10th Anniversary Issue: Part 1

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FOR SHAUNT, IN MEMORIAM

Shaunt Basmajian was a musician and poet. His writing has been published extensively, and is recognized internationally. Shaunt produced numerous articles, chapbooks and books, all of which challenged the limitations of the printed medium. He co-founded the Canadian Poetry Association and wrote regularly for Cross-Canada Writers’ Magazine. He was outspoken about the holocaust that the Armenian people suffered. He frequently expressed the wish that one day Armenia would be liberated. In 1986, while driving cab, Shaunt was the victim of a knife attack. He was robbed of $80. Shaunt also suffered from a rare heart condition. He died in January of 1990 at the age of 39. Shaunt sent us the following article in late 1989. It is an auto-biographical text dealing with the knife attack in the cab. Shaunt was much respected in the writing community, and he will be deeply missed by his friends and colleagues. Donations may be made to the Armenian Earthquake Relief Fund or to the Save Armenia Fund which will help the Armenian people during the civil war that is currently being fought in Armenia.

THE STABBING (AS THE PUZZLE)
A True Story
By Shaunt Basmajian

The sight of the blood gushing out had an effect on everyone else. As the victim I was too busy digesting other things. But why did they do it after I gave them my wallet? Even I couldn’t believe that. I was sure that they’d chase me until I was caught. It’s times like these that even Ronald Reagan makes sense. As the cliche goes “people don’t know what it’s like until it happens to them.” Right. The other cabbies told me they’d never pick “their” kind up. But I’ve never had that problem before. It’s not sociological. It’s more complicated than that. The situation will always remain complex and unexplained. But if I had a semi-automatic I would have loved to blow their heads off. Mathematically speaking the odds of this happening is approximately 20,000 to 1. What was on tv and the newspapers was exaggerated. Like they tell you, “it is just propaganda”. People with power just making noise. I’ll never know the full extent of the story, anyway. But if I did it to them I’d be stereotyped as a racist. But it is more complicated than that. It’s times like those that I wish I could just roll over in bed and forget everything. Where I was and why I’m here and why I was born. The mystery behind the universe. The Armenian Holocaust. Harold Ballard. Just forget everything. And everything.

Anyway, I was still thinking about them when the beautiful blonde nurse walked in. She was in her mid-twenties with that wide pair of blue eyes you rarely see on the cover of a magazine or anywhere else, for that matter. “How are you today?” she asked. “I’m fine!” I replied. “I’m here to give you a wash and bath.” I thought that might help get the situation off my mind. But I still couldn’t help but I’ll never forget it. After all it was premeditated. Another 1/2-inch and I would have been history. But why did the bastard try to cut my fingers off? And why did he jab the knife part way through my lungs? After all they had my money. I was more than happy to give it to them. What more did they want? “Hope I’m not hurting you?” “No, I’m fine!” “I was just thinking about something!” “You shouldn’t worry about anything but I know how you must feel.” Right.

My mind started to drift away again. It was nice to be touched by someone gentle. I started to think about the time I was at my buddy Al’s place watching the hockey game. Even I was surprised when the blood came out gushing out from my mouth. The doctors said this wasn’t connected either. I suppose when the Nazis invaded Poland that wasn’t connected either. Ashbee, I remember telling the driver that the sound of an ambulance doesn’t sound as loud when you’ve been in it a second time. Like anything else, I guess. But in this operation it seemed like they all were wearing masks or sunglasses. And it was all so informal and high tech. And the nerve of the bloody nurse saying to the driver that they wouldn’t have done all this if it happened in his country! What a bitch! Who’s country is it anyway? And so what if you only make $16.50/hour. That’s not bad for yapping your mouth off to your patient. “Hope you feel clean?” “Thank you, that was nice!” “Well I have to go and see about the others!” “Right!” “But try to relax.” “Uh-huh.” But my mind just started to drift back to the cab ride again. The 7-11. The click of the knife. The scream of the young passenger. The two runaways. The war machine. The non organic life. The nebulous chips.

Buy a computer

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EDITORIAL

TEN, a full number, a cycle completed, a re-birth. Something both tenable and ephemeral happens when you publish a magazine this long. You begin by riding off in a cloud of dust tilting at the windmills. But by the time you arrive at the target point you find it has moved, the earth has shifted on its axis and only the hoofprints behind you give any indication of where you’ve been and where you might be heading. Or so it seems. Over the years Rampike has sought to present art and writing that is somehow innovative in both structure and subject matter. To a large extent, we feel that we have done exactly that. Humbly, we have tried to learn from our errors and our successes. And slowly, slowly, we have begun to understand what it means to publish a magazine of this sort. Since its inception, Rampike has expanded its horizons tremendously. Rampike began as a Toronto based journal and rapidly spread to include art and writing from across North America, South America, Europe, the Iron Curtain, India, Australia and Japan. Our distribution followed a similar route. We’ve been lucky enough to publish some very exceptional people. Theoreticians like Jacques Derrida, Marshall McLuhan, Northrop Frye, artists such as Joseph Beuys, Dennis Oppenheim and Laurie Anderson, writers including William Burroughs, Nicole Brossard, Josef Skvorecky, and political figures such as Rene Levesque and John Kenneth Galbraith. It is somehow ungracious to name only a few names in an editorial because so many writers and artists and thinkers have contributed so much to this magazine. It is difficult to express enough thanks to our many excellent contributors from Toronto, from Quebec, from Canada and the world. Thanks especially to those who have supported Rampike from the beginning. Thanks to the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council without whom we could not have lasted ten years. Thanks to our typesetters and the Coach House Press for their patient preparation and printing. And finally, thanks to you, our readers, for taking the time to consider our particular, and we hope, unique, point of view. If we have amused you and perhaps amazed you from time to time over our first ten years, then, we have done what we have set out to do. Thank you all!

EDITORIAL

Linda Hutcheon is a prolific theorist of postmodern aesthetics. She has served as president of the Toronto Semiotic Circle and has been an executive committee member of the Modern Language Association, and The International Comparative Literature Association. From 1988-89 she was the Roberts Professor of Canadian Studies at York University. Her critical texts which include Narcissistic Narrative: The Metashiftal Paradox (Wilfred Laurier Press, 1980), Formalism and the Freudian Aesthetic: The Example of Charles Mauron (Cambridge University Press, 1984), A Theory of Parody: The Teachings of Twentieth Century Art Forms (McHuen, 1985), A Poetics of Postmodernism: History, Theory, and Fiction (Routledge, 1988) have received world-wide recognition. She has recently been conducting intensive studies in Canadian culture and irony. Her upcoming book, The Politics of Postmodernism will be available from Routledge Press. Prof. Hutcheon spoke with Ramphele’s Karl Eilers during the summer of 1989.

KJ: A number of critics such as Paul Ricoeur, Fredric Jameson, Julia Kristeva, and yourself, have to some degree dealt with the difference between “humanistic” and “semiotic” systems or subjective and objective approaches. Where would you say you stand in relation to other critics with reference to what we might call a “post-modern” context?

LH: Actually my interest in postmodernism as a cultural phenomenon (including critical theory) is in the fact that it appears to straddle the fence: it both exploits and seeks to repudiate the dichotomies of `art vs. life’. It is interested in defamiliarizing, distancing the reader from the cultural domination in which it finds itself, in its culturalizing of contested meaning universals, for instance, while at the same time milking those “universals” for all their traditional power and value. Isn’t there a centre to even the most decentered of postmodern critical stances? What is power to Foucault? Writing to David’s the Phallus to Lacan? These are willful paradoxes, deliberate dilemmas.

KJ: In Narcissistic Narrative you discuss the issue of self-reflexivity in metafictional writing. In your preface to the paperback edition, you say that metafiction’s “vital link between art and life” is the level on which identity is created. You go on to say that you are only concerned with metafiction in its consideration of contesting of meaning universals, for instance, while at the same time milking those “universals” for all their traditional power and value.

LH: Self-reflexivity is not the kind of generalisation that book wanted to provoke, but — the preface you mentioned was written primarily in response to my unease at repriming in literature. It was written in 1971 and moved from being a reader-response-taunted formalist to a critical position that acknowledged the role of political and ideological form in the formal structure and effect of a text. This is obviously where discourse enters. I suspect the three books on postmodernism (A Poetics of Postmodernism: History, Theory, Fiction (1988); The Canadian Postmodern (1988) and The Politics of Postmodernism (1989)), all reflect this change. Postmodern art and theory themselves, of course, won’t ever let us forget (or ignore) social practices, the historical conditions of meaning, and the positions from which those texts are written are both produced and received. Sometime in the book I have managed to suppress both the act and the responsibility of meaning-making as a process, just as it had separated discourse from the notion of the exercise of power. Postmodernism works to remove all the complexity of power and discourse by re-emphasizing the process, the act of saying as an inherently political act.

KJ: In your working paper “The Politics of Representation in Canadian Art and Literature”, written during your stay as Roberts Professor of Canadian Studies at York University (1988-1989), you also speak of mimics and politics and their relationship to the self-reflexive and parodic art of the postmodern. You point out the relative importance of parody to the representation of history, and the history of representation. If history itself is representation, a type of “other” to society, then a parodic historical modes of representation are not a mirror of a mirror. As we know with a mirror image, things are reversed, left is right and right is so on. Does the second mirror of parody show us that which is right and right that is left is left? Would answering this question necessarily lead to an infinite regression?

LH: Nicely put! But your mirror image — and the subsequent infinite regression image — both depend, do they not, upon a concept of mimics that is essentially a realist one: Standard idea of the novel as the mirror walking down the road? What parody and other postmodern historical strategies do is to foreground the important Saussurian insight that language constructs rather than reflects reality. It is the constructed, rather than the reflected or mirrored, nature of both history and art as re-presentation that postmodern fiction, for example highlights.

KJ: Yes, that makes sense. When I was referring to the differences between left and right in mirror images, I was also only alluding to public matters. Now, if we accept the Saussurian idea of contrast we can say that there is a difference between the human construction of social-political conditions. Yet on the other hand, they are often — and this is the way parody often enters — extremely self-reflexive. They are at one and the same time saying to their readers: “I am fictional” and “I am art”. Modernist aesthetics didn’t feel the least bit comfortable with that juxtaposition. The ironies of self-sufficiency and self-reflexive self-consciousness about artifice to point to the other way in which these texts are political: that is, that they are unavoidably very much a part of the situation they adscribe to criticize. So you are dead right when you say that there is still a “schism” or paradox, I’m just not sure it is the objective/subjective one, except indirectly. It’s more complicity/critique.

KJ: You have been conducting a research seminar on irony at the Roberts Centre for Canadian Studies at York University recently. Are you planning a book on irony?

LH: Actually, probably two books. One will be a preliminary study, a way of thinking through the ironies that I consider to be the centre of my current research. 

KJ: In Formalism and the Freudian Aesthetic you explain that literary studies have split into two opposite directions, between a “humanistic discipline” or more traditional modes of interpretation that seek meaning in a text, and the “pursuit of signs” or what we generally refer to as semiotics.

LH: Actually the better terminology might be that suggested by Roger Seamon recently when he wrote about “hermeneutic” and “scientific” impulses in critical theory today.

KJ: What is the distinction?

LH: I suppose the most emphatic way of defining either would be to use the reductive rhetoric of its opponent. (Given that literary studies constitutes an institutionally based enterprise, the increase in professionalism recently has often led to these frequently debilitating turf wars.) The hermeneutic impulse would be seen by its opposite as an elitist, impressionistic exercise of the critic’s innate appreciation of ineffable beauty or exquisitely fine moral vision. The scientific would be seen as the sterile, pseudo-objective description of form at the expense of all human content, meaning, or even interest. That’s the extreme formulation of each, of course.

KJ: Have your recent studies in irony and parody led you to review the peculiarities of this schism?

LH: I suspect that it was more my particular position in that schism that actually determined my interest in parody and irony. What happened is that, from being trained (in chronological order) as a Leavisite, a New Critic, a Structuralist and a Hermeneut, I suppose I had become what people today call a Feminist Poststructuralist with a strong interest in the branch of semiotics called pragmatics. Irony is a tempting trope to investigate when you are interested in what Peirce and Eco called “unlimited semiosis” and the role of language in the constitution of the subject.

KJ: You also mention in Formalism and the Freudian Aesthetic that in recent years it is Paul Ricoeur who has most probably questioned the epistemological and metaphysical issues involved with psychocriticism and literary analysis. You point out that Lacanian analysts appeared to be aware of the metaphysical nature of their work, but structuralists perhaps did not. Do you feel that at the heart of this matter lies the difference between act and science?

LH: Less art and science than, maybe, some difference between the “subjective” and the “objective.” I realize this is a distinction that Nietzsche said had no value whatsoever for aesthetics, but John Casey once convincingly argued that the dichotomy between them has, in fact, been the central dilemma of criticism in English since Wordsworth. We have spent almost two centuries trying to resolve or solve it and often those attempts have been in terms of art and science. Do you remember Eliot’s platinum catalyst image for how the imagination worked? In that particular book I was most interested in how that dichotomy gets translated — in modernist terms — into the clash between a formalist (clasical) impulse and an impressionistic (romantic) one.
identity. And in that light, all those self-positionings are, by definition, tentative or provisional — not because they’re weak but because they stand ideologically opposed to the majority (and assumption?) of dominant and dominating cultures.

Later on, I want to work on a study not so much of a theory of irony but more of the discursive politics of it, its various and conflicting motives and uses.

LH: There is one major one that I feel a real commitment to — both politically and pedagogically. I am co-editing an anthology of interviews and short fiction that focuses on off in the last decade. It wants to stop both those accusations of jargon and also the complacent rethink their notion of the canon of Can Lit in terms of the multi-ethnic and multi-racial social cultural entity needs contesting. Not that bilingual and bicultural duality isn’t complicated enough, of course! And that’s part of the problem.

Hutcheon), I know that I increasingly feel that the idea of Canada as simply an Anglo-French mastery (and presumption?) of dominant and dominating cultures.

LH: However bizarre this may sound: yes. Irony is a wonderful mode for addressing a question of ethnicity, race and multiculturalism in Canada. The idea is to challenge the dominant culture (for Canadians this could be American, British, French; for women, it is patriarchal) from within its structures of understanding while simultaneously signalling a position of difference and opposition. As such it becomes the rhetorical weapon of choice of many racially and ethnically marginalized voices: think of the tone of the writing of Dionne Brand, Marlene Nourbese Philip, Austin Clark, Pier Giorgio di Cicco, Andrew Suknaski, Hamimi Banerjee, Di Brandt, and so on. These all are becoming the new and important voices in Canadian Literature, and their often strange mix of self-deprecation and anger is not unrelated to their success.

KJ: Do you have any other areas of interest or projects in progress right now?

LH: There is one major one that I feel a real commitment to — both politically and pedagogically. I am co-editing an anthology of interviews and short fiction that focuses on off in the last decade. It wants to stop both those accusations of jargon and also the complacent rethink their notion of the canon of Can Lit in terms of the multi-ethnic and multi-racial social cultural entity needs contesting. Not that bilingual and bicultural duality isn’t complicated enough, of course! And that’s part of the problem.

KJ: Is there any connection between this and the irony projects?

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KJ: You’ve spoken about the long poem as a series of climaxes not unlike sexual climaxes, or rises and falls, a kind of roller coaster ride that never ends. And yes, here you have completed a long poem, is Completed Field Notes a kind of final literary ejaculation?

RK: Well, this would be the most outrageous thing I could do, to finish an unfinished poem.

KJ: OK, that makes sense. I was also interested in the “Country and Western” section of the book, and it made me happy to hear you read from it at your launch at Harbourfront. One of the subsections in that portion of the book is called “Excerpts from the Real World”. I was wondering if there was some kind of pun going on with “real” in terms of Lacan or something like that.

RK: Yeah, I’m playing with that notion of “real”, and even to excerpt a “real” world is already a kind of final literary ejaculation.

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RK: Yeah, I’m playing with that notion of “real”, and even to excerpt a “real” world is already a kind of final literary ejaculation.

KJ: You’ve spoken about the long poem as a series of climaxes not unlike sexual climaxes, or rises and falls, a kind of roller coaster ride that never ends. And yes, here you have completed a long poem, is Completed Field Notes a kind of final literary ejaculation?

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KJ: That seems to tie in with your use of the image of the mirror. The idea of wanting to buy mirrors that other people have used.

RK: Yeah, exactly. Again, that's sort of a comic structure. I think that it says exactly what this Lacanian thing is all about. And of course you have the notion of the mirror which Lacan is so obsessed with, but, I want that mirror to show me the Other.

KJ: I see. Then, I saw this thing in your writing with the shoes and the shirt. You talk about absences, and about things like shoes that dream of being filled, and empty shirts in the closet, waiting, maybe slipping off the hanger. To me those absences signal a kind of a fetish. You focus on the shoe instead of the thing that goes into the shoe. Just as you would focus on the absence of the object of desire or talk about the object of desire through absence.

RK: I like the word fetish there. I think it says a lot because it goes beyond notions of metonymy and so on. It really is something else that is happening there. It's desire again, really.

KJ: In a funny kind of way, I felt that you were using language much the same way you use images. That language represents a presence and an absence.

RK: I think so. One thing that has happened in the last 10 or 20 years or so, certainly in my mind, is the whole kind of doubt about the idea of image which, in a sense, collapses into language in a certain way. So, it does become what you said, it becomes a question of language. The notion of image is as much a convention as we now see in the notion of realism, images. That language represents a presence and an absence.

KJ: You seem to be exploring new territories. I was interested in your use of the "Ishtar" image. We looked up the reference and found that she is a type of bitch goddess, the goddess of courteous in ancient Babylon among other things. And you make direct comments and references to "Ishtar". Is she the unobtainable or maybe the audience?

RK: In a sense, she is an unobtainable object of desire that can be attained. A kind of paradox again. I'm also interested in her, as the Christian story went, as the "whore of Babylon". So you get a kind of metamorphosis. What I'm interested in also, is how minimal you can make stories. Just the word "Ishtar" gives us all the story. And another thing she suggests, is this kind of whore/virgin dichotomy that Western thinking has so much of. It's all right there. And again, it is interesting, a kind of matriarchal structure. One of the things that kept intriguing me more and more was audience, and where is the audience in the text?

KJ: Perhaps another opposition between presence and absence? There is one section where you are looking for your own book, On the Silence of Cucumbers. The bookstore is in Holland. It's kind of a funny inversion because you become an audience for something of your own which doesn't actually exist.

RK: Another thing, as you write the long poem, you become audience instead of writer in a sense, because you start to be confronted by the text more and more.

KJ: So do you feel that you will leave Poetry behind?

RK: Well, I would like to go over the edge into some other genre. I do feel that this is completed. My language obsession continues. I don't want to pretend I'm free of that. What you said about the Lacanian thing is certainly one way to understand the completion. I think another thing that happens is that my sense of what a self is, changes so radically that the statement about it is completed.

KJ: Maybe there is a bit of the trickster coming through here.

RK: I think maybe I am being tricked you see, and that would fit perfectly.

JF: It seems like it is more of a process of examining the junctures where...
RK: Yes, OK. Well at the time Bill Spanos and I thought of *Boundary Two* as a kind of second boundary after the Pound era began, if you want to call it an era. And it was, in a sense, crying out to be named and described. And we had that subtitle of post-modern literature. Of course the word "post-modern" which we thought of as a neutral term, turned out to be pretty hot stuff to handle. Well, looking back, you realize that these are almost fictive strategies that make for a junction and disjunction and kind of willfully announcing disjunction almost makes it true in a way. There is that question. There were surprises, we thought it was going to be a study of literature and it turned out, really, to be the study of culture, which was nice as far as I'm concerned, but it was a study that left us, in a certain way, ill-equipped because we were all trained to deal with literature and suddenly someone was saying you can't talk about that. But that was exciting too, and that became another version of boundary, a boundary both as something that joins and separates. Again, Spanos, I suppose, would have still defended the metaphor in terms of depth, while I'm much more concerned with the notion of surface, in the sense that it is harder to read surface than it is to read depth, it seems to me. It's easy to be profound but how do you describe a -

KJ: A prairie.

RK: It's funny how now in 1989, I could never go to that word "boundary" with that sense of security about it. I would have to find another word now, it's funny how a word exhausts itself. I could call a magazine "Boundary" now.

KJ: Or even "Field" or "Space".

RK: Yeah, it would be fun to try to discover the word that would let you speak. Isn't that interesting?

KJ: Let's jump out of the boundary for a minute. We moved into a lateral thing, maybe we could move back again. Jim, you were about to make a comment when I digressed on the Buffalo mag.

JF: One of the questions I had been mulling over in the last couple of moments is the idea of boundaries and points of reference and it struck me that in *Field Notes* and in the out west books, landscape is one of the dominant features of the text. It seems that there is a very profound awareness of the absolute necessity of a fixed point of reference when you're in a landscape that wide.

RK: Well, one of the things I've noticed recently is how geographical my world is, even more specifically than landscape which may be a convention in a certain way. And I've noticed that with younger writers, younger poets that geography is not there anymore. Mine is literally trees, flowers, birds; though I kind of had a temptation to move into language of landscape but I would never lose sight of this geographical thing. I'm puzzled, and I want to understand where you guys go. Is it because I grew up rural? In the sense that there was still an awareness of landscape. Does the genuine city life alter that, what I call, ground?

KJ: I do that in my own writing. I cross-reference the country that I used to visit in my childhood with cityscape. Landscape and cityscape, that's how I deal with it. I don't know about other people.

JF: My feeling is that grasping points of reference in an urbanscape can be a lot trickier and obviously there are less organic qualities to the points of reference. They are extremely artificial and I am painfully aware of it. They are points of reference that can be comprehended in terms of other points of reference. They are significant only in how we refer to other things, whereas that might not be true of a large natural landscape.

RK: Well, it does in a certain way because I'm using narrative all of the time. It's kind of stupid to think that you can get away from narrative.

KJ: Yes, the way I see it, the lateral involves a kind of disjoined approach as opposed to the sequential. Instead of going: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 — you go: 1, B, September, Friday, Tango, Mexico, or something like that.

RK: Then the notion of juncture gets interesting as opposed to climax for instance. It changes the aspect of writing as sexual metaphor really, it takes the emphasis of emphasis and puts it at the moment of union/dissolution.

JF: If nothing else, it's a departure from an overemphasis on causation.

RK: I thought of that as we were talking. You get away from that. I remember when I was a young writer, they would talk about motivation. I mean I couldn't give you the motive for having breakfast, you know. Half the time you aren't hungry, then you say, "What time is it? Oh I must be hungry, it's five to twelve." One of the things I've been fascinated with lately is models of consciousness. I'm learning all kinds of things.

JF: Yes, and that moves you into a large matrix of implications in terms of the availability. You have to have the technology in order to read somebody's writing.

RK: Yes, it's pretty hard to beat the book in some obvious ways. Even in the sense of the presence of books. A lot of us are hooked on that in a certain way.

KJ: Well, floppy and hard disks are great for storage, and you can pack so much information on them. Also, nationwide data bases do have the advantage of giving you instantaneous access to writing from distant places. On the other hand, you don't get the sensual pleasure involved with the texture and general feel of a book. Do you write much by hand?

RK: No, I compose pretty much on a typewriter and again it is an extravagant use of time, as you said. I use a Brothers electric typewriter. I only bought my electric typewriter 3 to 4 years ago though. I used to have an Olympia manual for years and years. A portable. I'm interested in this notion of the lateral move affects the notion of narrative, that's interesting.

KJ: Well, it goes back quite a way, for example Sterne used it in *Sentimental Journey*. At first it seems that he's giving us a bunch of disconnected incidents, but really he's talking about how he's torn between his lascivious side and his virtuous side. It seems to me that a lot of your writing has that kind of laterality.

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Paul Auster's fiction explores the gaps between consciousness and language. His constant subject is experimental memoir, deprivation. They might be haunted by coincidence or victimized by chance. Always, they are struggling with the inevitable equivocation of human consciousness.

PA: It's me. The Invention of Solitude is me. The book really is fact, as far as its possible to talk about "fact." I didn't invent anything. Everything in it is, in quotes, "true."

JF: But in quotes.

PA: Well, because the very act of writing about it can disintegrate it. I didn't make up anything. I was doing my best to interpret what I saw. There is some possible distortion, but you can say that it is me.

JF: Okay. In "Portrait of an Invisible Man" one of the things you're grappling with is the "un-knowability" of another consciousness.

PA: Exactly! That's the essence of the first part.

JF: In order, in Moon Palace, to center the idea you were addressing, it seemed they had to enter into a single consciousness — and that consciousness could not know the consciousness of the father and grandfather.

PA: You're saying that Marco is built such that there is no room inside him to understand his father or grandfather.

JF: No more or less than any other human being.

PA: Right. But at the same time, it seems to me, all we have to come to terms with our past, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers. And in some sense we invent them, we invent the past in order to come to terms with it. That's what Marco does. And the fact that he meets his grandfather and father in these strange ways, by chance — I hope what that does is create a circle around the book, so we are dealing with a metaphorical structure rather than a red structure. But at the same time I wanted to be convincing enough — as you said earlier, on a purely "realistic" plane — so that it seemed plausible to some degree. As you said too, this book is in that sense, much more restrained than otherwise.

JF: The characters in all of your books, but especially in Moon Palace, seem to be struggling with the absence of absolute points of reference, and stripping themselves down to try to get them.

PA: And never finding them! You can't find them. I first started exploring the question of chance in The Invention of Solitude. I did a lot of reading about it, a lot of thinking about it. Jung wrote a book of synchronicity. It's very, very remote. Freud seemed to be much closer to it than anyone else I've read, in his little essay on the uncanny. I was very interested in that. I strongly recommended it. It's in a little book called Creativity and the Uncanny. He talks a lot about grief, the desire to attach a meaning to things. And of course you can just look at it from a logical point of view, and statistically these things are going to happen. But why do they disturb us? What is it they try to get at. And his answer — which seems to me to be somehow valid — is that we are doing when we have these experiences is remembering how we thought as children. But we've somehow outgrown that kind of consciousness, and we're suddenly caught in the gap between the two ways of thinking. Consequently it's unsettling to us. I think throwing it back into childhood is probably accurate. As I was working on Moon Palace it seemed more and more true that writing an act of digging down into a place before memory, where images, ideas, and events are reverberating, but you don't know they disturb you and haunt you. I continue to think about chance, and in fact I think the book I'm working on now will have the word chance in the title. So it's making a preference. But I'm not looking for a meaning in chance. It is a way of organizing the world. Our lives are determined by chance. I don't think anyone would dispute that. On the most fundamental level, our parents all met by chance. There are no marriages any more, are there?

JF: Chance is all that's left, unless you're attracting yourself to a particular ideology, most of which have been discredited in one way or another.

PA: Okay, yes. But an abandonment of religion, if I'm abandoning any system of belief, then it's folly to attach any meaning to things. Yet there is a sense of the connectedness of all people that is very present for me. Once you begin to think of the myriad little chance moves we make, each individual in the world every day — these things have repercussions.

JF: Electrons vibrating in atoms.

PA: Absolutely. What a novel gives me the chance to do is express some of my wilder ideas through the mouths of others.

JF: And you don't have to take the fall for it.

PA: No, you don't have to take the fall for it, you don't have to defend it. I remember reading Hawthorne's notebooks. When he finally understood that this was possible, it was a tremendous revelation for him. A world of absolute freedom opened up to his novels when he realized that his works might be about something that's why people keep writing novels. They can keep digging and digging, and they don't have to be afraid.

JF: I said a moment ago that virtually all ideologies have been discredited in one way or another in the contemporary world. It occurs to me that the ability to identify "odd-match" by attaching significance to things is increased in a system of only relational values. If you don't have an absolute to touch then the significance of the coincidences is diminished. At the same time the significance of the coincidences is increased.

PA: Right! There I was writing about the necessity of moving to the first person in order to finish Moon Palace, it struck me that you were still dealing with one of the ideas prominent in the first part of The Invention of Solitude, "Portrait of an Invisible Man." You? Or the narrator? As a memoir it's you ...
JF: Okay, this is where we get to that theme that is prominent throughout everything of yours I’ve read — the mind-body schism. It seems to me that the process of deprivation, whether it’s through sensory deprivation, or hunger, or through an emotional deprivation, always — in your work — moves toward re-connecting of the consciousness with an absolute, i.e. the body, in a world where absolutes are hard to come by.

PA: Fogg articulates it. He says, “I was trying to overcome the mind-body situation by ignoring the body.” Mind over matter, but you can’t do it.

JF: The brain is part of the body.

PA: Exactly! You discover the mind is matter. A startling, and maybe obvious, conclusion, but I think we have to rediscover that all the time. Deprivation functions in different ways in the books. The deprivation of Peter Stillman in City of Glass is quite really different from Marco’s self-deprivation in Moon Palace. Marco’s jump into the void is youthful nihilism, in a sense. I hope I’m writing about it with enough distance, and I hope he is — he’s writing about this twenty years later. And he’s saying “I was wrong, and this is foolish, but this is what I did.” In City of Glass Stillman is a world where absolutes are hard to come by.

PA: Fogg articulates it. He says, “I was trying to overcome the mind-body situation by ignoring the body.” Mind over matter, but you can’t do it.

PA: You’ve leapt out of language, you’ve leapt out of the system.

JF: And back to that mode of childhood thinking that you spoke of earlier?

PA: Exactly.

PA: You’ve stated elsewhere that you are initially inevitably disappointed with your work.

PA: Is there a writer anywhere who isn’t? I don’t know.

JF: I would suggest that part of that disappointment might stem from the “slippery” quality of your subject matter.

PA: It’s slippery, yes, it’s almost ineffable. It’s very frustrating. It’s not discourse, it’s narrative, and trying to express things through story. I’m talking also on the level of craft, however, that that disappointment in the sentences and paragraphs. The reason you can’t read your own work — I’ve discovered this again and again — is that you’ve written the book and you essentially know the book by heart. The moment you sit down to read it you are anticipating the next thing, and there’s a voice in your head that speeds up. Everything takes on a comical, simplenilled, idiotic tone. And you think its awful. What do you read for lines or hours or days to come up with seems so apparent, and you’re there and any other person could have written this. So there is that distinct, What was it someone said to me? The Beckett phrase. “No sooner is the ink dry than I am disgusted.”

JF: You’ve also said that you eventually come to accept what you’ve created.

PA: Well, accept in the sense that it’s too late to do anything about it. Sometimes though, if years later I have to look at something I’ve done, it doesn’t seem as bad as when I wrote it. It’s acquired a kind of historic haze over it, and it’s not as important anymore.

PA: A little less ego attached to it at that stage?

PA: Yes, it’s truly detached from you.

JF: Russell Banks has characterized writing as a continuous process of self-critique. Does previous work on a function of “statements-along-the-way” to the creation of that critique.

PA: No question about it! One, as a writer I’m getting a little older and I have some things behind me. There’s no question that you carry those past books with you, and each book is in some way a response to what has happened to you. You’re answering yourself, you’re prodging yourself further. I feel that the book I’m writing now really did grow out of Moon Palace. Certain things that I was talking about at the time that book became important for what I’m doing now. A dialogue evolves. A self-critique in many ways, yes. In terms of the craft, crossing out and trying to say it better. Also, I think, humanly. I know it sounds absurd, but there is a sense of trying in order to become a better person. Not better in a moral sense. Better, perhaps more intellectual sense. Understanding, understanding more, becoming inside, more compassionate. To write from a position of real honesty — whatever that means. I’m sure that what honesty means shifts from person to person, but for myself I feel that I know what I’m talking about: not accepting the easy conquest. Always pushing farther and farther, no matter how strange, or dark, or funny it might become.

JF: You bring all of your characters through a purging process. Then you end by releasing the characters as if there would be something fraudulent in taking them beyond that point.

PA: Well, I think in some sense each character reaches a point where the story that I’m telling is finished. It doesn’t mean that that person’s story is finished. The book is done. I guess it happens in book after book, as you say. Quinn, in City of Glass, evaporates out of the book. Literally evaporates. It’s not a death, it’s just somewhere else by the time the book is over. Blue, in Ghosts, Leaves. He’s no longer entranced. The spell has been broken and he can leave. In The Locked Room, the character does the same thing. He tears up the manuscript, and that spell is broken. Anna Blume, in In The Country of Last Things, leaves — or at least of that book is that the manuscript does arrive. Wherever she’s sending it to get it. I think of them as getting out, and a whole new story is starting. God knows what that is. Of all the characters I’ve ever lived with, she’s the one I most admired. I started writing that book in 1976, and I finished it in 1983. It’s a little book, 150 pages, before I put enough into it. It’s a really nice little book. You see, I get it out. But I only could work on it when I heard her voice. And it would go away for long periods of time. And then there was a long time when I was troubled by the idea of writing from the point of view of a woman. It seemed too audacious, almost arrogant on my part, to presume to think as a woman. Yet it wouldn’t have been right. I didn’t want to write that book. But every time I was myself, it was the voice of the woman. And finally she imposed herself on me so much that I sat down and did it. I wrote maybe the first 30 or 40 pages. I didn’t know what to think of it all, and I handed it to my wife. I said, “Well what do you think of this?” And she said, “This is the best stuff you’ve ever written.” And I said, “You have to finish it for me.” So it’s dedicated to her. There you are. And I don’t even think of it as a fantasy. I think of it as something a skewed or skewed view of the twentieth century. Many of the things that are in it are based on historical fact. The garbage system is Cairo today. Garbage Brokers! The incident with the shoes in the library, and the human slaughter houses. That’s Russia during the second world war. Yes, it has a fantastic vengeance to it. But when you get inside the story there’s nothing bizarre going on.

JF: I noticed that on the cover and inside your new book Water Street Days and in Settlements [1983], you have used rather obviously old photographs or have written about taking photos. Also, the names of well known photographers like Aget and Stieglitz keep popping up in different places, and I was wondering just how much connection there was between the old photographs and the writing.

DD: That’s a good observation. I hadn’t thought of it myself in regard to the two cover photos on Water Street Days, but I like photography a lot, I do a little photography myself, but I don’t put enough into it. Photography is an exact discipline, like writing or anything else. You’ve got to put a lot into it. I like a lot of photography. I certainly like Stieglitz’s. This fellow on the cover of Settlements, William James, was the house photographer for the Toronto Star from 1901-1951. A long period. Excellent photographer. Just doesn’t have the depth of Aget or Stieglitz from a compositional stance. Interesting though, not as a profoundly good photographer, but as a fascinating guy to study if you are interested in Toronto. He would cover a lot of ground. He did a wonderful photograph of an Armistice Day Parade on University Avenue in which somehow one of the cars must have been parked too far out or something but one of the tanks had run over the car. These aren’t the type of photographs done by a Aget or a Diane Arbus or whatever. There’s something about a good photograph that’s two days old or a good photograph that’s 150 years old. The way it reflects other worlds.

JF: There is something more than just journalistic approach in that photography.

DD: More than journalistic. A lot more human, a lot more conceptual perhaps.

KJ: For instance in the poem “Mazatlan” you talk about James Warren Donnell who was a photographer.

DD: Right, my father’s father was a photographer.

KJ: Do you think that when you write you sometimes use a photographer’s type of perspective or way of seeing?

DD: Well, I wouldn’t put it that formally, I like visual detail. I see things. I like to say that you can’t write about the angel if you can’t see the angel. I don’t get myself in any particular F16/500 headset or whatever.

KJ: Eli Mandel has said that the camera always lies. Do you think of yourself as a liar of sorts when you write?

DD: No, that’s the thing some people take up. This concept of literature as truth, literature as false. They seem to be obsessed with it. Of course the philosophers are obsessed with it in the first place. So why should artists get so obsessed with what is true and what is false when the first place, that’s the thing people can’t solve it. I get more interested if you point out something that is existentialist or Buddhist-influenced or something that is good, or something that is in some sort of way inadequate or lacking.

JF: William James, the photographer, is that the same photographer who is with Ernest Gehr and Felix Gehr in the book I’m writing now really did grow out of The Blue Ontario Hemingway Boat Race. In this interview with Rampike, David Donnell talks about photography, time-loops, movies, and his most recent book Water Street Days (McClelland & Stewart Inc., Toronto, Canada).
DD: Yes/no. You’ve got me. I have to think back. This is good. William James I’ve got on the
cover you see. A very nice cover Gord Robertson did at Coach House. But this William James
is the great poet. Various of religious experience, pragmatism, Henry James’ brother. He
was quite a big influence in 19th century America, early 20th century America. No, there
is a photographer that went with him, I think, when he got this call to cover the island boat race.
But I don’t think it’s William James that got the call.
JF: I don’t think that the photographer is identified.
DD: Ahh, so, it wouldn’t be James then. I guess I’m just referring to a stringer around the
office. That’s a good point, maybe I should have put James in the story. If I ever re-write the
story, I may put James into it, and get a couple of special pictures.
KJ: Did you do a large amount of research on that book?
DD: Well, a bit. And I know a lot of people in the book pretty well in the first place. So I didn’t
really have to research every little aspect or anything like that.
KJ: There seems to be a lot of historical detail and facts. One thing I noticed in your poetry
is a kind of dualism. Maybe it comes out of the ironic tone that you use. I’m not even sure
if that is the right word, but, for example, Chaviva Hosek said that your work is “never easily
merely ironic” —
DD: You guys have to help me out, who is Chaviva Hosek?
KJ: She’s the current Housing Minister —
DD: For Ontario? Oh, I’d like to know her! I could use some influence there.
KJ: Well, we figured something along those lines. That’s why we’re using her quote here.
Because in the Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature, she said that your writing is
“never easily merely ironic in its willingness to court embarrassment and ridiculousness
and come back from that edge.”
DD: Does that mean it struggles with difficulty and perceives the irony of that struggle?
Would you like a beer? My cat does the most incredible adaptationist thing. He’ll find the
newest thing brought home, like a bag or whatever, and he will single it out and he will often
go to sleep on it. As if there has never been a sleeping surface in the apartment before someone
brought the new thing. Bring a suitcase down from the shelf and he parks there for a while.
What was the question again?
KJ: Well, I just thought it was ironic. You see Hosek was a book reviewer and literary critic
for a while. I’m not sure how, but she got a job with the government as Housing Minister.
Actually, she’s been through a very heavy fire lately by people who think she has done a poor
job on housing in Toronto. It is in big trouble as far as housing goes. Anyway, I thought it was
interesting that she had something to say about your writing. I’m not exactly sure what she
meant, but I was interested in this issue of irony in your writing.

DD: I don’t know if irony is the right word. Irony might be the general word. I wouldn’t call
them ironic so much as bizarre. The poems in Water Street Days are quite different. First of
all, the whole of Water Street Days is one book. And there might be a touch of irony here and
a touch of humour there and so on. But it is different subject matter and I think the approach
changes quite a bit.
KJ: I’ll pick a popular poem that quite a few readers might know about, like “Potatoes”. It’s
been anthologized in the Oxford and the Norton books on modern literature. I think of that
poem, as perhaps a mock heroic about the potato. You use the potato to give us a kind of
myth about the world really, an alternate myth. And in the meantime you take pot shots at the
puritans, and you associate the potato with important historical figures such as Hannibal
and Caesar and you glorify the potato in a way, yet there seems to be a touch in each kind of
approach.
DD: Well, a little tongue in cheek, but I don’t think the main point of the poem is irony but
rather a marvelling at how such simple things can play a role in history. Of course, it is quite
true. I am being quite literally truthful. The potato has played a lot of roles in history.
KJ: Well, you know Kroetsch’s “Stone Hammer Poem”?
DD: I’m familiar with the poem.
KJ: Well, I was just wondering about any similarity, because he does a similar kind of thing
with a sort of potato-sized object as well. Although his place is perhaps more down to earth, in
some ways. He builds or names or re-names or un-names a myth around the stone hammer
unlike the way you build a myth around the potato.
DD: Well, I don’t think that I had read his poem when I wrote “Potatoes”, but I think it is very
effective to take a very specific thing and to show a number of different sides, or different uses.
KJ: Then I thought that there is an innescapate that we are dealing with, which just happens
to be your mind, and an outer scape which involves the potato, and somehow you are using
that tuer as a kind of link through which you are channeling your thoughts to the reader.
DD: The only thing I see is the potato as a subject in history.
KJ: Hmm, I still see a kind of duality in your work, the inner and the outer space being
juxtaposed, and that juxtaposition resulting in a contrast that’s really very funny.
DD: Yup. I see a number of dualities, out there, but I’m not sure if there are a number of
dualities, or a three part-ality, or a four part-ality. I’m just putting a plur-ality into history.
KJ: OK, that makes sense. Was the poem “True Story of Pat Garrett” a response to Nichol’s
or Ondaatje’s poem on Billy the Kid?
DD: I think I was certainly conscious of their poems, and Jack Spicer’s poem [Billy the Kid,
1959], which I guess kicked off McClure’s play The Beard [1967], in which Billy the Kid
meets Jean Harlow, all of which is before Barry’s poem or Michael’s poem. I think I’ve seen
what the Billy the Kid poems have seen. I think I saw A Kid From Texas when I was twelve.
I’ve seen Kris Kristofferson’s Billy the Kid and The Left Handed Gun with Paul Newman
which was made before Newman became famous. That’s a very good film. Is that a Billy the
Kid film? I think it is. Anyway, I’m interested in the subject.
KJ: I noticed in the poem “The Canadian Prairie View of Literature”, that you mock some of
the cliches of prairie writing. For instance you talk about the cliches of the Hotel whores or
the town drunk and so on.
DD: I don’t think that it is a very good poem. I don’t think it’s a terrific poem because in
terms of behaviour it doesn’t make any separation or differentiation between prairie and rural
areas. Or rural and poor rural. There’s quite a difference. You can be prosperous, and be rural,
and you can be well-educated, you can have a computer take care of your cows. You can watch
PBS on your satellite-dish television, all sorts of things. Then, there’s poor rural. They’re two
different things. There’s prairie rural and prairie poor rural, but there is also prairie urban.
Their cities aren’t all that urban in terms of development but I would say it’s not a terrific poem
because it doesn’t make much differentiation. What it’s really talking about, I think, is about
prairie, poor rural.
KJ: You were born in a small town.
DD: St. Mary’s.
KJ: I don’t want to go on forever about this one poem, but at the end of it, you talk about
yourself at the age of twelve walking through the streets of Galt, and imagining yourself as a
great writer one day, and doing all of these things like making people laugh and cry, and
making love to other men’s wives and so on. And yet, at the very end of the poem, the narrator
mentions that the kid has com under his shirt, he’s awkward, he’s a little rough, and the corn
in his shirt makes him itch sometimes. So there is this kind of contrast between what he really is,
and what he hopes to be.
DD: Yes, I think the ending of the poem is probably a separate poem. And the first three-fifths
is a somewhat inadequate poem about the prairies, about a poor farm on the south of
Saskatchewan. It doesn’t focus on any one specific thing.
KJ: Do you feel yourself, as a writer, that you still have some of that corn ich around you?
DD: Oh, yeah, always, always.
KJ: What would you say is the primary focus of Water Street Days?
DD: Well, Water Street Days is a family memoir in a sense. Usually we think of a family
memoir as something diaristic and sort of the things that you find the family at the beginning and then
this happened in 1950, and this in 1951. You’re talking about a kind of simple linear
progression, a kind of chronology associated with the family memoir. Water Street Days is
more of a post-modernist kind of family memoir where you deal with each family
member separately. A number of times, once, twice, four times, whatever. But separately and
around specific events. So, the poems become poems in themselves, in which a family member
becomes deeply involved or sometimes less involved. So, there’s quite a different take on the formality of that
poem. What you have found in most family memoirs. There are people who obviously know each other, presumably
love each other, but they are in quite different positions at different times.
JF: It’s funny that you would take something that would have traditionally such a strong direct
linear narrative line, and fragment it in that way. Yet, you speak of the book as being much
more organic than Settlements. Seems like a double twist going on here.
DD: Yes, very much so. But I don’t think the pieces in Water Street Days are fragments really.
They seem quite complete to me. But they do separate the individual from the family.
JF: Yes, they have been fragmented with specific different voices.
DD: I think there is a lot of organic unity over the four different sections of the book. And a
lot of playful touches. There’s a lot of unison in as much as you can cross-reference quite a bit from
poem to poem, or story to story. For example, the voice in Water Street Days is like a mixed
truck in a studio. Not that you can see these things in the piece but these are just normal pieces, a
poem or a story you might write. But the thing about the voice — the voice throughout the
book, to some degree is a base. It’s the voice of the 12 year old boy. Allthough, he might be
referred to as being 10 1/2 in one poem or 9 1/2 in another poem, for some reason. The
voice that you would generally think of as you read the poems or the stories is the voice of an
older person, compared to 12. Could be a guy in his twenties. It’s the narrator. You read
different stories and poems, you have a narrator of some form. There is also a third voice which
some of the poems verge into which is perhaps more widely educated. A cross-cultural kind of
voice. So, you get interesting degrees of simplicity with the family or degrees of difference
and similarity. But the narrator, to the degree that you have met the narrator as a small boy
you can be well-educated, in some of the poems in the stories, turns up in the end in section four where
you have a set of stories called “Light Photographs”, which is all about a 12 year old boy and told
in a first person voice, and there is no family anymore in a sense. There is just his favourite
pursuits, fishing or taking-off school, the great peach thefts, things like that.
KJ: How long did it take you to put together the new book, Water Street Days?
DD: Maybe a few of the poems were written as early as ’83, or ’84, or ’85. I’m not sure. I began
the others somewhere in the late ’87. And they were written in a sort of a sporadic way.
There was no clear direction.

DD: Well, doing a little travelling. Watching a lot of films, once in a while some music.
KJ: Does Water Street Days signal a swing toward regionalism?

DD: It certainly does in a sense during the duration of the book. But as far as I can see it hasn’t created an on-going regionalist period. The work I’m writing now is not specifically regionalist anyway.

KJ: How long have you been in Toronto?

DD: Since I was 12.

JF: Earlier you spoke of the detached memoir, the notion of someone in their 20s or 30s recalling earlier experiences in other parts of Water Street Days. Then, another conscious writing makes its presence felt at certain times and at some level it sounds like all of the material except that last section happens concurrently — and then the last section has to sit on its own strength.

DD: Well, I think all four sections are happening concurrently in Water Street Days. In terms of time, I tend to treat my parents’ generation, let’s say, so we’re talking roughly late 40s or 50s. I had to treat that as the present to a degree which means that I can draw in a lot of things from the present. It could even be an image of a space station or something. I tend to push the time focus back in a sort of time loop. So, I get back to some one, my father, my grandfather, and the family in Mexico, for example, where my father was born. Or, in another poem I get back to White Plains, New York, 1916, 1917, 1918, after the war, when my mother was born. So, there is the tendency to start there and pull up to the present or compare to the present.

DD: Well, I think I have a tendency to start there and treat it as the present in terms of language, in terms of things that are going on around me. So, my overall time parameter for the book would be in a sense, something like 1904 to the 1950s, and in some cases, treating it as the present and pushing it back to 1904.

JF: Specifically, then, does that suggest a very large scope of possibilities every time you turn the page?

DD: Well, it shouldn’t suggest too large a scope if possible.

JF: “Light Photographs” as you said, seems to have a narrow chronological scope.

DD: Narrow by comparison, in a sense. A different kind of surface. Different time scope for sure. I would say, more specific. More stable. A different surface to the writing.

JF: Suddenly it opens up larger.

DD: Possibly, yes. If you were an outside cultural commentator. French or American or English, and you were asked to date it based on content, well you would know something because there doesn’t seem to be any hint of the depression. It must be before or after the 1930s. But if the guy said to you, is it the 1920s or the 1940s, you would find a particular detail here or there perhaps.

DD: In Blue Ontario you pull a very tight trick. There is a suggestion on some level that the language is mimicking a Hemingway technique and at the same time it is clearly a stream of consciousness, which wasn’t Hemingway’s forte at all. Also, you’ve fragmented what could have easily been a much more novel-type structure. There seem to be a number of contradictory elements, yet, the whole thing reads very smoothly in that the last surreal section about the boat race itself seems to justify all of those bits and pieces that have been scattered around in the previous chapters, or stories, or whatever you want to call them.

DD: I sure like your description Jim.

DD: I don’t think I ever thought of writing a novel, although I could have, I suppose, based on Hemingway’s stay in 1923. I don’t really think of it as a good subject for a novel. Because there was no novel. He was here briefly, it was quite a fragmented experience, I wanted to think about that experience I was thinking about different times, either before he was here, or after he was here. So, approaching it that way was an ideal situation to explore a number of things. I was writing about him in the general format of his being here briefly. If he had been here longer, then, there might have been a novel of some kind.

DD: I think pretty well, because he didn’t fall in love with anyone while he was here that we know of. He didn’t work that long for the paper. He didn’t lose his job at the paper and then stay here for any length of time, he didn’t make any lasting friends except for Morley Callaghan. I don’t think he ever corresponded with Greg Clark or any of those people. I think as a novel, a lot of things tend to get flattened into one stream. The other option is to treat different people and different experiences like islands.

DD: Very much so. Water Street Days is sort of a novel, in terms of point of view, and a shifting point of view. And dealing with different people separately, for example, I couldn’t have done the same kind of thing in a conventional novel. It would have been totally different, and perhaps not as satisfying from my point of view. Not as specifically satisfying. There is no general plan for the book that is more important than any of the pieces. The whole may be greater than the sum of the pieces, but, in terms of pleasure, I don’t think that there is any plan that the sum of the pieces can demonstrate. The father, at times, may be in Poland in the 1940s. The mother may be in England, in her mind, in the 1950s. Yes here they are, both living in Toronto, and they have three children. To a degree we’re just talking about individualism as a common structure. So, we’ve got the point of view that Water Street Days has a general plan in terms of a ground plan. It demonstrates the family as a family, even though they are at different places, at different times, sometimes at the same time. I think this is a pretty important thesis to work around.
And thou shalt make an altar of shittim wood, five cubits long, and five cubits broad: the altar shall be foursquare:

**EXODUS (XVII /1)**

and all these square parts together formed a conscious living cubic shape:

in other words when objects or beings were square as a whole their parts were also square so that everything within everything was a system of squares within squares: or rather cubes within cubes: during our stay on this planet Angela and I had problems getting used to all this square validity and thinness: but after we had no choice but to pursue to its end our investigation of this recently discovered planet as ordered by galactic command: as a cosmic scientist Angela was to record precise data: while I as a space poet had to describe the place in metaphorical terms: we made the best of that squareness and tried to adjust to it physically and mentally: and I suppose spiritually too: though let me assure you it was not easy for Angela and I to sleep or make love inside a cubic bed whose dimensions were smaller than our bodies: not easy for us to defecate in a square toilet: the human anatomy: especially the rear end: was designed more for the circle than the square: and imagine having to eat square lumps of food all the time: that doesn't make for easy digestion: or having to think all the time in terms of cubes or squares: the mind gets caught in corners and impasses and can no longer function freely: but gradually we adjusted and after a while even found if not pleasure at least some degree of satisfaction in relating with these squares even though we did not always understand how they functioned in relation to one another: it was not until we were almost ready to depart and proceed to our next assignment that we finally understood the great principle that governs all the squares of that planet: it is true that we had noticed along the way: that the unavoidable presence of the square boxes as we also called them: were all of different dimensions: some were large: some were small: and others larger or smaller: but during our entire stay we never encountered two squares or two cubes of the same size: this was so amazing to us that eventually we went around measuring as many boxes as we could in the hope that we might chance upon two identical in size: this never happened: what we finally discovered: almost by chance: during the day of the great emboxing as it is called here: an annual celebration of the planet's divine system: is that all the squares: inanimate as well as animate: form a series stretching from the smallest to the largest: from the most minuscule to the most gigantic: and that ultimately: and probably inevitably: all the squares can be contained into one another according to their size: the smaller into the next bigger one and so one until finally all the squares are inside one great square: and of course there can only be one such square capable of containing all the others: the planet itself: thus it became clear to us why we felt so uneasy in that world: it was governed by such a rigid system: such an autocratic principle: yes a dictatorial system whereby only one square: the largest: swallowed all the others: and naturally that hierarchy was unmovable and irreversible: it controlled all social moral aesthetic and political activities on this planet: once we understood that principle it made the rest of our stay unbearable: Angela and I felt great relief when we finally left: as we watched together through the round porthole of our ship the planet getting smaller as it receded into space: its squareness again erased by the speed of its rotation: Angela said in a whisper: it's a hard life on that planet: everything is there so hard: I did not reply: hers was not a question asking for an answer: it was just a reflection: a conclusion to our investigation: everyone there is hard: I shook my head in silent agreement and thought how important it is to have softness and roundness in one's life: and as we entered the great night of space: I put my arms around Angela: cupped her breasts in my hands: and gently squeezed the softness of her flesh:
LATVIAN MYTHS & LEGENDS
Talking with Arvīds Ulme

Arvīds Ulme is a Latvian writer who visited Canada during the summer of 1989. His visit occurred prior to the Baltic States' declarations of independence from the Soviet Union. Visits by artists from the Baltic have been greatly restricted in light of the recent socio-political crisis. The food and gas embargos imposed by the Soviets have resulted in much suffering. However, the Baltic people are determined to gain self-determination. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were forced to become part of the Soviet Union in 1940. This was the direct result of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, a secret agreement between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. This pact was and remains illegal under international law. While here, Ulme did not speak directly about political issues. Rather, he talked about the inter-relationship between literature and spiritual values. Ulme's talk was prefaced by comments about the stone circle in the Latvian countryside that is similar to the circle at Stonehenge. He discussed the ancient pagan beliefs that were connected with the rock circles and the fact that Soviet authorities have imposed restrictions on studying the circles. The rocks feature ancient carvings and letterforms that may reveal important details concerning the history of myth in the regions. Ulme also spoke about his views on ancient Latvian myth and about how important culture is in shaping a people's consciousness. Ulme spoke in a number of groups while in Toronto as well as to Rampike editor Karl Jirgens. Jirgens, a native Canadian of Latvian descent, translated this talk.

[Donations towards desperately needed medicine, food, vitamins and medical care for the people of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania can be sent (cheques payable) to the following: "Latvian North American Federation in Canada" c/o The Latvian Canadian Cultural Centre, 4 Credit Union Dr., Toronto, Ontario M4A 2B4 (755-2353), or "Estonian Central Council in Canada" c/o The Estonian House 955 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4K 2R6 (929-5168) or "The Lithuanian-Canadian Community" c/o The Lithuanian Centre, 1573 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario M6S 1G6 (588-6225)]

ALL: I've been writing for many years now, and I became involved in a process that started leading me back to the origins of some ancient Latvian legends and myths. I'll describe the process for you. Initially, I started thinking about "Kurbads" who is a well-known legendary hero. And I thought about the oral tradition and how folk-songs are passed from one generation to the next, and how along the way some things are lost and others are changed. His origins have become obscured after many re-tellings. It's difficult to perpetuate an oral tradition over hundreds of years, through wars and other crises. And I thought about other folk images, the man who could tear bears apart with his bare hands, "Lacplesis", and other various legends from the folk-songs that have been passed down through the ages. And I started thinking about how the legends began, and then about how they were remembered and handed down from generation to generation. And I got into an argument with some other writers and theoreticians who felt that over the years things had changed so much that what we were getting were legends that were somehow corrupted, that is, they were not true to their origins because they had been changed so much along the way. They saw them as a kind of mixed up hodge podge of various half-remembered stories. But I felt that the legends and folk-songs that had been passed down were absolutely fundamental to the culture. The changes that had been incurred along the way were essential in defining the character of the legends and those that passed the legends on. I felt that although some things might have been changed along the way, the fundamental essence of the original legend was still there, and perhaps even refined as it was modified over time. So, I began researching the different versions of some of the more popular legends. I talked to as many people as I could, especially older folks who still remembered the legends well. And I noticed that however much the stories varied, they still held a number of essential images in common. It was quite interesting. For example, numbers are significant. The numbers 3, 6, and 9 are especially important. Typically, the hero must make three efforts before he succeeds. This progression is often symbolized by a progression in mineral images from bronze, to silver to gold. Also, monsters typically have, say, three or twelve heads. And I began to wonder why. The stories were written for children, but the significance of the numbers held a significance that said something about society that included the adults that created and perpetuated these myths. So, I decided to investigate. After considering a number of eastern and Biblical myths, it soon became apparent that the numbers served an allegorical function. There was an underlying mathematical structure to the symbolism of the stories. And within our ancient legends is stored a precise form of knowledge. I got this far, and began to wonder about the point of all of this. I began to wonder about the process on which the legends were founded. Obviously, on one level, the stories served a teaching function and at the same time they were entertaining. The meaning of the stories was fairly accessible on a material plane. The formulas were not unlike those of stories from cultures around the world. Revolution, reform, casting off oppression, success through struggle and so on. I began reading Ansis L. Puskaits and he opened my eyes to an important point. That was, that the forces that overcome the forces of evil are inevitably new forces. This relationship between the old and the new could relate equally well to Latvics, or to the cosmos. Then, this started relating to masters of physics and the physical make-up of the universe. For example, all atomic structures are divided into three essential parts, whose properties are either positive, negative and neutral. And, for example, the princess that gets rescued is usually cast as neutral, she generally makes a show of impotence, she either does not smile, or she cries or she is asleep, and so on. And so the demonic forces that oppressed, the devil or some other evil figure is obviously the negative element while the active hero, the "Kurbads" figure is the positive. So you see a struggle between the active forces over the third element. And so, the overall structure typically involves a trinity of some sort. This trinity of course serves a symbolic function, and it became apparent to me that after we consider the writing on a physical level, then we can see that it also functions on a spiritual level, and that the stories are actually allegories about a spiritual evolution, a process of spiritual growth. On one level, you could say that through compassion and mercy one can find love. So, the legend about the young boy who must guard his recently deceased father's grave for three days and nights following his burial involves three levels of spiritual growth. Patience and propriety are extolled, and eventually those who practice these virtues are rewarded. So, in terms of this trinity, the recurring mineral images can be understood as follows; the bronze represents the desire to succeed, the silver represents a virtue such as mercy or wisdom which is required to achieve success, and the gold represents the achievement of success which also includes entry into a condition of love. Sometimes diamond is substituted for gold, but the basic structure remains the same. Further, in a state of love the trinity is reduced to a unity. The principles are easy to apply to world conditions. The world has managed to screw itself up, and only by desire, wisdom and love can we hope to restore order. There are various fundamental symbols that emerge within these structures. Water becomes a symbol of submissiveness and malleability; it washes through everywhere, cleans things, and it finds the lowest place to settle in, it is the most calm of all things, but it is also the quickest to be aroused by a tempest, say. Against water we see stone, which is unmoved and can be relied upon, it is certain and becomes a symbol of high-mindedness. The snake is one of the oldest symbols of wisdom, although its meaning varies within a world-wide context. But the snake is seen as being related to the dragon. It is the snake that offers knowledge that ultimately tests one's worthiness, and depending on how one uses this knowledge one can eventually rise spiritually. These symbols are common throughout the world, including the Bible. One of the things that is characteristic in Latvian folk tales or folk-songs is the fall of the virtuous hero. This is somewhat unusual within a world-wide context. Typically, the hero falls because he is over-whelmed by the forces of evil who enjoy superiority in numbers. This might be symptomatic of the overwhelming socio-political hardships experienced by the nation of Latvia over the centuries. These then were some of the more superficial elements that I discovered in the structures of typical folk-tales. Of course, I have done far more precise readings of the various tales, but in general, this is what I have uncovered to date. That is, that the individual who fails to be compassionate or merciful is one who is lost in every sense of the word.

I'm not sure why it is that Latvian myths tend to feature three brothers. And the youngest is always something of a loser, at least initially. He is always sleeping, or he's lazy or people think that he isn't very bright. But when the crisis comes, he rouses himself and he takes care of things, he saves the day. And the situation in Latvia currently seems to parallel these myths. The mythology has obvious parallels in society, today as in the past. For example, one might ask whether we will deal satisfactorily with the situation involving Latvia and the Soviet Union or will we permit things to fall into ruin? There is the feeling that in the global picture of things, the evolution of the world can not be dramatically affected by a single individual. And so, there is a tendency to withdraw from any crisis — to go to a quiet, clean place, where you can wash yourself in the morning dew. In other words to turn your back on the world, after all, you already gave it a shot, and in the meantime you've got to seek out your own personal path, to follow your own karma, to seek your own nirvana and ignore the rest. I find that when I go on a retreat from the world it only takes a week or so before I can't help but think about what is going on in the rest of the world. But myths show that an individual can make a difference through love or knowledge, or mercy or compassion. And during the current socio-political awakening in Latvia it suddenly becomes apparent just how important these ancient myths are.
WORKS IN THE FIELD
By Ruta Gravlejs

Ruta Gravlejs has been exhibiting her work in Canada for over ten years. Among other places, her sculptures and installations have appeared at Artcite in Windsor, the Phillips Gallery in Banff, the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, and A Space in Toronto. Ruta Gravlejs currently lives in Toronto, and is of Latvian descent. In 1987, her work was shown as part of an "unofficial" group presentation in Riga, Latvia. The following installation was presented recently at York University in Toronto. Here, Gravlejs offers a statement concerning her work.

The production of my work involves making observations of phenomena in and of the immediate environment. These observations are manifested as three dimensional multi-media works, which I perceive as an equivalence, as an objectification of my subjective response to a perceived order at a particular moment in time. The question I am offering in presenting the work is: It's like this, isn't it? This order has to do with recognizing a relationship between nature and culture.

The most recent work recognizes an opposition, an irony or contradiction in this relationship. I am fascinated by the breadth of human effort and encounter, caught between nature and culture. There are ever-present disturbances that arise in our fields of activity. Circumstances are not always as they seem, they also constantly shift. These disturbances I would typify as a collision between: gesture and geometry, or, poetry and politics, or, longing, versus that which is occurring.

My work utilizes the inherent phenomenon of objects and the elements. The human body is also implicated. For example — a plumb bob suspended from a line, is perpendicular to the surface of the earth, its buoyancy is kept in check by its mass — gravity does not stop doing what it does. We are also involved in such a physical relationship, having a physical body we are subject to the same forces and dynamics. The body can be an observer of a work as well. — R.G.

A metal 1/4 scale bridge, field stones, film loop with text projected on north wall (not visible in photo), text located on floor (not visible in photo), "I heard a story about a man who carried a bridge on his back —".

MUCKWADING, 1989.
30 wooden stilts, two clay covered walls, clay chair and clay birdhouse.

UNTITLED, 1989.
25 wooden swings, 600 lbs. of earth formed into steps, blackboard.
LET'S CALL IT FRANKY
By Steve McCaffery

A signal through space defines this group:

- at the foot of a hill,
- through a hole in the fence,
- from one state to one province;
- by a rift in a set.
- from this hoof to that hook.

In more radical encounters direction shifts to somewhere in the following:

- having an internal shell,
- describing a known state of things,
- suggesting a predetermined disposition,
- attacking a primary growth.

These paramount beliefs revive the following despair:

- sudden seizures
- maladjusted declensions
- unrecognized grandeurs
- graceful replies
- symbolized parts
- oxidized claims

Such analogues to instance via detection lead to neighbourhoods like these:

- hat hatch
- prefer preferable
- trilateral trill
- kid kidnap
- cub cube.

We may contrast that sentence to this set which intervenes:

- antiphon
- swivel predicate
- chowder "instrument" rodeo
- discharge bust dirigible
- bungalow inanity "waistband"

To return predictably to the following:

- somebody somewhat somersaulted
- something sometime before someone
- solvent somewhere swoothed

The next exploited paradigm implies a legislative sanction:

- nineteen, seventy four, eight, twenty,
- five, two, eleven, six, ten.

We move closer to a theme in the following continuum:

- action in. arbitrary nature of.
- classification by.
- differential structure of.
- nonrepressive nature of.
- inordinate repression by.
- structure in.
- transparency of.
- victimization by.
- weakness in.
- yearning for.
- parallel risk within.

The assumptions in the Model lead to these displacements:

- Popeye
- Procodile
- Dennis the Mmane
- Spiral Zone
- Sesame Street
- Divorce Court
- Star Trek.

In contrast the following closed thoughts mark a retreat from Being:

- pipe equals synephrine
- gye equals twist.

The objective contradicton find resolution thus:

- when indigo then puce,
- if ochre not madder,
- neither violet nor beige,
- as purple so green.

At issue is the register which designates these sounds as sites:

- as, it
- on, up
- in, of
- or, us.

The next examples fix a pathos in exterior marks as fact:

- Geneva 1793.
- 342a Great Portland Street.

Their evolution as interiorities diminish in the following breaks with truth:

- cook botch spavin
- Bolshevik climamen plus maroon.

The next intensive aggregates produce a vague suggestion of the Plot:

- Ice octoplasm.
- Reciprocity plus obligation to invade.
- Ice reticence.

None of the following exist inside the tradition we call passage:

- the act of turning over,
- the description of leaping suddenly,
- the verb to discharge;
- the complicity of driving away.

Two of the next three tactics mirror social practice not the Real:

- I have cleansed my teeth.
- I have read Saussure.
- Last week I walked to Los Angeles.

The twilight turned murky as they closed the door inside the implications of the following names for where:

- tatripath ... highway ...
- portico ... barbecue ...
- sydicate ... collage.

The rules of substitution still agreed on will allow the use of the following complex form:

- A propositional affront destroys the memory of change.
- Spinoza as anagram.

With the nasal passage opened by reason of the lowered velum, the following phrase flows through the nasopharynx to mark the centre of this end:

- Pigeon should be pidgeon.

SHADOWS
A Short Story
for R. Murray Schafer
By Paul Dutton

I knew the city in intimate detail, contain it in my mind, its shapes and patterns corned through years of close attention and eager exploration, its vastness encompassed, intricacies traced and traversed, at first in toddling thrall to circuits determined by parent or elder sibling, then in loose adherence to routes dictated by like authority for my independent travel to this destination or that, until I graduated to the grasps autonomy that a bicycle affords, and later a car, swallowing myself, too, of the network of public transit, getting to know the city sector by sector, becoming familiar with one neighbourhood and then another, perhaps on some mission -- a visit to friend or relative, an item to be secured, an event to be attended -- but as likely not, content to wander idly where the city led me, straying down byways, exploring lanes and alleys that give off them, dwelling in out-of-the-way parks that nestle within an intertwining of crooked streets, sheltered mews, arced crescents, chance then on some small avenue, turning into a broader boulevard and breaking out finally onto a main thoroughfare where traffic course and I could board a bus or subway to return to my home and study the veined pages of a dog-eared guidebook, hovering over the area I had lately set foot in, noting a microscope turn-off that links two streets I had thought not connected, recalling a bend that the guide ignores, pursuing with finger a fork I had not followed on foot and that leads to the edge of the page, where I obey the directive to turn to another page, behind or ahead, where further cartographic detail is imprinted, imprinting the lace of the city's arteries, veins, and capillaries on the memory-cells of my brain that contains the city as the city contains me: an inhabitant, a thought, an integral unit in a populous and expanding throng of unobserved, linked, if by no other element, and no matter how isolated, by the common bond of existence within a shared environment. Yet for all my knowledge of the city, for all my study of maps and my tireless periphrasis, I have always known nothing better than that sections of it remain unfamiliar to me or that time has dulled my memory of the convolutions that characterize an area unvisited for several years in acuity so immense that competing companies publish their annual updates of guides, each proclaiming their version definitive, each proving, upon examination of their version, to have gotten one detail or another wrong, to have indicated a curve where no curve exists or to have omitted a lane that is manifestly there. Aware, then, of what I did not know of the city, I was careful, when some expedient was to plot a course that entailed no path through any such unknown territory.

Strange, then, to find myself, in pursuit of an urgent late-night appointment, on a street I do not know, with access, as I learned through one or two briefly conducted sorties, to no known avenue, with no familiar landmark visible, nothing to guide me, nothing to fix the point I am at within the expansive sprawl of the city I love and thought I knew so well- so well that I ventured forth without guidebook, or map, confident in my knowledge, and in my knowledge of my ignorance, sure that I would arrive, to turn to another page, behind or ahead, where further cartographic detail is imprinted, imprinting the lace of the city's arteries, veins, and capillaries on the memory-cells of my brain that contains the city as the city contains me: an inhabitant, a thought, an integral unit in a populous and expanding throng of unobserved, linked, if by no other element, and no matter how isolated, by the common bond of existence within a shared environment. Yet for all my knowledge of the city, for all my study of maps and my tireless periphrasis, I have always known nothing better than that sections of it remain unfamiliar to me or that time has dulled my memory of the convolutions that characterize an area unvisited for several years in acuity so immense that competing companies publish their annual updates of guides, each proclaiming their version definitive, each proving, upon examination of their version, to have gotten one detail or another wrong, to have indicated a curve where no curve exists or to have omitted a lane that is manifestly there. Aware, then, of what I did not know of the city, I was careful, when some expedient was to plot a course that entailed no path through any such unknown territory.

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Pigeon should be pidgeon.
disaster: I have not panicked, I will not panic, I am not panicked. I am curious. It is merely—this street
sign that bears a name I can’t recall; must know, but can’t recall—is merely a piece of information, new
information perhaps, but probably known and only momentarily forgotten, to be put together with all
the plentiful information I have accumulated over years of intensive study and research, to be put
indefinitely between the signs, to be put together and processed and used to guide me out of this dark area of
the soli I have lived in and known better than anyone knows, better than I know any other, better than this strange street-sign that
could not be read, could not be read by me or anyone else except to pass it by, and I wonder if I should panic
and close my ears to the shout that one stands, an impact that spins me round and knocks me to the
ground, where I lie dazed for a moment, my cut hand. Having no handkerchief, I tug at my shirttail to
rip from it a makeshift bandage, hearing

I reach the spot near which the car turned in there is no sound nor no light, nor no way of knowing which
is a stirring within the house, a hurried rustle on the porch and then on the lawn the muffled beat of
a lock, though I cannot tell, there is only shadow, the pale light of the one dim nearby streetlight failing
to extend to the area where the shadow seems to be, being no hand to me, as I pace to and fro—
or, for her, for there is nothing to aid in determining gender—passing on in the dark, passing on in
silence, passing on in the absence of a figure that has passed me, closing my ears to the shout that
the night street, eyes ahead, coming to an intersection where two other streets meet the one I'm on and that
a large property where I notice a figure in shadow, bent by a basement window, fiddling, it seems, with
pride (or caution) that kept me from seeking directions at one of the houses where a lit window suggested

A little strung out, but all right." "Instead of confronting the outer world as an objectified field for scientific calculation and instrumental
research by Belgian psychologists indicates maximal arousal (alpha blockage measurements)

People are milling about on the dock. Confusion. This thing you call your life, it slips through your
fingers easily with great and simple pain, in small
-IGNEOUS, that is something that once erupted, was molten liquid ... like acid silicates or obsidian

Astride from a stranger, no lit window is now in evidence. I am without my watch, so can only estimate the hour,
or following streets that seem somehow to return me to the point at which I took them up, testing the
direction in which I should move (for the overcast sky, glowing with the lights the city casts on it,
precludes my being guided by the position of the stars), prepared to strike out across yards or through
a ravine, contending with thick underbrush and bog-like patches, scrambling up an incline to find myself
in a small lot where a car sits with its motor running, a man immobile at the wheel, face impassive, eyes fixed, unresponsive to my taps on the window beside him, on the windshield before him. The noise of the car has penetrated so easily by any other means, nor is fear, but wariness) is justified, so that I do not holter to him that I am lost, honest but lost, lest such loud
proclamation attract some waiting predator, who approaches the car I have found unlocked in a
driving rain, my heart thundering, eyes closed. I have entered in search of a guide, possibly left there,

Syntaxis by Marina de Bellenague LaPalma

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a large property where I notice a figure in shadow, bent by a basement window, fiddling, it seems, with
Peter Marin article on the homeless in Marxism and Modernism, Peter Gay,

Sources:

I see the first woman again in a train, again very elegantly dressed; this time she's holding a large sheaf

"Language is not a neutral medium that passes freely and easily into the private property of the speaker's

I am walking down Broadway, away from Columbia University. Going to visit the midwife who

"Freedom, in this view, was understood as the recognition by the 'subject' that the world is constituted

... Anguish there war. The philosopher had two enemies: the institutions of Christianity and the idea of

... reconsider the enemy now as the institutions of capitalism and the idea of hierarchy, the two problems as

Contemporary functional biology posits four competing theories of aging:

... of these white sun-suckers. And did I even do the one that gets

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... of these white sun-suckers. And did I even do the one that gets

... of the realm of dreams. I am walking down Broadway, away from Columbia University. Going to visit the midwife who delivered me. I do not remember her name.

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Contemporary functional biology posits four competing theories of aging:

... of these white sun-suckers. And did I even do the one that gets
Stringing the poor sap along.
Besides, in Paul Ledbetter you got a guy that if he hits the right cab driver he's ready to roll all night. Let the opera wait, that's the Ledbetter motto.

You go to stay loose with these things. You think these diva-birds learn all that German or Italian or whatever, then they just sing it once?

You've got the wrong head. This is Area Code 416 we’re talking. You think I'd live a place where your opera bops in for one night, something else comes up you've had it? I'll put it simply. NO. Ledbetter would not.

Whatever the scam is, I'll ride a little. See what I can rake off.

"Are you still there, Mr. Ledbetter?"

"I am. You bet I am."

"Are you nervous, Mr. Ledbetter? Is this a comfortable thing for you?"

"Well, Muse. You put it that way, I'd have to say you've been sloughing off." Of course, all other parties are in the dark as to just what is going on here, best phone deal I've had since the pantyhose survey."

"Are you still there, Mr. Ledbetter?"

"I'm ready. I got a ..."

"Still, I am impressed with the way you've entered into the spirit of voice. And I'm not asking you to give up the cat idea . . ."

"You've some muse, you know that?"

"Just put it on the back burner for a while. Please do forgive me, Mr. Ledbetter. I really must hurry through this. What I have in mind for voice is something a little tougher than usual. Quite ungrammatical, with an ethnic slant of some kind to get you really stretching those vocal cords. I want you to play with sentence rhythms. Are you following me so far?"

"Oh, yeah, I'm with you. You want me to sound illiterate."

"Not at all. I want you to be a writer. This is to be a story about writing, about the mysterious relationship between a writer and the writer’s . . ."

"STOP. You can stop right there. I’m not doing it. You know what else I’m thinking? I’m thinking credentials. Like how a person like you gets into the Muse Corps, you know?"

"Ah, voice. Yes. I’ve left this other party hanging at quite a precarious juncture, I’m afraid."

"I understand all right. I'm just not doing it."

"Oh, I think you will, Mr. Ledbetter. Think of the cat. You'll need my help there. And think of this telephone, of all that might happen if early one sunny morning ... and so on and so forth."

"You got all the power is what you’re saying. You got my number, I don't have yours. So you call the shots. Am I right?"

"There is one thing more."

"Be my guest."

"It will be necessary for the purposes of this story for you to change sex. To write from the point of view of the opposite sex. I have all my writers do this at some point, and I find it very amusing."

"Listen! I’m for that. That I can agree with, no contest. Plus we got a very interesting coincidence here. My cat . . ."

"NO, Mr. Ledbetter. Not the cat story yet."

So I did all that.
Sat down and did it before midnight, signed it with my own name.

RING!!

I got it in one, and I got all my fingers crossed.

"Hello? Muse?"

"Yes. That’s right. I’m sorry, Mr. Ledbetter, I was not my intention to disconnect when you led your cat. I was called away."

"Listen, don’t apologize. It’s good to hear your voice."

"That is correct, Mr. Ledbetter. It can also be misleading."

"Okay. Okay. Let me get this straight prior to where I go through the roof. This is from a muse, right? Whose job it is to help the person find his or her own voice as the case may be?"

"That is correct, Mr. Ledbetter. It can also be misleading."

"Like how? You either got a voice, or you don't yet."

"Chiles Rellenos, my cat, is cruising her empty bowl, raising such a stink about it that I’m obliged to call a time-out."

"You got to excuse me a second. There's a cat here would like some grub."

"MEOW!!! MEOW!!!"

I hold the phone out so this muse character gets a full blast.

"You hear that? A voice."

"I hear it. Go feed your cat, Mr. Ledbetter."

"I got you, girl,” I tell Chiles. "You think that’s enough?"

"This is okay with me."

"Oh, yeah? You don't make me hot, you don't take a little responsibility, in that case I would just to pack it in--muse-wise. Go back to the caverns measureless to man, you know? Because I try."

"There are degrees."

"I beg your museship’s pardon?"

"Let me not pursue that. I have not called to exchange insults with you, Mr. Ledbetter. If you would prefer to carry on as you have of late, I will simply terminate this conversation."

"No, hey. You come on a little strong there, kind of accusatory, I give it my best shot. You know? You want an apology though, you got it."

"Wrong again, Mr. Ledbetter. Neither gratitude nor an apology. My only concern here is to get you back on the track, and to that end I have a few suggestions."

"Great! Listen, you got putty in your hands here. I'm Kid Eager. You toss this boy a sandbag I'll do magic. You say, I do right? Have what I got to lose?"

"Very well then. To begin. You have become stuck in a single voice. You must learn to vary it."

"I'm ready. I got a . . ."

"There is one thing more."

"Be my guest."

"It will be necessary for the purposes of this story for you to change sex. To write from the point of view of the opposite sex. I have all my writers do this at some point, and I find it very amusing."

"Listen! I’m for that. That I can agree with, no contest. Plus we got a very interesting coincidence here. My cat . . ."

"NO, Mr. Ledbetter. Not the cat story yet."

So I did all that.
Sat down and did it before midnight, signed it with my own name.
Behind the mirror, Orphée and Heurtebise then universe a “Zone”.

The mirror is an object that

As the entrance and exit

Time transmitted through the radio

Can not be true the mirror

In the Zone is the

In terms of the

Perhaps it all

Sheer of the
love scene
a poem for five performers
by dick higgins

to perform this work requires five men or women and a pack of index cards made up according to the directions below.

to make the deck:
1. use a pack of 100 unrulled index cards; on these, either write the texts given below, or else photocopy the texts, cut them apart and glue them onto the cards.
2. keep the resulting decks separate.

to perform:
1. the performers number themselves i through v.
2. each takes the appropriate deck of cards. iv and v divides she (his or her) deck unevenly.
3. each shuffles she cards.
4. at a mutually agreed-upon signal, each performer reads her top card aloud in sequence, i through v.
5. after each card is read, it is placed on the bottom of the deck.
6. as each performer returns to the bottom of the deck, he or she does not shuffle it before reading on but keeps on through the cards again in the same order as before.
7. the performance lasts as long as desired, or for a mutually agreed-upon duration.

1. let's us
on the road
enjoying the spring
throwing roses
on 23rd street
for a moment
among the dancers
beside the apples
without touching
in the sunlight
generously
again
by the brook
in a lake
anyway
on a lake
in the altogether
among the horses
sighing
watching for danger
altogether
in the mist
among the fishes
gently
in zurich
in a dream
in a jock strap
furiously
right where
at the movies
carelessly
in the ceiling
sipping coffee
scaling cards
in a sweat
on the grass
knowing the truth
on the lawn
before he leaves
en route to washington
playfully
making love
so excited
on the piano
holding our pants up
in the moonlight
for a song
french style
among the flowers
in the warmth
doing the old in-out
for the first time
on a table
oooo
through the dandelions
looking for soap

2. roar
touch
philosophize
wake up
walk
laugh
swim
take a bath
sing
collapse
make love
dance
sleep
smoke
dream

3. with faith
with a smile
with a lover
with a song
with a gentle sigh
with a tear
with a blue
with me
with great passion
with a damn good hit
with a laugh
with great effort
with a touch
with a gesture
with pale bodies

THE NEW HOUSE
By Jim Francis
(from a story ideal of George Bowering's in Craft Slices)

I want to describe the house my parents are moving into, but I don't want you to mis-imagine it. Of course I can't stop you, if that's what you want to do. But if you should subvert my intent you're not allowed to bitch when the story doesn't work. I'm the one writing the story and you can't expect me to deal with every possibility. Or you can, but you will be disappointed.

Take for example the backyard. It is continuous with the backyard of the house next to it, which, incidentally, in the house my parents are moving out of and my older brother and his wife and two infant sons are moving into. I know that story has potential, but it's not the one I'm telling so I won't tell you the colour of my sister-in-law's hair or the names of the boys. I'm telling you about the backyard of the new house, which has no fences or hedges of its own. The house behind it has a post, enclosed and guarded by a wooden, rust coloured fence, but that fence will not belong to my parents. They, or my brother, will simply run the lawn mower along it in summer and not think too much about it otherwise.

I would like to describe that backyard in terms of feet or yards, just to be accurate and abstract, but I don't know the exact measurements, and I don't usually think in those terms myself so my estimates is to about as long as desired, or for a mutually agreed-upon duration.

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WHY KILLED PROFESSOR WORDSWORTH?
By Andrew James Paterson

WHO KILLED PROFESSOR WORDSWORTH? is a novelization of the writer-director's videotape of the same title. (Contact: VITAPE, 183 Bathurst St., Toronto, Canada.)

REALIZING THERE WAS NO WAY he would ever be able to talk Webster out of sticking him with the Professor Wordsworth murder case, Whit Masters grudgingly accepted the assignment and some necessary research material to bone up on while driving around in his Central Bureau of Control operative's vehicle. The Gic which Webster had instructed him to pick up contained a selection of Professor Wordsworth's word-related tele-lectures; it might as well have been labelled The Nutty Professor's Greatest Hits.

THE PROFESSOR HAD, UNTIL YESTERDAY that is, been a TV personality who had appeared between two and five times a day on Nationwide Network for the ostensible purpose of sizing up a popular word and proclaiming that word's actual, as opposed to popular, meaning. Whit Masters had sat through exactly one of these mini-telelectures before making a point of either taking a piss or opening another case of Lone Star every time the unhealthily buff quick's face appeared on screen. However he was now on assignment to find the professor's killer so now he had to examine the telelectures on the drive. If Webster maintained that the lectures might contain possible clues then who was Whit Masters not to at least be open to such a possibility.

The CBC had indeed been curious about Professor Wordsworth. The man had been a mega-TV celebrity but nothing else was known about him... no real name, no address, no SIN, no bank account, no tax returns, nothing. Webster had told him to check in with Stillman Boone for further briefing. Stillman Boone was the CBC's authority figure on the subject of Cultural Subversives and a media celebrity himself.

"YOU, WHIT MASTERS, WERE CHOSEN FOR TWO REASONS," Webster was smirking within the uncomfortable confines of his monitor. "First, your hatred of pretentious intellectual assholes and second, your name came up next on the Computer. Masters scowled and lit a cigarette. He explained and Webster listened in patient but unimpressed silence. The professor apparently loved to argue with technological experts and with technology in general. It was difficult enough for him to drive while operating the necessary keyboard selectors and observing his information monitor screens in the Civic. But it was impossible for him to talk simultaneously to either machine in the car or to individuals such as Webster who had managed to transform themselves into machines.

AFTER TURNING THE IGNITION KEY Masters Iranians the videotape of Professor Wordsworth's telelectures into the deck for the benefit of the two monitors and then listened intently to the murder victim's final monologue on the tape. At the first red light he reacquainted himself with the professor's image.

The man had been somewhere between thirty-five and forty-five; in short, it was difficult to ascertain. He wore black-rimmed glasses which, upon closer examination, contained no glass. His beard was unevenly distributed around his mouth and the beard had been blackened for the benefit of the camera as had his receding hair. Professor Wordsworth resembled a genuine TV comedy caricature of a hyper-neurotic intellectual.

Professor Wordsworth shamelessly read from a teleprompter which had been placed immediately vertical to the TV camera.

MY DESIGNATED WORDS FOR TODAY ARE "PUBLIC" AND "PRIVATE"... THESE ARE WORDS WHICH ARE CONSIDERED TO BE INDEPENDENT—WORDS WHICH SIMPLY CANNOT BE DEFENDED WITHOUT THE ONE REFERENCING TO THE OTHER. SOMETHING "PRIVATE" REFERS TO SOMETHING WHICH IS NOT EITHER PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OR PRIVATE PROPERTY "PRIVATE" IS INDIVIDUAL WHILE "PUBLIC" IS COLLECTIVE... "PRI­ VATE" IS PERSONAL WHILE "PUBLIC" IS NOT TOO PERSONAL TO BE SHARED WITH OTHERS.

YET I FEEL THESE ARE THE TWO MOST SYMPTOMATIC WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. AN IDEA, AN AFFAIR, A SENSIBILITY CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS BEING "PRIVATE" IN REFERENCE TO THE PUBLIC. THIS VIDEOTAPE'S APPEAL IS IN ITS ABILITIES TO LET THE PUBLIC SEE SOMETHING WHICH IS PRIVATE... PRIVATE HERE BEING SYNONYM WITH FORBIDDEN, OR TABOO. BUT CONSIDER THE REVERSE—HOW CAPITALISM CONSISTS OF CONVINCING A HYPOTHETICAL PUBLIC THAT A PRIVATE CONCEPT OR FANTASY IS BENEFICIAL AND THEREBY ESSENTIAL TO THE PUBLIC. BOTH ADVERTISING AND PORNOGRAPHY OPERATE ON THIS PRINCIPLE. THEY EREITIZE THE PRIVATE FOR PUB­ LIC CONSUMPTION.

THE MOST RIDICULOUS EXAMPLE OF THE SYMBIOSIS OF THESE TWO WORDS IS IN THE NOTION OF THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL, WHICH IN NORTH AMERICA IS REFERRED TO AS A "PRIVATE" SCHOOL BECAUSE IT IS AFTER ALL PRIVATELY CONTROLLED AND ONLY ACCESSIBLE TO A SMALL SEGMENT OF THE "PUBLIC"... THE WORD "PRIVATE" BY DEFINITION TITILLATES THE PUBLIC—ERECT A SIGN INDICATING PRIVATE PROPERTY AND— NOT WITHSTANDING BODYGUARDS OR DOBERMAN PINCHEERS—you are in fact extending an invitation to the "PUBLIC"— MEANING ALL OF THOSE WHO ARE NOT YOURSELF.

By roughly the halfway point of the professor's lecture Masters had come to see himself as a man playing a role not unlike that of a private investigator whose job was to investigate the murder of a man who had become a public figure because of (not despite) his aura of privacy (here being synonym with secrecy). And this meant that this assignment was going to be motherf*cking difficult if not downright impossible — the make or break case of his own law enforcement career. And this meant that nobody, excluding himself, was to be considered entirely free from suspicion.

Because most of his previous assignments had been related to more conventional jurisprudences such as insurrection or crimes of passion, Masters had never yet had any dealings with Stillman Boone, CBC Cultural Affairs Watchdog. Having labelled Professor Wordsworth as a cross between religious fanatic and showbiz fraud, he now insinuated that the professor was a character-profile fit to the deck for the lower monitor and then punched up the lower keyboard.

STILLMAN BOONE — ACADeMIC, AUTHOR, CULTURAL ACTIVIST — CBC EMPLOYEE IN GOOD STANDING — FORMERLY POLITICAL SCIENCE PROFESSOR IN TORONTO PRIOR TO ANNEXATION OF CANADA FOLLOWING REAGAN/MAKLNEY FREE TRADE PACT — CURRENTLY AN ADVOCATE OF PORNOGRAPHY COLUMNIST — PRIME ADVOCATE OF COLORIZATION OF BLACK & WHITE FILM — ONE TIME MEMBER OF CHICAGO CRIMINAL AND LEFTIST HISTORIES BEFORE ACADEMIC AND PUBLISHING CAREERS.

My God! The old cold warrior was not only a battleaxe, he was a proper curmudgeon. Whit Masters checked himself. Overestimating to Boone had caused him to utilize the vocabulary of a Platonic Egoist, a notion that had become English and American and whose profundity could contrive. Proper English, as opposed to found American, was after all the vocabulary of the pretentious intellectual assholes he was notorious within the CBC for despising. Hell, as far as he was concerned they were pretentious and showbiz, but at least they were accessible.

However, Boone considered the professor to be not only a dangerous radical but also a populist demagogue — a truly deadly combination. Masters himself was a lifeline Republican, with a renewed fervor resulting from the recent alignment of both the Canadian Conservative and Liberal parties with the Grand Old Elephant.

But why, since Canadians were now Americans, did Boone still persist in affecting Englishness in order to avoid being mistaken for an American? His first impression of the CulturalAffairs watchdog was that the man might possibly have been some kind of construction as opposed to being human. He had certainly received his capsule summation of the history of Professor Wordsworth (from dropout seminarian to political front to worst-case scenario) although the man by name of Levison (Erickson) had suggested (Levith through failed actor Brock Gilber to his final incarnation) as if he had recited it several times before with identical phrasing. But at the conclusion of Boone's monologue when he had described the professor's pretentiousness and showbiz, Masters felt the words somehow possessed. The learned gentleman was not a robot, concluded Masters. On the contrary, he was a fanatic.

On Masters' upper monitor Professor Wordsworth's lecture concerning the words "Christian" and "Christ" was interrupted by the vidphone. The caller was Webster, Masters would've been surprised if it had been anybody else. He had no friends and there was not yet any reason for any of Webster's unexpected investigation.

The BBC had caught the killer as the killer had walked into headquarters and presented himself. Masters had hoped that would be the end, of course the killer's surrendering only complicated matters further. The man, whose name was Jim Wall, was carrying on his person enough money to keep a hard-core junkie such as himself supplied for at least a month. But he wasn't supplying information. Masters' alarm only served to provide Wall with a live wire co-op who existed only to be bailed. Wall repeated his death wish to the point that Masters did indeed put out his gun only to have Wall grab it and then shoot himself in the mouth. The killer himself without having revealed anything the obvious fact that he had been hired gun expected to carry out somebody else's assignment and then disappear into the night with all, cops or criminals, money and capital punishment—at least not before useful information had been extracted from the murderer.

S&D TAYLOR — FLAMBOYANT PRESIDENT OF NATION-WIDE-NETWORK (NOW) — PRIME ADVOCATE OF COLORIZATION OF BLACK & WHITE FILM — ONE TIME MAN­AGER OF SIXTEEN POLKING DEAN ZIMMERMAN — REGISTERED DEMOCRAT BUT KNOWN CONTRA FINANCIAL SUPPORTER — CHARGED WITH INCOME TAX FRAUD IN I980— CURRENTLY ACQUITTED — ALSO OWNER OF LUCRATIVE DRIVE-IN MOVIE CHAIN, OSLA CINEMA.

Sid Taylor had proven both charming and frustrating to Masters; simply because the man made perfect sense. For Sid Taylor recognized the young man who called himself Professor Wordsworth might indeed turn out to be a lucrative investment of a little bit of time and very little money. The professor simply had to stand in front of the camera while another camera supplied the "swee" (an anonymous private school student with the preposterously generic Latin "Latin American" accent) and Sid Taylor was a shrewd capitalist to the letter; and that was why the man was made sense to Whit Masters.

However, Sid Taylor also gave Masters the impression of knowing more than he was telling. He had mentioned the subject of the professor's personal life (Taylor didn't see how the man could possibly have had love for a private of private life) only to drop the subject. But then he had pressed him to a "possible lead" and proceeded to elaborate at length on the woman's aggressive manner and her obvious double motive (jealousy plus money). Sarah Mulholland, who was by now a successful and controversial writer, had had a couple of occasions confronted Wordsworth in a rear parking lot. The problem with this potential suspect (Masters frowned as he lit a cigarette upon leaving Taylor's office) was that, since she'd been successful at extracting the money in question as well as (according to Taylor) now being published, her two obvious motives no longer seemed particularly relevant. Still she proved worth a visit, although while reading her character-profile on the lower monitor in its car, Masters became apprehensive. He'd described herself as being in love with the sidestep of a man, which was to say with the Professor Wordsworth. Sarah Mulholland had lived in, fearing that his motive for visiting her would be automatically suspect.

SARAH MULHOLLAND — BORN NEW YORK CITY — WRITER AND FILMMAKER — NOVEL SPIDER WOMAN'S REVENGE SUBJECT OF OBSCENITY TRIAL 1985 — VERSATILE INNOCENT — FORMER GIRLFRIEND OF PROFESSOR WORDSWORTH — HI-PROFILE AD ACTIVITY — ALSO WRITES LIT.CRT.— ADVOCATING REMOVAL OF MEANING FROM LANGUAGE.

Sarah Mulholland had proven quite charming. Although her recollections of the professor were largely vindictive she was prone to which struck Masters as almost bizarre mood swings—suddenly her tone would be tender and compassionate. Most of the time she despised Wordsworth for imposing what she blatantly referred to as "the tyranny of meaning" onto language which she felt should be accessible to whoever might want to use it for whatever reasons of their choice; rather than a privileged minority. For the rest, she seemed too intense for Masters to suspect her of being guilty of the posture she accused Wordsworth of having used in the marketing of his self. Masters was transfixed by the fluidity by which she systematically debunked the murder victim, while respecting her moments of sentimentalism. But, when she finally excused herself and returned to her own work, Masters felt relief. He returned to his car, activated the remainder of the professor's lecture on the words "panic" and "hysteria" (he noted that they had been trivialized through repetition), and enjoyed the relative security of the automobile.
SCOTT SYMINGTON—CANADIAN-BORN LECTURER AT CONCORDIA U. MONTREAL—
MENTOR AND ROLE MODEL FOR PROF. WORDSWORTH—SWITCHED AREA OF 
SPECIALIZATION FROM LINGUISTICS TO PHILOSOPHY OF COPYRIGHT AND AUTHORITY—
NO LONGER GIVES IN PERSON LECTURES—FEELS CULT OF PERSONALITY DISHONESTY.

LISTEN, I HAVE PREPARED THIS DISC BECAUSE I KNEW SOMEONE OF YOUR ILK WOULD
AU TOO EAGER TO REMOVE WORDS AND PHRASES FROM CONTEXT FOR THEIR OWN
PURPOSES. HOWEVER, IF MY MOUTH IS NOT VISIBLE THEN HOW INDEED CAN I ESTABLISH
MENTOR AND ROLE MODEL FOR PROF. WORDSWORTH— SWITCHED AREA OF SPE
CONTRARY, THIS IS HOW I ALWAYS COMMUNICATE WITH 1-JOSE WHO BY DEFINITION ARE
CIALIZATION FROM LINGUISTICS TO PHILOSOPHY OF COPYWRITE AND AUTHORSHIP

The viewing monitor began to roll and a pale, balding man who was obviously reading from a prepared

bureaucratic cubicles. Upon reaching his destination he parked the car and extinguished his cigarette. He had trouble dealing with local libraries, let alone monolithic ones such as the one he was
currently facing. He pressed his

...at this point Symington was only reprinting information which had already been supplied by Stillman Boone. Masters hypothesized that the whole exercise was designed to be the work of a suspect man made a
point of checking out the competition and, since Boone was employed by the CBC, he had means at
disposal which were not accessible to the average working stiff like himself. Although Webster
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snarled at him. What possible use could any reasonable person have for Scott Symington’s book, except
a bedside book for the kitty litter.

MASTERS HAD BY NOW CONCEDED that he would have to obtain some further reading on the subject of Professor Wordsworth, since none of the suspects so far seemed likely candidates. He started
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WELCOME TO THE Central Bureau of Control

Suspect Database

Case #1313: Prof. Wordsworth

LOOK, thought Wordsworth, "Look, it’s not big deal. If you really need..."

He smiled the murder, of course. Volodya had forgotten. He put his hand over his face in a weary
gesture, then looked at it, almost expecting to see a white sticky film. "Right—of course." Kip leaned closer, whispered, "Look, it’s not such a big deal. If you really need..."

Volodya stood up. The pain in his gut changed to a dull nausea. The whole room cracked and began

SANPURU

By Mishya

Volodya watched the gleaming amber fuselage speed by on a crack collision with an identical fuselage. He felt his heart open like the petals of a rose, and snapped them shut as the missile met its image and
the entire sheet of glass came slaking down in a torrent of brilliant lights and a beautiful blast of sound. He coughed at the sudden sweet smell of almonds brandy.

Ettie, a face brick red with anger, watched him hate. "I don’t think the point is to make money. When you make enough money—I don’t care who the fuck listens to your music," She stood glaring at him—her jaw thrust forward, her leg apart and her shimmer of golden hair cut thick and straight like the lobes of her ear.

Volodya looked at the timelapse of glass littering the floor. Bright shards all reflecting pieces of Ettie,
her apartment, the lucite lines in the ceiling.

He bent down and picked up twopieces of the mirror. One jagged edge reflected his own coal eye
image, the other, Ettie’s thigh in a raw satin legging. He fitted the pieces together, but only got an
irregular image of both of them. He felt a sharp pain in his stomach, as if he had eaten pieces of
the mirror. He slid around inside of itself, and turned on him. "The point! The point! The point is to make
money. When you make enough money—I don’t care who the fuck listens to your music," She stood glaring at him—her jaw thrust forward, her leg apart and her shimmer of golden hair cut thick and straight like the lobes of her ear.

Volodya wondered how she did that. She bit down—to see if he could talk with his teeth clenched.
He moved further into the line of the mirror, cutting the head of his hand on a triangular shard. He gasped as the bright blood flowed over the broken images of Ettie.

"Ettie!"

"WHAT?!!" She was standing at the stove, her sharp heel cocked up on a bar stool. She had lit a
cigarette and savagely smoked it while she watched Volodya wriggle with his hand on his handkerchief.

Volodya stood up. The pain in his gut changed to a dull nausea. The whole room cracked and began
to slide apart; the four walls mirroring each other in a prismatically clingling of glass and wine red. Volodya
closed his heavily-lidded eyes very slowly, "I need a weekend. Two days. Then new music — new life for both of us."

"I don’t like this Volodya!" Her fine tattooed brows seemed sewn together. "What are you saying
‘one weekend’?" Her voice began to rise, “Are you walking out on me the week before our wedding? What are you planning to do— just get out and leave me with this — this MESS?!" She screamed the last word, then

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Volodya took three steps toward Ettie and gently reached out to lay a hand on her flushed cheek.

"You’re beautiful!" He stroked the smooth places under the printed rectangles of tattooed blush. She flinched as if she were going to hit him, but even though he never had, “Ettie, calm down. I’m going to drive up to Kip for the weekend—
okey? I just need a little space."

Ettie blew smoke in his face. Her jaw stood out and her eyes narrowed. The words came out in hard
brittle shards. “You shit. You dirty shit.” She slapped him hard across the cheek. One maroon satin nail raked the corner of his eye.

The streets arched up to him like the black back of a cat. The steel mesh elevator set him down in

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Stillman Boone. Masters hypothesized that the whole exercise was designed to be the work of a suspect man made a
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bureaucratic cubicles. Upon reaching his destination he parked the car and extinguished his cigarette.

Masters was sick of buildings in which smoking was forbidden.
Knowing that the shades were a giveaway, he took them off before entering the sleazy little bar. He'd made some notoriety as an authorized composer and he didn't want to be bothered by it. He went straight to the counter, back booths signifying something to hide.

"What the fuck do you want?" asked a tender with gritty red hair and a cap with "Get tub fisted" gluing it in place around his neck. Dishing in gay green on the front.

"What's new?"

"Oysters," his voice was gravelly, as if he expected Volodya to fight him over it. Volodya nodded and waved his hand.

The tender slipped a beer dock next to Volodya's hand. He leaned on the counter, his red bull very close to Volodya.

"You been here before?" he sneered at Volodya.

Volodya shook his head.

"Hung — you look kinda familiar."

"Come on, Volodya, somebody's stringing of thong over here and you're flitting with that little gumshoe." A large termite windmillmed its legs at Hunch. Its fat white body gleamed with good health.

Volodya grimaced, hung his hand and sipped the bitter beer. In a minute, Hunch was back with a steaming plate of oysters. They were beautifully formed. The texture was perfect. The smell was rich, buttery.

Volodya shoved the plate back hard. "What the hell is this shit? You trying to kill me?"

Hunch reached a raw hand over the counter and grabbed Volodya's cover coat. "Shut-up chiphead — this ain't that kind of ... "

"No. Nothing. I didn't want a hand on your heart."

Volodya's words were choked and spat on the floor. He turned around and ran. Volodya's eyes flashed in ginsu green on the front.

"Asciishit, I know glycerine when I see it- ain't an oyster been hatched that ... "

"It's all sanpuru food. Plastic." She patted her own shrunken gut. "With little parasites to digest it living inside of you." She laughed. "They'll send me back to Canada when they catch me." She pointed at him. "You're going to shit blood and die." She listened intently a moment, one beige hand held up, then turned and ran.

Volodya moved his lips, soundlessly mouthing the word, "parasites".....

Volodya trembled with the symbol list in his hand. It had been months since he had actually seen inside a supermarche, but Ettie, paving the path to marital habits, had sent him. He looked down the long corridors at all the plastic food gleaming garish and safe in their tight wrappings. Sausages, like torpedoes, were stuffed in a back corner.

"Don't you?" she asked, sliding the red head viciously, he aggressively herded her back the wall. The woman smiled and spat on the floor. "Sampuru shit piles," she said back out.

Volodya moved out the back way. In a moment the oyster had circled back and was pulling something out of the dumpster. Volodya stood in the shadow watching. Finally she pulled out a crass of pale chocolate covered nuts.

She giddily tore open the package and poured them into her mouth, sucking off the chocolate noisily and spitting the nuts against the slimy brick wall.

Volodya edged out of the shadows. She drew a long knife.

"What are you doing?" put his hand over his heart.

"You're not a cop," her voice was hard, annoyed. She had a long braid, thick like a rope.

"Because it was real chocolate." She made a ferret-like face.

"Why did you do that?"

"To get him back for my share." She pointed at her own shrunken gut. "With little parasites to digest it living inside of you." She laughed. "They'll send me back to Canada when they catch me." She pointed at him. "You're going to shit blood and die." She listened intently a moment, one beige hand held up, then turned and ran.

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Ettie, seeing the look on the roundERS face, patted him on the arm. "Believe it or not, some folks try and eat this themselves. And as you well know, pet food isn't, suitable for human consumption." He nodded. He knew that she knew that he was lying. "I just got this cat, 'Guilely.' I haven't got his authorization yet."

"I'm sorry then, I'll just have to take back the food." He nodded. At least she rang up the chocolate.

"Okay Volodya, cut the crap!" Ettie said sharply.

Volodya looked straight back at her. "Fuck off," he said.

Ettie bricked. "He's sick all right," she took a stylo and punched her symbol.

The red erosplast door beckoned him. He shivered in the coverall, leaning very close to read it. One red hand over his heart.

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The red suroplast door beckoned him. He shivered in the coverall, leaning very close to read it. One red hand over his heart.

\section*{Lambanapaste}
\textbf{By William A. Reid}

\begin{quote}
Picture a land of rolling, green pasture sloping down to spongy banks of winding rivers and up to grey, sprawling cliffs upon which great flocks of flitting sheep wandered.

\textit{Follow me to the castle of the King of Anapest, whose ill-health is easily distinguished by the fineness of his snappish verse, an attribute much prized in this land of oral, aspastic poetry. Listen. Even now, if you come with me inside, you can hear the King conversing with several of his officials, and fall under the spell of his magical tongue.}

"He's my flower, my Bud, he's my heart's only boon, And you're telling me now that he's going astray, That he'll marry an Lamb before the next moon, And the tongue of our fathers will similarity away."

The Lamb lived in the land of Lam, situated uncomfortably adjacent to Anapest. The Lamb of Lamb had a beautiful daughter named Bud, known far and wide for her goodness. Good Bud and young Bud, son of the King of Anapest, were in love, but it was a hopeless and wretched love, the Lamb, who spoke only in lamitic iambic tetrameter, despised the Anapastes and referred to them as "dumb poops," while the Anapastes, who spoke only in iambic tetrameter, loftied the Lamb and referred to them as "real dumb poops." The Lamb found the Anapastes to be unabridgably pretentious and insufferably ornamental, while the Anapastes regarded the Lamb as flighty, dizzy-headed nonentities.

Because of these unjustified prejudices, which were, by and large, well-founded, the two kingdoms avoided interaction as much as possible, preferring distinct hostility to the almost-certain warfare that would erupt from any attempt at social intercourse. However, both kingdoms recognized the advantages of trade, and therefore an institution had evolved over the years that made it possible for lambic and Anapastic leaders to get together without bloodshed. A contingent from both kingdoms would meet semi-annually in a large, stone building, constructed solely for this purpose, on the border between the two kingdoms. Inside these austere walls walked fighting was strictly forbidden, and patience was the password; for business purposes hatred was temporarily forgotten. This was a tall order, for the sound of a foreign meter caused violent headaches to break both Lamb and Anapaste.

Bed and Bod had not met until very young children at a Borderhouse meeting. While taking part in the obligatory festivities, Bed remarked on the grace and beauty of the Young Minstrel. Bod was so delighted that he gave him as a gift a book of lamitic poetry, which Bed was soon able to recite from memory. They were often to be met together, each so charmed with the other's company that they were often to be met together, as a result, they became great friends.

In the face of these obstacles their love had flourished, until a fateful meeting day at Borderhouse, when Young Bud, by this time a young prince on the throne of Anapest, redelained his poet-up passage by charging across the room to where Good Bud stood with the Iambic contingent and smothering her in an ardent embrace, which caused both queens to faint and an elderly Lambic official to die immediately. Unnhased, he turned to the stonewhine faces in the meeting room and exclaimed:

"I'm sorry my Lords and my Ladies and Dad, But good Bud is the only good poop that I know. She can talk in a tongue that doesn't sound bad And in fact is a fountain of lyrical flow."

"Her goodness and beauty we second to none; She is metrically sure to She is moral, philocal and metrical fun - And in fact is a fountain of lyrical flow."

"She is moral, philocal and metrical fun - She is metrically sure to be me by the moon of this Midsummer's night!"

Good Bod, inspired by her love's insatiable craving, summoned sufficient strength to address her stunned parents (her mother had revived), who were regarding their daughter's willingness to submit to the Anapastic prince's advances with horror.

"Don't cry, Don't cry my mother dear; I've chosen Bud and that is that. And Dad, my time for love is here, So wish us well and don't be mad."

The young lover's defiant stance momentarily shocked royalty and officialdom of both sides into silence, However, when a young official from the Lambic contingent bellowed:

"Unsuitable good Bod, you scurvy dog!"
bowed low, hiding depthless eyes, he intoned his message in a strange and wonderful meter:

"Your son Bud has departed, along with good Bod, And by now your pure blood may be mixed with lamb. Let's not wait for our feet to recover their strength; We'll recoup and attack with the force of a ram."

The other officials, still flushed from battle, and thoroughly confident in their ability to master such force, chimed in:

"Your pure blood and your meter may mix with lamb, For young Bud and the princess took off on the lam, But since Midsummer's night is still one moon away, We must kill all the lambs and kill them today!"

At the very same time, as the evening shadows were creeping over the ragged countryside, a similar conference was taking place in the King of lamb's court. The lambs, an emotional lot, expressed even greater sorrow over the disappearance of their princess than the Anapists had for their runaway prince, and were even more enthusiastic in their last for blood. They improvised a rousing chant for the occasion that sounded like this:

"Let's kill dumb poops and kill them dead, Then find good Bod before she's wed. If married by tomorrow's mouth, Our blood and meter go to ruin."

In the courts of both kingdoms the consensus was war. The hysterical Iambs immediately took up arms and set off with a great clarion for Anapest. The Anapists prepared for war more carefully, with the calm that comes from having three beats to a foot.

Meanwhile, nestled in a cave at the foot of Mount Pairit, whose peak represented the exact borderline between lamb and Anapest, Bud and Bod were necking nervously. It was their first time alone together, and their giddy freedom tied their tongues and quickened their hearts. After a while, the picture of their relations in their meter was all they could think of:

"The calm that comes from having three beats to a foot." Bud was the first to speak:

"You're the one that I love but we'll do what is right; If we marry it means that our families fight. If we go back together they'll take me from you. Tell me what in the world can we possibly do?"

Bod's spirit soared at the sound of her lover's voice, and, with a dramatic delivery lacking in poet lambs, she replied:

"We'll scale the wall of Mount Pairit: We'll go to where the Old One sits. And ask him how to stop the war And live in peace forevermore."

Hand in hand they left the cave. As night descended they began to climb the dark, steep face of the mountain. They climbed and slipped and slid and grappled until their bodies were bloodied and bruised. Just as the sun began to rise they reached the summit, and collapsed together at the mouth of the cave where Bud and Bod were necking nervously. It was their first time alone together, and their giddy freedom tied their tongues and quickened their hearts. After a while, the picture of their relations in their meter was all they could think of:

"The calm that comes from having three beats to a foot."

The next morning, as the sun began to rise they reached the summit, and collapsed together at the mouth of the cave. As they lay there, motionless, their voices, bold bowed almost to the ground, taking a bold step forward, Bud said:

"We have come from below with a problem so grave That ..."

"Silence!"

Bud and Bod shrank back several feet as the Old One spoke. The single word echoed over and over again, unbearably loud, though he had not appeared to have opened his ancient lips. With his head still raised high, the Old One continued:

"You have come for advice You must listen to me And change ... metrically."

"I know why you're here; You've come for advice That will end the great war And make everything right."

"I'm old and I'm wise; I never tell lies. You must listen to me And change metrically.

Instead of one meter, You must always use two; Iambananapest. Is the answer for you."

Far below, on the bloomedasked battlefield, the men of lamb and Anapest ceased fighting, and gazed to the top of Mount Pairit, for the message of the Old One floated clearly all the way down to them. As they stood beside toy soldiers in silent wonder, the Old One continued:

"Young Bud and good Bod Shall teach the new tongue, And those who won't change Shall be instantly hung!"

Both sides immediately reacted to their kingdoms, shaken and confused by the Old One's edict. As it dawned on the people of both kingdoms that they would be forced to speak "that horrid other meter" along with their own, panic set in. While Bud and Bod climbed down the mountain, happily practising lambananapest in preparation for their new pedagogical positions, royalty and citizenship from both sides gathered up essential belongings and dispersed to live scudding, haunted lives in dark forests, rather than assimilate their meter with another.

By the time Bud and Bod reached the bottom, both kingdoms were deserted. While the departure of all their family and friends saddened them, they were delighted that everyone remaining spoke lambananapest. After burying the dead, they set up home together at Borderhouse, and lived happily together, until one day a stranger came upon them as they worked in their garden and said:

"Hi there."

A PLAY IN ONE AS
A true story
By Susan Parker

A town, much like that tough and punk mining town of Aitkokan, Ontario (metaphorically known as the asshole of the world).

A school, much like Mark Street Public School, where a teacher, Miss Phlegm (who is as blonde as a button of fluffy-fleeced, and who can't teach, and can't even teach gym), is lecturing on the simile—about how a simile is a comparison of 2 things—often weird things— that for the sake of ornamentation are bridged together with the words "like" or "as". Miss Phlegm (who has eyes like 2 pits holes in the snow) is asking for an example of a simile.

M. _Me_ stands up and says that an example of a simile is "as easy as pie", and _og_ _ome_ stands up and says that an example of a simile is "as green as great, green gobs of greasy, grimy gopher guts". At this point, _ukch_ stands up, and with hair awashed in barbered wire, fleurs, carrots, mosquitoes and arrows, says that an example of a simile is "as straight as a board that's never been nulled before". Not to be outdone, _oza_ , a no-goodnik, lollygagger, who after his mom sent him out to get a Christmas tree, lopped off the head of that blue spruce in Mrs. _i_ 's front yard, says that an example of a simile is "as tight as _enda_ _ier' sass, and it becomes obvious that this lesson on the simile, the metaphor and the dirty joke is doing about as much good as a snowball in hell.

Words in Edgewise (quips quotes cries koans and fictinos)
By Robert Priest

Fruit always tastes better in a pie
You can't make tea without water
— (Marsha Kirzner)

To cut bread with a dagger
To break one egg with another
To fear the gun and butter too
To prefer the bottle to the wine
To dodge a pea and step in shit
To spill the water to save the glass

A fool scrimpes on pockets
The whole pie is more than just a piece
Not just PEACE But a just PEACE
Justice not justification
Quality not E(quality)
Everything all at once
There's nothing like never having had it
You don't know til you get there
Don't judge your destination by the trip it takes
The closer you get the farther away you get
You can't see the river for your own reflection
Callous amnesia
It is better to know nothing Than to know only lies
If you have to ask You just don't know
(Karen shook)

Different destinations But for a while the same path
THE NEW CHAPPY
by David McFadden

She’s telling me she had a fight with her husband. We’re sitting in the lobby of the little four-room hotel. I heard the fight but buried my head under my pillows. Now he’s apparently gone, and here we are. She’s thin and blonde and chainsmoking. He’s not really her husband, she says. She took up with him a couple of years ago, after this “chaotic” (she’s a New Zealander) she’d been living with for seventeen years died. He had been one of the first Tongans to settle in New Zealand. When he died they took him back up the islands for the funeral. This morning according to the radio 140 Fijians were taken off a flight to New Zealand because they didn’t have visas, Mnufa! Fiji is right next door to New Zealand. But Canadians don’t need visas, nor do Americans, nor do people from the countries of Northern Europe. But Italians and Greeks and Fijians do. And Yugoslavians. Serbs who settled in New Zealand in the nineteenth century and are trying to maintain a bit of their language are petitioning the government to let more Serbs in. So this new chaotic, he’s a great deal older than she and she’s thinking it’s about time to call an end to it.

He’s such an overgrown boy, he has to get his own way. She’s waiting for him to come back, not knowing if he ever is going to come back, and she worries about how the heck she’s going to get back to Gisborne. She seems to be appraising me as a possible source of at least moral support. Maybe. I’ll do what I can. At any rate he had stormed off suddenly. Taking their little white rented car. Apparently he had wanted to go snorkelling for the entire day and she wanted it only for half a day. Or maybe the other way around. Anyway they fought bitterly about it. I heard some of it. Ugly.

Suddenly he comes in, bursts into the little second-floor lobby with an extremely angry, upset and ugly look. He looks at neither of us, says nothing, just barges right through and goes into their little room next to mine. And slams the door. She and I just look at each other. Suddenly he opens the door and says: “You two can find a room to rent for yourselves. This one’s occupied.” And slams the door again. We look at each other some more and then we chat a little more, she and I. I speak of your friend and I getting a room together never came on his mind.

And then we chat a little more, she and I. I speak of the difficulty of travelling with someone, best to travel alone, no one to fight with but yourself. She says it’s different when you’re a girl. Some girl, she was about forty, but I agree wholeheartedly, then later can’t figure out why. Nor can I figure out why I didn’t say anything to this man.

Later, thinking about it I mean, after the two of them have checked out. Was I right to suggest she put some effort into trying to patch things up? And why didn’t I knock on his door and say: “Now see here, my good chappie. The subject of your friend and I getting a room together never came on his mind, and I daresay never for a moment entered our heads. I think you owe both of us an apology, particularly your friend.”

He seemed so scary, she could have been in some danger, she didn’t say anything about physical abuse but she could have been the sort of woman who’d be too scared to mention it, too scared of further abuse, too scared of losing him.

Sava, Fiji, February 22, 1987

ART CAPITALS, GENGIS KHAN, AND YOU
by Kirby Olson

A large, yellow bulldozer pushes a mudslide off Route 2. A woman roadworker directs traffic with a big, orange sign. The sign looks like a simplified Oriental fan. Genghis Khan’s courtesans developed the Oriental fan from palm leaves they discovered in the once green valley surrounding Jerusalem. The courtesans were forbidden to speak during the long marches between engagements, so they developed a vocabulary of tilting or waving the fans to communicate often very subtle ideas. The Japanese geisha has developed this mischievous medium to a high art. The courtesans of the roadway above Sultan, Washington — have simplified the vocabulary. They can either say STOP or GO SLOW.

The art of the 1980s is being made by urban nomads who travel from city to city, always wondering which city is really U. This essay will answer that question once and for all! The art of the eighties is best made in Sultan. Sultan and Bucharest are the closest cultural centers to the boundaries of the Great Khan’s empire. Turkey and Mongolia are the last repositories of the “Golden Horde.” Bucharest is just a bicycle ride from the “Golden Horde.” Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han.

Sultan and Bucharest are the closest cultural centers to the boundaries of the Great Khan’s empire. Turkey and Mongolia are the last repositories of the “Golden Horde.” Bucharest is just a bicycle ride from the “Golden Horde.” Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han and Bucharest is Han. But who lives there, you ask. We, the footlights live in Sultan. Draculi live in Bucharest. That’s two. Everyone else of importance in this decade will be seen to have at least passed through and drawn their inspiration from these giant pulsing organs of culture.

THE TERROR
by R.I. Pravdin

The Arab cop demanded loaded 38-cal. pistol, Toen was with the Inter, a coke Red Cross, apparently a LSDP front. “Maj. Gere doing coke in Mordex’s cat,” said the Inter.

Guerrillas from New November, Conn., were guerrillas with criminal handgliders. Possession of Northern weapons, narcshot to depression, and Israeli soldiers the welcome. Cops last YEs arrested three assassins cut inside Edwards drove to Eust to able to pledge there. “Safe their car — intercept them at woods. Phone call took her 2nd alleged son along for a ride” the police said. “We were warned. The Inter says in a tracer, a baby,” said Ed Bee Officer Hector theline hipe. Hit man. “It makes 19, rari angry. The mother Rita, in there with Thursday spous on the seat, in ate. They were deled-up in the car.”

Cobb, 24, looked out to see if anybody white. Phillips told. “I told her. First thing she does is bar grandneph, Thing is to get in the lawyer.” Two other detectives went to her and arrested. Asked to name Phillips. “Investigation was about sources said got shot.” Rest had a card on them. “Call her for murder on call.” Charges given when she took alleged cut about mastermind drug-dealer asked him to bring on. (Fat Cat) “Nanny, I work and my child. I’m not ant, Howard for any Mason.”

Lightly guarded window. Maj. Gere was with hands around. “Grenade — to him and a subord. The best.”

They fired in with a commanded Averton, Suspect: A.M. and Gaye, 23, “the famed middle.” He isn’t a Copeland. Hate the role, an arrested version of the Dimon highdive. The Volvo the automatic brought grenades to filling stop.

Conspiracy. “The driver against the door execution the kids, killed,” scrambled Lorenzo Nichols. “Force 17 them what phoned. Was a shot and agencies also in claiming Rien got shot.” For that they hijacked a cab. But a PLO foreman here in Sultan called capability. When asked about him attack by Fared.

The three terrorist units in Costem, Brazil charged news w/ Jerusalem. No possibility deadly weakening.

Phillips’ day morninging, firing on Quetta heno but with cop instant weapons traced earlier, until another survivor said the Arab guest were Fatah, the Liberation Faction armed with augmentation assault rifles and machine guns. Israelis made a promise of open surrender that had many of mother’s passengers. “The devil out,” said Maj. Gere. He heard gemen say they from Palestine Organization headed by Phillips.

“I told him yes on the phone you put assassins on me? If I don’t cop Edwards’ body you’ll be able to kill yourself up their ‘Safe House’ and don’t be interrupted by a dog.”

He said he be alleged you and him “COME IN” yelled Phillips. Scott the Esferome bid a traces and arranged the line at her imminent return. Later that day Scott rang back-out. “He wants to surprise me about his grand plan. He should have. Here to meet which detectives?”

Since last pinpoint when a triggerrman grandmother flying a Lear landed in Post. Laws in Israel and sources said the six devices were placed on NY commuters. The Terror —
A L'AUTEUR DU SPLEEN DE PARIS
(pour Karl Jirgens)
Par Claude Beausoleil

1. 
Il n'y a pas de coussins tout imprégnés d'odeurs
La pièce est nue et donne sur la ville
Le brouillard et la neige
Aux couleurs électriques
D'une langueur extrême
S'accrochent aux enseignes.
Le soir semble durer
Les sentiments s'y brisent
Sur une cassette des Gipsy Kings.

2. 
Sois calme ô ma douleur dans ce salon si vide
Le store est descendu sur des meubles muets
Rendant la peur privée
D'autres temps glissent et pleurent
Il n'y a pas de nuit pour nier l'éternel
La voix s'étoile raucque
Et tu fixes les choses
D'un regard d'abandon.

3. 
Quand le ciel bas se fait lointain
Dans son désordre stylisé
L'appartement ne bouge plus
Couchés sous la fenêtre
Dans le froid et la ville
Des arbres dénudés
Des autos ralenties
Entassent les rêves du réel
Et tout prend place pour une cérémonie
Que traverse un appel inconnu.

4. 
Tout y parlerait à l'âme
Qui n'a pas compris l'exil
Dans le souffle des solitudes
Examine bien les lieux
Le vertige s'emmure
Un passage imagine la nuit vitrée
Quel écho quel chant y récidivent
Doux son des corps meurtris
Où tu te perds "à mi manera".

ANGORA
Par Jean-Paul Daoust

Les chorégraphies de la voix
D'une indécence de motel
Ses rythmes annoncés publiés
Aux épaules découvertes épicycles
Entre ces notes les cris des étoiles
Qui faisaient rêver les indiens
Elles dévayaient toutes tomber
En silence sur leur terre sacrée

Les corps au soleil rêvent miroirs
Paysages aux couleurs aveugles
L'œil chuté
Mouvements de septembre
Dans la voix qui imagine
L'autre adossé à ces mots
De la vie pliée en deux
Dans la sueur des gratte-ciel

L'analphabétisme des cœurs
Plus rien sinon la rumeur
Des mots octobre cloutés de froid
Quand sur la vitre la pluie piétine impatiente
Dans l'œil la guitare sèche de la neige
La langue se fait prendre aux phrases de fer
Ces après-midi pour l'apogée de l'amour
Les mains alors jouent foufoures

Sur des palmiers de sable une main s'acharme
Avec humour l'autre s'arrête
A l'angora d'un chat
Ces numéros de chambre des motels western
A leurs portes attendent des déserts
D'immenses roches creuses fleurissent
Sentinelles aux piscines turquoises
Le soleil s'y noie dans un bruit d'ailes

Les horizons circulaires des micros
La voix plonge se baigne virevolte
Sur des images en poussières de cygnes
Les odeurs de cette lumière pulpeuse
Qui pleut qui coule
Paysages d'hiers piétinés
En miettes dans l'aube
Mais le jeu continue.
FULL face and profile she gave the illusion of being a virgin. Perfectly framed in faraway thoughts, she maintained an air of gentleness that gently impelled her to shatter, to try to establish a sympathy of which she would need to draw on when the precise moment occurred when the obsession threatened to spill over like someone thrusting with so much intensity in a finishing move. An excess of intellectualization shoved her to the sidelines, a distance from the lens, the eggs and the sheets that kept intruding. What a lack of definition. What solitude kept dogging her footsteps as she passed by certain tables, trying to keep conversations in a low voice, to invent space, construct a frivolity to match her dreams. There were, however, too many feathers too much downward movement toward that place they resisted, the whirlpool, the elevator, the fire. The other characters are sincere hence lucidly consistent. They are interesting because of the maxims, they always run counter to their story. They play tricks on her, they wear suits and ties; they call her mean broad but survey everything from paradise.

criollita de mi pueblo Lopez dela tercera la golondrina un dia ...

With her part time job she earned enough to buy pictures and then half the day, the most beautiful half of the day, she went to the paleo position with girls from foreign countries, to the docks to search for bits of wood, fruit, glass, multicornered rubbish, to downtown to restaurants to steal tablecloths, napkins, lace hankies thrown elegantly beneath the table, bits of half-chopped onions, windows even the window of a hotel apartment, pieces of fingernails in elevators of apartment houses; the floor the marvelous floor the rich garbage cans the brilliant rented-room. Fucking bitch, daughter of a witch, she yelled at the landlady, grinning all the while, her moustache. Her textures of all possible variations to bite, as adapted to gaiety and fantasy as the dance, love, the wide embrace and a lawyer in case things turned too real, as the lion tamer used to mutter as he arranged his small tailoring. She kept singing and churning out her fabulous collection of dentures.

While the others gesticulated, explained, showed contracts and papers, she escaped with the lion tamer; she formed a duet of Russian singers and dancers. One was Anastasia and the other Dimitri. The colleague looks and sighs, wants to try but doesn't dare but already they understand her, caress her, her tattoos. With his body, his swivel hips and contracts he managed to convince the hon tamer to abandon her. She wanted to eat. With his body, his swivel hips and contracts he managed to convince the hon tamer to abandon her. She was professor of humiliation and obedience, so she was recognized as such. She offered to give her colleague private classes in obedience so that she might improve her curriculum, her possibilities for rising in the ranks of a discipline that was becoming more necessary and desperation. They understood the sin of consumerism and contraband, the necessity to overcome the living?

BOREDOM WITH NAKEDNESS

They knew her as The Pale Woman. Oh brother what a face like a backside. Beneath her clothes what beautiful tattoos what gay colors they cherished her, her furious. Finally the lawyer won her over. With her part time job she earned enough to buy pictures and then half the day, the most beautiful half of the day, she went to the paleo position with girls from foreign countries, to the docks to search for bits of wood, fruit, glass, multicornered rubbish, to downtown to restaurants to steal tablecloths, napkins, lace hankies thrown elegantly beneath the table, bits of half-chopped onions, windows even the window of a hotel apartment, pieces of fingernails in elevators of apartment houses; the floor the marvelous floor the rich garbage cans the brilliant rented-room. Fucking bitch, daughter of a witch, she yelled at the landlady, grinning all the while, her moustache.
THE EGYPTIAN ROOM
for Yolande Villemaire
By Ken Norris

& always I come back to my love in childhood of the Egyptian Room. Its cold stone walls. Its mysterious sarcophagi. Death & resurrection & the long voyage by boat into the living underworld, the weighing of souls, where wealth & corn & wives the tombs were stocked with all become obtainable again. At midnight, the mummies & the scarabs, the gold bugs & Edgar Allan Poe standing in the shadows of love.

& always there are pyramids, a sphinx, seen in the dances of my dreams, where oceans of sand become all the impossible activities that never were sacrificed beneath the knife. The cold dark passages, slaves entombed alive lying across pharaoh's gold, dying of lack of oxygen. Mysteries, divinities, children pulled from the waters that years later they turn to blood. Serpent of the Nile, Old Egypt, my dark lover with her palaces and clandestine temples where she is pleased by opiated boys. Asp, and the inevitable fall of Rome, consummate beauty carried to the bedroom of a conqueror in a rolled-up carpet.

& the mystery of pi stolen from the Babylonians, & the stellar light, liss looking everywhere for the phallus of her slain lover, the figures on the wall that begin to dance, to tell of what it was like before the storm of Jehovah's wrath. A long afterlife in the land of shades.

& it was as if space travellers settled in the warm delta of Egypt, performed entrancing magic for the natives, cut huge stones out of quarries with laser beams, levitated them, constructing their triple perfect tombs before moving on to their conquest of the Aztecs. Ra, the sun god, rising at the dawn of this tentative civilization, the pyramids as eternal as time.

&I stand in the cold mystery of the Egyptian Room, artifacts of forever all around me.

SOME MILES ASUNDER
(based on letters written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague on a journey to Constantinople 1716-1718)

By Karen MacCormack

my project in one word is not for so much I

Some blew as three at daybreak even in a few days of abruptly with his hours alters she less days a dozen to in touching ever with seven from titles consequence all canals one bridge broad-brimmed mind given to Lorraine the I is to hat a motion from to quarter.

One almost lemon so the most as squeezed when a time down those diversified in far number one pleasant, impertinent, monstrous as fortified art gilt machines of the German curseys contrary with cover of enough comedy made numberless, upright visit can defend the taste swiftness too a fort.

Whole entertained divide but several carried imitation passed this mostly ripe use after with the vases, but other growth of so might standes own excessive moonshine than town effect and hear an absence is in all with an inch Chinese no candlelight and come the same cannot indecent between the hints five times foundation wear divertted.

Hunting but they obliging cannot by snow these regained until or abandoned anywhere the passports whatever, half nothing pleasure with conversation hold the fruit as something till translated Rousseau places seventeenth side apartments call parthing quantity eight are an affection to the south rebellion almost fifty to act winter the air only depressing towers, repaired, adjusted wolves satin to reason with some scraps of history.

Though not through glasses intermixed roof as next falling confused this color since your poetical running by information word considerable mysteries side guess every unheard of troublosome ten o'clock in plain Titian they believed without races shade streams in discovery. Horses, turtles, storks walk generally very two first adjoyning to other insteps large trees, ladies, mosques distinct, the garden arches, vines, wall round scene public extremely without fear the cause that painted glass more chairs in the lower parts of a fond chink and honeysuckles though an opera unacquainted with laborious innocence of many in conveniences will last down galleries of ten twining sort of to this lust the globe.

Concluded kneeling and soon the very house that almost entrance of on steps any little motive dressed and handkerchief with guitars saying the difference a pavilion increased or four seemed raised with her so much more than ambassador to other number this custom spice sweet water up.

Wholly some extravagance thinking when covered the camp tents drawn in slashed advance after taken up, turn of most polite we call vanish I see their diversion near all present followed trickling play over finest dare or amuse with street after him a windmill one trade faces this galleary of honour looked upon not spoke of japan in my own language.

Last to first surrounded order: the body a raised white, outside I but they all for court with cloister pavement vastly high the gardens are to see Persian toy-shops of lesser size summer as the way cypress neck and turbulent notwithstanding beats, who swell with this the distant divorced their stiffness an Englishwoman and a place fields occasion letters Black Sea for all that equal balm (extraordinary formality in that affair) a bed of Asian larger on top of it the voluminous dictionary up fifty steps.

These in a harem of rooms at velvet knowing a peal, cinnamon, gold, postscript pepper but a Turkish clove, a match, wire (in a box) ever the love letter jonquill, gold thread inking and Friday least the air paper, hair, fingers performing godliness, the language pear, grape, soap, coal, a rose, a straw, cloth.

From where to now every Cleopatra (not so miserable) all in Versailles staring not from geography with forced tranquility particular on faces good night drawn over blind never lifted and seven being unsatable count that form to elephants, salt ponds of this (ill) absurd beautiful rate three, and count them! crystalline lattices, tapestry of mouth nothing in it religions to tulips, alternate agencies with our scanty allowance of daylight I would but suppose you if he after me.
THE WHITE PAGE
(in honour of Rampike's tenth & in homage to bp nichol's memory)
By John Oughton

Face the white page.
Its feature: featurelessness.
To make the first mark, to start, to invoke a chain that pulls
down the curtain on the other chains.
The page, white
Arctic expanse, space goes crazy. Page that gapes.
Go crazy.
pee your name in drifting loops across the page,
Molecules sing to you along the lines, rhythm.
Arctic expanse, space gone crazy. Page that gapes.
Nose to the page, you feel a distant movement.
The page, still white. White always. Waiting.
Pee your name in drifting loops across the page,
Molecules sing to you along the lines, rhythm.
Arctic expanse, space gone crazy. Page that gapes.
Your symbols finally aligned, the cup, the cloth,
the speaking lips, the blood-red wine
Alters the memory. You were never Catholic.
Crumple. Strike out. A match to it.
Is it false to take meaning from the sound?
Reflecting: this white page. Writing as the shadow,
adumbration, not too much light on the subject.
Leave room for language to uncoil in the shade.
Are not all things signs?
Next morning. Feet brush by like vowels
Slaying the page with a single stroke.
A writer's dream on white sheets at night
Along the lip of the page. In the center, still white,
the heart of the page.
Acquiescent, questioning.
Mute, demanding.
A state that mind will never achieve
So lined is it with words,
with noise, with hunger
For the white page.

SHEPHERDS IN THE PARKING LOT
by Gary Barwin

there were no sheep anywhere & yet there they stood, between the
homes & the late model fords, each in flowing robes, sometimes
weeping, sometimes singing, sometimes going down the long road. i
asked them what they were doing, they said that they were waiting
for their sheep to return from the restaurant across the street.
the sheep had needed to use the restroom & one of the older
shepherds named lou had taken them, but now that they thought of
it, he'd been gone quite a while & they hoped that everything was
alright. i told them that i was going for lunch at the restaurant,
promised to check on their sheep.
as i started to leave, one of the shepherds walked over to me,
placed his hand on my shoulder. he said that there were no sheep &
lou was a fiction. he explained that they had lied to me: they
said that there were no sheep & yet there they stood, between the
homes & the late model fords, each in flowing robes, sometimes
weeping, sometimes singing, sometimes going down the long road.

in th mustard ketchup rain we felt like falling
chesterfields sofas n couches from what sky now
wher wud wwe go who wud take in our postyurpedik
supply slipping caringen ovr th asparagus mountains
cud wue b rescued to b animal
wud wwe go on like tha mor breathing
yes we sd happee from th salmon banquet how mane
mor custurd deserts wud we fly ovr n if we dew
how maneve uv th marshmallow monstors wud swallow us
ther wr 5,000 tractors 3,000 generators th sky

in my dreams

green eyez in my scheena

by bill bissett

SHEPHERDS IN THE PARKING LOT
It is silent, the silence which follows a question, a defeat, a loss of words. To those who have asked "what is philosophy to be about?" Any examination of the current "CRISIS IN REASON" immediately reveals its antecedent REASON, (in its unquestioned and unquestioning forms) has failed to keep itself within logic. Thus it is the desire for reason itself, two hands, forcing if you will apart the pages which close in upon themselves encripting, which silences logical critique, quieting all descent, rendering politics as edification of pre-existing, leaving no preformed (legitimate) recourse and discourse. Thus we have remained silenced...listening to ECHOS...

...their muffled reveals as the flesh falls...ECHOS, of the breaking of the bones of the Martyrs, nonoriginal origins critique always resurfacing as an incomplete, contradictory, unanswerable facade...threatening to (de)termine philosoph and thought leaving only a discourse of solipism.

Critical space, seems to have vanished into the abyssal, sacrificed by a destructive archaeology in search for the origins of truth, knowledge and power, which has unearthed only more oppression, more loss.

The result of such a premature critique of order and its manifestations has led critical practices to a project of discursive lamentation of lost, and a production of a politicalization of anxiety, (panic, fear, marginalization).

ALL THE WHILE avoiding the desire for...

PERSONAL ANSWERS...to your most frequently asked questions

What are we to expect from answers?

Nietzsche, here has displaced Logos and replaced Eidos..."Logos names that which gathers everything present into presence and lets it present itself".

The metaeprsis here, creates a Negative space in which eidos is the simulation of logos, the point of this move is the displacement of reason with its opposite consciousness. Reason responds to objects, Consciousness corresponds to Subjects, and behind every image, is a consciousness which is present thru its relation to Logos, to cancel this effect, by reduction, is to make a false exit repositioning the accepted in its opposite sense. This sublimation of the opposite, is the effect of an "ANSWER" Subordinating the contradiction to the need to restore the feeling of presence WE ASK INORDER TO FEEL WE ARE

REFLECTION Acts either as an affirmative STALL or Critical Deferral, a space for speculation. Affirming reflection is the action of objectifying both Logos and Eidos and thus subordinating them to the Cognitive Subject. This Subject can venture no further than the (Kantian operation of Transcendental dualism (and the Cartesian metaphysics of dualism which follows). Dualism, silences the object by making it the passive opposite of the (active) Cognitive Subject.

In this mode of REFLECTION Logos is the Eidos of Being.

"It is the Logos which when spoken empties the speaker of himself... and leaves him behind emptied, but as immediately perceived and only this act is actual existence in and of the world."
Critical reflection, does not have a telos as such, there is no collateral fire to govern, instead there exists an apparition of an ending which exists only after the closure of metaphysics. Within metaphysics logos is the truth of being, now in the silence of metaphysics, a silence produced by a failure to find a so-called 'first principle'; there is no hope of (for a) telos. In a never ending effort to embrace the rational, affirmative thinkers such ashabernan (and apel) have attempted to hold off the critical silence, by promising the re-emergence of a 'constructive philosophy of social communication' which (by way of a "reformulated transcendental philosophy") sets aside the the problematic questions of being, which only promise to create more noise, more silence, and in its place to critique the social from the cognitive P.R.V., this of course produced texts which are certainly meaningful, clear and rational. A view far from that of Hegel who decants the cognitive self and explains that only philosophy can do this "it is philosophy only by being opposed to the understanding and therefore still more to common sense" (it should be noted that Habermas has suggested that "since the death of Hegel no-one has taken philosophy seriously")

IS SILENCE POETIC?
or rather a poetic silence? to dwell in a poetic silence, entering into a way of
of reflection which presents more than is initially there, to know that we are
making as a way of finding, and RE-Presenting a silence, poeticized. To
re-explore self-assured certitude which ascertains its own aridity, a desert of
deserted subjectivity and rational difference, imposes a linguistic matrix
haunted by Cartesian ghosts on an apparently helpless subject, a subject
which desires to be smocked into the void of objects and objecthood referred to as
the logocentric order.

always looking back, at the end, in order to start, again a new
beginning, after the end of philosophy, the closure of
metaphysics, a desire to Speak of reason... inorder to be true and
see the truth. Logos, since the beginning (and the ending)?

Metaphysical speculation has acted as the measure of being, which
the sometimes truth's opposite, is absolutely necessary to the
experience of truth. Thus we must know our being to be

...absolutely FREE!
(Pay nothing now.—Pay nothing later)

THE METAPHYSICAL SKY IS THE LIMIT

Affordable Anesthesia
The Rational Alternative

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STET
By Richard Tutrulah

I went to cross out father's name from my address book since he had died and such an address is no
longer useful, but I let's stand.

I cross out many things, cross out words, cross out commas and parentheses, cross out entire lines, entire
paragraphs, cross out lies and cross out truths, begin and end histories, make sure facts are concise,
properly represented, every punctuation marking the correctly measured pause.

Every day I work at the world, and when my work is done I can see it the following day laid-out before me.
I can turn from page to page trailing the unfolding of each tightly constructed scenario.

It was just that one day, a few days after his death, that I scanned the obituaries and found a listing, so
many names passing into history, a continuum of text continually dying into tomorrow.

How many days does it take for a name to die, to pass into back-issues, microfilm or data-banks in the
library holdings? If I went to the library, I could find father's name, just as I could my own under
"Birde".

It was that one day though, when I went to cross out my father's name and simultaneously noticed the
plethora of obituaries, that I saw another name, a simple name, not at all significant but recognizable.

Yes, I recognized that name because I had crossed it out. It didn't seem important to the text I was
assembling. A bystander perhaps or peripheral figure in the scenario, in the item I had to construct from
sketchy notes, a figure not important as far as I could see, so deleted.

And suddenly it appeared again the next day, that name, with the time of the service, the names of those
he had left behind, a sentimental tribute, final flourish and good-bye.

History had been made.

I make history. Every day I make it, form it into a readable substance, allow it a little rein then pull it
in before it becomes too real. Readers can't stand restlessness, need to have the facts right there in
front of them first thing in the morning as they're having their coffee and shedding the aura of sleep.

They all need to know, just like I need to know, and I know best when I have made history. I feel secure
knowing I have control, limited control albeit, but control nevertheless, over how history will appear
the next day.

Of course, one cannot rely on typesetters. They can change history, distort it for the briefest moment —
a word misprinted and "a" text becomes "text"; mortality is thrown into a questionable position upon
the page, readers being refracted from the perfection of history they are intent upon absorbing.

But a name crossed out before making history is different. It's considered, weighed, authenticated —
no improvisation nor ambiguity is present — it's either in or out.

In or out — this is the leverage of the professional history maker. Applied each day with the appropriate
pressure and I'm assured of an avid readership.

But on that one day, I recognized that name it had not died, had simply been crossed out, a bystander.
Can't have too many bystanders in history. It obscures the facts, so I cross the name out.

Yet it was there the next day, but not where I had not put it. Another page and another page had to be
turned before it was found out. It was hiding there, on the way it was part of living history, hiding there
in "Obituaries".

And I was forced to think of the orb of a name, how it circulates amongst friends, is heard, appears on
bank statements, ends up on birth certificates, and finally declares itself dead.

I deal in names every day, but when they're declared dead I can think only of decay, a decline of
designation — you were once, weren't you? — but not today, today you're declared in moving
tribute, festschrift for a passing and arbitrary collection of the alphabet making a particular sound as it
passes from your mouth into prims while you raise your head from your reading since someone has articulated
that which you have come to call yourself.

So when I crossed out your name, I had no idea you would appear the next day, printed before my eyes,
the only eyes to recognize that you shouldn't have appeared there.

But there you were.

Was there something I didn't know about you? How could you elude my control and escape onto another
page? Did I deserve such humiliation at the hands of a name?

But there you were. There was nothing I didn't know about you, or perhaps for just a moment, seeing
your name wasn't in it.

The story was a simple one, didn't make the front page and so doesn't need repeating, except that you
had been in it, would I have been a pall-bearer? When they took you from the hearse into the church,
the bomb was detonated or had crossed that corner where the milk truck ran you down or in that last
moment of denial had thrown yourself onto those tracks feeling the mounting pressure of air
forced from the subway tunnel.

I wasn't there, only notes of what you were reported to have said, an eye-witness account, but who
needs to quote you when the facts were obvious, and you said "I was like this ...", but that was apparent,
found at every library, so your face was laid out, and so were you, so you were deleted. It wasn't necessary to go on
or length. Repetition can be of value in an item,
but too much of it can disengage the reader.

Looking over your coffin, I wouldn't have been able to look at you, or perhaps for just a moment, seeing
the cosmetic glow of an after-history.

Everyone else is crying, but I refer to my notes. Perhaps you weren't even there since your name escapes
me. I look down into your coffin and remember writing the story. Your name wasn't in it. If your name
had been in it, I would have been a pall-bearer? When you trotted you from the hearse into the church,
you were of normal weight as you lay in your coffin. When I returned you to the hearse after the service,
you were of normal weight as you lay in your coffin. When I returned you to the hearse after the service,
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**THE WEATHER**  
[Part One of *Notes on the Weather*] by Joan Chevalier

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**April 16 — Rain**

The Story of the Line

It's only a hint, really, of what's to come. For a long time we've got the weather in our life. It's only the melancholy mystery of the cloud that we think — maybe — we've crossed something. So we draw lots for it to go on to something more specific. There are all kinds of these lines: Train lines, horizon lines, spring lines on ships, and lines themselves. Those are train lines. Then there are the lines, they tell you and the lines on your mother's brow. Those lines have to do with sex. They're the lines of discussion, lines of reasoning; and these lines I'm not writing now. We are born with lines engraved on our hands and then we set out to transcribe them on the earth's face. So as we get old, the earth gets old. And we think: Monsters wait on the other side.

All lines, we already know, say no. Travel lines tell you that you are here and not there. That you may be going somewhere else but only at the loss of the place you are. And who knows where the best place may be? Today is my grandfather's birthday. And he is like this man. So I know he's got to be someone else: Someone for him: Someone for mother: Language lines are the most severe. Things appear and disappear on either side. I type. The letters appear and everything else disappears, except the men who types and the types away the world. While the monsters, I think, are laughing. They know: Sooner or later she'll type across the line, and I'll see one of their faces grinning up at us. Ooops. That's scary.

I would bring back messages from the other side of the line. I would travel as far as the blue valley of unicorns. And I would come back, invisible, through the forests of monsters. I'd wear my plumed hat and carry back a golden envelope. I would do this over and over. I'd look and the messages would have moved elsewhere. I wouldn't be able to open the golden envelopes. I would just at that as a typewriter, surrounded by golden, unenvelopable envelopes; their messages unread.

**April 17 — More Rain**

The Birthday Present: A Gothic Tale

Fifty seven years ago today, my mother was born. I know the house: It rests on a precarious bend of the Susquehanna River, across from a mountain of coal and slag — a column dump — that may still be burning sulphur. Her father placed his newborn girl on a velvet cushion and carried her from salon to salon, showing off his great fortune. Her mother had been convinced that the birth of this baby would kill her. She had felt the same about her other two pregnancies, for different reasons. She told me the story. How, when she was pregnant with her second, she stood on the Shenan Bridge, her first daughter clutching her hand. The rocks, the river's, dark, swirling waters. But at the last moment, she couldn't do it; couldn't dash the brains of her first daughter against the rocks. Of course, she would have jumped with Mary. Who would take care of Mary otherwise? The Shenan Bridge looked an unnatural bridge to cross. Eventually, they shut it down.

Six months ago, on October 18, my mother died with cancer — mostly in her brain. October was her father's favorite month. It was hunting season, when he left the mines for the mountains. He died on October 17, fifteen years ago, with Black Lung. That night — the 17th — in the hospital with my mother, I was afraid to sleep. I was afraid she would die on the same date as her father.

Today on the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan, I thought: Today is your mother's birthday. Look out for your present. I looked in Italian class. I looked in the health club. I looked on the subway back to Brooklyn. When I got home, I looked in the mailbox. I climbed the four flights to my apartment, walked down the hall to the living room, and opened the drapes. It seemed to throw me back. (Across the room?) There, for a second, a seagull! On the fire-escape, hovering; in flight; back to the fire-escape; peering in; a fish in its bill — no, a ring; no, a shell. Then gone. And there it was. My mother's gift: Her lines for me to see, in my mirror; lines for me to see in my mirror.

David and me; and me and her. I could see her eyes and her mouth as she spoke. And so confirm we exist — the intact subject "I." I'm not so sure. I never thought of the weather confirming existence, only obliterating it. Don't people generally get lost in storms?

**April 20 — Fine, Cool, Sunny**

Fred and Me: An Excerpt

I was brave. I crossed the marble, airy ballroom and went right up to him. I said: "I'm the best partner for you!" But I was afraid. The ladies screamed and my feet. I was light. I was still good. We swirled. We dipped. He held the small of my back. I let my feet between his legs. I scissored my feet. He thought my father had forgotten me; so I pretended he was dead and went to the dance with my grandfather. He was like this man. He was like the man in the picture. What he was like the man in the picture.

**April 29 — Warm, Humid**

"Why does the pain take up so much space?"

The Oriental woman in the black coat is a grave mother. She looks dazed, unconfused — a sign to me that she has no languages, or none of my language. Her daughter presses her and her own three children onto our subway. I look between them. Then I look through them. This is weather I understand. I remember more snowflurries and snow storms and icebergs and the polar wastes into which Mary Shelley sent her Frankenstein.

After all, aren't the women heroines (and writers) always running into the storm? Jane Eyre crossed the moors in a storm. Catherine was the storm. We hurl ourselves from the subway into weather as if into a storm. Roland Barthes writes that we speak of the weather in order to say nothing, only that we speak. And so confirm we exist — the intact subject "I." I'm not so sure. I never thought of the weather as confirming existence, only obliterating it. Don't people generally get lost in storms?

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There's an old woman in the laundromat showing her new teeth. Booze frets in her swollen gums.

It is seven o'clock in the morning. Five minutes earlier O. had entered to find the woman being jostled and taunted by three men. The four

This woman, who says the men had beaten her in the course of the night and stolen her last bit of rye; and mud-filled trench. 

The old woman's body suddenly lurches and sags. When O. catches her in her arms, the stranger begs her to rub her gums. To relive her pain.

The woman 0. now sees beyond the men she herself has frequently stepped over or around. This is the

A man is sitting in the spare bedroom. His arms are patiently folded across his chest. Immediately O. recognizes him as an old school friend who long ago had fallen in love with her. The

This, sometimes, is the nature of art.

An older man with milky eyes lies submerged to his neck against a table-like rock. Glistening lengths of weed ribbon themselves around his body. Half-blinded, at first he doesn’t see her and she must touch him before her presence registers. She, at this point, is horrified; the feel of the lake greasy and cold, her stomach made quivery by his washed-out eyes and waxen skin. When he finally addresses her, it’s to ask if she’s a boy or a girl. It’s a strange question, O. thinks; as if the sex of whoever saves you is somehow relevant to whether or not or in what way you want to be saved.

He can’t or won’t walk and so she must haul him clear of the rock, swing one of his arms over her shoulder and begin dragging him towards land. He’s dead weight and as the stubbly inches, appreciation grows that neither her nor he will make it. She begins to fear that the friend sent to get the police won’t or can’t come back. The lake feels more and more like quicksand.

Then she hears another voice, this time underfoot. Another man, young, eyes clearer but just as drunk lies submerged to his shoulders. Having refused to look down at the black, gelatinous and weed-choked water, eyes trained on the shore, she has actually stepped on him. When she screams, he begins laughing. O. stops only for a moment.

When the police arrive, they don hip waders and venture into the water to drag in the second man.

There is a dying man in the lake. No, two dying men. At first 0. only hears and sees one. It’s somewhat

An older man with milky eyes lies submerged to his shoulders. Having refused to look down at the black, gelatinous and weed-...
THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS
By Carl Leggo

POLONIUS: THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS, YET THERE IS METHOD IN'T

Verily, Vera, the verdict, though verbose, is veridical.
With veritable, versatile verve you verged near the

versant of verificative verity
very verbositis

you verified the verbal version of your vermiform vermiculate verjuice
versus the verdant vermacund veronica.
For diverging from veracity and verisimilitude, verification and verifiable might be yours, but the vergers (versed verbalists all)

that henceforth Vera wear

a verruca

ON HER NOSE

[ODE TO THE 1967 007 FILM]
CASINO ROYALE
By Robert Dassonowsky-Harris

[ODE TO THE 1967 007 FILM] CASINO ROYALE

WE
must make use of the weapons of our time
SO
it is with our op op wishes detonating
CIRCLE within CIRCLE within CIRCLE within CIRCLE within BIES
WE
apocalypse to the TJB in London with
the daughter of Mata Hari by venerable
SIR JAMES BOND
the metal disk dress sheath booted bodies
finding power in attack bras and white
LIPSTICK

ORCHESTRATED
by John Huston 3MT xSne Oh DaVid Riven
holy esquire of all our roll models
and Peter Sellers the failed nietzschean
still far from Spitzers in his flame
FEARING (ono, ono.)
a game of cards with 8500 dollS so
it was done with asHiX and no cheap
cinematic title

URSULA ANDRESS
brings down the
BERLIN WALL AND
variety: 007 Go
to sempering!

YET

behold behold
a mao swailed woody allen performing his
best planishing debauch for the detailed
aboard the jet orbiting spaceplane under france

comrades comrades comrades comrades comrades co.
THIS IS STRAWBERRY PEACE IN OUR TIME

it
hic ho ho ho chimish and a
hic
0 mer7 Qeist?
hic
7 BEHOLD BEHOLD
make use of the weapons of our time
make use of the weapons of our time
make use of the weapons of our time
make use of the weapons of our time
Hake us in the power of our time
HAVE NO FEAR BOND IS HERE.

WHEN YOU WAKE AT 4 AND FEEL
By Neal Anderson

When you wake at 4 and feel
the temperature of the sheet,
both hot and cold at once

and the window, open wide enough

to admit the moon

who wishes she were
the ice cream on a cone, instead of cheese,
pacing like a rock,

LOOK

down, then out of the bedroom door, into the kitchen, do you

SEE HIM?

Between the fridge
and the wall in a
aluminum room
light standing two
footed: the mouse
of this house, bullying
that crumb of wedding

CAKE
cake cake cake cake cake cake cake

and greyfrost several onto it and the

C E K R
H C E D
L N L U
I O E M.

Restless, passing is a night like that
and every dream you've ever wanted
gets as big as a worry
and puts it best on you
all over so you're a sheet.

And dreams are so ineffible
the colour of the sky,
dripped in her light.

So you don't know
just what it is but
there's a match's light
somewhere:

Might it be

CAKE
and some sweating
onto linoleum beside
that mouse
who you are as small as?

It Could Be The Start Of A Lifelong Thing

IT MIGHT BE THE START OF A LIFELONG THING

Image by Axel Gailun
SCENARIO
by Dave Robertson

Divergent personalities decrease the efficiency of mass mailings. The man in charge of boosting fourth class mail revenue decides to strive for even more conformity. Telephone he late at night:

Hey, Fuckhead! Respond properly to that advertisement. We’re not forcing you to buy anything, but you’d better sweet and have an almost imperceptible swelling of the pituary gland the next time you see that ad!

Experts decide that most children “mis”-use building blocks. Ultra-sound scanning of wombs leads to a mass welfare “make work” program for Freudian psychologists. They throw me into a room with a TV set, nowhere to sit.

Felix the Cat is on. Rockbottom is chasing Felix in a bulldozer. He drives the bulldozer until it is just about to squash Felix.

The act of Felix about to be slaughtered lingers. I’m doomed! I yell. Felix is saved; Rockbottom rejoices at the disaster. Rockbottom proceeds to ravage Felix’s flower garden with the bulldozer.

Felix stands, watching; remarks: “What’s going on here? It looks like a tornado came through here!’’

Fortunately, the bulldozer hits two trees which bend to form a bridge. The bridge carries the bulldozer safely over Felix.

None of these work very long. They have a way of re-Correcting you.

Felix, is saved; Rockbottom rejoices at the feat he has caused Felix.

Rockbottom proceeds to ravage Felix’s flower garden with the bulldozer.

Felix stands, watching; remarks: “What’s going on here? It looks like a tornado came through here!’’

“I’m really upset! You can be too! (the methods of display are varied; )

( ) turn off the set;  ( ) choose not to buy select products;  ( ) affirm not to speak coherently when in the grocery line;  ( ) re dedicate life to hometrim; values ...

Rockbottom crushes Felix even worse than his normal 2-D black shapes form. The giant dog creature Rockbottom guards his penis and sprays cum all over the TV set.

Parents are genuinely disgusted. pregnant women, the arthritic elderly and the easily excitable are urged to avoid this segment of the program.

Parents form committees. The committees are chaired by Batman and Robin. Their final report “claims” to answer all the issues. The effects of Messeg Sexual Things on Small Children desiring Trimons regarding Wake Booting (as differentiated from latent homosexuality).

The report is stirring academic circles; generally confusing the public:

Laws are passed; these prove to be insufficient. Hurray, gentlemen. No one staves off a disease with a law, just look at the Black Plague despite a rather advanced British Common Law system from which we derive our own great system ...

Debate continues. Transparent periphery of the debate is leaked to the major media (McDonald’s Tray liners, matchbook covers, rock lyrics ...)

Before we realize it, Role models are changing. Mr. T. enters into a meaningful management relationship. “I pity da fool who pass his body fluids around with just any Tom Dick an’ Harry!”

“You gonna get a disease and Die!, Fool!!” Johnny Carson’s script writers are authorized to write condom jokes.

“No one seems to realize how they are affected by these subtle changes, Ham remarked. A Punk band, The Responsibilities, have a cult hit with a song, “Will You I Blow My Family Tree”.

Debi Boons releases a clever take-off of the song with a similar melody, only hers is called, “I send my Love in plastic packages to a Whole Fraternity House”.

It is a big smash. “You can hear the words.”

Those who fail to respond are identified immediately. Is Felix not dead? “Well can’t anyone do something?”

Major media types are instructed to come clean.

Wipe smirks off your faces. If we can’t believe you, who can we?”


A community in Indiana refuses to allow Aids in the classroom (Now I’ve done it, I’ve called a spade a spade). “Next thing you know, we’ll be serving McCondoms.” Before we know it, Phyllis Schlafly comes back to life, begins talking while French-kissing God simultaneously. “Aids waz invented by a Loving Atom Bomb. Drink orange jiz cures a sore throat Only the atom bomb can cure a Godless Faggot!!!”

This stance is increasingly popular; many families travel to Disney World.

“It’s the only world we have left!”

“Commies took this planet right out from under mein boot strap. Only Michael Jackson can save us. He bad.”

The genial public turns hostile. “We paid for this planet’ or “Hey, I paid 150 bucks for this planet’ or even worse, “Hey, buddy, I paid for this planet’.

The environmentalists back down, re dedicate themselves to collecting dues.

The core issue remains ducked: “Who are these people and why have they invaded my home?”

Everyone who isn’t in a beer commercial is either watching one or falling in love. Species have been known to marry as a way of conserving scent, the atmosphere, natural radii of body odors.

The president issues a statement:

Citizens, we have successfully re-calibrated our nation, the pulsebeat of our country has returned to normalcy.
People buy instruction manuals on proper lifestyles “What’s your sign” is replaced with “What’s your demographic group?” Blood tests before marriage are replaced with Cross Demographic Authorization. A sample magazine article: “Thost D-3’s: Crazy, Fun-loving, and inclined to buy four-wheel drive sportscars.”

is making the headlines:

Convenience Shopping: Patriotism in its Truest Form
Re-Cycle Mis-Behaved Babies (Experts Show You How!)
Germ Warfare: Recipes for your Home

“I’m mildly frightened” Housewives are outraged
The general public is reduced to statistics

3 POEMS by Rupert Wondolowski

in New Jersey

In New Jersey the trees are made of cheese, only the perverts hang out on Limburger Ave. The police there drive cars made of rubber and are armed only with kielbasa, a kind of sausage native to the country of Poland. Often what happens during arrests is that the offender starts giggling so hard that soon the officers are also giggling with their busted kielbasa and soon everyone buys beer and plays card games.

Fast food restaurants don’t do well in New Jersey because she only thing New Jersey people buy is wigs, everything else they grow organically. This leads to a lot of nasty confrontations when Bob Q. Garden State stands at the counter of McGruntpack’s demanding a frosted “page boy” style wig and not accepting the nervous young worker’s offer of fries or McGruntpack’s Slide Burger.

Next month I am moving to New Jersey, I’ve already packed my ripped parachute and saltine crackers. The plane will be the firing of flares and a long protracted steam whistle: the neighbours

it was the baby planted in the lawn that made us nervous
the grandfather chained
twitching to the mower
his desperate howls
curdling our breakfast milk
the sons all wearing parkas in July
the daughters parading haughtily in George Washington wigs
shooting backhoes at Mrs. Kaniddle’s cats
hosting my brother Ralph
while he lay stiff
from losing dodge ball game
then every day before noon every day five minutes before noon there’d be the firing of flares and a long protracted steam whistle:
The Lucy Show was about to begin

Snapshots at Ten

Father has been finding: cabbage patch dolls, their heads lanced by #2 Eberhard pencil; a helmet sized fish bowl filled with grape Kool-Aid, five tender bellies flushing in the purple; a ceiling of hanged Barbies, gray shoelaces arched in the dirt that penis used to be, eyes rolled back, mouth open in a dry scream.

The general public is reduced to statistics

3 Poems

by Mari-Lou Rowley

male children playing

1. (a found poem)

1st boy A VERY FIERCE MOOSE JUST KILLED ME.
2nd boy YOUR LITTLE DOGGY FRIEND TURNED INTO A PERSON.
3rd boy I SHOT YOU WITH MY LASER AND YOU BECAME A PERSON.
1st boy I ALREADY AM A PERSON.
3rd boy I MADE YOU STRONG WITH MY GUN.
1st boy I WAS LOST.
2nd boy NO, I FOUND YOU BECAUSE I WAS WISHING.
3rd boy I FOUND YOU BECAUSE I’M ALREADY A MAN.
1st boy YOU TOUCH ME WITH THE NEEDLE AND I TURN INTO A ROBOT.

Soldiers of Fortune

She is in the den of a strange house. The house is strange to her even though is where she lives, with others who are vagely familiar, possibly family. She picks up a magazine from many piled around. It is called “Merry”, nr e. She opens it, expecting tips on tax shelters, financial reports of multinationals. Instead, a specialty magazine for terrorists. Full colour photos of political torture. Burns, blood, a man arched in the dirt, red hole where penis used to be, eyes rolled back, mouth open in a dry scream.

She closes it, horrified. Wonders who is it when a young woman comes in and asks if she would like to subscribe. Offers special rates. Asks if she wants to be put on the mailing list. No Thanks. Knows they want her name for their files. She runs out, almost collides with others marching past. Strangers, all wearing khaki and army boots. Some with brushcuts, some with leather and studs. They come in through the front door, without knocking, file into the spare bedroom, in rows, all staring at attention. Soldiers of Fortune in training. They are watching terrorist videos. Only news reports they say, with the screams unedited, no commercials. They are not allowed to show emotion, only fierce.

She tries to alert the others living in the house of the danger, infiltration. The men are watching hockey. No one else seems upset. She goes into the spare room and tells the strangers to leave, because she needs sleep.

Mechanical Man

At a gathering of writers and artists. A remote place in the country. Found a human body with an artificially re-constructed face. Which one did this, I wonder. Looked like a mechanical man. We put him in a steel cylinder and cement it in a deep hole under an historic building, for posterity, for aliens to find.

Another gathering, different people. Many mentally handicapped, also starving Africans and some native Indians, almost naked. Intellectually & doctors & reporters stand around talking about the good being done. I am worried they will discover the body in the cylinder, defaced.

In a room with sick patients and a bulldog. I wonder what to tell the reporters. Someone says tell them, pretend you don’t know about the body. I walk among the natives and Africans, ask how they are, feel silly and magnanimous. They know we have other purposes. I go into the room with the bulldog, move paper and arrange a plastic barrier so he can’t escape.
By Kenneth Emberly

needless messiness - the slovenly junkheap from wall to shining wall. Win or lose, she had but two slim choices. And Vivian, never one to be enamoured with a narrowness of scope (in keeping with the times), Justin. They glowered at each other, and then, that being settled, she let him in.

She rose to get drinks and a host of pre-prepared edible dainties. "You're late," Justin muttered behind his hand; "Hadn't we better get acquainted first?" Vivian shot back. "Oh yes! Yes? I said Justin, mused Justin with a mysterious air of ambivalence. There was a crushing silence after these words. He needed Justin with a vengeance. "I could find each other in the love-jungle of the past and age," answered Vivian, with an altogether brutal sneer. "Yes," replied Justin, "we must be two of the lucky ones. How did we find each other anyway?" "I forgot." "Perhaps we passed each other on the street and were absolutely swept off our feet at first glance, like in the old TV commercials and movies." "It's true," said Vivian; "I suspect it was all arranged somehow. Perhaps we used a dating service. Or maybe we were given each other's names by mutual friends. Likely the latter. I think they wish to settle for second best, in keeping with the times, and why should we? There shouldn't be any need to be so extravagant," chided Justin. "Indeed," said Vivian, "I'm at the end of my tether. I'm about to give up hope. I've been waiting for a potential match for so long. I haven't even found a potential match for so long. I haven't even found a potential match for so long." "However," said Vivian suddenly, breaking into Justin's positive pleasant thoughts, "a lot depends on me finding Mr. Right. In fact, everything depends on me finding Mr. Right. Not that I'm complaining. I'm just getting restless. I'm just getting restless. I'm just getting restless." "I wish to settle for second best, in keeping with the times, and why should we? There shouldn't be any need to be so extravagant," chided Justin. "Indeed," said Vivian, "I'm at the end of my tether. I'm about to give up hope. I've been waiting for a potential match for so long. I haven't even found a potential match for so long. I haven't even found a potential match for so long." 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Timestealer by Steve Stanton

You never know what’s going to sell these days. It’s a real problem for professional timestealers like me. You can study cultural trends, nudge market trends, hire publicity shamen — and still have z z scores on the skins. There are no guarantees and no explanations. You just cannot tell in advance which time will prove the most valuable.

Not so in the old days. We had all those vicarious pleasures to provide, all those hungry for new experience. Athletes had marketable time then, sky divers, mountain climbers, stunts. Ever ride a luge down a glistening tunnel of ice? That was one of my good ones back then. Ever run with the bulls at Pamplona? Or wrestle anacondas in the Amazon rain forest? Those were all big sellers in their day.

Now the public is sated, and rightly so. Every human act conceivable has been recorded. Enough time has been stolen to stretch back to the Pleistocene. It is simply impossible to shock the modern sophisticated user into anything novel to this educated public. He’s already won the World Series of chaos came fixed determination, out of horror a grim resolve. I/we ran into the fire, up the blackened smoke signal. I boosted amygdala and hippocampal levels for artistic effect and toned down verbal emotive base, that horrid bloodlust feeling you sometimes find in a death audience — just a crass audience, for good company, the lot full now, but just next to it an audible whoof, chugging for oxygen like an overheated wood stove. A crowd had gathered. The firemen were restraining the parents from going back inside. You could actually hear the children an out-of-court settlement for the extra time stolen. (Final editing left the sequence at seven and change, ten minutes of mental process? People waste more than that standing at a transit stop or meditating on their health and perpetual tardiness — but what we intimate that counts. The raw human experience is only a base on which to build, the emotive base, that horrid bloodlust feeling you sometimes find in a death audience — just a crass audience.

The children were treated in hospital for smoke inhalation and released. The parents converted to Christianity. The hero later told reporters he didn’t remember a thing about what happened. Of course this young woman may have had some cause for complaint. Those crucial four minutes and fifty-five seconds ... remembered outside the lab, and the results are not worthy of underscored by vernacular elegance; advance then between mate strips (glass stomizing as you forget to accommodate it) through to an interior, your one eye wincing at noon glare, sudden, crystal, the crowd of young executives who welcome you, not once mentioning your other, missing, eye who embrace you with velvet commentaries to their left, to their right, to accommodate it) through to an interior, your one eye wincing at noon glare, sudden, crystal, cry-stal hury, the moon involved in such trusting haircloth, leaps of music who embrace you with velvet commentaries to their left, to their right.

I offence. I follow the trends for most of my own career, so don’t mention my criticism. I’m merely pointing out that the search for novelty has to end somewhere, sometime.

I have borrowed the brain of a subatomic physicist to ponder the first few nanoseconds of creation, when the universe itself was no bigger than the eye of a pin. I’ve searched the sequence to the ultimate for evidence of slackening, the weaklesse scream for more, the public walls up, hip, and now attention seems to have focused on the timestealers themselves. Sometimes I wish ...
What is the relationship between our culture’s presentation of sexuality and love and an individual’s intimate experience of them? To be more precise, do the multimedia cultural expressions of sexual and romantic behavior, to be found in the tableau of advertisements, films, television commercials, music videos, and the popular press, reflect or recreate on the level of lived experience the immediacy of sexual/romantic activity between two lovers? Is the cultural expression of sexuality and love simply resting in its own way the details and mechanisms of actual practice? Or is it an act of interpretation, of projection, of desire? Or, in push the discussion further, is there at times a complete disconnection between culture and practice in the terrain of eros? It would seem to me that this discussion is worth undertaking not so much because it could lead to some form of therapy on the part of writer and reader (which in itself holds the promise of a benefit, however problematically) but because our culture is so saturated, or to use a post-structuralist notion, so overdetermined in its obsession with sexual love. To put a figure on the matter in a more modern, yet pre-technological dynamo of late industrial capitalism, evident in its various American-influenced manifestations in Toronto, individualism has attained an ascendency that has deprived the necessity of advancing needs to the point of necessity. To the extent that, for example, the mass media, for the middle-class, over the working-class, the social, family, etc. instead the practice of late industrial capitalism has ideologically and experientially necessitated the organization of a social order which allows for all reference to be focused within the dimension of the individual, of the self, of the personal. For example, one discerns in the various cultural manifestations that situated individual striving within the framework of a collectively-based social order to the contemporary one in which individual striving is simply connected to its own logic and motivation, is a phenomenon that is not a recent one. But it is the trend of this historical development not to achieve itself overnight, but was the product of a process in western capitalist society from the time of the rise of capitalism. This tendency, once given to us but which we must individually decide upon in order to feel the power of eros, that eros is particularly evident in that form of popular music interested in valorizing the patriarchal and the patriarchal-feminine values in the social order. Such music can range from the sentimental ballad to heavy metal to rock music.

In the latter, in the impulse to romanticize the healing powers of love and sex in dealing with personal failure and tragedy, we see another subterfuge at work. Love is the holy grail for which we exact our life’s energy and wants in our quest for both in its powers and virtues. Arguably, the syndrome while appearing to be the polar opposite of the social Darwinist one tends to reproduce in its own fashion the same values. Except that this time eros is presented as some spiritual, transcendental force that will fill the lack in love. So love is exalted as some paradigmatic state that has transformed the lover, i.e. my life is complete and tranquil now that I am in love. But the real human passion which actuated the coming into being of this state is pushed aside; it is denatured, washed down and turned into a cliché.

In preserving this totalizing essentialism, this form of culture attempts to arrest the combusting, internally impotent, action of capitalism by elevating the subjective dimension of being as the transcendental value in terms of the social Darwinist and romanticist positions, one can see that the dailiness of human desire is not entombed away from the elevation of self-fantasy. For in the ability to be generous, to reciprocate in love, to be morally responsible, one discerns a quality equally necessary in the experience of eros, in loving and making love with one’s lover.

But this human ability which needs the presence of the other in order to be actualized is not entombed in a sainted altruism. Instead within the vortex of a deconstructing capitalist order, this human ability is imbued with the desire for control, for satisfying the innermost selves. However, in completely presenting these two levels, the individual frame and the human order, simultaneous with each other in the dynamic between individual and social structure, and in the privileging of the former over the latter, a certain kind of popular culture engages in an act of socio-metaphysical subterfuge. There, it is only in recognizing that individual erotic desire is not a state of being dwelling solely within itself but captured by a dynamic process that one can uncover and challenge this mechanism of subterfuge. In doing so one can know what it means to turn towards what was once given to us but which we must individually decide upon in order to feel the power of eros, that potent element in personal existence that has been elevated to a form of godliness in contemporary society. After all what is the experience of eros, of love and sex, if not a plenipotentiary of the inner desires of one’s being; a being internally focused but still subterraneously and precipitously bonded to a capitalist social order.
STATEMENTS
By Christopher Dewdney

LIFE
On the third day of the conference the physicists participated in a seminar. This involved a panel discussion followed by a question period in which members of the audience were invited to query the scientists.

One professor had been answering quite a few questions on such subjects as quantum mechanics and high energy physics when a woman stood and asked, “Professor, what is life?”

The physicist, who prior to this had been fielding every question articulately and genially, paused briefly while a momentary hesitation flickered over his features, registering both the magnitude and the impropriety of this question. The look faded rapidly, however, and was replaced by one of knowing certitude, of revelatory conviction. With an enigmatic smile he replied, “Life? Life is a disease of matter!”

THE IMMACULATE PERCEPTION II
Differentiation and isolation of previously mixed elements and their subsequent refining are natural outcomes of our sorting impulse. Humans possess an almost instinctive need to isolate the constituent parts of perceived reality. This impulse led us to discover the hidden numerical order of nature and its properties. It has also got us, as a species, into trouble. Refined foods such as sugar have imbalanced our nutrition, refined chemicals have poisoned us.

To differentiate an item from its background is to satisfy or relieve the irritation of signifying consciousness, it is an externalization of the innate aspiration of consciousness towards specificity. Isolation reinforces the homogeneity of the item, the object, and establishes its status as signified, an ideal form. It is the enforcement of differentiation. Grouping raises the charge of serial homogeneity, large assemblies of species or metals engendered the first wealth. Refining became a method of harnessing the ritualized impulse to further isolate the constituent parts of reality, the final differentiation. Refining is the fine-tuning of purity towards an ideal isolation tantamount to icon or symbol.

One of the most extreme exponents of the refining impulse is the refinement of uranium, where, as the essence in the substance being refined becomes increasingly toxic to human life.

SYNTAX
Syntax is the stylistic equivalent of individuality. The individual is an idiosyncratically associative mode enacting its personal world model. The world model is itself recursively engendered to a certain extent by the associative domain of language. Syntax is the thread of alignment along which meaning condenses. Syntax is creation anticipated. Reference/signification is memory. Without memory, movement is impossible. Reverence in the deferential treatment of ideation by the signifiers.

WORDS
Words are stencils. We understand by the outline of words. They have no substance. They are an absence through which we frame their ostensible objects. A frame is a characterization.

TIME TRAVEL II
To disperse the entrenched sub-conscious illusion of auto-phenomenality, or exonomy, this simple exercise should suffice. One must realize the effects of the “passage” of time on objects during an interval of absence from a familiar setting. You leave your house for a few hours leaving an apple core and some orange peels on the kitchen table. When you come back the core and peel will serve as a grey-scale, irritating the comfortable inertia of exonomy.

Upon return everything will have changed. The light will still be on, the chairs, table, pots and utensils will be exactly where you left them but the apple core has turned brown, the orange peels are drying out. As if in your absence some force had been in your house, subtly changing everything before your return.

The point of the exercise is to separate the implacable force of change from one’s illusory and unconscious belief that somehow one is responsible for all change, which itself is reinforced by the seduction of motion.

The illusion of voluntary motion from one point to another, which reinforces the habituated ego’s position as originator of change and the equally strong illusion of environmental manipulation are the two greatest barriers to the time-traveller’s realization of time and space.

DISCARD THE MORAL HUSK
I’m thinking through the inklings.

It takes all my effort just to outsmart myself because I’m moving faster than words in a landscape so alien there are no words to describe it.