Dedicated to the memory of those who went before and taught us to see in different ways; Eli Mandel, Earle Birney, Aleksandrs Pelecis and the others, remembered, from time to time.

Finally, here is the special issue on Creative Misunderstanding Rampike will continue to appear sporadically in future. However, this marks the end of an era of government assisted publishing. We have cut ourselves loose and now answer only to ourselves, our sense of adventure and to you, our readers. And so it is possible/possible, in the spirit of Creative Misunderstanding to begin this issue by concluding that our terminus marks a new beginning.

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M.U.: You react; how would you respond?

M.U.: But I'll stop here, because I don't want you to think that I am only interested in mathematics, even if I am not. I love poetry, music, art, and philosophy; his "misreadings," his creative misunderstanding of science and his mis-use of the I-Ching, and so on, generate aleatory and unpredictable processes typical of CM.

K.J.: How would you represent yourself, Miss Understanding?

M.U.: With all due humbleness, if I may be permitted to give myself the title "creative," then a "Creative Miss Understanding" simply leads to a (re-)definition, whereby one is led to an understanding of some one or some thing else. I can't translate here because we would lose the allusion, but I am gesturing to the small press and its founder, as well as to the "Institute for Creative Misunderstanding" in its broadest sense. But I'm sure that the concept could be understood by anyone familiar with art, chance and philosophy: his "misreadings," his creative misunderstanding of science and his mis-use of the I-Ching, and so on, generate aleatory and unpredictable processes typical of CM.

K.J.: What is the role of a creative misunderstanding in the field of artistic expression?

M.U.: True, there is a possibility to be understood or misunderstood, as my old friend Marshall was fond of putting it. I believe that John Cage offers an intriguing example. He combines poetry, music, art, chance and philosophy; his "misreadings," his creative misunderstanding of science and his mis-use of the I-Ching, and so on, generate aleatory and unpredictable processes typical of CM.

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SAMURAI/SEMIOTIQUE:
AN INTERVIEW WITH
JULIA KRISTEVA
by Karl Jirgens

Julia Kristeva is a renowned linguist, teacher, writer and practising psychologist currently working in Paris. Her breakthrough studies on semantics were first presented in Semiozés: Recherches pour une semanalyse (Semiotic: studies towards a semanalyse, Paris, 1969). Kristeva has been analyzed the production of meaning and the role of the human subject in language as well as the social-subjective function of language. Her analysis of literature has applied post-Lacanian and post-structural methods towards a feminist exploration of speech, the maternal body and pre-oedipal sexuality (see: Polylogue Paris: 1977, & Desire in Language, N.Y.: 1980). Along with other "samurai" such as Barthes, Althusser, Derida, Foucault and Lacan, Kristeva has become a major figure in French theory and literature. Since 1970, along with Jacqueline Risset and Philippe Sollers, she has served on the editorial board of the avant-garde journal Tel Quel. Julia Kristeva is currently Professor of Linguistics at the Université de Paris VII, and a Professor of Literature at Columbia University. In the autumn of 1992 she was the Northrop Frye Visiting Professor, at the University of Toronto. Some of her books include Desire in Language: A Semantic Approach to Literature and Art; Revolution in Poetic Language, Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection, Black Sun: Depression and Melancholia, Strangers to Ourselves, Desire in Language: A Semiotic Approach to Literature and Art, Tales of Love, Disguised Passions: Aftereffects of the American Revolution in Poetic Language, Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection, Black Sun: Depression and Melancholia, Strangers to Ourselves, and Carole who display sexual behaviour, as well as Joelle and Oren who feature a stoic self-control. Her novel The Samurai (Librairie Artheme Fayard, 1990) was translated into English by Barbara Bray under the title The Samurai (1992), and was released by Columbia University Press. Here she talks to Karl Jirgens about philosophy language and some of the characters in her book including Olga and Hervé who represent a social aspect, Martin and Carole who display sexual behaviour, as well as Jolithe and Oren who feature a stoic psychological posture. The editors a Rampike are grateful to Julia Kristeva for graciously agreeing to this interview and are pleased to present it in its entirety [Ed. KJ].

KJ: I've been looking at The Samurai and I've been wondering about how much of yourself you have represented in the book.

JK: Yes, there is something in The Samurai which I've been thinking about--how much of your experience, with your parents, was reflected in the book. I cannot tell you how much of me I have put into the book, but I can tell you that the book is based on my experiences, as well as my parents' experiences.

KJ: There are a number of characters in this novel who are based, at least partly, on actual figures such as Althusser, Barthes, Foucault, in Derida, and others including yourself and we can think of these as prototypes. Figures can be thought of as "samurai" or "warriors" of language for whom writing is the only living act of pleasure and war combined [see: p. 42-43 - Ed.]. In martial arts circles it is said that one's greatest opponent is one's self. Is this novel then a kind of aggression directed at yourself as other? For example, is the character Olga an alter-ego or "Other" in her guise as the traveller?

JK: The martial arts and the Samurai are used in different ways in this book. It is an allusion to the eastern culture. I am convinced that it is only through a dialogue with other cultures that French culture and western culture can be re-vitalized. So, I'm very interested in Chinese and Japanese, and I studied Chinese, I got a license [diploma] in Chinese, and I was very interested in how the mentality is modelled through another language, particularly Eastern languages that have evolved a lot of writing which arises out of very particular experience, along with gestural, pictorial, aesthetic and also a sort of mental discipline. But also martial arts are a metaphor for a race against death and towards death which this generation of Samurai experience, because in my mind, those men and those women in the structuralist and post-structuralist generation are quite different if you compare them to the Mandarins of Simone de Beauvoir. The Mandarins, were a people of power and authority, and they were risky, adventurers. But the Samurai were more than the Mandarins, they were truly without any aspiration to be masters. And what you say is very true, we are, they are (those that are still alive), in a struggle with ourselves, in order to bypass our limits and to journey as Céline [Louis-Ferdinand] says, "to the end of the night", which is within ourselves.

Also, there is one experience that I tell about through the character of Olga, she is playing tennis, and it is based on something that happened to me, I like to play tennis but I'm not a very good player, but once I read a book on martial arts (I have a Japanese friend who is a teacher of martial arts), I was impressed with the ideas of how you have to concentrate and focus on the instant, and be a little bit ahead of the coming attack, to attack before the opponent, anticipate, all those things. I read about all of this during the night, and it took a while for this register in my conscious life, but the day after when I played tennis, I tried to respond in the same way, and my trainer was impressed, actually astonished at how much better I was, and I told him it was because I had read a book about martial art. And he told me that American tennis players like Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe and others have been trained in martial arts, which is very interesting. So, there are different references to others and also personal experiences relating to martial arts in this book.

KJ: Would you say that the novel's primary focus is on behavioral matters, sexual obsession, religion, suicide, travels to other cultures such as China, explorations of spirituality, and the role of the arts to name a few things?

JK: Exactly. It is true. It is interesting that you ask this question because the French critics were particularly interested in the personneage de clé [key to the identity of the characters], who is who, etcetera, and this behavioral aspect was not so much emphasized, which is more important for me of course.

KJ: To pursue these matters of sexual obsession, religion, suicide and so on -- since you work as a psychoanalyst and you often listen to various patients and their situations, would you say this book somehow purges some of those feelings? Surely a psychoanalyst must get her fill of other people's problems. Would you say there is an autobiographical dimension to this book and that the book itself is a means to overcome depression, perhaps a kind of "talking cure" or at least a psychoanalytic self-examination?

JK: In a way you could say this.

Anyhow, I don't know why I have done this, because it was a sort of imperative, but when I think about it afterwards, I am convinced that it was because I was encouraged very much by my patients, because they build novels all day long, and it was a sort of an encouragement to say "It in order to come out from behind concepts, and in a certain way to no longer hide myself through concepts, and in a way to be more personal and more naked, and to commit myself.

KJ: Bakthin once pointed out that the realist novel is teleological, you have commented on Chang Tung-Sun regarding escapes from this via a dialogism through a YinYang configuration or by moving into the polyphonic, dream logic, the carnivalesque. It could be said that The Samurai has polyphonic qualities. I was wondering if you somehow tie the polyphonic element in the novel to your own theory?

JK: Well, I was not thinking about the theory when I was writing the novel, but now when I think about it afterwards, and I am trying to present it, I will say that it is very polyphonic for one thing, for instance, there is a polyphony between the three couples, in the novel; Olga and Hervé, present the most apparent and socially recognizable fate of my experience, she is a girl coming from Bulgaria, from a distant country, she finds a man who is the director of a literary review, a well-known French novelist, who is my husband [P. Sollers]; there is another couple, Martin and Carole who are nocturnal doubles and twins of the first couple and who are the most exposed part of our generation who risk themselves in political lives and sexual experiences, and she was depressed and he became a painter, and a homosexual and he died finally, and so it's a most dramatic experience; and there is also a third couple, point, to those two couples which is Jolithe and Oren, and Jolithe is writing a diary in a most ironic attitude towards society, and so the characters in themselves are very dialogical. For instance, Olga's lover, Mr. Dalloway, who has the nature of a female character (Virginia Wolfe's Mrs. Dalloway), so he has some feminine parts in his own personality.

"I haven't kept this journal for years. I replaced it with records of sessions with my patients. Tried to live through their words reading them over and over, trying to give these people another life. Not mine, theirs, but made new. I didn't put down anything about myself, except insofar as my interpretations of others are links with them, or rather the space between me and what they think is the meaning of what they say..." [Excerpt from The Samurai, p. 280].
It was interesting that in the French newspapers, they have never spoken about Mr. Dalloway, because they were interested in French life, and who is Lacan and who is Barthes in the novel, but this more intimate part was perceived as something maybe very personal, or a sort of treatise in comparison with my French involvement, I don't know. Nevertheless, there is this dialogical character which is in my mind an interesting character of a man with a very deep complication of the female sexuality -- it was very interesting for me to build. And it's connected in my own experience with literary characters, so, it talks in a sense about polyphony. There is also a polyphony of places, I talk about Paris, New York. I talk about New York, New York. There are a lot of recognizable places, restaurants, students, outstanding intellectuals from the New York life, etcetera. There is also China of course, and some hints about East European countries, its a sort of a benevolent space, and the emblem of it could be an island, isolations, mountain ridges, caps, and in the end of the novel Olga is on an island and it is a very intense experience with birds and sun and it was for me a great pleasure and also a difficult trial to try to describe this aspect of nature, and the involvement of the characters through their sensations with the landscape.

KJ: Yes, I see the fragmentation of the three groups of characters not only through movements in space, but time as well, and for me there is also a fragmentation of perspectives. I wonder if this isn't what we might call a kind of Lacanian "fissure" or splits, that somehow has to do with the difference between self and Other and the attempts to bridge the gap between the self and the object of desire, or the Other, and, of course this bridging is something that can never be completely resolved, and the result is this fragmentation.

JK: Around the same time back around say, 1980, the revue Poetique was also quite active with people like de Man, Genette, Cixous, Riffratterre and then I was a proof reader. It is clear that at times Poetique was concentrating more on critical theory, while Tel Quel was combining theory with art actuel or contemporary fiction and poetry. Could you comment on what you see as the fundamental differences between the editorial approaches of Poetique and Tel Quel?

KJ: I would say that Poetique was more of an academic journal, more theoretical and not directly related to the fictional experience.

KJ: What are your current projects?

JK: I have finished another novel that is already published in French, and it is translated by Columbia Press, called The Old Man and the Wolves. And its starting point is the death of my father in Bulgaria, actually he was killed in a Bulgarian hospital, its really crazy, can you imagine that, because they don't give expensive medicine to old people, they didn't have enough surgical and medicinal supplies. Even when I asked how he was, they said, "Why do you ask questions? Are you from the KGB?" You see, they had interiorized the persecution and they were really paranoid. And so the starting point was this really great and tragic event for me, but I tried to transform it into a metaphor for the evil in the world. And in my book, it's a country where people's faces are changing into animal's faces, and nobody sees this, just this old man, and when he speaks about it they tell him, "You are not right. You know what is happening? You are imagining this!" But he is the right person to see all of these things happening, because there are no more values, and finally he is killed, and the novel changes into a sort of detective novel, because there is a journalist coming from France trying to discover what happened. The book includes a sort of degradation of human relationships... and it doesn't happen only in the eastern world. The place is called Santa Barbara, which could be anywhere in the world. So, this is finished, and there is a project now to make a film for French television based on that book. I also have the proofs to a book which is called The New Malady of the Soul. This is a collection of my essays, from over the years, on psychoanalytic things, and I just finished a book about Proust, and I completing a new novel. Those are my projects. What about your projects?

KJ: It's kind of you to ask. I'm doing some criticisms of contemporary writing, and I completing a book of fiction, and I'm doing some performance and teaching, and there's Rampike, and so on.

KJ: Rampike is exciting, I went through it and its interesting.

KJ: Thanks. I'm glad you like it. I'm trying to do something similar to what Tel Quel used to do, a kind of cross-over between theory, pop-culture, art actuel, and mass culture. JK: Well, the problem is that we don't have to remain isolated from this mass culture, that's why I accept quite often to go on the French television, but in Europe things are quite different, there are still some channels where an intellectual can be interviewed, but in America things are quite different. Yes, this is the main problem, where everything is commanded in us by the death drive. Freud said that the death is suggested in every wave of eroticism, the mainstream of eroticism is built, and I get the impression that all of our generation is very aware of this, and still is. More than all generations before, because... different sublimated values of future paradise, and harmony in society, all those things appear if not absurd, then anyhow very difficult to build, and we are very aware of the difficulty of building identities, and building links, so, if we are aware of this, sublimation is the way to postpone this accomplishment of the death wish, and to temper it. You are depressed but you have to find the words for this depression -- you are in ecstasy, which is also dangerous, but you have to find the words for this, and this image of the boat that will come or maybe not. When Jotlile Cabarus is a little bit melancholic in this garden, this is an image of hope that we deal with our passions awaiting for the words and signs to come in order to nominate the passions. This is the only way to arrive to, and to find the meaning of our passions, and this is why I am writing. It's a metaphor of writing, for the urgency of words.

KJ: In a related matter, and regarding the importance of death, the death of Breithal, and I assume Breithal is Barthes [see: p. 319 - Ed.]. And the death of Breithal is psychoanalysed as perhaps suicide or at least the achievement of the death wish -- this is one way out for the Samurai of words, Seppuko/Harakiri. The other way is to use the words then and in the Samurais language always to be destined to fight a war to which there can be no outcome? Or is it a matter of patience, of waiting for the right wind to come along an blow the marooned ship back to shore [see: p. 341 - Ed.1]

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The SYLLOGISTIC CINEMA
by Steve McCaffery

But it wasn't Garbo's eloquent mood it was Olivier's intelligent manliness and Henry Fonda's power of justice and therefore Carole Lombard's wit.

But if it was Carole Lombard's wit then it must have been Emil Janning's obstinate despair at Henry Fonda's intelligent manliness and Olivier's wit and therefore Garbo's power of justice.

But if it was Garbo's power of justice then it must have been Marilyn Monroe's doomed magnetism with Kein Stanely's sense of worthlessness and William Powell's mutual trust in Myrna Loy's entire pleasure falling short of Groucho Marx's calm acceptance and therefore Fred Astaire's breathless hesitation.

But if it was a case of Fred Astaire's breathless hesitation then it must have been Henry Fonda's entire pleasure falling short of Olivier's mutual trust in Garbo's sense of worthlessness and Emil Janning's calm acceptance of Carole Lombard's doomed magnetism and therefore Marilyn Monroe's eloquent moods.

But if it was a case of Marilyn Monroe's eloquent moods then it must have been Kevin Stanley's wit or Fred Astaire's sense of worthlessness and Myrna Loy's obstinate despair at William Powell's power of justice and therefore Groucho Marx's intelligent manliness.

But if it was Groucho Marx's intelligent manliness then it must have been Marilyn Monroe's power of justice and Carole Lombard's obstinate despair at either Emil Janning's eloquent mood and Garbo's wit or Olivier's power of justice and Henry Fonda's mutual trust and therefore Fred Astaire's pleasure falling short.

But if it was a case of Fred Astaire's pleasure falling short then it can't have been Basil Rathbone's courtly villainy but could be Myrna Loy's mutual trust in Richard Widmark's feigned psychosis and if it was William Powell's pleasure falling short then it can't have been a case of Lee Marvin's complete gratification and if it was Kevin Stanley's breathless hesitation then it can't have been a case of Kirk Douglas's lucid participation in Burdisca's baroque rage.

But if it was a case of Burt Lancaster's baroque rage then it can't have been Bette Davis's amplified dash by which she dismounts and if it can't have been Bette Davis's amplified dash by which she dismounts then it must have been Paul Schofield's performance in King Lear so then it can't have been Humphrey Bogart's complicated presence in The Maltese Falcon.

But if it was a case of Humphrey Bogart's complicated presence in The Maltese Falcon then it could still have been a case of Carole Lombard's performance in King Lear.

But if it's not a case of Carole Lombard's performance in King Lear then it must be either Paul Schofield's courtly villainy or Fred Astaire's amplified dash by which he dismounts and so a case of Bette Davis's sense of worthlessness in the face of therefore William Powell's baroque rage.

But if it's not a case of William Powell's baroque rage then it must be Burt Lancaster's doomed magnetism and Myrna Loy's mutual trust in Marilyn Monroe's amplified dash by which she dismounts in front of therefore Kirk Douglas's lucid participation.

But if it was a case of Kirk Douglas's lucid participation then it must have been Groucho Marx's complete gratification or Lee Marvin's intelligent manliness and therefore Fred Astaire's feigned psychosis.

And given that it is a case of Fred Astaire's feigned psychosis then it follows that it must be Richard Widmark's pleasure falling short of Garbo's courtly villainy and therefore being Garbos' courtly villainy it follows that it must be Basil Rathbone's obstinate despair.

FASHION NEWS
by Frank Davey

1. First place in the purchase of underpants is held by Englishwomen, who on average purchase 7 per year. Right behind are Spanish women who purchase 6.2 pairs and German who purchase 4.8. In the rear, at the bottom, at the tail-end are phrases to be avoided. Last, that is, are the Italian women who buy only 3 per year, and no more than one brassiere. All this is apparently true, and published le 27 decembre. Some observers speculate about differences in diet or climate. Others look for correlations with cosmetics, perfumes or cosmetic surgery, or attempt complex analyses of national variations in female self-image.

2. Here in Toronto statistics on underwear sales to men are currently unavailable. This lack is unfortunate both politically and poetically. A Little Night Magic continues at Harper's Dinner Theatre. Men's briefs come in four basic models and in a more limited range of colours. Theatre Passe-Muraille presents The Tyrant of Pontus. Despite radically different market conditions, much interest continues in third-world figures. Look, sweetie, I heard this on Business Magazine. Men can be divided between those who wear undershirts the year round and those for whom they are at best winter clothing. The Scarborough Village Theatre -- some seats still available for Agnes of God. Brief design has been strongly influenced by the evolution of the athletic support. Jan. 17 - Feb. 8 at Village Playhouse: Sinners by Norm Foster.

3. During 1968-1974, the first period of activist feminism, lingerie, previously the chief medium of feminine eroticism, fell into disrepute, with many women discarding the brassiere altogether. Annie wanted to know who says. In the late 1970s triumphantly reborn femininity overthrew the old boundaries between undergarments and clothing. A young reporter for the Nice-Matin. Eager couturiers re-invented the crinoline, the wasp-waisted corset and the garter-belt, ushering in a period of intense interchange: undergarments could replace the negligible or traditional elements of outer clothing, while the latter could be worn next to the body itself. I told her it was my own loose-fitting translation. The erotic mystery of lingerie became the mystery of what might underlie the visible.

4. On the big night every eye in the hall turned to catch the entry of the baddest girl of all. I will be so relieved dearest, as relieved as I know you will be, when all this is over. Ten pounds of sugar, imagine, ten pounds of sugar. The feminist challenge in art -- if one can be nailed down at all - - replaces the monumental and exotic with the intimate and domestic. Do you remember falsies? Alarmed by his mother's new attempt on his life, the prince fled to the mountains and was for many years a hunter. Guelph co-ed convicted after topless protest romp. New medical concerns. Protect yourself, men lie. The free woman, of course, achieves climax without sacrificing her freedom and integrity. Even though I knew it would make you unhappy. 2 cups flour, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 8 eggs, 2 lb. raisans, 1/2 tbsp. allspice, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. mixed peel, 1/4 lb. ground almonds, brandy. All proceeds go. In the beginning mischief meant calamity, real big trouble.

5. It was his grandmother's recipe. Amid the renewed activism of the 1980s women became less concerned with visible display. In 1990 only 200 million bras were sold in all of Western Europe, with most designed (de-signed, she explained) to follow and enhance natural human contours. English-women were also far in front (in front?) in the purchase of this item, with an annual rate of 1.8. They were followed by the French women at 1.4, the Spanish at 1.3 and the germans at 1.2. many of those intimate undergarments have disappeared altogether. Some observers speculate about differences in diet or climate. Others look for correlations with cosmetics, perfumes or cosmetic surgery, or attempt complex analyses of national variations in female self-image.
PARISIAN HABITATION:  
POET'S QUARTER TO CHATEAU  
by Kirby Olson

Three or four times a day, the Moroccan neighbour goes out to get a newspaper, a haircut, or a cup of hot chocolate. His one and a half year old son stands on the landing. "Bye bye," the father says repeatedly, abusing his two words of English. The baby says nothing, and the man is upset — doesn't the child realize he is leaving?

The father repeats "bye-bye" until at last the child realizes that the father may never be back, and starts to scream his brains out. The father, suddenly pleased with himself, bounces down the five flights of steps to errand — leaving the heartbreaking child — who screams for another twenty minutes. The boy's mother, who must hate this, gets a nudge from the father to say something, Anything, in English. She repeats "Bye bye," the father says repeatedly, abusing his two words of English. The baby says nothing, and the man is upset — doesn't the child realize he is leaving?

All around Paris one finds giant chateaux, where the aristocracy once sat like spiders preying upon the city of Paris. The grounds of Chantilly to the northwest of Paris are typical. Wide canals trace a network of fake peasant villages where the royalty once played at poverty -- their wives and mistresses dressing up as bar maids in the village inns. Black swans circle aimlessly in fountains the size of city reservoirs.

The stables at Chantilly were built for a prince who thought he'd come back as a horse, and are the most outrageous example of utilitarian architecture imaginable. My eyes ached with hay fever all day, but it made my heart musingly glad to see this pleasure palace erected on the outskirts of the metropolitan area — not quite far enough from the mob of 1793 — which sacked and razed the chateau. Although rebuilt in the late 1800's by the state, it is no match for Fontainebleau or Versailles, which retain their original stone. Still, its museum is finer (a radiant miniature Raphael of the three graces holding perfectly spherical apples) and its stables — made of carved stone and a half mile long and a hundred feet high — covered with lions and eagles and hunting scenes — are no doubt second to no other stable in the world.

All day, Bob Wittig, a Fullbright recipient from Seattle, and I gave each other lectures. he told me about Gogol -- the first to use the rambling, seemingly innocent country bumbler as a narrator; I told him about Balzac, and the wonderful idea of the master criminal who so successfully outwits the government that the state is forced to hire him as their chief of police. Rob tells me about the lectures of Jacques Derrida, and how he qualifies everything he says with a perhaps, a maybe, or by putting forth his own ideas in the third person, One would think... I wonder if he does this in bakeries. "One would think that perhaps since I am in this bakery, that it is plausible that I would like a loaf of something, perhaps pain de campagne?" Derrida drives a BMW to and from his comfortable home in the suburbs.

We fed the carp in the moat of the chateau. This is a famous activity at Chantilly according to my wife Joellyn's wacky guidebook, but the writer doesn't say why. The carp have big, orange mouths which are vaguely colourful as they surface, but it is still a mite ordinaire. Do the carp think it weird to receive bread from the air? Probably not any more than we think it weird to get our food from brightly lit supermarkets.

All winter, I've been slaving at my novel while Joellyn goes on long walks through Paris. Today she took me with her -- through the park of open air sculpture. The big blobby lumps of abstraction looked like turds of the gods. Rows of Cartesian logic lined the sidewalks in the form of red, blue, and yellow flowers. In the zoo, a lot of new monkey babies held desperately on to their mothers while their ape moms swung between thirty branches in five seconds. The sea turtle had been in its dirty stagnant pool since the 1850's. It seemed as if it was in a doctor's waiting room. Depressed beyond impatience - - simply Inert.

From there we walked to the Roman arena, built in the 2nd century A.D. Young men played soccer on one half of the circle, kids played soccer in another quarter, and old men played petanque (a game with lead balls similar to jacks) in the second quarter of the circle. The balls kept overlapping, but no one seemed to lose patience. The three ages of man in such an ancient setting moved me. Joellyn said she wanted to ask the men whether she could throw one of their lead balls. She didn't, but I wonder what their response would have been if she had. It's hard to guess with the French.

A Turkish mosque where scruffy Arabs sit around on Person rugs in dishevelled suits and three-day-old beards smoking hookahs. The fantastic blue mosaic beauty of this interior keeps a coolness in its stones even during such a hot day. Their mosques have a lightness in their aesthetic quite different from the musty, oppressive stone of French cathedrals.

At night, after a dinner I'll never remember, Joellyn convinced me to walk on the bank of Ile St. Louis, by the Seine. Underneath a bridge some clockards had piled mattresses. Some of them were talking gently, others smoking cigarettes, still others were sleeping, wrapped in green army blankets. We lowered our voices and stepped nervous through their living room.

Seattle, a small city by the Pacific ocean which collects clouds like a catcher's mitt. Nine hours later, here by the Seine, a hundred Greek restaurants open on a narrow, medieval street. Meat turns on a hot round spittle, as beautiful Americans stop to take a look at it. I am so used to opening up my ears and mind to eavesdrop on the French, that when instead I overhear an American saying something like, "Fuck that, let's go to Burger King," I gag; not because of the Burger King choice, but because the accent is so banal, and the thought so familiar, I feel my privacy has been violated. I glide into a bookshop where there's a hidden French tea room in back, where I can get a slice of cheese as bit as a computer mouse, a cup of tea, and the use of three different journals for fifteen francs, about $2.50. My money is running out. Soon buy plane ticket for home.

Joellyn has gone to Italy with a girlfriend. I listen, in the dark, to a neighbour woman across the narrow courtyard making love. I get up to go to the window. It is three a.m. Looking up, I see a few sordid stars. Looking down, I see the lit ends of cigarettes in other windows -- other men listening to her make love. The cries of ecstasy have lasted for hours, long ascending groans followed by an orgasmic scream of pleasure. Just when it seems over, it begins anew, not ending until morning when we, unshaven and haggard men, finally fall exhausted into our beds, clutching our pillows.

For months, the Arab neighbour woman has been bringing me over almost tasteless, greasy cakes to have with my morning coffee every two or three days. This morning she knocked on the door, and I expected the same thing, but instead she beckoned me with her index finger to follow her. I went in to her tiny apartment, and she showed me that her TV and radio and sandwich grill didn't work, smiled, shrugged her shoulders. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders too, thinking it odd that she had decided to show me her broken equipment, and went back to my apartment, which was also full of broken radio and such.

My landlord called from Seattle this afternoon and I told him about this peculiar incident, and he said that he always fixed their things for them and that they probably assumed that since I was an American, I could too. I laughed. Electricity is a greater mystery to me than it was to Ben Franklin's dog, if not more so.

Tonight I saw the man I've resented for months, the erstwhile Moroccan, who according to my Seattle landlord is actually Algerian. he was walking the sneaker boy on his shoulder. He shook my hand, and held his baby out to kiss me on the cheek. I liked them, at first grudgingly, and then much, a handsome family who had come from a small tribe fresh off the desert and who were living all alone in Paris, and I was sorry I hadn't been more charitable about the level of noise their son had made all winter. He had been teething, the man shyly explained.

Walking like a mule down the old winding steps from my fifth floor apartment, everything I own on my back, my writer's pilgrimage ending, I imagine winning the lottery, and the city of Genoa and elongated sun-glasses and the trees of Cucchi, drawn as if Rembrandt's mother was a dog and it shows And it shows the international exposition of the last ten years in painting. After visiting it, I wrote this poem on the back of a postcard of Moon by Francesco Clemente:

At last I am tired of the ancient world, Paris, and everything  
Not-Paris  
I am looking forward to them opening up the new planets  
Is not the Pompidou, the city of Genoa and elongated sun-glasses enough?  
The trees of Cucci, drawn as if Rembrandt's mother was a dog on a leash  
While the sun bounces through the universe like a red super ball  
And Joellyn is over the Atlantic, and I still sit on a marble fountain  
in Chirac's Les Halles  
Like all Republican architecture, there was an eye on the bottom line,  
And it shows --  
Just as in this poem, I'm trying to figure out a bottom line.
INCREASING FREQUENCY: A TALK WITH TOMSON HIGHWAY

Tomson Highway has been internationally recognized as an innovative playwright. His plays, including the his most recent drama *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing* (1990), are raucous satires that draw heavily from the Native Canadian storytelling tradition. Each drama has comic and tragic overtones and feature residents of the mystical Wasaychigan Hill Indian Reserve. The action is punctuated by unpredictable and sometimes hilarious interventions by Nanabush the notorious mythological trickster figure. Through the trickster we learn of the subtle connections between the mind, the spirit and the body. *Dry Lips* won a Dora Mavor Moore Award for best new play as did Highway's previous drama *The Rez Sisters* (1989), which also received a Chalmers Award. *The Rez Sisters* drew extravagant praise internationally at the Edinburgh Festival in the United Kingdom, and features seven women and the world's biggest Bingo tournament. Born in 1951, on Maria Lake in northwestern Manitoba, Tomson Highway spoke only Cree until the age of six. He studied at the University of Edinburgh Festival in the United Kingdom, and features seven women and the world's biggest Bingo tournament. Born in 1951, on Maria Lake in northwestern Manitoba, Tomson Highway spoke only Cree until the age of six. He studied at the University of Edinburgh Festival in the United Kingdom, and features seven women and the world's biggest Bingo tournament. Born in 1951, on Maria Lake in northwestern Manitoba, Tomson Highway spoke only Cree until the age of six. He studied at the University of Edinburgh Festival in the United Kingdom, and features seven women and the world's biggest Bingo tournament. Born in 1951, on Maria Lake in northwestern Manitoba, Tomson Highway spoke only Cree until the age of six. He studied at the University of Edinburgh Festival in the United Kingdom, and features seven women and the world's biggest Bingo tournament.

He has acknowledged that early in his career, he was influenced by two of Canada's best known playwrights, James Reaney and Michel Tremblay. Since then, he has gone on to garner international acclaim. Combining knowledge of native culture, classical structure, and artistic language, Tomson Highway brings a unique vision to the stage. He has said that: "Theatre for me gives the oral tradition a three-dimensional context, telling stories by using actors and the visual aspects of the stage." Tomson Highway is currently working on a sequel to *The Rez Sisters* and *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing*, which will be part of a seven play cycle. He is a noted director, composer and screen-writer. He has worked with a number of native support groups, and has workshopped and produced his plays across Canada including at the Playwright's Workshop in Montreal and the Native Canadian Centre in Toronto. He has also served as the Artistic Director of the Native Earth Performing Arts Company in Toronto. Highway's next play *Kiss of the Fur Queen* will be released in the near future. Here he talks about the renaissance of aboriginal culture in Canada. [Ed. KJ]

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T.H.: English is very much, my second language, I write in it but its a very distant second, it isn't mine, but I use it, its the language I make my living in... and I read today in English, in the paper, about women getting raped in Slovenia, you know the war in Yugoslavia. You pick up the newspaper everyday, *The Globe & Mail* or whatever newspaper is happens to be, and you read about people killing each other all over the world, and this is an astounding thing to me. Why is there so much hate out there? And how can it stop? Is there any way that I as an individual can find a way to stop that hate, and stop that war? I can't, and neither can you, as much as you would like to stop the raping of those Croatian women by Serbian soldiers, so they will give birth to Serbians. And they call that "ethnic cleansing." And that's why we have to be killing each other. And just because you've been slapped in the face, and the Indian people of this country have been slapped in the face many, many times throughout history, just because you've been slapped in the face doesn't mean you have to go and slap the aggressor back in the face. My history of going through the whitman's educational system, in which I did very well, because I listened very well, and I was a great ass-kisser, one of the great lessons, one of the powerful and beautiful lessons I learned was that when a rape occurs, it is not the aggressor who wins, and the aggressor who loses, its the other way around. The aggressor only succeeds in pounding the soul out of himself. And to use a rather broad metaphor, the rapist only eventually succeeds in destroying his own soul, and gives an additional potency to the soul of his victim, and there is truth to be had in that.

So, having said that, I like to give you an idea of the progress of native artists in this country over the past few years. They are going places, taking steps forward. And its interesting because for many, many years, ever since the colonization of this country, there has been suppression, and just to give you an idea, since 1951 there was a law in place forbidding Indians to make drum-sticks, forbidding Indians to put on shows, to put on shows like the pot-latch in B.C., the ghost-dance on the prairies, the pow-wows and all that sort of stuff, and in my reserve in northern Manitoba, when they told us you cannot dance these dances, the missionaries told us, you cannot dance these dances, you cannot perform these rituals because you are speaking to the devil. So, we had a couple of generations of people going around believing that every time we were doing a song or dancing, even a couple of cree dance steps like this [dances here], they were dancing them for the devil. Well, when you have entire generation of young people growing up with that kind of belief system, negative belief system, its no wonder they killed themselves all over the god-damn place. Its no wonder they stuffing gasoline, and taking pills and boiling Kitty Wells records and drinking the liquid themoff. But there was a generation of us who came forward by the mid-sixties and early seventies. There was a group of us from the west, the north, from all over who dared to say That's Bullshit. We have a right to perform our own songs. We have a right to do perform our own dances, to tell our own stories, to give our own point of view. Then the ground was broken by a number of visual artists, people like Norval Morrisseau, and William and Daphne Odjig. It was only in the 1970's and 80's that the writers started coming forward, and among those writers were theatre artists, the showplace artist. And then in the 1990's for the first time, we have flesh and blood Indian stars! We have Indian kids on Indian reserves across this country with posters up on their bedroom walls with people like Graham Green and Tanio Cardinal, instead of Elvis Presley and James Dean. Its such a nice change to see that kids won't be killing themselves with as much frequency as they would have before that. Because they can say, "Look, the previous generation did, we can do it too." And that's one aspect of our cultural development.

And the other thing is that, when I was growing up as a kid, it was really, really hard to say in school, because all the books were shoved down our throats, and it was always English literature, English literature, everything was about England, or the States, and nothing every happened north of the border, all the cool people lived in either New York or London, or Nashville, or Los Angeles. Nothing ever happened in Brochet Manitoba or Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. And they gave Shakespeare for days, and Tennessee Williams for days, and so on and so forth, and I love those guys, I admire them very much, but we have our own stories too to tell. So, we started writing them down. And lo and behold, maybe we have re-created the stage where were as good as William Shakespeare, or Charles Dickens, but those books that we are publishing, those plays that we are producing around the world with increasing frequency (even as far away as Australia people are starting to pick them up), and now those kids going through school don't always have to wade their way through Shakespeare, which is in the language of those who tortured and conquered us. There is no language more encouraging of kids whereby we don't have to be killing each other. And just because you've been slapped in the face doesn't mean you have to go and slap the aggressor back in the face. My history of going through the whitman's educational system, in which I did very well, because I listened very well, and I was a great ass-kisser, one of the great lessons, one of the powerful and beautiful lessons I learned was that when a rape occurs, it is not the aggressor who wins, and the aggressor who loses, its the other way around. The aggressor only succeeds in pounding the soul out of himself. And to use a rather broad metaphor, the rapist only eventually succeeds in destroying his own soul, and gives an additional potency to the soul of his victim, and there is truth to be had in that.

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Two Poems from: 
_There Are Seven Deer in My Left Shoulder_  
(Underwhich Editions, Autumn 1995)  
by Rolland Nadjiwon

**Fast Horses**

We rode fast horses in them days  
recounting the time  
of young men riding  
the untended night time  
moving like smoke of fires  
into morning grey dawn  
our women - old people - children  
told stories in the silent sharing of  
edge of camp  
the untended night time  
moving like smoke of fires  
into morning grey dawn  
in firelight dancing eye of  
the drum is cracked  
the songs are silent  
I am so far from grandfather  
from his earth spirit  
the songs are silent  
the drums are cracked  
his tracks dusted under  
sometimes  
as night  
he speaks to me in the thunder  
or weeps tears of acid rain

Mishi-Bijou Sleeping

Great horned serpent  
awakening into our dreams  
into our visions  
a chitlena of power  
tempting our ancient greed  
Grandfather  
your beauty magic songs of creation  
your sacred arrow songs  
the drums are cracked  
silently holding the seventh arrow  
into his seventh coil  
until we sing your song again  
to keep his sleeping  
or is it forgotten  
and the arrow falls

Each morning  
each desert sunrise  
four times  
I remember  
sand  
mesquite

Palo verde  
cactus shadow

I am a desert stranger  
My grandfather  
is buried  
in rich dark earth  
under trees  
maple  
oak  
elm

hickory  
soft fern

near limestone sweet springs  
too far from here  
I am so far from grandfather  
from his earth spirit  
the songs are silent  
the drum is cracked  
his tracks dusted under  
sometimes  
as night  
he speaks to me in the thunder  
or weeps tears of acid rain

Mishi-bijou moves  
the sacred song arrow trembles

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**UN/UNDERSTANDING**

by Howard Webkamigad

The message of the message giver comes out from a clouded background, cultural baggage, which is received by the message receiver sometimes garbled because of the many noises, the noise of each, sender and receiver, encoder and decoder, both are of different ages, and both are befuddled by the process, this led to them being uneasy and without poise.

The voice is strong and clear, but the other does not understand because of this dichotomy, which enforces the similar to become dissimilar, and the meaning to be misplaced, to be forgotten in the world which does provide, the message disappears almost diametrically, into the realm of the subconscious where it rattles, baffles, but will not be replaced.

The aural connections are unimpeded, they are resounding in clarity, but sees the voice, but not the sound, how can it be, did the eyes see wrong, voice seen but no sound heard, it is odd that this is to be, for in days gone by, for dialect was not theirs by choice, but different from centuries of separation, but now all speak the same, as crows in a herd.

Still the silence curtails any sign of knowing, even when told of the reason for despising, and recognizing the cause for such misdeeds, each feels a sense of loss and foreboding, when relatives meet, they do not acknowledge, each deals with the other not surprising, in a fashion learned from the different other, whose language all speak and promoting.

The elders they do bring to clinging to the past, but do not listen, again this is their vice, to pretend to be what they are desperately trying to deny, hide, and send their own children, send their young to another place to learn the ways of the different other, this is not nice, in the eyes of the elder, voice is made but not heard as if sound silenced by the cauldron.

Listen, says the younger, what did he say, you were making too much clamour, I did not hear, says the older, if you listen you will hear, but you must listen, even if you're bombarded, shouted the young, even if I listen, I cannot hear when they make noise, it hurts my ear, but you can, listen with your being, not just your ears, and for this you will be rewarded.

The elders they do bring to cling to the past, but do not listen, again this is their vice, to pretend to be what they are desperately trying to deny, hide, and send their own children, send their young to another place to learn the ways of the different other, this is not nice, in the eyes of the elder, voice is made but not heard as if sound silenced by the cauldron.

These noises someone hears, and understood and thus answered, but why the disrespect, the elder feels and gets, for his message is from the past, and much too difficult to follow, for the softness has overtaken the people, softness of body, mind and spirit, but suspect, and evinced compound the serenity of the era which can become, but they decide to wallow.

The thunders still roll when in season, the winds still rage upon the unsuspecting, the elders still give messages to those who will listen, many do not hear, this is untrue, they just do not want to hear, for it is a new age, to wage war and to be disbelieving, where they were in ages past, control, dominate their own, learned from other, must undo.

The message is sent, the receivers decode, something is wrong, soon something will connect.
AN INTERVIEW IN TWO TIMES: TALKING WITH CHRISTOPHER DEWDNEY by Karl Jirgens

This "interview" with Christopher Dewdney is actually a compilation of separate talks that took place on two separate occasions (August 1993 & January 1994). The entirety is presented as part of Rampike's historical documents series. Here Christopher Dewdney offers illuminating information about his writing and background. His two latest books are The Secular Grail (Somerville House), and Demon Pond (M & S). Karl Jirgens' book-length monograph on Dewdney's writing will appear within the year in the "Canadian Writers and Their Works" series (BCW Press) – [Ed. KJ].

PART I

KJ: I've noticed that your use of words including the manner in which you put together titles is unusual. The technique is juxtapositional and often you combine lexemes in unexpected ways, sometimes you create contrasts through oxymoron or paradox of some sort, or at other times you create unexpected harmonies.

CD: sometimes titles are lines in poems, and vice versa titles will become lines in poems. it all does cross-reference in a funny way.

KJ: Can you give us a "cross-reference" to your personal background?

CD: I was born in 1951 in London, Ontario, next to the coves a geographical feature, a series of Ox-bow lakes, my youth is actually detailed in my introduction to Predator's of the Adoration. Instead of going to a real University, my university was the woods where I spent my childhood, and that's where I was trained. I left there and came to Toronto in 1980 just after my dad died in 1979. My father loved first Nations people. My father was lapsed Anglican. He was trained as a missionary by his father but he left the church and was a humanist, atheist, Nietzschean. I think he became Ojibway after that in a sense, he took on the Ojibway ways. He was educated to honour certain people. My father was right there by my side in my childhood, and the woods where I spent most of my childhood, and that's where I was trained.

KJ: I think I can see how some of that ties into your writing. I remember a poem in Predator's of the Adoration about a rock and these moths come out from under it, and the moths are a stone which you are with a group of other school children at a geological site, at a rock face, actually very good advice. KJ: Well known author and literary critic, Eli Mandel, felt that you investigations of the human brain marked an important point in your life because around that time and after that, a lot of your poetry began to deal with neurophysiology. Mandel admired that development and he often spoke of how one’s life can influence one’s writing.

CD: Yes it does, I don't know what I would have done had that not happened. It was definitely a kind of brick wall, because it also took me out this very coddled sort dream-womb that had never been ruptured. I think some poets go on in that state forever and they keep to an original and natural trajectory, and are allowed to go on unperturbed in this state, I think Clark Coolidge is like that. But what happened with me was this major thing hit, that deviated my trajectory. I can't tell if that's good or bad. But what was good about it, was that I could see how there was a one to one causal relationship between consciousness and brain function and being. And so I studied a lot of medical books and books on neurophysiology, all the way from Humberto Maturana from Chile to David Denet (Consciousness Explained).

CD: During conversations, I'll often make connections that seem quite natural to me, but other people find them to be unexpected. There usually is an associative train, but my associative train is fairly oblique arising out of some sort of dislocated strata perhaps.

KJ: You have in your recent book often referred to language in terms of the notion of the ‘other’. Of course, Jacques Lacan has used that term frequently and he divides the consciousness into three parts, the unconscious or what he calls the "imaginary" (not to be confused with things imagined necessarily) the conscious or what he calls the "symbolic", and the "real" or those ineffable aspects of experience that cannot be fully grasped. I think and it seems to me that what you are doing in your writing is cross over the borders between not only imaginary, the symbolic and the real for example, but other types of physical and conceptual borders. I also see an intersection in your writing between mental or psychic states and spatio-temporal loci (personal past, recent personal and global past and distant global past). So, there is this sense of being engaged in a kind of universal or all-encompassing moment.

CD: Yes, its true, that's very true. Those are confessional space, and that's very much part of what I do. Its always been there too, its a curious thing, its very consistent. That's why it sometimes seems to me that I have undergone any kind remarkable temporal development because I always seem to be in this one space that was highly defined already through all of these things. Its a sense that has always been there and the Natural History of Southwestern Ontario is perhaps the most explicit reading of that phenomenon.

KJ: Most great artists have one major flash of insight, or a single great idea, and then they spend the rest of their lives trying to elucidate that. In literary theory, Northrop Frye is a good example of that, or Marcel Duchamp within the art world. Do you think that you have done more or less the same thing?

CD: I don't know, its a funny thing, I was talking earlier about that womb-like state where you're occupying something that seems to be quite magical and amazing, but at the time its almost taken for granted -- that is something that I've always dealt with. A lot of what I do is analogous to the "big bang" and trying to encapsulate what happened is the "big bang" through circumstantial evidence in your life. So what you're saying is true. But there was never a single event, instead there were a number of concentric layers of events. Because I'm sort of a nostalgist, although it is a nostalgia for the present in a funny kind of way, I've already said this in Natural History. So there's the past and the present, and the present where I am living now is suffused with present dreams and its already feeding back and forth to some other incarnation and in a sense, I haven't gotten out of that moment, and so what I do is try to stay there, a kind of childhood regained.

KJ: Although with your latest book (The Secular Grail), there is a considerable shift in perspective.

CD: What's happened with that latest work is that maybe this is the big change, and if we go back to biography, I recently left Lisa (Downe) and met Barbara (Gowdy), and she's a nervous and very flirted passsionate writer and she has brought a whole other series of concerns to my writing, I've re-examined my work on a number of levels, and now I'm quite a bit more conscious of what I'm doing, not in the sense of being overly conscious of your craft, but conscious of how I'm working. I'm now extending more control into my craft.
KJ: Without putting a value judgement on it, would you say that earlier you letting language flow together?
CD: Yes, it was much more intuitive, it was just happening. I did that whole book Foves in 1970 just as it came, I hardly changed any of it, I've always worked intuitively and never ever edited very much. So, what the difference is now, is that I'm comfortable with my earlier work, but I don't think I can work like that now.
KJ: That helps confirm my earlier idea regarding the Lacanian angle and the transition between levels of consciousness, that is, that in your earlier writing you are bridging unconscious and conscious.
CD: Yes, that "mirror stage", I've had that actually happen as a child, but I've had a very existential sense of mirrors all through my life. I've had hallucinatory experiences with mirrors where I've seen myself in a mirror a couple of times, like I've flipped over, or don't know which side I'm on, its a very disturbing, frightening and marvellous experience.
KJ: I think that a degree of eye retention comes into that and eye retention, in a small way, works in the same way that some of your writing does, which is to take all of experience as a kind of universal moment, and to try to present experience as a moment rather than getting involved with linear time.
CD: Yes, exactly. The thing about the unconscious is that there is no time, its not linear as well.
KJ: What do you think of the writing of Umberto Eco?
CD: I like him.
KJ: I was wondering, because you have forwarded several theories on language that seem related to Eco's ideas. He talks about the relationship between sender and receiver, that in some ways connects with your "parasite" and "governor" idea.
CD: Yes, that's from my essay. That essay haunts me, I don't know whether to abandon it or stand behind it. Because I use these metaphors there sending poetry and receiving poetry, and poetry coming from the outside in the sense of the "other" which is still an important concept for me, that is, to think of poetry as coming from somewhere other than the self, but that goes back to the Symbolist notion that poetry can't come directly from the self.
KJ: You have step outside of yourself, or step outside of the ego is a sense.
CD: Yes, and that's where a Zen Taoist view comes in, because you can't achieve important things with the ego in the way, you're own attachments and desires get in the way.
KJ: And that's not too far away from the North American aboriginal view.
CD: Yes, that's true. They come from a very real humidity which is based on enormous respect for nature because they're completely dependent upon it. They have a very pragmatic humility, which is different from a spiritual humility which is more abstract or philosophical.
KJ: Maybe your writing in your latest book does display and ego, unlike your earlier writing, because it does locate or posit an "I".
CD: Yes, it could be that I've achieved an ego for the first time (laughs). In a sense I've thought of my work as a kind of hermeticism and discipline at the time. His mysticism blended well with my own and I held his work in high regard. Later on, I think I discovered that it may have been that he was not on my innate reading agenda, the one that you discover after the influences over your early reading have been discarded. As my reading widened I was surprised to see how much Spicer owed to early Creeley as well as Cocteau.
KJ: It is interesting that you discuss B.L. Whor is theory as an influence. As you know, one of Whor's major concerns had to do with the relationship between language and thought patterns. His famous essay on the Hopi language is an interesting case in point, and I believe that the what might be termed the a-temporality of the Hopi world-view has entered your writing. Could you expand on your views on Whorf and his influence on you?
CD: Whorf had an early influence on my critical thought, along with D'Arcy Thom and Gregory Bateson. I was very concerned with the a priori cognitive assumption that we all make, particularly in the neurolinguistics realm. I felt that any philosophy that could illustrate the boundaries of reference and meaning could then be used to transcend those boundaries. I wanted to be able to achieve hyper-dimensionality in language and I felt that Whor's discovery of radically new temporal entities embedded within the Hopi verbs provided a window on just the kind of hyper-dimensionality I was looking for.
KJ: Of course Whorf was in turn influenced by Edward Sapir who lived in Ottawa for many years, and among other things, studied aboriginal languages such as the Nooka. Do you see yourself along with Sapir and Whor as someone who is aligned with those sorts of philosophies or investigations?
CD: I don't know if could claim to be a "thinker" in that sense. I don't know if I've contributed anything terribly original to what is already known. I might have re-phrased or re-articulated some contemporary arguments for an audience that might not otherwise have been exposed to these concerns, but I cannot claim any primacy in these regions of philosophy. It would be great if some of my neurolinguistics and neuroperceptual speculations proved to be correct. I can only hope that some day they might turn up in the hands of someone who is able to make use of them.
KJ: Would you say that there is a connection between your theory and application of what you call "recombinant language" and say, the cut-up method?
CD: Yes, recombinant language is basically a meme generation update of the cut-up method. The only difference is that it acknowledges the genealogy of the text in the light of recombinant genetics. In my case it is a little different, perhaps, than the conventional usage. I specifically use the term to describe what I do in The Natural History series, long poem I've been working on for twenty years. In that text I re-implant cut-ups of cut-ups that have been edited into the leading edge of new text. It is a sort of manipulated cut-up technique.
KJ: How would you define your "recombinant" writing method in terms of recent debate on the long poem - do you think that your writing features shorter long-poems within longer long-poems?
CD: Well, as I mentioned before, The Natural History of Southwestern Ontario is a long poem that I've been working on for a couple of decades, though, there are other themes, you could even call them long poems perhaps, threading through my other books that could also be called "long poems". The Log Entries for example, that started in A Paleozoic Geology of London, Ontario and ended, in Radiant Inventory, represents a separate long poem, or possibly even a book that has been produced in instalments within other books.
KJ: In your essay "Paradise Maintenance" it could be argued that you forward a more or less 'pataphysical perspective at points. Do you still hold to that perspective or do you disavow it when it comes to, for example, more scientific perspectives in your writing?
CD: "Paradise Maintainers and Investigators" was the beginning of a critical discourse that manifested itself later in The Immaculate Perception and The Secular Graft. It was a little more ambiguous, particularly in its metaphor mapping, than those later works and in that sense I "disavow" it perhaps, though that term sounds a little strong to me now. I've always been
sceptical of writers who "disavow" earlier work, meaning that perhaps they shouldn't have committed their early thoughts to paper and therefore that their judgement was off and therefore that perhaps their judgement is still off because a writer who has something to learn will never learn what is essential. I don't know, perhaps that notion impedes real learning, which can only be based on admitting ignorance in the first place.

At any rate, the main thrust of "Parasite Maintenance," was that consciousness and language are phylogenically based phenomena that bear the earmarks of their biological generality, and that is something I'm still trying to elucidate now, and is therefore, a concern that I could never fully disavow.

KJ: Could you say something about the fact that you have been labelled a "pataphysician" by some people, and why you have stated that is a misnomer in your case?

CD: I love to read "pataphysics and see "pataphysical productions, several of which I participated in myself. It is a natural genre for me, though, those sections of my own work others perceive as being "pataphysical in spirit are not actually "pataphysical because, well, my intentions are more serious where "pataphysics is light. In some very real sense I stray into Science Fiction I suppose, though again, without any real investment in the eternal, adolescent moment of Science Fiction. In another sense I have a lot in common with Surrealism and so a certain exact Dadaism, genealogically at any rate. But there is something frivolous about "pataphysics, the subjects treats are somehow ephemeralized by its "sprocess and my business isn't exactly satire in that sense. I would like to be able to create logic traps, linguistic manipulations of the causal realm of the reader, steps that lead them irrevocably into ou dels of reason to bring about a change in their world view, now just to challenge it.

KJ: When you speak of the "immaculate perception" I assume that you are discussing a type of synesthesia, a self-conscious and total-body perceptual experience, something along the lines of a continuum of sensory experience not unlike the state one might achieve under mediation or perhaps after ingesting certain mind-altering substances.

CD: Yes, the "immaculate perception" is about experiencing the world as a human being experiencing the world a human being. It is about acknowledging the sensuousness of our nervous system, our perceptions, as we interact with the world. In a sense, it is a celebration, Dionysian, and yes, it can be inebriated in the hallucinogen perceptual realm. The book, The Immaculate Perception, seeks ultimately to elucidate the illusion of selfhood, as does the Secular Grail.

KJ: Did you or the editorial board have a particular mandate when you were co-editing Provincial Essays, and what do you feel were some of your greater accomplishments in regard to that project?

CD: Provincial Essays was a quirky little magazine that really had a peculiar editorial board. Greg Curnoe had a regional agenda, Jennifer Oille was coming from Vanguard, and Oliver Girling was a real down-home in Toronto Queen-Spencer. It was a very pluralistic board. It is no longer happening. That it went as long as it did seems an accomplishment on its own.

KJ: The first issue of Provincial Essays details some of your early experiences in London Ontario including visits from well-known artists and prominent figures such as Greg Curnoe or Norval Morrisseau or Stephen Lewis. Could you say a bit more about that home environment and how it might have affected your earlier perceptions?

CD: I had an extraordinarily rich home environment when I was young. My parents were friends with an amazing assortment of scientists, artists, and writers, so that, for London, Ontario, I had a fairly sophisticated upbringing. This circle included Lionel and Margaret Penrose, Carl Atwood and his family, Milton Acom, James Reaney and Colleen et al. I had no formal education, but rather than attending school, I was taught by an archaeologist specializing in recording native rock paintings in the Canadian Shield, as well as research into the Mid shaman societies of the Ojibway nation. He was a novelist, having published a successful novel called Wind Without Rain in the late 1940's. Prior to that he had executed some wonderful oil paintings, most of which are still in the family.

My mother, Irene, was an art therapist, along with my father. They both worked as a clinic in London, Ontario hospital. She also had an interior decorating show on local TV that I remember seeing in the afternoons when I was quite young, three or four years old, that came on just before "The Lone Ranger." Needless to say, I have been raised with a profound border-blur between domestic and media realities.

KJ: In Demon Pond do you continue to address many of the concerns raised in earlier books, perceptual matters, cognition and so on. I see a split between mystic and empirical perspectives in your writing, but I was wondering what you thought of as your main concerns in this latest book?

CD: Demon Pond...is a strange book. It has pieces about angels and time-travellers and alternate worlds. There are poems about the wind, s few actually, and poems about ghost-like beings and poems about memory, the world and consciousness. It doesn't sound like the work of an empirical materialist like myself, does it?

I remember years ago, at a lake near Peterborough Ontario, we used to go swimming at a place called Sandy Beach. One time, I remember running along in knee deep water and stepping on a broken bottle. By the time they hauled me into the cedar
a kind of rhythmic ecstasy, her mind entered an almost purely meditative state, and with sudden movement somewhere deep below her, simultaneously frightening and intriguing, her swim, the sun penetrating the gray waters beneath her, her body started to enter into slow approaching the sleepy town of muddy York reaching the three-quarter mark of stroke, hour after hour. They say that when she was plying the waters, when she was front crawl stroke, stroke, breath, stroke, stroke, sometimes the rhythm broken by a hand bottom, I felt I was flying over the desert, tiny ripples of sand corrugated the bottom into Marilyn Bell. Marilyn Bell was the first woman to ever swim across Lake Ontario. It was momentary flash of what flying fish must sense as they soar suspended over rippled shallows over a strange new landscape. I drifted back and forth through small fringes of seaweed that swung lazily with the action of the waves. I saw minnows darting between flippers on, and hung in near weightless suspension journeying in the sun-warmed when I was very young, using a mask and snorkel for the first time. I had small green while you can tune into other sounds, bubbles emanating from your mouth, your heartbeat, acting like a fool. For the rest of the way home, I sat there, with the wind blowing past me, watching in silence. My mother, her face turned toward the setting sun, my father, his grip on the throttle.

I was getting a coffee in my kitchen weighing the jobs that faced me that day. I thought that I might weed the lawn, or perhaps write a chapter to my book. Or, if it was warm enough, I might bicycle down to the local swimming pool and go for a dip. There is a swimming pool within the grounds under the summer sky. I could hear the water rushing under me, I could see the water rushing under me, I could feel the water rushing under me, I could smell the water rushing under me, I could taste the water rushing under me. I could hear the waves gently undulating under a partly clouded sky....I was in a submanne revenue when the telephone rang.

It was a call from a very polite gentleman who mentioned that he had seen my name and face in the newspaper, he apologized for calling me out of the blue but had heard of the death of a Doctor Jirgens in Germany recently, a woman physicist, and I said no, I hadn't, he said it was in the newspaper, and he had recalled seeing my name alongside an article about my writing, and had remarked on the similarity between myself and an old friend of his by the name of Victor Jirgens. He wondered if perhaps it was my father, and perhaps that my father might have been related to the physician who had recently passed away. I said that it was unlikely because although I have a slightly unusual name, I was familiar with most of my relatives, and as far as I knew I had no relatives living in Germany. He had told me that he recalled that as a boy he used to go fishing there. He recalled a beautiful forest that was out of birch bark into the water, occasionally with a bit of bait, and then with two big string up with the middle two toes on his foot, and as he raised it he could feel if there would be a chance that I could break free, and if I had the strength, I might make it to the middle of it all. But I would be naked, and unable to make it to shore. I thought that I might be able to flag down some help from a passing boat. The whole time I was thinking this, it never occurred to me that my parents might return for me. I decided to make a break for it, and began to twist violently. My mother looked surprised but understood that I was trying to get away. She pulled me on board and shoved me back into my towel and told me to stop acting like a fool. For the rest of the way home, I sat there, with the wind blowing past me, watching in silence. My mother, her face turned toward the setting sun, my father, his grip on the throttle.

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I was calling me from a bed, and that he probably didn't have a lot of time left, but that
being, because she is pregnant, a surprise that I was unaware of when I brought her home.

The life of the thing, and a video background would help, maybe, for example. John's day,
takes place each year, but although they sing songs each year, they sing different songs,
metamorphic and aleatory thing, and this would be one way to capture it. The celebration
typesetter against a video of an actual celebration, because John's day is such a
he said that he thought he might set the conversation between the journeyer and the
and shortest night of the year, everybody tries to stay awake until the sun rises, because
John 's day revelries with singing deep into the night, and dancing, and lovemaking in the
fem bushes, and food and drink and bonfires and so on. And because it is the longest day
which 1s the same as the summer solstice celebration also known as Saint Jean Baptiste
and that the site 1s called Pilskalns which means Castlerock, and that is the pseudonym
in the middle was called Idoma which means "in the middle", I think, and the one to
were historically significant names, and that the three provinces were set with one near
some ~k. And it ~c~ed to me that he had yet to tell me his name. Or perhaps I had
missed it at the beginning of the conversation. And so he led his old mother and father
in military stride, alongside of the line-up and up the well-worn stairs, two floors to the
crowded office of the bureau where they were handing out the Visas, and he explained
the situation and the fact that the boat was leaving immediately and they saw that he was
in the army and they stamped a couple of papers right there on the spot, no questions
asked, it is off they went to the docks, and by the time he had cleared them through
customs and cleared the papers with the captain and so on, they, their belongings were
all in a big suspension net swinging high over head and being pulled, the wind that was
were being slowly lowered onto the deck of the ship. And he told me that he watched them
up the narrow gangplank into the big oceanliner and that then he moved alongside of the ship where he watched them on the rail waving with tears in their eyes, the
mother's handkerchief waving in the wind, and they were slowly lowered out of the
harbour, and then he had to go back to his regiment, his leave was over, and the ship
never moved from that spot in his memory, always departing, the hanky waving in his
mind forever. And he spoke slowly and deliberately and repeated that it could turn out
to be a fateful day for relatives, and I deduced that he must have married someone in Victor's
family, but I wasn't certain of this. And

and off to the south bordering the estate was called Antence or something like that, and he said that
there is a smaller estate on the north side of the lake near Vaidavas Manor, which incidentally
he grew up as a kid. And as he was telling me all of this, I had a vision of the countryside broken up into
ship's captain and so on, not unlike a huge chessboard, composed of irregular-sized pieces. He explained that the
and the site is called Pilskalns which means Castlerock, and that is the pseudonym
he sometimes uses when writing articles, but that he uses Metinima as a pseudonym
in the middle of the story, three I think he said there were, two formed a sequence, dating
from 1940 to the present, the first is about the city, the second is about the poet, who is
trying to track down the journeyer. H explained that one of them features a
"Burtnieks", or typesetter, who listens to a story, and it's about a John's Day celebration,
which is the same as the summer solstice celebration also known as Saint Jean Baptiste
day. But he said that in a book there are limitations and that he could only envision for
example a small portion of poetry/dialogue in which the typesetter/narrator talks of
the John's day revelries with singing deep into the night, and dancing, and lovemaking in the
furn bushes, and food and drink and bonfires and so on. And because it is the longest day
and shortest night of the year, everybody tries to stay awake until the sun rises, because
took as a kind of triumph against death, a kind of hakanachan resurrection. And he said that he thought he might set the conversation between the journeyer and the
typesetter against a video of an actual celebration, because John's day is such a
metamorphic and aleatory thing, and this would be one way to capture it. The celebration
takes place each year, but although they sing songs each year, they sing different songs,
and although there are always dances, they do other dances, and so on, and so how you can pin it down to a few words in a book. He said that he was about how the concept of
the life of the thing, and a video background would help, maybe, for example. John's day,
I thought, what better way to measure the progress of time than through an endless revelry
always set on the same rainy-hot mid-summer days in June? And I had to stop him for
a second because the cat was tangles on her leash, the line was wrapped in amongst the wild
roses at the back of the yard. The cat's name is Adelade and she is a calico, orange,
black and white, that we found dehydrated and starving and orphaned on Adelaide Street East in Toronto. And I am keeping her on a leash attached to the clothes line for the time
being, because she is pregnant, a surprise that I was unaware of when I brought her home.

And after I got back to the telephone, he mentioned from the phone that he was quite well and that he
was calling me from a bed, and that he probably didn't have a lot of time left, but that
he hoped that somehow he had made a useful connection for me, and he'd be pleased to
meet a blood relative after all these years. I told him that I'd look into it, but that
I doubted it, but that I appreciated his concern, and I also felt a different kind of kinship
to him and asked him more about himself and his writing. And he said that nowadays he
was sick, but he wouldn't let on exactly what it was, but he mentioned that he hoped
it wouldn't be pneumonia in the end, because that would be too much like death by
drowning. But he said that he was active when he was younger, and that he had travelled
widely. He mentioned that in the old days Latvian culture had been influenced by the
arrival of the Dorienes who in English we call the Dorians, the same ones who had passed
through ancient Greece and who had introduced architectural and sculptural lines that were
smooth or streamlined, without rough edges, and had introduced a lot of motifs, such as the
Auseklis or "Star": traditional Latvian motif common to numerous world cultures.
The Skogkär Bergbo
Homeophonic Translations by:
Jackson MacLow, Dick Higgins, Alison Knowles, John Cage, Steve McCaffery, Miekal And, Charles Doria, Giulia Niccolai & Liz Was.

The following is a historical document presented to Rampike magazine by the Institute for Creative Misunderstanding. These Bergbo translations have been edited for the "Creative Misunderstanding" issue of Rampike by Dick Higgins. Rampike is delighted to present Dick Higgins' introduction along with a series of "Homeophonic Translations" by internationally acclaimed writers and artists!

INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by Dick Higgins

In 1981 Robert Kelly and I began work on a book to be called "Sounds Like," a collection of what he called "homeophonic translations," that is, translations based on sound and on the interaction between the words of one language and the imagination of someone using another language. The field is not new; it was practiced for humorous effect by Mark Twain and others. The book would have some theoretical texts, by Kelly, myself, McCaffery and Ronan Jordan, a historical section, of poets like Ezra Pound who used the style, a chrestomathy of more recent people such as Charles Bernstein, Charles Doria, Ernst Sandl, Ron Silliman, Ronald Johnson, William Benton and others, a bibliography, and a round robin poem of a quatrain by the Swedish baroque poet, Skogekar Bergbo; the poets sent in translations all transmuted Bergbo into their own style in revealing ways.

"Sounds Like" became overweight and unclear: was it scholarly? Was it a book for the lay reader or for specialists? It became stalled in 1984 as both Robert Kelly and myself gave other projects priority. Correspondence with the perhaps fifty poets we had invited, as well as sights questions, became torturous. So the project languished until, one morning in September 1990, Alison Knowles asked about it. I thought to myself, "Gee, at least the Bergbo group ought to make its way into print."

So it has.

Barrytown, New York

SONNET #92
by Skogekar Bergbo

Hon kom, all klädd i hvit, in with dhen låge stranden
1 föllle aff andra tre och säkté vathet svalt,
Der som het war måst lungt och grunt och ret noch smallt,
Dher som het war måst klart uhtofwer skåra sanden.

Som är kring Målars haf. Til the lustfulla 'anden
The had' en lögpealst i smärenvärman nu,
Nu til ett tijdh förfrıf hwar mannan öfveralt,
Medh kläderen up til kna hwar annan hölt i handen.

Snart ladés klädrent af, snart squwalpa the och praska
— the lilliehwijta lär och been nu vållras om
— så säk', at ingen ságh och kunde them förrasa,
Når tagh, af skogen tätt vål höld, när in til kom och
— het es kunde förr medh thers willia ske —
Nu fick aff lyckans gyrunst alsmamms noge see.

RAMPIKE

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF BERGBO'S SONNET
by Bengt af Klintberg

She came, all dressed in white, into the low shore
in company with three others, looking for the cool water,
which was most calm and shoal and clean and narrow,
where it was most dear all over the pink sand,

which is around the Lake of Mälär. To these lustful lands
they had come to choose a bathing-place in the summer's heat,
they had persuaded each other to this pastime,
now with their clothes up to their knees they held each others' hands.

Soon their clothes were taken off, soon they leaped and splashed
— their lily-white thighs and legs now wider about —
so sure that no one saw them and could surprise them.

when I, well hidden by the thick forest, came close up to them and — this could not have happened with their will —
now could, by the grace of fortune, carefully see everything.

BERGBO'S 92ND FREELY
by Jackson Mac Low

Ron, come, all clad in white, in with 'em, logit strandin'
in folly of fonder: a three oak socket rather it swelled;
the sum that was messed, lung'd oak (grunt, oak, rent oak't), smelld;
their sum that was messed cleared otherwhere scary sandin';

some sir! cling, Melors' half! Till the lust full o' landin'
the head in lucky places in Somers, where men welled,
now, till it rith more if on, an' earth were tilled,
meth clutterin' upp till kin' er were on, an' buri in handin'.

Snort, ladés clatterin' off, snort!— squaw'll paw the oak: pray ask 'er
— the lily which tallow or oak been new well trashed 'em —
so secret, at ink. 'n' soak oak under, then fair ask 'er,

nary a hag, of a done agin 'et well held, ne'er in till come
oak — that like under meth as Willa a ski —
now fuck off; lickin' 'is gun stalled Sam an' —' is no-good see.

SUMMIT #92
translated by Dick Higgins

And Honey came, with the ale of wheat
from which the loggers strained;
Her mother's off with another trio who seek the wealthy swells,
They're somewhat moist, they 'unge and grunt or tip and smell,
They're somewhat moist, clear only when they send parcels.

So she had a ring from Mälars, till that lustful lad
Had tea in the logging place — it was somewhat warm, he wailed;
Now, till he ate his overripe and overtoasted cheese it was enough,
With clothes-brothers up to him, hollering and holding hands.

Smart ladis are clothes-brothers, smart squaws, too, they practice it—
Their lily-white leers show they've been waitressers—
"Say, Sugar, ain't no one said you could forsake me."

"Now, lago, if you squeeze my tit or hold it till I come—
Ouch! That I can fart with my ass, that you shall see,
Now fuck off with your licking and goosing and saying nothing!"
SONNET #90
A SCARECROW BUGABOO
by Alison Knowles

How come, all clad in white, in wide dense leg a standin’
in folds half angled the ox sat swathed in salt,
Dared some that were most tongued ox grand ox rent ox smart,
Dared some that were most clear, earth over scattered sand,

Some are crying millions have. Tell the lustful landing
They had a lodgeplace in a summerwarmed vault,
new till it tied for life where any offered all,
My children up till now were any whole and handy

Start lads, children all, start swapping the ox prize
— the littlest witch like ox being waltzed on —
So seek her, at Indian sage, ox country them forsaken

Now laugh, as spoken that will hold near intercom
Ox — they are country for my theories willing sake —
new flake of lichens ‘gainst old seamens’ nugget sea.

BERGBO SONNET #92
translated by John Cage

No home, all child it with, in width then logic stranded
in folly, half launder tree oh pocket tacet salt,
red moss that was just length. o grunt oh rent o callet
moss that was just redder, lark rewoven stark in sands,
moss rat brings mailer’s half. Lit the last of all on lands
the day in low places is warm summer tall
untill it death core drift where no one over hamlet
match children lit up ink where no one hill if hands.

Smart ladies’ children have smart polyps, the oh poor you
— the illustrated lark, o been unwaltz rash omm —
so scared at night. Say oh candy them forecast who
near ah, have poking quiet law held near in lit up home,
oh — that they educate for much there as will he ask —
unflicked half snacked, stung all the same as anger mask.

SONNET #92
translated by Miekal And

Yon coma, all clad I write, in wide then logic stranded
I footle eff and ra tree ok shooter weest swart,
their some that war mast lung ok grunt ok rent mecha smelt,
their some that war mast claret ok hoof wear scree sanded.

some are cringe Mailers haft. Till the lustfully linden
they had a logos plait IU samurai war man waltz,
my till edit tide for drift war manana offer tall,
mead clan rein up till chun war Amman hole I handled.

Snort ladies children aft, snort squeal pa the ok prays Chad
— the lily eh Ehig Ta lej ok been mu welters om —
sad shark, at ingene saga ok chutney them for raz Chad,

narc laugh, aft skag an tact wall hold, narc in till coma
ok — that ay chutney for mead their is williaw skew —
mu flie k eff lick and guy nest alter sampons nog see.
TRANSLATION OF SONNET 92 BY SKOGEKÄR BERGBO

by Steve McCaffery

On coming, all clad
in white in
woven long strands
it,
fairly often rather oak sucked
weather swelled their soma that
were missed
(longed ochre grunt rent oak
smelled)
there's some
that were mist coloured (however scarce) and some
who were carrying Mahler’s half.

"Toil the lustful land
and the hardened Logos plates!"

I seem a woman Walt,
new toilet tides for drift and war
an honour foretold, made clay to run up
till never a holy hand on
smart lady’s cauldron of
smart squall up a thick pure ass.

Gather, lily white, a low
rock bean in Walter’s home.

Sea sick or a tension
Saigon can do then,
for asking nearer a fast keg
and taut wall held
— that,
I can’s forbid
there,
as well as I
asking you fuck off
like an ant’s gestalt:
a salmon’s nougat sea.
THE COSMIC TRAIN:
INTERVIEW WITH PEPE TREN
by Juan Opitz and Rosemary Sullivan

"Bounded by cordillera, by the ocean, by the desert, and by the icebergs. There's no way of squeezing out of it. That's how the novelist José Donoso describes his country. And perhaps that's why Chile seems so self-sufficient: a country where people are used to inventing their own reality.

We're heading for San Alfonso in the Cajón del Maipo to visit Pepe Tren. It's not much of a town: a post office, a store, a restaurant. We turn down one of the streets that leads to the Maipo river. The overhanging eucalyptus almost touches hands and gives a sense of a country lane. This was where the hippies sheltered in the sixties. Pepe's house is typical: it could be any age, a country house of cement with iron grill work on the windows. One has the impression of roses and padlocked fences. But on Pepe's adjacent yard is something fantastic: old train wagons, dating back to 1900, and a maze of train tracks backed against the dramatic rise of the cordillera. Pepe's obsession.

Pepe Tren (his real name is José Zagal) is a professor of chemistry and a researcher at the university of Santiago, but he is also a poet, a musician, and a man who loves trains. Six years ago Pepe Tren declared himself President of the Society for Preservation of Railroads in Chile. He scoured the country for old train wagons and eventually found what he wanted in Talca, a city three hours south of Santiago. He hired haulers and got official permission to close the highway in order to lug his coaches to the Cajón. He laid the track and began his work of restoration. Every detail must be authentic, of course, and so he searches the countryside for light fixtures, stained glass for the upper windows of the dining car, carpeting. His trains are a complete house; there is a coach library, dining car, bedroom, all in various stages of completion. He has not yet found a steam engine to pull the coaches -- most have been destroyed -- and now he is constructing one of his own. His train needs passengers, and so he is making mannequins of all his friends. He buys the forms but sculpts the faces himself, and they are uncannily accurate masks of recognizable neighbours. He collects memorabilia, and has caps and buttons from many of the world's famous stations. He is a happy man, working amidst his phantom passengers, playing the Irish bagpipes and constructing his private monument to Chile's history.

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Chilean people are becoming more egotistic now. People used to be very generous but they’re under no pressure to produce, to compete, and they become more self-centered.

R.S.: And how is life in San Alfonso?

P.T.: San Alfonso is a little oasis. If you live in Santiago and come to San Alfonso, you see a completely different attitude towards life. People are more relaxed, more friendly, they share a lot.

R.S.: Do people know each other here?

P.T.: Yes, after six years, I know practically everybody. I still sense that community feeling I used to have in Talca. Everybody shares everything, tools. You go to a neighbour and ask for a hammer or saw. In Santiago you can’t do that. We meet once a month. We have poems about trains. I have one called “Cosmic Train.”

P.T.: Tell me how you formed La Asociacion Chilena de Conservacion del Patrimonio Ferroviario.

P.T.: The Chilean Association for the Conservation of the Railroads was formed when I started this hobby collecting big trains in 1985. I was one of the founders. Its main objective is to stop the scrapping of historically valuable trains, cars, and steam locomotives. In the last ten years all these things have disappeared in Chile: ten years ago there were probably a thousand steam locomotives, now there are less than a hundred, and the few that are left are going to disappear. The Association started with about forty members, now we are about one hundred. We meet once a month. We have achieved goals. We’ve stopped the scrapping. It’s ridiculous. In the U.S. they are buying trains from other countries for tourism and we are destroying ours for scrap iron. That’s happening in most countries. They are trying to recover the engines but it’s too late. In Chile most of our trains were built in America, Japan, and Germany, but several, about twenty, were built in Chilean workshops before the turn of the century. Completely built in Valparaiso and San Bernardo. But somehow that capacity disappeared. I don’t know why.

R.S.: What other poems have you written to trains?

P.T.: I have one called “To the Sublime Trains”: these are the nitrate trains that disappeared in the 1920’s. In the north of Chile where the nitrate mines were, there were many trains, most of them British, serving the mines. The mines had to close down in the great restructuring of the economy in the 1920’s, because they couldn’t compete with the price of materials being produced in Germany. It’s a very nostalgic poem about the nitrate trains. About five years ago I went to the north of the country and wrote the poem. I wrote it on a trip to Copiapo and saw all the empty stations in the desert and the abandoned mines.

R.S.: You came back to Chile in 1978. You lived here under the dictatorship.

P.T.: Yes, because for me, for example, an old train car is not valuable because of the metal it contains. It is valuable because somebody built it a hundred years ago, and it was used and people travelled in it. Its value is not the metal but it can be scrapped and turned into hammers. Looking only at the immediate use of something is wrong. It is like destroying the pyramids to take the blocks of stone out of them because you could build a bridge. That’s ridiculous. A lot of things disappeared completely in the last twenty years because there was no consciousness about preserving things. For example we had trolleys and trams in Santiago. The trolleys were dismantled and now with the pollution problems in Santiago they’re putting the trolleys back. But it was obvious twenty years ago that we were going to have a pollution problem. There’s not a single train in the museum here. We are not very conservative. You don’t see things in our museums like in the museums in Europe.

R.S.: So what are you plans for the trains in your backyard?

P.T.: At present they’re only a private collection but I would like to share my collection with more people. In the future I would like to have some sort of museum that would tell you the story of the trains. I don’t like the idea of a dead museum: trains sitting there and people watching them, but something that would tell you about the people that lived inside, what they did. Railroad people were like sailors. There were a lot of stories and things happening in trains. Things that happened in trains, passenger trains — there were all kinds of trains. There were battles, killings and strikes on trains. People don’t know about it in Chile.


P.T.: Well, there are more talented people writing the history on trains but I can pick up some stories and put them in poems and novels.

R.S.: Will you open your house for people then?

P.T.: I might open my house, but it will take time. There’s a lot of restoring still to do and I would like to have some small HO models on display, showing how a train works actually. Not just for kids to look at. But I’m not talking about the technical side because net a lot of people will get interested in the technical side but rather the history and stories: the people, not the nuts and bolts. A lot of fanatics are only interested in the mechanics. I know how trains work — after all I’m building a steam engine — but I think the stories of the people are more valuable to me than the story of the trains themselves because people built them.

P.T.: Can you tell me one of the stories of when your father took you to the station in Talca when you were a child? Can you remember one of those days?
Miss Algrave
by Clarice Lispector
translated by Alexis Levitin
selected by James Gray
edited by Karl Jirgens

Brazilian writer Clarice Lispector's (1922-1977) first collection of short stories Lacos de Familia was published in 1960. The book included her story, "The Crime of the Mathematics Professor" which appeared in anthologies such as Modern Brazilian Short Stories (William L. Grossman, ed., Univ. S. Calif. Press, 1967). Her other writings include Algun Contos, 1952; her novel, The Apple in the Dark (Knopf), and her more recent Passion according to G.H. - Lispector has been described as a "spiritual" writer with great stylistic integrity. Rampike is greatly pleased to offer Alexis Levitin's translation of Lispector's "Miss Algrave."

She was subject to criticism. Therefore she didn't tell anything to anyone. If she had spoken, they wouldn't have believed her, because they didn't believe in reality. But she, living in London, where ghosts dwell in dark alleys, knew for sure.

Her day on Friday was the same as any other. It only happened Saturday night. But on Friday she did everything as usual. Yet a terrible memory tormented her: when she was little, about seven years old, she had played house with her cousin Jack; in grandpa's big bed they both had done everything they could to have little children, but without success. She had never seen Jack again, nor had she wanted to. If she was guilty, so was he.

Single, of course, a virgin, of course. She lived alone in a small penthouse in Soho. That day she had done her grocery shopping: vegetables and fruits. For to eat meat she considered a sin.

When she passed through Piccadilly Circus and saw the women waiting on street corners for men, she all but vomited. Even worse -- for money! It was too much to take. And that statue of Eros, up there, so indecent.

After lunch she went to work: she was a perfect typist. Her boss never looked over her, and he treated her, fortunately, with respect, calling her Miss Algrave. Her first name was Ruth. She was of Irish descent. A redhead, she wore her hair in a severe knot at the back of her neck. She had a lot of freckles and skin so fair and delicate it seemed of white silk. Her eyelashes were also red. She was a pretty woman.

She was very proud of her figure: generously built and tall. But no one had ever touched her breasts.

She usually dined at an inexpensive restaurant there in Soho. She ate spaghetti with tomato sauce. And she had never entered a pub: the smell of alcohol nauseated her whenever she passed such a place. She felt offended by humanity.

She raised red geraniums which were a glory in springtime. Her father had been a protestant minister, and her mother was still living in Dublin with a married son. Her brother was married to a real slut named Tootie.

Once in a while, Miss Algrave would write a letter of protest to The Times. And they would publish it. She would note her name with much pleasure: "Sincerely, Ruth Algrave."

She took a bath just once a week, on Saturday. In order not to see her body naked, she would leave on her panties and bra.

The day it happened was a Saturday, so she didn't have to go to work. She got up very early and had some Jasmine tea. Then she prayed. Then she went out for some fresh air.

Near the Hotel Savoy she was almost run over. If this had happened and she had died, it would have been awful, for nothing would have happened to her that night. She went to a choir rehearsal. She had a melodious voice. Yes, she was a privileged person.

Afterwards, she went to dinner and allowed herself to order shrimp: it was so good it even seemed a sin.

Then she made her way to Hyde Park and sat down on the grass. She had brought along a Bible to read. But -- may God forgive her -- the sun was so insidious, so good, so hot, that she read nothing, but just remained seated on the ground without the courage to lie down. She tried not to look at the couples that were kissing and caressing, shamelessly, without a care for the eyes of others.

She went home, watered the geraniums, and took a bath. Then she went to visit Mrs. Cabot, who was 97 years old. She brought her a piece of raisin cake and they drank tea. Miss Algrave felt very happy, and yet... And yet.

At seven o'clock she returned home. She had nothing to do. So, she started knitting a sweater for winter. A splendid colour: yellow like the sun.

Before going to sleep, she had some more jasmine tea with biscuits, brushed her teeth, changed her clothes, and tucked into her bed next to the sheer white curtains that she had stitched and hung herself.

It was May. The curtains billowed in the breeze of this singular night. Why singular? She didn't know.

She read a bit in the morning paper and then turned off the lamp at the head of her bed. Through the open window she saw moonlight. It was the light of a full moon.

She sighed a great deal because it was difficult to live alone. Solitude crushed her. It was terrible not to have a soul to speak to. She was the loneliest creature she knew. Even Mrs. Cabot had a cat, Ruth Algrave didn't have any pet at all. Pets were too bestial for her taste. She didn't have a television either, for two reasons: she couldn't afford one,
and she didn’t wish to sit watching the immoralties that appeared on the T.V. On Mrs. Cabel’s television she had seen a man kissing a woman on the mouth. And this without any mention of the transmission of germs. Oh, she if she could, she would write a stern letter of protest to The Times every day. But it didn’t seem to do any good to protest, or so it seemed. Shamelessness was in the air. She had even observed a dog with a bitch. She had been much struck by it. But, if God wished it so, then so be it. But, she reflected, no one would ever touch her. She continued to endure her solitude.

Even children were immoral. They were to be avoided. And she greatly regretted having been born out of the inheritance of her father and mother. She was ashamed at their lack of shame.

She left grains of rice at her window, pigeons would visit. Sometimes they entered the room. They were sent by God. Innocent. Cooking. But it was almost immoral, that cooking, though less so than seeing an almost naked woman on television. Tomorrow, without fail, she was going to write a letter protesting the evil ways of that accursed city, London! She had once seen a line of addicts outside a pharmacy waiting for their turn to get a shot. How could the Queen condone this? A mystery. She would write another letter denouncing the Queen herself. She wrote well, without any grammatical errors, and typed the letters on the typewriter at the office when she had free time. Mr. Clairson, her boss, highly praised her published letters. He said that she might become a writer, some day. She was proud and grateful.

That’s how she was lying in bed, with her solitude. However, it was then that it happened. She felt that something that wasn’t a pigeon had come in through the window. She was afraid. She called out:

"Who is it?"
And the answer came in the form of a breeze:

"I am an I.

"Who are you?" she asked, trembling...

"I have come from Saturn – to love you..."

"But I see nobody!" she cried.

"What matters is that you can feel me..." And she really did feel him. She felt an electric shiver. 

"What is your name?" she asked in fear.

"It hardly matters..."

"But I want to say your name!"

"Call me Ixtlan."

Thesys was an understanding in Sanskrit. His cool lizard touch gave her goose-flesh. Ixtlan’s head was crowned with interlacing snakes tamed by the prospect of imminent death. The cape covering his body was of woven purple, low-grade gold and coagulated amaranth.

He said: "Get undressed."

She removed her nightgown. The moon rose huge within the room. Ixtlan was small, white. He lay beside her on the metal bed and placed his hands upon her breasts. Black roses. The sensation was strange, too good. She feared it might end. It was as though a cripple had tossed his cane into the air.

She sighed and spoke to Ixtlan:

"I love you, darling, my love!"

And – yes, it happened, she didn’t want it to end, ever. How good it was, how good. She wanted, more and more and more. She breathed, "Take me!" and "I offer myself to you..."

It was the triumph of the here and now.

He asked: "When will you come back?"

Ixtlan answered: "At the next full moon."

"But I can’t wait that long!"

"That’s how it is," he replied, almost coolly.

"Will I be expecting a baby?"

"No."

"But I’ll die from missing you! What can I do?"

"Get used to it."

He arose, kissed her forehead chastely and departed through the window.

She sobbed softly. She was a sad violin without a bow. The proof this all had really happened was she blood-stained sheet. She kept it without washing it, so she could show it to anyone who might not believe her.

She watched the new day dawn, all in pink. In the fog, the first little birds began sweetly chirping, not yet stirred to a commotion.

She loved him and waited ardently for the next full moon. She didn’t wish to bathe for fear of washing away the taste of Ixtlan. With him it was not sin, it was delight. She no longer wished to write letters of protest: she protested no longer.

And she no longer went to Church. She felt fulfilled. She had, a husband. So, on Sunday, at the dinner hour, she ate filet mignon with potato puree. The rice meat, slightly bloody, was excellent. She drank red Italian wine. She felt privileged. She had been chosen by a being from Saturn. She had asked him why he had chosen her. He had said it was because she was the redheaded and a virgin. She felt bestial. She no longer found animals repulsive. Those who sang with more vigour than ever, and was not surprised when she was chosen the soloist. She sang her Valletta. Like so: Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Later, she went to Hyde Park and lay down on the warm grass opening her legs somewhat to permit entry to the sun. Being a woman was something superb. Only a woman could understand. But she wondered: "Could it be that I’ll have to pay a high price for my happiness?" She didn’t worry. She would pay all that she had to pay. She had always been happy and always been unhappy. And now unhappiness had ended. "Ixtlan! Come quickly! I can’t wait any longer! Come! Come! Come!"

She wondered: "Could it be he likes me because I am a bit cross-eyed? At the next full moon she would ask him. If it were true, she had no doubt, it would force her hand and she would make herself completely cross-eyed. Ixtlan, anything you want me to do, I’ll do. Only I’m dying of longing. Come back my love."

Yes. But, she did something that was a betrayal. All the same, Ixtlan would understand and forgive her. After all, one had to do what one could, no? It happened as follows: unable to stand it any longer, she walked over to Piccadilly Circus and approached a long-haired young man. She took him up to her room.

She told him he didn’t have to pay. But he insisted and, before going off, left an entire pound note on the night table. In fact, she needed the money. She became furious, however, when he refused to believe her story. She showed him, almost under his nose, the blood-stained sheet. He laughed at her.

On Monday morning, she made up her mind; she wouldn’t work any longer as a typist, she had other gifts. Mr. Clairson could go to hell. She was going to take to the streets and bring men up to her room. How good she was in bed. They would pay her exceedingly. She wanted to buy a bright red dress with the blood-stained sheet. She had let her hair down so that it was a beauty of redness.

She had learned that she was very valuable. If Mr. Clairson, that hypocrite, wanted her to go on working for him, it would be in quite a different way.

First she would buy herself a low-cut red dress and then go to the office, arriving, on purpose, for the first time in her life, very late. And this is what she would say to her boss:

"Enough of that typing! And you, don’t give me your phoney manners, you fraud. You want to learn something? Go to bed with me, you fatuous twerp. And while you’re at it, give me a hike in salary – you old skinflint!"

She was certain that he would accept. She was married to a pale, insignificant woman, Jean, and had an amnesic daughter, Lucy. "He’ll enjoy himself with me, that old son-of-a-bitch!"

And when the full moon arrived – she would bathe, and purify herself of all those men, and prepare to feast, with Ixtlan.

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**INSIDE YOUR CAVERNS**

Translated by Cola Franzen from:

*Trampantojos: Ediciones Alfaguara, Madrid,* by Saúl Yurkievich

...loaded down with dreadful visions, with rancorous visitants, irrepressible, the stampede erupts inside your costrate brain, ball of lava, anguish expands its imperious empire, besieges you and devastates you, pililess, cuts you down, wipes out all bonazas, all luck revolted and with its shadowy renum implants itself, sovereign-like, penetrates your caverns, whelms the boiling cauldron, kindles the fires of fear, buries you in them, wretched, loosens over you the devouring cohorts and whatever wounds, whatever lacerates, suddenly, hidden tumult, your turbulent dwindries you, your wis turn into crab-infested quagmire, your mind is millisone, mortifying mortar, drying opens up penitent and your wreckage flies by, your infernal carnival, your parade of scarecrows that choke the life out of you, embitter your flesh, sting you, covered with slime you linger in this hour of rales, never ending, last gasp black and searing... A morning sunbeam penetrates the blind, pierces the heart of your vampire.

So long, monsters, see you tomorrow.
In November of 1995, Raymond Souster was honoured by being awarded the Order of Canada. Ray Souster has always had a concern for the future of Canadian literature and particularly Canadian poetry. One of Souster’s aims as founder and editor of the “little magazine” Direction (1943-46), Contact (1952-54) and Combustion (1957-60), was to nurture new Canadian talent by introducing it next to more established writers from Canada and the United States. The most important and influential of the three magazines was Contact, which served well as an alternative to the progressively conservative Northern Review operated in Montreal by friends of the author. Souster offered a vehicle for unconventional or experimental literary expression that was free from the restrictions of the lyric form. The press gave talented young writers the opportunity to get their work into print, many of whom were unable to get their work published by mainstream houses such as Ryerson Press or Macmillan. Among some of the Canadian writers to be published by Contact Press, in either books of their own or anthologies such as New Wave Canada and Beyond Atwood, Margaret Atwood, Charles Olsen, Paul Mathieu, Robert Creeley and Cid Corman. In Combustion be published Gregory Corso, Robert Duncan, Theodore Enslin, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg and LeRoi Jones (see also: Contemporary Authors Autobiographical Series, 314-15).

Souster made a name for himself as a publisher and anthologist when, in 1952, he co-founded Contact Press with fellow poets Louis Dudek and Irving Layton. Contact Press was a forerunner in the history of small press publishing in Canada, a precursor to the many small but successful presses today, among them Anansi, Black Moss, Borealis, Coach House, Dundurn, Oberon, Porcupine, Porcupine’s Quill, Tidalbooks, Turnstone and Vehicle, to name just a few. A mandate for Contact press was in keeping with Souster’s preference for new poetry that was experimental and free from the restrictions of the lyric form. The press gave talented young writers the opportunity to get their work into print, many of whom were unable to get their work published by mainstream houses such as Ryerson Press or Macmillan. Among some of the Canadian writers to be published by Contact Press, in either books of their own or anthologies such as New Wave Canada and Beyond Atwood, Margaret Atwood, Charles Olsen, Paul Mathieu, Robert Creeley and Cid Corman. In Combustion be published Gregory Corso, Robert Duncan, Theodore Enslin, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg and LeRoi Jones (see also: Contemporary Authors Autobiographical Series, 314-15).

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type. He goes along... he takes the manuscript to my poet and he'll correct it as he puts it into type and so when I get the proofs this has been changed and that has been changed. If I don't like it I can put the original back but usually the changes are so good that I usually go along with it. This is disconcerting to a lot of people, they don't want their work changed. I can tell you a story about... who's that author, that novelist in New Brunswick who writes about the Miramichi?

CT: David Adams Richards.

RS: Yes, Richards submitted his first novel to Michael and Michael set it up in type and used that system where he makes changes as he goes along. So when Richards got the book back he wrote back and said “change everything back so just the way I had it.” And Michael had to start all over again.

CT: Well publishing houses are so structured, so controlled these days. It's good that you're with a smaller press and that you can work so closely with them.

RS: Yeah, it has its advantages, and of course I've been publishing almost every year, book after book. And that's just not happening now with anybody, even if they had the work ready. Maybe some of the smaller presses can manage it, like Coach House, but McClelland & Stewart are very stingy about poetry books, and it's getting worse as you can tell by what's coming out. Sorry to digress, what else?

CT: I've noticed that the reading public and even the viewing public, if you want to talk about television has become so voyeuristic As a poet who writes on a very personal level sometimes, how does this make you feel, does it change the way you write?

RS: Well it doesn't bother me because nobody is very interested publicly in my work and nobody's writing about it, so I can just go ahead and do what I want and nobody bothers me. But I see the trend of interviews now, and the writers encourage that too. Maybe they should stand off a little more, but most writers like an audience and the like being on stage and in the spotlight. That's part of being an author for a lot of people. A big part.

CT: When you write do you imagine an audience or do you write for yourself?

RS: For myself (for my enjoyment), and for a handful of people that I keep in mind, four or five people. I correspond loosely with about four or five poets across Canada. They're in my age range and they know where I'm coming from. That's the problem when you are still writing in your 70's, your points of reference are different. What interests you may have happened in the 50's or during World War II. And the younger people who might be your audience today weren't even around then. This Colonial poem... how many people, who are around today, have even heard of the place?

CT: Well, when I read your poetry I began to feel connected to the Toronto of the past, the good old days when things were simpler. You write about the west-end of Toronto, the Humber River, Jane Street Loop, Lakeshore Boulevard, and downtown too, Bay and College Street and so on. You write about places in Toronto that I'm too young to remember, but you write about them so authentically and movingly...

RS: Well, I hope you will go back and find out about the past.

CT: Right, through your poetry. I feel part of those things too.

RS: I guess I have a very strong sense of Toronto and this country. That isn't too fashionable these days either. Well, everything is negative and you can't blame the younger generation for being negative because they haven't got that much going for them. If they're going to do anything they've got to do it by the seat of their pants. They aren't going to get much help from anyone. It's a tough world. My world was an ordered world where you worked at the bank and nobody thought of getting fired unless you were laid off or stole some money or did something unbelievable. All of that has changed.

CT: Toronto is getting larger and larger, and more diversified culturally and ethnically, and because of this there is no sense of a unified community that shares common values and beliefs, so I think that the emphasis on the individual in society, on individual writers as opposed to a community or school of writers is the result of the changing dynamics of the city and of the country.

RS: Yes, I think so. I guess there are some communities that still feel that, that sense of community, like the Beaches. But it gets harder all of the time. That's the problem for the country and for the future. Maybe all races could come together and maybe race won't matter in another 50 years. And we're still a city, and so on. And maybe more intermarrying, that's the hope for the future. I don't know how valid that is. This British tradition, it's pretty much dead. I think some of the values survive. But there are new laws. Whether we like it or not. We envy the United States in a lot of ways, but we keep at joining them or taking on some of their characteristics. They're gradually wearing us down. Americans are very nice people, they are very friendly. At least I've felt that as individuals, but as a mass they react differently. I guess the whole country was born out of violence and they have never shaken that. They had their Civil War which proved nothing and they still haven't gotten over that I think. And here we've been going along quietly just making constitutional changes. The biggest event was the comic opera of William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis-Joseph Papineau. An event like burning the parliament buildings in Quebec City was one of the biggest events in our past. But there is no history of real violence.

CT: I suppose that the FLQ Crisis is probably one of the biggest events.

RS: Yes, but that was largely artificially created. I think the Quebec government had a shaky hold on things so they thought if they instated the war measures act they could throw the ringleaders and intellectuals in jail. I guess it worked. The independent Quebec that we see today was born then. I don't know what's going to happen next.

CT: Do you ever look at your writing as historical documentation or historical fiction? When I read your poetry I think about how revealing it could be to those younger than yourself in regard to connecting them to the past.

RS: I think that's what I want to do. I'm enthusiastic about it and I try to convey this in my poetry. We have events in our past that are lively and worthwhile. A lot of people sacrificed a lot to bring us to where we are.

Overheard in Tiananmen Square by Ray Souster

"These hundreds of workers in the Square today, why do they labour so long and so hard?"

"It's merely one phase or our routine maintenance of the Square, so necessary to keep unspoilt this jewel of our city."

"Some men with scrubbing brushes appear to be trying to remove a big patch of blood etched into the pavement."

"I'm afraid your eyes deceive you. The students who held rallies here this past week made many signs and banners, and no doubt some careless boy or girl missed with their over-busy spraying or overturned a can of paint; then with youthful bravado left their calling card for all to see."

"Can you comment on the fact that the hospitals are bursting with wounded and dying, students, workers, even children-- was there any violence here?"

"It cannot be too highly emphasized that although our troops were stoned, then even fire-bombed by hoodlums, with many young counter-revolutionaries even threatening the use of arms, officers of our glorious Red Army showing amazing restraint, gave no orders to the troops to fire."

"Some observers couldn't help but notice several great mounds of student corpses horribly intermingled with their bicycles, their school books, their blankets."

"Sir, the darkness and confusion in the Square played tricks with both eyes and cameras; what you speak of were innocent students huddled tightly together to keep warm, with many of them dozing off so peacefully that a casual observer in the dim light might easily have mistaken them for the faces of the holy dead."

[On June 4th 1989 an estimated 3000 demonstrators were killed in Tiananmen Square -- Ed.]
XXX
by Andra Nieburga
Translated by Banuta Rubess,
Edited by Karl Jirgens
Andra Nieburga is an active writer living in Riga, Latvia. Her work has rarely been published in English. Rampike is pleased to offer Banuta Rubess’s translation of Nieburga’s apocalyptic text “XXX.”

Time doesn’t fly, it storms. The future’s dusted with yesterday’s ashes. Insane musical notes deny melody, colour belies form. Paper-thin people shuffle past one another, the earth itself is flat. The screen’s dimensions, a shadow play.

Paper dolls squall for liberty and smother in shrouds of flags.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE
Fate. Pain. Indifference.

Moscow teenagers play inside elevator shafts permitting the cabins to smear them against the walls, in Lima they ride the train tops ducking electrical lines. Flights of passion, intoxicating falls. Mothers give birth in the attics of abandoned houses, claw holes in sawdust for their stillborn.

Black children, stomachs distended wish hunger, yellow children torn by bullets, white children beneath the treads of tanks.

You are slain for your nationality, you slain are for your faith, you slain are for a cigarette.

AND THE EARTH WAS WITHOUT FORM, AND VOID
A stone thrown toward heaven always returns to earth, a dying man -- a child’s mind.

Tears and blood are physiological fluids. Thousands of troops march in ant tracks, crossing the earth in an imagined order. A hydrocephalitic homunculus fingers holes in the sky and, with idiot giggling toys with rockets. Homo ludens -- imbecile civilized senility.

THE EARTH COUGHS BLOOD
Throughout the centuries, book pyres burn, human pyres burn, but holyday illuminations are the brightest of these fires. Humanity’s discreet charm, with a crocodile purse on the road to nowhere. Babylon, mother of harlots, dances on the last night, gyrating her naked ass while chewing gum, the hearts of nations melt like tin in her neon-dazzling eyes.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD
Millions pray for the Word, but know it not; whosoever remembers the Word will be Christ. But, “Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.” Father kills Son and from that hour, the blood of sacrifice blossoms on our lips, murder is justified in the name of a cause.

DUST STORMS, ASH STORMS, SOUL STORMS
The last Chinese emperor weeps in Stalin’s death camp, neither Allah nor Mohammed came to aid the Kurds, Fortune [Laima] wanders Latvia empty-handed. The sky, an oil-stained rag, and in flight there, the souls of dead birds. Wells burn, Wormwood falls, and the third part of the waters are made bitter, the sun a sackcloth of hair (ashes permeate your eyes, your mouth -- inferno: the mother of order -- in moonlight bounds Anubis, the hound of darkness, over fields of white ash, this symphony of silence).

THOU SHALT NOT KILL
Moloch gorges on children, snacking his toothless gums. The Beast vomits his guts, and the jackals of humanity, the artists, whine as they tear at the smoking intestines.

Alchemists turn gold into blood, idiots search for the Holy Grail, Christ has no wish to be sacrificed again, the world shakes at the sound of red laughter.

Snow never melts in the eye-sockets of the dead. Slaughter is the mother of order.

KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED
Flies buzz Babel’s lap, milk sours in mothers’ breasts, masses howl for narcotics, Bread, Booze, Liberty! I fear the highways and the black forests, the subway and the submarine, electricity and fire, but the planets dance in endless harmony, supernova conflagrations are merely notes in a cosmic overture.

The earth is void and formless.

THOSE THAT HAVE EARS, LET THEM HEAR.

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* Wormwood, La-anah in Hebrew, Abisinthos in Greek, Chernobyl in Russian; the star that is predicted to fall in the Book of Revelations 8:11 at the opening of the seventh seal (following the trumpet of the third of four angels) resulting in the poisoning of one-third of the earth’s waters.

** “red laughter” a reference to a Leonid Andreyev’s novel Red Laughter (1904), and an allusion to a quotation from that book; “When the world has lost her mind, she starts to laugh like this. Surely you know the world has lost her mind. All the flowers and songs are gone, the world has become round, smooth and red, like a skinned head.”
"Today's News" by G. Kajons

"Your lottery dollars help strengthen the nation" by G. Kajons

"Solace in prayer" by G. Kajons

"Let us return to our ancient roots" by G. Kajons

"Old age" by G. Kajons
"Civic Instruction" by V. Kleins

"Artschool" by V. Kleins
Excerpt from:

**THE SIBERIA BOOK**
by Aleksandrs Pelecis
translated with prefatory note by Karlis Edwards Jirgens

Author Alexander Pelecis spent twenty-five years in the Soviet Gulag, living a hero's life, though not by choice. For Pelecis, as for Solzhenitsyn, the world as he knew it ended suddenly one day. Shortly after the publication of a poem came a knock at the door, and he was arrested, tried and sentenced to the distant Gulag for literary crimes against the state. Several years after his release, I wrote to him and he responded with kindness, asking only that his words be spread, so that his promise to the dead could be partly fulfilled. He died shortly after in October of 1995. These words are part of a series of translations from his journal: *Sibirija Gramata* [*The Siberia Book: Latvian Press Biedrība* 1993. Available in Latvian in the USA - Library of Congress Card 92-74960]).

Upon departure I am stripped of all save the clothes I wear and even these are stripped of zippers, buttons. Save one. The fellow working at the prison in Riga, chose that generous day, and belt one button on the trouser front, a small act of kindness that the high voltage hangmen, and so, perhaps saved my life. A week on the train amid piss and shit and others that stink and fear as much as I. The first time behind the wire bars is instructive. I am asked to fetch some wood that has been pre-cut. It seems simple, almost thoughtful, until my little crew is taken to a pile of timbers in the blackfly woods. Each log, is just heavy enough to require the full strength of three men, the timbers to be carried on shoulder across a mile or two of tundra and muskeg, an imbalance or stumble causes the log to fall, and precious calories are spent upon raising it up again to shoulder height. I notice that some men hold their trousers up with their hands, the buttons, zippers, belts have all been removed. The value of a belt is beyond comprehension. Strings or safety pins are highly marketable items. I watch the others struggle. I feel an idiot joy for my single button. Food, is offered at a subsistence level, and eventually all will die from malnutrition, unless they learn to adapt quickly. Gruel the daily food.

"Sunalties," I ask, "what happens on Sundays? Do we have a day of rest?" The guard laughs, "Of course, on Sundays, the task is much lighter, no logs to carry then." I endure until the end of the week, when I learn the task is now to bury bodies. Three stiffs to a grave, to save time in digging and wood in the making of markers. The earth is rock hard. The shovel ineffectual. The guard is heavy and armed with a sub-machine gun and metal teeth. He laughingly gives me what they call the "pencil," a rod of steel with sharpened point for hacking the permafrost. This work turns out to be harder and sadder than the daily routine, by Sunday noon we look forward to hauling timbers.

There is a black market here, as in other places, and so, to survive, I approach the King of Thieves. The bargain is simple. I trade my jacket for paper and pencil. Such paper! The remnants of a Portland cement bag imported from the United States. Still, with its many veiners it serves well, more of a charm than anything, nonetheless it serves, although I amnoy the minor thieves with constant borrowings of a pocheknife to sharpen it. My letters are small brown squares folded diagonally and with some extra polish them. We affectionately dubbed these frozen monoliths, "The Marbles of Bolshevism." It is our job to use the "pencils," the 2 metre crowbars. to remove these columns. This evening we are dragged from our barracks. The wind is high, howling. Guards show us nudity. Something is up. They assemble us in the compound, some wear coats, some no coats. We stand for an interminable time, the wind rips through us, our clothes flagging like the feathers of crows caught in a storm. The temperature is -38°. There is a camp regulation that if it drops to -40°, then we are relieved. Our feet paw the earth. The issue black canvas top basketball shoes from America could never have been meant for this. After a while the commissar addresses us with ambiguous questions, accusations. "Who has done this deed?" His anger ignites. "I will teach you to love your motherland!" Here, I am your Czar and God! You will remain standing all night until someone confesses!" The crime remains un-named. We stand, unknowing. Some grin, some have trouble breathing, standing, lean against others. Finally, the guards had forth a frozen figure under burlap. It is human. Another ruff. So what. But perhaps a murdered guard? Unthinkable. No point, only punishment for such things. They place it in front of us. Oddly it stands by itself. They pull the burlap off. A marble monolith, but re-shaped into a statue of the commissar, uniformed, complete with scar, patch over the eye, war medals on the chest. Quite excellent. In the heroic realist style. One arm akimbo, looking slightly upward. It looks like marble. Some begin to chuckle knowingly. Others catch on. The commisar holds a blue street, a machine-gun volley passes over our heads, but we can't stop laughing, our group is in disarray, some bending over with laughter. Some artist has expressed himself. We'll pay for this. But for now, we laugh. After several frozen hours, we are rudely returned to our barracks. Several have died waiting.

The winter wind is death. Nightmare visions keep repeating. Tanks approach the barbwire, locked from outside after curfew. Mortars open fire, screen from within soon crushed beneath the treads. Screaming voices in the night. Exterminations. This broken kaleidoscope. A broken symmetry, the spirit torn on multi-coloured shreds of glass. Of the day of the Constitutional Celebration amazement at music being played. Amid the "festivities" unexpectedly a door bursts open, a young woman bursts out of the guardroom, scream on her lips, hair disheveled, clothes torn, half-naked, throws herself on the high voltage barbed wire, hangs there, body trembling under the charge long after, both hands frozen in a death grip, the smell of searing flesh. She hangs until daybreak. Cutting off the voltage also means shutting off the searchlights, and electricity to the fence. This can't be done. The fence is several kilometers long, there might be an opening. Tonight she hangs, electric Fatima waiting for day, waiting for the sun, the glass of the broken kaleidoscope.

Alexander Pelecis was released after twenty-five years. With Stalin dead, the Gulag became more or less irrelevant. He was not informed of the imminent release. The authorities pressured him to sign a document pleading guilty to political dissidence and crimes against the state. He refused on the grounds that his only crime was to tell the truth through poetry. On the next day, he was shot. Shocked to receive his release papers, he learned that the papers were to be turned free in any case. He was issued another second hand items of clothing and put on the train back to Riga, Latvia. Little remained of his original garments save the button that had been spared in a capricious moment (Ed. KJ).
PURGE & RECLUSUS
from: The Once upon a Time Stories of Opal Louis Nations

Once upon a time in a far distant land lay two villages spaced no more than a couple of miles apart. The villagers of Briskly worshipped the God Purge. Purge was the God of sprinting so the Briskers ran a lot and kept fairly healthy and trim. A system of tribute was worked out whereby all did their share of active praise once a day. Young children between the ages of four and ten ran between seven and eight every morning, including weekends; youngsters between eleven and thirteen, between eight and nine a.m. Teens legged it between ten and eleven and young adults an hour thereafter so that all puffed and perspired in the name of Purge. Folks over thirty usually did an hour stint in the afternoon but this excluded senior citizens who were ascended thirty minutes each day before tea time. Everyone ran on weekends which greatly troubled the folks of neighbouring Squatford who had to endure wave upon wave of sweaty bodies as they stomped and wheezed through their neighbourhood without rest during the daylight hours.

Now the villagers of Squatford worshipped an equally singular God. The Squatties’ God was called Reclusius, and the people worshipped Reclusius by keeping with them at all times during the day a folding chair or seat. This meant that on the hour every hour, from sun-up to sundown, the Squatties would break out their chairs, seats, stools, couches, and recliners upon which for a period of ten minutes they would quietly sit cross-eyed and bolt upright in reverence to their almighty God – Reclusius (later referred to as the patron saint of all couch potatoes). Sometimes Squatties would squat directly in the path of ongoing sweaty Briskers, and as was considered courtesy at this time, the Briskers would skirt around. Tension gradually increased. The Squatties were cheesed off with the constant thomp-thomp of feet and agonizing gasps for breath. The Briskers were nigged with having to run an obstacle course ever day. The trouble started when Fred W. Dormant, a Squattie upholsterer, stuck out his foot just as an unsuspecting Brisker, one Percy Lint, a sweatband sainsman, was jogging by. Dormant went Percy in the mud, his nose and knees covered in tack. Percy swore revenge, and that was how it all started. That evening Percy and his pals gathered in a secret meeting at one of the many giant sneaker and sweatsuit supermarkets. Almost all the working folkweekabouts were employed in the sportsware business. Late the next night, a bunch of Briskers broke into a Squattie furniture and upholstery warehouse and vandalized the place. Nos a single stick of furniture survived. From then on it was outright war. Rows of cross-eyed Squatties blocked all roads and paths. Squads of Briskers formed raiding parties while others stayed at home indoors worshiping quietly on expensive pieces of NordicTrack. The regional economy slumped as factory warehouses and retail outlets burned to the ground. Out of work people were starving. Some were desperate and with the constant thomp-thomp of feet and agonizing gasps for breath. The Briskers were niggled with having to run an obstacle course ever day.

The dream you embark on repressions voids expression and the discursive voice burying you convoluted into absorption all these words random obscuring ongms the signs are the metaphors. . . . . .

Bumbo, which is by Devon Eastland

seeing it all still
tree-climbers, a native of the Moluccas; also: this tree, covered in dense rank colored fur with shiny brown eyes

stirring up a new batch of bumbo from the kitchen which is a drink that produces sweet vision of a nut brown complexion

Pleasant ground, sweet, black, rotten, and mellowed

wear my biter

bumbo’s only sweet description

rum, sugar, water, nutmeg

a hard aromatic seed covered in sweet stick viscid dunder

a leafless fleshy acrum furnished with pointed scales feeding chiefly on the larvae of bees and wasps and ideally sweet when drawn from late honey drunk by the poto or kinkajou’s large luminous yellow eyes and soft woolly yellowish brown fur

the bumbo is ready

CODE 7
(excerpts from a novel in progress)
by Robert Anderson

In the apocalyptic language of time, desire voids the vanity of the word/ward.

"Unwritten madness to be picked like plums, reaping the visionary white page/pain."

"Images of dry fingers touching sagging breasts. The mechanisms of eternity break down. Pronouns fall. A voice without memory or restraint. Being and dying only textual changes."

"The dream you embark on repressions voids expression and the discursive voice burying you convoluted into absorption all these words random obscuring ongms the signs are the metaphors."

Worn out carpets, narrow beds and the sea at your feet. Hallucinations of skin and feminine lips motivating repetitions of anger breaking night so the damned imagination, the neurological signal of the fiction... the manic drift to another time/space... no fear of conception... the death you left behind... bibliographic information on acid free paper.

"Born in the past tens, torn through the spiral. When nothing’s contained, nothing’s left to destroy."

The angels are real in this dream, moving with precision, fingers wet to touch.

"Nameless ladies obscured from gravity... the black hole where no sex breeds... pure thighs and ribbons in their curly hair."

"Pain/dissolution."

"On the returning. Meaning the past. Opaque eyes painted with a canvas with self-referential phrases. Visual and sonic delights become incestuous outside of memory. In here, naked soldiers in tents survive the dead revolution."

"Your strength texture, nine textual to evade narrative predetermination/corpses without bones."

"This purgatory makes girls anorexic. Throbbing flesh/praying for a new mythology/living this sickness. Saints devouring their invisible selves."

"The raw, prodding tongue: desire chemically produced, a contemporary silent movie kiss."

"I don’t care if these walls covered in fingerprints are beige or off-white."

"No experience exists outside this disfigured womb... . . . . . . . . . . . "

XXX XXX

Waking up beside a red plastic suitcase at my bedside. In a hospital you try to make connections. Not like now. Images hypnotizing, hypothesizing, making light fall into a well and re the voyager entering into a story I can’t possibly write so I being to rewrite it this Sunday afternoon drinking Ethiopian coffee sitting at a window in a coffee shop with a dalmation dog lying beside me on the floor. Memories of dreams I could never have possibly dreamt. A faculty of the mind outside of mathematical language... no evidence/no verdict. In a sleeping dream I wake up dead and there’s still no relief... seen from the window, a sign on the sidewalk:

Jewellery by Maurice Ltd.
Buyers and Sellers of Antique and Estate
jewellery, Gold, Diamonds, Watches.
* Gemologist Appraisals (same day) $20.
* Immediate Cash
* Loans
* Custom Designs
* Repairs Expertly Done
* Free Verbal Appraisals

A lexicon of words undistorted. Black lettering on a white wooden board. Making lists to avoid an elaborate rhetoric of phrasing, a hierarchy of sentences and paragraphs. A signifying system acknowledging it own materiality as discourse, offering instant gratification. The promise of a verbal appraisal – mocking offered, in a final line, as “free” – satisfying the need for a desired authoritative presence; an illusion of being and existence through a subject position. I saw you wearing makeup only once: the first time we went out. Through the unconscious wake of night, my obsessiveness nurtured in your sunless nursery. Necessity beckoned to reclaim a ghost written past. Unlike words on a sign in the street, the intrinsic value of your duplicity I misread through desire. A dream I’ve repressed liquidated like a ring from a cold finger.

"Outside the hospital, every word changes, meanings shift. Like a Shaman knowing the terror, conjuring images of a degrading love, I write prescriptions as love letters to send to you."

"I spent a half hour one day in the hospital trying to open a gingerale can with my baby finger."
Motions of Text
by Chris Belsito

i
motions of text
subtle suggestions
lost in words
or letters in motion
mot ions
of life
electric
in presence
awake
from sleep
placed on page
in meaning
symbolic order
stripped
from the exclusiveness
of thought
chemical
in content
signifies
what’s signified
unified
as the sign’s I
dead from the moment of life
frozen as it breathes
life into new chemicals
creating replacement thought
that differs
and defers
the context of its vortex
its world
defies itself

ii
roots
spawning growth
above designs
awning in rows
overt signs
secret
secretly posted
on wood
for post’s would
secrete
woe
edeceded

iii
mood swings
mood’s wings
wood sings
my dreams
awake
a wake
to emphasize life
to them phases of you
flutter on
on own
one opportunity
a porte tune and tea
that we leave through
leaf through
troughs
off into space
at a toe’s pace
to spacial
face

iv
protect yourself with words
preferably
mor
pheme
s
or
ph o n e
mes
or
o’s
o’e
oh ward off the enemy
trap them in cycles of circles
entrapping them in the textuality of the text
utility
or just be a coward
a cow herd
cow heard echoes
choes
hoes
oes
es
s

v
interrupts
in eruptions
erupts
enter
up to her
up
interlocks
locked
in her looks
him
looks to her locks

vi
intransitive
in transit if
in trance
it’s as if intra ants
in trains
sit if there’s room
it ran
sit if you like
by the entrance
the sentence
sent and
scent dance
cer ants make a dollar
in doll hair
all hair
all air
a lair
for a liar
or a lion
all ion
all I own
I owe
I O
u
double
BLOCKED
by Helen Lovekin

I was a bit nervous the first time I went to an auction. I didn’t really understand the bidding process and was under the impression that an ill-timed gesture, say scratching one’s nose or waving to a friend, could be mistaken for a bid and cost a small fortune. I hear stories about such incidents all the time although I doubt if they’re all true.

The salon where the lot I was interested in was crowded and bidding was expected to be brisk. Strangers jostled and squashed one another in their quest for a good seat with clear sight lines.

"She has her father’s nose," I heard an old womanish voice whisper in reference to me. The bidding had started.

"And her mother’s chin," the auctioneer added in an effort to nudge up the bidding. "And of course we have that healthy, thick auburn hair so reminiscent of her grandmother’s," he continued.

I felt a jab in the ribs that soon developed into an incessant poking. From the corner of my eye I could see that the culprit was an emu.

"Bid on them," the emu whispered without moving its lips. "Bid on your bids before the price gets too high."

"...Father’s nose...", I heard the quavering voice of the old woman shout out following the auctioneer’s intonation, "going, going,..." At the emu’s urging I jumped into the fray and outbid the old woman for my nose. The bidding was moderately active over my hair but the competition for my chin was intense owing to its rare maternal provenance, and I threw myself into the auction with enough passion and acumen to rival any of the more experienced collectors. My chin was an expensive acquisition but I found sufficient resources and maintained sole ownership of it and my nose and hair to this day. During the break between the lots being auctioned I went over to the emu to thank it for enlightening me on the workings of the sale. The emu was there with a quail who was keen to repossess his delicate crest feathers. The hat that presently wore the feathers was about to be put on the block, I thanked the emu again and wished the quail as much luck with his feathers as I had had with my body bits.

"Someone is always trying to redistribute us," I said to the quail, and we sympathized for a moment before parting. Recently, an individual told me that I had the same eyes as my brother, but I simply ignored the remark. Quite apart from the fact that we have our own eyes and never share them, my brother told me only the other day that his pair were non-negotiable for the rest of the season.

ORACLE OF DOG
by Gary Barwin

its a rather exclusive club but no-one notices when i walk into the room. i’m handed a martini, i look at it.

a well-dressed man walks up to me. hello, he says, do i know you?

when immersed in water, i say, my body & soul are like two small tablets dissolving, sending a morse code of perfect bubbles to the surface. one by one, the trapped voices of masters calling their dogs are released to the air. here fido, here rover, here rex.

oh i know who you are, the man says, you must be one of the waterloo joneses or else you’re the furnace repair man.

actually, i reply, my soul is red fire wrapped in the olive flesh of my physical body. all around me i hear a faint music as of stars ascending in a universe of gin. beyond the glass i sense the empyreal radiance of a cocktail party where perhaps there are dogs in three quinze. oh i know who you are, the man says. you must be one of the waterloo joneses or else a well-dressed older man walks up to me. hello, he says, do i know you?

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the man looks at me and says with an air of resignation:

listen i don’t know who you are, but whenever you are, i have need of an oracle and a nice long bath. please help me fill this tub with gin.

the soul is a drink served on the body’s platter, i reply, it is a waiter collecting the body’s drained glass. it is my belief that we all will be bertrand russell.

Three Cats
by Chris Belsito

Un quatre seize, "Soixante E neuf huit for us to live." Dix quatre has much cents. Dix quatre seize, "I six to have huit, I six to live." Seize another quarte, "There is huit un dix huit mille de other side of de bay." Dix quatre seize, "I will get E neuf huit to douze us all." Dix quatre seize, "I need other quarte to douze dix." Three quarte get some treize. Huix dix treize they make quatre boats. Three quarte get many quinze. Huit dix quinze they make quatorze. De quatre boat and de quatorze were put onze de lake. Seize de un quarte, "Dix will douze." Three quarte sept out to get huit. Three quarte cinq. Three quarte six to exist.

Sh...here’s a poem to suck and everything’s gonna be alright
by Barry Butson

Heard on the radio today in Norway the government has instituted a poetry telephone line people can call free of charge primarily to relieve stress

wonderful wonderful world where poems are now pills soothing tranquilizers

and so we discover the poet as soother to thumb-sucking frenetics

I think I’ll establish my own hotline called Dial-A-Poem Canada or start up a series of workshops called Poetry for Frazzled Nerves

too bad I’ve wasted so many years thinking poetry was supposed to inspire raise not lower blood pressure

anger excite reveal incite curse

when all along I should have known it was meant to be piped into barns during the milking of cows

or into executive suites following a board meeting or in mental wards at bedtime or as the plane descends to the tarmac

soft soft pabulum for those poor babies driving the 401 or sailing Norway’s northern ice-covered fiords

PLAIN AIR
by John M. Bennett

Up to the pilot I crawled on my belly’s yawning like my gut was air, But the levers tilted empty and the windows clawed. Could I steer with the dials in an alien cipher? Yet back of my eye was a mirror I ignored. Driving at the tower in a crash I controlled.
NOTES ON THE WEATHER
By Joan Chevalier

May 1 -- Partly cloudy, though thoroughly overcast.

Buda-Pest

"Tell all the truth but tell it slant," That's what makes for a good poker player. My
grandfather, Herman, would tell you so. Not to disclose a good hand; talk your way
around a bad; vary the pattern; never be predictable; don't exceed the limits of probability
-- but take a gamble: Look down the throat of the draw and smile confidently.

Herman read three newspapers a day: Dates, places, production, corruption. Like a good
hunter, he knew the lay of the land. I was trying to navigate by other means; he also told
stories. His father rode a great white stallion in the cavalry in Hungary. He was a Magyar:
A formidable horseman. In this country, he and his youngest son, Herman, lived in the
basement of the company store and count Lima beans -- "Ein Swei, Twei" -- into their
soup. His mother, Mary, was born in Budapest; she was illegitimate. Buda was on one
side of the Danube, he said, and Pest on the other. On one side, the hill and the palace;
on the other, the train station, boat yards, and marketplace. In this country, Herman's
mother died of a "broken heart." I came to believe that meant suicide and my grandfather
was wary for a reason. When we asked him what war he had fought, he answered "the
Boer War" and showed us his wound. I figured it was just a birthmark.

I would prefer to trace my lineage back through my mother's mother to Ireland. But I
don't. I don't go that way: Instead, I wonder why Mary's husband drew lines across that
page? To keep himself from slanting? To keep Mary from slipping off the line? If she
were said on his horizon.

"Did you know Rodin's Eternal Spring is in Budapest?" I asked the lover who was
tracing me poker. He was shocked. I won every hand. I already knew: Look down the
throat of the draw and smile confidently...Today -- May 1 -- could actually be hot and
balmy. If it is May 1.

---

SUNNY, COOL

CORRESPONDENCE

It's a crossword puzzle. Twelve letters down, begins with D and means a very tall man,
unknown; known in some places as the "betrothed," in other places as the "secret
Correspondence." Disentangle. When he left two months
before, he said, "I'm still here." I said, "I'm just going to take a break."
You winced. I said something in this is violating me.

As my parents' marriage ended, I could hear my father thinking in code...And the
horizontal line? My grandfather taught me that a difficult line to navigate, especially
when wearing two left shoes. When he was a boy, his only shoes were the ones the man
with one leg -- the right one -- threw out. Like Oedipus, my grandfather had to sitter to
the right in order to walk straight. The horizontal line spells ANNA KARENINA. There's
a four-year old inside this woman's body, bracing herself for disaster -- eyes fixed
-- waiting for the train to come down the tracks and leave the man with one leg,
the woman cat in half.

This is an Anagram. I think the word was DISENTANGLE. When he left two months
time, I think he said to disentangle himself from his current, unhappy relationship. Or did
he say to tangile himself more in his happiness, unhappily, gratifyingly unhappy relationship.
I was listening and listening for the train...I heard a little girl laughing at the splendid
talent her father had of wriggling his ears...Did he say Disentangle or Disappear?

This game's called Hangman: Because the betrothed remains the betrothed and doesn't
return -- I killed my father. I tore the head from my favourite doll...Recently, I found a
letter my father wrote to my mother after they separated. He wrote: "The options are still
open." Underside, she pencilled in: "I thought I'd be exaced." His letter continued. "Tell
the children I love them." She didn't. I guess she didn't know the code. So the parts
stayed separate, living more or less independently; a head on one side of the tracks, a
body on the other.
DIRECTIONS FROM CRYSTAL
by Joanna Gunderson

Up Down

down down
downed the top on all fours
could only tie my
up from the depths
bells of the High
thunder
under my
lightning

Paul Klee’s is the dominant voice here: climbing the Stockholm he heard cowbells of the
High Bachalp coming up from the valley below, later felt thunder beneath his feet and
saw lightning below him (153 Journals)

up out of the subway
down the street
signs knocking in the wind

Horizontal

giving all my time
moving so as to keep
following it
followed me
possesses me
the luminous

you can see
nothing for the other but for
her eyes
down the aisle at the wedding
she knew from the start
it was going to be something
she had everything
the favors
now he’s gone
and we have to have him

Diagonal

to stand up at such a time
slanting
felt as an absence
walking through the
grass
bent in the wind

my Big Black
decked out wih
in the morning
flushes
at twilight
downs

Otomo speaks of his lost falcon.
"Longing for my Stray Hawk I dreamed him and Wrote
these in my Joy” From the Country of Eight Islands Watson

From every angle
from in here
both sides of the hill
the same house
he lived in one side
he lived in the other
from above
below
facing each other but at angles

the sun
the same faces
grown older
The Hockney show

facing
below
looking into
across from
far away
a window still lit
a prisoner’s view in several directions
a window viewed by several people in several places
the last four lines are Paul Klee’s from his journal
229 and 223

She Put too Much Nutmeg
in the Eggnog and Consequently
Died of Exposure
by Gil Adamson

Equal measures of pleasure
and confusion.
The question always on his lips
that he puts to her
and puts to her
til she is red.
She knows the world is
under surveillance
black eye living under her skin
the hum of something
paying attention.
Bullets look like bees
ping off trash cans on tv
as she spoons things in
without thinking
thinking only of him.
Does not notice
that she’s added pepper
nails kitty litter.
Does not notice
how the tv isn’t where it was.
Thinking of him
his eye staring into her
without blinking
SAVAGE REALITY
-- Hey Richard. Two minutes for looking so good
by Kevin Conolly

Its been one of those 7-Eleven days,
the kind you run into every
few blocks downtown,
and there's no living
in the suburbs anymore.

The cafes and the Burger Kings
sweat out their conventions
of grey meat and lost nerve.
A couple decades of bellowing
squared in
the dead zone of the fm dial.
Freeway sounds,
hissing silence in

a gallery of dead letters
and electric ties. Scent of chicken --
fat moviegoers, disciples
of the dark monitors hatched in
cashlines at IKEA and Loblaws.

Celestial furrier and pickled mirror conflate,
inform the writing
of a subdividing human aggregate.

They've split the street into
playing cards of natural carpet.
Barbeque patios are hot at
noon, and uninhabitable afterwards.

Panting children and dogs are shuttled
from basement to laundry room
like overheated lizards. Friday
is an oily driveway tag-team,

arrivals and departures
under the sky's tumbling luggage.
A night. The wet dream stutters in
the cathode window's violent flicker.

Sandwiched between
hours of real darkness is
a glib, transitional squabble,
Lingering over
nicknames for transparency.

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWS
THEM EVERYWHERE
by Alice Burdick

The man who follows them everywhere follows them home. They know he's there, they
don't much like his trails and his patterns but they are used to him, and have sometimes,
not often, forgotten that he is there at all. They have occasionally tried to engage him in
conversation or at least bind his attention to the quibbles or faked arguments, but he has
never seemed to be interested in them, really. They figure he like their routes, and
because days in fall can often become dull or expendable, they enjoy his presence of
slight creepiness. But he follows them home, right up on the front porch. When they
remove their jackets they see him through the small rectangular window in the door,
standing, facing them, not looking eager to go inside but not ready to sit down on the
steps or go away, just standing. Looks like he's staring at the doorknob. They go to the
livingroom to decide what to do. There's nothing that can be done, it is agreed, so
because it is getting late, they go to bed, don't look out front again to see if the man is
there or if he isn't. The man bends over the front porch and admires the garden. He likes
people's gardens because they can be quite beautiful when they are preparing to die. He believes
some people look best in suits, in jackets with sharp corners and shiny buttons.
Those who look best in suits probably feel best in suits, he thinks, and that's their lives
right there, you know, that's life. He watches the lights go out in the house before he
walks back out onto the street.

AN UNDEFINED STAGE:
A FRISKY POEM
by Kim Ackerman

A poem has gotten
away from me
last seen
on the QEW
I speed in my cavalier
cutting corners like a Jew,
saving time.

Poems, breed in my head,
fester an eagerness.

Rhymes clot in fluid,
I imagine...

Pens ejaculating,

This poem
has gotten away from me,
last seen in a harlot's room,
flushed from youth and passion.

AN EXCERPT FROM:
"IN ANDEAN PASSES"
by Adeena Karasick

define line
where the living's a lie
elides into
delle

forcing the farce
lining a time
run up against
defenses what I
construct in
an errant wandering
renders our error a
site of desire;

what I
unbinds

forcing the farce
lining a time
run up against
defenses what I
construct in
an errant wandering
renders our error a
site of desire;

what I

inhabit a language
double-backed in

hearsay, a heresy. his gaze
strewn in hysteria
A history; an account swells into --

detailing of contours

what I tell

for the taling;
tear for the toiling

where power lies
in an act of

betrayal
what I slips into

[to bypass
in a repast of a past
what lies on ya]
ANGEL IN HIS FLESH
(for Uma Thurman)
by Lynn Crosbie

marsi never answered my fan letters, or the postcards. some hearts of glass and felt, or green veins. jealous love, i coloured the envelopes with his eyes, the sapphire, cool aqua velva. i sent him things, like turnip seeds, a paper jews, and some of my poems, that look japanese. i saw you burn my soul, the lilacson your torrid breastplate. he makes me sick and lonely, i am sure he has a scar, on his forehead, here, there are shadows where he frowns. the skeleton of the palm trees where he kissed me. i was wild with fever, this was no dream. as if i am mars, my skin turns blue. as if he promised me he would never leave. i want to die.

i make a pile of coral and sweetbriar, and try to feel some of the ecstasy, not in cyprus, but here with her pictures. she is beautiful, but it is hell to look at venus. the red lightning and sulphur, and her eyes terrify. dear god, i am a bridesmaid now. somber flora, in cream moire and willow leaves. venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper.

i slit myself open, and adore my saint's heart. clam ribbed, its breathing pods. the peonies and chaos, you might know me. the damp stem of our plant, rapture then, his sharp feet in spite of my prayers. my soul. when you betrayed me, infant of prague. his crown the craters pushed in rift valley. think i imagined a fracture, the ice, the shock of grace. i dark raisin frowns. the candied fat violent like mars. stuck day. here is something borrowed, morning, my shame on your wedding caesar. i saw the picture this and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper. it is cranberry, watermarked with lilypads. your wet tangled hair and hot lips. red peppers, small lilypads. your wet tangled hair, venus, i am writing on paper.

I try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling. crab-pink, the mark of the goddess. i try to imagine the sun without her purity rises, eternal, absolute. with mystery, this sacrament. my life, frail and swelling.
Pèlerinage
Brigitta Bali à Wally Keeler

Quand douleur
chant dans l'arbre du coeur
Et la solitude sourit en chatoyant comme une larme
Ma passion: me taire jusqu'à l'adieu
Tous les chemins enneigés
à la ville du rêve de la fain

Qui est-ce qui donne salut pour les heureux?
Quel orage frappe le sort inconnu?
Où est la maison noir où ils flambent
ni l'oubli des terres des cendres

Il neige doucement: c'est un mariage blanc
entre terre et ciel vraiment

Il y a un paysage du bonheur
Il y a un paysage pour les fleurs
Peut-être au bord de la peur

Après que ces voix tristes avec grand coup d’aile
volent-ils par vide air
Le soleil va sombrer au sommeil éternel
Alors le visage sera comme la Terre Sainte:
inexpugnable si tendre

Sur ma tête pose lentement se main
le crépéscule qui est mon ami bien
Pendant que les murs fragiles tombent

Pouvoir l'amour est l'ombre du monde?

all that
by Natasha Ksonzek

all that which I held
as rationality in the palm of my hand
has escaped through the window
I carelessly left open this morning
tonight I spurned reticulate bongo

LAX: THE HIGH NOON OF A BIOGRAPHICAL
ALL-NIGHTING SUPPOSITORY
by Mark Shadle

This summer is kindled by a torch of fire
This summer ended in a torch of raging fire

Day Dream
by Dong Jiping

Because someone neglects his duty
This summer is kindled by a torch of fire
And that red skirt reared for many years
Now its ribbon turns into a fire-red tongue
Stretching out from the seam of wardrobe
To tear me, to be far from me
To kiss me, to scald me

That which lost is the sky and language
I fall silent because of silence
And murdered by the soundless thing
And yet all the eyes
From behind the invisible glasses of various kinds
Aiming at me all together
So I become the target of eyesight
The hope fails dead on my road
I fall dead on the hope's road

That which lost is the sky and language
He who neglects his duty is me
This summer ended in a torch of raging fire
THREE POEMS
by D.S. Black

LED SKY
Tower blazes in dusk
garlanded by bloodshot beads
exoskeletal insect eyes a dream
phasing the light shifts
displays uncertainty
curling electromagnetic pulses
split the earphone's tranquil
drone of market index highs
from a whisper
to a screen
the purple shell of night
speaks in waves off a glowering
tower of babble's million eyes
ears transmitting thighs

FLOATING WORLD
24th Street shoots high
in a sky of wet wispy tissue
The Mission is possible
from this table the slanting rays still reach Boheme
the night cracks down
I can steal a piece of the day just past
mt knees ache
the hike ahead up
through Noe Valley
a diffuse mosaic
the streets spaced out
above Diamond Heights
where clouds soften
the sidewalk's cries from far below
lost in a fog of forgotten faces
Twin Peaks beckon
ocean beyond murmurs sleepy
Sunset the multi-faceted lens
Sutro Wower chitters behind
malignant red eyes
realize I don't really need
that fix of steel
the chain links or liver loss
of these incendiary dreams
Now the gait is gone from the day
I nurse my thirst at the nearest cafe

UNTITLED
Pyramids have nosed into view
triangulating the City
between its breasts
nineties Cheops
I gaze a freshly oiled Quixote
up into the fogtry sky
the top blinking beacon of Sutro Tower
may be over the weather at this hour
the highest I see are those white grids
facing inward a trinity formation
locked in shrug
of apexing shoulders
if I talk about them long enough
will sharpen my tongue

Encomium
by Nirmal Dass
That which is remembered
is that which is fallen;
what is there left to enfold:
skulldoor down down crowfoot ground
shingled laughter and hearthfrost mound
wombdoor down down underground
sporic rhythm and spoor of sound.

TELEPHAGE
by Richard Truhlar
Well, the past...I mean, think of it...we do, you know, and how it somehow becomes real...I mean, you remember, don't you? and when you remember...what's there?...I mean, it's not there, it's here, where you remember it, and if it's real to you...well, then, somehow it's present, isn't it?
Think about the past...you know: all those friends you had once: what happened to them?...you always think about phoning them, you want to know what happened to them, how they are, who they are now.
They hear you: they don't like to hear from you -- you're a reminder, a reminder of their past...remember?
You scratch your nose, flakes of skin peel off...I'm dying, you think, parts of you coming apart, and I've always been a part, a part of something passing, passing apart from me, a being apart from me, and that's past, isn't it?...I mean, think of it...a part of you parts with yourself, somehow becomes apart, a past coming into focus -- those flakes of skin coming apart from your nose -- and you think of all the friends, past friends, you want to call, phone, say: Where are you...how are you...what have you become?
Not flakes of skin from your nose, but having flaked off your separate existence, your here and now...are they real the way you remember them? and when the phone doesn't answer...and you're always watching the phones, holding a phone in your hand, wanting it so badly to answer you...wrong number...digital error...
I mean, have you ever tried to talk to the past, your own past, the past that exists within you, that calls you, reminds you of friends, of family, all that is perhaps lost to you over the phone -- the phone has an irresistible quality -- it remembers you, it takes you apart and remembers you by calling you: come here, come here, I'm calling you, don't you want to hear? let's talk about basements, the basements of your life, the life!
No, not basements, but warm rooms, the ones you slowly step into, a scent coming to across from your doorstep, the very small park with trees and shrubs, shrubs high enough for me to hide behind: they conceal me, conceal me from you, but I'm remembering, I'm now remembering you, and it's cold out here, but you don't...you
It's warm tonight, recently snowed, but no moon, very little light, and I'm well-hidden behind the shrubbery, where I wait for you to come out, if you will, but you don't...you know, do...and I continue...to get cold, think about entering your apartment just to get warm, and it's then I remember that warm scent, the scent of freshly sculpted clay, or of a warm naked body lying among tangled sheets, or all!
Memories are mirrors, they reflect only themselves...what else would you want to see in a mirror? I wanted a past...I looked into a mirror and the phones began ringing, they're ringing now, I can hear them ringing and I want to pick up the receiver, I want to pick up where it left off...you left...I want to hear what you have to say...don't you remember...? we were friends, we were close, didn't have to talk like this across wires, time and space -- time and space, I have all the time, all the space, right here, come closer, you can hear it too, hear the time and space right next to your ear...
I've just left where I live, but I live here as I've left gone out...I go out into the dark, start walking, will take a bus, a streetcar, a subway: to your doorstep, to the park across from your doorstep, the very small park with trees and shrubs, shrubs high enough for me to hide behind: they conceal me, conceal me from you, but I'm remembering, I'm now remembering you, and it's cold out here but the memory is warm, even though I'm waiting here, in the dark, in the cold, for you, the memory is warm...and I've waited for so long, looked up your phone number, found out your address...I know where you live...
It's dark tonight, recently snowed, but no moon, very little light, and I'm well-hidden behind the shrubbery, where I wait for you to come out, if you will, but you don't...you know, do...and I continue to get cold, think about entering your apartment just to get warm, and it's then I remember that warm scent, the scent of freshly sculpted clay, or of a warm naked body lying among tangled sheets...it's a long way home, on the bus, or of a warm naked body lying among tangled sheets, or all!
When you knew me, do you remember, and what do you remember about me...can you...
still say it's true?...you say so many things, don't you? oh yes you do, don't tell me you don't, why don't you just shut your mouth? I remember being warm, being soft, in a chair: you were there, caressing my knee, moving your hand slowly up my leg, your eyes lost somewhere among your fingertips touching near to...oh, close by...and then there, right there in your hand...I get up: someone's looking in the window, you let go... Doesn't mean anything, does it? what's come before...if you were there, wish me in the cold, in the dark, with that scent, would you stand for hours in a pan just to see yourself, just to see the memory of yourself, and do you really like the sound or your phone ringing, the sound of your voice not speaking but whispering that low, sleepy basement memory...click...hello?...hello?...it's cold, waiting in the dark, in the park, for you.

from THE BRECHT SONNETS
by Clint Burnham

my Nanas lied to me my
Hair runton seeps in urine
Kam is off then Lob
laws Under each habit, veil or a
fartinging, habitat dogs dash, war's fucking spell
Who's the Zunder Zee to me
the Holy See
under each when man gut dachshund
Handel man, he's the greatest
take the money and run has an approval
I sit know no emerald city
no violetos toilets not mine disaster
noise and Baudelaire, nor Marry

EXCITEMENT VAMPIRES ON THE MAKE
by Justice Howard

i think they're all gone now
tHEY SEEM TO PHONE
march anymore
i think i've weeded them out
and put them on my NIX LIST
they're the energy leeches
the excitement vampires
who call me
when things get too dull in their own world
and they want to suck some blood
out of mine
as they know
i've got a few pints extra
and its A+ baby
the very best kind
exciting
a kind of white line fever daily in the fast lane
where we can yell "ROAD TRIP"
at any given moment
and end up who-knows-where?
kind of like driving around with no gas money
while very close to "E"
or petting one of those dogs you don't really know yet
he may lash out and just rip your arm off
when he gets that look in his eye
voracious
exciting
the very best kind
Well those excitement vampires still call
when things get boring in their own world
but lately
i just talk about things that are real dull
giving them absolutely nothing
pretending to be boring
and eventually
they all
go away.

tanka
par André Duhaime

dans ce ciel passent
des montgolfières
sans nous saluer
elle et moi à la même porte
d'un restaurant
à quoi servent les livres
à les prêter
pour séduire d'autres autos
devant les mêmes portes
jusqu'au jour
où la balle n'est
ni dans un camp ni dans l'autre
où la balle est
dans le filet
les oiseaux contre le vent
mes cheveux en broussailles
sur un bord de mer
aucun tissu assez sec
pour retacher mes lunettes

jeune poète
il se coupait la langue
sur un rabat d'enveloppe
quand il sera vieux
s'en souviendra-t-il

d'un côté puis de l'autre
oscille
le ventilateur
ai-je raté ma vie
ai-je oui ou non fait exprès

les miettes de pain
ne seront jamais
des grains de riz
les gestes de l'une
chez l'autre

le souvenir de papa
qui les matins d'hiver
me reconduisait à l'église
blanc ce poil de barbe
dira au hasard

dans le noir
mes doigts tournent
le bouton de la radio
un enfant puis deux
tousent
pelant des pommes
silencieusement
je révène grand-mère
si bavarde elle
durant un tel travail

par ce matin pâle
une lettre du Japon
puis plus tard
le soleil paraît
de nouveau
au stop
le sourire timide
de la conductrice
que a éternué
très fort

ch't’aime
ch’t’aime pas
qu’est-ce qu’on y peut
les autre marguerites
se balancent sous la brise
orage d’été
déjà la maison
était pleine d’enfants
à l’occasion encore
j’allume une ou deux cigarettes

maison à vendre
une autre pancarte
qui me fait rêver
le temps d’un souper
et de la vaisselle

nuit de pleine lune
quelques instants dur la neige
sans phares
la douceur parfumée d’un bras
frôlé par hasard

à genoux
nour cherchons des framboises
à contre-jour
pas de rouge lumineux
par ce jour gris

réveillé par un cauchemar
je descends feuilleter
mes propres livres
en cette fin d’année
seuls les morts se ressemblent

Pavarotti
gueulant à tue-tête
au milieu d’un lac de nulle part
ainsi qu’un certain poète

dans une vitrine
reflétant la rue
ma silhouette
dans un miroir
reflétant la rue

comme toujours
les traces
de la première sortie à bicyclette
gélées dans la boue
du lendemain matin

dans ce rêve
un ami de collège et sa femme
étaient des géants
une autre Dristan
contre la fibre des fohns

seule la lampe
que ma fille a laissé allumée
ce matin
m’accuile
ce soir

l’arbre de Noël
retourne dans sa boîte
branche par branche
des feuilles blanches
dans un tiroir fermé
redee sleeping
by bill bissett

redeed sleeping or into theyr audio music machines i felt sad for him dawing all that taking it was well ov'r 5
minutes no wun redee looking at him or listning it was
his job 2 say th whol thing thn he sd sumthing i tuk 2 b
was the all clere did we all undrstand tolatee he was
quite a wayee away from th en i was sitting he was at th
othr end uv th train nois i was tied i made th sign for positivitee with my fngers 2
reassur him he had i latr gessd askd if thre was anewun
who spoke french onlee he tuk my sign 2 indicate that
he came ov'r stood next 2 me n repeetid th whol thing all
ov'r 5 minutes ov'r it en francais he was veree great i
lookd at him veree appreeciativ through out his whol talk
when he was thru i sd merci he was veree happy so was i

ancestral dancers
by bill keith

ashanti fulani yoruba bantu pygmy watusi hausa wolof sulu fanti
ashanti fulani yoruba bantu pygmy watusi hausa wolof sulu fanti
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Detail of quotes/word-generated images
from Origin of Geometry by Michael Winkler (U.S.A.)
WITHOUT EXPLANATION: SNAIL ON ICE
by Gabor Gyukics

In a cold room, on a cold bed, under a cold blanket the body is cold
the light is cold, the night is cold, the moon is cold
The grass and the tree are cold, the earth is cold and its smell, too
The sun is cold, the breath of land under the water
The sky is cold, the cloud is cold and the flash of lightning, too
The meat is cold in the cold soup
The girl is cold, the desire is cold
The word flags
Cold wedged beneath the stone
The blood is cold, the mind is cold
The music is cold and the picture and the hieroglyph, too
The hot tea is cold
The flower is cold, the bird is cold, the bee is cold and the may - fly, too
In the cold, cold sculpture stopped movement
The sweltering heat is cold, the time is cold, the brain is cold
The asking eyes of a beggar are cold
Cold running through my throat
My lungs are cold and tremble, my legs are cold and I can't go
In the cold I stand lying or I lie standing
I don't know in the cold
In the cold everything is frozen

Certain Non-Recordable Sequences Emerge
by Karen Clint (a.k.a. not John Berndt)
("the Cogito of the pseudoscientist, experimenting with mild trauma...")

a disintegrating knife-fight saturates layers
my body occupies cold and drained depth
telequest bodies
reserved in the frame of a special service conceived between waves
exhaust the pattern in real time &
discard cards into telequest bodies

The encoding of the non-recordable inf ractals Is like learning something
Incomplete ideas are pauses worked underneath a common skin of 'Torrel's syndrome
A ground* level is formed using a distillation of dictionary information
any change in this level and the chips may be "bom"n
any change in this level and experience non-reversible dimming of lights
within an architectural bank

the mirage's self-pretend is its own formation
a delay
If it could apprehend itself it would strive into complete stasis
like waves superimposed to form a continuous and informationless direct current
like a metaphor it's materialization creates a mitigating flavor In drained depth
which, like personality and emotional component
is a function comparable to mild variations in speech acts
only expressed through less visible media
a "skin" which the psychopath can visibly articulate in conversation
without loosing his or her "root"
the mirage, consciousness, an uncontrolled and non-valued feed-back "groove"
smaller delays (depths) are formed by tapping into hotpolnts
their traces are as yet unrecognized surfaces "warming up"
straining a platonic Ideal formed by the distribution of peoples
like a metaphor It's materialization creates a mitigating flavor In drained depth
unsurpassed for the inner banks of love whatever condition was still not the center and perhaps not even open to view; the language we spoke shaken as if the house had been shaken the sheets nightmares the windows frozen fears that door the final horror and you, saying, yes, that is what I want, the real, now.

OF EVERYDAY AND BEARABLE EXCOMMUNICATION AND LOOKING BEYOND
by John Barlow

Plato's culture even then paint baked until a vapour contained your true mind and the animal of you, and culture since a bag a basket a curse cancer barriers an invasion slowing evolution replacing it with pro-gressa humping along even through this so far speech with the hang line of failure a silence and a refusal to be. Or your mother's culture, while she was true ah so true in her love and belief devotion to family and farm and firend who spoke a language concealing, concealing the true terror of the fact of our being (tentent) in the universe, even the marvel of that which little language of any kind has yet come to house. Disussed then, in unaplastic ways, the deeper wind, the wind with mind, the light with a mind, the deeper light. Not a syllable spoken. Timing of themovement of an eye. Acts of the dead.

Unexplainable warmths sudden laughter, called intuition then almost from birth, you could tell her anything. Or in my home, and always it is time to confess. I talked as children talk and often until my mother, loved, falched in, trusted and exhausted, would cheerfully say, You could talk a person to death, but not die, and with the power of the spiritually sure, do, no calling a waterfall, a pond. But when the pleasant cultur that had defined the talk, be it 1970s, or 42, was Plaito's tame, culture of the past, inhibiting, stuffed, a charade so cruel its family corner of love whatever condition was still not the center and perhaps not even open to view; the language we spoke shaken as if the house had been shaken the sheets nightmares the windows frozen fears that door the final horror and you, saying, yes, that is what I want, the real, now.

Soft song for yesterday's politics, everyday different, never changing for yesterday's music lasting and lasting yesterday's tame God represented by the gentle father, all of it wax paper children's luscious illusion. And the world we had known, now, so small. To take up one's own madness then, to survive it and survive it again, changed.

suddenly foreign, almost unknown; --- don't you return unbearable crippled facing a vast and mighty silence, unable to say where you've been, nor what you are, nor who? For what beignning you know of it, taught by moonshadow dream and blood, has no place in the language or the culture, of God. And His then, ever the psychological one, transformed into an atmospheric harm, buttoning down the bittersleaves, as it were, to change the taste in your mouth?

TERMINAL STATION
by Marnie Louise Froberg

Arriving ground zero/skeletal umbrella/the man is holding/something left/lone room for background/and followed and followed/shadow disconnected/through doorways and followed and followed/come on down and feed the monkeys and the urban guerrillas/let me smear my fingerprints across your face and fear and fear and fear/you ain't my sister/In a system built on waste/die for me/thrive for
the deeper wind, the wind with a mind, the light with a mind, the deeper
of the dead.

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FORGE by Tom Butter -- Image: c/o Curt Marcus Gallery
578 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012 (212) 226-3200 U.S.A.
(fibre glass, found objects, 36 x 34 x 36")

76 Le musée lettriste (400 x 2120 cm; h. 250 cm)
par Roland Sabatier et Alain Satié

"Art Shoes" Metaphysical-Telephathic Activity
image by Andrzej Dudek-Durer (Poland)
Thinking
Language shapes thought, not thought language. And language shapes thought not thought to be language-shapes. Thought not thought to be language shapes language, shapes thought, shapes shapes. Thought thought to be shapes not thought to be language shapes thought thought not to be shaped by language. Thought language shapes thought-shapes shaped by language thought to be thought. Thought thought not to be language -- shapes shapes language, shapes thought, shapes language, shapes thought. Language thinks. Language thinks shapes not shaped by thought, shapes thoughts thought not shaped by language. Language thinks thoughts thought thinks language. Language thinks language.

Strata
Lizard-brain from viper-mind uncoils spine-fed up through stems to shrug across perimeters of thought turned from that which thought refuses, focused on present shadows cloaking thrust of lizard-brain from viper-mind uncoiling jungle-thought through branches laced above the slither-base they're transformed from that presses up along the bark, a hiss of appetite transmitted over networks buried back of lizard-brain that loops its mesozoic mind around a present order ignorant of what slinks through suck of mud and scrape-of scale upon perimeters of thought unthinking, mindless of impulses electric and uncodified, surface countered and controlled by lizard-brain from viper-mind that latches out in wordless flick, unleashed within language that buckles and breaks, the lie in the eye of who would shrink from mind mined for reptile-minded matter sunk from sight, encoded nightly in vague reflective images that percolate from lizard-brain with slick and glinting reptilian grace.

3 POEMS
par Alain-Arthur Painchaud

INSOMNIE
Les anneaux de mes cahiers
Font des coeurs
Sur les pages
Rappellent l'ombre des jours
Sur les nuits de marche.

MAL DE BLOC
Un face pleine de signes
Un force peine l'épine
Une bouffée d'épicéine
Le tour est joué
Le totem des jours nouveaux
Pointe vers l'horizon jaune
Ma vie incinérée cendrée
Des espoirs consentis naviguent
Sur le bateau des oubliés...

DELIRIUM RÉALITÉ
Par l'ouverture de sa porte
Il voit la lune pleine arrogante
Lui sur l'asphalte de l'avenue Mt-Royal
Il refléchit sur le passage des êtres
Vêtu un autre état le être-insecte
L'évolution des carapaces
L'apparition des antennes
Six pattes pour se mouvoir
Dont quatre imaginaires et la cohésion de l'espèce
Tous dirigées vers un même but ultime,
La consécration du territoire
Les pistes tracées par les odeurs sacrées
Et la reconnaissance de la ruche-mère.

Par la fermeture des valves
Il est engloutit par le soleil cuisant rayonnant
Il ferme les yeux pour découvrir le chemin des sources
La substance du rien pleinement répandue:
La civilisation.

CRACHE LA VIE!
par Denis Boucher
1 -- Perd le crayon retrouve la raison
L'un s'achète l'autre est la preuve qu'on en a une

2 -- Flâner sur l'avenue des Libellules
trou d'zéro mettre la croix dessus
dégueuir en guise de rumeur
risquer le voyage
ami du pic-bois et des tordeuses
aux p'tits fruits le restant de sa vie

3 -- On ne sait ni où
ni quand ni comment il mourut
peut-être chez les Lohars
nomades du Radjastan gardiens du feu
ayant fait le vœu de n'habiter aucune maison
de ne jamais retourner
dans la ville maudite dont ils ont été chassée

4 -- Le poète parle
cimente les vieux mots
invente le nouveaux
et tire la langue
The following are books received by Ramplek. This list features books received which the editors consider praiseworthy and highly recommended.


