutions and all sorts of crummy artificial languages and conglomerates and the super-internet fantasy
carcass frog bad Caillou, Ludovic February, Phillipeau associated for years as a daring disruptive subversive primary function of the the stubborn these sous des dehors bien-pensants, c’est à la

at this point our old man stood up, he was sitting in extemporaneous arrangements, the question of words in extemporaneous arrangements, the question of...
Samuel Beckett who had been sitting quietly in a remote corner of the great hall stood up and started applauding, all eyes turned to him in deep reverence, honni soit qui mal y voit, he said in a soft tone of voice and sat down.

the old man was deeply moved, visibly moved; he had difficulties holding back the tears of appreciation, and we did too, it was the first time, as far as we know, in the fifty years or more that he had been banging on a typewriter, working uncompromisingly in the lonely semi-darkness of unrecognition, that someone, not just someone but a world-renowned writer whom he greatly admired and respected, had praised his work in public, he stood up, blew his nose in a large handkerchief, walked over to the platform tipping his head slightly as he walked past Samuel Beckett, and shook Harold Pinter's hand with marked emotion, Pinter embraced him while half of the audience applauded its warm approbation and the other half whistled and his...

it was in 1993, now some people might say that such a situation is not very encouraging, but one must reply that it is not meant to encourage those who say that, after all literature is an endangered species.

NEwTON & THE PHANTOM
by Dennis Oppenheim

In these works Dennis Oppenheim utilizes metal, timers, fireworks, electric motors, forced air and a variety of other elements to create kinetic sculptures with pataphysical overtones. In these two instances he combines myth and historical event in order to give the audience glimpses of occasions in the past and in the possible future.

LOCATING THE PHANTOM
(In Pursuit of the Phantom Heart)
Flat expanded steel helmet and shield suspended above hardwood rib cage on casters, rolled aluminum hand with electric blowers, mylar strips. (Approx. 8' x 4' x 5' — 1983.)
He imagined a pyramid (small in fact) with magnetic potential supposed to take the place of his vacuum cleaner. He hated dirt, dust and shit (just for your information). But looking outdoors the second or third morning while he was trying his Ramidmago (for pyramid with magnetic potential) he noticed a nice painting (a nude: female) and since then he has stopped all experiments on his Ramidmago, hoping to see the model in the flesh.

Carol Dallaire
Russell Banks

Interviewed by Joe Revell

I don't work necessarily from memory, in fact it's quite the reverse. I'm trying to invent myself a future. The act of writing is the invention of a future for me. It's the invention of consciousness.

---Russell Banks

[The interview discusses Russell Banks' approach to his writing, particularly the novel "Continental Drift". Banks talks about his use of traditional techniques, the role of the narrator, and the importance of depicting the world in a way that offers a different perspective on life and its challenges. The interview also touches on the fluidity of character development and the impact of historical and cultural contexts on storytelling.]
My father was a pipe-fitter and welder, and he managed to live his entire life as a reasonably good pipe-fitter and welder, although stress and fatigue slowly began to take their toll on him. I know that a lot of steel pipe has been welded together by a drunk man at four in the afternoon. So, we might not find out about his installation for a while, but if you're drunk you can't write a book.

JR: Could you say more about the influence of eighteenth-century authors have had on you?

RB: I feel more influenced by eighteenth-century conventions than any particular authors. I have rather different use for those conventions than most eighteenth-century novels. Sterne is often neglected, although his importance is very great. Sterne's use doesn't necessarily attract me. Their uses are largely those of what is, and so the examination of the line where reality and non-reality meet is most interesting. Sterne's use doesn't necessarily attract me. Their uses are largely those of what is, and so the examination of the line where reality and non-reality meet is most interesting.

Hawthorne this is not just something that he is amused way. For that reason I for new form only for the sake of new form? But I suspect that it's dealing with domestic male violence ... That's actors are very much involved. They've been conditioned by the style to which we've become conditioned by literature. So, they've worked their magic, and some of them are quite great, they can't work it again.

JR: Could you say something about the felicitations of new forms in writing? The desire for new form only for the sake of new form?

UB: Ultimately it's boring. You'd never return, for example, a so-called minimalist story. So that means it's boring, it's not interesting. Because its entire achievement is the element of recognition, and having achieved that once, you can't get the same excitement from it. Sterne, for example, almost every story he writes on in his way, it's twice from the same goods, because of the recognition factor, it depends on surprise, almost the way you have to towards anyone that you have to watch, as I suspect that it's dealing with domestic male violence. That's why I feel surprised rather than an intellectual, the way you have to towards anyone that you have to watch, and surprise that's why I feel surprised rather than an intellectual, the way you have to towards anyone that you have to watch, and surprise.

What are you working on currently?

RB: I've been working on a novel since spring. I'm in it so far enough that I'm in that world, but I don't know exactly where I am yet. It's closer in some way to a novel I did years ago called Hamilton Stark. But I think it's about violence, I don't know, the characters are very violent. I suspect that it's dealing with domestic male violence. That's as much about as any information about violence. Because its entire achievement is the element of recognition, and having achieved that once, you can't get the same excitement from it. Sterne, for example, almost every story he writes on in his way, it's twice from the same goods, because of the recognition factor, it depends on surprise, almost the way you have to towards anyone that you have to watch, and surprise that's why I feel surprised rather than an intellectual, the way you have to towards anyone that you have to watch, and surprise.

CORRESPONDING WITH THOMAS PYNCHON

by Brian Edwards

Actually this title is misleading. I haven't, you see, corresponded directly with Thomas Pynchon. Rather, we shared the same woman once, or twice. Well, that's misleading too.

JR: Nature plays an important role in Japanese writing, and I notice that you use many natural images in your work. Do you feel that it is important for you to use natural imagery as a jumping-off point?

OM: As a starting point, I need some aspect of nature. I think it is based on the tradition of Japanese poetry in general. I was born into a family of Japanese poets who wrote the traditional style of poetry called "Tanka." It is a very short, five lines, with five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables. This type of traditional poetry deals with nature and the act of creation. Maybe I was unconsciously influenced by this sort of poetry through my father's work and through reading many other traditional poets. But I was also influenced by the European and American poets. In my boyhood I was interested in reading Walt Whitman in translation, in Japanese. I was just fifteen years old when World War II ended. Up till then, I thought I might be dead by the age of twenty because of the war. The war for Japan was disastrous, the American and European armies which fought with Japan were so big and strong that I had no thought of victory Japan. But this was a secret, because if I had spoken my mind on this I might be considered non-Japanese. There were very strong feelings at the time, if one said something about the defeat of Japan, then he would be jailed. One day, Japan was defeated, but that was a day of personal liberation for me. I knew I could survive. So, I began to read after that day, literature, poetry. Then came the translation of Leaves of Grass. And that was a call for life, nature and hope.

JR: Were you ever influenced by other American or European writers, Ezra Pound for instance?

OM: He was very much interested in Japanese Noh theatre and also other Japanese things. But it was also rather late [in my career] that I read his works. Instead, I was very much amazed when reading translations of the works of European poets like Rainer Maria Rilke was very strong on me. Because he was very strong on me. I read, read, read his works. I read a book on a Japanese classical poet of the tenth century, and I read a chapter about the effect of reflection in his poetry. And people said that Cass is no casual fling lives like playing cards. It was an Indian summer's night. Reluctant to get into my car. If it was a love confessions to a cop.

It was no menage a trois. Au contraire! We coincided in space, as it were, but not in time. I suspect that it's dealing with domestic male violence ... That's actors are very much involved. They've been conditioned by the style to which we've become conditioned by literature. So, they've worked their magic, and some of them are quite great, they can't work it again.

OM: After Rilke, I was very pleased to read the French contemporary poets like Paul Claudel and André Breton. These surrealists poets have been a great joy for me. I was around nineteen or twenty years old at the time. I had begun to learn the French language and I could read the original texts. And though it was very difficult to read the surrealists poets, I was very pleased to read them because this style is very penetrating into the unconscious world. Maybe I have been very much influenced by his style.

JR: In your poetry, you present a way of seeing somebody seeing. You use mirrors and reflections as well. What role would you say reflection plays in your work?

OM: The reflection or mirroring effect seems to me to be very important, such as seeing thing reflected in other things. For example, when I wrote a book on a Japanese classical poet of the tenth century, I wrote a chapter about the effect of reflection in his poetry. And people said that it was through me that they recognized the true nature of the element that is a starting point, I need some aspect of nature. I think it is based on the tradition of Japanese poetry in general. I was born into a family of Japanese poets who wrote the traditional style of poetry called "Tanaka." It is a very short, five lines, with five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables. This type of traditional poetry deals with nature and the act of creation. Maybe I was unconsciously influenced by this sort of poetry through my father's work and through reading many other traditional poets. But I was also influenced by the European and American poets. In my boyhood I was interested in reading Walt Whitman in translation, in Japanese. I was just fifteen years old when World War II ended. Up till then, I thought I might be dead by the age of twenty because of the war. The war for Japan was disastrous, the American and European armies which fought with Japan were so big and strong that I had no thought of victory Japan. But this was a secret, because if I had spoken my mind on this I might be considered non-Japanese. There were very strong feelings at the time, if one said something about the defeat of Japan, then he would be jailed. One day, Japan was defeated, but that was a day of personal liberation for me. I knew I could survive. So, I began to read after that day, literature, poetry. Then came the translation of Leaves of Grass. And that was a call for life, nature and hope.

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OM: I have no exact idea about time. I don’t think that time is flowing directly from ancient times to today. Time is something very spatial. One can feel time very strongly when one is staying at some point very fixedly. For example, using some metaphor, a rock and the sea. The rock is always staying there, very solid, but the waves are always flowing around the rock, and the rock can signify the ever-lasting time in contrast to the flowing waves, which might be considered the ordinary stream of time. So, I feel that time consists of two elements. The flowing or temporal and the staying or everlasting.

KR: When did you begin working as an art critic?

OM: I’m fifty-five now, and I began writing some things on art when I was in my twenties.

KR: Do you detect any strong new movements in Japanese art? For example where do some of the newer movements coming out of Japan such as the work of Sankei Juki fit into the overall picture?

OM: There are many dance groups in Japan that have emerged since the end of the fifties. Especially the leader [of these] who died very recently. His name was Tsutsumi Hikijika. He was really a special leader of the [ballet] dancing groups. And Senkai Juku is one of the most recognized. Hikijika’s ideas on dance were very unique from my point of view because first he studied modern ballet. But he felt something inside him, something possible inside him with the method of modern ballet. In the western style of dance in general, people study some techniques along with the method which was established as a kind of principle. And every student of dance must study with that principle [in mind].

And they must learn these steps one by one. Hikijika thought that in that case, the human body, which is very different from other bodies, must have something other than this principle method, or principle rule of learning. And he sensed that [other] part so strongly that he quit modern ballet, and then he began his own approach to dance. He said to me one day for example that the emphasis in the European method of dance is on the articulation, on the movement of joints. But he was very conscious of the movement of bones between the articulation [or joints]. He said, “I want to see from my mind’s eye the path between the moving joints.” I think it is a sort of method of meditation, rather than a method of moving bodies. From that meditation he could make some very unique discoveries about our bodies. Discoveries about the bodies when they are moving and when they were standing very quietly. And his dance became a very dynamic combination of moving and standing still or moments of quietness. I might say that his actions while he was dancing were the continuation of a series of some very static moments. So, when I saw him dancing from the stage, it was as though I could see him stopping and moving at the same time, and that was amazing. The moment of complete stopping made every moment active. And his other was very different from the ordinary European style. It was almost, so to speak, like looking up at some Zen Buddhist monk moving slowly. And the movement was a metaphor for his meditation. That idea or concept of dance was based on a very Oriental state of mind. And that made a big influence on the next generation of dancers. He was almost the same age as me, only two or three years older. After that many young dancers followed him. When he died in December 1985, many people, not only artists and dancers but also in general, were shocked. For example, the International Festival d’Avignon for World Theatre is now thinking of organizing a program next summer in homage to Hikijika.

KR: I was wondering if you detected any influence from North America or Europe in the area of installation or performance art? Perhaps Beuys or in the more popular stream, Laurie Anderson?

OM: Yes, they are very popular now in Japan, young artists and young students who want to be artists nowadays are very much following their approach. There are many performances happening in Tokyo. But contemporary poetry seems to be in a retrograde state.

And I am very curious about the reaction of the young poets and artists towards these new avant-garde arts which come from the late seventies in Europe. Nowadays the poets seem to be the furthest behind, maybe because they are satisfied with their daily lives. When I was younger I was very much involved, doing collaborative work with painters, musicians and theatre. Anyway, Japan is very open now to other continents. But to my surprise, nowadays the young literary people are not so involved in reading literature from overseas compared with [my generation]. I talk with friends who are in my generation, and who were just like me, in their interest towards other cultures. Maybe this is a deplorable result of the Japanese economic progress and expansion. They are very self-satisfied. In the performing arts you see many new things. But in the literature or poetry many are satisfied with writing and reading in Japanese only. At one time Japan was one of the biggest buyers of works by European and American writers. But these days, philosophy or psychoanalysis and especially anthropological writings are very much in mode in Japan. But [foreign] literature is not so attractive to the young people. [Instead], for example, the thinkers in France, like Derrida and many others, appeared on the field of thought maybe fifteen years ago, and for them there are many readers.

JR: Does the Japanese artistic community reflect a concern for world problems such as South Africa?

OM: There are always some people who are very keen and conscious about that, but in general I think the major arts in Japan do not pay much attention to the social aspect of these problems. I repeat again that that is the deplorable result of the Japanese economic progress. As you know, recently Prime Minister Nakasone said something very silly about the culture in the United States of America. It’s not like the working class and ethnic minority in the United States of America. That shows blatant the thinking attitudes of many Japanese intellectuals. So it is very much a symptom of modern society, of modern society, politics, social programs, everywhere in Japan. And the occupation by the Allied forces lasted several years. And that made Japan a very different country from the pre-war years. And the Japanese who were born since 1945 have been reared in this new system of democracy. So there are in general very many people who have very much balanced social problems. But the leaders of Japan, who are now in their sixties or seventies (Japanese leaders are very old), have a very clear image of Japan. Japan has always maintained an isolated state of mind. Subconsciously that created an attitude, an inferiority complex. And that is bound with a superiority complex. This recent sense of superiority complex has become very clear. So I feel very sad about that. But I hope that the younger generation might be very different from those who are my age. [Square parentheses in this interview see RAMPIEVE’s and serve to indicate the sense of ideas being a manner other than very (e.g., gestures). Inquiries and comments con­cerning Ooka Makoto’s book A String Around Autumn were not made by Ooka Makoto, and appear to be the result of a correspondence between the translator and the original author. This text is a translation of a work by Ooka Makoto, Department of English, Oakland University, Rochester MT 48063.]
In the summer of 1985, the Sakanai Juko troupe performed a "hanging dance" from a building in downtown Seattle. In a tragic accident, one of the dancers broke loose and fell seven stories to his death. The response was varied: some blamed the troupe for negligence, others felt it was an "act of God," and many were too emotionally involved to seek reasons for the accident. The mood of the city was forgiving when the troupe returned the following year, on April 17, so much so that Mayor Charles Royer declared that day "Yoshikuni Takeda Day," after the dancer who fell. I wrote a questioning article exploring the nature of the facility and the accident. At first I didn't want to see their new performance but I decided to go anyway.

The house is dark. The lights come on. A small Japanese man in a uniform (a Japanese World War II uniform?) is standing behind a plateglass rectangle, which is suspended from the ceiling. Near the center of this clear rectangle is the outline of a circle, painted in red. Is it an invisible Japanese flag? The man talks flat, as flat as a board, on his back, it is astonishing, a cloud of dust rises around him. This man is Ushio Amagatsu, the founder of Sakanai Juko. His intensity is phenomenal as he agitates in a pile of rice powder to one side of the stage: eating it and spitting it out as if it were dust. Air raid sirens shriek. He is by turns a convolution peasant, a soldier, and a Buddhist monk, registering successively their moment in the holocaust.

If this first scene can be read as an allegory (and perhaps I have been too literal), the several following scenes take above the national, into a place of universal time—such as that believed in by the American short-timers—dream time. The dancers, still covered in rice powder, are suddenly illuminated out of darkness. They stand in a loose circle in a pose reminiscent of a Dali painting. A cloth, brushed up until it looks like a soft sculpture of a wasp's nest, is fastened to the front of each of the four dancers' heads. Blind, they execute an hypnotic dance with great detail that lasts for at least ten minutes. Every finger of every dancer is in almost perfect simultaneity with every finger of every other dancer.

Several stagy scenes (some of which seemed a little long) follow: eating, verse, lying, and other nonfunctional movements are described. In the best scene of the sequence, a dancer holds a peacock. As the dancer's head moves to a wooden backdrop (to which are affixed tuna tails—wedges about the size of a tennis racket—somewhat laughed when Amagatsu was portraying exceptional anguish—they are stored in a pile of rice powder. He transforms himself from a midget into a high-kicking dancer in a blue light emanates from many eyes. The story of the peacock is reminiscent of a FUTU'St of KUMqua~. The mood of the city was forgiving when the troupe performed "Act of God," and many were too emotionally involved to seek reasons for the accident. At first I didn't want to see their new performance but I decided to go anyway.

THE KAMIKAZE PILOTS OF JAPAN
by David McFadden

1. GREEN

Baudelaire said he had to write about hell, all the other subjects were in use and he didn't want to be unoriginal or take the chance of annoying a possessive poet. He died in his mother's arms, like Christ. The prime Mondrian hated the colour green so much he would often head out to the suburbs of Paris in the middle of the night with a shovel strapped to his bicycle and dig up lawns. You are sitting across from me as I write and you are wearing your wine sweater and a green silk scarf. I decided to write about what it was in front of me and when I looked up there you were. You are smiling, I am happy to be here. You can even speak in the flash rather than simply hearing your disembodied voice on the phone. You make everyone else seem so boring! You start telling me stories about Miles Davis, he was depressed one night, a friend suggested they get an orgy organized and Miles said no, I don't wanna put those million dollar bills on two-dollar poon. How he was racing to a gig one night and smashed into a tree with his Feberal and when they were paying him loose from the weekago, both legs broken, he said he didn't wanna go to that gig anyway. I showed you a photo of a peck, a Rick/Simon photo taken from an unusual angle half-way between standing up and bending over daintily for a drink from the fountain. Ordinarily in that position one would not stop to observe the water, but in this case they would merely continue bending or standing up straight. One wouldn't notice the fire hydrant like a little post stuck in the lawn off to one side and one would not notice the painted mound that stood outside the right frame, scowling, wishing he could paint the whole park orange. The benches we are sitting on are exactly where they were shot when anyone said "if we're trying to pretend we don't care if anyone ever sits on them. There need to be a magnificent series of resurrection fountains in this park but they were removed simply because they proved too costly for the city to maintain. They are stored in the city hall basement, waiting for another renaissance.

The strong must be greater than the weak and the ego resembles the scent of a pig or the nozzle of an industrial-strength vacuum cleaner. We must believe for every drop of rain that falls something like four or five just can't be bothered falling. The Kamikaze pilots of Japan were also heroes so that the women and children of Japan would not perish under American bombardment. In the suburbs people are playing tennis and the trees are about to turn green again. A grade 12 student is sitting on his front steps watching two robins fighting over an earthworm and he says: "I know I'm going to be lain for my biology class but this is more interesting." Poetry contains Vinicius P. You can die gone lack of what is to be found in poetry.

For instance, the student feels as if he is in jail for it's the first day of spring so we read translations of Hiroshi Mitsuhashi's poems and the kids start feeling better, some of them even start writing little poems almost as good as his. On this lovely spring day I keep thinking about the Kamikaze pilots of Japan and wondering if I could ever be that courageous. Later, on the subway, an old man singing a song from his youth. He is self-conscious but determined. When I look the poor old guy stops singing and when I turn away he shyly starts again, so I don't look.

*From William Carlos Williams.

2. HELL

I wrote two disgusting little love poems ("You get drunk then you and I want more but I'm too sore") then tore them up and went to visit some friends and they were talking about some women they'd heard about who'd jumped from the Swartzman hotel and there was a view of the river and TV and drinking beer on the first floor and when he heard the tale as he hit the ground he ran out and dragged her still-warm body for a drink from the fountain. In the end he had cut off her penis and stowed it down her throat, sewed her mouth shut over it, cut off her head and tried to set it on fire. He had blond hair, blue eyes and a voice like an angel's. I'd gone to my friends because I was feeling terrible describing the look in his eyes, how to describe it. He paced his cell, he looked at me as if he understood totally what he had done and he wanted me or anyone else who happened by simply to know he understood more than anyone what he had done, for his eyes were tender and wild and pleading with me. I couldn't even say I admired that look a little look that would indicate I felt there was some possibility of him someday becoming human again although it seemed altogether that they'd forever ever let him be a priest next time, and at the same time his eyes he said he had that no one anywhere in all the corridors of time could ever forgive him. Even the guy in the next cell, who had killed twenty children by offering them money to help him look for his poppy then taking them into the woods and hammering four-inch spikes into their heads, couldn't forgive him.

Artaud, who said of himself that his thoughts were like razorblades, that his heart and mind despised each other with total justification, that he was being burned, that the state of his own brilliance, the image of the true of him was true for everyone, and that things were even worse than even he could say, might have forgiven him. And last week a young fellow, the same age as the fair-haired angel, asked me how he could not have written poems published, and suddenly the angel's tender eyes flashed in my mind and I told him about the importance of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
3. CRIME PREVENTION MEASURES

The government is proposing a number of measures designed to prevent the commission of crimes. Not tonight dear I have to re-pay the violent. "My God!" he exploded. "Where have you been, woman? You've been gone hours, hours, and in a storm like this! What the hell do you go to that bloody wood for? What have you been up to? It's hours away since the rain stopped, hours! Do you know what time it is? You've brought to drive anybody mad. Where have you been? What in the name of hell have you been doing?" Persons convicted of second-degree murder will not be eligible for parole until they've completed ten years of imprisonment. Not tonight dear my mother's got a headache. Not tonight dear powers, who lived in a strange world of fantasy.

The implementation of all these measures will take time. Not tonight dear my mother's got a headache. Not tonight dear powers, who lived in a strange world of fantasy. Certain weapons are already prohibited. Not tonight dear life is too short. Not tonight dear your hair's on fire. Not tonight dear it's raining.

Persons convicted of either second-degree murder will, of course, not be granted parole.

"Don't!" she whispered in blind frenzy, not tonight dear. "Don't!" she whispered in blind frenzy, not tonight dear. Persons convicted of either first or second-degree murder will not be permitted unescorted temporary absences or day paroles by the Parole Board until they've completed all but three years of the non-parciable portion of their sentences. Certain weapons are already prohibited. Not tonight dear I can't find my glasses. He spread out his hand with a gesture, and then he sneezed, sneezing away the flowers from his nose and his navel. The implementation of all these measures will take time. Not tonight dear the badgers are moulting. He laughed, half bitter, half sensed. If released on parole, an offender will, of course, remain on parole for the rest of his life. Not tonight dear my mother's got a headache. Besides my imagination's not up to it. He portrayed Mrs. Dick as an adult possessed of rich imaginative powers, who lived in a strange world of fantasy. As a child she had created for herself a beautiful dream world, and sometines these children never grow up, their dream world never disappears. Not tonight dear life is too short. Not tonight dear your hair's on fire. Not tonight dear it's raining.

Making love to you is like being swallowed by a giant anaconda. A sound love dwells only in a sound person (Kawabata). Not tonight dear my mother's got a headache. Not tonight dear life is too short. Not tonight dear it's raining.

After Lady Chatterley's Lover

David McFadden’s new novel, Canadian Sunset, is available from Black Moss Press/Firefly Books.

DEUX POEMS
par András Petöcz
ADAPTATION FRANÇAISE PAR TIBOR PAPP

Zárójelvers op. 7

et fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő, én és fejű lebágyít szóllott Ras-And Poet, a kötő: félek a hajnal szomjénő.

Poème-Parenthèse Op. 7

au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement, au milieu de fréquentes réverences, très, très, très courtoisement.

Zárójelvers op. 11

et laissant sa tête ainsi portait Ras-And Poet, le poète: j'ai peur d'un coup de sonnette juste avant le jour, et laissant sa tête ainsi portait Ras-And Poet, le poète: j'ai peur d'un coup de sonnette juste avant le jour, et laissant sa tête ainsi portait Ras-And Poet, le poète: j'ai peur d'un coup de sonnette juste avant le jour, et laissant sa tête ainsi portait Ras-And Poet, le poète: j'ai peur d'un coup de sonnette juste avant le jour.

Poème-Parenthèse Op. 11

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Poèmes: le jour, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel, ciel.
Pour rouge aux yeux jaunes, lit décrué prêtait l'isolant, hauteur de sa tête à la simplicité.
ambiguïté auburnienne changeante avec l'heure du soleil • le soleil noir • une goupille perfectionnée, en molybdène • en molybdène les larmes • pendu blanc et pendu bleu • « on pèse donc les mots » • surfaces de nulle courbure • le plaisir des mau • 250 000 gouttes d'huile de castor • goutte à goutte • le scarabée beau comme le tremblement des mains dans l'alcoolisme • scrables d'or • aux cirons • cirons combleurs • phare olfactif • nénuphars • phare obscur, souterrain et cloacal • « nous avons horreur des histoires d'amour » • fouillemerdes • le bois d'amour • céphalorgie • le monstre chasseur • «... et même sentimental » • libellules électriques • « celui qui revolverse • liqueurs fermentées dans des hémisphères végétaux • plaisir des mots • en notre navigation de terre ferme • l'œil artificiel dans son orbite de burgau • scandale de l'écriture • l'île cyril • enfants-luisants • singleurs personnages • les plantes les plus communes • thermomètres appelés sirènes • la terre heureuse, la terre pleine • et le bol inalimentaire de feu pur reprise sa route coutumière vers le pôle du diable pluriel • et sept nuits blanches • nous voguions toujours où il n'y avait pas d'eau • entre l'aridité des maisons • marée de la terre • la terre de sept nuits blanches • la terre qui bande des muscles inter costaux et respire vers le rythme de la lune ; mais la régularité de cette respiration est douce, et peu d'hommes en sont informés • peu d'homos sapiens • machines à faire l'âme, machines à faire l'amour paternel • un pendu blanc et un pendu bleu • résignés aux enfers • la tête d'un cheval • une tête de turc • le cheval est une table tournante • la tête seule • « ayant reconquis toute perfection » • nuit luisante • faustroll, très calme, alluma une petite bougie parfumée • ce lit long de douze mètres n'est pas un lit, mais un bateau • un bateau ivre des liqueurs fermentées dans des hémisphères végétaux • vagingembre • que j'expulse mes urates ou qu'une lance embarque, le liquide passe à travers les mailles et rejoints les lames extérieures • lame liquide, lame embarquée dans un bateau (depuis sai) • soit en elle-même, soit hors d'elle-même • sûre d'elle-même • très sûre • une goupille perfectionnée • en molybdène • univers supplémentaire • la terre de sept nuits blanches • pendu blanc et pendu bleu • ciel • la foule est trop grossière pour comprendre les figures elliptiques • (fausses couches • comme fausses figures) • phase obscur, souterrain et cloacal • nénuphar • le long d'une route lisse et descendante • « ayant reconquis toute perception » • les frondaisons incarnates au-dessus de l'herbe uniforme • le bleu ciel le blanc nuage le vert citron • les cirons combleurs • les groupes de femmes • les fouille merdes • les enfants-luisants • les libellules électriques • en notre navigation de terre ferme • terre pleine et heureuse • ténèbres hermétiques • (aux larmes, citoyens !) • jours luisants • le bol inalimentaire • le feu follet • humait l'eau d'une carafe d'or aminci jusqu'à la longueur d'onde de la lumière verte • l'eau coutumière • une carafe d'eau • la combustion • safranée • du cinquième jour • celui des cocus • le crépuscule bleu du sixième jour • celui des bicyclistes • kaka-san • et avec • précipitation momentanée des jours heureux • qui comme ulysse • ou termès logios • la machine à sous • la machine à peindre le ciel et la terre • (hermétiques) • le monstre nouveau-ne dans le sang du palais vitreux • bleu • paul nagy céphalorgie • liqueurs fermentées dans des hémisphères végétaux • ubu — reine • hommage à alfred jarry •
"With Neruda in your heart, advance the rebellion."

"Neruda, despite fascism, your steps still resonate."

TO HAVE EMBODIED HOPE FOR MANY MEN
by Rosemary Sullivan

I lived with this horror: when I tumble
I go down into blood.

"El peligro"

For Chileans, Pablo Neruda has always been as much an idea as a man. His poetry was craggy, immense; his life was public; he lived the national epic. "To have embodied hope for many men, even for one minute, is something unforgettable and profoundly touching for the poet," he wrote in the closing pages of his Memoir: I Confess That I Have Lived, completed three days after the coup, nine days before his own death. "Here in Chile, in the middle of immense difficulties, a truly just society was being erected, based on our sovereignty, our national pride, and the heroism of the best of Chile's population. On our side, on the side of the Chilean revolution, were the constitution, the law, democracy and hope." The death of Neruda coincided with the death of that idea.

After the coup, Neruda's houses in Santiago and Valparaiso were ransacked by the military in an effort to edit his potent memory. Only the house he had built at Isla Negra was not vandalized. A strange omission, since that seaside retreat embodies the spirit of Neruda, providing the title for his five-volume Memoria de Isla Negra. When Neruda's wife Matilde died a year ago, she willed the house to the Chilean people to be a museum to his memory. It cannot be visited. If you go to the house at Isla Negra you will find the gates padlocked and a sign that reads, "Closed by order of the state." A woman still tends the gardens, and keeps the house in order, but she will tell you, through the crack in the gate you are rattling—"No, the house is prohibited."

But on the beach below you see something else. Every thin strip of fencing along the edge of the property bears messages from the thousands who have come in the last twelve years to visit Neruda. They have come from all parts of the world. And the rocks on the beach have been painted with his symbols. Following the natural outlines of the stone, one artist has drawn a clenched fist so that the hand of Pablo Neruda still rises over his beloved sea as if with his famous words: "Yo acuso" (I accuse).

Quotation from Memoir in context:

Solitude and multitude will go on being the primary obligations of the poet in our time. In solitude, the battle of the surf on the Chilean coast made my life richer. I was intrigued by and have loved passionately the battling waters and the rocks they battled against, the teeming ocean life, the impeccable formation of the wandering birds, the splendour of the sea's foam. But I learned much more from the huge tide of lives, from the tenderness I saw in the thousands of eyes watching me together. This message may not come to all poets, but anyone who has felt it will keep it in his heart, will work it into his poems. To have embodied hope for many men, even for one minute, is something unforgettable and profoundly touching for the poet.
THREE SIMPLE PIECES
by Alan Lord

SIMPLIFYING
To avoid building up unnecessary layers of Top Self, some adjustment is required in the fraction of the unbalance. To fling Reason at every corner of the world capitals of emotional headspace? Hell, no! Bend and suck, thinking in the minimum, and neglect directions at the very edge of uppordern.

The round head rotates across the total amount of steel holding everything up. Without capital it would be flatness. With no perimeter to wander around. The code is very specific.

HOW TO RUN
When running, the user of feet assumes control. Print to print in the blinding white light. The view matters in the immediately occupied area. And any description should be in capsules. Central memory using conventional signs. This may be permanently stored.

ISOLATOR
Principal differences affect relationships. One will likely be governed by the complexity, because of the hardness. The smaller differences affect relationships. One will likely be governed by the

AVENTURE MYCOLOGIQUE
par Alain-Arthur Painchaud

Nul—la victoire s’emménouale à grand brûchement de l’indiscutable trémblissement

Alors, que les propositions, d’immonde sonde de l’eclateur, le mite antenné, la rencontre bévue de l’expansion tendancière
De l’espace rassemblé qui pulvérise
L’asphalte de la démesure envahie
Dél l’antologique, nous retrouvons aimant de l’instantané tendance des mains gestes renouvelées.

Alors et alors—que les semences surrealistes se naturalisent notre démesure urbaine et moderne nous familiarisant l’incendiescence....

Hibou, d’où l’oisel qui regarde la modernité de tout ce qui semble insain, maîtrise,

Le regorgement des sens qui m’alimente, le jazz le swing
Le quatre temps qui trébuche au double-sens qui radicelle le géant et le blend,

Comme le limitations de l’autre-compréhension
De l’escro de territoire qui se découvre

Rouge—Moins que la couleur de ce qui coule, le flux de l’in-situlé création, nous ramène à l’existence de l’heureux seigneur, qui de l’in-juste créature nous fait croire que l’espace d’agir entre le temps d’un finir nous assimile dans l’ingratitude d’êtres à la substance d’un jour. Ainsi qu’un fait en rêve nous allons germer jusqu’à l’étrangement de la subsistance en perdre raison, ainsi, que croyez dans la “bête nous allowable eutiger la coexistence du parasite quant à la manière d’aimer.”

AUCUN RAPPORT COMME [2]
par Anonyme Sanregret

L’espagnol croun dans le vent d’attente onére d’impéris lors du carrosse à la charogne pour le gras dans la sauce commune-jeten au complet et la souillouse quand les frigidaires quand même un peu n’imposez pas les boutonni: l’agathe distillée dans l’attelle mégalopique en bourses-foncées d’hymées et ensuite d’après la cerveau le concert est intact et le cadenas dans l’arise pour la quantité du calme-vous guider, le grave es-

camante tambi la camara d’enfance dans la fournaille d’aplom pour qu’un tant soit peu d’imagination dans la pente des souliers où l’étale s’évitre et la bête dans le vase ainsi que les tricycles d’observation, la milinaire d’onguent, le building d’incitations et bien d’autres sur la souille d’imperme pour le chambon ses poules et l’ambulance casse et la saison d’impérieux et surtout le parking d’eventureuses combien de poivrons ou saigne l’aliment d’usage.

Nous tions assez avancé pour nous précouper de assure quoy quelques les barbiers dans le courroux de invocation là où les parcourbres dans le vin pour la tentacule tendre et la chaine de conclusion. La personne dans la perte d’incident et qui diraille dans la compote à cieel ouvert d’distinct d’orfeu pour le gras dans son prix à cliquettes de oplium et la chronique exhauser dans la carte de structure d’aversa gels d’autodiscussions en pension de catasytones dans le hasard photographier pour l’étiquette et surtout la toilette siglée dans le siège du pilonnier. Et puisque vous insistez, le jardín d’endravels vides et le cimetièr d’hymées déguisés de mouches dans le lavabo de dinosoura gratuites; la chambre à gaz et les grumettes d’accoutrement et de possesseurs de post et la civile au cas où.

La graine reticelée dans l’aventure d’appalissements rigides ainsi que cohèrente d’imnition splendide de solution gourmandes d’indicatives de guichets bousculés d’oous des bénéficiaires dans la hache du socle. Tel était l’état requis d’inesaigns modernes quand l’essai toussait dans le venet pour qu’l’enrision en huit copies d’exactes. La pitit en quelcsins d’inflammations promises et le racisme dans le portefeuille d’extrêmes onctions en vire dans l’actualité exausse sur place bien entendus dans l’oreille d’un sour; la calamite inultie et la triste d’octave ainsi que les mots pour l’Ampleur de dilire à conserver pour les excels de contour d’anomalie lors du papier à tapis d’instruments publics. Voilà les certitudes d’hormones d’asier d’oiser ouvres cernue à la garge d’éminenceux channel de l’autre côté dans la terre à liquide débloqué sur place d’acquittements tout à fait mor-

SANS TITRE
par Yves Boisvert

l’homme vient justement de traverser la rue il entre à la taverne à reculons ça dépense de l’argent on suppose que ça travaille

la femme tranche à l’horizon sa leurde de secours les façades bâleissent le monde qui passe la gorge se racle et ça griche les téléphones sont en larmes

le poème et l’exil se vendent séparément assemblage requis

II

la grande aventure des sex shops et dix parcomates mes en vedette le recueil de pièces d’id-

symet nous définiss nous souhaitons nous voulons passer inséparés dans l’identique circulation de l’espace les pronoms personnels font figure de légendes les ascenseurs sont des trappes le gobe s’incarne dans le lexique de nos blascons et déclanche des bagarres pas possibles, passé minuit

III

la marque des jeans est dit plus long que la langue d’usage à chaque frontière, l’argent et les entonnoirs des visages les bloquages l’interrogatoire, les commandements il faut être pied-à-pied avec soi et dans le rituel du réécritement les allumettes se multiplient et se répondent par les couteaux les marques de couteaux

59
OSITION POLITIQUE DE LA SCIÉTÉ DE CONSERVATION DU RESÉNT, TEMPORAIREMENT

Par Jean-Luc Bonspiel


Rien ne me plaît plus que de mourir en ce moment. J'aime bien les gens qui l'ont fait. Un ver me ronge déjà le cœur. Y ajoutant au besoin les gens que l'on pense. Au lieu d'étouffer l'irréalité. Puisque ce ne sont que le meilleur de ce que nous. Une vérité accomplie à longue échéance. Dès que ça fait déjà longtemps que ça dure. Puisque je respire encore, je meurs la main devant la bouche en dirigeant mon souffle vers les marines. Sauf-on jamais, des obstacles peuvent survenir d'une seconde à l'autre. Pour l'instant, ça va.

Rien ne me force plus à me croiser responsable d'une quelconque situation. Y pense alors que je passe un long moment à contempler les êtres qui composent la scène de l'autre côté de la fenêtre. Y vais. Un instant d'immondice sur le pas de la porte. Je m'assieds de ce qu'autre que de sais nature un temps. Je risque un premier pas à l'air libre, quelques moments encore otage de l'immodic. Quelle cruelle iniquité envers un innocent que de le contraindre visible aux regards d'innocents alors que sous ces mêmes yeux on l'oblige des compromis. À chaque retour, ma crédibilité se détériore.

Beaucoup de personnes attaquent une situation quelconque, d'emballe, sans réfléchir. Y a peut-être même du bon dans cette façon d'attaque, considérer le fait que bien des gens n'attendent jamais, parce qu'elles réfléchissent trop longtemps, trop une fois deux fois et se découragent avant de faire un pas.

L'étendue de la terre me ramenant à chaque pas vers elle, me caressent sous pied, mur rave à la concentration que semble devoir nécessiter la solution à mon problème. À ce moment, je m'attends aussi que le permettent les circonstances. Je m'attache et je résume.

Ça commence et ça finit par la servitude. Je comprends que pour certain, il devient tôt ou tard nécessaire de croire à la cessation de désir d'extinction. Jusqu'à ce que leur impossibilité de s'y trouver dans le réel les rende peu enclins à supporter ne serait-ce que la moindre des contrariétés. Je voudrais croire que celles qui m'échangent encore reculent cet ultime et unique grain d'incertitude. Je m'attends à me dire si je savais seulement. Non. Je ne connaissais. Je peux néanmoins me permettre de le perdre de vue. Pouvez et présent, j'inclus le doute. J'opte pour une nouvelle méthode.

Je prends place dans le train. Automatiquement, comme pus se produis une discontinuité ou un prolongement inattendu, le trajet, depuis déjà suffisamment longtemps entamé, débute de tout côté des êtres à peine différents de ceux qui y occupent remplissage. Quelle n'est pas ma surprise de me trouver prés de ceux qui ont choisi d'en faire autre. Aussi discrètement que possible, je dénomme les objets en cause dans cette situation donnée. L'articulation limitée des vraisemblances empêche, de tous les prétextes envisageables aucun ne cadre.

Un doucereux mensonge m'éclaire les yeux, sous des pâpillons clos. J'achève à peine l'inventaire de tout ce qui demeure perdu. Je marche le long des trottoirs étroits qui bordent les rues larges. Les segments passent sous mes pieds sans que je me rende compte de l'effort. De temps à autre, je me demande si je porte un chapeau. Une fois sur trois, lorsque j'y pense, je tâte sec. Dans des situations semblables, je me dis toujours que je dois presque le pas pour ne pas arriver en retard à l'école de Samba. Mes jambes perdent alors leurs poids comme si je marchais dans l'eau jusqu'au tronc. Je m'excuse pour destination, que j'attends beaucoup trop tôt. Je tente sous quelques centaines des environs de la porte que j'insiste bûchée franchit, en me rappelant le nombre de l'année en cours, en composant des phrases qui l'incorporent. Je sors enflé aux extra inconstants.

Je saute à l'heure fixée. Un homme que je ne connaissais pas encore accélère et me conduis à la cuisines. Il me prit d'attente et me quitte. Je m'asieds à une table roche et basse d'où j'aperçois une horloge qui m'informer du fait que ma montre a de temps à autre, me permettre de le perdre de vue. Fuyant et présent, il m'explique du moment où je m'arrête pour changer. Je m'excuse après un besoin de l'isoler, l'apparait comme tout autre de l'autre qui m'infinité.

Je vois déjà le déroulement. Il entrent dans la pièce, me mettent à l'aide et nous échangent des bêtises pendant une vingtaine de minutes. Ensuite, frissonnant, je me rends à l'aide d'un temps mort, je me demande si je le ferai régulièrement ces mots. J'aimerais certainement le faire, mais je le crois responsable d'une quelconque situation. J'y pense à nouveau, je m'esclaffe.

It may be a question of time before
or the shadow of nothing will behave as such

By Napoléon Moffat

In the distances between everything rests a substance that cannot be challenged by any of my friends. This substance is commonly named after a participatory principle which I have named it. The noise of putting things together is here affected by the knowledge of estrangement. Everything moves from, and I know we will never be able to move towards. It is this knowledge that brings about the experience of eternity. Each moment is suddenly affected by the common named mass, each moment eternally placed at the centre of a collapsing figure. This clear reminder which haunts all mornings, unmistakably causes a great disturbance in the serial process. I learned to live with it.

When I wanted nothing but pure air in the closed horizon, I got troubled in my verticity. As determined men we never know what's up in the privileged area of understanability. For it is the purpose of the next-door trauma to teach us the lessons of liability. In this sense, trust is mainly detached influence that current by imposing restraints on the happy darkness; by directing a light towards the loosely.

It's a waste of time to understand the popular obsession that originated in the contempt for the stain on the picture. But whatever originates by the presence of person in total blackness cannot be dismissed in the contempt "à la demande générale." Obviously, nothing can come out of the deserted planet at the heart of any arrow. Thus, authoritative language is at stake. It may be a question of time before each and every object empties the feeling.
ESCARMOUCHE DE FÉERIE MONDIALE par Michel Lefebvre

A la couronne aux troupeaux de chasse
de l'expérience ou des dollars
Bienvenu
Quel tailleur brillant
Oh moment de sacré que chante en chœur
la foule des épidérides
Des pieds et des paupes entières de papier clivé
Il s'impressionnait surtout imprégnant
le corps du spectacle
quand il voyait voir le cirque

Nourrirons les affamés
les clameurs et la nostalgie
Plis la lumière et le désespoir
Toujours le champion le plus gros
pour le toureen et le brocata

Versonnons couvrir le divin
parler sur l'épée à la vitesse des lapins
Tour d'une oreille et unique mélodie
Epoux des horizons de tous
autant qu'aux espagnes des fusées
Chillennier rêvait qu'un beau spectacle
pour nous qui console loin de ce fauves cap du Carnaval
Les noms de tuts et d'amidon

J'entends ta chanson aidé de Carbonneau
Il monte sur de grands chevaux
Pourchassant la souris dans la vidéo
S'attaque au miroir nêdé de mon arquebuse bleu
Don Quichotte de la Pouchka
Il importe quelques fois de se rapprocher
des déesse forgées de l'intelligence
sises au bar des forces et attrapes
Prix de panique devant le tableau noir de la maîtrise

Sur des paquets remplis de Jonathan
Des apetites aux bras tatoués de fer et d'argent sterling marqué 3 ou 4 cartes
Une caravane pleine à ras bord d'arches de pouder et
de souci radio-effilé
Comme des cavaliers de l'apocalypse armés jusqu'aux orteils
Sur un continent perdu de ses anciêtres
La foule retranchée sous les palmeraies de pérade bizarroïne
les petits parachutes comme des petits soldats
laissent des nuages comme de la poussière qu'un balayage
Dans les flots noirs de la nuit soutient les rapazes
pour que les avions prennent des photos
de la musique de la musique
Une maquerele de faire ludeque
pour le gouvernement mondial
Des sacquettes aux mollusques réduite à la guérule
Des trou noir rejetée de la palais
à cause de leur couleur
Des effets solides pour la chasse
Tour à tour ébloui et rencontré sur ces rives d'est et d'ouest
peuplées de villas célestes comme un soleil
dont les feuilages pleurent
à ras le dos de cheval de grand vent
Le monde entier s'esclaffe devant tant de poussière
Sur le pas des savanes au son des réacités
la prière mélanée de Foveux et d'Alabama
le serpent des cœurs crache le feu vital des crotales
afin d'y venger l'éternel cousin

Sœurs soléil
S'il ton tricot salme
Boris batit
comme avec un collier
Dans un parap assisé
de forts et de nuances
Il faut boire la fer exactement
quand il est chaud
Rom violence
S'il je lui raconte tout il m'énerve
S'il je lui dit tout il n'aidera
Il existe à n'en pas douter
beaucoup de réductions
Pour nous c'est évident
Qu'on ne fouille si je sens
Qu'on me poursuive si je foule
Je resterai bien caché
pour informer les initiés
Je serai toujours où vous trouver
Afin de vous dévoiler tout ça

Ici on s'entortue pour justifier
avec des commentaires
proches de la plaisance
le Caché pas en place...J'était là le premier
Sur des monticules de talus encolé
Le feu pleure en aval pour la poésie de masse
Les reflets couverts de têtes
bercent la lumière qui nous éblouis en pleine face
Toutes les minutes font pleuvoir de secondes d'éternité,
pour l'éoliel eblouis
Les parcelles de Nol il illuminent le ciel de cadeaux
qui ne sont pas du beurre
Des houles de feu éclatent comme des vritine
au temps insouciant
Sur la pluie insensibilisée par l'abondance
et la rime des caprices
ce regard est encore pénétrant et si familiqne
que sa pluie nous clame au rang des esprits

le club de chasse des pionniers a désiré ce consensus
pour que ces inanctations proclament la ville du ciel
le revêtement consiste à décliner INACAS
Et oui le monde enferque
On le chêneville ou le maracas
de nouvelles vacances et de trempe
C'est la révolution dite au néon
dans la vitrine du célèbre unique
La parade passe pour les recordiers curieux
de l'inquisition mystique
L'âme a témoin de la guerre

Ce théâtre fait souffrir les citadins
T'en a tellelement de paix
Des éléphants sont tirées pour que les bouillers boucuent
Côté pour côté jérin
Les statistiques de chartes
Le spleen national
On bord par lequel on rentre
l'autre par lequel on sort

Les deponentes tenant le dernier sout
pour que ce site enchanteur et interdit
enlèverait la nuit du monde
fasse rêver son espoir par le salut des artistinféles pour la fin du bal Cendrillon
le parapluie de la lumière apocalyptique
Le feu ce s'approche il te brûle
Il t'achève une apothéose de lumière divine
Pour que les petits enfants ramassent les boulettes
Sous le cæstos du pont Jacques Cartier
Mon Jean-Baptiste
Ton maillot chance de place
En autant qu'arrastrons les clartés
et que ne soit l'élixir des braies
le lait boulonné
L'inclure Naimon sonne l'heure du soleil
le boc boudée
Les éclairs font la lumière éclatante
la guerre des étoiles
lors d'une balade de masses au Pied du Courant
près de montern ment de patriotism
L'ancien entrelazé de la SAQ
Encore les métaphores
Tout de suite après 45 minutes de feux d'artifices
M'éfroire apprend à souffrir
On autant qu'accroître la foule au baptême
Tu te capable de redonner le monde en face
perché sur notre Notre-Dame
Oublie pas ta loi pour la protection
Ta pierre pourrait s'ecaier
Profit de la foule avec tout quand tu marches
s'est plus facile pour les dons
Soulève-toi Jean-Baptiste
que le cheveau grisé parra dans le vent
Quand il tombe de la lave
Quand il dort on le coupe
Il te frotte le crâne il sera chauve
lorsque la clouure aura causé l'ouest
on le rasou
pour qu'accueille bâtar un nouveau chef
lein de ta méfie et ta samboletta
Au palais de tes nombreux désormais planent les vautours
Lorsque tu iras sans qu'on te seconde faire ta toilette
Tu verras dans cette boule de cristal
qu'il n'y a point à qui parler
qui ne soit frustré de plein droit
par qui se doit

Michel Lefebvre 1986

63
Coup De Grasp

After strapping her(e) with reality

Imagin... it is not a good way to get buy but it is a way to keep a thing going BUT JUST TRY AND STOP

To originate is carefully patient and understandably to combine

P.O.E. What a way to begin a romance

Change combination!

expect her... She doth teeter and fly for him all

IT MAKES YOU ANALYTIC as it LEAVES YOU nervous dry mouthed decisive but undecided hearing voices in

Dis guise of selfknowledge seeing illusions of romantic vision and the pretention of origin and unquestioned first-causes.

She loves Jim for what he was FOUND AS one MANslaughter

An aspect of this landscape concern is to do with the removal of personality from the picture, but some find this humorless.

64 Everything becomes land escape individuals are always already
TIME AND TIDE

A concrete lading was erected on the rim of Lake Michigan in order to protect the outgoing tides and return to violent tidal waves. The lading is ten feet tall, fifteen feet wide, and contains 450 tons of steel and 3,500 tons of concrete.

Frank is a young sailor. He sorts through his mail:

TIME AND TIDE

Frank: These headaches keep coming up. It's mostly coming at the most inopportune time...I've been trying to explain mundane things. It was a true patriot...Fred brought construction tools to the lake, the crash...Frank thought to himself: "What a news...or "Oh brother what a dumb bitch" or he thought about sex...

There is a conspicuous reason for Maria: "A true patriot, he made me..." and down her head like a lizard wrapping itself around a sword...

No one understands Fred. "Why does he do the things he does?"

Frank is sitting on the lading. We do not know the history of his leave sitting out on the lading, the lake.

Fred is lying in bed, imagining his funeral: "A true patriot...he paid for it with his life..."

Fred is fully present.
Human beings are essentially alone among species measuring things they'd rather bear themselves in their freedom to engage in sex all the time to people they'd rather live without—irrespective of reproductive considerations or seasonal changes bring a gal home and wake up the next day with mouth-full-of-thoughts, "hi..."

- to clear a woman at sexual climax is a matter of vigil.
- "Because the woman can never give you..."
- (in-vol-ue) her with (weh-oo)-ya (zah-sense) thoughts of ex-lovers echo off a distant wall of experience they're all long ago, far away now... Men have a way of taking things..."
- "... taking things seriously rather than drastically, and I'm still a part of their attachment is essentially an addictive phenomenon."
- "Because the woman can never give you..." pictures of them & put them above my bed as each one is confronted & eventually compared like the trophy room of an arrogant satisfier—(in-vol-ue) me with (i)-pif-e-néz, (sav-ij) tok"
- "Because the woman can never give you what you want..."
- compromise my interest in personality & intellect for her sweat, whinny & grunt of a good fuck
- "Men is always more muddled than a woman.
- I sat one of his girlfriends and I joked with him about sharing her. It was great because she was not a moron."
- "... he walked her home—as if to acknowledge my achievement without having me reap the benefits of my filialism: nothing was said."
- "There was no conflict between us.

(The biochemical switchboard of the hypophyseal system clearly is critical to human bonding.)

- "You will always be trying to dominate yourself..."
- "with mouth-full-of-thoughts..."
- "hi..."
- I could read to her and she could sing to me, I could belch and eat scrambled eggs at 3 a.m. with her..."
- "... women are delightful, splendid, marvellous fortune of the house and above all, worthy of adoration.
- Still, I could use an evening of moral decay
- "Because the woman can never give you what you want..."
- "glancing at her, her glancing at you, both guilty, both slyly happy..."
- Delight of sight
- Attatchment of heart
- Constant contemplation of the beloved—thoughts of ex-lovers echo off a distant wall of experience—

Source material for "No Less Than Ever":

From Hooked on Love by Ruth Winter and Kathleen McAliff:

- "Human beings are essentially alone among species in their freedom to engage in sex all the time, irrespective of reproductive considerations or seasonal changes."
- "The biochemical switchboard of the hypophyseal system clearly is critical to human bonding."
- "Our brains have developed more complex thoughts and feelings associated with the act of sex."

From Indian Sociology by Kham Chant:
- "... to clear a woman at sexual climax is a matter of vigil."
- "(the stages of love in ascending order): Delight of sight, Attachment of heart, Constant contemplation of the beloved..."
- "... women are delightful, splendid, marvellous fortune of the house and above all, worthy of adoration.

From The World of Sex by Henry Miller:
- "Men is always more muddled than a woman..."
- "Men have a way of taking things seriously rather than drastically..."

From Sex by Henry Miller:
- "Because the woman can never give you what you want, you make yourself out to be a moron..."
- "(... to dominate someone else doesn't interest you), you will always be trying to dominate yourself..."

Also
- "Nothing VI: Jan. 16, 1984-7" by R. J. Ferrelli
- "The Third Mind" by William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin

...
A LOT OF THINGS ADDED UP
by Joanna Gunderson

His wife, he seems to want her to take everything. His psychiatrist told him in the beginning: get a lawyer, get a lawyer.

"I could get a lawyer but should I make that sort of investment? Perhaps I should be buying things for myself. Perhaps I should get myself a skirt."

I wonder why she asked us to the publication party. I want to write from no particular place at no particular time. Did you see those films?

"A friend of mine writes Sufi poetry. His family's worried about him. His father owns Hemps. The people he knows—this girl. I asked my mother for money but she's like an ostrich."

I wouldn't have been able to have kids.

"I finally went to see my uncle for money for therapy. I said to him: Look this is the time in my life when I need money for clothes, for travel. He gave me a shoe store."

"It's emailed, it's mortgaged. I'm reading a book on the Sufis. There is a chapter: "Elephants in the Dark." They believe in arriving at conclusions through other ways than thinking."

"A friend of mine writes Sufi poetry. His family's worried about him. His father owns Hemps. The people he knows—this girl. I think he attracted these people to him. She was just smoking. She took his money for heroin. He was on for a while."

"She finally killed herself. I think she shies away from attachments to some extent."

"Yes, I went to the showing. It wasn't much good. Still I was glad I went. I met someone I hadn't seen in a long time. He said to me about VAT."

"The film was well just embarrassing. It was an erect penis. It could have been interesting in some context but just it is itself... If I could sell the store."

"There's no one else. Bert stopped seeing everyone when he got the divorce. He left her with the whole collection. He left her in possession."

"He already has a bank loan, to pay the alimony."

"His kids say: Come when she's out, we'll let you in."

"I know a girl, she took bacon, English muffins, butter, milk and coffee, all fresh, and she made the most terrible breakfast. I thought to myself: I love this girl but this girl hates life."

"Argent and pearls. Argent and pearls are sram between us."

"I must have had five hundred dollars worth of lingeir in my hands and no one came in or said anything."

"I feel that things are hard for me now."

"When a man's heart is broken."

"Growing up next to the Brooklyn Museum, the Brooklyn Public Library, but it's all changed now."

"The melancholy desk/The smell of ceder/The afternoon window. A feeling of desolation. Everything was over then."

"The windows are covered/The mirrors covered. I never thought of it but you're right."

"Those are symbols of death."

"He was doomed really, my father. I'll have a drink but it must be a very short one."

"Stained his heart as a child. He died when he was only forty, after supper, just a few days after we'd moved."

"I was just beginning to feel that I didn't necessarily like my parents."

"His mother coddled him, wouldn't let him play in the street. It's a miracle he got so far, had a family of his own."

"I lived in the same town, my mother wouldn't let us see them much."

"He may be the only one--"

"The law's very neurotic. A lot depends on how he is feeling."

"They called in a specialist but Bert's lawyer didn't like him. He put his glass down on a brief. It left a ring. So they decided not to use him. He may be the only one--"

"A fortune. It's strange at this critical time, members of Bert's family are starting to turn to him, his brother has been in an institution for years, he turned up in his apartment."

"He asked me about the whirling dervishes in the Bible. He talked with Bert for hours. Bert had to call the institution to come and take him back. He used words like apocalypse."

"When he was nine he was in a car accident. Before that he was a little withdrawn, afterwards he was paranoid. They had to commit him."

"I think it's good that Bert's family are turning to him. I don't know what will happen about the bronze."

"We may split up at any moment. I couldn't live with myself if my doing something could make a difference. After all I am involved with this guy."

The lawyer's very neurotic. A lot depends on how he is feeling. They called in a specialist but Bert's lawyer didn't like him. He put his glass down on a brief. It left a ring. So they decided not to use him. He may be the only one--A fortune.

It's strange at this critical time, members of Bert's family are starting to turn to him, his brother has been in an institution for years, he turned up in his apartment. He asked me about the whirling dervishes in the Bible. He talked with Bert for hours. Bert had to call the institution to come and take him back. He used words like apocalypse.

When he was nine he was in a car accident. Before that he was a little withdrawn, afterwards he was paranoid. They had to commit him.

I think it's good that Bert's family are turning to him. I don't know what will happen about the bronze.

We may split up at any moment.

I couldn't live with myself if my doing something could make a difference. After all I am involved with this guy.

[THE RUBBER BAND]

by Susan Parker

Mommy, mommy why am I running around in circles where the peasy willows move and the dogwoods back bow wow wow and the crick jugs but does not even dry--eeks the purr-di-es little runnings in all o' Dogpatch raining out the undies in the underground sink thinking "obsession makes the heart grow fonder as my baring bosom without topless" walk away from me into that dark, elastic sea.

The sea, you see, but the shoes keep walking away from me.

Enter me doggie style—that is, you all up and bag and I'll roll over and play dead meantime shut up kid or I'll saddle your other foot to the floor where your old man jerked off in a pottery pot and raised a blooming idiot.
IT'S JUST A STORY
by George Chambers

the enchiladas failed at
the raw flour tortillas
sank, sank too, I said to her
so do not throw them out
they were out the open
& scooped out the beans
& final meal
wish you were here!

IT'S by George Chambers
sank. sank & wish you were here!

I have been in the woods with the dogs walking along in the January thaw, in the path as the dogs track what I cannot sense: beaver, muskox, moose, fox, they circle and circle, nose to the text a grey, wet day, overcast a car without a muffler spinning along the Creek road

& my father is born in Salem, Massachusetts
in June of '92 and want forth
& made his fortune and retired

to Falmouth, Massachusetts
where he now resides
by the sea, by the sea

Our Father, who art on earth
demanding the doctors tell him

the fastest way out of here

& records that news
in his journal, the hand steady, and graceful

underlining
text

massive stroke

Daddy! Daddy!
What do you have behind your back?

resist
resistant
stir, stir

stir, the rules are
now, human

foot

a choice
faith it will
colours if I am faith-
ful, faith-
ful

"I'd like to say hi
to everybody at home
who cares for me." Tyrone Biggs

a flicker glides in
lights upon the waving branch
of the hackberry, still still
checking it out, then grooming his
dendriform winter smoking jacket
a field swarthy sages upon a moony
twig, does not admire said flicker,
said deeper in his red cap, his upping head
makes him in repelled makeup

as more troops arrive from the workday

assimilation befalls the doorbells

assimilation befalls the doorbells

as if the ceremonial dance they deemed

on their shiny ski-mobiles

one inch mixed snowfall over night

other inch same predicted today

as a cold front approaches from the NW

7:24am, +34F, low overcast, wind SE 6

insert: JOHN D. McKEE Jr. I don't know

how the rumor got out about some of us

hoyages supposed to be suffering from some

mental condition. But I feel from

the people I've talked to since my stay

here at West point that we're all all

right. And as soon as they let us

home so—especially the marines—

we can get back to chasing women, it's

going to be perfect. We are all all right,

physically and mentally.

NYT, 1/26/81

73
TALES OF COB THE PIRATE
or IF WORDS MUST BE SIGNS

by Mark Polizotti

COB TRAVELS THROUGH SANITY

Erased mind erasing colour. White dog eating bone in snowstorm: this is Cob. In this city of light he senses a growing awakening. In the sensation of loss, he pursue her our sublime reason, and by virtue of this we are all petty men, groping to find our hole in a smooth wall without pretension. Along the hotel the slightest information of afternoon riots, but all is in siesta now and only the magpies and church gargoyles are moss-eaten grotto. The obvious symbolism of this escapes him, and he finds himself wrinkled and yellowish—the most significant achievement one can boast to date. Cobfields are so many fruit and vegetable stands under the arcades of the Boulevard. Once more in the city, but all is so dark that he cannot see the sidewalk at his feet.

In vain does he escape to the country, the green hills only recall cars of light, the falcon is so many fruit and vegetables under the arcades of the Boulevard. Smallish around the backalleys of this dream he looks for the motor mechanism of his phantasma, but even the images themselves have not been presented to him. The suggestion is what matters, leaving traces of doubt on which to build faulty foundations.

Cob crosses over to the difficult side, ripping faces as he goes, burying them under the rubble. But he was so tired of all that—you can twist the same knife into the same throat only so many times before it loses its fury. Then comes the problem of having to use your imagination—better to leave the thumbtacks, rusty syringe—and hop the next available tin can. The drowned woman says, "Is your throat really clogged with enough brine? Back into the hole of its hands behind its back and occasionally moves it up and down the front of her body. The shadow's face is convulsed with a pleasureous pain that wrenches all control from the facial muscles. Its mouth twitches and drools blood and moths from one end of the room to the other. The woman looks up and noticed Cob outside the window."

"You never get this sixth sense alone. The blue hermit-crab says, "Have your feet tunnelled enough beneath the burning crust? Back into the sand, you must become the sluggy bed!"

"The drowned woman says, "You will be reborn."

Cob hears this advice as he stumbled over getty and wharf. A hole is a hole. But he lacks a zoological vision.

COB FIGHTS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS

Once more Cob finds himself condemned to the endless parade that is sleep. Rolling over and over in what seems an enormous and he finally drowns up against a snippet should square up to the ground. In the city is lying on dry grass which begins to stick him as he tries to decipher the sign. The letters are garbled and the message is almost on the point of being read when a whole sentence and it returns to obscurity. This process is repeated several times. Finally, a peeper (one of the old school) comes down the road and asks Cob his opinion of the sign. He is forced to agree with it. The peeper appears pleased with this and continues on his way, but he has only gone a few steps when the sea rises and he is slung into the hot lava and rocks him in. Nausca punches Cob he realizes he still hasn't finished his cigarette and so lights another.

Loneliness begins to invade him like a withered leaf ripping a calm pool. He approaches a café window and peers inside, in hopes of adding to the general discussion and therefore to smooth over his self-worth. But all he seens is the shadow of a man grouping along the floor as if mortally wounded, while a woman comes out of the back room and begins to ride the shadow, alternately stroking its face and strangling it. She holds one of its hands behind its back and occasionally moves it up and down the front of her body. The shadow's face is convulsed with a pleasureous pain that wrenches all control from the facial muscles. Its mouth twitches and drools blood and moths from one end of the room to the other. The woman looks up and noticed Cob outside the window. She laughingly makes an obscene gesture, and Cob decides to go in.

Once inside, he notices that everything is made of cardboard propped up with the slightest wooden frame. In the far corner of the room he sees a group of rigged immi-


TH HUNGRY MENTAL PACA FACTOR

by Philip Quinn

TH HUNGRY MENTAL PACA FACTOR

by Philip Quinn

Now, the pine may be gone in
as we saw yesterday his
first fire liga long (declop—sixth legions lames—eyeshield prop)
 ancora deu (strep (pepper bender cons)
thrida en tob tres (eye pt obio)

Now, do set the sixth and three removed
you empire fire
wacca son sovereign
shy tli minisc
trim pulla et bac
head feet

METAPHYSICAL TELEPATHIC ACTIVITY

by Andrzej Dudek-Durer

Andrzej Dudek-Durer believes that he is the reincarnation of Albrecht Durer. He works out of Warsaw, Poland. His arts activities include painting, graphics, photography, fine arts,

ideo, action, environment, metaphysical-telepathic activity. Andrzej Dudek-Durer's works are in national and private collections in Poland, the U.S.A., Canada, Brazil, Spaja, Dalby, France, England, West Germany, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Portugal, Argentina, Australia, Denmark, Finland, Ireland, Korea, Switzerland, Turkey, Uruguay, Japan, Mexico and the Philippines. In this particular piece Durer is involved in a metaphysical-telepathic installation in West Berlin. At first, the artist waits while preparing for a metaphysical-telepathic communication. Later he attempts a metaphysical-telepathic communication through dreams.
Long silence

 aux emplacements indiqués dans la partition par la sigle [c]
certain moments du chant et des moments des solis-
les [ELLE et UI] les phonèmes précisés du laitmotif:

Durant ces passages, les solis-des et le chant récitant aus moments indiqués le laitmotif:

ELLE aide à tout en ato:

ELLE [soupir] [soupir] [soupir]
ELLE [soupir] [soupir] [soupir]
ELLE [soupir] [soupir] [soupir]

ELLE aide à tout en ato:

ELLE aide à tout en ato:

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Russell Banks' metaphysical research has led him to believe that the scientific facts in the universe not only shape behavior, but also define the way we think. He is the author of the novel "The Last Rites of大力神". Banks is an American author who has been awarded the National Book Award for Fiction.

THE COVER ILLUSTRATION BY Gary Shilling

The cover of this issue was specifically designed for offset lithography. The colours and plates were carefully manipulated during the printing process. As a result, the image on the cover of this and every copy of the magazine is not a reproduction of an existing work, but an original in every sense of the word. The notion of de-mystification of the art object as a precious reflection of reality has its basis in turn-of-the-century Constructivism. The images for this cover were found and assembled using a collage technique. Utilizing the means of production at the printing press results in a product that is removed from the artist’s hand but at the same time subject to the artist’s influence. A kind of remote gestation results, a gestation that reflects the machine more than the artist.

The colour effect was achieved by using a lithographic process. Whether scanned by a laser, separated by a process camera, or mechanically separated, the ultimate effect is one of full colour. This effect is produced by using the primary colours, yellow, magenta, and cyan. If viewed under a magnifying glass, a rosette pattern similar to Seurat's pointillist technique is seen and it is this feature which essentially tricks the eye into seeing full colour.

The image on the cover is produced from three originals, each in one of the primary colours. A metamorphosis continues throughout the printing process, from image on paper, to image on acrylic, to image on metal printing plate, until the actual printing of ink on cover stock takes place. The technique used on this cover resembles early methods of colour separation. The hard edges of colour undergo changes during the printing. They are created by cutting a "mask" which blocks the colour from one colour-plate, while allowing it to appear in another. After all colour plates have been printed in consecutive order, the overall effect is one of remote realism—a kind of automatic action.

The actual image chosen for this cover features two men locked in a desperate embrace. This is in countertype to the images of both women and machines breaking free. The resulting dialectic suggests a dynamic interaction between stasis and kinesis as well as death and life. From a Biblical point of view, as well as a modern-day point of view, the elements of women and machines represent creations from man. These creations are then followed by, and in juxtaposition with, an uncontrollable self-destruction.