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POST
pref post-, 1. poteau m; pieu montant m (de porte); as deaf as a p., sourd comme un pot; Rac: starting p., winning p., poteau de départ, d'arrivée
2. vtr to p. (up), afficher (un avis); coller (des affiches); PN: p. no bills, défense d'afficher; to be posted missing, être porté (i) (of ship) disparu (ii) (of pers) manquant.

DÉ
1. [de] nm (a) Gaming: die; pl dice; des pipés, loaded dice; les dés sont jetés, the die is cast (b) Cu: couper en dés, to dice (vegetables).
2. nm dé (à coudre), thimble.

CODE
1. n (a) code m. Highway C., code de la route (b) (secret) code, chiffre m; c. word, mot convenu; to write a message in c., chiffrer un message; in c., en chiffre(s) (c) Tp: indicatif m; postal c., A m. zip c., code postal
2. vtr coder, chiffrer.

DANCE
1. n (a) danse f; Fig.: to lead s.o. a merry d., donner du fil à retordre à qn; d. hall, dancing m (b) bal m; soirée dansante 2. vtr & i danser; to d. with s.o., faire danser qn; to d. for joy, danser de joie; to d. attendance on s.o., faire l'empresse auprès de qn.
Robert Duncan, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Much of Tallman's writing has been collected in *Open Letter*, a magazine (Third Series, Number Six, 1977). Rampike's Karl Jirgens interviewed Warren Tallman in a cafe on Bloor Street in Toronto on February 20, 1992. At the time of the interview Warren was working on a new essay on Robert Creeley.

KJ: Perhaps you could fill in some background on yourself. Back in the 1960's you were instrumental in introducing a new generation of writers such as Frank Davey, Fred Wah, George Hay, Rawlins, and this latest book from the University of Toronto Press is called *Black Mountain*. In this interview, Tallman discusses his connections with, and views on the significance of *Black Mountain* writers Charles Olson, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley.

WT: It was really a lot of chance events that were involved, and the main chance that came up was Duncan came to town he came up from Seattle, and Ellen knew Robert Duncan from Berkeley days, and she said, "Well, why don't you come on up to Vancouver?" And he said, "Sure." And he came up and he gave a reading in the basement of our house on West 37th. The TISH [writing] group had already formed out at UBC [University of British Columbia], and they had a writing group that met in the evenings, and they were coming over to the house also. Duncan gave four or three hour readings in the basement of our house, and nobody really knew what he was talking about, but everybody was enthralled by this man, he had an enthralled mind that communicated, and so they wanted to know more, and he agreed to come up in the summer to give three lectures, and he stayed for a month, he gave three lectures at the college, and all the TISH poets were there, and he suggested that they start a magazine, and I suggested that they weren't ready to start a magazine, but they went ahead and started it, and of course the phenomenon was that they put it out for nine consecutive months, and the other phenomenon was they went out after their readers, and they for various reasons, the group that started that has stayed together to this day. They're still on excellent terms with each other, and TISH was continued as *Open Letter* first in Victoria where Frank Davey was teaching, and then when Frank went to Toronto he'd set it up, so that there was the Toronto Open Letter, and at a certain point that expanded because of bary nickle and Steve McCaffrey and suddenly it became a, Davey Frank was extremely important because he seemed to go with the flow of it, and if you want the poetics of modern Canadian poetry, you're more likely to find it in *Open Letter* than in *Black Mountain*. Charles Olson, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley, they just kept it going up the other day about a short story he sent to Rampike [editor's note: "Roose Island Red" - "elsewhere in this issue"], and I mentioned that as a little something to do with whether it is the Crchem of the world or not. This just finished re-reading your essay in *Open Letter* [3/86], and he still thought it was great. The full title of the essay was; "Wonder Merchants, Modernist Poetry in Vancouver in the 1960's", and George was wondering if you still called it "modernism"?

KJ: Speaking of George, I called him up the other day about a short story he sent to Rampike [editor's note: "Roose Island Red" - "elsewhere in this issue"], and I mentioned that as a little something to do with whether it is the Crchem of the world or not. This just finished re-reading your essay in *Open Letter* [3/86], and he still thought it was great. The full title of the essay was; "Wonder Merchants, Modernist Poetry in Vancouver in the 1960's", and George was wondering if you still called it "modernism"?

WT: Oh, no, I don't. At that time, that was the term for it. In the sixties, Olson hadn't made modernists' a current issue. He is in some ways part of the last generation of those who think of themselves as being post-modern while Pound, and William, Stein and HD are somehow thought of as being in the modern era. And that's what Duncan used to call himself, "Why not?" "We're in the modern era," but I think that's just the way you read it, post-modern is Pound's generation actually, and I call Olson "neo-modern", but I'm the only one who does, and nobody'll agree with me on this, that is, the post-modern was pre-modern, it was the post-war generation, the 1940's and 1950's, and I think Pound re-modified it as neo-modern, though he might not have used that term himself. And it seems to me that there's always a modern, there's always a post-modern, and it isn't a case of a process, that goes on after a certain amount of years. (Instead, its going on in every individual, and I associate with schooling, what's taught in the schools. That makes the modern, whatever's taught in schools.)

KJ: Regardless of what the year is.

WT: Yeah, that's right. It doesn't have to do with the year. If the students are getting it from their teachers, then it's modern. And post-modern immediately begins to evolve. A "neo-modern" is the generation that is current. It is the generation that is wearing clothes, and clothes are the things that they can go back, they can go back to pre-modern, they can back to modern, but if you go back to modern, then what you have is a new modern, a neo-modern, and I think we're in a neo-modern because the post-modern, that is, the one that you and I belong to, and all the rest of it is, that the teachers start putting it together at school so that the students can ask them, and they'll get to answer the questions, rather than "I don't know what it is, he's a lousy poet, I don't know what to talk about."

I find what I do when somebody asks me a question, is, my mind really goes wonky, and I want explain the entire thing, and it's impossible. The proposition essay that I did on Olson, that seems to be a little bit closer to summing it up, what "poetic" is, and expressing his approach to the end, when I realized that Olson was a living resource for other poets, I had reason to realize that was 1969, and I was writing my doctoral dissertation. I finished it in November, and he died in January. Just two months later he was dead, and I never had a chance to get his reaction to it. But I see him as absolutely essential, he has the most in mind, if you can figure out the four, obvious four that I relied on the most, because I had a chance to rely on them, were Olson and Duncan and Creeley and Ginsberg, and the four of them, still to me, are the summing up of what was possible to do. See, I had insight to what was not to be done with nationalism, it wasn't the nationalism, it had to do with the English language. That's what I had to do with. What I worry about
What worries me most now is this new internationalism that is coming in, loosening the hold on distinctive Canadian writing. You get international writing, which is essentially an English writing, it comes out of England, and its the coffee table and beautifully. Which they do, they write beautifully, but - that novel has nothing to do with Canada regardless of what people say, it has everything to do with the international world. And it has to do with what English people like to read, and that Naipaul guy [Vidiadhar Surajprasad Naipaul], he's a brilliant writer, and of course he wrote a great book and he went and discovered all of that around him and wrote about it, and he's gone to India, and he's written great books about India, but he's a journalist. And he's an international journalist. And people love to read him. My own daughter loves to read him. My wife reads to read him. Everybody loves to read this man because he writes so engrossingly, and his heart's in the right place, everything is ok, but when the Group of Seven griped something in the Canadian landscape - - and they're not thinkable in terms of England, they're not thinkable in terms of the States - - its a Canadian thing, and writers of the Group of Seven, and the Coach House generation, and the Tishta generation, and the Toronto generation, gripped something, and now , is it international writing per se, I'm against what I call "coffee-table" international writing. I think regardless of what the 60's writers have accomplished, they are the program has caught hold in lots of places, and I think it's going to go on. But I think it's moving towards a resolution. And I think it's going in schools that things will be resolved because it's in schools that literature is taught. And if their teacher can't tell them what's going on, if they go to a reading, and they say, "Hey, that was wonderful," and they go tell their teacher, and the teacher says, "Don't ask me, I don't want to know." Then, it's a stand-off. But - you're likely to find one or two teachers in every English Department, who are interested in this, who actually can say something more than "I don't know what it is." Or, "I don't like it."

KJ: Is it true that you like to count steps when walking?

WT: Oh yeah, God yeah. Well, son, when you're seventy years old, you realize how important walking is, because all you have to do is go to any retirement home, and the criterion is, if they can walk, they're ok. If they can walk with the help of a walker, they're ok. If they can't walk, then they're in a hospital bed, and it's really over, just a matter of time. So, to be able to walk, that's what fascinates me, and of course, I'm learning all kinds of things about walking, the habits you have, that you don't even know you have. And I love to count steps to see how much I actually take, because as I get more elated, the steps lengthen out, so, when I'm elated it taken fewer steps, and I don't notice the distance either.

KJ: What was your generation away from all that, but I definitely felt that influence; [Frank] Davey, [George] Bowering, [Dave] Godfrey and [David] McFadden, they were part of a west coast phenomenon that had come in to Ouesto, and then later, I was affected by [Shelita] Watson [Jacques] Ferron, and [Robert] Kroetsch.

WT: Yeah, I place great importance on Kroetsch because of what he did in the prairies, where he took himself to be the prairies. And he kept throwing the rest of it away.

KJ: As a Toronto boy, when I was younger, I was also affected by Ray Souster and Al Purdy, though he's not Toronto, he's Ontario, at least in part. I loved their voice.

WT: I do too. There are rivalries that have gone on within those groups. But I always thought that between [Irving] Layton, [Louis] Dudek, and [Raymond] Souster, I think Souster as the most important of the three, just because of what he was doing. Layton was a tremendous hit when he came along because he was a tremendous propagandist, and Canada needed a bad boy, and Layton really filled the bill. But when he started getting successful, then his ego got carried away all too often.

KJ: You've also been interested in voice poetry, and the sound in poetry, I wonder if you could say something about the newer generation. I know bissett and Nichol aren't exactly new, but they seemed to get the ball rolling, at least here in Canada.

WT: Well, they were the instigators, Barrie [Nichol] and bill [bissett] and there were a lot at the time, Joe Rosenblatt was very interesting too. But, I think it of as performance poetry, the poet is writing for the stage as well as for the page. And I think that with Nichol and bissett, you've got first class minds doing it, and [Steele] McCarey comes into it, and he's doing it, and Paul [Dutton] comes into it, and he's doing it, and Rafael [Barreto-Rivera], and he's doing it, and Gerry Shikatani, I know that Barrie had a tremendously high opinion of him. Where is Gerry nowadays?

KJ: Well, he commutes between Toronto and Montreal, but the last time I heard from him, he was living in Montreal.

WT: I think of Montreal, actually, as primarily a Canadian phenomenon, and not a European phenomenon, and I think Montreal is extremely important. For example, it took a long time before it dawned on me that Kerouac is French-Canadian, that's exactly what he is, most of the French-Canadians claim him as their native son, right out of Montreal. And I think. And [Robert] Creeley's mother was French-Canadian, you see, so Bob also has that in his background, and it's not Paris ruling over them, it's their modifications, they're getting it from England, and the French were always libertarian, and so that's always an advantage, to have that fierce libertarian idea, but actually the centre's Montreal, not Paris, if you know what I mean, and French Canada is more and more influenced as more French by the French-Canadians are coming around and really bringing what's in Europe into Montreal, with Montreal as a centre of it - - even though, evidently, as Barbara Godard says, the publication problem is terrible, because there's a backlog of things that need translation, and there's just no money to get them translated, and they don't sell well, and so it's an economic problem as well.

KJ: I think that at one point you identified a dichotomy in strains of writers in Canada and I suppose in the world, one being humanistic and the other ecclectic and I wonder if you still see things that way.

WT: Yeah, Eli Mandel was an active eclectic, he played the field. Doug Jones, to some extent an eclectic. These are writers that I like. Here. In the writing, I find it becomes its own victim, to speak. Not everything can be reconciled. My idea of an eclectic is, great, if you want to do it, but I'm not going to be particularly interested because I'm coming from a romantic tradition, and you're elsewhere, you know. I'm not for enclaves, except in certain cases, but mostly I think a lot of that is after Olson's "human universe". With a lot of younger poets now, there are a lot of them who need to be written about, but my thing is, well, at my age, somebody else should be doing that.

KJ: That's where my generation comes in, where I pick it up.

WT: Yeah, and what you will be seeing will be different from what I will be seeing, hopefully. If we both saw the same thing, then there would be something haywire. That is, I want to be superseded, I want somebody to say, "well that's great, but it's old hat." If there's a father and a son, the son has to supersede the father. He's gotta say, "OK, old man, move over."

KJ: So, with those in mind, do you see any shifts in emphasis among younger writers?

WT: Well, the language emphasis, and it's inevitable. The LaN=Q=G=U=Q=E poets for example, would not have surprised Charles Olson, it's a natural evolution of what he was doing. It's where it's gone. About five years ago, I thought that this language thing is pretty well resolved, people have worked it through and they're going to go in new directions, and the poetry, but that hasn't happened, they're going into it more and more. Going really into it. And some of the most interesting writing is by these guys. The trouble is that they're frequently ignorant of what they're writing about. They get a couple of names, and they go on a tear, and get away ahead of themselves. And they like to do what people like to do, they like to get the older generation off their butt, so they say, Olson's old hat, but Olson isn't old hat, at all. So that's where that limitation, but it's churning up a lot of poets and a lot of fascinating poetry. Bernstein started that LaN=Q=G=U=Q=E group, and once Andrews and them. And at first people said, "Oh, well, he's just a brash, New York, Jewish, arrogant, wise-guy." Which he is, he's all of those, but also terrifically smart, and actually, terrifically dedicated, and that program has caught hold in lots of places, and I think it's going to go on. But I think it's moving towards a resolution. And I think it's going in schools that things will be resolved because it's in schools that literature is taught. And if their teacher can't tell them what's going on, if they go to a reading, and they say, "Hey, that was wonderful," and they go tell their teacher, and the teacher says, "Don't ask me, I don't want to know." Then, it's a stand-off. But - you're likely to find one or two teachers in every English Department, who are interested in this, who actually can say something more than "I don't know what it is." Or, "I don't like it."
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paroles seront proprétés, tuiles défaites au
pied de nos accumulations, boudoirs
emplis de fémurs ameutés, devant des
références de toute provenance, factures
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laisserons s'ériger les sculptures éternelles,
le delta du mississippi, les magnétoscopes
atrophiés, de propos d'annonceurs
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l'encadrement est une activité nocturne,
tuniques, mélanges imprimés de remous
vers tendre, mères, frères, hivers, soudains
retournements, tous vers une même loutre
bénie,

Venir.

(La Société de Conservation du Present)

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bénie,
I am having a dream, a dream not in my sleep but in my daydream. A headful of sharp controlled but unaccessible dream.

I see how this tree was planted four thousand years ago by a society of priests. Why do I say magi, priests? Perhaps I should have written scholars, but why scholars? Our social characteristics are so recent. What should I say? I speak with my own disturbances. They are by-products of some folks planted this tree with their own hands. It could not have come by itself, carried by the wind. This tree has been found, discovered, invented. It hasn't been fashioned, shaped, worked, calculated. Today we would say crossed, selected, or we could say, it was a mutant tree, a true mutation. One could say the same. 

The tree was planted in a sort of garden, in a hollow boundless territory, larger than the valley of the Kings or the encircled plateau where the Ming kings rest in China. These men, from the dawn of humanity, had inborn ideas regarding life. They knew, they knew, they knew, in which part of their brain they invented the forest in order to invent immortality's secret. They sought to perpetuate in the wood the gesture of their immortal prayer. They were looking for someone who would eternally pray to their gods. Stricken with humility they sought someone who could fast the gods for them so that the most precious part of life, a peaceful axis of the world, a life history, a constant quietude. They were simply seeking God, like us. They found it, discovered, invented, shaped, calculated it.

They became acquainted with this tree's species. They studied, observed, manipulated it, they presume. They obtained a variety whose bark resists fire, remains undamaged when tested with the most powerful fire. It has been found, discovered, invented. It was considered and they had their experience and had no relationship to ours. Then in a sudden new flash of lightning, one of them recognizes the immortal sub-varieties of the intense vegetal. Gaunt, not believing their eyes and holding their breath, they planted it. They never thought of their sons and did not grow to see what the fruit was capable of. They died one after the other, but the tree is still here. We can forget everything when a timeless being prays face to face for us to the Lord. One can attend one's business in the garden without fearing snakes.

I am pursuing only one idea in this dream. What if it were true? What if mutation produced an immortal sub-varietiy of a given species appear? What if it existed for any variety? In short, what if there were immortals?

We brought death into this garden, into this banquet of immortality. We came like deadly floodwater and we drowned all the monuments of the greatest of all human knowledge. We eradicated these forests, killed these trees, and brought back death in the premises where it had given birth.

I am afraid, I am no longer afraid of the tree, of its colossal and pious stillness. I am afraid of myself, my scholarship, my culture and my biter tongue.

No, I am not dreaming entirely. I did not keep track. Four thousand years ago some gifted attesters bequeathed to us plants and animals on this side of the world, on the other slope of the sun. Today we eat amber, are clothed with wool; my father raised cattle, we drink wine from the vine, thanks to their immortal genius. We keep saying they invented immortality. However, breeding and cultivation perpetuated themselves without forgetting their training. They belong to the household from birth. They have been ours for generations of silence and a close relationship. Who that day decided to abolish indefinitely the death penalty for all sacrificial species? Who is going in a quest for it? Who is leaving home, throwing everything in the fire including sandals, knowledge and science, in an attempt to discover immortality?

The day the miracle happened, the great surge of the eternal godsends stopped in Greece. They keep saying, our Greek ancestors invented our geometry, our arithmetics and rigors, but they never said they invented immortality. However they found it, fashioned, shaped it, calculated it to the letter. Wherever the road of mathematicity was opened, it was forever. And this praying tree, this giant tree is responding to the day the miracle happened, the great surge of the eternal godsends stopped in Greece. They found it there, in the linear print of marble and in the sequoia tree. This giant tree is responding to the day the miracle happened, the great surge of the eternal godsends stopped in Greece. This giant tree is responding to the day the miracle happened, the great surge of the eternal godsends stopped in Greece.

As unlikely as a calf forgets its grassy patch, a dog with draws from his bondage or a genuine culture is deprived of its good wine, never has any human ever forgotten letters or given up drawing. We keep saying they invented writing. We never say they invented immortality. Whenever they opened the way, it was forever. No culture is known for having a writing and losing it. Those which do not have one, never had. Our culture, our culture, the one through which I write what I am writing here near the Pacific Ocean, my Mediterranean culture begins basically with an epic, with the inaugural song of a hero investigating immortality. He went in quest of immortality. One fine day he hit upon it, in a humble flashing of true intuition, he found it, invented, fashioned, shaped, calculated it, I really don't know. In fact, he wrote it. And it still remains here, like the sequoia tree.

I do not know why, in those days under every latitude, the whole world was struck with a longing for immortality. By a prodigious miracle, they found it. They found it here, in the ceaseless reproduction of faithful rams and goats and the sweetening of grapes. They found it there, in the linear print of marble and in the sequoia tree. This giant tree is responding to Gilgamesh, our first parent who wanted to be immortal and who succeeded in being so. I am the great-great-great-grandson of his Mediterranean quest and know that this colossal with arms raised toward heaven was planted because of a dream related to his dream and perhaps to my dream. The former remained immortal in writing, the latter for having been planted. Did such a prodigious knowledge make mankind proud enough to want to equal God? Did such a successful undertaking make humanity deserve to be punished by flood, with the exception of wine, text and a few animals?

It is said that somewhere in the world, in the days preceding the food, the sacrificial bull was not killed. Had they pity on the animal? The bull returned the favor with one hundred short blazes, even the slowest, simplest frigid ones. He searched the forest. Perhaps they were not savages; perhaps they still lived through the fog or the forest. They tried to do their part to invent immortality. Henceforth one does not find or lose it. It is always present like the sequoia tree. This numeral, this triangle, the proof by absurdity positively unchangeable since the beginnings of Thales, the premises of Pythagoras, grew incredibly identical as did the giant tree's form, its being, its presence, its uprightness, and bushiness. No, the Greek miracle does not indicate a beginning, the inception, the birth of an immortal, the establishment of a formula which I write what I am writing here near the Pacific Ocean, my Mediterranean culture begins basically with an epic, with the inaugural song of a hero investigating immortality. He went in quest of immortality. One fine day he hit upon it, in a humble flashing of true intuition, he found it, invented, fashioned, shaped, calculated it, I really don't know. In fact, he wrote it. And it still remains here, like the sequoia tree.

Why do we no longer invent durable traditions? Why do we only foment revolutions lasting hardly one generation? Why do we no longer discover new know-how cutting through time? What did we lose to allow us to enter history? This myth of death?

I am no longer dreaming. Perhaps I did not dream. We are the for Wearod masters of a tremendous science. Why are you speaking to me of vegetable and oxen? We are barely breeding rules over our cities and fields, our rivers and seas, and all populations. We shall soon be able to invent: we shall soon be able to engineer our population, our crops, our cities, our rivers and seas, and all populations. We shall soon be able to invent: we shall soon be able to engineer our population, our crops, our cities, our rivers and seas, and all populations. We shall soon be able to engineer our population, our crops, our cities, our rivers and seas, and all populations.

As unlikely as a calf forgets its grassy patch, a dog with draws from his bondage or a genuine culture is deprived of its good wine, never has any human ever forgotten letters or given up drawing. We keep saying they invented writing. We never say they invented immortality. Whenever they opened the way, it was forever. No culture is known for having a writing and losing it. Those which do not have one, never had. Our culture, our culture, the one through which I write what I am writing here near the Pacific Ocean, my Mediterranean culture begins basically with an epic, with the inaugural song of a hero investigating immortality. He went in quest of immortality. One fine day he hit upon it, in a humble flashing of true intuition, he found it, invented, fashioned, shaped, calculated it, I really don't know. In fact, he wrote it. And it still remains here, like the sequoia tree.

Upright and praying, keeping a colossal vigil, with its branches raised like elbows to the light— it is praying to some god of life which I will never know, if I still know what praying means.

Perhaps today I should forget what knowing means.
FORMALISM AS A TRANSgressive DEVICE
By Robert C. Morgan

In recent years the concept of formalism has, for the most part, been inexorably tied to the critical writings and the orations of Clement Greenberg. This is not to suggest that Greenberg's formalism is entirely unique or that it can preemph in a vacuum, because it was not; and one cannot help but note that he would defend his view of formalism as original. As pointed out in an essay some years ago by the philosopher Diane Curtin, entitled "Varieties of Aesthetic Formalism," Greenberg's criteria both compared and differed with the formalism of Immanuel Kant — whom Greenberg credits with the idea of Modernism — and with that of the early Twentieth Century critic Roger Fry.1

According to Curtin, in all three thinkers there is an attempt "to isolate a distinctively aesthetic experience." This is generally accomplished "by contrasting aesthetic experience, which does not call for action, with practical experience — real or political — which does."2 Yet there are some interesting and crucial distinctions between the three in terms of how aesthetic experience is constructed and where it leads. In Kant's Critique of Judgement there is an equation between aesthetics and ethics, a culturally presumed cause and effect relationship. Indeed, for Kant, "the beautiful is the symbol of the morally good"3. Merely, however, is posited as a code of conformity that one feels compelled to imitate.4 It is an equation that is made conscious of a certain emblemization and elevation above the rest: a sensibility to pleasure received through sense, and the worth of others is estimated in accordance with a like maxim of their judgement.5

Roger Fry's formalism, as it well-known, led to his clarification of the work of Post-Impressionist painters, many of whom had their paintings characterized as internally consistent in their structure as were classical works of art. Fry's formalism appears as a direct antecedent to Greenberg's with the exception of one, maybe two crucial points. For Fry art and life are interconnected; that is, one can gain a rich aesthetic experience from the natural world as well as from a painting. Greenberg would deny this shared domain of aesthetics. For Greenberg, it is the evolution of feeling into form that makes its appeal to the senses, and this process requires a certain distance, an ability to see a work of art in terms of high aesthetic standards. In tangents with Fry, Greenberg has maintained that taste in art is entirely dependent upon objective standards which emanate from one's intuitive response to a particular work. Fry, on the other hand, would have been skeptical of applying objective standards to a formalist methodology in that, as Curtin explains, the exact connection "between the individual's solitary intuition and the public's body of critical opinion" remains a highly problematic issue.6

The purpose of this short essay will be to review Greenberg's position or doctrine, as he may be, with regard to formalism, and to speculate upon the functions and historical visibility of formalism within the current scene. This is to suggest that the conditions of formalism, even as they might attest to a higher standard of artistic production, do not necessarily preclude representation — i.e., for example, in Russian formalism — nor are they necessarily restricted to the domain of Modernism. Whereas Greenberg's formalism proved historically viable in relation to the American avant-garde of the Forties and Fifties, there remained or be a kind of entrenchment in the early Sixties where Greenberg's doctrine was reserved for a specific type of Modernist painting — a lyrically directed and literal type of painting without recourse to representation — isolated the conditions of formalism to an extreme, thereby excluding the possibility of an abstract means toward representation as advocated by Fry.

This reenchanting in Greenberg's thinking was partially revealed in a talk given at a symposium in Sydney, Australia in 1979 in which he stated that "the whole enterprise of Modernism at the end of the Sixties, the Seventies, and the Eighties was a kind of reaction against the constant threat of lessening standards. For Greenberg, this threat was initially spelled-out in his famous early essay, "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" (1939), in which he described the effects of popular culture as determined by the rise of industrialization and capitalism. It is significant that Greenberg's formalist posture was also, in fact, a reaction against Stalin's adaptation of socialist realism as a political means for illustrating power and acquiescence. Not only was this sort of painting demeaning and degrading to the human spirit, but it was entirely undialectical and self-critical. It is important to recall that Greenberg's position as a formalist began as a dialectical response to mass culture (kitsch) and not as a not-so-conservative formalism. It is precisely what makes his take on formalism so complex and so confounding, and why it is necessary to determine its historical inappropriateness to the present-day situation, negligibly defined as Postmodern. First of all, it is important to see if such standards are the necessary result of formalism and whether they are still appropriate standards" function for Greenberg. If taste is the immediate intuitive response one has in relation to a work of art, and if this taste is founded upon the knowing of objective aesthetic standards, for which Kant must be acknowledged, then the functions of visuality of the visual elements reign supreme.
One cannot argue against such a determination. The problem is that, for Greenberg, not all formalist art can be considered modern art; therefore, the problem of formalism is not simply the question of what constitutes a genuine modernist work. In reflecting upon the “all-over” canvases of painters associated with Abstract Expressionism, and eventually with Color Field Painting (what Greenberg designated as “Post-Painterly Abstraction” in 1963), it becomes clear that the notion of mainstream modernism and the criteria for what constitutes a genuine Modernist painting are inextricably linked to the development of the field and the evolution of the discipline. The New York School of art, with its emphasis on abstraction and the exploration of new formal possibilities, was central to the development of modernism and the formalist aesthetic. Greenberg’s critical framework, with its emphasis on the autonomy of art and the separation of the aesthetic from the social, was a key element in the development of the modernist aesthetic.

Unfortunately, such doctrines are not universally applicable as much as Greenberg would aspire his critical system to be. The problem is that, for Greenberg, not all formalist art can be considered modern art; therefore, the problem of formalism is not simply the question of what constitutes a genuine modernist work. In reflecting upon the “all-over” canvases of painters associated with Abstract Expressionism, and eventually with Color Field Painting (what Greenberg designated as “Post-Painterly Abstraction” in 1963), it becomes clear that the notion of mainstream modernism and the criteria for what constitutes a genuine Modernist painting are inextricably linked to the development of the field and the evolution of the discipline. The New York School of art, with its emphasis on abstraction and the exploration of new formal possibilities, was central to the development of modernism and the formalist aesthetic. Greenberg’s critical framework, with its emphasis on the autonomy of art and the separation of the aesthetic from the social, was a key element in the development of the modernist aesthetic.

The Russian formalists, for example, theorized primarily in the disciplines of literature and film; yet they espoused by high Modernism. How could one miss the sign-system inherent in an early Warhol or a Minimal, and Conceptual Art. It would appear that formalist art is transgressive. It is neither an endorsement nor a rejection; rather it weighs quality in a direct sense. He differed with Kant in this respect. Whereas Kant advocated the interconnection between aesthetics and the moral good, Greenberg has always seen aesthetics as a qualitative mode of perception and consciousness beyond the ordinary, an idea which had been proclaimed earlier by Shklovsky and Brecht. By representing the ordinary through the isolation of its syntax—a play used by artists not only associated with Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual Art, but also by artists in the Moscow Linguistics Circle in which the utilization of a diachronic sign system in order to change perceptions of the everyday world and thereby to change the world. What may be more significant is the evolution of formalism, as discussed by Jameson, involves “a radical inversion of the priorities” in art: “it is to suspend the common-sense view of the work of art as mimetic (i.e. possessing content) and at once purveyor of emotion.”

While the latter statement does not appear in disagreements with Greenberg’s approach is “disinterestedness,” yet it is in this very sense that histories of standards of quality should follow from this approach. For Greenberg, the criteria used in the evaluation of a painting is based primarily on visual content, in the Russian formalist the criteria was based on a theory of signs emanating from a literary construct. The structure of art, in the latter case, was not necessarily a system of floatation against another system, as it is in Russian formalism, as discussed by Jameson, involves “a radical inversion of the priorities” in art: “it is to suspend the common-sense view of the work of art as mimetic (i.e. possessing content) and at once purveyor of emotion.”

With the development of various forms of Pop, Minimal Art, and Conceptual Art during the Sixties, one might argue that a kind of formalism takes shape more closely to the Russian than that espoused by high Modernism. How could one miss the sign-system inherent in an early Warhol or a "primitive" of a new sort, as reprinted in David Rothenberg, "Modern and Post-Modern Art," exhibition catalogue (Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1964) p. 32. It is not surprising that such works were associated with a broader linguistic and modernist aesthetic. It would appear that formalist art is transgressive. It is neither an endorsement nor a rejection; rather it weighs quality in a direct sense. He differed with Kant in this respect. Whereas Kant advocated the interconnection between aesthetics and the moral good, Greenberg has always seen aesthetics as a qualitative mode of perception and consciousness beyond the ordinary, an idea which had been proclaimed earlier by Shklovsky and Brecht. By representing the ordinary through the isolation of its syntax—a play used by artists not only associated with Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual Art, but also by artists in the Moscow Linguistics Circle in which the utilization of a diachronic sign system in order to change perceptions of the everyday world and thereby to change the world. What may be more significant is the evolution of formalism, as discussed by Jameson, involves “a radical inversion of the priorities” in art: “it is to suspend the common-sense view of the work of art as mimetic (i.e. possessing content) and at once purveyor of emotion.”

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"Transgressiveness is not about the institutionalization of standards; it is about the reorientation of what constitutes "art"..." It would appear that formalist art is transgressive. It is neither an endorsement nor a rejection; rather it weighs quality in a direct sense. He differed with Kant in this respect. Whereas Kant advocated the interconnection between aesthetics and the moral good, Greenberg has always seen aesthetics as a qualitative mode of perception and consciousness beyond the ordinary, an idea which had been proclaimed earlier by Shklovsky and Brecht. By representing the ordinary through the isolation of its syntax—a play used by artists not only associated with Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual Art, but also by artists in the Moscow Linguistics Circle in which the utilization of a diachronic sign system in order to change perceptions of the everyday world and thereby to change the world. What may be more significant is the evolution of formalism, as discussed by Jameson, involves “a radical inversion of the priorities” in art: “it is to suspend the common-sense view of the work of art as mimetic (i.e. possessing content) and at once purveyor of emotion.”

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La philosophie par Richard Martel

LECTURE RAPIDE

- Lecture rapide

L'intelligence humaine est un mélange de ruses et de folies. Elle est de nature à s'étonner de son propre existence et à s'interroger sur ses origines. Les êtres humains sont en permanence en quête de nouvelle connaissance et de compréhension du monde qui les entoure.

La science et la philosophie sont deux voies différentes de recherche de la vérité. La science se Contente de la démonstration des faits, tandis que la philosophie se penche sur l'interprétation de ces faits. À travers ses questions et réponses, la philosophie cherche à apporter des éclaircissements sur le sens de l'existence humaine.

L'homme est une créature complexe qui aspire à comprendre les secrets du monde qui l'entoure. Les découvertes scientifiques sont en constante évolution, et les philosophes cherchent à les comprendre et à les intégrer à leur pensée.

Les lettres de Descartes à une de ses élèves, qui lui demandait si la science et la philosophie étaient deux disciplines distinctes, sont une preuve de l'importance de la réflexion philosophique. Descartes suggère que la philosophie et la science sont deux voies qui se complètent et se nourrissent l'une de l'autre.

Les sciences humaines ont aujourd'hui une place prépondérante dans l'éducation des générations futures. Il est important de former les jeunes à penser de manière critique et rigoureuse, pour qu'ils soient capables de comprendre et de résoudre les problèmes complexes de notre monde contemporain.

La philosophie est une discipline qui requiert de la patience et de la persévérance. Elle nécessite une soif de connaissance et une curiosité sans limites. La philosophie est un voyage à travers le monde de l'esprit, et elle nous invite à explorer de nouveaux horizons et à découvrir de nouveaux savoirs.
D'autres s'attaquèrent de la moustique capable de les simples. Dans notre tête, sont donc du simple. Ces découvertes par les apportent au psychologue au plus précis sur la base physique humain et. La découverte des étapes d'une nouvelle remarquable. Elle ama à se dire, est suffisant pour l'étude de l'homme adulte normal?

Les recherches ne devraient-elles pas porter sur des formes inférieures de la conscience et du comportement, celles par où les rencontres chez d'autres êtres? Les maladies nous ont fait comprendre le fonctionnement de notre corps : pourquoi n'en serait-il pas de même de notre esprit? On se prit à étudier la psychologie des maladies mentales, des « fous » comme ou disait alors.

Même on connaissait également des formes inférieures de la pensée préobé, que celle des maladies mémorables, et les investigations psychologiques s'orienterent vers quatre points cardinaux.

Il s'agissait donc de porter à un endroit extrême, comme de la langue à ses dents. Parfois, disaient-ils, double divers étaient sur la touche. Tout l'espace n'était plus. Dans son ventre de fait l'aventure de l'interdisciplinarité en prend un coup. Le fracas aussi se fondait lentement plus rien n'était, photographier devenait plus et plus difficile. Le bœuf même s'envola autour de la ferme, il ne pouvait plus l'arrêter. Évidemment si l'alternance ascensionnelle et ses exigences rendaient insu illustrations le temps lié à la fabrication de l'imagination, il ne pourra nécessairement aucun remède à suivre sinon le temps. Par où coule l'incompréhension jusqu'à s'effriter largement, fade et salomandre organisée.

La découverte des différentes régions voisinale épitérie, déclencher réflexes, les actions « hiérarchisées » au composé, accumulées physiologistes.

......

La tempête de lecture : minutes secondes.

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RHODE ISLAND RED

by George Bowering

Trust me, this will take only a fraction of the time it would take to write and read a novel, but there will be order somewhere here, faint order, human traces anyway.

If you were not in the South Okanagan Valley in the fifties you will not be able to picture the scene I am picturing. But you can say this on the other hand, that nothing much will, we think we are remembering scenes of thirty years ago, say, whenever we are given the opportunity to check those memories, we are invariably wrong, sometimes very wrong way off.

So I will have to do a little description, I guess, at least to get this going. The consolation will be that we will no longer have to listen to the voice livening the Lawrences. Lawrence could have been called a town, but the people who lived there could tell you how that worked, but everyone seemed to think that it made good sense.

beginning to turn skeletal, the season's fruit picking finished weeks ago. Just across the brown leaves, but there are apples hanging all over it. These are overripe apples, brown and wrinkled.

If you drive down here and bump the tree's trunk with the front of his machine, he would find himself in a rain of apples that were useless except to the health of the soil. The nuisance around the kind of farm on which workers are always moving ladders or kids around Lawrence figured that every orchardist had a shotgun loaded with rocksalt that come in uninvited at night are going to have to get used to rocksalt in their ass. The people would make little chicken runs out of chicken wire, with a roof of chicken wire to keep large dogs out or to keep the chickens in the yard.

The male sperm lives in the hen's oviduct for two to three weeks. Yolks ongmate to keep the chicken hating its head at the pebbly ground beside the blacktop, and carry it under his arm back up the dirt road to the home yard.

There is no fence between this orchard and the highway. Fences are only a nuisance around the kind of farm on which workers are always moving ladders or trailers covered with props or empty boxes. As every orchardist along the drive has said at least once, you don't need a fence to keep people away, and any fruit thieves that come in uninvited at night are going to have to get used to rocksalt in the ass. The kids around Lawrence figured that every orchardist had a shotgun loaded with rocksalt or worse standing by the back porch door with the baseball bats.

Most families had chickens in their yards in those days. Even in town, where people would make little chicken runs out of chicken wire with a roof of chicken wire to keep little dogs out or to keep the chickens in the yard. It seemed normal to the narrator of this story, for instance, to keep chickens in the yard. When he was a kid in the South Okanagan in the forties he had to feed the family chickens. That was enjoyable, whether throwing grain on the ground for those flailing heads, or dumping the slop and watching them spread the corn in the cobs.

The chicken was a Rhode Island Red, a general-purpose breed created in the United States of America. It had a rectangular body and brown feathers of the shade called by parents red. By descent it had come from distant forebears in the Jungles of the ground and threw them into the chicken coop. He still wonders, today, what made her now she would just treat it as an old family joke. Why did the sister pull the eggs, thought by superstitious rurals to be superior to white eggs in the matter of...
The Koenig kids did not care if they missed their shots. But there was a family in the orchard next to the Koenigs which had a son in an iron lung at the Coast. Mr Koenig hated to think about him.

Two of the Koenig kids were in the back seat. One, the oldest and strongest, was in the front seat beside his father. His face was not as red as his father's. He had been born in this valley.

This is the sort of thing the Koenig teenagers were saying:

"Murray told me the needle is yay long."

"Oh sure, did he tell you it's square?"

"What the hell do you know? When the doc says roll up your left sleeve, you always have to get some help from me."

"Listen, if you weren't a girl I'd bash your teeth in."

"Just try it, jerk."

"Knock it off," said Mr Koenig.

The road was never straight for longer than a few hundred feet. It looked as if they were going to have to follow the big truck all the way into Lawrence. Maybe they could pass him around the Acre Lots, but by then they were just as good as in town anyway.

Trust me, we are nearly there, and you will admit, I think, that there is some kind of order here. Human traces and some poultry thrown in. That's a bad choice of verb. Let's say some poultry added.

The poultry in question was now two thirds of the way across Highway 97, trying unsuccessfully to back up and scratch at the surface, but finding better luck with its plunging head. There had not been any traffic for five minutes. That was unusual for that part of Highway 97 in the fifties. People near the road could not help noticing, when that happened from time to time, a feeling of peculiarity, as if the location were being prepared for something. Now that the tractor was just sitting up there beside the house, you could hear the telephone wires singing above your head.

Then Stiffy's truck appeared both to ear and eye. Its tires played a high note that would not descend. Stiffy saw the Rhode Island Red, saw it lift its head and fall momentarily on its tail as it turned to run back to its home side of the macadam, saw it disappear under the front of his machine. He did not see what a witness, had there been one, might have seen. The blur of red-brown feathers emerged behind the truck's long trailer, the living chicken picked up by the wake of hot wind and thrown high in an awkward arc into the air. It did not sail, nor did it soar. It was a roundish bird in the low sky, not flying but certainly falling now, and as it did along came the Pontiac sedan. Mr Koenig knew that it was a chicken. He even knew it was a Rhode Island Red. He had no idea how it had got where it was, hurtling toward the windshield of his car. He jogged the car slightly to the right, but the course of the hen was eccentric, and it became a smash of feathers and blood and claws and noise in front of his face where the glass became a white star. The car with four Koenigs in it was still moving to the right, and now the front right tire crunched into roadside gravel. Then the car went straight as the road went straight for a little while but in another direction. The Pontiac, having travelled for a moment at fifty miles an hour through long grass, stopped all at once against a leafless apple tree. If it had been the tree just to the left, the car would have been deluged with brown fermented apples.

All this made a noise. Stiffy, a half-mile north in the cab of his Kenworth, didn't hear any of it. But the orchardist and his wife did. It would not be long till they were out of the house. Today they, like other people in the Lawrence vicinity, would be finding out what had happened. Tomorrow they would be thinking about why. They would talk about this event for a long time. Many of them would mention it in letters. As later events intervened they would sometimes ask each other questions about this one.
Fear of flying: where will I get my hair cut while I'm away? This wouldn't bother the really heroic traveller: the archaeologist searching Borneo's jungles for enduring tribes, in the Middle East, ignoring all the wailing on her way to the Wailing Wall; the mirrors, are a scouring camera. My eyes, on the other hand, don't gaze windows, for instance, instead, they gaze

also got the right underground music playing: issues of Jews. Bravo, in fact, for a Mediterranean world where Hasidic Jews wander to preserve what he had wrought. It's not as if Gianni expected he'd get customers from (remember your video camera).

Fiji's outer islands? I'd better check for myself."

"HAIR PIECE" from Gringo Star
by Stan Fogel

Nonetheless, "when in Rome do as the Romans do" produces monotony, never mind how closely many people wearing fashions. Cheering for the Red Brigade is, perhaps, an over-response to the designer handbag carrying hordes that, most-like, crowd Rome's venues. I'd settle, I guess, for something verging on the not quite poignant a former student of mine wrote: "when in Rome do as the Romans do"-- and this before the overthrow of Ceaucescu could give the remark any vestige of contemporary currency. What is something less relentlessly uniform and stylish. I discovered my own hairstyle's outset status in the faces of middle class gold, not yet invented) laser plastic surgery. The model was still a marine, but boot camp methods weren't mandated, I sought out such a craftsman by my youth. He spoke no English, no Italian. No Berlitz barber he, either

Warmth and bonhomie filled the lodge outside all was forearm and middle finger gesturing, car jockey negotiation, and not getting himself to the cosiness, but not causing the kind of overcrowding that produces six lane traffic on four lane Roman streets, the benign man who previously occupied the classic barber's chair was propped up in returned with three friends in tow. A non-Greek chorus then sang the chorus, responding throughout the event to the symphonic scissoring. In North America the cutting of middle class hair was a mere 20 dents, and this inciprease precision marching band, on the field at half-time of a high school football game. In Rome, though, my head was being handled, well, soccer-attire. Sure, that's linguistic excess. But I was glutted wajj and disgusted by $45 breakfasts at the Cafe de Paris or any of the other rendezvous-side street restaurants in Rome as well as Armani-Valentino-Bulgari strut that is Italy's fashion parade. What do you get on an Italian trip? A Venice mirrored reflection of your touristic self; in Milan the wardrobe you can buy in the linguistic comfort of your own city; In Florence the confirmation of your art book's sheen. (In six months of travelling around the Mediterranean and into East Africa it was only my split ends that got handled authentically. All the rest was tours, traffic, pleasures.)

Close your eyes and picture the Vatican. You've never really been? Never mind. It’s already been seen. We’re in the postmodern era for chrissakes so give the Pope a miss. Go to Italy to get a haircut. You'll be able to recite faithfully your soul food party at St. Peter's whether you've seen it or not. Your home bound friends will appreciate the picture: it will be recognizible, some scruffy would-be Londoners, say, with shaved heads unviolated while lifting thousands and thousands of lira, the inflated price one pays to do anything near the priority seats. This was, rather because my head hadn't been reconstructed and red in a few months. Back when I was provided adult accompaniment to get my hair cut, the only bars weren't barbers but Italian, their razor cuts more deft than (not yet invented) laser plastic surgery. The model was still a marine, but boot camp methods weren't mandated, I sought out such a craftsman by my youth. He spoke no English, no Italian. No Berlitz barber he, either

...
Nairobi, Kenya doesn't escape tourism's markings, either. The unjustifiably famous New Stanley Hotel where many embark on and disembark from safaris looks like a khaki version of a Baptist church drop-off point. Instead of saving souls, this trek's for a Noah's Ark inventory of animals. What to do in the face of a North American's version of the uncontaminated? Get a haircut. Mombassa, Kenya may be Miami Beach, sojourns in the game parks may be as sumptuously spent in haut monde spas, but there was nothing clichéd about the salon I entered in downtown Nairobi. Women lounging over lunch were galvanized immediately upon my entrance. One to wash hair, one to ask me for sponsorship to Canada, one to consult, one to go out to purchase tiny Ethiopian beads when it was decided I was to get a rat tail only vaguely congeneric with the extensions frequently woven into African women's hair at the salon, and, finally, one to cut my hair.

Again with symphonic accompaniment, the deliberately crude cutting that was to be a punk cut was undertaken with rapid and energetic discussions in Swahili, the only word of which I could understand was punk. "Swahili...punk...swahili...punk...swahili..." Cheers were offered as the rat tail, synthetic hair, was affixed with microsurgical precision to a minute strand of my own hair only Christian Barnard, I thought, could have wedded. While it strains credulity to declare that I was made over as African, this haircut stands, as I sit writing, the least passive act of a stint in Kenya.

Gaping at wild animals, lolling in lush scenery and assessing Nairobi's squalid ghettos, all of which supposedly promise knowledge, an enriching and authentic traveller's experience, are in reality weak compensation for the enfeebled tourist state, the lack of importance except for hard currency the tourist offers. Travel writing, too, provides only this compensation, an outlet for the work ethic to come up with insight from sporadic interaction with a foreign culture. Not atypical of the kind of thing one gets from a travel writer is a glimpse of the Australian outback by P.K. Page ("The Australian Outback," P.K. Page, Descant 66n, pp.113-26). Quirky and/or resolute and/or decent whites are introduced and described along with abos or aborigines who, especially the lubras or girls, perform menial chores in various households in the territory. Throw in the weather and the domiciles, a bit of chitchat with the locals and there you have the fully formed travel article redolent of significance. Descriptions of individuals take on scope, gain weight, to become types. Fleeting conversations also get bulked up to the status of incisive commentary on race relations or isolation or the state of the economy.

Better to trim and be trimmed. There's too much inflation in travelling anyay. From "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" to the cooing of your friends over your plans to tourism being one of the main agencies of many governments, travel is spectacle. It has become, paradoxically, an anti-nomadic technique. Your baggage as middle class Canadian, say, meets foreign baggage in the realm of staged "cultural" events. The only authenticity left? Haircuts abroad. Purportedly political aperus from the dispassionate, objective outsider as travel writer are illusory; they show compensation for his or her powerlessness or minimalization as a political force. All you should take home from your travels is your newly barbered head. It lasts longer than a suntan—think bleach if you want some colour—and is less carcinogenic.

Remember, barbershop quartets were so named for the custom of men in barbershops forming quarters for the impromptu singing of sentimental songs. Never mind how stagy and kitschy that's become; it still beats an "Experience London, England" package that includes tickets to Les Miserables.
**TRURO (Part Two of Notes on the Weather)**

by Joan Chevalier

Midnight, August 1

_It’s Like a Place._

The day I arrived, the doctor announced that our mother’s cancer had reached her liver and this was ominous sign. It convinced me. The circle is a modern invention. Despite its antiquity, we invented the wheel, and before that the Great Mother gave us the Mandala. But in none of these did we discover the circle. We continued on. We huddled close to the bonfire and watched the edge of darkness lapping at the light. We stepped up at the same time and we could, like ducks, dive and walk. And we didn’t see the circle. Columbus said the earth was round, but he thought about three thousand miles or more to the Indies and how to keep his crew from mutiny. He proceeded each day to the next horizon; perhaps, in the end, with the hope of falling off the continent to recover coastlines that were never more than dreams of deep.

Now, the globe has been wrapped many times round: Cable across the ocean floors; steel tracks around the marsh, down Pamet Road; to blueberry pancakes in Wellfleet, down the back roads. I recognized them in those seven bushes, grouped in a circle there, just as you round the bend, on your way to or from the bay.

I can’t believe that it is on the hill where the Pilgrims found the corn, they also uncovered the body of a fair-haired maiden, buried with a child in his arms. This guide-book must have a ghost-writer -- Uncle Hut -- insisting Heaven has a sanitation problem.

_Three hours before sunset, August 8_  

From the Shore

Last night thunder and lightning crashed down around the small house on Storm Hill. I should have known better. The news said a tornado had struck Providence. Radar traced the storm across the Plymouth plain and out to the Cape Cod coast. I still slept. After her travel, the universe could not be more gracious, I think she saw a sign in this -- that someone would take care of her feckless daughter who refused to marry... Iman, M’s chauffeur, was fasting for the Holy Day. While I lounged at the Hilton, he went to the Mosque to pray. In the afternoon, he brought me to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, at the top of Cairo, looking out over the minarets of the old city. While dust -- fine, aerial grains of desert sand -- blanched the already white afternoon light. At the threshold, we removed our shoes. I wandered across the Oriental carpets. Iman, on his hands and knees, prayed in a seemingly particular corner, one I’m told he had chosen long ago. Then, we went to the Pyramids, right there at the City’s edge. This surprised me. I’m afraid I wanted to know how we would ride a horse or a camel. I chose a camel. I thought I’d climb a ladder onto the beast; but no, I had to mount it the orthodox way: Tiling forward on a parallel line with the ground, as the creating hand has done on its ring. Iman was sitting at me Arabic. I understand: Lean back, (fool). Even the parentheses I understand.

In Cairo, the homeless and the hungry live in the old cemetery. Beggars ask a dollar to escort you to the Sphinx, but an escort is unnecessary. I told Iman to pay them to leave me. That night, I dreamt it was a small gray puppy, running in front of the invisible wall. I didn’t want to return.

As I write this, the USS _Minneapolis_ was sunk, “after delivering its load for Hiroshima.” A thousand men went into the waters; only three hundred were saved. While they waited the gulls were out for rats.

Now, I’m surprised by the places here I never saw and had no inclination to see. I had my spot: On a dune, overlooking the bay. And my routes: To the post office down Castle Road; to the Flying Horse, down Pamet Road; to the church, down the back roads. I recognized them in those seven bushes, grouped in a circle there, just as you round the bend, on your way to or from the bay.

I can’t believe that it is on the hill where the Pilgrims found the corn, they also uncovered the body of a fair-haired maiden, buried with a child in his arms. This guide-book must have a ghost-writer -- Uncle Hut -- insisting Heaven has a sanitation problem.
Roland Barthes wrote that writers, particularly writers like Proust, believe in the natural relationship between names and essences. I don’t know. I’ve never found any relationship natural — but then, neither did Proust, I imagine. Unlike Proust, however, I have no knowledge of flowers. "Essences" only remind me of the perfumes I can’t justify in my budget. I know this is no excuse, only deficient vision; but I’m jealous of Proust’s names. He had the "Quermates Way." I have "Lampman Street." And worse yet, what I find there: My mother rolling...
Aujourd'hui, la Cross-Rouge attend les donneurs aux endroits suivants :

- au Koweit:
  - à Montréal : université du Golfe
  - dans le Golfe : l'éducation des adultes, 25, chemin Champlain, de 10 h à 16 h 30,
  - à Saint-Hyacinthe : École nationale d'aérotechnique, 555, Place de la Savane, de 10 h à 16 h 30;
  - à Jérusalem : École Alpha, de 14 h 30 à 20 h 30

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**RILLETTES DE LAPERAU et JUILLINNE DE CAROTTES GLACÉES**


**Le film de la journée**

*LA GUERRE DU GOLFE PERSIQUE*  
*Texte/Image par Mona Desgagné*
EASY TARGETS by Chuck Samuels
Content and aim. The project consists of photographs of North American public cultural artifacts. Each black and white in-camera triptych is juxtaposed with a decontextualized text which recontextualizes the photo-sequences into discourses on representation, psychology, art history, photography, etc.

"The presence of the original is the prerequisite to the concept of authenticity." —Walter Benjamin

A GOOD BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE
by Anne Milne

Meatless, Guiltless

They are promoting 1950's values by gathering together as a family to prepare the pie. (Irony slowly tinges the room. Scene yellows like a photograph inadequately fixed, like the beginnings of the gathering on the back of the tongue.) Admit to nothing easily. Pretend to have no feelings except the kind that catch them smiling everytime they line up for snapshots. Are women who have been told to make peace, gloss over, change the subject, peace-make at all costs. Live in the culture of illusion/myth/efance. Mothers wave them forward. Fathers cross nicotine-stained fingers.

Not Guillermo. He was raised in a culture of talking. Here, in this culture, reduced by the silence of people, by T.V. talk, he lets the television talk. His English is not so good anyway and the neighbours complain when he plays his guitar.

Guillermo was raised in a culture of organ meats. Steamed brains and hearts and tongues filling a succession of jumbled kitchen cities. He wonders what the big deal is; the kidney is part of the urinary system.

-My mother used to make this when I was seven. (By the time she was eight, she was into mixes).

-I'm trying some of your homemade wine.

Guillermo said.

-Kidneys are cheap. Maybe your mother made this pie before because they did not have so much money then as they do now.

-Cut a piece open and see what they look like.

-Be careful! It's hot!

-Mmmmmmm, They are great.

Three Hours

-The broth goes in after the onions are sauted but then we pour that in with the meat and it has to simmer for three hours.

-My mother used to make this when I was seven. (By the time she was eight, she was into mixes).

-My mother used to make this when I was seven. (By the time she was eight, she was into mixes).

The Hunt Club

The Hunt Club is Carolyn's name for the social club down at the corner. She named it after a department at Simpson's because there is a guy at the club who she swears looks exactly like a Simpson's mannequin. They all dislike The Hunt Club but it is the only place nearby where they can get a beer. They will spend the three hours.

Christine hates the jars of pickled eggs lined up on the bar. Invariably, someone next to her starts eating them:

1. Rarman's chubby fingers wiggling in the brine.
2. Eggs ducking out of reach
3. People popping them into their mouths whole and then opening their mouths and laughing or
4. People taking small bites -- white vibrating after teeth leave it. She cannot remember if there is a grey line dividing white from yolk like with hard-boiled eggs but she thinks there probably is.

The Hunt Club makes her feel sick and today it is worse because she has had the wine and just loosed membrane.

They have to go down a set of stairs to get in. Carolyn used to like this. It meant underground. She had felt self-congratulatory about going there. She had started to dress-up. She believed that she could, she would start a rumour about how great it was at the Club and then all the people she knew would come and it would be like her club. And she had even thought of bands she could book.

She had discussed it with Guillermo who could not understand her. He thought she wanted to buy the place or work there. Why? The ceiling was low, the red and blue spotlights seemed to affect his equilibrium and the same, few, less-than-animated people were there all the time. He believed most of them were a family together from the way they sat a table in the corner near a gingham curtain and ate food served by an older woman who pushed and pinned the curtain back with her hip as she passed through. Her brimming tray. There were even some kids who ran around and around the little chrome-trimmed square of linoleum dance floor.

Nobody had ever offered to serve food to Guillermo. Not even the woman when he had a big fight with Carolyn and came down there and got really drunk and tried to go and sit at the table where everyone was eating. When they tried to pull him out of the chair -- No food here! No meat! No cooking but not sit down at the end of cooking and eat the meal with him. He had seen her eat raw meat.

Guillermo wondered about the feeling of a pickled egg in a pocket. He knew Christine hated pickled eggs. He hated coming to The Hunt Club with her because she always grimmaced and went on about the pickled eggs and sat right beside them and kept looking at them all the time. He asked her to dance just so he would not have to look at her staring at the pickled eggs or worry about the suspicion he had about her that she liked to make herself sick. He asked her to dance. He did not like Tom Jones so he always sang "Yolanda" when he was dancing. Softly, though because he knew that Carolyn believed that "Yolanda" was his lovelocking song and he did not want her to think he was lovelocking with Christine when he was just distracting her from the pickled eggs.

What kind of texture are you looking for?

You can use any kind of shortening but Crisco's got the recipe on the box in case you forget it. I put in one teaspoon of vinegar. It makes the pastry flakier and gives it a nice finish.

Mix in the water and the pastry will start to form a ball. It happens very quickly. The ball starts to pull away from the sides of the bowl.

Too much water makes it really sticky and you can't roll it out.

But if that happens, just put it in the pan by pressing it down with your fingers. It's better than mixing more flour in because the pastry will get tough if you handle it too much.
Clearly, the Columbian requires far less food to perform the same activities than his larger North American counterpart.

Diet and human evolution: Are we what they ate?

Table 3.1 Comparison of Caloric Requirements of Males of Mean Body Weight in United States and Colombia.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>United States</th>
<th>Colombia</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mean body weight (kilograms)</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caloric costs (kilocalories)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resting (8 hours)</td>
<td>570</td>
<td>480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sedentary activity (6 hours)</td>
<td>492</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light labor (8 hours)</td>
<td>1,527</td>
<td>1,125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moderate labor (2 hours)</td>
<td>654</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>3,263</td>
<td>2,391</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Girl-Talk

One time when Christine was over and Guillermo was at work, Carolyn tried to talk, cried to her and confessed. Christine felt her palms get wet. She didn't like being there because she rarely asked herself the kinds of questions Carolyn was. Christine's last boyfriend had split with her after she backed his car into a parked van. She didn't think they broke up because of that. She thought that the accident just gave him a convenient opportunity to split or confirmed something to him about her character or made him think that she was going to cost him too much even though she paid the van guy for all the damage done.

Christine didn't actually know. She had been too scared to ask and just went away. She never mentioned this feeling to Guillermo. His habit of standing close. Christine wondered if there were any cartoons on TV. Guillermo smoked and burned. Carolyn feels like there is something she should have done to make things work out better. She should have made the pie this morning on her own, made the eating of it rather than the making of it the focus. She should have timed it so it was ready at a meal time instead of an in between time. They shouldn't have gone to the club.

When nobody wants to eat Carolyn wants to throw the pie away. It looks perfect. A good beef and kidney pie. Its golden perfection makes her angry and she stomps across the kitchen with the pie in her hands. She thinks about throwing it at Guillermo. But it is not his fault and she sees he senses her anger because he stands up close to her and peels her fingers off. He holds the pie. Silent, uncannily unlike Guillermo, he sets the pie down on the floor beside Christine's boots, puts on his coat and with the pie uncovered and steaming just a little, he goes outside. Carolyn and Christine see him near the bus shelter. He is waving a little pocket knife and gesturing between the pie and the women who wait. They are retreating into the shelter like people's bodies touch in public.
THE STATUE
by Frank Davey

This is a bronze statue of the national poet being inspired by
the muse. It was erected in the nineteenth century by loyal
merchants before poets began denying their connections to the
bourgeoisie. The poet of course is male, and not supposed to know
or care that a bronze muse is hovering above him. The muse is
decisively female, the merchants' idea of poetry — bare teenage
breasts, a shawl that flares open like angel's wings, a slim left
arm that heroically raises a laurel twig, a yearning face, plus
at her waist some yards of goddess-cloth about to tumble. This is
a bronze statue of the poet being made into the national poet.
The poet isn't supposed to know he is being made into the
national poet, because he too is the merchants' idea of poetry —
modest, acceptable at dinner, in an old business suit that needs
pressing, a long coat that is shabby but sensibly warm. This is a
bronze statue of the relationship merchants wish to have with art
in the twentieth-century. Behind every successful poet there's a
sexy muse. The poet looks like he's out for a morning walk, about
to patronize a tobacconist, a cafe, or perhaps a brothel. The
muse is impractically and inappropriately dressed, and declares
impluses that must be rigorously translated before further
presentation. This is a bronze statue about the reading of poetry
in contemporary society.


CHAFFINCH NEUROGENESIS
by Steve Reinke

A young songbird knows only simple combinations, avian equivalent of infant
babbling: plastic song. It takes more complex singing ability to relate the loneliness
of the heart in isolation, or the location of particularly suitable nest-building material:
stable song.

To facilitate flight these birds have tiny air-tight brains inside a two-ply shell of skull.

The brain of a young songbird (chaffinch or canary, say) is programmed for only
plastic song. How does the necessary reprogramming occur.

When a young, but sexually mature, songbird with the knowledge and capacity of
plastic song comes within earshot of an older bird's stable song dramatic neural
transformations occur. Obsolete neural connections separate and redundant neurons fall
away. Neurons of increased complexity are hatched at the base of the skull and
migrate through complex nets of existing neural connections, to their rightful
place. In this manner is the brain rewired for the stable song.

To discover this scientists slaughtered dozens, hundreds, of birds, little yellow canaries.
At the moment they were about to open their mouths in chirping. Instead of hearing
the song, they see it laid out in the split-open brain.

This is called neurogenesis.

N O
N O N
N O T E S
(an excerpt)
by Victor Coleman

The symphony defines itself
it cannot be composed
as it's played

Though blind
music seizes all
"John through the Baal"

Subdivide the individual
Hire a younger catcher
Take away HAL's life support

Hockey is a poor excuse for winter
Bury was an anchor
Cinderella on a gray skyline

Out the window
Is the world sick?
Not my garbage

Lumbago in a book
Gerbil in Gere
I swear

But its mathematics
metre made meaning
With which the cloth is cut

Threads descend through five dimensions
two of them pearls
the warp is in the wood

& thes, there's dread
a ball alone
Wand my witch please

Brain washed by Disney
about love . Clear air plastic
smoke of leaf in lung

A distillation of the lake
reveals the hidden message
We are the garbage!

Explain your fire
Slip 'er a glass
Maybe it'll fit

Give your desire the rest
it needs . Don't wear
that sweater get the key

Mine watch reads horses
Two if by Rand McNally
& a Coke for the Laird

Two men move a refrigerator
Sixty years old
two flights of stairs & three turns

But it was a dream
That's enough narrative
Which millennium is this anyway?

*
THE DANCE OF DEATH OF BROTHER WIG
A MONODY by Robert Clayton Casto

This pastoral grass
Once more the long dun
Muted fields of shag the deep bright
Luminous flocking Persian guls this Asiatic
Style once more this tripping
Dark this ripe dark dancing
Tender room these applied
Floors like edges sailing bluely these
Burning orchards burning these burning
Shores these animate wheeling

Swells chromatic indigo jaundice
Tangerine blood say fare fare
Dark this ripe dark dancing
Floors like edges sailing bluely these
Shores these animate wheeling

Tender room these appled
Swans and ducks in
Swells chromatic indigo jaundice
Tangerine blood say fare fare
Well to the day and its body say it's
Mercy the profit and loss the unswervable

Well to their turdbellies bobbing fare fare
Reimbursements the prim Gregorian
Pondering grandly his country of competent
Well to the sensitive

Bungalow tweed
Colonial sofitt faccia colonnade
The fraction nothing is bye
Bye also to the office staff the president
Pondering grandly his country of competent

Mercy the profit and loss the unswervable
Law also to the ovine grievings the
Augusts the thudding

Here the shore softens the approach
Frits and sinks with the sibilant

Here the shore softens the approach
Frits and sinks with the sibilant

The Great Articulator. Why they
Cry why
Leave o soul us for these adolescent
Seats this world of dome and
Archivater this feasted floor this mess of

Order and desire o listen we bring to your
Wake to your dangerous sleep your customary
Spurs dock damel crabgrass
Wormseed pigweed chickory dandelion
Creeper ramage slush petitioning bring

Zesty nettle cowcockle tansy tumbeling
Mustard lambtongue pennycress redbead
Salubrious hibiscus crafty commemorative
Kind-bloating ergot mad relish o nota
Bene you have your blisses here return

Return irresponsible Wig! Sad rearing
Images and brief they parch and
Fade like Phidian pieces lost and it
Hovers away cadaver dreamer brother un
Systematic twill on its dizzy

Upholstery into the grunt it does not want
To dwindle of dreadful solidities like
Syphills and old age but of good
taste and of no given sign.
It has its own weed now.

We who have pressed through the
Pinched actuality of squat
Sigilla have crammed their less their
Bellow their warfare their loss in the
pronoun and verb know now these

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MODERN ART
by William Mark Sutherland

PART I

A quantity, expressed as \( a^2 \)
A quantity that is the second square of two.
7. Slang. A pes
Terested in current fads, ideas
The square. Informal straig

Square or rectangular form or
Put in one or more squares or
Surfing devices for deviation h or plane surface.
A quantity) by itself; raise to
Be or find a square that is eq

PART II

\(-1\) \( \leq r \leq 1 \)
Rectangular (neut.
E = recti - rec

Gular (rek t):
Ke a rectangle.

The form of a:
3. having on
A right angle
E + -90\(^\circ\)
N.
Reco - tan g

Gular coor'd
Hich the axes \( \pi \)
K'ti), n.
Pl. of
A learned borrc

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL STRUCTURES

A - COMMUNISM
B - CAPITALISM
C - TOTALITARIANISM
CECI N'EST PAS
by Marina deBellagenta LaPalma

Find the middle. You think it’s easy to do?
Which moment is it -- the bright lights or a sullen mood, realer than anything; that late conversation, the day in the mountains, a tender glance? The fact is you haven’t a clue.

A woman with insomnia waters a lawn. She makes an arc of the spray, curving it toward this tree, that one. Around but not yet glad green ready to drink what is given. Delicately leafy heads yield to stroking and pulsate, as bushes do in the dark. You could eat them in mouthfuls. She spends many a cool-dark hour distributing thus.

in the same way as telling someone not to think of a white horse is sure to produce, however fleetingly, words flow in my mind, with the syntax simple as teeth. elusive or powerful, like electricity.

It’s been like this since the first orange, fragrant and pooled, lodged itself at the back of the storehouse. Since the first rupture, the first fear familiar as the snap in snapshot the mark, by itself, means nothing -- contingent, tangential, intense.

The sand is so hot. Our feet savor sensations of melting (something few do not normally do) and a breeze flaps by, carrying the mercurial voices of children whose silver blood races the edges of waves. Crash. Crash.

Does the body with to sleep? Does the body still do what it’s told when, rocked back and forth for hours in a hot room, That would be foolish, archaic, like trying to personify evil. It is sure to produce, however fleetingly, words flow in my mind, with the syntax simple as teeth. elusive or powerful, like electricity.

Lift the wineglass, where rich red histamines dance. two years ago on a red-leafed afternoon then shifted again. The fountain, the spouts, the tumbling water, magnificently casual.

The balance sought by a Greek two thousand two hundred and twenty-six years ago on a red-leaded afternoon lasted seventeen minutes (give or take ten) then shifted again. The fountain, the spouts, the tumbling water, magnificently casual.


Passports, the blackmail of novelty. Do it again. Talk about a way of writing that slams to the left to indicate reversal of the hemispheres and a medieval indifference and a way of making rhythm vanish at the point where it appears.

Well, you can imagine the sort of reminding people do in places like this, where rambling’s a way of life and thinking it done with the mouth, the shoulders, the eyes; fragile hands laid tensely on the bar. Any speech that might pass our lips must be fought, tooth and nail.

The middle of your life. Perceive it from a great distance, tiny, immense, unproved. Why this fear of falling? Shadows don’t bruise, they decline, droop and eventually go down. In the cramped space between waking and sleep, let’s call it true.

Over us hang mystery, destiny, mischiev-- the bother of things unknown. Sometimes drags at the muscles, enforcing gravity. There’s a desire for sleep, but unspoken.

On the one hand the incomparable comfort of eating, filling the mouth. Lovely as Baby (the whole getting) pulling the soft milk nipple and skin of its Mother past itself.

On the other, outside in the cold, dark night every decision lurks like a sentence awaiting its verb.
WHERE STARS SHOULD HAVE BEEN

by Gil Adamson

His body rose up through the black water, or the air, maybe it was air. But he knew he was rising, waking from his long sleep, opening his eyes to look through a thick fog, remembering going to sleep. Remembering the soundless cold. How the bottom fell out of everything.

A time spent blinking. Then he could see a sizzling of green lights. The date, how much time has passed. He opened and closed his eyes and watched as the lights moved through the murky air towards him. 19 years? He waited. No, 49.

Later he sat across the room and looked at the bed he’d been in. Metal. Quite big, and it had all those pipes that bent around it as though to hold it to the floor. Not human shaped. More like a grand piano. He sat and looked around for a time. He felt old. He knew he was mixed up, and his leg continued to twitch, the pain coming from a long way off.

Small cameras were mounted everywhere, and in every hallway there were monitors. All over the ship images turned over, hallways, rooms with locked metal doors, row after row of things encased in metal. And sometimes the screen showed a man moving a little, rubbing his leg, staring out through milky eyes.

Over a period of time metal will fatigue, plastic will dry and crack in places. It is usually not important. When they put together a ship and fire it into space full of cold, sleeping people, they try to think of things like that. And he knew this as he stood at the elevator and pushed the button and waited and waited, even when he realized it wasn’t coming. He felt the slightest tug at his chest, as well, that he was more mixed up than he should have been. His mouth was still bone dry, the tongue stuck to one side.

The sign above the door said Cafeteria. "This is a cafeteria" he thought as if rehearsing. He felt surprise tug at his chest.

The role of a chief practical engineer shall be to bring all systems into place before any ship shall be brought to a state of robotic maintenance, and be responsible for all technical aspects of shut-down. As well he/she shall be the last person "awake" and shall be raised first from suspended animation, at which time kicker role shall be to effect the "start-up" of the life maintenance systems beginning with the on-going air conditioning equipment and proceeding thereafter in this order:

He stood at the door and looked across the room through a glass window out onto darkness. Everything in the room blurred at the edges and the window showed him nothing but a flat black. "There are stars out there" he thought and made his way across the room, one leg bucking now and then. He walked like the metal floor was lurching, swinging to the side. "My lungs hurt" he thought and pressed his face to the glass and looked out. His eyes still told him it was flat and black outside. He could see the outline of his face reflected in the glass. For some reason this made him uneasy, so he turned abruptly to avoid looking at it and made his difficult way back to the hall.

Certain parts of a ship are very noisy. There are areas which must be sealed off, and personnel must wear protective devises. Other areas are quiet, muffled. The staff lounge is carpeted, and is decorated in warm colours. There is a minimum of metal. He sat in the corner of a couch, his knees wedged against a coffee table which was rivetted in place. He felt bigger than any of the chairs or the couch could accommodate. Like he had grown. His knees felt pain where they dug into the coffee table and he couldn’t tell whether the pain was nearer or farther away than it had been before.

A cup sat at the far edge of the table. It was covered in a thin layer of black dust. Around its base was the same powder. It looked at first like a shadow, but he squinted and saw it was dust.

He didn’t know what the dust was. If he had seen this before he had fallen asleep, he would have known what had happened. Beer was left in a glass. The beer rotted, turning to mould. The mould had climbed the sides of the cup, catching on tiny eddies of circulating air, coming to rest about the base of the cup, its progress slowing as the air was turned off, as people sank into semi-death. Finally the blanket of mould died in the cold, as the air turned off completely, becoming a thin black powder. And it stayed that way in the stillness of the ship. Forty nine years.

He stood up and sat down, stood up again and sat down again. His thought was “perhaps I should get my blood going.” But he couldn’t get up a third time. First his leg and then his back juttered, muscles yanking back and forth. His teeth began to clack together violently, then more gently. He closed his eyes and wondered if he should be afraid of what was going to happen to him. He sat until his body quieted. Then he sat some more, and while he looked into the black of his closed eyes he could feel something rising up from where he had come. Something familiar. And then, quite clearly, he could see himself reaching out to a console, his hand pressing down into place, closing plastic covers. There was an order to it all. It was like deja vu and for a while he felt he knew what would come next. Then he couldn’t remember anymore. “I am doing something here,” he thought. “I am supposed to do something.”

... Nonetheless, a ship shall maintain a speed of at least that of the third stage of acceleration, and shall reduce that speed only in case of emergency (after shut-down) or in the case of unforeseen...

He stood over his bed. His vision was better, clearer. He looked at the little plaque: CHIEF PRAC ENG. "Chief prac eng?" he thought. Johnathan Millar? He recognised the name, the title. It was him. Leaning over his bed, he stared at the wrinkled cloth. He said "John, John, John, John..." out loud, shaking his head, but no sound came out. And then he thought "I am supposed to do something." A light inside the bed turned off and somewhere across the room something began a little whir.

In the event of an emergency and at such time as...

"It is always night outside. Any window shows it is night. And yet the lights are on in here. And in here. Up there on the monitor I keep seeing more piano-shaped beds. People must be inside them. I was inside one. Am I supposed to feel like this? I keep swallowing, but I have nothing to swallow. The lights are on in here. But down that hallway and in those rooms, and around that corner it is black and still. Is someone else here? Did those lights turn on by themselves?"
THE UNICORN
an excerpt from a serial poem, of sorts
by Clint Burnham

A similar mistake has been made in connection with such propositions as “Unicorns are fictitious”. Here again the fact that there is a superficial grammatical resemblance between the English sentences “Dogs are faithful” and “Unicorns are fictitious”, and between the corresponding sentences in other languages, creates the assumption that they are of the same logical type. Dogs must exist in order to have the property of being faithful, and so it is held that unless unicorns in some way existed they could not have the property of being fictitious. But, as it is placed self-contradictory to say that fictitious objects exist, the device is adopted of saying that they are real in some non-empirical sense — that they have a mode of real being which is different from the mode of being of existent things.


PROLEGOMENA TO THE UNICORN & ITS SUPERMARKET

What is the unicorn? Where does it start? In the canned goods section? Frozen food? The tundra, or aisles of siberian prison camps made into free trade zones. No, it doesn’t start here.

In the deli, and the roast chicken on a spit, salmonevia, red but no paprika foil at either end.

Children: “Wired games in their heads. They grow up & eat carp.

In the labels on packages. The rolling hills of Swiss Miss. St George’s vanquishing a dragon to save the fair English maiden from certain death. And the milk is foaming in the container.

I get excited just thinking about it.

LICENSE THE UNICORN

Market penetration begins when we started selling Unicorn Prod.’s. We sent out a market survey to users of our existing product, including the Impressionist bookbags and the Famous Nazi Spoons; we determined a demographics. The problem was customers phoning in with complaints about the Unicorn merchandise. One phoned in a week after I started there, & said that the calendar he just received had two Decembers. I asked my supervisor how many Decemberers were supposed to be on product ISCN 1-189-45-X. She dint know, so I told the customer I’ phone him back. He asked me if I was a pagan, so I laughed it off.

There was also a delay caused by overlap vis-a-vis our American masters. Technically, we couldn’t go into production on the Unicorn thermos mug — the one that the horn appeared when hot liquid was poured in — until the okay came from Rochester. But then our division was sold to International Robinson Playthings, and we were rationalized. It didnt affect me, because I was just a customer service representative.

In terms of rock tie-inds — spin-offs, T. Rex had one out in 1969 called The Unicorn. It was a message from the unicorn, Ignore me at your peril. (In English). The Unicorn appreciates the reverse joke of the matter.

J.R.R. Tolken wandered by, looking for new material. He picked up the CD from the bin and examined the tiny replica of a replica. Put it back in and walked out the SAAN door onto the dirty, noisy main drag of Pierces, Sack. A nodas was starting today and a parade was by along the newly oiled road, a bard, kids with rifles, guys on horses.

On one of the songs, Marc Rolan sings: “just like a Contra”. And I wonder? How did he know? What is corsage has ceased noting no place. Omit nothing. Watch now the tree in both directions.

A POEM

by Lilian Necakov

It is impossible to say if he or the desert came first driving by just at the moment when he comes into focus stares us all of a sudden our seats seem inadequate or feet sticking to the floor we pull ourselves as close to the screen as possible sitting motionless while the dust appears across his face until all we see are his hands reaching for the sky it is all like when you wake and can’t help peeling tiny bits of plaster from the wall the coolness of bitter on the tongue sleeping what will come next as if you were planning it all through taste and then the shock of the next scene swallowing a spider of actually speaking again he is staring back at you what brings you back is the way he shines everyone’s shoes moving in and out of focus you are crying and he knows because he has put his shirt on the back of the chair and his arms are smaller than you thought there is someone mumbling behind you you turn and tear out their heart because he has put his arms smaller than you thought

The FN rifle, he said, will shoot thru six people and the bullets will lodge in the seventh. But the six have to be standing one behind the other.

On Popcorn Playhouse a moose named Muskie was the head of a moose attached to the wall. Children whose birthday it was got to pan for gold. The moosehead belonged to a moose shot in October, 1965 in northern Ontario. In 1973, the moosehead was thrown out.

The unicorn saw it lying there in the garbage dump.

Doodle art: the unicorn changes its name. Supernatural feminist texts are sold at IGA outlets in rural Alberta for hap-stance children to take home in tubes with black end-covers.

Untold on the carpet, and their elbows grind into the just-vacuumed forest floor of their imagination. There’s a unicorn looking at itself in the mirror, befuddled.

Mary Ann asks Bob why their island is sinking into the ocean floor. Turns out the skipper’s been eating too many pineapple burgers.

Diagrammatic theory springs to life in their minds, and the dew line orthography of the text seems home, familiar, as welcome as lira on the fourth of July. A humungous bowl of potato chips is ignored as Jill & Caroline discourse in monosyllables about potash production in the early Saskatchewan seventies.

Half the unicorn’s been coloured in with felt markers and pencil crayons, the same ones used to show the penetration of the fur trade into Rupert’s Land. When they grow up they’ll listen to Schubert’s “Death and the Maiden” and argue that feminist listernings of it can possess a stopian, counter-hegemonic value. But for now they bear this nascent theory out in the practice as they act out, in the basement by the cardboard Alligned Movers’ box of old clothes, Gilligans Island (the movie star serves fried unicorn to the profressor in drag).

In the van, there is no “floor”: the carpeting clumbs the walls like an imprisoned unicorn. Cans of alpo ring the optimal seating position for listening to ABBA on the eight track.

ENTRANCE

by Lise Downe

Surrounded the near miniature emphatic rock style above faded inkwell at purple sand. Witness and subits wave.

We’ve not left civilization behind. Unfastened your bracelets as if to draw there a murmur. Linking each into its own idea of living.

Coolness of faded mosstone through untold travail. Palest blue overlaid with satin brocade the words old vines cling to bark.

What is corsage has ceased noting no place. Omit nothing.

Watch now the tree in both directions.

MINIATURE

by Raquel Torres

I meant to write a long narrative poem with the story of my life always attracted so much attention Then I decided the contrary a haiku would do

Unless, of course, I spoke of language Then I might consider an epic heroic trimmings included But who’d read such a historic dysphoria by a Portuguese born English teacher working in a French high school? 
HENRY KAFKA
by Stuart Ross

The car pulled up beside him, right beside him, almost brushed against his pantleg. The window was cracked down, it was one of those old windows in a window with a screen, and it was cracked down. A face poked out of it and on the face was a mouth, and the mouth opened.

Henry leaned forward to hear better. When a mouth opened, he knew, words would soon come out. Words.

Words were something that Henry wrestled with all the time. He considered himself a writer, or maybe a future writer, because he didn't quite put pen to paper yet. He knew he would write someday, he would line up the words all in the right order, and they'd take them from him and make him a lot of money in a bookstore.

What would be on the cover? Henry spent entire nights lying on his back with his eyes open, trying to picture the cover. He'd heard that sometimes the author had no choice in what would go on the cover of a book. Like sometimes an actor wouldn't be able to pick and choose between movie roles. Only a very famous actor, one with power and what they called "box office draw," could choose roles, rejecting the really bad ones. For example, Henry didn't know for sure, but he would guess that Tom Ewell was never able to pick his roles, whereas Robert Mitchum probably was.

Henry didn't care what was on the cover, so long as his name was there. Henry Kafka. He'd taken the name Kafka as his writing name, his nom de plume. He'd read a short biography of a man named Kafka in the back of his Webster's dictionary. Kafka was born in Prague in 1883, wrote in German, died in 1924, and was best known for a story called "Metamorphosis." Henry didn't know what that word meant, but it was a big word, and hence, ergo, probably a very important one.

So Henry took the name Kafka and placed it after Henry, and when his book came out, it would have the name Henry Kafka splashed across the cover.

In fact, Henry had been thinking about words as he walked along the street, coming home from the post office, and this car pulled up alongside him and practically tore the side off his pantleg. Henry himself didn't think of it as a pantleg, actually, but a trouserleg, because "trousers" seemed a more literary word than "pantleg." Although Henry felt he was a man of words, a man whose material was words, just as a carpenter's material was wood -

In fact, that was a very good analogy. Henry could see the words as woodchips, the sentence as two-by-fours. The keys of the typewriter (although Henry didn't have one yet, but would as soon as he could find one) would be hard nubs, and his fingers would be driving nails into the two-by-fours, constructing something both useful and beautiful.

Sometimes words confused Henry, though. Not the words themselves so much as the way they were said. For example, someone could say to him, "Would you like a smoking table or a non-smoking table?" Well, of course, Henry knew what that meant — it meant would he be smoking while he dined or would he be not smoking. If not, the waiter would be only too happy to seat him in a section where only those who didn't smoke sat. But this was the thing: sometimes Henry would hear the waiter say those words, and wouldn't completely catch on.

Strange, because he had come to expect those very words each time he entered a restaurant — which wasn't very often, maybe a half dozen times a year. In fact, he often practised answering. "Oh, I shall be smoking tonight. Seat me among those who smoke." Or, "No, I don't enjoy smoking. I want to sit on my own, seat me among the considerate." Silly, then, that he would sometimes be confronted with the waiter's question and only be able to see the mouth move, only be able to hear the molecules stir around the waiter's mouth. He'd stammer and blink and rush from one end of the restaurant to the other, wondering which might not be smoking. If not, the waiter would be only too happy to seat him in a section where only those who didn't smoke sat. But this was the thing: sometimes Henry would hear the waiter say those words, and wouldn't completely catch on.

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JULIAN HE CROW DISCOVERS THE WRITING BETWEEN THE MOLECULES
by Don Webb & Misha

Every day Julian He Crow looked in the mirror and noticed some new change. For one thing, over a period of time, he noticed he was getting older. The change in Julian's behaviour came one early April morning after a long night on the job. Standing on the corner of Fifth and Bryan, he began throwing ten dollar bills into the oncoming traffic.

He stared fixedly at the green paper fluttering limply in a sulphuric breeze. "It's just numbers on paper," he shouted. "It doesn't mean anything." Julian was cited for obstruction of traffic.

Julian took a maminakin from the dumpster at Scott Johnson and propped it up on a ledge on the sixth floor of the Powell building. He took the elevator all the way down to the bottom and stared up at it. A crowd gathered. "Jump!" he shouted. "Jump!" He held out his arms encouragingly. The wind aided maminakin leap off the shelf in a gust of screams. Shattered plastic skittered the sidewalk among the pocket. He proceeded to the coffee shop where he ordered his customary cinnamon roll and a cup of black coffee. The rats jumped up on the table, upsetting the sugar packets and sanpuru cream.

"Waitress! Are the rats extra?" he asked innocently.

No one made the connection.

At Julian's apartment, a mole-like corner in the basement of Brimby's, there was a large handwritten sign reading POSITIVELY NO CATS OR DOGS. Julian got a ferret, a vicious sable-brown creature with a bad smell and eyes like black caviar. The ferret spent his daily life in the most astonishing ways.

All of the heels in Julian's socks were chewed away. His faded chinos took on a decidedly musky odor. Small hairs appeared in his coffee and won ton.

One evening the ferret was wild to enter a small cupboard. Julian watched him gnaw the wood for some time, admiring his progress with teeth that were small, but damaging. Finally Julian opened the cupboard. A greasy gray mouse sat in a scatter of turds and white rice. The ferret leapt in and the mouse slipped into a small hole. The ferret was too large to fit.

Julian removed the switchplate. The ferret disappeared into the dark square. Julian never saw him again. However, mouse prints were found in various places in the apartment daily. Julian He Crow stuffed envelopes for Westron Ministries. These consisted of pleas for money to support Reverend Westron's plan to build a giant aluminum pyramid in the Ohio River. Julian began cutting sections from THE SACRED MUSHROOM AND THE CROSS and placing the sections in every seventh pamphlet. At first the incoming money dried up but six months later it grew by leaps and bounds. Miz Dumas had to input all the written material people sent in with their money. A huge AI system synthesized the input and sold Reverend Westron what to say. His message reached an entirely new crowd. Julian smiled and he began cutting Vine Deloria's GOD IS RED.

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Julian took out a switchplate. The ferret disappeared into the dark square. Julian never

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THE REAL HOLLYWOOD HEART

by Lisa Tezna

She had blow wave hair like doit and dandelion, her eyes wild as weeds in a dry field. She wore a navy blue Burberry tank top, walking around the party like she knew where the hell she was going. She ran rum and coke through her hair, and I smelled her sticky mess on my shirt. I was going to sit down for a bit, but she had to throw her head back, and it made the light in my room brighter. She ran by, and I threw my hands up, and the girl blew out the candles. I asked Louise and we both turned around at the same time and said, Joe. So we called her the Joe Girl every time we met after that.

Louise got irritated on the way home as I talked about the Joe Girl, trying to figure out what her life was—why older Hollywood groovers would throw this girl a bash. As if they needed an excuse to throw a party at all. Louise is the Joe Girl of July 4th, she dropped the sweet sticky mess on my shoe. She said sorry like I was the lucky one, I said to myself this girl is fifteen at birthday on the 4th of July. I didn't know, I was just trying to think who the girl reminded me of. I asked Louise and we both turned around at the same time and said, Joe. So we called her the Joe Girl every time we met after that.

Louise was going to sell her crazy hats and still break even. Also in the back of my mind was Sole, Louise's landlady, who had the softest spot for him. She said he had the kindest eyes. Robert seemed jaded to the dilemma, which was sweet, but it didn't impress me. I just kept praying that he really cared for Louise. She had been cruel.

When I closed it down I was troubled about the comforts, then he wrapped himself around me like a spider. Robert's breathing was long and heavy on my neck, a slight silent whisper coming through his nose. I was thinking about how late we were with the rent, whether I could handle reading more scripts to pay the rent. Louise and Robert were kissing behind the Joe Girl's hair; Louise kissed his cheek and she said she had ended it when the night was over. I wasn't sure what.

Sole wasn't so sweet after all. He came over with a vial of pills, saying he had gotten a minor infection from some other girl and that Louise didn't even ask the name of the disease. I watched her from the kitchen when she took the pills from him. Her voice was in control, her head held high, but she was flustering with the edge of her shirt. After he left and I asked what happened, her eyes were twisted into a tight sausaged knot.

I followed her into her room, she shut the door behind us loudly. That jammed me because she was always so slow, cautious, and calm. She tilted her head to the side, the way she does when she's hurt, or just vulnerable, and I put my arm awkwardly around her. I don't even like him, I said. Neither of us knew what to do but I said, showing me the vial as if I'd recognize it. I could tell that it would be a matter of seconds before she started crying. I wanted to ask her if she had ever heard of AIDS, but it would have been cruel.

When Robert and I tried to make love that night I started crying, and the more I felt his hurt from this, she more I bawled and the lighter we held each other. Then I wondered why pain always seemed to bring people closer together. Then I started to examine, and like a silly teen boy, I tore it out and taped it to the wall. She was with three other people, but I didn't matter, it was her, the wild eyes and the dandelion hair. I was always out there looking for symbols, but I couldn't figure out what the Joe Girl meant to me.

I got the stupid idea of writing a script myself, about a small town guy who comes to Hollywood to get his love back. Louise dyed her hair from fuschia to purple, I suppose for subtlety, and left the bathroom in a mild mess. After she was gone I was talking to Robert and he shut the door on me in the middle of a sentence, walked straight into the bathroom, and kept flushing the toilet. It was the most insane scene we've had, but looking back now that time was one of the most important of our relationship. Louise's hair was a shade of color that I had never seen before in my life, she was so beautiful and sweet, it was impossible to replace her. He said they decided to keep her scenes in and work around them. Louise dyed her hair from fuschia to purple, I suppose for subtlety, and left the bathroom in a mild mess. After she was gone I was talking to Robert and he shut the door on me in the middle of a sentence, walked straight into the bathroom, and kept flushing the toilet. It was the most insane scene we've had, but looking back now that time was one of the most important of our relationship. Louise's hair was a shade of color that I had never seen before in my life, she was so beautiful and sweet, it was impossible to replace her. He said they decided to keep her scenes in and work around them. Louise dyed her hair from fuschia to purple, I suppose for subtlety, and left the bathroom in a mild mess. After she was gone I was talking to Robert and he shut the door on me in the middle of a sentence, walked straight into the bathroom, and kept flushing the toilet. It was the most insane scene we've had, but looking back now that time was one of the most important of our relationship. Louise's hair was a shade of color that I had never seen before in my life, she was so beautiful and sweet, it was impossible to replace her. He said they decided to keep her scenes in and work around them.
Louise asked what her name was, and he looked at her like it didn’t matter. He said, Monica
her, he looked at us like we were crazy. He went on to say she was infamous for hanging out,
a little freaked, glancing at me with all of this meaning on her face. Then she asked him to
and that all he knew about her was that she had a junkie brother who was in jail for armed
Robbery. He said he didn’t talk to her much those few days on the set, but she liked to play
cards. Louise excused herself from the room, then I realized why she was always bothered by
the Joe Girl business. Louise always thought I had an unlucky charm with strangers, like
the time I bashed a room coin onto the floor in New York. I usually spit up on things in
Lourdes now, instead of just throwing up. Maybe she was a little paranoid. Or maybe she
just intrigued me in this sick way. As if it wasn’t real, just interesting, like a
strange movie. One that could not put me to sleep.

THEY ARE THEIR CARS, THEY EAT THEIR CARS by Carl Watson

Let’s create a plastic math. We could let this equal the truth. Communication becomes muddled.
Deconstruction fails. A state of equivalencies is reached whereby the differences between
things become the bars of a small town jail. Everyone knows everything about everybody else.
We could disagre with the cause and effect. We could turn on each other. We could backstab
ourselves into the impotence of unreason. Or we could buy a car and drive away. It’s the
American way.

...and when we get this Automobile equal Narcissism, if we let it shall be the vacancy our
images approach in dreams of power—we could say this great headache of consumerism comes
from the internal psychic combustion of drinking firewater and driving—if driving is praying...
...and if driving is praying we could say racing was a form of running. We could spend our
long cocked thought—telling the story upon the left side of Schizophrenia most of the
time, and the body does not yet a few by assuming speed, and yet, saithhood is reduced to a
stain of urgency or acceleration, as hot rubber gets laid on the walls of road consciousness,
and all our friends live on these roads, and yes all our friends have burns to show for their mental
hollowness and you could call it a negative apoplectic rise...

...and you could call it the intercourse of a monster appeasement with perversion: a blithe
colored nuisance veining itself in excruciating fluids—in blood, in sweat, in crocodile tears for
the bed-ridden, the theoretician, the dream merchant and the con-man of vision.

You see, to theorise is just to see. Esotericism is the bait of an electrochemical society. Charon
is the bootman of the Autonomous Thinker. Oblivion cannot be hired. Vision is tacit. Believe
your eyes. Two eyes make two tires and fear always stares at holes.

Four foods on thought and intensity—selfishness and self-violation. Fear of passion is passion. Unnatural man enjoys this fear. You too are invited to enjoy fear. Because fear mean GO! baby. Fear shapes the Thermal Howl to a mouth. It makes your
every hole a wheel. Like an ambulence bowling thru history, like a radio in a rainstorm of
mediocrity, what the wire sings in the blood it real–and word is we live for a world of such
wheels. Check it out.

The watches that regulate our days and nights, our rites are crammed with wheels.
Everything flows, rolls–film wheels turn, tape wheels, disc–propellers spin–wheels, wheels, angels on wheels spinning. The phallus in jaundiced mean is wheels. Orgasm is an ecstasy of wheels. Wheels are joints, are thoughts–so are birds. Teeth are really wheels as are words, asking: Who
all is eating whom? Who grows fat at the other’s expense?

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all is eating whom? Who grows fat at the other’s expense?

Two larvae curl in a war–worth where wheels propagate themselves. Where synthesis
beads annma. One the parasite, one the host. Idea and sense on a cusp intersect. Geometry
disintegrates all lines in time, as body resproatiges soul, and the last old science devours the
first.

A jet breath rolls up grey road to itself. Tapeways sing freeways off all lips. Reel worlds
Let ornaments of the sense prove their priviledge thru cosmetic enlargement. Let the head
aspire to mettel by assuming speed, and yes, sainthood

CHAT SECTION UNBOUND by Lyle Estill

Speak Office. What’s that I learned my first half hour. To survive I listened.

"We have to get E numbers assigned. I don’t even know even if they’re called E numbers, but
that’s what he called them and I think we need E maps."

Parole is a noun. Nor is Borgfary. And when one accepts the necessary terms and
conditions, it is certainly an error to refer to that acceptance as, Borgification. rll was clearly a
noon, and no matter how new I was to the firm, I was not to consider that which was non
rll, I didn’t bother writing it down but I did overhear.

"Our implementation of S numbers was amazing. Becker is a rocket scientist. rmas appear
in the first field screen seven along with everything else. And that’s because of Becker.

"I remember when he was hired. He kept wanting to sit in his office and fill in the squares on
graph paper and talk about the mcxlel system. Everyone wanted him to quit flapping and start
making codes.

"But now you can locate an S number on screen seven. It’s amazing." and

"With smokers, huddled beyond shipping bays affirming our allegiance to nicotine
and you could call it the intercourse of a monster appeasement with perversion: a blithe
colored nuisance veining itself in excruciating fluids—in blood, in sweat, in crocodile tears for
the bed-ridden, the theoretician, the dream merchant and the con-man of vision.

"If they do I’ll be the first to know ‘cause I service reception.""But now you can locate an S number on screen seven. It’s amazing.” and

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the bed-ridden, the theoretician, the dream merchant and the con-man of vision.
THE TOY by Daytona Beach

She loved Muni; she loved the silent sniffs of the streetcar as it slid down the hill and up to the platform on the corner near her apartment; she loved the crack and blue-white flash of the sparks that flew from the overhead wires. She often sat for hours absorbed in the faint green and red lines of the Muni routes that criss-crossed the map on the wall of her tiny room; she saw her own circulatory system as the colored maze of bus lines; her arteries the throbbing cross-town lines, capillaries the quaint community service busses, and veins the pulsing whoosh of the underground Metro, driving all the cells back to the heart of the Ferry Building. She kept her own schedule of a dog-eared spiral-bound notebook stuffed inside her heavy vinyl shopping bag, where the printed schedules were too undependable, and people standing next to her at the stop were often startled by her sudden and vehement exclamations when the trolley would arrive off-schedule. "Ah, it's always at least two minutes late. I don't know what time it is at 5:35. It never gets here until at least 5:37." Bystanders would feign interest until it was clear that this strange person had no information of importance to them; just another weirdo on the Muni.

Tonight she stood at the stop on Church Street, map and schedule in hand. She had just come off the 22, riding it all the way to the end because she liked the look on the map of the cutout turnaround at the end of the line and wanted to see for herself; she had sat alone with the driver at the terminus as the minutes ticked toward the beginning of the next run. "You can go now; you're already a minute behind," she had called to the driver. He blinked into the angled rear-view mirror and looked away.

The J snaked up to the platform, spilling riders out the back door; she got on alone at the front. "How's your night?" she asked the driver; "Can't complain," he responded. She thought of taking the seat directly behind the driver; from this vantage point she would be able to see the mouth and ribs of the subway tunnel as the streetcar neared downtown; but instead she loped to the back of the car, staggering a bit and grasping at the backs of seats to steady herself as it lurched forward.

Sitting beside a spectacled girl, nose buried in a real estate text, she craned her neck to treat the graffiti tags. "ROT. That one's new. This car musta got bombed recently. AMEND. I saw that guy once, making tags on an M car." The girl glanced up, annoyed. "GOD. Oh give me a break. What kind of ego do these guys have?" Slamming her book, she glared past her way out of the seat and stood to the door, getting off at the next stop, where a short man with thick curly hair boarded.

She followed the man with her eyes, turning in her seat to see where he would sit. Noticing her gaze, he smiled slightly and nodded; she got up and sat beside him. "I love the Muni; don't you?" He raised his eyebrows and nodded again; she pressed her thigh against his. "I ride the Muni all the time. Tonight I went all the way to the end of the 22 line. Have you ever been to the end of the line?" He shook his head, alternately amused and alarmed.

"My favorite part is when it goes into the tunnel," she went on; "it's so smooth and dark and sleek ..." At the next stop, she looked around; "There's no one on this car but us," she said. The man didn't look at her.

The car went into the turn at the edge of the tunnel; she jumped up to stand in the bend where the walls joined in accordian pleats and the floor was cut into a big circle; with one foot on the circle and the other in the main part of the car, her legs were stretched apart as the trolley turned and brought together again as it straightened out. Then she went back to her seat.

"I like that. I like those accordian buses. And have you seen the knessling buses? How do they get them to do that?"

He turned to look at her and met her eyes for the first time; one couldn't be too careful about who one talked to on the street; there were so many rants and crazies on the bus. But the woman didn't appear disheveled or disinterested; her hair was combed and clothes neat; maybe the eyes were a bit too bright and seemed ready to jump right out of her face. She smiled at him pleasantly. He had never seen anyone in the city he smiled back. The car crested to a halt at the mouth of the tunnel. "Ooh! This is my favorite part!" She grabbed his hand. "It's more fun when you close your eyes. Close your eyes."

Closing his eyes, he juggled slightly with his hand but she held it firmly; it was warm. Slowly the trolley rolled into the tunnel; then picking up speed, it clacked down the tracks until he could feel the air rising up through his feet as the wind hit his face. He let his lids a shadow pass before his eyes; her face was close to his and she put her lips on his ..." His lids a shadow passed before his eyes; her face was close to his and she put her lips on his ..." Slowly the trolley rolled into the tunnel; then picking up speed, it clacked down the tracks until he could feel the air rising up through his feet as the wind hit his face. He let his lids a shadow pass before his eyes; her face was close to his and she put her lips on his ...

Once again he focused his attention on his zipper; he wanted to burst; he held the hard piece of rubber in his left hand, resting it on his stomach, as his right hand flitted from his fly to her fly to her firm, round buttock. At last he worked it free; her eyes flew open and body stiffened as an inhuman sound emitted from her throat; twitching a few times, she purred and became still. The hiss and squeak of the brake brought her back to life; she stood, diminishing from the pink toy; she snatched it from him and, giving it a quick wipe with her skirt, stuffed it into the shopping bag. The man lay back in his seat, hand hovering uncertain over his fly; the car pulled into the station. She straightened her skirt, slinging the bag over her shoulder; she stammered as she started down the aisle. "Remember, I'm going to be a minute ..."

Doors slid open; as passengers began boarding she turned back to him, drawing a lighter from her pocket and flicking it inches from his eyes; she gave him her frighteningly polite look and disappeared into the station, leaving him blinking, running a hand through his hair.

He loved the Muni; he loved the black emptiness of the tunnel, mouth opening wide to suck the train of cars into the long tube; he haunted the cars of the Metro line, where he would ride for hours, from one end of the line to the other, hands clenching the large vinyl shopping bag, slipping inside to stroke the wrinkled pink rubber as he studied the faces of the passengers. He loved the Muni.

A RUBY SLIP OF THE TONGUE by Susan Parker

For Gerry:

3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood get lei and order a Hawaiian pizza tail, it comes in 30 minutes so he pays for it;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood be a homo for a Christmas tree, it has a Judy garland;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert can bill bissett ma queue, it's the cannabis the j;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood say furing is such sweet cabbage, but he mustered say goodbye until tomatoe;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood fuck the bourses that Jack milked, it's his neighbour;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood not send a dog out in a nightie like this, it's a good night for a marder;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood den we now that gay apparel, it's a condem;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood twat he smells a pussy twat, it's a bicycle seat;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert can go to hell, in other words, he can get the H E double hockey sticks;
3 Lily Indian Gilbert wood sweat Obijway beads from deerskin, if he woodsmoke.

SINCE

by David K. Fujino

the more crap you believe in the better off you see. she said. said she. licked his chops. insulted my afraid. the guy sat down and said how. she send an s.o.s. you sent it. because of the caustic.

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I am wearing language in some direction
Time has in its pockets many holes
The death of spiritual knowing resulted in the birth of meaninglessness
A burst of emptiness claiming countless lives
It is human to be arriving with nothing save the power to remember and to forget
Time has in its pockets many holes he is I am wearing language in some direction
What would make me ecstatic a burst of believing in the daily wonder of the unknown
Truth is the only earthly capital
The only human capital is appetite and willingness to know
I am wearing language in some direction
Time has in its pockets

THE STAIRCASE IN THE TOWER
by John Barlow

I am wearing language in some direction
Time has in its pockets many holes
The death of religion resulted in the deposit of Apocalypse somewhere in the past
Dig it up dig it up
Somewhere in the past the light slumbers
Time has in its pockets many holes
I am wearing language in some direction
The general public is a lovely place for transformations personal and gradual
It is not enough to have a profound inner life
This world suffers a poverty of insufficiency I am wearing language in some direction
Time has in its pockets many holes
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DREAM
by Amber Hayward

May 18 A very weird dream las all part of which I recall (s like trying to read a paragraph of a book upside down)
I was at some sort of mall Ledhi. driving a car that was g some trouble. When I drove out side ext. I noticed a beggar in rags & curiously flat on tb His legs looked wrong & were w in a ribbed sweater. A garbage along and was very cruel to th which I thought esp. wrong sin both were black. Then, for so to go in & when I came out, th was being very kind & solicito ground, which I thought was th I felt better then I noticed h polishing his shoes! Now time was somewhere else at a sort o or was either visiting or staying doing something together, perh TV & in came this guy the beggar badly deformed. His face was c flat he couldn’t speak or ev He developed another mouth dow for eating. All this had a ver quality despite which I felt s horror and fascination - wante but felt I should show comp as normally as poss. The o to just ignore him. In fact I another vision. But I turned talk to the beggar. who by now head with arms (legs?) but the by of his body still could move s (but separately) to help him & h to just ignore him. In fact I thought esp. wrong sin both were black. Then, for so to go in & when I came out, th was being very kind & solicito ground, which I thought was th I felt better then I noticed h polishing his shoes! Now time was somewhere else at a sort o or was either visiting or staying doing something together, perh TV & in came this guy the beggar badly deformed. His face was c flat he couldn’t speak or ev He developed another mouth dow for eating. All this had a ver quality despite which I felt s horror and fascination - wante but felt I should show comp as normally as poss. The o to just ignore him. In fact I another vision. But I turned talk to the beggar. who by now head with arms (legs?) but the by of his body still could move s (but separately) to help him & h to just ignore him. In fact I
FRIDA KAHLO
by Thomas Avena

she turned frailty
to advantage

gliding on her toes
to disguise painful limping

painting her birth
Frida emerged fully formed
from her mother’s belly slit
her single eyebrow knit

we remember
the bird walk
the regal head
angled on the slender neck —
her stone Aztec jewelery

remember
the fretwork of stitches
and shattered pelvis

when she became engaged to Diego Rivera
Frida’s parents were scandalized:
“a marriage between
a dove and an elephant!”

Diego, safe
as a mountain
the brilliant Diego
with “eyes of a frog”
and scandalous appetites...

painting on the largest scale
political murals
the “ascent of mankind”

for Frida there was surgery
after surgery
dozens of
surgeries

a skeleton slept
on her canopied bed
blood washed her paintings

which repeated
physically small
intimate portraits

the face
humid and breathing
wearing a necklace of thorns
her obsidian eyes
open, yet mocking

it was a queer thing
to paint
icons
in an age of revolution
of so much hope...

Frida painted:

herself
with monkeys entwined with ribbons
and drunken flowers

two Fridas seated while one
severs an obliterated vein

the vessel of her heart
as leaves and roots lying
on a cracked green earth

the dim breathing of iguanas
painted in redbloom
the head of Marx
bearded, white and floating
his hand crushing
an American Eagle

painted her head on the body of a deer
stung by 9 arrows

and painted her plaster corsets
in turquoise and crimson...

relentlessly painted
her surgical scars
and the plump baby Diego
in her motherly arms...

when Diego left her
for a woman “beneath his station”
Frida cropped her hair
wore a man’s severe grey suit

and painted herself
on a cracked green earth

her obsidian eyes

her libido

the dim singing of snakes

later she had affair
with men and women

and one with Trotsky!
her philosophy:

“make love
take a bath
make love again…”

on the right of the small metal plate
Frida paints the United States:
a rigid flag unfurled
high above smokestacks
pipes at attention
like soldiers

lightbulbs radiating heat
on the left, Mexico:

skulls

the dim breathing of iguanas

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the head of Marx
bearded, white and floating
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DEADPAN
by Marshall Bryciuk

six time lying
secretly stealing
faintly motherlode

wools of steel
all link her stolen

having lost her sittins makes remittance
‘No one’ passing go

for R. B. and you

to your prey do smarw
this for your harrowed head
for she is dead

hurry — hurrying in harvesttite

these the nut salvages

rustgess sudden, essages that go, the reasens
spilling out of the fire
and into the frying

into smoke raised

the royal panoply
the hopspy hopspy
the sum on bones
the keenly wateres now
run Eau de Cologne

the ascent of mankind
on the brightly farrous wheel
of their centuries are legion

Cheatwren his skill

even the panther sneaks slowly
to the sweetly smelling priest
and the wild’s Christian too

Where the loves may only sneese

sweet

liddle goings
you must be gidding

behind

Ajax that feasting catharsis

a Peter to nevernever tinkerbell

make a wagon of Areas

everything will sell

pun, pun is daddy

re—ultimately deadly
but not on porpoises

on a dolphin’s dorsal all is wingedly finned

skips Chico Sourc the pt r’ ed knight
tongue in, laffing out
cowesvill

with Gingles the greet
to the falling down pants

whenever was de masked dance of a man? lazy?

Harry Daimon the diamond
of the hairstreaked thought

dark yet comely comet

in commodius comedy got

who

nightingale here

Is all desired

to high, sweet pipings :
who touta ?)

all Pandemonium
breaking luscencies
red—seed, over the seas

ready pardon— meet Poly the holy

a meat, and hard i

with le3

Pan—the 4 flag — διακό 

all the beat to the Theri O’ Murphy clan

διακό — hunter of
there, shinning

theri-theory burning bright

leo

(Kraft ESB Ing

διακό — (Huntul of

the Howthing

how awful

behowered

to the crossrooked staff

begaving the thunderer in clef

THAT YAH KANT TELL THE DERNES WITHOUT A MEGAPHONES

to καδ’ a phrase
two coins in a spray

from cliff to colgin

bidding a dew

the dress of the moast

whetherupon

axance coarse choral

If Heveus

or suffered

be far

before

a fair

hind ;

(whore ; ?)
CLOSE THEM

"Time your breathing," the truly old professor of art instructs Day. Yang and Ndawar stand in the lap of the dry field's water.

"Breathe air," the art professor says, pummeling the crawl stroke. "Spit water. A rhythm.

Is. Out.

Day panstromines the crawl stroke.

Eric Yang closes his eyes. "The rip is the bell is back.

The dreampainting of the art professor in an attitude of prayer stands nailed to the weighted public display. The wind blows. Dandelions snow up around the men. Breezes wet the field's yellow against a growing blue.

"Breathe in, above. Breathe out from below," the old man says, crawling.

The dry field is on island. The blue bell all around is peppered with white dairies.

Esther lies on a thin clean metal bed on the vast island. Water moves in the dry channel between them.

Day crawls in the air with his plump arms. His plump arms in the air bat down while floating seed. A plant sprouts in no time. Its spine reaches Day's knees.

Yang speaks to Ndawar about the texture of the bill, Ndawar complains to Yang that his best cage leaves no hands to unklock it.

The art professor steps back before the fluttered growth of the dark plant. Day flails in the pollen, breathes in rhythm.

Sarah floats supine in the channel before Esther's island. Then the plant's shadow shuts down the water's light. The plant's shadow is the biggest thing Day has ever seen. Its face appears blue. The wadded ground of the field bounces up the weight of a button. The button curves out of sight toward the facade. A rose window glint blurs against the curve.

The door of the thing grows, warbling like dark lips. It rashes at the men.

"Help!" Esther calls, faint.

The tiny church takes the men inside. Day has the distant grow of growth. The dark church is lit through colored glass.

From inside, the rose window continues to rise. The rose is round. Spikes radiate. Inside the window a woman tries to smile her way out of the unpunctured glass.

Day crawls.

"Close the eyes in your head," comes Ndawar's wood echo.

Yang faces the transistor. "Close them."

Barrel vaults dapple above the rose. The window reverses the sun's normal disclosure of worlds. Everything solid is here painted gold. All that is light is brilliant color. Day sees its shape. The color taps up from the rose, refrares at a dark still point.

Day crawls for the point.

The professor of art puts Day's watch to the aler, Kneels.

Esther lies gauzed on the dark point with the shaped cut of the unpunctured rose window.

Day sees the point through the wet starred curtain he sews. He swims through his curtain.

The black point over color cracks open. Esther falls through jagged halves toward the bright window high overhead. Her fall takes time. Her body spins slowly through air, tailing a cotton comet. The smiling window rushes at her.

Day says yes.

A smell of impact at great height. The red glass reaches out.

ROTATE

The sky is an eye.

The dust and dawn are the blood that feed the eye.

The night is the lid of the eye.

Each day the lid is drawn back, disclosing blood, and the blue iris of a prone giant.

THREE POEMS

by John M. Bennett

But Upright

(Where the free teethes, in a mouth, where the clout busts,...) So he's several severeds (butfrood of's thought?) So he's aerosol, "French fries", shoes in a sink sogged where his cheek dinks er, ticks in's skin wriggle (but what'd I...?) or flies flustering in's thought?) So he's aerosol, "french fries", shoes in a (Where a jiggling...)

Testro Del Mundo

My interest flagged as the lights dimmed and sparks danced on the chain. Cuts on the hand I raised, flapping for speech. Oh formal bantering, funneling the eye! I shuddered with cans, more leeches lapping praise. Sand grats our main chance in the dark. Un thin night in a bag, i'd rec my inner fight, but the curtains blaze whenever I lag

Fire 'O Time

What sloshes in's thought's an old farm sloshing, like a man thin-shins, like it's hairy brain sings, slower 'n louder with sagged loops of decay, 'n notes from 'ace fayed. O's fluttering as scraches's head! (Like's moth-covered or crumbling...)

My friend, I want to know how's day dream, pulling low in's missed) But O's with notes 'n playe crowded, what he cluttered's ringed, uttered!
"RAIN PREDICTED" by Death Waits

The lesser mysteries always contain the greater.
- George Bacer

"That popcorn came in several different sizes, barrel, bucket, large, medium, small, barbecue, salt & vinegar which tasted like sour cream and onion, and caramel which tasted like god already."
I'm no stranger to despair. I couldn't catalogue it like butterflies if they had such a library. They may someday. Just as elevators will take over from confessionalists.

I had first sex when I was twelve. The onset of puberty is often the harbinger of telepathy. My first masturbation fantasies were full of the thoughts of others. This did not faze me. The dissociation of actual sex did. I abstained for a number of years. Sex with Cathy was like sex with a sponge. Like sex with Death from 'The Seventh Seal.' I am not being unkind. My sex life has been physically painful, when otherwise nonexistent.

But I am ahead of myself again.

Time expands and contracts. Some things seem to last ten years, a phone call, an official voice. Some things last seconds, or months. Certain parts can expand, like lengths of magnetic tape, but there is the danger of disintegration. A body might have a million meanings, frozen before me on an eternity- photographs of some quagmire assassinisation. Trajectories. Unavoidable. A hazard of memory as opposed to history. Am I a faithful projector? Yes, faithful to image if not to truth. Like any good projector.

Four days.

Four days later she phones. Cathy and I sit in the donut shop until sunup.

"Cathy, I lean close, my aura enveloping her. I imagine it as a huge down pillow- the one my grandmother's head kissed at six every day in the old country.

Scenes similar to this are repeated for two weeks. Donut shops. Parks. Malls. Never in movie theatres, never. And always in elevators, always. Cathy lives on the twenty-second floor, and I am there, waiting that we might see each other. Again. I see her in the mirror. If her wounds would manifest. Stigmata. She is full of wounds. Full of wound. I braid her hair. It allows me to see the back of her head. If I hold a hole I can siphon it all back inside her while she sleeps? But while Cathy sleeps the moon pulls the planet.

Einstein concluded that mass and energy are equivalent, and that space and time are interdependent. They form a four-dimensional continuum.

There is personal physics as well. Naturally, the exact same rules apply, as interdependent. The nucleus of an atom and a star. I have not worked out the permutations. I will though. I must. I will then warp time, and I will live within the resulting coordinates. Even a room would do.

Already, I am half-way there. Memory seems more alive to me than present day. I am across over, transferring myself atom by atom, to energy, reorganising myself somewhere else. As a ghost I feel myself appearing on photographs I wish had been taken. Some I hold. I hold them, in my hands. The photographer in my hands. I wish myself into the photos. Fashion must hold true. I am relying on my theory of personal relativity. Science as salvation, yet again.

(People are only energy. Love. If you take from it them they collapse like moths with too- touched wings. I am empty. Empty. Empty. I am empty. Love. As a verb."

I quit the job at the market. This work is more important. It is certainly full-time. My father sends me money. He has always treated me like a dying child. I appreciate this consideration.

My health is declining. I can feel the drain of maintaining Cathy. And when she refuses to see me for two days, I feel my energy returning. This equation is merriment and perfect. I start to form my theory of personal relativity, while waiting for the phone to ring.

After two days she calls. She is having contractions. Could I come?

What could I have done differently? I could have been honest, but I could have been impossible. Somewhere I lost track of what was happening. I sent my parents photos of the baby, Martin. I became a father, became seduced by this strange scenario. I make no apologies. My life had been a hell. The true hell of boredom. I had been skirting the edges of Tedium for so long, as a leper, as a modem day nun.

I could have told Cathy the truth, but that would have been unpardonable. I had no right to condemn her. She had transformed me, and somehow... Somehow too she had been transformed. She was now inhabiting a shell of energy and I recognised- steadily, guiltily- as my old self. Had it happened in the mirror? Had I done it with the camera? She needed constant doses of my energy. She had no source of her own. No aura. Suspended artificially in this hospital I called love, and she called what?

What had she done to her? I had done this to her. I had made up the blonde man at the market to mask my own disease. What was a vampire, and what was a psychic?

Martin cries in the night. It is I who get up to feed him. Cathy needs sleep. She will not admit to the continuing loss of her dreams, but I know it. At breakfast she makes them up, reminiscing her dream life as one of their parts. Cathy's future? I have reason to argue this theory, as I change tiny Martin, and he quiets with my rocking. (He is the real infant Jesus. He has a brilliant aura, and I turn out the lights to watch it. From death is born life.)

I get frequent colds. My headaches become constant. My glands swell, I lose weight. My sense of humour erodes. We have little money. Cathy gives up the apartment. We get a rent-subsidized apartment by luck. Perhaps a gift of God.

Martin is strong. A strong little baby. How much of her has really gone into him? I sit and watch, watching him sleeping, his crib, Cathy lies across my lap, her hand now forever attached to mine. I do not share my secret thoughts, these claims to paternity- to maternity.

To make love to Cathy is like giving blood. It leaves me dizzy, headache, and only slightly elated. I do it merely out of a sense of duty- though these boosts are transfections to Cathy, experienced else- there is a difference. I make love to her as a Flaggist. Do you do it with worship? To what? To whom? These questions do not enter my mind. At the time.

I achieve an adequate erection each time I ejaculate. I do not know if boost is necessary for Cathy. I imagine the millions of little replicas of my being, deep inside her, little bootlickers of my ego that is connected to the cow in the yard. Cathy is put on anti-depressants. They do not help, but rather make her nervous and irritable. She cries more than Martin now, and Martin looks at her with round eyes. I take Martin for long walks, so that Cathy can conserve her strength.

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have his meal. I follow him. His blond hair, trimmed short at the back, long on the top. He wears an overcoat. Underneath that, a grey pin-striped suit. Black shoes. Laced, not loafers. I try to memorize everything. He stops by his office. An advertising agency. He comes out with a black attache case. He smiles at someone entering the building. He takes no notice of me, walks right past. I follow him. He hesitates at the subway entrance, glancing around for a cab. I have one subway token. I do not have cab fare. He chooses the subway. I follow. I wait for the train to pull up. Southbound, I notice. I push him onto the tracks. I end his life. Vampires are mortal.

I am polite, lucid. I sit and answer all their questions. I have no qualms about telling them I'm psychic. Proud like Joan. I am led away. I am taken away. Outside they are preparing the gratefull. I have built my own cross. And I will carry it to include both our pasts - I know nothing of them but what they tell me, and I trust them. Awake in your real time, you live imagined kind flesh, letting remembered pain

The possibility of happiness continues, surely, where along the rivers each twig is outlined in light after its plunge into the sky - still wet, chilly and gleaming. Not yes and not no: a lyric handshake between big mind and little mind in the shiny street and we're back to wanting to hear my voice and to hear yours.

Mornings, raise the will from under Bag Ghost: slack full, heavy as if dosed on a regime of Collopy's Gravid Water, or fortunately born in easy circumstance. Let me get you another: as easy as bending someone to your wish - presumed necessary according to the power rules. We'll do it together but no-one will know, not even us. The yielding surface, smooth as skin (it is skin) to the hand, restores the galaxy of options. I choose my favorites until their domain grows to include both our pasts - I know nothing of them but what they tell me, and I trust them. Awake in your real time, you live imagined intermittently in mine - I don't need to explain why I see things and comment, as if you were still here. You are the history I still inhabit, yours is the ear I speak into, the audience for now, silent, absent.

Error Retrieval No happy skull getting its love at the movies could be more wasted in forgetting kind flesh, letting remembered pain cloud the bright glimpse of a past someone. Just as a picture exercises what words won't, so the "logic of the imagination" demands a springboard out of the personal, a pseudopod extending the soul to welcome and envelop newfound fragments of the world. Though one gull's swallowed a Barb a hundred more racket on oblivious, a white sheet flapping, thriving on a field of what might be called waste. Mays in Gibbons Park the same killdeer calls its heart-piercing claim to the same gravel bed, each stone precious as an egg. You and I lived some moments here. With other visiting species we admit the power centred in this river bend and the killdeer's claim.

THREE POEMS
by John Donlan

Ice Advisory The possibility of happiness extends at least as far as today's weather, continues, surely, where along the rivers each twig is outlined in light after its plunge into the sky - still wet, chilly and gleaming. Not yes and not no: a lyric handshake between big mind and little mind in the shiny street and we're back to wanting to hear my voice and to hear yours.

Step, step - the terrible clock waits on desire, handing you your coat, waking you too early to be alone unless you're armed with providence, a flair for closing and opening the floodgates that connect you to the world as it includes you, indifferent matter organized, comprehensible, loved. Assess and ignore risk, flow out anyway, volunteer a fall on the glazey slope to recognize a tracery as ours in another presence, the river valley, you.

Miracle Plastic

Mornings, raise the will from under Bag Ghost: slack full, heavy as if dosed on a regime of Collopy's Gravid Water, or fortunately born in easy circumstance. Let me get you another: as easy as bending someone to your wish - presumed necessary according to the power rules. We'll do it together but no-one will know, not even us. The yielding surface, smooth as skin (it is skin) to the hand, restores the galaxy of options. I choose my favorites until their domain grows to include both our pasts - I know nothing of them but what they tell me, and I trust them. Awake in your real time, you live imagined intermittently in mine - I don't need to explain why I see things and comment, as if you were still here. You are the history I still inhabit, yours is the ear I speak into, the audience for now, silent, absent.

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bilinguisme
& other fancies made in canada
by Jean Morisset

j'ai...moi qui vous parle j'ai le moi bilingue et le je unilingue I have...I qui vous parle I have a one-way I under a unilingual me

things keep trading their identity sans me consulter d'un moi à l'autre

sounds keep sliding du moi au me

for I do speak other languages that are neither bilingual nor French
langs ne non bilingues ni pour moi ni pour l'autre

for I do speak français-français quite fluently franco-français quite hectically and sometimes anglo-anglo quite perfunctorily

j'ai...moi qui vous parle j'ai le français bilingue et le moi interlingue

but every time I do speak bilingual english there's a me au fond de moi reverasent toujours au français bilingue

so never shall I know laquelle de mes autres langues enjoys the most to be my other language because my autre langue keeps bouncing back upon my other language and ma seule langue est toujours mon autre langue

j'ai...moi qui vous parle j'ai le je entretenu de I & le moi entretendu de me je suis...moi qui vous parle je suis unilingue à plusieurs étages & bilingue in a single language and my only real language est la langue qui se tait so tenderly quand je vous parle en silence

j'ai...I qui vous parle I have something inside moi that haunts me jusqu'aux larmes étranger tous les jours entre le sol et le m'self I am an éternel by-produit genuinly exotique en quête d'un eluding lui-même animiste multicultrue

* folklorique tune en allphonie

* je marche...moi qui vous parle à la rencontre de ce qui se each en pleine lumière half-way between a bilingual dream et cette mesme émotion beyond any language toute la jouissance de l'être entre les jambes de l'espace

* je suis cet autre qui m'aura toujours rencontré pour la deuxième fois I am the left-hand side of my brain
Babe Ruth, Yankee slugger extraordinaire, a blood blister at the base of his right hand

An Excerpt from BABE RUTH IN LOVE

Red Sox lefty who never lost a World Series game,

& like so many Walter Johnson pay-back pitches. The mother says to the guest
till his teeth were as sharp as the Spanish blade His face is pale as mouse-fur

& he got behind the wheel of his black sedan he ends up at a living room & drove into the dreary heartland: where a family is watching color tv.

& the dinosaur bone was fashioned, & he wears a wet, fake smile.

alla Bambino, into some kind of Louisville slugger. Through a hallway w prints of barns

his eyes sunken & purple, his jowls dangling,

he starts demolishing the field

"It just takes one hit!" Babe yells & starts swinging his stick into the tall com.

as far as the eye can see. The tv is bigger, nicer than anything

in a whirlwind of intense power

gets out of the car,

From the left side, really letting loose;

sending the stalks into other counties.

whacking the com into pulp/ pig fodder,

just hitting, hitting w all the rage

he beats through roots, the layer of top soil,

the force of his grip turning his knuckles white,

until the field is clear, good as plowed,

one by one he flips the balls in the air

The old man says

But before he heads out, he's stopped. & the uncle pulls out a tattered newpaper clip

& Babe, then, just wants to go fast

to get out from below

through the earth's crust ultimately

he put it in the trunk of his b.lack sedan

"Fuck Iowa!" he says

whiter teeth, flatter stomach, bigger hair.

"Listen Uidge" the father whispers

"Just through that door,

& Babe complimented him on the ciga

a web belt

a nuclear build

of PT 109

Guadalcanal Diary

1943

Guadalcanal Diary

1943

1. always ten years old

in this town

my mother's son

my mother's son

2. Cape Cod

in the fog

the streets of Chatham clogged

with snaky lines of cars

& a teenage girl sings about trouble

behind the wheel

3. old New England faces

are as weatherbeaten

as the shingles on these old New England houses

the lines are drawn deep and sharp,

trenched tight around lips and eyes

4. but I'm not ten years old either,

not in this town or any other--

no, no, got my share of gray hair and scars

sitting on the streets of Chatham

waiting for the rain

5. across the street,

they're securing the flag:

a bald guy in baggy brown shorts is tying

a world full of oil spills, radon gas,

of gray hair

but now they're back,

we'll be back, just back from dinner in fact,

to blast

we can't reclaim it, just

listen to the quiet rhythm of its insistence--

I took my own legs away too, once,

the hole in the ground that Ruth built

no visceral humiliation of the beast

no, no, got my share of gray hair and scars

sitting on the streets of Chatham

6. my brother looks like a young JFK

standing here dressed

in only khaki shorts

a world web belt and a tan,

his stomach flat and tight,

ribbed with ridges of muscle defined

like a photo from the helm

of PT 109

Guadalcanal Diary

1943

7. he wants to go for politics, too,

in law school now...

but if I'm just ten them

how old can he be? still a little boy in my eyes, still fat with

brown hair like an angel's cut in a bowl over his sweet child's head

8. and his broken bones,

all his broken bones--

I caused one, you know, pushed him down a flight of short sharp

shocking steps:

him just two and feebly on his feet

I took his legs away

9. but the past pitterpats a deep beat in the rain--

we can't reclaim it, just

listen to the quiet rhythm of its insistence--

my mother's sons--

and more than that:

for we all live apart, recolect on these
Northernstheers....
THE FALL OF LANGUAGE: Paul Auster’s City of Glass as Post-Critical Text by Mark Kemp

City of Glass is a novel that, from its title (evoking surfaces both transparent and reflective, penetrable yet resistant to the gaze), to its self-mirroring narratives meticulously constructs its truth. The specular and the speculative, etymological relatives, interact in the postmodern detective novel: the self-reflective and investigative hybridized by the self-reflexive and deconstructive. The poststructuralist (episteme not theory) critique of language is served by the deconstructive strategies of the postmodern detective novel. City of Glass, the first volume of Paul Auster’s “New York Trilogy,” is, among other things, a study of both the genres of speech and story which pave the streets we walk on, and a discussion of the (in)compatibilities of language in those streets. The trilogy can be considered, along with the de- or (trans-)genericized writings of such novelists-critics as Roland Barthes, Umberto Eco, Susan Sontag, David Lodge, Raymond Williams, Monique Wittig or Alain Robbe-Grillet, to mention only a few, as what Gregory Ulmer has called “post-post-criticism.” In brief, this is criticism that actualizes the discourses/genres it criticizes, fiction that incorporates the theory of its own reading. The traditional segregation of “creative” and “academic,” like other abstract oppositions (content/form; mind/body), is undermined by the post-critical.

The detective novel, because of its inherently double nature—two interlaced histoires—and therefore two reciprocal and often ambiguous perspectives, those of “detective” and “criminal”—acts as a ready-made model for the self-reflective novel, and especially for the novel that foregrounds its own formal and semantic devices in the way that the postmodern novel and French Nouveau Roman do. In an essay on the “metaphysical detective story” as it functions in Robbe-Grillet and Borges, Michael Holquist remarks that these two writers “depend on the audience’s familiarity with the conventions of the detective story to provide the subtext they may then play with by defying expectations.” The most common expectation, based on reading classical detective stories, which postmodernism defeats is that of synergistic order.” What Holquist does not elaborate on is that element of the existing “order” that is most subject to subversion by the postmodern novel: language.

The postmodern consciously constructs recognizable narratives with formal structures and rhetorical conventions but, by introducing collage, mise en abyme, inversion of generic formula and lack of closure, calls these structures into question. City of Glass specifically lays bare all of its formal and linguistic devices, as well as the complex problematics of discourse—i.e. language as praxis—and the existence of narrating and narrated voice. On one level, City of Glass can be read as an essay in novel form, in the way that Barthes’s works of critical theory can be read as disguised novels and autobiographies.

Genre expectations are aroused before the novel is even opened: book marketing strategies rely on formulas and audience desire for repetition—or the combination of “redundancy” and “reconfirmation” which Eco has observed in the serial novel—and doublets Auster anticipates such gambits. The cover blurs (in the Penguin edition) bombard the prospective buyer with words like “suspense,” “action,” “intrigue,” “an intricate detective story,” “psychological analysis.” “Nominated for an Edgar Award for best mystery of the year.... The graphic illustration itself evokes comicbook gumshoes in the hard-boiled tradition of paid surveillance. The conventions of this tradition are so familiar by now—largely due to the cinema’s love affair with the form—that it is the cinema’s love affair with the form—that it is the cinematic version of the detective story, which postmodernism transforms, that is most subject to subversion by the postmodern novel and French Nouveau Roman. In the first, the high formalized plot structure, social context, moral and ideological elements lends itself to semiotic analysis. An example of these is Eco’s and Sebeok’s comparison of the American, German and French methods of “abduction”—i.e., the determination of meaning through the use of educated guesses—with the sleuthing techniques of Sherlock Holmes and Poe’s Dupin. Though not explicitly an examination of the detective genre, Barthes’s S/Z formulation in his “hermeneutic code” of the detective’s function with the role of the reader. In City of Glass we find, superimposed on this technique of the semiotic brain-seaser, the second, the somewhat more “democratized” allegorical formula of the American variety of detective novel. As opposed to the distinction between the receptors or “actants” and the protagonists, which are so variable and nebulous that definitions waver and delimitations are erased.) Raymond Chandler’s well-known essay, “The Simple Art of Murder,” objectifies this private-eye figure:

But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid...He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honor...He is a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people...He is a lonely man...He talks as the man of his age talks, that is, with rude wit, a lively sense of the grotesque, a disgust for sham, and a contempt for pettiness. The story is his adventure in search of a hidden truth....

Auster premises his novel on this familiar image, this urban ethos. The prescribed hero is then mirrored by the several narrators of the book, most faithfully by “Max Work” (the protagonist Quinn’s fictional creation), and more dimly by other, more “realized” characters. The conditions of surveillance which are fundamental to the detective genre are much the same in the conventional way—the watcher and the watched are identified, activated, (i.e., One is “hired” by a third party)—but then are gradually broken down, the roles blurred and alternated. The fragmented or refracted narrator inveighs the usual autonomy of the detective, who is traditionally depicted as somehow unburdened by the moral, physical, psychological, sexual or social baggage under which the objects of his investigation stagger. This baggage is packed full of signs (clues) to be assembled grammatically into coherent narratives. The detective (or spy, who performs a similar function as observer) is, however, a signifier without a referent. Geoffrey Hartman, speaking primarily about the creations of Hammett, Chandler, Ross Macdonald and company, observes:

The detective (American style) tortures human nature until it revels itself. People froth or lose their nerve or crumple up: the divine eye of the private eye fixes them until their bodies incarnadine them. What can’t be seen can’t be judged; and even if we what we get to see is a nitty array of protective maneuvers and defense mechanisms, the horror of the visible is clearly preferred to what is unknown or invisible....The novels of Chandler and Macdonald, like those of Hammett, force the reader to see things which remain somewhere mysterious, or exempt from this relentless reduction to overt and vulnerable gestures, is the detective.

from the series: WORD WAR III: A Tale of 2 Cities

City 1: Dedicated to the Dictatorial Death of Democracy
City 2: Dedicated to the Democratic Death of Dictatorship
In order to generate this mise en abyme effect, Auster creates a series of narrators within narratives (an *enchausitement* of voices reminiscent of more ancient multiple-frame narratives such as *The Thousand and One Nights* or *Don Quixote*), which have been resurrected by postmodern writers such as *Auster*. Auster's narrator, *Paul Auster*, is a single writer who operates in a process which spontaneously de-faces the detective. This might be evident from our reading of the better known detective novels, but in Auster and in other postmodern authors who have appropriated *abyme* and re-articulated the formula much more clearly, the scene of pathos which Hartman finds to be the root of the traditional mystery story is eluded (even elided). Sancho Panza is obviously of course the witness. There's no other candidate—since he is the only one who happens to be the narrator. The author does not function as prosecutor, and *Auster* can neither read nor write. Therefore he cannot be the author. On the other hand, we know that Sancho has a great gift for language. In spite of his innate malapropism, he can talk circles around everyone else in the book. It seems perfectly possible for the crime and the solution to be decided by someone else—namely, to the barber and the priest, Don Quixote's good friend who speaks, what they can or cannot say, the transmission of the literary utterance. Of course, *City of Glass* as a whole treat this theme of its own linguistic production, but it is mirrored in microcosm in this and at least one other—somewhat contrapuntal—text. I am referring here to the novel which parodies the mod stillman's theory of *Edmic language called The Garden and the Tower* *Early Visions of the New World* While *Author* discusses *Don Quixote* treats language as communal, impossible "in a void," the *stillman* book antithetically postulates a language without an address and without a code: the "language of God.

This synopsis of an auto-text (Dallében's term for "internal intextuality") operates as a distillation of the larger narrative which is the novel—or rather, of two narratives, one embedded in the other. These narratives take the form of two "experiments" with language. We initially experimented with the notion of a language that implied any or no meaning derivation in order for Stillman to prove his theories of a pre-lapsarian language which would be pure and unambiguous. Peter Stillman, *n.* account of his life and the ways in which his very late acquisition of the speech of people of nearly complete strangled his sense of reality serve to completely account for the failures of the *implied* author himself. Stillman speaks morally, whimsically, with poetry in a language only he knows (signifiers without signifieds). His problem alludes to the inherent weaknesses of Saussurean linguistics, and by extension in a large part to the literary theory. The direct equation of sign and referent in the abstract system of language is not applicable when it is a function of multiple contextual variables. Such linguistic studies are cut off from actual human speech. When Stillman talks to *Quinn*, he permits no questions or dialogue; language remains abstract and severed from its locutionary situation. "My name is Peter Stillman. Perhaps you have heard of me, but more likely not. No matter. That is not my real name. My real name I cannot remember. Excuse me. Not that it makes a difference. That is to say, anymore." This is what is called speaking. I believe that is the term. Words come out, fly into the air, live for a moment, and die. Strange, is it not? I myself have no opinion. No and no again. But still, there are words you will need to have. There are many of them. Many million, I think. (27)

"Wimble click crumblemeh bellow. It is beautiful, is it not? I make up words like this all the time. That can't be helped. They just come out of my mouth by themselves. They cannot be translated," said to himself. Despite the existence of something called "language" in every most isolated environment imaginable (the child Peter's dark cell), the impossibility of social communication here, negates this statement. In *Rampage*, his recent interview with Paul Auster (Vol. 7, no. 1, 1990), Auster introduces a *specific* language as communal, impossible "in a void," the Stillman "language of God.

In Barthes's *writing of the other*, his microcosm of the narrative voice, the narrator is described as a writer who has "underlined" the meaning of the text. This practice is then used to echo the narrative complexities of *City of Glass* and the mod stillman, Peter Stillman's theory of *Edmic language called The Garden and the Tower* *Early Visions of the New World* While *Author* discusses *Don Quixote* treats language as communal, impossible "in a void," the stillman book antithetically postulates a language without an address and without a code: the "language of God.

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The project that Stillman, just released from a mental institution, undertakes in the streets of New York City is similarly to make objects "real" and their names "true," to make words correspond precisely with the things they signify, without symbolic connotation or semantic mystification.

What the Nouveau Roman sets out to create in fictive language, City of Glass shifts to another, self-conscious level. City of Glass acts as a critique of the language, which seems to want to propose an unproblematic language constituted in the absence of discourse or perception, and therefore of humanity. As Barthes has written, "Robbe-Grillet décrit quasi-geométriquement les objets, c'est pour les dégager de la signification humaine, les coriger de la métaphorisation de l'anthropomorphisme." That Robbe-Grillet fails in this project can be demonstrated through a reading of even his early novels (i.e., those with echoes of the theory [or anti-theory] I quote above). Le Voyeur pretends to treat objects in the purely descriptive mode outlined in Pour un nouveau roman, and yet is undermined by the eventual awareness that the part of the reader that the entire narrative contains at least two inscribed interpretations, neither of which is fully objectified: the central murder (and possible rape) has either taken place or it has been fantasized by the salesman, Mathias. City of Glass foregrounds the structuralism of representation set up by the early Nouveau Romans through a parody of the theories and the forms which are being, or have been, developed. Without disregarding too far, it is evident that Auster is discussing language, and specifically radical theories of language use, deploying the device of parody (of literary, paratextual, literary devices) in order to create a world more solid and more immediate (Robbe-Grillet). How people will communicate (perhaps there will be no need for communication?), when meaning is stripped away and objects and their names are identical, Stillman does not venture to say. We know only the outcome of his project, and the outcomes of the experiments it generates: alienation (the transformation of people into machines), madness, suicide, and silence, which is equivalent to absence. Both Stillman, father and son, disappear, the elder reportedly off the Brooklyn Bridge. And, more importantly, Quinn's obsession with the original detectives of the "case"--as absolute as God's commands to the Babylonians--drives him along a process of de-socialization which progressively diverts him of all those patterns and behavioural rules which his normal reality has been constructed. He "literally evaporates out of the book" (Rampike interview). The language, which seems to want to propose a utopian language constituting pure objectivity, free from the void. This is a positive affirmation of postmodernism among many less optimistic critiques, but I believe it is one can be applied to the "better" (I mean more consciousness-crafted) novels. Although I have not spoken directly about "social responsibility," City of Glass can be read in this light. It upends the familiar morbid or violent patterns of the detective genre it has adopted as its matrix, and manipulates the reader away from a "manichean ideology" (as Eco finds in Bond novels) and toward a much more crucial issue, that of communication and meaning. The "death of language" which the text both describes and re-enters in Quinn's self-"mute"-status is brought about by a refusal of dialogue and community, not by the fragmentation of the world which Stillman is trying to correct by re-inventing language. City of Glass, as a "post-critical" essay on language-use, attacks the notion that "pure" language, language as an abstraction which is not spoken or used as a weapon or a contact with one's fellow humans, can exist.

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