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Brain Cell: Artist’s Statement by Ryosuke Cohen

Ryosuke Cohen began professional work as an artist in the 1970’s. Among Cohen’s early works was a human figure interacting with LED’s or Light Emitting Diodes to create an interplay of light and shadow. Cohen also participated in guerrilla art activity, for example, by creating a parody of a sculpture and placing without next to another sculpture which had been criticized for being demeaning against women (1979). Ryosuke Cohen also did a guerrilla performance which involved hanging the enemy’s flag on the stone wall of Osaka Castle in Cohen’s own home town. In 1980, after studying with Byron Ferris in the U.S., Cohen met other Philipino mail-artists and moved to Manila. Impressed by this free form expression, Cohen pursued mail-art and soon organized major international mail-art exchanges. The most successful and lasting of Cohen’s mail-art collaborations was one that he began with Brain Cell magazine. In the following artist’s statement, Ryosuke Cohen discusses Mail Art activities which Cohen has dubbed “Brain Cell.” Mail art offers alternatives to more conventionalized forms of cultural expression. Matters of authorship, copyright, ownership, and profit are abandoned in favor of non-profit collaboration, mutual benefit and exchange. The most successful and valued mail artists are those who selflessly manage to share the most with others. Through mail art, Cohen’s contribution to world mail-art has been exemplary. Cohen is recognized on every continent, and has been a powerful catalyst to a synthesis of world mail-art energy. Beyond the one-on-one communications possible with the exchange of letters, Mail-Art initiates an exponential expansion of artists into a ever-growing network. Mail art is not only passed on from artist to artist on a one-on-one basis, but often artists will invite group collaborations, or will “publish” other artists’ mail-art works to other mail artists and then distribute them to whomever they have contact with in their network. Beyond the exponential view, one can think of each sub-network as a kind of “cell” and eventually, the cells and networks inter-connect in ever-expanding patterns, not unlike the neural cells of the human brain. This is a global art phenomenon. Except unlike the human brain which eventually entrails and dies, with the mail-art network, whenever a cell dies, others come to take its place. It is an expanding network that continues to grow. I have named this Mail-Art phenomenon “Brain Cell” activity, because the structure of the method and the idea behind it, is analogous to neural brain-cell activity. When I began, I made a broad public appeal to participate in these Mail Art projects. I have been able to publish over 280 issues mail art collaborations from around the world. These “anthologies” of works are then sent back to the contributors. Issue No. 1 came out in June of 1985. Since then over 3500 artists have begun to participate in this network and have contributed to “Brain Cell” journal. Artists from over 70 countries are regular participants. Among these are children, and mature artists. Many of those who began with “Brain Cell” in its early days are now deceased including artists such as Cavallini (Italy), Achim Weigelt (Germany), Michael Scott (England), Rudolph (USA), A.M.Fine (USA). Other artists who are still active, including Dr. Klaus Groh (Germany), Giovanni Strada (Italy), Shmuel (USA), and H. Mittenof (Germany), have participated in over one hundred collaborations with Brain Cell. We hope that Brain Cell will continue to grow and expand, and that an ever broader range of contributors will participate.

During the Renaissance, perspective fundamental to the visual arts, as did the emerging influence of Church and State. In the 17th and 18th centuries, the Baroque and Rococo periods, painterly expression, particularly portraiture of royalty, came to the fore. By the 19th century, there was an expansion of aesthetic approaches, each school of art arguing for itself. Now, in the 20th century, art has become an oligopoly, with many artistic expression not engaged to corporate finance. A controlling elite acts as both financial brokerage aesthetic authority controlling and capitalizing on the distribution of selected art and artists. A very broad artistic subject is the influence of this art market. On the other hand, the expansion of inexpensive photo-reproduction and related electronic media such as photo, collage, drawing, computer graphics, catalogues and so on reproduced through postcards, or photo-copying methods, have entered into the arena, and some are active, and some are not, in the world art exchange. We have received untold communications from individuals we have never met, living in environments we have never experienced. But we interact with them, and through the use of stickers or rubber stamps, publish inter-active communications. Mail Art has generated many sub-branches of artistic expression including Tourism, Nosni, Art-Strike, Congress 92 and Netland among many others. It is a vital and energetic world exchange that constantly renews and revitalizes itself. It is an exchange that refuses to conform itself to old institutions and methodologies. Often mail-art alters the material of materials submitted through its inclusion with group presentations. A broad spectrum of ideas is conjured in each mail-art collaboration. Through mail-art inter-changes we have moved beyond the ages of individual geniuses such as Da Vinci, Picasso, or Duchamp. Instead, we interact and through that interaction we sometimes arrive at group presentations that go far beyond individual imagination producing unexpectedly fine results. Mail Art offers alternative forms of exchange and interaction, directions for late 20th century artistic expression that is based on a global consciousness. We have not yet arrived at world peace, and are still faced with racism, nuclear threat, civil war, and struggle between nations. Mail Art points to alternate modes of being that begin with a desire for mutual understanding and cooperation suggesting that one avenue to world harmony lies through artistic expression, cultural exchange and collaboration. -- Ryosuke Cohen (Osaka)
Mail Art: An Essay
By Geza Perneczky

The following text is an excerpt from the translation of chapter 9 of the Geza Perneczky's book on contemporary literary innovation A HAIO. At this point, there are no plans to publish the book in English. Rampike is pleased to offer this unique translation in the co-operative spirit of the world mail-art movement. We regret that we cannot publish the entire essay in this issue of Rampike. The length of the discussion is formidable. However, we will print the second instalment in a future issue of Rampike. Geza Perneczky was born in 1936 in Kezheley. He has been living in Cologne (Köln), since 1970. He is a broadly published art historian and theoretician and is also an artist whose works have been exhibited in Budapest, Germany, Poland, and the USA. Here he talks about the world-wide Mail-Art phenomenon and offers a taxonomy of some of the major movements.

Excerpt from Chapter 9: The Dream About Eternal Communication

The threshold of (mail-art) activity which the reacher enables us to peek into the structure of the ideologies and "utopias" of those communications chains which have evolved parallel with the emergence of the mail-art movement.

The most perfectionist of all these "utopias" is undeniably linked with the name of Robert Filliou, who introduced the concept of the "Eternal Network" just to demonstrate the eternal and indissoluble unity of life and art (1963). Filliou considered this concept as one of the numerous characteristics of the Fluxus movement, notwithstanding that he was aware from the very beginning of the importance of communication. According to Filliou, life and art can assume human forms only in the act of communication. This, of course, involves the immediate appreciation of communication. This theoretical posture transforms communication from a technique of achieving contacts into the goal of maintaining these contacts.

Having adopted this concept, many mail artists bound themselves to a communication chain which multiplies itself (at least in a series of non-linear), which develops without deterrents or interruptions. Of course, this chain is endless in retrospect as well. Similar to Filliou's view of the unity of art and life, such a network is also believed to have accompanied humankind for at least a million years now. It goes without saying that this communication chain is absolute, eternal and endless.

A totally different communication system was envisioned by Vittore Baroni under the title "Real Correspondence". Baroni's concept appeared in a number of publications, including the catalogue of the mail-art exhibition of the New York-based Franklin Furnace in 1984. In his scheme, Baroni contrasted the artist-art-dealer-consumer chain (a one-way process), with the tactics of mail-art (by depicting a "mail-art operator"). This operator appears as the centre of communication (i.e., on the basis of reciprocity, each participant in the communication chain is at the same time the sender and the addressee). This scheme leaves out the consideration of an outward-expanding mode typical of the "Eternal Network." Instead, it presumes a social "cell" or an assimilated system of cells within which the predominant factor is the "feedback" effect (i.e., on-going exchange among participants, ed.). Accordingly, the participants in this system are preoccupied with maintaining mutual communication, and the expansion of the "missionary" activity is only secondary for them.

Consequently, the "feedback" effect, which was considered a deficiency in the exponentially expanding "Eternal Network," because of possible overloads, ed.), was seen as an advantage in Baroni's "Real Correspondence." While the chain was not expected to grow interminably in the latter scheme, its internal agitation, in turn, was highly desirable since it enkindled a kind of social heat or human warmth.

Filliou's model could well be considered evolutionary, and as such it could place it among the utopias of the avant-garde. Baroni's concept, on the other hand, is rooted in a model of exclusive circulation, in which the participants are free to enter or exit but which remains predominantly circular or pulsating in its eternal movement. Baroni recognizes the possibility of expansion only to the extent that he incorporates all the different forms of communication (i.e. the genres of the audio-visual and textual communicating) into the very same network (e.g., mixed-media products). This, in fact, is not growth or expansion, but instead, openness that is meant to ensure assimilation. This type of openness is typical of those trends of alternative art which tend to merge social boundaries, but it may also suspend temporarily, the boundaries of the genres as well. Similar to Filliou's view of the unity of art and life, such a network is also not growth or expansion, but instead, openness that is meant to ensure assimilation.

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In the world of the network, the archive stands for a kind of collection which occurs by itself at each and every link of the communication chain. Besides those cases when the archives are set up in a sober and practical way, it may also happen that the significance of the archive grows beyond the simple documentation of the network contacts and becomes the goal of the entire network activity. Or, more precisely, it becomes a peculiar case of meta-communication. In such cases, the dialogue is conducted between the networker and his archives.

Is it conceivable that someone can ever reach such an extremely abstract stage in life? After all, the craze for collecting is not enough of a boost here. Just take the zealous collectors: they may be ardent players or impassioned communicators as well. The very concept of the "archivist" lies in his particular social context, and satisfies his passions for gambling or talking exclusively among those he collects. The archive and those who have contributed to it, become his family, profession and life-style.

Those in the know in the mail-art world may already have found the name I now have in mind. Guy Bleus is the artist who comes the closest to this ideal. A graduate in philosophy, he has obtained excellent foundations for building up a life-style and a career, which leaves no place for the theoretical contexts. Moreover, this conduct guarantees the same kind of independence which only the unemployed can enjoy -- after all, who would employ a philosopher today?

This explains why Guy's undertaking, the "Administration Center," could become the only mail-art archive in the world whose owner can work "full-time" on the job. Consequently, the phenomenon which Poinset summed up at the dawn of the movement as the "utilization of postal institutions and long-distance communications" increasingly applies to the individual, or "administrator", who has become strongly wedded to his archives. Guy is almost fully addicted to the services of the "postal institution".

The "administrator" stands at the end of the chain of events, right at the point where the world of archive boxes begins. He has the opportunity to "live through" mail-art events from that terminal point, and also to "arrange and fit them" into an imaginary cosmos which is known by him only.

Complementing Guy Bleus's sensitivity and esoteric attitude was his ability to employ his philosophic erudition for putting the laws of this microcosm into words, and he also devised parameters for specifying his exact position in the world.

"Woruber man nicht schweigen kann, davon muss man sprechen" (Whatever people cannot keep for themselves they should address) -- this maxim, Guy borrowed from Wittgenstein, although in a slightly distorted form, since the original version said "Whatever people cannot address they should keep to themselves'. The fact that Guy reversed the sentence means much more than just a game with words. Guy learned his linguistic esotericism from Wittgenstein, and in this case he employed it to counter the over-estimation of the significance of speech. Instead of the sense of speech, he emphasized the (informative) value of silence. To say the least, this is not what a mail-artist would normally do.

"Sending no information is also sending information," he declared at one point. What did he mean? This statement may give us the feeling that for him the ultimate goal was to maintain the flow of information, and the message itself was only a secondary issue. Reading this paragraph of his, the image of a man occurred to me who was working hard over a puzzle game. After all, when putting the bricks in their proper places, the player never transmits any kind of information, and yet his contribution is crucial to the ultimate emergence of a message on the table.

With the emergence of the age of digital electronics, it seems that each single spot in the universe is defined (digitally, ed.), by either a "yes" or a "no" ("information", "no information"), and both definitions are equally informative. But what about dialogue taken in a traditional sense? Guy ventures to declare that speech is most often the result of miscommunication. Thinking of a bizarre thought from the works of Nietzsche, he exemplifies what he thinks is the genuine value of dialogue (i.e. of so-called mutual communication). Nietzsche's lines describe how Zarathustra greeted the Sun as if it rose above the horizon day by day just to shine into the cave in which he lived together with eagles and snakes. As opposed to this kind of world replete with self-delusion and pathos, there is the much cooler and much more palatable model of the world. Whatever mail-art entails is dialectical in the sense that it results from the synthesis of understanding and mis-understanding (or we could perhaps say silence and speech). All the mail-artist has to do is to fit together this enormous dialectical jigsaw puzzle in order to make the most out of the information it carries. However, in the course of this "communication" he or she ceases to observe the directions and the qualitative differences. The reason for this is that the bricks in the puzzle are equal in value. What mail-art entails is the emergence of a new kind of democracy: the democracy of being. The archives are constantly expanding, without ever qualifying their contents. Ultimately, they become the (living) necropolis of the memories and curiosities. To deal with the archives means to transmit the matters of the world to posterity. This is what Guy termed as "indirect communication."
basis of the norms and traditions of mail-art after the pattern of the major philosophical systems. In 50 half-letter-size pages, Bleus offers a correct, informative and practical summary in aphoristic style. His tone is poetic throughout.

Bleus carved his message on a glass pane with a diamond pin, and it reflects a special blend of tolerance and resignation. I suggest that its significance far exceeds that of mail-art, since it highlights the mentality of a whole generation, and it also acquired with a peculiar aspect of the intellectual norms that emerge on the extremely consolidated peripheries of a production-oriented society. Reading his lines, we may have the feeling that we are wandering about in a frozen world while hot water-drops fall on our hands. By way of example, there are unexpected sentences sandwiched between highly philosophical metaphors in which he states that his archives contain the "filed" material of 42,292 "mummified" mail-art actions. Rest assured: the number is correct...*

Where does this chain of utopias lead us if we line up the ideas of the communicators described above? The year 1977 witnessed the birth of the Mohammed project and the Commonpress. Both were rooted in the earlier principle of total communication, notwithstanding that they only produced linear dimensions in organisational frameworks. Baroni launched his mail-art magazine, Arte Postale, in the autumn of 1979. Its significance is pretty much clear from the fact that we have to refer to it almost incessantly. Baroni had a slogan: "Real Correspondence". In his theory, the feedback effect becomes the point of communication: the aim of the exchange of information is to "return information" (i.e. to "activate" the participants in the communication chain). A little while later, Carlo Pittore felt that this feedback effect had become so direct and tight that it could take place only within one single individual, i.e. the "self".

Then came Guy Bleus, who in his 1984 essay "Exploring Mail-art" found himself in the middle of an absolute and homogeneous (and as the mail-art ideologues would put it: "democratic"), communication field. In this field, the dialogues are replaced by the calm sea of equivalences. Rowing these waters, the artist finds that the "self" becomes superfluous as well. His main experience is that the "self" which also means barrenness). In this vast homogeneity, all he has to do is swing along with the waves of information. This is what indirect communication means, which in fact equals the registration of reality.

Administrating 42,000 mail-art projects may well be an uphill task. However, we have every reason to suspect that the projects themselves were far from heavy, since they kept reaching homes by the thousands. The following is a sample of the 100-old mail-art exhibition titles dating from 1984, the year when Guy Bleus penned his essay. The selection below includes only the thematically intriguing ones:

Absurdities and Generalities, Anti-Heroes-Cursed Heroes, Art in the Bed, Autobiographies, Beatamania, Between the Pages, Big Brother is Watching, Blaster's Fritter Show, Homage to the Mad Diarist, Mickey Mouse Mail-art Show, I Do Telepathic, Nonsense Objects, The Nothing Doing Mail-art Exhibition, Olympic Rimbaud, Sexual Olympics, Shadow, Top Secret Camera, A Town of Living In, Video and Mail Art, Visiones of an Imaginary Spartakist at the North Pole, Wedding of the Century, Wild West...

Those who remember the titles of the Commonpress publications will surely recognize the similarities. However, while Commonpress had churned out some 50 publications in just a few years' time, the number of exhibitions reached 300 in 1984 alone, and there were a further 300 such actions which never featured mail-art pieces. The magazine of the mail-art magazines published in 1984 was likewise 300, meaning that the year 1984 witnessed nearly 1,000 exhibition opportunities or publications.

A third of these projects had no specific title, and a considerable part of them had a subject that had to do with the essence of mail-art: envelope shows aplenty (the non-action of the un-opened envelopes, for example), Xeroxed works, photographs (of family figures and public idols), actions verging on the visual arts, topical political subjects, environmental protection, women, Santa Claus, Christmas, Valentine's Day, calendars, anniversaries of certain cities, name-days, holidays, etc. In fact, one is hard put to pin down conflicts or provocations in such a collection of projects. This quantity in itself is enough to calm the occasional minor conflicts, and it almost fully absorbs whatever tends to be individual. Meanwhile, it became increasingly difficult to maintain that sharp tone, grotesque approach and absurd humour which characterized the initial issues of the Neo-Dadaist magazines and the first network actions in the 1970s.

This heightened activity is reflected in the titles of the magazines. The New York-based Circle Arts publisher, for example, launched a mail-art magazine entitled Perpetual Motion in 1983. Similar to other magazines of this kind, this paper was compiled from works collected from all corners of the world. And yet the title clearly indicates that a decade had passed since the publication of such magazines as Flieg, Vile, or Bile. There was the magazine Idea X-Change of 1985, which was launched jointly by a large number of Californian artists who were separately engaged in newspaper publishing, meaning that they did have material on hand to exchange. The letter "X" in the title also reminds the reader of the multiple mark in mathematics, and so it may well have been meant to indicate the presence of discretionary quantities (or qualities?).

The Brazilian Welcome Bulletin also dates from 1985. It was a huge mail-art gate, open to everyone.

The first mail-art revue which delved deep into this endless horizon may well be considered an archaeological relic today. It was published in Stuttgart in 1971 by Albrecht/D. under the title Everybody's Creativity. The idea clearly had the hallmark of the early-period Omnibus News and the other contemporary assemblies. And yet the published holographic compilation of the answers the editors had received to the question "Is everybody creative?", and came out in two issues. This publication also resembled subsequent mail-art compilations in that the contents of the written or drawn answers made practically no difference. The readers were not supposed to actually read the pages -- in fact, it was like the telephone directory: it was more than enough to just own it (now this fact in itself gave a rather thought-provoking answer to the original question of the publisher).

Some of the compiled mail-art magazines made attempts as early as the seventies to make it a typographical manifest that they considered their contents "bricks" in a huge jigsaw puzzle. The credit for the first such attempt should go to two Canadian Artists, who ventured to "discover", and subsequently civilize, New Zealand and Australia by the help of mail-art. In 1974, Terry Reail and Robert Edward Kerr called on the artists of the world to send works whose dimensions did not exceed 11 inch by 11 inch. The material that had poured in to the two artists was published in the magazine Inach Art. This rota-print paper resembled an enlarged "gridded" exercise book, which was teeming with tiny drawings, signs and collages.

Indicative of the success of this typographical innovation is the fact that in the mid-1980s the Paris magazine Bandes revived this kind of mail-art approach. The paper printed pictures in strips, in a form reminiscent of the comics. Of course, the only thing set in advance was the width of the strips (4 cm., just enough to make room for the highest possible number of pictures). In fact, no better example could be found for the application of the jigsaw puzzle principle, nor for the fact that the pieces of information transmitted through the mail-art network can be fully homogeneous.

The layout of the magazine m c of David Cole and Paul Zelevansky was similar, although its size could be likened to that of a postcard. This size gave room for better quality works, and the editing was likewise superior to that of the previous publications. Each issue of the m c had a specific theme: the first had the title "Responsibility of the Artists", and the ensuing ones were entitled "Art", "Money", "Power", "News", "Propaganda", "Big Picture", "Timeless Light", and finally "Atlases". I listed these titles just to show that there was a publication which tried to break with the practice of printing randomly selected mail-art works. In fact, the themes covered by the magazine m c may well be considered the spiritual compasses of the alternative movements and the underground trends. m c was published between 1981 and 1984, and we have to add that the ideological purport of its themes was decreasing with every issue.

By way of example, let us take the last issue, which undertook to "map out" the mail-art world. The nearly 200 publications offer a plethora of drifting works. Written in the two loops of the infinity sign are the words "art" and "life", and the figures of Adam and Eve are marked with the words "Me" and "You". Besides the labyrinths of characters and words, there are maps which show the location of the home of each artist, and also depictions of scenery and schools (the real correspondence-school!), riddles and photos, advertisements and computer graphics. True enough, these all may well be considered the "maps" of the artist's own self. But if we accept that all this lies within the realm of mail-art, what does the rest of the world contain?

m c was the most attractive and fully-bodied mail-art magazine ever published. Adding to its informative value is the fact that it also provided a realistic idea of where exactly the network's extremes should be sought. In its "Atlases" issue, for example, it featured the mail-art map of all the names that use the same reference of a world map. Whatever appeared in this frame was not a system of mail-art utopias but instead a bafflingly variegated collage. If it was a map, it came pretty close to a map of a jungle. Guy Bleus could have had this in mind when he termed his archives a collection of "curiosities."

* Speaking of maps, and directions, it would only be proper to mention here those one- or two-page info sheets which appeared simultaneously with the mail-art trends. We have mentioned already Groth's I.A.C. Info, which was the first such attempt in mail-art history, and also Ulises Carrion's Ephemeris and Guy Schraenen's Libellus, which showed this genre at its height during the late seventies. Remarkably, these info-leaflets were rather common on the peripheries of mail-art but not in the major centres. One possible explanation for this absence is that the centres were already flooded with publications and information.

Japan may be considered peripheral in this respect. Shoizo Shimamoto has been dispatching his publication, the A.U. (Art Unidentified), incessantly since the late 1970's. The palm-size, folded issues are printed on extremely thin sheets, and yet they cover a wealth and variety of subjects. The A.U. can perhaps be likened to Borges's book of infinite pages, in which each page consists of two yet thinner sheets.

Eastern Europe has also produced some significant info-leaflets. First among them were Olympia in the Federal Republic of Germany and the British Poet Wind, the Swiss Picto Letter. Galantai began to publish his monthly editions in 1980 through the offices of the Artopool archives. The 30 issues of this publication proved their worth, since they managed to regularly transmit information about mail-art events to the circles of the Hungarian underground. The result was the occurrence in the 1981-1982 of an approximately 50-strong group of Hungarians on the international mail-art scene.
Another such publication was Henryk Gajewski's Xeroxed paper, Post. Its first issue came out in 1980, and the last known issue was the 14th. The Yugoslav paper Open World is edited by Rorica and Dobrica Kamperelic in Belgrade. It came out first in 1985, and has since become the most comprehensive mail-art info-sheet in Eastern Europe.

In the West, publications of this kind often use unusual titles to highlight their uniqueness. Examples for this are the FIX News (edited by Hapunkt Fix in Berlin) or the MOCK ReviewZ (by Mockersatz Zrox from the US West Coast). The French La Langousté (Dominique Leblanc, Strasbourg) is not a culinary publication, rather, it reviews the monthly mail-art menu in the region. Similarly, the Spanish The Sneak has not much to do with spying (instead, this very large and quite often octagonal) publication briefs the reader about the upcoming mail-art actions.

For a long while, the Dutch, Ruud Janssen's TAM Bulletin had been the hottest information source in Western Europe. In the first half of the 1980s, Ruud issued his small-sized publications almost every month just to let the readers know about the upcoming events worldwide. A major change occurred when the TAM Bulletin was transformed into a freely accessible computer data base. Since then, it has become a regular feature on many home computer screens. The role of the TAM Bulletin in the network was then taken over by such publications as the 4-U-2 Post Magazine (USA) or the Ready Mail (France).

Undeniably, the most interesting of all the info-publications are those which have nothing to inform us about. All it takes is a lighter approach to see the humorous side of the mail-art labyrinth, and to avoid seeking something serious in those areas which were not cut out for that. The Italians are clearly the grand masters of this open sort of communication chain. Serse Luigetti's Paper, or Emilio Morandi's arteStudio (one of these one-pagers had the famous potato-masser art-piece in it). Both parody the more informative-looking publications and treat communications as a kind of game or as form of poetic acrobatics. Vittore Baroni also tried his hand at this kind of intellectual acrobatics. Once he got tired of the networks of metacomunication, he came out with such ideas like the principle of the "Synthetic International Network" (i.e.; since the network is unable to take in all the phenomena of the world, it is up to us to select what it should be comprised of). Before we take this idea seriously, let us take a closer look at the abbreviation of its name: S.I.N. With this title, the way is paved for puns (SINgular, SINecura, The Seven Sins, etc.). And Vittore was always ready to row the seeds of his nutritious meta-theory.

I will also mention two American magazines in this context. One of them is Mark Bloch's Pan Mag, which has been published with guaranteed irrelevance since the early 1980s. Its recurrent figure is Pan playing his pipe, which in fact, is the only genuine mythological character in the Americans' store of identities. Not two of the Pan Mag issues are alike: one is only a page of scratchy writing, while the other is a bulky collection of poems. But mostly these issues offer collages of Xeroxed written or drawn pages, which make mention of practically everything that has ever reached Mark's home in New York one way or another. At one point, Mark attached a magnifying lens to his publication just to encourage the reader to scrutinize every inch of it. A number of his other publications were so messy that the texts could not be read without constantly rotating the paper.

The title of the other series is Rant. Its publisher is the Los Angeles-based Creative Thing. Each issue carries the following warning: "Rant is published whenever I get enough stuff for a new issue." The problem is that quite often this sentence remains to be the only palpable piece of information in the paper. After all, the whole thing is not larger than a postcard or a palm-sized notebook, and it tends to cover the activities of the Creative Thing's favourites (like Kurt Schwitters or Marineti). Now what on earth is the editor so busy collecting? A closer look at the paper reveals that what it prints is mostly banalities about Creative Thing, about Whitter, or about the goings-on in the friendly mail-art circles. In fact, the real point of Rant is not to carry information, but instead to radiate an appropriate poetic atmosphere. And of course there is that mesh of contacts in which Rant has somehow managed to wrap itself. Similar to Mark Bloch's Pan, the mysterious creature in the publications of the Creative Thing also plays a pipe. However, while we hear the tune, the instrument itself remains totally invisible.

[Editor's note: an excerpt from the essay delineating a variety of world mail-art activities has been cut here. This cut portion of the essay will appear in a future issue of Rampike].

Don't think that the network makes bad company. Romanticism also had such fugitive or concealed variants, and the whole of the impressionist movement was but a tricky hide-and-seek game with the illusions. The differences should be sought elsewhere. The artistic or cultural trends of the 19th century were born in civil societies which drew clear-cut differences between the active creators and the passive consumers of culture. This polarity can best be summed up by the term "the artist and his audience". As opposed to this, the network is not only the subculture (or diaspora), of a much more markedly articulated society, but also a cultural trend which fails to recognize the classical difference between "the artist and his audience". According to the network, all the participants in the communication chain are equal (at least in principle). This explains why we may get the impression that mail-art is a huge movement which involves "millions", and which has established its own communication system (newspapers, concerts, visual and audio media) independent of the elite forms of art.

There is no denying that the network is an autonomous communication chain. We may as well call it "alternative" or "a second" public. But of course there are no "millions" involved in it. In fact, a closer look at the strength of those groups who are actively involved in the work of the network in any major city of the world (New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Cologne), we find that their number varies from between 5 and 25. The permanent active membership of the whole international mail-art network can be estimated at 400-500. This means that the network is considerably smaller than the majority of other artists' groups world-wide. To this summary, I will add by admitting that the polarities of "artist and audience" do exist within the network as well, although in a latent form. Numerous members of the subculture participate in the network superficially and for brief periods only. These people are mostly casual visitors who are drawn to the network by the myths that surround mail-art (e.g.; I read the following lines in an American paper, "Join the mail-artists and every day will be a Christmas!"). The number of the "accompanying travellers" varies between 500 and 1,500, and of course their motivations may well be markedly positive. It is a credit to mail-art that people never speak about a "hard core" and a circle of sympathizers within it. This, after all, would be incompatible with the "stopias" that saturate the network.

Every theory is bound to be overshadowed by the fact that our passions were equally strong and eager about other innovative forms, says, a hundred years ago. But, I believe that once mail-art loses its topicality, the objects and documents created by these passions will still elicit marked responses. After all, it will always remain intriguing to see fictions rooted in wishes or hear-say materialized. In 1984, Wally Darnell, the "travelling ambassador" of American mail-art, called on his colleagues in Latin America. This journey, which took him all the way from Mexico to Chile, came to be known later as the "Pan American Mail-Art Expedition".

Another American artist, Chuck Welch, paid homage to this trip when he created "memorial stamps" in honour of all those Latin American artists whom Darnell had visited. Having completed the stamps, Welch mailed them to Darlene Altschull in California, who then bound them into an album made from Welch's hand-made "cloud paper". The "Ambassador Album" is one of mail-art's most attractive products. This exclusive volume is in itself an almost ebreal object, since it is a poetic metaphor which replays dream-like journeys and encounters may not have happened in reality.

And here is another example: Ryosuke Cohen's action, entitled the "Brain Cell," is a fantastic attempt to put down the whole universe on a few sheets of paper. From the vast cosmic garden, Cohen picked just one flower, and showed us only a petal of it. Having collected tiny emblems, stamps, signs, address cards and business cards from colleagues, Cohen made screen prints with a sensibility and glamour that is in the spirit of the traditions of Japanese culture. Each page has at least 40 or 50 such emblems on it. The "Brain Cell" is a rhythmic product similar to a periodical, and so the network of names and signs in it, creates constellations in endless galaxies. All that Cohen's prints take is patience on the part of the readers if they wish to spot all of our friends in this cosmos - even some who have never existed. GP

**N.B. This article to be continued in a future issue of Rampike (Editor, KJ).**

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TextImage by Geza Perneczky "Art = mc²"
ARTPOOL

THE HISTORY OF ARTPOOL

The roots of Artpool go back to the Chapel Exhibitions held in artist György Galántai's "summer studio", the Balatonboglar Chapel, from 1970 to 1973. By the time the police closed it down in August of that year, the Balatonboglar studio had established itself as the center of officially proscribed avant-garde art, and in retrospect, one of the cradles of cultural change in Hungary.

Six years later, in 1979, György Galántai and Julia Klániczay made another attempt to create an alternative art institute, one that would make room for the new trends in art. They established Artpool at a time when art forms out of keeping with the official cultural policy were denied access to the public. Periodically banned, but on the whole tolerated, Artpool organized many exhibitions and art events, and published several anthologies and art catalogues between 1979 and 1990. From 1983 to 1985, they put out eleven "illegal" issues of "Akualis Level" (Artpool Letter), a "samizdat" art magazine which continues to serve as the sole documentary source on the non-official art of those years. Artpool's aim was to provide contemporary Hungarian artists with information and potential contacts on the international art scene, as well as to publicize and document the activities of Hungarian artists out of favor with those who dictated the cultural policy of the time. Collecting what documents were extant on the alternative art of the '60s, '70s and '80s, Artpool set up an archive which, they hoped, would provide future generations with ammunition and inspiration when it came to moral stands and artistic struggles of their own. In the ten years of its "illegal" existence, the archive accumulated several rare collections of international significance. The Artpool archive boasts the world's largest collection of Artists' Stampworks, for instance, and unique collections of Artists' Bookworks and Artists' Periodicals, collections of Sound Poetry, Visual Poetry, and so on.

Subsequent to the political changes of 1989, Artpool, which already had an international reputation, was officially recognized, and was opened to the public.

Special collections for research at Artpool: Fluxus, performance, sound poetry, visual poetry, artists' bookwork, mail art, artists' stamps, artists' postcards, artists' periodicals, copy art, computer art, video art, the Hungarian "non-authorized" art of the '60s, '70s, and '80s (including alternative art scenes and groups, contemporary music, underground art magazines, the work of Miklós Erdély, etc.).

A sound, a video, and a slide archive are also available to researchers.

How to use the archive

The Artpool Art Research Center is open to the public from 2 to 6 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Books, exhibition catalogs and art documents are readily available during these hours; video and sound documents can be studied as well. Research is aided by a catalogue and a computer-based register which is continuously enlarged and updated. Certain documents are available only with the permission of the owner. In the case of significant research projects, arrangements can be made for the ongoing use of all research facilities.

Information about Artpool's programs (lectures and art events) is published regularly in the press, as well as being sent to those on Artpool's mailing list.

Admittance to all exhibitions and lectures held at Artpool, to the archives and the library is free of charge and open to the public.

ARTPOOL ART RESEARCH CENTER
Budapest VI., Liszti Ferenc tér 10., I. 1.
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Excerpt of Statement on Guillermo Deisler by Clemente Padin

Guillermo Deisler’s contribution was not very different from that of many young artists who, toward the 60s, were emerging in the scene of the Latin American art, marked to fire by the more important social-political forces in the history of our countries, after the independence struggle of the past century. The Cuban Revolution was the point of departure of nearly all our generation and guided and impelled us in the struggle for eradicating the social differences on behalf of a just and solidarity society.

Already toward 1967, we were exchanging our publications. Deisler was sending us his Ediciones Mimbres and, from Montevideo, I was sending him “Los Nuevos del Plata”. Afterwards, it would go “OVUM 10”. The circuit was completed, by these homes, with the magazines “Diagonal Cero” and “Héxagon” of the Argentine poet Edgardo Antonio Vigo: “Procorno” and “Punto” of the Brazilian processists guided by Wladimir Dias-Pino; “La Pata de Pollo” edited in Venezuela by the already expired Dámaso Cray and the very Cuban “Spira” that was co-ordinating Samuel Feijo from Santa Clara of Cuba. All were magazines of experimental poetry or of “new poetry”, as we were calling it in those days.

In that time, around the end of the 60s, the center of our artistic activity was the controversial question of the languages, above all, of the verbal languages. We were attributing to it the adverse function of guaranteeing the regime, by covering with a veil the scars and social malformations that was provoking the outstanding economic system. We were thinking that, through its pristine representation function of the reality, the language was exercising, on the truth, a deformation that was adjusted as a gave to the needs of legitimation of the system; that is to say, it had been converted, not only a communication instrument but also a substitutive instrument of the people, to the service of the social sectors that were profited from such situation. The truth was no longer the concept adapted to the reality, but was depending by “the elegance in the expression” or on “the authority and power of whom was speaking”. It was, precisely, to that activity of denouncing and breaking with the verbal language myth, to which we should dedicate ourselves in the experimental poetry and above all, in the visual poetry.

The first manifestations appear in the cited publications and, in particular, in the expeditions of the “Nueva Poesía” that spread these revisionist trends, first in La Plata, Argentina (1968) and, as the following year, in Montevideo, Uruguay. The Experimental Poetry Anthology that with the name of “Poesia Viva” was editing Deisler in his Ediciones Mimbres dates from 1971. Also, through years, we dedicated ourselves to the incipient circuit of Mail Art that, a short time ago, had been created by Ray Johnson and the Fluxus Movement. Particularly, this activity resorted to Guillermo, already exiled in Bulgaria, from capital importance, to be kept by those years, we dedicated ourselves to the incipient circuit of Mail Art that, a short time ago, had been created by Ray Johnson and the Fluxus Movement. Particularly, this activity resorted to Guillermo, already exiled in Bulgaria, from capital importance, to be kept by those years, we dedicated ourselves to the incipient circuit of Mail Art that, a short time ago, had been created by Ray Johnson and the Fluxus Movement. Particularly, this activity resorted to Guillermo, already exiled in Bulgaria, from capital importance, to be kept.

Let us hear to Deisler himself: “For the Latin American people - and we are already quite a number of creators that, voluntarily or impelled by political circumstances, have been relegated to the exile community - Mail Art becomes the palliative that neutralizes this situation of "expired citizens", as has considered to call the Paraguayan writer Augusto Ro BSTos to this massive emigration of 'workers for the culture' from the South American continent:" With those artistic supports, the graph, the visual poetry, the Mail Art and, afterwards, the scenario, he knew how to develop and to expand his exceptional technique of engraver, for which he was considered one of the best of the world.

He will also be remembered by his editorial labour - not only by the excellence of his "Handmade" issues, above all in his Chilean period through Ediciones Mimbres, but, furthermore, by his magazine "Univers", with 35 numbers. This magazine was accomplished under the sign of the co-operation and artistic interaction that joined hundred of international creators of the most aspected technique and formation.
One Generation From Extinction by Basil Johnston

This important essay has been previously published and we offer it here as part of Rampike's "Historical Documents" series. "One Generation from Extinction," perhaps more succinctly than any other statement, identifies the crisis facing those who have an oral culture and in particular the First Nations people of North America. This essay is reproduced with the kind permission of the author, Dr. Basil Johnston.

Within the past few years Gregor Keezhig, Henry Johnston, Resina Akiwenzie, Norman McLeod, and Belva Pitwaniquot died. They all spoke their tribal language, Anishinaabe (Ojibwa). When these elders passed away, so did a portion of the tribal language came to an end as a tree disperses by degrees and in stages until it is no more; and, though infants were born to replenish the loss of life, not any one of them will learn the language of their grandparents or grandmothers to keep it alive and so pass it on to their descendants. Thus language dies.

In some communities there are no more Gregor Keezhig, Henry Johnston, Resina Akiwenzie, Norman McLeod, Belva Pitwaniquot; those remaining have no more affinity to their ancestral language than they do to Swahili or Sanskrit; in other communities the languages may not survive beyond a generation. Some tribal languages may be the edge of extinction, not expected to survive for more than a few years. There remain but three aboriginal languages out of the original fifty-three found in Canada that may survive several more generations.

There is no cause to lament but it is the native peoples who have the most cause to lament the passing of their languages. They lose not only the ability to express the simplest of attitudes, customs, ceremonies, institutions brought into being by their ancestors; and, having lost the power to understand, cannot sustain, enrich, or pass on their heritage. No longer will they understand that w'manitouwih meant that he or she was endowed with extraordinary talents, and that it did not mean that he or she was a spirit.

One Generation From Extinction

Historical Documents

No?11:111 Mcl...e.od:. and Belva Pitwaniquot died. They all spoke their tribal language, Anishinaabe (Ojibwa). When these elders passed away, so did a portion of the tribal language came to an end as a tree disperses by degrees and in stages until it is no more; and, though infants were born to replenish the loss of life, not any one of them will learn the language of their grandparents or grandmothers to keep it alive and so pass it on to their descendants. Thus language dies.

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known that the creation story as the Anishinaabe understood it to mean was intended
even fourth diluted sources, Is it any wonder then that the stories in
Canada
version but derived everything that they knew of their subject from second, third, and
benefit this society and this nation, not as dramatically as did The Great Tree of Peace
Creation Story, perhaps they might have written their accounts in terms more in
commercial publisher would risk publication of an 'Indian' book. hence, only the
keeping with the sense and thrust of the story. But not knowing the language nor
an institution of merit There exist still 'Indian' institutions that may well serve and
literatures and deprived this generation and this society the promise and the benefit of
as their model for their constitution and government the principles of government and
administration embodied in the Great Tree of Peace of the Five nations Confederacy.
The institution of The Great Tree of Peace was not then too primitive nor too alien for
study or emulation to the founders of the United States. In more recent years even the
architects of the United Nations regarded the 'Indian' institution of The Great Tree of
Peace not as a primitive organization beneath their dignity and intellect, but rather as
an institution of merit. There exist still 'Indian' institutions that may well serve and
benefit this society and this nation, not as dramatically as did The Great Tree of Peace
in the United States of America, but bestow some good as yet undreamed of or
unimagined. Just how much good such institutions may confer upon this or some
future generation will not be known unless the 'Indian' languages survive.
And what is it that has undermined the vitality of some of the 'Indian'
languages and deprived this generation and this society the promise and the benefit of
the wisdom and the knowledge embodied in tribal literature?
In the case of the Beothuk and their language, the means used were simple and
direct: it was the blow, the bludgeon, and the bullet that were plied in the
destruction of the Beothuk in their sleep, at their table, and in their quiet passage from
home to place of work, until the tribe was no more. The speakers were annihilated; no
more was the Beothuk language spoken; whatever their wisdom or whatever their
institutions, the whole of the Beothuk heritage was destroyed.
In other instances, instead of bullets, bludgeons, and bayonets, other means were
used to put an end to the speaking of an 'Indian' language. A kick with a police
riding boot administered by a 175-pound man upon the person of an eight year old boy
for uttering the language of a savage left its pain for days and its bruise upon the spirit
of a life. A boy once kicked was not likely to risk a second or a third. A slap in the
face or a pinch to the back of the head delivered even by a small man upon the person
of a small boy left its sting and a humiliation not soon forgotten. And if a boot or a
fist were not administered then a lash or a yardstick was plded until the 'Indian'
language was beaten out. To boot and fist and lash was added ridicule. Both speaker
and his language were assailed. 'What's the use of that language? It isn't polite to
speak another language in the presence of other people. Learn English! That's the
only way you're going to get ahead. How can you learn two languages at the same time?
No wonder kids can't learn anything else. It's a primitive language; hasn't the
vocabulary to express abstract ideas, poor. Say 'ugh'. Say something in your
language.' How can you get your tongue around those sounds?' On and on the
comments were made, disparaging, until in too many the language was ashamed into
silence and disuse.
And how may the federal government assist in the restoration of the native
languages to their former vigour and vitality and enable them to fulfill their promise?
The Government of Canada must finance the establishment of either
provincial or regional language institutes to be affiliated with a museum or a university
or a provincial native educational organization. The function of the 'institute', to be
headed by a native person who speaks, reads, and writes a native language, will be to
foster research into language and to encourage the publication of lexicons, dictionaries,
grammars, courses, guides, outlines, myths, stories, legends, genealogies; histories,
religion, rituals, ceremonies, chants, prayers, and general articles; to tape stories,
myths, legends, grammars, teaching guides and outlines to build a collection of written
and oral literature and to make same accessible to scholars, teachers, and native
institutions; and to duplicate and distribute written and oral literature to the native
communities and learning institutions. The native languages deserve to be enthroned in
this country's heritage as much as do snowshoes, sharps, and arrowheads. Nay! More.
But unless the writings, the essays, stories, plays, the papers of scholars,
academics, lexicographers, grammarians, etymologists, playwrights, poets, novelists,
composers, philosophers are published and distributed, they can never nurture growth in
language or literature. Tapping into the market represented by each tribe, no
commercial publisher would risk publication of an 'Indian' book, hence, only the
government has the means to sponsor publication of an 'Indian text', either through a
commmercial publisher or through the Queen's Printer. The publication of an
'Indian' book may not be a commercially profitable enterprise, but it would add to the
nation's intellectual and literary heritage.

In the Skin of the Trickster:
An Interview with Thomas King
by Karl E. Jirgens

Thomas King is a novelist and short-story writer. He also writes screenplays for
television including for programs such as North of 60. A number of his works are also
radio-dramas and have been presented on the C.B.C. His novel Medicine River was
also produced as a movie. The novel has been translated into French, and will be
launched in France later this year. His short stories have been
in collection One Good Story, That One, King's book for children. A Coyote Columbus
Story was nominated for a Governor General's Award. His novel Green Grass,
Running Water received extravagant praise from critics. King's father was Cherokee,
and his mother of Greek & German background. In this interview with Rampike's,
Karl Jirgens, King talks about his approaches to writing as well as his newest novel,
Truth and Bright Water, soon to be released by Random House Knopf Canada. He
currently teaches at the University of Guelph. Thomas King spoke to us from Guelph
on February 5, 1997.

KJ: One of the first things I wanted to ask you about was the flip in perception that
sometimes comes up in your writing. This happens not only in your novels Medicine
River (Penguin), and Green Grass Running Water (M&S), but also in your short
stories, in particular “One Good Story That One” for example, and “A Coyote
Columbus Story” in your collection One Good Story, That One (M & S). In the
“Coyote Columbus” story you invert perceptions of how, for example, discoveries
happen. That seems to be a recurring element in your writing, and you often seem to
be looking at things from more than one angle.

TK: I know what the perceptions are going to be of course, basically because there is
so much native literature and literature about natives, for example, and it extends not
only to literature but to art and its spread right through North American society...
I know what the perceptions are. I was born and raised with them so I know what they
are, and I also have some familiarity with world literature and some of the perceptions
encapsulated with the body of that literature, so the point of view of native american
culture are easy to come to for me, and the easiest thing to do is to just turn those
views around on their head and just reverse them, but that isn't really a lot of fun, in
some ways for instance I suppose if I was working with Christopher Columbus, and I
know that Christopher Columbus is considered some kind of exploratory hero, then if I
wanted to invert that all I would do is make him an exploratory villain, of some sort,
but that really doesn't do anything. All that does is become a kind of cranky response to
a stereotype that's been kicking around for centuries. What I'd rather do, is not so
much invert it, but move it off to one side, or stand off to one side, and look at it from
a different angle. That bit of advice that Emily Dickinson gives about the truth, "Tell
the truth but tell it slant," I am certainly interested in doing that. So, I look at
Christopher Columbus and I say to myself, "OK, let's say I'm not going to invert that
particular stereotype, let's say instead I'm going to try to re-manufacture it from a
more native perspective." And if I do that, and I decide to go with a coyote story for
instance, then it's an easy job to say, ok the problem is not really with Christopher
Columbus, the problem is that coyote invents Christopher Columbus, and once loose
on the scene, Coyote can't control Christopher Columbus, which is more along the
lines of an oral story than it might else be. Just to do an inversion can be dangerous
is a way, because when you simply invert a thing, all you do is re-inscribe the original
story-line.

KJ: That makes a lot of sense, and it also ties in with the way a lot of people would
analyze or discuss deconstruction where its not enough to simply flip an idea on Its
head, because that might be only the first step in a process, but then one has to take it
a step further, as you do, by question, for example, the whole idea of "discovery" as
you do in the "Coyote Columbus" story.

TK: It also takes some of the power out of the hands of Columbus, because whether
Columbus is a hero or a villain, he is in a position of power. If he's a hero, then he
has the power to be a hero. If he's a villain, he still has a certain amount of power that
he wields, but if he's simply a creation of Coyote, then he's just playing out the part
that Coyote has given him to play. I like that a lot better, it does a couple of things I
like. Most of all, it gets rid of Columbus.
works." So, she keeps me up to date on what's happening. And TK: Yeah, well, my partner, Helen Hoy, is very much up on post-modern theory and telling tradition, and yet on the other hand, it displays a number of what we might call "post-modernisms."  

Genesis tale to apparently unwitting anthropologists. This skewed re-telling establishes Story, That One,  

TK: Well, of course, coyote is in that particular piece. Actually, a lot of that stuff in Story, That One.  

Granny get eaten up by the wolf, no woodsman comes along to save them, that's the wolfish behaviour. So, Vizenor does some of that, I tend not to go quite that far with stories along those lines to be a little bit friendlier. "Little Red Riding Hood" I think in  

Corporal Colin Sterling Saved Blossom, Alberta, and Most of the Rest or 't'he World as  

Yeah, he did that long poem, "An Okanagan Indian Becomes a Captive Circus Showpiece in England" all about an Okanagan trickster that was collected by Paul Radin and there a number of similarities between that Trickster and some of the versions that appear in your fiction.  

Yeah, that's interesting. I know that there are numerous versions of Coyote including one in print form on the Winnipeg Trickster that was collected by Paul Radin and there a number of similarities between that Trickster and some of the versions that appear in your fiction.  

Yeah, certainly I am familiar with Radio's study, but, when I was in graduate school, I also did some work with world literature, did a fair amount of reading in oral stories, and so those combined with just hanging out and listening to people gave me some background. But my coyote is not a full-blown Trickster figure. There's a whole malevolent side to Coyote, not just with making a mess out of things, but some real nasty shit that coyote can get involved in. My coyotes tend to be, uh, cute, for lack of a better word. Sort of on the friendly, bumbling, foolish side. So my coyotes are not found down in that sense. You get a group of stories, who does a much more complete job with Coyote, but at the same time, the North American public likes stories along those lines to be a little bit friendlier. "Little Red Riding Hood" I think in the original, is a French fairy tale, and in that particular tale, Red Riding Hood and Granny get eaten up by the wolf, no woodsman comes along to save them, that's the end of the story, it's a cautionary tale, about not going out into the woods alone, but it gets changed later to this story about innocence that gets rescued from the jaws of wolfish behaviour. So, Vizenor does some of that, I tend not to go quite that far with coyote, but, then, I think I've pretty much done my bit with coyote. Writers can only hang on to coyote for so long, and then they better get out of there.  

TK: Well it worked nicely with both One Good Story That One and even Green Grass Running Water, in more subtle way with the four "Indian" characters being shape-shifters, and so on.  

KJ: Well, I thought that he felt it was reasonably well done compared to a lot of other films which depict natives, including movies such as Pocahontas, or Farge. But, there was some conflict there over the way that the film was treated of it  

Yeah, I wasn't embarrassed by the movie. And that was my big fear, that it was going to wind up on the screen and I was going to be just embarrassed to hell. I wasn't embarrassed by it. It wasn't the book. They had reduced, as Hollywood, or, as anybody who does movies, I suppose, they reduced a fairly complex story, at least complex from my point of view, down to essentially a kind of romance. A romantic comedy was what they came away with. And it was nice to see native people on the screen in large numbers. And to hear their voices. And that was good too. I would have liked to see any story to make the film and more time to make the film. Now, in financial terms as a Canadian film, it wasn't bad, it was a couple of million dollar product, and it took about 21 days to shoot.  

KJ: Well, that seems fast.  

TK: Well, that is fast, but its not as fast as some. So, I think that they were able to put together a reasonable shot at doing the movie. But movies just never do it. I mean they never will take the place of a book. Particularly, because they're got a time limit that they have to meet and then there's no way around it. I mean Michael Ondaatje's The English Patient is not the book. And they did some real shifting on that from the hero of the piece. They switch it from Kip, the east-Indian Sri-Lankan guy, to the white guy, you know. And that's a huge shift. And with Medicine River, there weren't those giant shifts. But the complexity of the guy's situation in the town, particularly his background and really the subtext of Harlan Bigbear, you know, its not nearly as subtle in the movie as it is in the book. In the book you really come away with the feeling that he's only doing it. He doesn't do it for his own space, and his goodwill, that he doesn't understand what he's about. Whereas in the movie, its very obvious that the character there is a sort of knowledgeable Trickster. So, in regard to those things, people can argue and say, "Well look, we're the kind of novel, that is a little bit of fun for the academics who live such a dull and boring life."  

TK: Yeah, he did that long poem, "An Okanagan Indian Becomes a Captive Circus Showpiece in England" all about an Okanagan trickster that was collected by Paul Radin and there a number of similarities between that Trickster and some of the versions that appear in your fiction.  

Yeah, he did that long poem, "An Okanagan Indian Becomes a Captive Circus Showpiece in England" all about an Okanagan native who got taken across the Atlantic to Ontario and from a source of entertainment for a touring circus.  

Yeah, I've noticed some interesting overlaps between the two books [One Good Story, That One, and Green Grass, Running Water, ed.]. For example, both books include the use of voices within voices when the native storyteller re-tells the Biblical Genesis tale to apparently unwitting anthropologists. This tricked re-telling establishes a kind of deconstructive pattern. One of the things that I've found remarkable about your writing is that the fact that one the one hand you writing grows out of this oral story-telling tradition, and yet on the other hand, it displays a number of what we might call "post-modernisms."  

Yeah, well, my partner, Helen Hoy, is very much up on post-modern theory and she's a good critical theorist and she's a writer like Temple on post-modernism and she's my source for all that material. She'll sit down and tell me something that she think is relevant, and I'm completely ridicules about critical theory. And I'll say, geez, that's a very complicated way of saying a very simple thing, and then I'll go do it in my writing. And she'll say, "Yeah, that works." So, she keeps me up to date on what's happening. And Green Grass really is
doing this for a movie audience, the lowest common denominator there, is a lot lower than it is for a novel.

KJ: Yeah. Mind you, there were some pretty good scenes in that movie. I loved the one where Will and Harlan go across Medicine River to visit the old Grandmother in order to get a rattle for the little Southwing. There was a nice circumcision shot that travelled around the Grandmother outside with the hills and the river and trees in the background and she is sitting on this lazy-boy chair. Good shot, that one. She was quite remarkable.

TK: Oh yeah, she was quite good in that. They wanted originally to get a much younger actress to look old and play the part. And then one of the producers, I guess the lead producer, insisted on signing up this woman, Maggie Black-Kettle, and she was absolutely terrific. She had some wonderful, wonderful lines.

KJ: And her timing was great?

TK: Yeah, her timing wasn’t bad at all. And her voice! You know a lot of people aren’t used to that strong native voice on the screen. So, it takes a little bit of getting used to, but it’s a lovely presence. And I was quite pleased with her performance and certainly with Graham and Sheila. But then again, I’ve got no sense for what works in the movies and what doesn’t. I mean, I work in movies, I do films, for example, I do scripts for North of Sixty sometimes, but if the truth be known, I really don’t have a good sense for that. I always try to make it more complicated than it has to be. I always try to over-write it. I suppose, I can’t stand those simplistic lines, “How ya doin’?” “I’m fine.” That’s the movie. But, you can’t do that in a novel.

KJ: Speaking of novels can you tell us a little bit about your new one [Truth and Bright Water] without jinxing it?

TK: No, its done, so I don’t have to guess at what I’m going to have to do. So, I can safely tell you about it. Its done except for the editing. And the editing will take me probably a month or so. And then it will be finished. Its really about two boys, two teenage boys who live in these two towns, Truth, and Bright Water, one on the Canadian side and one on the U.S. side. And its just about a week out of their lives one summer. I think my partner counted up the days and decided it was just over a week if that, although it seems like a lot longer.

KJ: I remember when you were talking about it at the University of Toronto, you mentioned one element that I found a little bit fascinating. I guess I’m just attracted to this fabulous stuff.

TK: Weird shit, huh?

KJ: Yeah. I get a kick out of it. The church that disappears and so on.

TK: Well, there are two characters that come onto the scene, and who are part in part the catalysts for the action in the novel. One of the characters, one of the characters is one of boy’s is Aunts, who comes and goes from time to time. In his life, she’s sort of a wandering individual, and she comes home again this time, she’s his favourite aunt. She’s there for a purpose but I don’t understand fully, but I won’t tell you about that because its sort of a surprise. And secondly, there’s a painter who comes home, whose a fairly famous painter who comes back to Truth and Bright Water, named Munro Swimmer. And he is a native artist who went away to Toronto and made it big, and he comes home and buys a church and he has the church fixed up completely and has it fixed up and painted white, he begins to paint it himself, and what he does is, he paints the church out of existence, or he paints it out of existence. Piece by piece, little bit here, little bit there. And he’s kind of a goofy guy, sort of pops up all over the place. He’s not a Trickster figure so much, although I supposed you could argue that he is, more than he is a kind of catalyst of sorts for the one book. And heBoggs paints the church over the entire length of the novel, until its gone. And then he goes to work on the school-house.

KJ: So, I guess this is a sort of an epistemological comment on education and religion and western style?

TK: Well, I suppose the comment has to do with the fact that these things are icons within North American society. Churches, schools. And in many ways, they were imposed upon native people. And native people were without religion or education, its just that those things just did not happen within those sorts of institutions. And many of the institutions wound up on reserves. And even today they are symbols of a kind of colonialist mentality. And so, to burn them down or to destroy them, strikes me as a little harsh and angry, and vengeful. Things that I don’t much like doing in my fiction. But, to simply paint them out of existence is a sort of delicious way to take care of a problem, as far as I’m concerned. Because you can think of it one of two ways. Either, he paints the church the same colour as the sky and the prairie, so that its there but you can’t see it. And there’s some real ambiguity about what happens. All we know is that we can’t see the church. And of course from a western perspective, if we can’t see it, then its not there. We don’t have the kind of attachment to faith, or fate that other people have. Its not that (non-native) North Americans are not a religious society, but I don’t think generally they have a great attachment to faith to be honest with you, any more than they have an attachment to any kind of a land ethic. I mean, we get excited when the Exxon Valdez goes down off the coast, and we get geared up for that, but in terms of any kind of stories within our literature, oral or written that are passed down through the generations, that talk about our relationship to the land, we don’t really have any.

KJ: Yeah, well, there are a few of those farming stories by writers like Ringueut, or Frederick Philip Grove, or Susanna Moodie, or Sinclair Ross, you know those stories about prairie farmers trying to make a go out of it, As For Me and My House, and others of that sort, but those are mostly about a struggle with the land, rather than about learning to live in harmony with it. And not that much lately.

TK: The only story that we have that has any impact on that is the piece from Genesis where Adam and Eve get thrown out of the garden into a harsh wilderness, where they have to tame it. And we believe that story and so what we see around us, is "untamed wilderness" primarily. And our first impulse is to get out there and fix it.

KJ: That links in with Frye’s "garrison mentality" and all of that [see; The Bush Garden, ed.]. What do you think about writer’s like Robert Kroetsch or, say, Sheila Watson, who situate themselves close to the land in a slightly different way, but also use the Trickster motif?

TK: Yeah, she’s in North American literature, and in Canadian literature, and in the U.S. to a great degree, becomes a sanctuary, and has a kind of medicinal effect. Take someone like Hingwning in "Big Two-Hearted River" where you’ve got this war veteran who comes back from the war, and goes down onto the land, goes down the river to fish, and in that way, tries to get himself back onto the right track, to get an "even keel." And Kroetsch, I think, has the same sort of idea, that the land is a special place, that the land can heal, that the land can calm, the land has almost religious presence. But those two ideas, the land as commodity, and the land as sanctuary, are not incompatible. As a matter of fact, that’s what a National Park is. Land as commodity, land as sanctuary, both at the same time. So, I would say, when Kroetsch is writing about the land, and Watson’s writing about the land, it doesn’t mean that they see the land in the same way that native people see the land. And their vision of the land doesn’t preclude the other vision, the other part of that North American vision. But even the nastiest son-of-a-bitch from MacMillan Bloedel would argue that parks are a good thing, its just that you don’t need too many of them. There is that nice thing, to get back into the trees and away from civilization, and all of that. But it doesn’t preclude cutting the trees down.

KJ: Speaking for yourself, I guess you don’t have a big objection to non-native writers, say, like Kroetsch or Watson using native myths like the coyote, or depicting native motifs in their work?

TK: Oh, hell, I don’t mind, so long as they do a good job. I don’t mind if non-natives write about natives, so long as they do good work and get it right. But, the difference is, I think that native novelists have more of an investment in getting it right than non-natives do, and its not to say that non-natives can’t, its just that their investment culturally, is in a different place.


TK: Yeah. They’re both great writers. William Eastlake is one of my favourite writers. He’s an American, U.S. writer, and he’s written a number of novels, Go in Beauty and The Bronc People, and, of course, Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses.

KJ: I looked at Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses and at first I thought that it would be about some guy, who might be on the range with twenty-six horses, or something like that, but it turns out that "Twenty-Six Horses" is the name of a character. That was a bit of tricky surprise, but I enjoyed the book very much.

TK: Yeah, William Eastlake is an amazing writer. Very funny. And he has this vision of the land, that I was talking about earlier. I don’t know of many other writers who are so richly gifted.

KJ: Both you and Eastlake are writing about a kind of cultural and personal displacement as a result of the incursion of another culture. In some ways, I can relate to that. I’m from a Baltic (Latvian) background, and it seems to me that the Baltic experience is in some ways similar to what happened to First Nations people in North America, only in a less extreme way, because in the twentieth century the Baltic was swept over by the Soviets, and we were forbidden to speak our language, or partake in our oral cultural traditions including our songs, and dances, as well as our poetry, stories, literature, in general, and so on, and were forced to speak Russian, and to study at schools set up according to the Russian model, to sing the Russian anthem, and so on. And so, they tried to break up the culture from within. And the occupation took place over a period of roughly fifty years, or one generation, which was just about enough time to establish a major break between the elder and the younger generation which as Basil Johnston has pointed out is all that is needed to eradicate a culture, particularly an oral culture.

TK: Of course, that’s what’s been going on with Native People now for what, some four hundred years? The difference here is that the government tended to move us off into smaller and larger enclaves but did not try to break up those enclaves in particular.

Illustrations by Arthur (Butch) Elliott from "The Storyteller’s Lodge" series.
An Excerpt from GREY OWL: The Mystery of Archie Belaney by Armand Garnet Ruffo

Armand Garnet Ruffo's work is strongly influenced by his Ojibway heritage. His first poetry collection, Opening In the Sky, was published in 1994. His work has since appeared in such anthologies as Looking At The Words of Our People (Thetis Books), Voices of the First Nations (McGraw Hill-Ryerson), and Native Literature in Canada (Oxford University Press) as well as numerous literary journals. Born in northern Ontario, Ruffo now makes his home in Ottawa, where he is a lecturer in the Department of English and associate director of the Centre for Aboriginal Education, Research and Culture at Carleton University. Grey Owl: The Mystery of Archie Belaney is slated to be released in the spring of 1997 by Coteau Books.

Beginning

Archival memory.
Paper brittle as autumn, unearthed across the desk, files scattered.
Words floating like smoke
smell of moccasins you are wearing warming the bright neon
carrying you on.

It is past midnight, everyone
is gone, except uniformed security
and you -- What is it you are digging for exactly?

Note: Archie writes that a beaver’s diet
consists of poplar and birch leaves,
shredded bark, lily roots and slim branches cut
into macaroni-like chunks; they also have a taste
for potatoes, apples and rice.

Transformation and Journey.
Archibald Stansfeld Belaney
and Grey Owl, Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin.

The people.
George his absent father; Kitty his bullied mother;
Ada and Carrie his spinster aunts; wives and lovers,
Angele Egwuna, Ivy Holmes, Marie Girard, Gertrude Bernard,
Yvonne Perrier; children, Agnes, Johnny, Dawn;
friends and acquaintances, George McCormick, Bill Guppy,
John Egwuna, Bill Draper, Jack Leve, Lovat Dickson,
Betty Somorrell, Ken Comibear; adopted family, Alex and
Annie Espaniel, Jimmy and Jane.

The geography.
England. Hastings, a seaside village, his place of birth
at 32 St. James's Road; the move to 52 St. Helen's road,
near the woods he played in; to 36 St. Mary's Terrace,
and his menagerie of pets.
Canada. Toronto, where he worked in Eaton's department store; Temagami,
Bear Island, where he began trapping and married Angele; Biscotasing,
meeting the Espaniels and becoming
a Riverman; Doucet, Gertrude and his first two beaver;
Cabana, where he began to write; Ajawaan, where he completely became
Grey Owl.

Writing to Gertrude, Archie tells her to find out if Alex
is up there. Alex will give her some, quote,
very wise counsel. Heed him, Archie advises.

The mention of family spills inward
that lost portrait together in front of the station.
(Taken with Archie's Kodak, your Grandmother said.)
And you turned to the light blackened window,
your face transparent as a lens,
and with the click of pen
you find yourself stepping from a train,
into a white hiss of steam,
a snow bound lake vast as ocean,
North,
and there is no retreat.

Simple Addition
A is for Archibald
A is for Anishnabeg*

A + A = Archibald Anishnabeg
B is for Belaney
B is for Beaver
B + B = Belaney Beaver

now simply add A + B

A + B = Archibald Belaney
Anishnabeg Beaver
Archibald Beaver
Anishnabeg Belaney

* the Ojibway people

Archie Belaney, 1915-16
You want to talk civilization, OK,
let's talk War. On August 6th, I join the 13th Battalion
and because I can handle a rifle I'm sent promptly
to the trenches.

One black night I hang my greatcoat
on a branch sticking up in the mud,
in the morning a dead man's green arm
hands it back to me.

I see a man trying to stuff his intestines back inside himself.
He asks me for help.

Chlorine Gas: Blisters your lungs.
You vomit blood.
No mask. Piss in a rag
and stick it in your face.
No piss. Borrow some.

They make me a sniper. I get to see the tears
the second the bullet rips through them.

The shelling, it makes my brother Hugh go mad.
New his life is a room where he sits and pounds
his exploding head.

I'm lucky. On April 23rd, I'm wounded in the foot
and sent away to have a toe removed. Later I'm discharged.
Some accuse me of shooting myself. Others say impossible.

Alex Espaniel, Biscotasing, 1925
He paddles to our place by moonlight,
skulks in and says he's got to go. The police
from Chapleau are coming to arrest him.
I tell him not to worry.
His singing and drumming isn't that bad.
And if he's been staggering around again
and making a nuisance of himself,
throwing knives
at passing boxcars,
they'll just give him a fine.

He says it's time to go anyway.
So I give him some dried moosemeat,
a couple cans of beans,
flour and salt for bannock,
and
He isn't sure where he's going
or when he'll be back.
Then one day I get a letter
from someone named Grey Owl,
and when I open it up it's Archie.

No mask. Piss in a rag
and stick it in your face.
No piss. Borrow some.
Colonel Wilfrid Bovey, 1929

Forty years old and nearly destitute, he comes to Metis-Sur-La-Mer hoping to find work guiding and to publicize his proposed beaver colony, and ends up staying in a tent on the beach. Metis is not the kind of resort that employs guides, and he's reduced to exhibiting his beaver for ten cents admission so that he can buy a little food. His wife, who can't be much more than twenty, comes to the hotel looking for work as a maid and proudly informs us that her husband has recently published an article in Country Life, the well-known English magazine, which quite frankly impresses us. So we ask her to bring some of his work over and later agree to engage him to speak at the Seaside Hotel.

The material itself is powerful with its passionate conservation message, but of course we are sceptical that a half-breed from the bush can speak before an audience. The turnout is good, over a hundred people, and he arrives on stage looking quite dashing and, I might add, even theatrical in his fringed Native attire. He's clearly nervous and stumbles through his introduction as he tries to read from his notes. The crowd is impatient for him to get on with it, just as he appears to be impatient with himself, constantly turning his attention from his notes to the audience and back, losing his place. But before anyone is aware of what is happening, has time to applaud his daring, he gathers up his papers and clenching them in his hand moves the lectern aside.

Then, with a calm intensity that makes me recall the sky just before one of those blankets of storm we have up here appears out nowhere and sweeps across the lake, with that kind of captivating force, he begins to tell us a story, as though we were sitting around a campfire. And all at once a hush pervades the audience, lightened from time to time with jolts of laughter -- the beaver people with all their antics are alive and busy; the wild north has blown into the room carrying the smoke of ancient ceremony -- and he has everyone eating out of his hand, like the animals he's telling us about, his papers by this time forgotten on the floor.

They collect seven hundred dollars that night and have over a thousand by the time they leave and it's only the beginning.

Romantic

James Fenimore Cooper, why, yes, I've read him.
Last of the Mohicans
Deerslayer etc. etc.
Fine books. Fine books indeed.

Certainly they're romanticized, but then, it's all part of the game, isn't it? To give the public what it wants, & expects.

I say if they want romance

If they expect beads and braids

Butter the facts.
Spread it thick.
The point is to get the message across, isn't it?

Illustrations by Arthur (Butch) Elliott from "The Storyteller's Lodge" series.
songs to my wild horses
Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm

Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm is an Anishinaabe writer of mixedblood from the Chippewas of Nawash First Nation. She lives and works at Neyaashiingamiing (Cape Croker Reserve), on the Saugeen Peninsula in Ontario. Her writing (poetry, fiction, and scholarly/research), has been published in anthologies and journals as well as on audio-cassette. She has a book of her poetry in print (My Heart is a Stray Bullet: Kegedonce Press), and she has given readings in Canada, the USA, Australia and Aotearoa (New Zealand), and has presented her writing on national radio in Canada and Aotearoa, including on WTN programs "Writing on the Wall" and "Take 3."

1
there are wild horses
thundering across the hidden valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
I cannot feel
thundering across the hidden valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their hooves pounding
across the hidden valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their breath blowing
across the secluded valleys of my spirit

2
there are wild horses
with hooves that do not touch the earth
thundering across the secluded valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
raising dust clouds across the secluded valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
soundlessly pounding their hooves across the windswept valleys of my spirit

3
there are wild horses
singing songs I cannot feel
dancing across the windswept valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their songs beating
across the windswept valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their hooves massaging
the windswept valleys of my spirit

4
there are wild horses
painted read and purple black and gold
streaking across the precious valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
carrying dreamstones and sacred words
racing across the precious valleys of my spirit

5
there are wild horses
with turquoise eyes
charging across the precious valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
braiding sweetgrass in their manes
stamping their hooves into the precious valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their painted dreams
racing across the precious valleys of my spirit
I cannot feel their obsidian hooves
pounding across the windswept valleys of my spirit

6
there are wild horses thundering
across the precious valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
there are wild horses thundering
across the windswept valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
there are wild horses thundering
across the secluded valleys of my spirit
there are wild horses
there are wild horses
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel their hooves
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their breath
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their songs
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their eyes
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their dreams
I cannot feel these wild horses

7
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their hooves
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their breath
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their songs
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their eyes
I cannot feel these wild horses
I cannot feel them
I cannot feel their dreams
I cannot feel these wild horses

8
when the ice melts
I will feel them
I will feel these wild horses
yes I will feel them
the ice is melting
I will feel them
I will feel these wild horses

yes the ice is melting

Illustrations by Arthur (Butch) Elliott from "The Storyteller's Lodge" series.
Of Dugong and Other Things
by Rolland Nadjiwon

Rolland Nadjiwon is an Anishnabe of Potawatami descent, and he is of the Turtle Clan (Mikinak) large audiences alike, including at the benefit for the Innu at the C.B.C. Glenn Gould studios in Toronto. A published writer of poetry, fiction and scholarly/research, his work has been presented in oral, print and electronic forms.

Long before the world was, in our time of dreaming, everyone lived centred in enchanted blue wilderness. In that beforetime, we did not appear as we do now. It is said that we were coloured lights moving about as fireflies. Sometimes, when we came together, air in excitement would vibrate and shimmer with many colours. Lights would dance as do northern lights now days. We were very ancient. One time though, only one time, we forgot – we all forgot how important it is to remember beforetime.

When it happened, the fore-begot, we were all crystal clear. A soft rain was falling gently and green frogs were singing. Spider, we called him spider, became so excited we think he forgot first. No. We all forgot at the same time and that is how spider forgot. Suddenly, spider bit dugong. At first lights just laugh-just everyone was having fun and still happy. Slowly, everyone started to remember nothing like this had ever happened before. Dugong looked at everyone with great pain and an even greater sorrow. He said to Spider. "Why did you hurt me?"

"I am very sorry," said spider.

"I cannot play with you anymore," said dugong. "Now I must leave. I have to go and live alone in the salt ocean. I can never come back to centre or enchanted blue wilderness."

"Please don't go. I will never bite you again." spider cried.

"I really must go now," replied dugong. The fore-begot was forming around some lights, especially around dugong. His light was not so bright any more. "Friends," he said sadly, "I must go." He brightened a bit and said, "I know. I will leave you my light and it will shine so bright in the darkness of the fore-begot. In after beforetime when you will sit at centre feeling sadness and melancholy, you can gaze into the shadows of the fore-begot and see me. You will remember not to forget, ever again. It will remind you of time of dreaming. You will hear green frogs sing and see lights dancing. Always, unfortunately, it will be only a reflection and you will become sad and melancholy over and over again." Dugong stopped talking and took in a deep breath. When he tried to speak again he could only make funny noises and air bubbles came out from his nose because he had a nose now.

With great sadness Dugong dragged himself slowly out from enchanted wilderness and into salt ocean. He disappeared deep into the fore-begot. That is the last time we all spoke to him. That is the last time we all spoke together as we did in the beforetime.

As Dugong disappeared into the fore-begot, the green frogs stopped singing. The enchanted blue wilderness went silent and still. Everything began to change. The lights started to fade and go out until they had all disappeared. The beautiful crystal clear centre turned into a brackish and fore-begot how to flow through time. The enchanted blue wilderness went slowly into a deep sleep. Only the light of dugong was still shining in the centre of the enchanted blue wilderness.

After a measure of time, the gentle rain began to fall and the green frogs started singing. A new and delicate blue earth woke up into a red dawn humming an ancient green frog song. Everything had changed to looking as it does now. Men looked like men, frogs looked like frogs, and trees looked like trees. Everything had eyes and could only see in one direction. We could no longer see our lights. Everything had ears and needed sound to hear. We could no longer hear the green frogs' song. Everything had hands but our centre of feeling had changed. Now we needed to touch to feel. Even the Dugong, the most playful of lights, changed into how this earth was becoming new to here when the buh-gwudg-innini-sug the little people when they lived here that is when the trees talked and the plants and the animals and when they talked it was a song

Illustration by Arthur (Butch) Elliott from "The Storyteller's Lodge" series.

Butch Elliott is a Potawatami-Delaware from Cape Croker, Canada.
An Excerpt From "H"
by Philippe Sollers
Translated by Elaine Corts

Philippe Sollers along with Julia Kristeva and Roland Barthes, was the driving force behind the highly influential and innovative French journal Tel Quel. Sollers was also the Institutional leader of Tel Quel Group. Philippe Sollers' writing is in the spirit of his activist publishing and editing, Sollers' writing pursues innovation in form as if it were a dollhouse miniature of the novel. The following is a section of his acclaimed avant-garde novel H as translated by Rampike correspondent Elaine Corts.

Philosophy shaded would you rock him waves let him find a dormant state for us the word houri has been used cuckoo curl~ lad~girl c~die~ fruit tic-tac the mystery of watches cuckoo granddaughter with a bow the returns to the air and this last attains the heart within the heart whose fire burns the time it takes to believe halfway cuckoo mother cute girl determined radiant pregnant right up to her eyes ecstasy in her womb?utterflie~ if i see ~uni will strangle him the prick of the needle is a crime that i can not forgive the more of a figure e1gh~ and never looped yes it is the total spectacle curved galleries ceilings of light loud~
with1;1 the whole is created basically i am this idiotic old man surprisingly young who walks in the cool balance a future honzon will come when it will be truly necessary to have a theory of respiration will with the black and white of their eyes clearly distinguished qualifications of the women in paradise from the profound ms1de 1f 1t vibrates font of the novel history in a free style an unknown material until today as it is the energetic parody of the primitive father instead of wishing to keep all women which leads to the blankness of the least recalling faces from the past goldklang it the bay leaves pungent rising~~~
the anc~ent mght for these logical propositions as soon as we become attached to objects existence and that space is vacant it is enough to go there such velvet-softness as well that writing can feel in a flash connected to the short-circuit of the already seen again it is thus that a moment the mind of a dreamer is dislocated by a vision of day folding up its night there is a second when you can seize it across its flaming mist it seems that rumi composed while dancing it seems to me that when one reads a book of praise or notes Byzantine ars Poetica in the margins of Timurid manuscripts such as the one we are looking at one becomes impotent homosexual can we say that he accompanies the circuitous route of other practitioners of sex or he gives up the burden to them culture harvests the moment nature doesn't do with production but with development a figure always tolerated it is enough to see the quartz which hints him the hypnotic and her dead papa coupled with a fuxan a terrors a manchild with a girl where even more the morass stuck on the scelleratus this is her word seduced yet vengeful a stable situation is a stable situation there they like a spot employ k2r it is instantaneous will the universe make a figure eight eventually or an outline l~illiput indeed it would_ see:11 that the sides grow fainter the mountains are gray points fade away like a spotemploy kr it is instantaneous the universe make a figure eight eventually or an outline of a figure eight and never hoped yes it is the total spectacle curved galleries ceilings of light loud~

Philosophy shaded would you rock him waves let him find a dormant state for us the word houri has been used cuckoo curl~ lad~girl c~die~ fruit tic-tac the mystery of watches cuckoo granddaughter with a bow the returns to the air and this last attains the heart within the heart whose fire burns the time it takes to believe halfway cuckoo mother cute girl determined radiant pregnant right up to her eyes ecstasy in her womb?utterflie~ if i see ~uni will strangle him the prick of the needle is a crime that i can not forgive the more of a figure e1gh~ and never looped yes it is the total spectacle curved galleries ceilings of light loud~

Translated by Elaine Corts
**Poétique**
par Hédi Bouraoui

Le poétique se montre récalcitrant
A se laisser définir
Une sorcellerie d’images tournoie
Dans cet imaginaire qui s’éventre
Comme un taureau
Le matador métaphoré récuse
le non-sens dérisoire
D’où des écouteurs désespérés

Pas de discours innocent
Dans ce poème qui se casse les dents!
Et quel privilège accorde la critique
Quand le terrain d’élection
Est pur appel au glissement

Le poème nous conduit à l’univers
D l’énonciation
Drôle de stratégie que stratifie
L’inspiration
Et le critique rit dans sa barbe
Pour ne point se larder dans l’art
De dénoncer le Barde

Le poème se joue de son énoncé
Heureusement ou tout simplement
Désoriente la cohésion portugaise
Et non la Lettre
Son coup de foudre du départ
Est noir, est blanc
Ce coup porté au spontané
Se stérilise la racine
Pour que lucide, émerge le passionné

**Sans Titre**
par Christine Germain

Une tasse de trop qui traîne nonchalante sur le bord du lit
La fesse encore prude qui se découpe contre le cardre de porte
Les butchs dans le cendrier qui ramènent à un sein dur et palpé

Passage: Volubilité d’une heure et de quelques minutes empaillées

cà dit: C’est moé la reine à soir
On a pelé ma peau
Comme un melon trop sucré
Qu’on suçe les doigts de jus dégoulinants

Battements d’ailes et catastrophies
L’habitude, Laquelle? des petits bruits discrets et salauds
On se monte et on s’oublie

Tu sais? Je suis suivie...
Comme cet homme qui se disperse dans un musé fictif
Comme cette femme: Trou du ciel qui s’infecte
Tu sais... je suis suivie...

Moment cancer

Est la qu’à watche, est là qu’à watche
Qu’a t’éparpille, qu’à t’omnubile

Le frette, la faim, pis l’auto-strip-tease devant le miroir
La peur... la MODITE peur
Celle des exactitudes, des petites morts qui donnent soif de chassés croisés

Est là qu’à watche, est là qu’à watche
Qu’a t’éparpille, qu’à t’inutile

Les lymphes agréablement ficelées
Le sexe qui saigne encore, avec des petits fantômes qui tressaillent encore derrière les rideaux
Comme un moment miracle une bonne indiscretion

C’EST MOE L’HERITIERE, LA FAVORITE PIS LA PRETENDANTE
C’EST MOE LA REINE À SOIR
Afterlife of the Heart
by Betsy Warland

1
is every love story
a death story?

love sickness on a death bed?

i want to say, no,
not in the beginning when
there is no other left for another
though with the first lovers’ knot
we begin the slow disentangling from
its brooding blood ties
our family affair

2
suddenly the safety of the pack
becomes the chase:

"Oh, he’s a deadhead"
(she’s already in flight,

thinks of nothing else)

there will be two --
and with the falling in?

friendship’s falling out

3
in time, the aftermath
the multiplication table now
deadlocked by divisions of two
not this, not this, not this,
all those years of imagining, reading, rehearsing,
all those movies all those songs
back
track, rewind, only
dead ahead

4
have i convinced you already,
have i succeeded with my rationalization,
ratio, of romance’s
inexorable death rate?

like you, i have never meant harm
yet the years go by
the death count increases

my comfort?
the heart.

the heart alone could convince
of an afterlife
how it reincarnates, re-invents beyond
each dead end

5
few things frighten us more than
love’s death throws

does this account for the virulent innocence?
though each might admit failings
(o the humbling of years)
we still leave
one another holding the bag
the dead weight of

"if onlys..."

6
let’s face it, most of us have
not only worn the death mask;
we’ve presented it

though we abhor its perfect fit
there’s a secret sweetness

behind this suffering
might be absolution for

Snail on Ice
from: Poems Without Explanation
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 is cold 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 lower 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...
Below The Deep
by Helen Lovekin

As a child I frequently accompanied my mother on visits to her bedridden, moneyed great-aunt Myrtle. On these occasions it was essential that I not touch anything or cause any disturbance whatsoever. Therefore I was always deposited by my mother in a small sitting groom that contained nothing save a stunningly azure Persian carpet. This carpet had been poached by Myrtle’s husband from a Bedouin chief, who in turn had stolen it from someone else. Myrtle was said to regard her husbands cultural brigandage--which much in evidence--as a cheap way to furnish a house. For her own part she would have preferred to buy everything new from Eaton’s. In short, my mother’s great-aunt paid no more attention to her Persian carpet than to me who sat upon it hour after hour, and I have no doubt that she went to her grave in ignorance of its single properties. These were left for me to discover.

At first glance Myrtle’s Persian was a typical example of its kind, albeit one of excellent quality. Its richly coloured borders were a maze of geometric shapes entwined with tendrilled flowers whose drooping petals opened and closed over jutting stamens like exotic lips. The skill of the persian dyers almost hypnotized me. I marvelled at the way the subtlest floral shadings were juxtaposed against the robust hues of the labyrinthine pattern underneath. In the center of the carpet, like an island in the bluest of seas, was a vivid densely lineated medallion that echoed and intensified the border motif.

I might have treated Myrtle’s Persian like any other carpet and lolled all over it in fretful, childish boredom had it not been for Myrtle’s housekeeper, Skeeziks. Skeeziks had rolled up the carpet to polish the floor and I was forced to stand in the corner and wait until this frighteningly efficient woman deemed the floor clean enough to receive the carpet once again. When that moment finally came, Skeeziks, stopped and small as she was, hefted up the tubular bundle and with a firm grasp on its fringed edge heaved it outwards.

Instead of unrolling like a regular carpet Myrtle’s Persian splashed out and crested like a wave sweeping across the floor in a surge of azure-blue water. The border of the aqueous carpet clattered down on the gleaming oak planks and formed a rectilinear shore measuring twelve by eight feet. Skeeziks smashed her hands together briskly and bustled off to do more housework.

Once I knew that Myrtle’s Persian carpet was really a portable pond that one could roll up and cart all over the desert, or even ship across land and sea to the stark sitting room of my mother’s great-aunt, I could see why it was repeatably the object of theft. As soon as I was left alone in the sitting room with the fabulous carpet I would take my shoes and stockings off and sit on the flowered border, legs dangling in the stunningly azure water that was very clear and very,very deep. The most dangerous game I knew was to reach the medallion in the centre of the carpet by leaping off the border rather than laying down a bridge of foolscap and carefully walking across toe-to-toe. It was inevitable that I should jump short of the medallion and fall into the incalculably deep waters of Myrtle’s Persian. When that terrible moment came and I was confronted with imminent death by drowning the carpet revealed its more profound mystery.

Underneath the surface of the carpet, so far down in the water that no one could possibly see through the azure blue, a mermaid and merman were imprisoned in a little pavilion. The fins on their great tails wafted through the motionless water like delicate chiffon fans. They grabbed hold of me and gave serious thought to the notion of keeping me down in the watery depths of the carpet with them. Even as huge air bubbles wobbled past my lips and rose to the surface like Portuguese man-of-war, I could tell that the merpeople had serious qualms about letting me go. Maybe they were tired of one another and wanted some company, or maybe they would use me to vent their anger at being trapped inside a carpet where no one would think to look for them. In the end though, they evidently decided that a drowned child was of absolutely no use to them and they catapulted me into the water, drenched to the skin and leaving huge puddles of water on the polished oak of Myrtle’s sitting room floor.

One day my mother took me to her great-aunt Myrtle’s, and on this occasion Myrtle occupied the sitting room. Stretched out in her coffin and its bier Myrtle now took the place of the Persian carpet, which was nowhere to be seen. I heard Skeeziks whisper to my mother that it had been stolen while she was laying Myrtle out, and that there were plenty of candidates for suspicion. At that point in the conversation, Mother and Skeeziks both looked at me, but then dismissed whatever thought had crossed their minds and looked away again.
Words
by Paul Dutton

She has words and smiles she has for me something about her I always knew she had something I knew she knew something about her was smiles and words to me, something she has I always knew words about her smiles she had for me something I knew. She had something in smiles and something in words for me, something I always knew words wouldn't do for — something in anyway all she has been. She has anyway always been something in words for me, something in anyway all she could be, being smiles of something I never could have, having words for her smiles and something for anything, something for having to do what she had to to smile her words to me, somewhere below what could really be heard, and somewhere above what was meant to be said: "Words," she said, "and smiles for me."

She has words and smiles something words couldn't be, something about her that's something she smiles words are and she can be words and be smiles and do what she wants sitting and smiling at words telling what she knew they could do, smiling and using them, saying words as though they had made her and made me, which they did and she is, beyond words smiling, beyond meaning what words are becoming her sitting and light clothing black as her hair is her clothing she smiles in light becoming her words forever becoming smiles and her black hair framing her pale face her lips smile in, saying "Words."

Sax Quartet *
by Paul Dutton

Forty fingers of one mind blowing four winds, intersected lines of breath scored or forged on the spur of the moment, a honk, a howl, a tight interval's ringing overtones, stuttering vibrato, arpeggiate flurry subsiding to poignant glissando, swirl of sound cascading in distillate grace of mind's spontaneous swoop. A fusion of individual sensibilities, forged fingers on four horns, four tongues on four reeds flutter and slap, sketch deft strokes of sonic outline, scored interplay of individual lines' circular breath pressing notes going on forever. Slow build to an established rhythmic unison, four times ten in mind over matter of saxophone snarl talking through reeds: breath pronounced or pure voice collective improvisation of uncharted territory found in sound of breath through wood and metal clicked and split in two-tone blowing of one horn times four through music's spirit spoken.

* Paul Dutton's "Sax Quartet" first appeared and was commissioned for the liner notes to the C.D. "Blue Quilt" featuring the saxophone quartet 40 Fingers (from: Artifact Music -- CP-013, 925 Longfellow Avenue, Mississauga, Ontario L5H 2X9, Canada).

Notes towards the Aqueduct manuscript *
by Gerry Shikatani

Mail-Stamp-Art by Jürgen O. Gilbrich (Germany)

* N.B.: The above notes were created during the writing of Aqueduct, but to the best knowledge of this editor, were not included in the book. Gerry Shikatani's Aqueduct: Poems and Texts from Europe is a book so monumental that three publishers had to join forces to bring it out! This 430 page volume was produced by Mercury, Underwhich and Wolsak & Wynn -- ISBN: 1-55128-032-9. Please contact (519) 273-7083 for further information on this sumptuous text!
greater aggression
hath no man
& who
can say love &
to whom
in this room
i the verb
the others having
left the soup of
the day a velvety carrot pear

any could go so
& this would be
her way of saying
of making writing
the stutter the stutter-
step the unexpected
staccato what want
won't wait weight
wade in the retro
spective why didn't you

water wheel chair

cogs corridors products

mix

up

links

plea

great

lengths

morning uncluttered love

columns devolve upon and

better to water
in configurations
fresh to take
exception with her
back fits exactly
you could say
cartoon network
written roughshod over
whisper these fragments eye

sore against my rune

exact inflection
as inflection
looked into
upon inspection
fuck no
listened into
crisp pinch
vireo weary
of time

why miles
stuck the about
between round and
midnight i

nor monk'll
ever know

blow john blow
gauze gossamer

ghostly go

blow john blow

speaking the first
law of economy

you yawn song sweeps

upward & across water's

surface not contra which

would only be two dictions

but each point a hub

radiating infinite spokes

persons tense in shifting

pulse processional

shucked hush

lattice of gladiola

red bud steps

down into flower

spoke a voice

mouth around the

absent hub / mine

eyes / ear tracking

trace straight ahead

marching minor blues
Excerpt from:  
_The Mysteries at Eleusis_  
(the first five minutes)  
by Joan Chevalier

1. There on the ground ahead of us. _Looms._ (Comes into view) White porcelain cups without ornament and unusually large (we think). Perhaps a picnic. Suddenly, interrupted. The people _dispersed_. The first cup looks. Full. A round porcelain belly distended -- happily or erotically. (We can't assume wine they quaffed. Holding the cup in both hands porcelain cups without ornament and unusually large (we think). Perhaps a picnic. Drawing out its fall? (Drunk) We surmise: Their tea was spiked. Or, it was wine they quaffed. Holding the cup in both hands _surrendered_. Drowned. (The rain is that torrential.) Sigh. Life is violent.

II. DEMETER'S DESPAIR

"Old bones, oh old bones . . .

_O Papa Legba, O can't you see I have no bones!"

I think I hear them say: Papa Legba, we have no bones. With what will we play?

* Begin with the salute to the guardian of the cross-roads.

Legba  
the old vagabond, who likes  
hats

Pour cool water at his  
cross-roads in Cuba, in Brazil  
light a  
votive candle at any  
intersection.*
torn from the earth when a glacier receded with the last Ice Age. In this place, said, "Do not be anxious about tomorrow." So, as insurance against worry, he sold all his worldly goods and headed for the city limits. Just one problem. What to do

The Indians hadn't heard of St. Anthony, though they experienced the fire. Smallpox came with the blankets that the British and French offered in exchange for furs. The Indians called the Valley, "Towamensing," the wild place. They did not go there often. The Indians were called Delawares or Lenni Lenape. The smallpox brought inflammation, skin eruptions, fever, death.

She doesn't expect her sister, Mari, to argue. The coal has burned itself out in the stove. Mari is cold and comfortable with silence. The silence after the whistle stops to wonder what women were doing with wary stealth, till stumeling, it falls down the well. Mari hears the splash and looks up. Sophie is peeling apples with a small knife and dropping them in a kettle of boiling water. Sophie mistakes the look for a sign. Perhaps the wait is nearing its end. But Mari is studying her loom, the still unfinished piece of cloth, dark blue against bone white. Willfully, Mari Red Sheridan

Mari prays. For the unexpected.
My grandmother never read and she was poor, but she understood investments: her daughter read according to the guide and beyond the guide and went to college. Later, behovah Witnesses came to the door, but like every poet else, she eventually got discouraged with them: They weren't much on stories and couldn't be coaxed.

The unrelenting motion of the wolves' scurrying releases high-pitched choppers, wheezes, sneezes, like an instrument tuned to an inhuman ear, to the memories of flora and fauna.

"When the Penn's Creek massacres happened, Shingus was king of the Delawares." Sophie's accounts are extensive. Returning all the way ... to the Indian uprisings. Before her arrival in this country, before birth. 1755. A cold autumn. When the tribes finally listened to their shamans' call to return to the old ways, to take back their homeland. The war parties were small, but there were many of them. More warriors than forts, really just stockades, sprinkled through the mountains. And Sophie still feels the urgency of that retreat into Fort Henry. She herself rushing to close the gate. Gulping the moist, frost-laden air into her throat and still not seeming to breathe. Alert for sounds in the surrounding forest with intention in them. Aware of the mountains also—listening—hawks, owls, deer, possum, pine, elm, ash. Poised on the verge of the war cry. And release. When scalps are shorn from bodies. Sometimes from dead bodies, sometimes not. Trophies aren't the reason. That's a fable Sophie sees right through. No, the point is disfigurement. Shrivin of sin, but of adornment, they would stand debased before their ancestors. The fort is a fragile defense. Something makeshift, preposterous, like a child's drawing of safety. They might as well draw some soldiers too. Relief should be swift. One way or the other ....

**TWO TEXTS**

by Sheila Murphy

**Tense As Butter**

Happenstance sheet rock of easy (clasp) indigenous remote though flowers. One by name and one by sensual light pockmarked with a little term demonstrative cool wick of latent hammer. Graciously meets the park when sampling Olivetti springprints all the lowborn play dough. Pay park wants to be divided into two full lines of striptease and rip-roaring sideboobs penciled in to the lamplighter and the oceanic wheels under the tavern that renege on phosphorescence once and fabulous remote appearing times within the table. Verbs proxy fastidious practices I'm late for Mass my mother is ambivalent about the bead offspring coiled caddled calamity renditions of the slide gaze halfway through our pseudo winter. When the nocturne is in place my shelf will extend for hours nameplates untied remove from legal tender. Precioso woodwinds play the metal grief dependent on a dozen mates to make the mood come back to matter. I kept wondering which of the things that she reported had been done in her imagination patent leather large enough to fit a pair of convents. Nuancing her soul with threats of salvation as unwanted as the creep shoot money dies for. Drama nerves together shards of a reputed self to form a princess-look with the feet stunted enough to fit the magic shoes reduced in power across time. Enough to get in bed with toward the south end of the campusesphere. Hope frustrates other obstacles to clarity. Prompting you to drag your troubles to my lap again in single file to be dismissed as inexpensive synonyms of country western love.

Chapters, treecork, narrative tradition

**Sweet Crescendo Pie**

I'm momenting Louise won't come to clean us ever. See. I'm hinted to trophies outside of the land bid and the sofa and ungluing of the shove off mostly gridlock would oppress. I like my gender opal when it's stuck and we can ridicule our settlers as the antelope they're playing. Rude mire cusps the new house riddle to my tongue when awake is how the truckload of manure can make me spell all over whiteboards information I've made up to fill timetables given given given till I'm ripe enough to be a Marlboro gainsharing wood looking munificence. Come wildly to the forefront home bedraggle me a little west of where a birthpoint is and shall be spoken till a burial. When slander any pie place happened as the justice system musses driveways with our symbols of the range parked in. Taught tune and checked up on to matter.

Lastingly, the houseprints scent open a ready stratosphere in welcome of the spruce lank wisps of rain.

JACK THE INSOMNIAC
by Robert Priest

I am Jack the Insomniac - a kind of Rip Van Winkle in reverse - 20 Years of insomnia which is fine but it is part of my gift that I do not accept the gift. I resist the wakefulness. I can't help it, when Everybody else goes to bed I get lonely. I want to go to bed too. In fact I am dying to sleep. I do all the rituals well - the walking in circles, the salutation to the sun, tense, efficient now hot bath seated sideways, a brisk shift a hurried read and now to tread to bed yes, I get in the bed and I lie down and then remember - the sleeping tea! I get up, head to the kitchen, prepare the tea and return to bed. Maybe the T.V. will help. There are talk shows on. These are sedative.

Where's my Vicks? The tryptophan? I lie down finally and turn and click and switch and stick my head up one side and watch awhile like that then i click again til i think that i must surely be getting tired. I lie flat now - the pillow under my neck. I take a deep breath, forgetting who I am, and think I'll just listen & click, not that click then I must be sleepy I tell myself.

Its been three nights now I can feel a big ball of sleep submerged in my being, luxuriant enticing but impenetrable.

Several times the ball wells up overwhelming the little bit of mind, an image dancing, slides, I might just take this ticket but no click, remember I am Jack the Insomniac. If I am not asleep by 2 I'll take the tryptophan then. I can still sleep four hours be up by 6 and my world is dancing, but I just missed that ticket. There is a small magnetic sound in the house and I remember. I need the fan on. I get up, creep in the other room where people are roundly snoring, the lovely faces opaque with desire, destiny, inner alertness, comfort, dreams and without envy I remove the fan, take it down, plug it in. Aaaah. That will probably do it. I lie back down. If I'm not asleep by three I'll take tryptophan. Aaaah the luxury of sleep. To live in instantly created environments tangent to the worry, the hassle the domain the plentitude of the sleepless one. When will he accept that he is vibrating. When will he accept that his spine stands straight up above the bed like a diving rod to his soul shouting 'Son of water you are Jack the Insomniac.' I have danced in a lyrical way the world would love and just as I would come down skidding, madly sledding into sleep I slither i scrape i stop ther is a sound or a moment in the throat that draws me up again out of the fertile water, still hooked to the sharp curve of this night when I lost everything gave up comfort rhythm vitality to become a guardian a watcher a werewolf my being vibrates between the two worlds some of it in same some of it out bits going backward, bits being erased, bits not even making it to memory or moment at all but there all there and fucking awake anyway I begin to pray please god help me, please god let me sleep i begin to want to go upstairs and apologize to my children I want to wake up my beloved and weep of my love for her I am a much deeper being here the wave has had to come up into this world to get me A giant on the thin bed this man who fell out of time opiate-eyed but wide awake what a blossoming to strip off the skins of sleep seven layers deep to enter this new life naked but o what i'd give to spread wide at last these two grey wings of Insomnia and fall

#12 -- "SHINELLA"
from: The Once Upon a Time Stories of Opal Louis Nations

I'll take tryptophan then. I can still sleep four hours be up by 6 and my world is dancing, but I just missed that ticket. There is a small magnetic sound in the house and I remember. I need the fan on. I get up, creep in the other room where people are roundly snoring, the lovely faces opaque with desire, destiny, inner alertness, comfort, dreams and without envy I remove the fan, take it down, plug it in. Aaaah. That will probably do it. I lie back down. If I'm not asleep by three I'll take tryptophan. Aaaah the luxury of sleep. To live in instantly created environments tangent to the worry, the hassle the domain the plentitude of the sleepless one. When will he accept that he is vibrating. When will he accept that his spine stands straight up above the bed like a diving rod to his soul shouting 'Son of water you are Jack the Insomniac.' I have danced in a lyrical way the world would love and just as I would come down skidding, madly sledding into sleep I slither i scrape i stop ther is a sound or a moment in the throat that draws me up again out of the fertile water, still hooked to the sharp curve of this night when I lost everything gave up comfort rhythm vitality to become a guardian a watcher a werewolf my being vibrates between the two worlds some of it in same some of it out bits going backward, bits being erased, bits not even making it to memory or moment at all but there all there and fucking awake anyway I begin to pray please god help me, please god let me sleep i begin to want to go upstairs and apologize to my children I want to wake up my beloved and weep of my love for her I am a much deeper being here the wave has had to come up into this world to get me A giant on the thin bed this man who fell out of time opiate-eyed but wide awake what a blossoming to strip off the skins of sleep seven layers deep to enter this new life naked but o what i'd give to spread wide at last these two grey wings of Insomnia and fall
TABLOIDS
by Genni Gunn

Pick up the remote, turn on the TV and feast on the kaleidoscope of squalor. It’s six o’clock. Bad News on every channel: rapes and murders, extortions and thefts, stabbing and stabbing, abortions, executions. Click fast enough and the violence blurs into rubbish and cockroaches and stripers and bruises and beer and bloodstains. On TV grime and crime go together like horse and carriage. And you wonder, who are these people? Grovelling and desperate. Not starched and tidy like white-collar.

But right now, the opening acts unscramble: PARENTS PARTY WHILE CHILDREN PERISH.

You frown, and follow the tabloid camera down narrow corridors and stairs; break down a door and freeze the startled faces. Who are these people? Not ones you recognize. Mid-dance, bottles in hand. Pupils torpid, eyelids sagging. Zoom in, see the breakdown a door and freeze the startled faces. Who are these people? Not ones you educated, and know about birth-control (though you call it family planning) and prefer.

BRUTALLY MURDER MOTHER AND FATHER.

Whom you feel tear jerks, because they couldn’t possibly have killed their parents.

Meetings and stays home a lot more although the house is empty—his wife and never ask him because you don’t want to know, because you don’t want to be uncomfortable when you watch the newscasts together, because you want to be able to shake your head and ask, “Who are these people?” and have your friends nod and agree.

And you marvel how they share one set of eyes—the symbolism not lost to you—although you know intellectually that this is simplistic and romantic, given that within your own family it’s hard to find two people who see eye-to-eye, so to speak. In fact, you think, some of your nastiest memories are of times when your family united.

Take, for example, that long weekend you agreed to meet at Silverstar Mountain for a family ski extravaganza. Please note: it’s a subculture in itself—a club which allows children to take children on cots. It’s the first time you invited Ian to meet your family, thinking that his family is very proud of him, and you suspect even Sally name-drops to her friends that her brother is a musician who...

MOTHER AND FATHER MURDER DAUGHTER-INA-LAW AND STUFF HER IN AN ALUMINUM BOX.

And you think how appropriately simplistic and romantic to omit the rivalries and frictions, the strife and furious competitions/suspensions/oppositions. Unlike the story on the screen. TEENAGE GIRL UNDERGOES HAIRLIFTING EXPERIENCE.

A fifteen-year-old, who has fought with a girl friend over the help of two girlsfriend (also fifteen) and the three of them ambush the enemy after school, kidnap her, hold her at knifepoint, then cut off her long blonde hair. Whew! Who are these people? You think. You can’t imagine any of your women friends, knife-in-hand, threatening anyone.

Actually, there is someone, but she’s certainly not your friend. She’s more like your family. All right, she is family, or was family until that nightmare birthday party. Sally is your mother’s sister’s daughter, which makes her your cousin whether you like it or not.

As long as you’ve known her, she has performed a distaste on the inequalities between siblings. More specifically, she detests her younger brother, Jim, a musician who, in her opinion, “is a talentless bum who does nothing but sleep and booze and fuck,” a rather unfair description given that he has received an Artists of the Year award and that his 45 & Bare It album sold 50,000 copies in Canada last year. The whole family is proud of him, and you suspect even Sally name-drops to her friends that she’s not attacking her. Which she is doing today, because it’s her father’s sixtieth birthday and no one is paying her any attention. And you have no idea how, while you’re all in the living room playing charades, Sally starts a minor war with Jim. When you go to the kitchen for ice, you find Sally gagging a coathanger at Jim, inches from his throat. In her other hand is the pair of scissors she was using to make paper doilies for the dessert plates. She screams, which brings everyone running, and for the next few minutes, you’re all trying to negotiate the implementations out of Sally’s hands.

Not only are you all unsuccessful, but in one of her jabs, Sally grabs Jim’s glasses, throws them on the floor and stamps on them. (Try sampling a bit of music.) Her father and yours eventually subdue her, and the casualties remain inanimate: a ripped shirt, a jacket with a severed sleeve and a pair of broken glasses. Her husband takes her home (later she’s in therapy) and that’s the end of Sally. You don’t speak about her and neither does anyone else in the family. So, she doesn’t really count, does she?

And the rest of you are all mature enough to resume your lives and not loiter over personality clashes which could lead to physical injury like the family on TV.

Well, you’ve seen plenty of people’s inner children and, quite frankly, some of them have schizophrenia here or what? Then you shrug and look around, guilty, hoping no one heard you. You know what happened last June at the garden party, when you made a similar comment and Aunt Joan glared at you through clenched teeth and stiffly informed you that “Schizophrenia is a disease and incurable though...” Then you can all have your 15 minutes of fame: get on a stage, beat your breasts. (Mea Culpa) while secretly searching for admiring glances. See how bad I am? And how good too, to publicly denounce myself. Gives you ammunition to admonish others.

Well, you’ve seen plenty of people’s inner children and, quite frankly, some of them should have stayed lost. You recall, in fact, when your uncle Henry, at the age of fifty-two, not only found his inner child, he decided to give it a name. He brought the teenager with the single-syllable vocabulary: Kiss, kiss, hug, hug. Fortunately, six months later, he buried his inner child and begged Aunt Joan to take him back (which she did), and now nobody mentions it.

graphic, sordid detail exactly what this good cause is. And you nod your head and your friends nod too, even though you knew intellectually that this is simplistic and that human beings have been murdering each other forever, and not always with good cause. And while you ponder this, the camera freezes the solemn face of the teenage murderer against blue background: Close shot: greyish skin, pock marks on cheeks and chin, eyelids purple and swollen. Then fade out. And this symbolism is we.

An eye for an eye, or is it "Let him who has not sinned cast the first stone"? But before you can decide which one it is, the screen erupts into a rap song. Three teenage girls kick and pull and cartwheel while their clothing mutates in a rapid reel of colours. Cut-out dolls. Mix-and-match. The sequence ends with the department store logo superimposed on the three teens who collapse in a heap of hugs in the corner of the screen. You can almost taste the Material mouths of these Madonnas. Kiss. Kiss. Hug. Hug. You can almost hear the strains of We Are Family.

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Then, after the sports clips, the weather clowns, the ads for UNTOLD-STORIES-OF-THE-WEEK, the anchor says, "Coming up, a human-interest story." And you think, great, what about the last 45 minutes? At whom were those stories aimed? And, why can't he call them what they are: sappy, happy stories. The kind that prompt involuntary tears. FIREMAN RESCUES CAT FROM OAK TREE, or AMNESIA VICTIM REUNITED WITH FAMILY. And you're still wondering, who are these people? Because you don't recall ever seeing a cat skeleton in a tree, or a fireman walking around your neighborhood. And you've never met anyone with amnesia, unless you count your best friend, Barbara, who used to smoke hashish a lot and forget things. But the last thing she needed was a reunion with the family.

And finally, it's LOTO 649. Now this, you think, is a human-interest story. You fish the loto ticket out of your wallet. Look at the numbers: 30 and 06—the day and month of your first marriage; 12, 16 and 27—the days your divorces became final; and 38–your age. You're not superstitious; you only choose the same numbers every week because you know the odds get better. Never mind that you'd have to play several million weeks. People do win, you say, when your friends' eyebrows arch. You've seen them right there on TV. Kiss, kiss, hug, hug. And not only that, winners are apple-pie, and violin-soaring happy; they never quit their jobs or their mates. They share their wealth with family and friends, and never argue. No grime and crime on Loto 649. Kiss, kiss, hug, hug. You want to win. But a part of you knows the probability is slim that you could ever be one of these people on TV.

PERSONATIONS: 29
by Stan Rogal

Not a simple flatness or a simple shaping. It's a material. A net working of pieces, modules, frames & so forth.

Coming on natural with this bagpipe, this burden of multiple marks, multiple choices, many nervous movements & agitated increments to represent simply:

the Back

An irregenerative presence with a resistance to decoration; to art as decor.

The way jazz is born from someone goofing. Or a blind eye. Or a torn ear. Or a blown line makes for some unusual & new.

Figure. I cough & that makes a sound that interrupts. Or fleeing gracelessly off topic into the topological

 Defines:

 the mathematics of discontinuities invariant under deformation appears in metaphoric form to suggest that not all is well in Flatland.

Those brooding worst who maintain heroic capacities for resistance, cradled as they are, in the arms of the rhyming couplet, secure with the promise that money (ever) will be followed by more money & no question.

Seeking the grand picture, details distract. Mountains are stamped mountains without the possibility of blowing their tops or slipping between the cracks. A saint shot with arrows in a pleasant wood also being less mutilated than the fact

B's fifth symphony translates into vibrations of color & dynamic parallelism & the Venus de Milo is reconstructed by reducing its structure to mathematical formulae— including the aesthetic emotion enlaid -- strikes honor to the heart.

What point without this comic relief that splits off from & makes the asshole go ha-ha.

My outstretched arms will never fill the frame. Nor the sound of bowstrings. Nor the feathers nested on my rack.

Because I am not like them, I am evil. But, something gets achieved.

Ecstasy? Why go any further.

Form diagrams force & the object dissolves in a field of relations.

The Garden
by Oscar Martens

a woman then/long dark hair/small clean teeth match her curvaceous body/ghost keys on the letter opener/lying on the desk that is/heavier than it weighs/making her slight with oppressive length and width/polished wood/stained dark as blood

drew a man then/quick as a knife/sweet vision of Christ in a suit/luxury auto/boots with the soles of well-dressed fellows who all look the same/so he tells them apart by their ties/when no one will speak past their fear/they his legs standing, mouth opening to speak in his forehead pulsing/deny the shine on his shoes/crisp press of his shirt/words etched into glass as truth/because the rage is ablaze

our woman then/chilled by stone walls/here tiny feet lay wet kisses on tile/she lights a fire/with a match the length of a wand/a dab of magic sulfur giving birth to larger flames/sits in a chair too far away/there is warmth and comfort in the distance

our man then/getting ripped/crushed by chemical fly/burning and tight/any life outside the gym forgotten/read to start any fight/the juice from a needle will boil his blood/turn tables in his mind/set him on the edge of action/hair trigger

our woman then/bored with her fears/wearing her boots and swinging from curtains/ordering stuff to wear black face/sing old Jolson show tunes/while she repaints a painting by someone she hates/with tart/and a trowel/an image of her X outgrows its frame/black feet bleed into the rug

our man then/starts off the weekend looking for heat/dragging it slow down the track/waiting for something to spill in the street/luring in looks from those who would strip down his car/cut out his tongue for some change/the girl on the street/is a leopard spandex body grinder/wearing the perfume of X/she slips him a bill to wear another frame/our man then/ getting ripped/one dead night of sun/and a leopard/and a chemical fly/burning and tight/any life outside the gym forgotten/ready to start any fight/knowing the juice from a needle will boil his blood/turn tables in his mind/set him on the edge of action/hair trigger

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woman and man in the garden, Sunday/two Jags cruising on the grass/and out of the trunks come mud crusty gloves/and a trowel that shines in the sun/it takes a garden/lo bring them down to their knees/where long white fingers are animal roots/hunting blind/they learn again/first use of fingers was to feel/for the sugary flesh of a carrot maybe/or the soft torn skin of a spud/young weeds pulled like hair from a dark scalp/wither and brown in the sun/they clean the garden but the basket is empty/last years corn silk/stuck in the slats/on all fours they hunt with their faces/soft soil kind to their tender white skin/prey lies hidden by cucumber leaves/scratching their cheeks as they pass/green coil pea vines tickle their ears/as they chew on green finger peas//drawn by the reddening bags of plant blood/their teeth scrape a skin which will not tear/they are less of sky thought of many chambers/hot small yellow seeds in their hair

when blue turns to black/when harvest turns/so orgre/when warm sun turns to hard rain/from the east
PINK BALLOON
by Gary Barwin

i was washing the dishes
having a drink
wiping the pear juice off our Armenian rug

i was making coffee
returning a phonecall
flipping through a sears catalogue
looking for sleeping bags
for the soft arms and smooth legs of the women dressed in khaki
and its a funny word isn't it - khaki -
and a sonata by beethoven was playing on the radio
a member of the audience coughed
then stood up and took off his toupee

with a small knife he removed his own scalp
then broke open and discarded the lid of his skull
tossed his brain beyound rows Z and AA
pulled out his own spine as if boning a fish

& before he fell to the floor
an empty pink bag
he proclaimed:
oj simpson is free
climb onto your roofs wearing ill-fitting gloves
appear before the blue talk-show of the sky
sporting newt gingrich philosophical underwear
nation of islam inflatable skiis
an image of a mathematical barbie reading
the poetry of clifford olson to ken:
A life that is clean, a heart that is true,
and doing your best...that's success.

i have never been a brave man
nor particularly well dressed
but i dived into my radio to help this fallen man

i found a bicycle pump under his seat
attached it to the empty bowl of his head
i inflated that man until
floating high above the dark red seats
he was a huge and featureless balloon

i jumped in my car
arrived at the zoo
i found a small child
crying beside the llamas
have this pink balloon i said
look where it once had ears

i travelled then returned from the tombs of the dead
their words soft and smooth like sea glass
i have shed stone-washed tears in the khaki night
waiting for day to return like a newly-charged golf-cart
over the finely combed hills

i ride not with a burning cross
or an american flag
but with this slim lizard that i will set free

we will travel across the roof-shaped waves
me and my lizard
we will begin again once more

MOUTH
by Gary Barwin

some of us are born to great things
some of us flash a whip
give place our brill-creamed
heads into a brill-creamed
tiger's open mouth
our children watching from beyond the cage
watching as the tiger's tongue
feels it way around our ears then in between
our heads
we have not been able to convince
management
that this trick
both our heads in the tiger
deserves if not double then
time-and-a-half

we both talk at once
yabbering
waving our arm
then pace the beach.
an annoyed

what is the self
we say
what is one worker
or two?

some days we are indivdual
some days in

the mind has many small rooms
sometimes it is a hotel:
in each room
a tiny mermaid lies singing

the sound goes in one ear
out three others

we were born to great things
this tiger
a single pair of shoes
be fears of many
resting on our shoulders

a whip cracks

a mermaid orders room service
our children blink: their many eyes
clap their hundred hands
bite down on a single grape
you didn't hear it from me but
time to steal some towels
i say to myself

we're doing something fancy with a comb
& so i don't hear
instead bring the mermaid's cheese sandwich to the tiger
hold a chair in from of
a singing mermaid

time
and a half
she mouths
24 CRITICAL REGIONALISMS *

by Doleske/ Jake the Weasel/ Small Potatoes/ Uberfrau/ Joe/ Charlie Over The Water/ Crow/ refractive entities residing in Iron Bridge Ontario/ which just happens to be located/ centre in Canada

1. WHAT ARE THE AESTHETICS OF JAPANESE EXOTIC ART/ DESIRING WOMEN/ what do desiring women have to say about that?/ at the assing workshop Anne/ gave Hamlet's soliloquy/ new meanings

Annie in her primitive model/ sexing the end of the twentieth century/ beginning the 21st/ a sensibility for artifice and humanity/ the luxury of tears

2. WHAT IS THE PORTRAIT OF WOMEN IN CHINESE EROTIC ART IN THE MING CHING DYNASTIES/ HARMONIOUS WOMEN/ does it matter?/ on one Saturday afternoon she hears carpets beaten without provocation/ from either end of the action/ all the while/ continuity/ provided by languid laps of waves/ (I don't know)

the waves could be creeping up

3. WHAT OF/ HOW ARE/ TIME AND AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE IN CHINESE CALLIGRAPHY?/ if you're looking for work this is a good field to get in to/ especially if you're Chinese/ I mean the Chinese would like that/ wouldn't they?

4. AESTHETICS/ POLITICS/ PERSONAL ADORNMENT/ PATRIOTIC SENSITIVITIES/ he was wearing/ a picture of an American flag/ just try burting this one and a c-shirt/ we call it corn

clothing based on the Canadian safety shield/ wear it around you/ your protective coat/ your protective suit/ don't know)

as a question/ the poor look poor/ because they are)

5. ART AND WAR/ THE PARADOX OF THE BHAGAVAD-GITA/ there's the sadness finding him old crumpled degenerate/ so this morning I sent him off

but he was confused and perplexed/ why? it should be important to me/ it was a matter of not trusting anyone/ as basic principle

but I kept wondering whether I was doing it for the reason of love/ as a result of wanting/ something/ to rush/ he asked

for a goodbye kiss/ which I gave/ not wanting to/ want to send him off/ sanely/ and I was held/ we didn't move/ toward telling everything will be all right

(this is a test)

6. TIMELESSNESS/ what about that?/ what about/ audio-mathematics and systems

let's give it another kick/ hear if it rattle/ can you be accurate/ when you sighted?/ there's matter and hooks/ you could hang a little belt which if you rangle/ you could remember what it is you wanted/ to cling-a-ling/ as if there was a real silver tone inside your ear/ or behind it/ after something...

7. FOUR QUESTIONS FOR MARGOLIS/ they wanted to know what you did believe in/ whether you believed in GOD or metaphor/ or what/ whether you believed in THEM

then they asked about the metaphors/ someone said metaphors/ were like poetry head pictures/ except other pictures kept fitting inside/ pictures inside/ pictures/ nomatter/ you looked for answers from the beginning. first principles/ stuff like that

8. MARGOLIS AND THE METAPHYSICS OF CULTURE/ after travels in the U.S./ after Rochester anyhow/ ye olde species Canadienses start looking pretty safe which is a mistake/ if you've been following any news at all/ you look again at the assholes you meet

you just know as surely/ as you know/ you're related in spite of gene nexus/ a mistake I tell you/ you can't imagining what some assholes get up to between birth and the time they stalt at functioning/ yet

you bask in a short-lived naivete/ haunting yes/ knowing it won't last/ somehow glad pervasively glad/ thinking of boredom/ so you remember things like the Montreal Massacre/ other things/ there give each

memorie a polia/ a little/ rub/ tuck 'em between your tits/ or between your thighs/ I don't remember where/ it would be very dangerous to forget to remember what and how/ these things happen/ yet

you adjust your naivete/ wearing it over one eye perhaps/ but not both eyes

9. PAINTINGS AND FRAMES/ this is a god/ I will tell you why (all bow down)/ look it's talking about YOU/ look it's special/ look

this artwork helped Emma Gilden win a million dollars in the lottery/ how this painting helped/ Emma/ win

there's the West Centre East/ and Quebec/ as a special case/ North as (pervasive) essence/ South as fear-engendering/ you can get in trouble/ framing/ you can't depend/ on owning the event-locale/ even though you made a directed action/ a sort of personal investigation/ formalities

using materials at hand/ critical regionalism/ would involve
evverybody sometime

36. AESTHETICS AND YOUNG PEOPLE/ we won't generate the blues/ our history is (comparatively)/ look for examples/ massive forced starvation/ being hunted down for bounties/ intentional genocides/ slavery as commonly defined/ history

includes bringing criminals to justice/ back for trials/ rather than short cuts/ BANG BANG you're dead (all fall down)/ edgeless landscapes/ you

looked for that/ you came/ with beauty/ you have/ questions

colouring perceptions

11. THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LOU MARCUS/ IMAGES OF MEMORY/ VENERATION/ DECAY/ DESECRATION/ no I never saw any of his/ but I saw a pink fibreglass chair sitting in front of a pine/ when I was canning/ I carried it almost back to the canape thinking I would photograph its progress/ from locale to locale/ jumping-cognitively so to speak

but I thought the better of it/ thinking how it made poetry where it was/ so fine a contrast/ so vivdly unrecognized/ memories/ anyhow

I carried it back to where I found it/ because/ I worried that truth: what could I know about the poetic?/ placing it back exactly

in its impressions/ whisper sorry/ and thanks

12. SAUSSURE/ PIERCE/ OMBRICH AMONGST ABORIGINES/ imagine that/ scaling everything that isn't specifically pinned down

small rocks/ bits of bark/ old men's beards/ dried twigs/ shells/ interesting shapes lines

textures that won't rot

craving secrets of old pathways/ echoing outlines of old rivers/ out of sight/ but only partly grown over/ carving memories/ markings/ showing directions

I am telling you/ underneath the canopy these ways are hidden/ run contrary to roads/ to cinder paths/ there are diggers/ caves to lie down in/ berries to pick/ places for water/ I am telling you

these ways/ by urgencies/ became forgotten/ not unremembered

13. WHAT IS LACAN SAYING ABOUT VISION/ WHY SHOULD I CARE/ CAN I POSSIBLY CARE ENOUGH TO PUT UP WITH THAT PROSE/ haven't yet/ it's coming you bet/ until then

let's have a look at what's different about the post modern common man/ many/ most have an absolutely marvellous/ magical/ sense

time/ flashbacks/ flashbacks within flashbacks/ the ability to re-sequence an event/ put the last part first/ and fine discrimination/ things which look the same aren't necessarily/ boring

14. THE AESTHETICS OF SCIENCE EXHIBITION/ do you/ need to know/ on a need to know basis?

15. ARCHITECTONICS OF MEMORY/ hooks/ hang words/ ideas/ sentences/ concepts/ hang them on little bars/ sort of mathematical/ without the numerical part

without all that structure/ usefulness

an idea you mirror/ it mirrors/ you/ or is that the best useful hypotheses you can come up with/ just right now?/ well there's also transposing/ (give me a break)

16. THE RISE AND FALL OF ABSTRACTION IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART THEORY/ as related to taking a drama workshop/ in the Sault/ I could tell you about the old dragon except there aren't dragons anymore/ so I will call her an Old Patron/ because/ that's what she aed to be

now she was hostess willing to be seduced/ the whole class/ performed/ (stiff-wobble-blows/ belly shrunk inside folds/ damn lean ole cunt yet/ gracious and generous)

we paid homage not because we believed/ she counted/ we paid homage because we could not match/ her obvious talents

having money/ all those children & grandchildren wearing mortar boards at appropriate ages/ those teeth/ her mementos from everywhere
17. THE EXPERIENCE OF ART IS PARADISE REGAINED/ KANT AND THE CONDITIONS OF ARTISTIC BEAUTY/ shall/ build you a structure of obsolete readings referred to blurriness and otherwise/ as does the low tongue equally obscure except to those initiated/ shall

my voice/ my choice of words/ chime in the pathos of shopping malls and burger kings

as-sm: ill-clad/ with gaps/ pretensions/ western vanities/ all Write and guilty/ hurts displayed?/ (okay/ I could also live an abstraction)

18. ARCHITECTURAL MODERNITY AND THE AESTHETIC MOMENT/ you can call it a creative hypothesis/ blended with private and public paranoias

19. MULTIPLE VIEWS/ two forms of attending/ could be surface and subtext/ terminology can be arbitrarily chosen/ but/ you say but there's not just TWO/ (so/ add another if you need it/ add as many as you think necessary)

you ask about the others in my head/ I'll tell you there are new ones/ with M-names because the F-names haven't been invented/ there are male equivalents/ but the fem ones haven't been recognized/ or burned out/ buried/ forgotten/ not clearly defined/ but complex/ like questions with no answers/ you hadn't planned on finding THAT out had you?

20. WORK MEANING/ HYPOTHETICAL INTENTIONS/ ACTUAL INTENTIONS/ performing at Hamilton Artists Inc/ this gig was unfamiliar/ everyone looks like they keep prisoners in their basements or are multi-generational child abusers or will shoot you while you're driving/ thick complex murderous/ to negotiate/ tense

requires/ layers including noise/ all our paranoias glaring at one another/ overhead the Vietnamese Social Club/ singing kankakee/ home songs/ perfect ironies

( afterwards some asshole/ points out how much more perfect the performance would have been/ if the NOISE...

just then the wailing from upstairs sounds so urgent that I see rice paddies/ & I think

21. BEARDSLEY/ CARROLL/ RANES ON DANCE/ dancing lessons at the Sowerby Hall/ that's how/ learning to dance the Tango the Foxrot/ measuring a box step/ old faces echoing photographs on walls/ remembered wars/ learning/ not to fumble/ just counting/ one two three/ four men on one side/ women on the other
dancing in a graveyard/ calling it dancing

22. ADVENTURES IN PUBLIC ART/ I'm still reeling from her two day confessional/ stories/ DETAILS of living American/ hearing trips pets crafts reasons/ she and her American lover/ who was kind/ and quiet/ unflustered

so it came out/ the first thing they think about/ when camping wild/ like we were/ the camping part anyways/ things close at hand/ which could be used/ as weapons

kind of makes you think/ doesn't it/ ?/ there were chinsaws/ shovels/ axes/ having left the guns at home/ (en vacance you know/ added to the list were my knives/ flame starters/ carving tools/ and several huge blocks of wood/ dragged out/ of an unresisting forest

23. COGNITIVELY COMPLEX EMOTIONS/ the expression of/ small cruelties/ remember these/ how/ did they make you feel/ ?/ give thanks/ give thanks/ for your teachers/ remember what they taught/ maybe that was all they could teach/ Crow told when your teachers teach you cruelty/ remember the feeling of being taught/ how/ you died just a little/ each and every/ time/ heals the kick/ feel the hurt/ how/ you ask do I come to the point where I teach cruelty to others/ ?/ and do I want to continue/ ?/ make up your newness/ name the parts that speak/ listen to your voices

24. THE CRITIC AS COMMISSAR OF THE OBSCENE/ making of art for the 21st century/ who will want it/ what can you even make to connect to souls/ ?/ institutions/ ? which act like hot houses for exotic varieties/ crumbling all around/ pressure to give up/ to share/ your morning coffee

based on excellence and cheapness/ your quiet time to write/ the political world/ how appalling/ all those miserable bodies/ thinking about Romans

(how are you reading this?)

N.B.: Individual topics are based on workshop titles for the 51st annual meeting of The American Society for Aesthetics.
Stepping off the edge of the Family FitzGerald
by Susan Andrews Grace

First Step
My oh my if only it saw the long view o long vision o cowslip o buttercup. all the pretty flowers of the Nore and still Gilliosa knows nothing. No hawthorn trees to teach her. The holy well filled with dirt and cromwellian butcherings.

Second Step
The sheep on the hill are complaining loudly • The lamb has nothing to do or say and it is not glorious, not one bit • It is not triumphant or crucified or rescued.

Third Step
Wind pulls up the chimney fire o flames rumble gathering energy in May
May of beginning voyage
May of invasion
Mary’s May
Nesta
Gilliosa

Fourth Step
The oak stirs in its wings outside o upward drawn no rags or tatters • no laundry on its branches, budded but without leaves •

Fifth Step
pull or I’ll pull you down sink you clear to the bottom o widemouthed fish and sharks at the bottom wait anticipating your fall, Gilliosa relentlessly swimming past and past and over and around all waiting under the sea to catch waiting an eternity to catch Ferry Woman’s fallen

Sixth Step
Nesta mudder drowned pleased ever Oh Nancyplait • Nesta Gilliosa Ferry Woman to watch her barge of knitted boards ready to take you home run away home

Seventh Step
Oh nancyplait Nesta Gilliosa • the sheep need shearing and the horse needs feeding get your cloak home • Ferry Woman waits

Punctuation Legend:
O eternity, to indicate the irrelevance of time. not an ending or a pause but something that is additive, goes on.
# designates historical pause, the need for reflection.
* indicates something outside of the world, leading to other realities.
+ indicates hidden, lost, wild realities and usually indicating an otherworld justice.


TRAIN by Aleksandrs Caks
Translated by Harry Rudolfs

Train,
how many times
as a boy
didn’t I wait for you
on the barren yellow hill
by Matthew’s cemetery,
for you,
the train from Petersburg.
Moscow, Tallinn,
snorting like a primus stove,
like water tap left wide open,
covered with dust
like my clothes, after a football match.

Train,
it felt like you rode
above the rails,
these endless silver lines
running into Riga, --
you were in my soul and bones,
and I trembled more than I do now.
holding this woman in twilight
behind drawn curtains.

Train, --
and when you drew near,
the gatekeeper would sing
into his yellow copper horn,
and hold up a little flag
greener than a chestnut leaf.
The noisy trammeled crossing
stepped over
like a prostitute
used by men for free --
traymen, autoists, pedlars --
until the blaring of the yellow copper horn,
and she freed herself instantly
from the embrace of tires and muddy feet,
and awoke
and without hesitation
let down her barrier
waiting for her lover --
for you,
the train from Petersburg, Moscow,
Tallinn --

You train!

Salt and Bread
by Harry Rudolfs
I’m twisting dough through my fingers
Long strands of memory.
I’m braiding the strands
like my mother and her mother did.

Bread is old: the glue that keeps
Our ribs from falling out.

My father grenaded Goring’s trout pond
And the troops feasted on fish, but had no salt.

My mother remembers eating a blown-up horse
On her way through Germany.

My parents arrived in the New World
And put butter on our plates
And sour cream in the borscht --
And instilled in us the habit
Of kissing bread when it falls on the ground.

I lick the batter between my fingers.
The sweet smell makes me a child.
Reality Scare
by Louise Bak

amnesic sisterhood where are you?

amoeba and ointment is squeezed from a tube into your eyes and the lids are taped shut

while Godzilla chewed platelike sandwiches to catch a glimpse of Scherzozaide warring-ender mosquito netting

are you asleep?
your chest lifts like peccant Bat'telth
coming full circle-jerk on your body through massive bank of molestation machinery

IV pole and plastic bags collect ochre urine liquid stool and menstrual blood

while your eyebrows twitch like an RSC veteran

are you wakening?

no
day 1 and i hold your hand where your poniard Tremere fingers have given way to elongated polyp stalks

are you angry?

lying here instead of joining Malta fighting with the Communist guerillas against Marcos with eyeshadow intact

it happens at night when a nurse attempts to pry your fingers from the siderail after minimalistic

makes Gumpel troll-twirls of hair shadow-snakes up against pink beats of predatory birds

spitting up Arcturian Fizz beneath surgical masks

are you in a wormhole?

a ziggurat of windfall twitches on my sweet sixteen which Grants me by the throat like a Branch Davitian-sarin gas hose

day 41 and still no signs that you can help me blow out semi solid candles burns under necrotic constellations of paper stars fixed to hospital walls

if falling is falling backward i cradle your head back down pillow is scarcely dented by the weight of it

are you dying?

kneaded by subaqueous silence

are we alone?

amidst orderlies scuttle-cooling technicians clapping electrodes to your embolized Ventrue chest

oblivious to Hars

who discredits the nonsense of the final est frontier as effaced as my hope

then your forehead pleats and you pull the tube from your throat blunt eyelids lift like onion poutches

you manage a whisper

help

nervine word is repeated again and again while a nurse atop her towelline and drains the pus out of the last cartouche on your hip

statuary doctor leans over capping your hand he removes your fingernails one by one

sniffing for a vein you bite his wrist drawing a dollop of blood like the felt-tip marker stain

on his breast pocket

slithering like a brownie scolex

are you in pain?

i watch you scream in your sleep about medical students in anatomy and biopsy class discussing Gina Lollobrigida's buckled gonad as she bashes off hexacanth breasts in a gold-foul suit behind fibre-glase

mindscan

i do not understand alive the sun rises salvaged

are you in a wormhole?

i too become Malkavian when you suddenly miscarry...
Soundbite Literary Classics from: *Disinfomercials*
by Alan Lord

Have you ever wondered how anyone manages to have the time to read all the great new books constantly being churned out, not to mention all those classics you never seem to get around to? If you’re not either: A) Extremely wealthy, or B) Extremely poor, how could you afford such a luxury?

In between handling a job, taking care of a spouse and kids, visiting family, socializing with friends and maybe squeezining in some quality “selfish” time for a favorite sport or hobby, how could anyone in his or her right mind take the time to actually sit down and read all that damned stuff from cover to cover?

Let’s face it. You don’t have time to read. Not even Coles Notes. But then how could you fake your way through a literary conversation at a party?

Well, now, thanks to our Soundbite Literary Classics series, you can get away with bullshitting the best minds of your or any generation. You’ll be able to learn what a given book is all about in the space of just a few words! We’ve taken the trouble to hire experts (mainly Comp Lit majors on welfare) to read all the books you hoped to, and they’ve managed to capture the spirit of these great works in just one single short memorable snippet anyone can instantly recall.

For example, to show how it works, let’s try... Moby Dick. Our Soundbite edition simply reads: "Thar she blows!". Could Herman Melville himself have said it any better? Now let’s try Kafka’s famous Metamorphosis: "Ick, I’m a bug!". Sure saves a lot of time just to figure out the protagonist wakes up one fine morning to find he’s turned into a cockroach, doesn’t it? Kafka would be speechless. Now let’s try a more daunting challenge... War And Peace: "You win some, you lose some". There you go, we just saved you another 1000 pages! How now about that perennial favorite...Anna Karenina: "Oh dear!"

Sure, we could go on giving you plenty of other great examples of how Soundbite Literary Classics will be saving your cultural life, not to mention your shelf space. But then again, we’d also be giving away our books for free!*  

*Derek by Philip Arima

When she stood beside him, Derek said: "You come here often."

"It’s a bus stop."

"Yes. Yes it is," he said, looking the post up and down with the same unsure gaze he used the first time he saw her six days before. The day he had vowed into his shaving mirror that he would talk with and get to know the first woman he saw. Twenty-five minutes later there she was in light blue jeans, hair up and a soft leather jacket draped over her shoulder hiding the strap of her purse and one small breast.

Derek felt good about finally speaking to her. The guilt he'd been feeling disappeared, replaced by an anxiety that screamed: "You’re gonna Fail! You’re gonna Fail!"

"Yes it is," he said again, and read aloud, "a twenty-four hour bus stop. Have you ever noticed, he continued, turning to face her, "if bus stops that are not twenty-four hour bus stops disappear late at night when just about everybody is asleep?"

"Are you nuts?" she asked, stepping away from him.

"No, no. I considered it once. Read somewhere that going mad can do you a world of good. Never learned how though, so... no. No, I’m not nuts. Are you?"

"No."

"Have you ever considered it?" Derek realised he was enjoying actually having a conversation, "Do you know how to get crazy?"

"Get crazy?" she smiled, "is that a come on? A line? Get crazy could mean a lot of things."

"I guess it could," Derek stalled, not sure where he was supposed to lead the conversation, "I’m not sure what crazy is. Like I said, I don’t know how to get crazy."

"You mean you’ve never..." she started to ask, "how old are you?"

"Me, well...I’m..." He couldn’t decide if he should lie. Perhaps she didn’t like older men. Or maybe she was older than she looked. He’d once read that cosmetics could manage things and there were those television commercials that always ended: *keep them guessing*. But she wasn’t wearing much makeup as far as he could tell, so he was reasonably sure she was younger than him. And, if he was going to lie what number should he pick.

"It’s alright," she put him at ease. "I don’t need to know."

"No, I’ll tell you," he decided he wouldn’t lie.

"Please don’t," she insisted, touching his hand, "I like mysterious men."

"Oh," he said, again unsure.

"Just one last question, I promise," she gave him a squeeze, "have you really never gotten crazy?"

"Yes - really," he said seriously as the bus pulled up.

"Well, maybe I’ll teach you," she got on the bus.

"Really," he was excited, "what?"

"Oh, I don’t know," she answered, turning on the top step, "Aren’t you getting on?"

"No. No, not today."

"You are nuts, aren’t you?" she asked, watching the doors close.

Me and Baudelaire by Jill Battson

The object ugliness of sheared off mountain ride and dust
flags flop flapping over lake
a shadowy blue
and there are clouds this morning
the silver cheer of our desire
I am squaw peak’d
dog piss taste of reality
semi insane social misfits and the vision of
that
ob and flow of shadows across rocks
if only I were here with Baudelaire
him sucking my toes
he could teach me the beauty of barrenness
pines fallen and bleached by pain
snapped off limbs, open carcasses
snow left dirty, smogged like us
our cynic-ness a quality known only to ourselves
and although we feel like gods
we are not at peace here
businessmen carving new slopes with bulldozers
warming and creating
this is not our olympia
me and Baudelaire
perched on a liquid sulphur rock
touching thighs
he is contemplating new muses
since his previous turned to woman
we understand ourselves, each other
we don’t understand shiny americans
who pick wildflowers in bunches
grasped in oil and economic hands
Hi & video cam
a scratched reality of history
the light is altitudinal here
Baudelaire, his slightly green hue
sifting for prosac in my bag
of duty glacier earth, the ginko-birchness
we are bored, perverse and desperate for
attention
normality of our thin lives
middle class without the margins
Baudelaire shifts stargishly towards me
smell of absinthe precedes his kiss
and where it hits misogynny blossoms
the (dis)illusion breaks
it is me; sun soaked pink granite; pines
in a pocket of america.

The Grip of Elvis by Jill Battson

Confused by rain
warmed by the road
the bird lingered
bopping slowly across the lanes
to become a statistic
in my road kill journal
smacking into my reluctant radiator
at 50 miles an hour
dying among squadrions of butterflies
kamikazied over the days
guilt eternal and amplified
you were buddled with Elvis
grinning behind motorised sunglasses
about the time I crossed into South Dakota
castle standing diagonal to the road
rumps defending faces
resigned stupidity on chewing jaws
besten by hail
the size of large rhinestones
sheds of stone
gathered across the plains
before fixture of mountains
soft whirlpool of mercury
revoiling, enfolding the Black Hills
Crazy Horse looking out
the same way for twenty years
small plants dicing the whiteness
of hewn granite
pointing
in the direction of the hail
the head
the white boy
running in the sulphur twilight
blonde hair shrinking
eo Aryan neo Aryan
pointed trajectory through my pulse
quickly half way across America
to reach you
pull you from coloured emulsion
save you from the grip of Elvis
your one hand clutching white leather
the other a ceramic
blue black feathers embossed
with the shape of a radiator grill

Text-Image by Fernando Aguiar (Portugal)
A poem but not to mirror the stage
by Richard Harrison

where she
Emma
Hemma
answers the question
where’s Emma?
by pointing in the mirror
who’s that
Hemma
who’s learning the alphabet
and recognizes the signs
auwa
deviřa
dee
who’s that again?
Hemma
and where is Emma?
by pointing in the mirror
but says nothing when
I point to her and ask
who’s this?
herself unsigned
by herself
that moment before it’s lost
of Eve’s in Paradise
and Narcissus headlong for
transformation gazing
at not-them
with more name
than the viewer
where’s an A?
I can ask and she peels
the little A sticker off the page
places it on her overalls
what’s this letter?
Hk-ary-ye she says
breaking what masquerades
in the adult system
as a single phoneme:
continuing this way,
she is covered with letters,
I, R, G, D, B
looking for more
by name, who’s this?
Emma
Hemma
Himler
what she doesn’t yet know
mirrored to her;
her Emmage
shimmering in the glass
alphabet ready to receive,
the birth of her imagination
and she cries in the night
to have given it birth;
the next morning
for the first time
Dolly gives Mrs. Bear
a kiss

Collected Prose Poems -- A response to
Kenneth Koch & Frank O’Hara
by Michael Londry

BUFFALO DAYS
The dreaded dinners.

THE ORANGE WIVES
The Chesterfield was not only large but made entirely from vanilla ice cream.

GREAT HUMAN VOICES
Tin cans in a dust-storm.

COLORFUL HOUR
Palm trees in hatchbacks.

EXPRESSION
"Is a prostitution," someone thought but did not say.

SLEEP
is baffling.

A MINERAL WICK
There’s something furry on your tongue.

SOMEWHERE
pick-up trucks are chuckling softly.

CECILIA
Really? Where?

THE SILVER WORLD
becks.

JEWELRY SEVENTHS
Fragments to shards to smithereens. Without bottom.

AN ESKIMO COCA-COLA
His indigestion rhymed more beautifully than he did.

THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE
Jim-Bob dropped the gun, distracted by the barrage of exploding spleens.

THE WATER HOSE IS ON FIRE
A recurring pattern.

THE LINGERING MATADORS
ran their fingers through their hair, while far too casually believing in immortality.

EGYPT
Oh?

IS THERE A HOUSE INSIDE THAT FUEL ENGINE?
A horse? A HORSE? A horse... WHY WEREN’T THEY MORE CAREFUL?
i tried. I tried.

PEANUT BUTTER CANDY
is no longer considered angelic beyond the age of three.

THE BRINDLE COWS
were known only to Stephan, who hoarded their secrets with impunity.

IN THE MERRY FOAM
I thought I was a sea-horse in love.

MY MIX-UP
Nevertheless, all afternoon a cool breeze followed me around like a happy poodle.

MILKWEED EMBLEMS
your dictionary must be much fatter than mine.

SUPPOSE
I were to outlaw beige.

THE GREEN MEDDLER
Envy with long, lethal, metaculous fingers.

WICKED OBJECTS
Shopping Malls beckon furiously, crackling, and on-one sees the obvious.

FRESH LIMES
Koala Footballs.

THE WINDOW
is open, and draws wondrously near.

PAINTED FOR A ROSE
She peed her pants in gym class.

NOONS
swooning over Lake Placid.

ROOMS
with irrevocable ambiance, whether good or bad.

IN THE RANCHHOUSE AT DAWN
ten large spiders swagger.

THE OUTSIDES OF THINGS
Curvilinear and green.

THE BLACK LION
though flabbergastingly unique, became common and trivial the instant
the journalist arrived.

IN THE COAL MUD
pillars.

THE HAND-PAINTED EARS OF DEATH
would not be swayed by argument.
Exiles Among You
by Kristjana Gunnars

61
the green and yellow dead body
of a small finch lies
on the deck. a sunny morning
calm and unbeguiled, bodies
of flies on the floor and bees
weightless by now on the sill
after what must be hours
of looking for escape
this morning after being gone
for a week in the city
I mop up this wildlife
that has battered my house
I returned resolving to love
you no more: now I find
how these small miracles fall
down in my absence
I threw the bird into bushes
below, the bees and flies
over the ground. in the
kitchen a spider wove
a web across the room
I break it first thing
heading for a cup of coffee
thinking how they carry on
the little beasts without me

62
we sit on top of the lifeboats
myself and workers sailing home
Peninsula people: Vancouver receding
behind us in the hot sun
like an unpleasant dream we are waking
out of in a sweat
they laugh: they always laugh
on the way home, there is beer
at home, chairs to put feet up on
and sailing boats in the marina
gulls and mergansers and children
in the waters of the bay
I listen to their energetic chatter
like the gulls, screaming up
shouting across the decks: hey
close my eyes and feel the evening
sun bathe my arms, legs, hair
as we leave port, a wide-
winged bird ascends from its post
like an old, sullen man, grey
blue in the late day
and lands on a cliff to watch us
sail away. I whisper to him
heron, my clandestine prayer

63
because I have not forgotten
you, my attempts to throw
the memory of you out, as I put
plastic bottles into paper bags
for recycling, the paper bags
themselves for recycling,
it all comes back to me
in another form, but back
the way all materials come round
in what they used to call
a vicious cycle: now you are
seated beside me, now walking
in a path in a park, tall!
trees providing cover

64
there is a man looking at his desk
there is a woman at a typewriter
they hope to find another emblem
with wide crescents, gold and flurried
there are others smoking cigarettes
leaning on chair backs, unmoved
and young boys holding walking sticks

65
I did not think I would find myself
sitting in an empty flat, back
against a bare wall, balcony door
slid open to an evening breeze
above prairie again. did not think
I would come this way again
to be blown about on the shifting
winds this way, to fly in the face
of myself. to retread broken paths
just this once, as if life itself
were eternal, like a sun that never
sets, so far north. as if I had time
to go over lost tracks like this
again, again. so I lean against this
white wall, the first cup of tea
I ever have in this flat, on the floor
next to me, clashing sounds of trucks
in the alley below, screams of children
from the compound next door, the growl
of an airplane straight ahead

By the time of publication this issue, the above suite will also appear in Exiles Among Us by Kristjana Gunnars (Coteau Books).
Past tense of b
by Lisa Samuels

BEGINNING

was was was, verbigeration marks
the moments of was, there is no
use in writing with a broken
pen when your hard drive's
incommensurate as a wall

in the way you imagine time
impermeable, the never-was as was, the dis-
connected, everything on the other

side of the left

line borne away, affair of the
wall was, "incredibly beautiful"
limitations on the lined actual b: that's me against

the bation of the you as I

with o me tucked tight

in curled diminution, low down opened
on the latch of you, base instinctuals

MIDDLE

refining up the visible flag just furled
the way one never goes, the back

I've never seen, reverse

behind the avant-bliss
if we could see the lettered backside

of this, like lifting up similitude
and knowing it struck blind and dumb
to never tell or write or poem

no good in knowing tell-
lessly the "building blocks" the dna
of what we'd know if we could be

END

the builders heaving letter-slabs

pried up from the never-was

the man who kills the one he loves
to see the blood of really-is, the secret

water plenishing, the pried-apart

of inside-out: this is my body

it is not an instrument

fracturing injuries

hold the pieces to the light
and they will fall all over us
to retribute, to grave rebuke
to alter angel-wise over

our empery that never was
to be as b as become

the never-written letter

the never cupped against you I

deliberation tips the scales of white
indulgence wet against a light consideration

or ridicule, a slight offense inspiring
to the visitor of such mirages, here is a case

for the ashes of violins to fit in, all wires

and knobs packed in a better example

of what the music was when it was

played, bent around what shouldn’t be

a saddened desecration, though the observer

might see it in a monovalent state.

but then we can’t control the agency

brought in to exercise itself upon scenes

of utter fortitude: the filigrees insist

themselves though we uncarve them

every night: only empty heaven knows

exigencies of rightness brought to bear

its paling desiccants straight into the middle

of a preservation -- the soldier in me nourishes

such considerations, though everyone here

knows this is a sword of undoing held

in a carefully swathed artificial limb.

i’d say it was the hand, but truth

is inappropriate, we’ve taken all the steps

away from the front of the room

so only heads can rest upon the marble

tempered chins of admonitory stone,

quite become. around the corner here

where you can’t see is the revelation

fostered by a stance of radiant hopelessness

its wings aflame and falling steadily

in a column of multiplication

so its screams are the constancy of light

transmuted into what illuminates

the vagaries of faces on the floor.

in case the incandescence of the interlude

escapes, we’ve barred up the translations

in this box: checked, white, light, sounds

magnify its corners.
Dear Petrov

My Dear Friend,

Today, I am writing a letter to someone I once knew. Someone who became unbalanced, fell off the rope. He was a genius, a madman, and perhaps unimportant. Petrov entered into a stoney silence after a period of obsessive neurotic behaviour. He was pursuing a wealth of knowledge for a while and had visions of grandeur. Strange futuristologist. He would crack a great scientific mystery, the secrets of the elements and the language of the atom. But he himself cracked when reality and the things you said? "A horse is a steed or charger. The enemy is the foe or the host. The corpse constitutes ashes or dust. A friend is a comrade. The blood of young men is the red sweet wine of youth. The crown constitutes the head. The corpse is the body. The soul is the spirit." You sang, "Let's flip a coin, they say." But the cabby wouldn't have any of it. "Pay up or get out of my car." You searched your clothes, thoroughly, you find no money, the cabby refuses to go further, turns around, drops you off where you picked him up. Thus, the Riemannian theorem: one enters a car, the cab moves down the boulevard, as it moves, one finds one's condition to be: one moves down the car, minus one half, minus one half, minus one half, and so on. This can become a speculation of alterity to the nth degree. Now place that comma after one's sentence, after one's sentence, after one's sentence, still without destination, zero, minus one's mind, the cab returns, one emerges, naked, a zero, ground zero, nothing, zero, minus one's clothes back on, still without destination, still without money, and yet things have somehow changed. You didn't stop there, you sang, "I covered in the crowd, crowded and listened, but failed to intervene, not that it would have mattered, your song had to be sung, even as they trussed you, pushed you into the cruiser, "a door, opens," you sang, "adios, oh! pensive! they pushed you in, "adios penose!" I still remember, I do remember.

I received your last letter, and I thank you for your words. Do you remember the things you said? "A horse is a steed or charger. The enemy is the foe or the host. The corpse constitutes ashes or dust. A friend is a comrade. The blood of young men is the red sweet wine of youth. The crown constitutes the head. The corpse is the body. The soul is the spirit."

with the supple, the ever-changing and the living, absentmindedness such are the defects that laughter singles out and would fain correct. Do you detect the shade of Heraclitus? It was part of a page in a book that I was photocopying, I was copying many pages… automaton-like… until I felt like some sort of servo-mechanism. Each page become a Riemannian integer, a copy, minus one degree of sensibility, a copy minus one plus one degrees of sensibility, a copy minus one plus one plus one degrees of sensibility, and so on. Somehow, I thought this might amuse you.

Your friend & ally, 

Karlos Eduardo

P.S. As you know, dear Petrov, the Riemannian integral is a definite integral defined as the limit of sums found by partitioning the interval comprising the domain of definition into subintervals, by finding the sum of products each of which consists of the width or a subinterval multiplied by the value of the function at some point in it, and by letting the maximum width of the subintervals approach zero. Consider Zeno’s arrow. A conditional theorem, one half, minus one half, minus one half, and so on. Consider two mirrors facing each other with yourself in between. A point of balance. This can become a speculation of alterity to the nth degree. Now place that comma after one's sentence, after one's sentence, after one's sentence, zero, minus one's mind, the cab returns, one emerges, naked, a zero, ground zero, nothing, zero, minus one's clothes back on, still without destination, still without money, and yet things have somehow changed. You didn't stop there, you sang, "I covered in the crowd, crowded and listened, but failed to intervene, not that it would have mattered, your song had to be sung, even as they trussed you, pushed you into the cruiser, "a door, opens," you sang, "adios, oh! pensive! they pushed you in, "adios penose!" I still remember, I do remember.

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with the supple, the ever-changing and the living, absentmindedness in contrast with attention, such are the defects that laughter singles out and would fain correct. Do you detect the shade of Heraclitus? It was part of a page in a book that I was photocopying, I was copying many pages… automaton-like… until I felt like some sort of servo-mechanism. Each page become a Riemannian integer, a copy, minus one degree of sensibility, a copy minus one plus one degrees of sensibility, a copy minus one plus one plus one degrees of sensibility, and so on. Somehow, I thought this might amuse you.

Your friend & ally, 

Karlos Eduardo

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P.P.P.S. My fortune cookie today said, "You have an unusually magnetic personality." Sometimes I think that I may have already died many times but that I also exist in many dimensions simultaneously. This many-worlds theory was posited by Everett-Wheeler-Graham in his theory on manifold worlds -- at the point at which wave-function collapses, the universe splits up into as many layers as are necessary to actualize all possibilities, a kaleidoscope of possibilities. All choices are made, and the result is substrata upon substrata of reality layers. Related to the theories of Maxwell and Planck, this manifold reality theory has interesting permutations. Let us say my consciousness is a condition of my being on all dimensions outlined by the Everett-Wheeler-Graham theorem. A kind of cosmic unconsciousness. Say, then that I die one way or another in one of many dimensions and my confoundedness ceases to function on that particular plane or within that spatio-temporal continuum. It is conceivable that my consciousness would continue on all of the other dimensions and would continue untroubled by the loss of a single face of my multi-fold astral or cosmic being. Ageing is an entropic function and occurs when more than one half of one's existences have been shut down. Death occurs when the last manifestation of self shuts down in the last possible world of what was once a manifold existence. The expansion and contraction of the universe can be measured by the degree to which all things manifest energy or entropy. I noticed that the little cat doors that I installed for my three cats, one calico, one jelicle and one ginger, the cat doors which swing freely but are held in place by little magnets to keep the wind and dust from coming in, those magnets, have been slowly getting weaker over time. This must mean something. I think that the fact or the alleged fact that the universe is expanding explains why magnets slowly get weaker. It is a form of entropy. Scientists generally concur that at some distant time in the future, the universe will reach its limit of expansion and will begin to contract again. If a civilization something like ours were to exist in such a time, then we might find that magnets would slow but naturally grow stronger with time. We would constantly have to de-magnetize things. It could even be that we would enter existence as aged creatures and move through life getting younger and younger. Time, in effect would appear to move backwards. Have you ever looked at an upside-down alarm clock in the middle of the night and suddenly thought you were late for work?

P.P.P.P.S. I enclose a box of your favourite cigars, try not to smoke them all at once. P.P.P.P.S. As usual, I define my terms so that we understand one another. alternity; the state or quality of being other, otherwise (anything but this). anamnysm; one whose identity is unknown or inconsequential (e.g.; Fausto Bedoya). Biedermeierist; artistically & intellectually conventional, uninspired (see; Hollywood). brio; enthusiastic vigor (see; "the red sweet wine of youth"). compenetrates; to penetrate throughout (think of advertising). concatenation; the act of linking things in a chain (e.g.; ancestors/progeny). costive; affected with constipation, stilted or stodgy in appearance (like "Buzz"). dysgeusia; relating to or having indigestion (see; American "fast-food"). ennui; terrible; one whose behaviour is embarrassing, one who is strikingly unorthodox in expression or action (once again, see; "the red sweet wine of youth"). impecunious; habitually having little or no money (like you, dear friend). mercurial; marked by rapid, unpredictable changes in mood (like me, dear friend). murmuration; a flock (especially of starlings). meretricious; harmful, especially to health, offensive to the senses and especially to the sense of smell (see; the American "entertainment" industry). paraprosdok served up in a text (I'm not sure what this means). rapartist; freebooter in search of plunder (Banker, investment Broker, Tax Collector). telespiorros; relating to dance ("Twyla meet Merce, Merce meet Twyla. I despise some choreographer's balls, don't you? Twyla Merce, Merce Twyla. Always the same thing, hours d'oeuvres and dervishes, dervishes and hours d'oeuvres, ahhs, Ms. Kain!"). thank-you-ma'am; a bump in the road (see; life, see; writing). RJ.

Such was the letter that I sent to my stoney-faced friend, Petrov. Unbalanced. But since I mailed the letter, I had a dream, and I now describe it in this letter to you. I dreamed that I looked out my window into my garden, and all along the border of the garden were flowers, in fact, irises. Violet irises, or perhaps deep burgundy red. And after a while a small dog entered the yard. It was a terrier, one of the little ones with the rumply medium-long fur, the kind with mournful, friendly and alert. And it came into the yard and started sniffing several of the irises. And shortly after that a number of other doggies arrived, just like the first one, only with varying colours, and patches of soft gray and white and bits of black, and they entered the yard, and they gambolled about, and took little shits, and scratched themselves, and after a while the first doggylicked one of the irises and gently took one of the petals into its mouth. And it must've seemed tasty, because the terrier bit a bit more off, but still the better part was left on the stem. And the other dogs started doing the same, some at one patch of flowers, some at another. And as they did this, they started taking on the colour of the flowers, and soon, soon the garden was filled with little violet dogs all nibbling gently, their moist eyes on the irises - irises violet and glowing, reflecting in the new moon light.

"Your old friend,
Karlis Edards"

P.S. Let's get together for a conversation soon, perhaps over Chinese food, wine & cigars.

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**TWO POEMS**

by Laurie Kruk

**The Wedding Hair-Do**

Who planted this ornamental shrub, on top of my head? Twenty-three hair-pins, half a bottle of spray, and I reach up to feel nylon wires of a fragile bird cage, towering behind my back. Women comfortable with the arsenal of hair spray, gel and mousse took my head in their hands for an hour, eased me of its weight, inside: substituted another. Scolded me for split ends, hair dryers, swimming pools, slipping into Zeller's Price-Cutters between groceries and laundry, for "just the minimum."

I came in for the minimum, then, softened by wedding freesty, my mother's contagious dreams, the rehearsal she hopes this is, shyly request them to do something wedding-like with it...Put it up, maybe?"

Making at last, the dreamed debutante's entrance: hair up, skirt down, like a lady. And so my shoulder-length summer hay is made captive to irons and rollers and dryers, the template for a vision out of Ladies Home Journal or "Cinderella" by Disney. Curled, teased, sprayed into submission. My face, shrinking, is the mirror. When they silently lift the glass, capturing the new garden in terra incognita, back of my head, I can only say, "Uh thanks—it's very—different."

Pai and muse as I leave: poodle, or Barbara Eden's Jeanie? In the plaza, the drug store, the parking lot I think everyone is staring at me.

"I'm going to a wedding," I blurt to the pregnant checkout girl. Like explaining away a black eye, shameful result of losing some contest, which leads to exaggerated accounts of the strength of the opposition. (She tells me I look sweet.) I come home to my parents' applause, in chaus for once. Before I go, Dad takes my picture— their "princess" at last. Bite down on my laughter, remembering how beauty contestants, before the cameras, would sink teeth into red lips to make them redder, silent smilers.

But next morning, stage in the shower, I flatten all hopes under soapy ownership of my head. Pile of hair pins by the sink nobody's slipper to fill, only the shiny signs of the bird's latest escape.

**Lines**

the line he drew between us yesterday's hot slow afternoon sitting in a park filled up with loves is repeated by line of sunburn, today dividing my cotton-sheltered ankles from naked pleading knees.
Snippets of Adaptation (an artifact dedicated to Darwin) by Death Waits

The text first appeared in 1849 in a journal edited by German political refugees in Biel, Switzerland. The original title, *Die Revolution* was unacceptable to the authorities, but after the editor decided to drop the "R," the paper was passed. In spite of many claims, it is not science that determines politics, but rather political attitudes that distort and misuse science to find self-confirmation. The sickness, to express oneself. What is it? — Jean Cocteau

A man who is dying decides to clone his dog and send replicas of it to all his friends and acquaintances so that they will have something concrete to remember him by. Consequences?

The arts constitute, in a sense, efforts to communicate by various means certain aspects of a private representation of the world

There is a certain vagueness to the concept of evolution I have always found highly suspicious. At its theistic core and in my heart I continuously doubt how such a thing could be true. It is as if some mistaken linchpin to the entire Darwinian paradigm had slipped by unnoticed. Consequences?

Macbeth cannot be biologically prewired in the head of the child who learns it.

In life there is a sort of awkwardness, a delicacy of health, a frailty of constitution, a vital stammering which is someone's charm. Charm is the source of life just as style is the source of writing. Life is not your history -- those who have no charm have no life, it is as though they are dead. But the charm is not the person... It is strange how thinkers talk about a concept of an uncertain life, an uncertain health, at the same time they carry life to the state of absolute power or "Great Health." These are not people, but the figures of their own combination.

I feel that man should not have thrown himself into this amazing adventure that is history. Everything that he does turns against him because he wasn't made to do something, he was made solely to look and to live as the animals and the trees do.

Diversity is a way of coping with the possible. It acts as a kind of insurance for the future... If we were all equally sensitive to a virus the whole of mankind could be wiped out by a single epidemic. We are 4.5 thousand million unique individuals so as to face possible hazards. It is the uniqueness of the person that makes the idea of producing perfect replicas by cloning so revolting.

Once, I wrote the words: "What does it mean to be human? Now?" and slipped them onto the lips of a young actress. We are links in a chain with no beginning and no end. Affections of a scientific mythology. Our lungs were once pieces of fish esophagus, but now only are lungs: breathe, air, cough, blood, speak poems.

NOTE: 1

Referring to an essay by Karl Heimenz re-published as Murder in The Terrorism Reader (pages 53 - 65, edited by Walter Laufer, History/Poliical Science, Meridian Books, New York, 1978.) The thought of evolution as a more acceptable mainstream concept than revolution is both a possible alternative and an extension of the same. This is a comment on the evolution of a quote. It has not been my experience that art has any power whatsoever to bridge these chasms, however simply highlighting them is enough. Bridges of mist. Bridges that will not hold the weight of a single foot.

Excerpt from a short story I will now probably never finish. The story was intended to be a satire based on Northern Ireland's infamous Acadian Praxis Disintegration movement (approximately 1965 - 1972) whose slogans included: "Bad academia makes really good art" and "Give them enough footnotes and they'll hang themselves!" The A.P.D. was a fascinating art historical anomaly -- a minor offshoot of the International Situationist Movement -- whose founder, a certain biology Professor named A.M. Piercer, had both Darwin and Debord, decided to compose a book. This number of his worst students most heinous and poorly written essays calling them 'found objects' and 'spectacles.' Apparently he had absolutely no idea that the book was going to be published.

In Northern Europe was wall-papered with philosophical hack-work and lengthy pseudo-intellectual tripe. Fortunately, Professor Piercer was clever enough to capitalize on the youth culture groundswell, quickly forming his own arts organization (the previously mentioned A.P.D.) and giving lectures, staging happenings/conferences, publishing a greater and greater number of drastically unreadable forms and collecting a form of a very popular work form of an acrostic paradigm out of the smashed up remains of traditional university life. His most famous works include: Sentences With No Point; An A.P.D. Reader (edited by A.M. Piercer, Non-Fiction/Humour, Krakow Publishing, New York, 1976; excerpt: The First Hundred Pages: A Life In Bed with an introduction by Giocotto Lucca, Biology/Art History/Literature, Samuel & Taylor, Winnipeg, 1976; and an autobiography of his early years artistically Grubstake: 'Til Fast-Track -- To Becoming A Well-Acclaimed Conceptual Artist And Teachers Assistant Without Ever Having Read A Word (ghost written by his student Brendan Carlson, illustrated by Poppo Bollin, a book which had a significant impact possibly after having read it for the first time.) By all accounts the Acadian Praxis Disintegration movement died down as quickly as it had sparked up, (there are no references whatsoever after 1972.) Now Professor Piercer's books have fallen out of print, however, it is often postulated that contemporary, post-modern academic thought has many of its roots within the finer points of Professor Piercer's work.

The third quotation from the book The Possible and the Actual by Francois Jacob (page 18, ibid) which I have quoted Jacob somewhat out of context on this third point, I will elaborate by giving the paragraph in its entirety: "There remains one domain in which the instructionist argument has not been as yet, the nervous system. We now know how the neurons become connected during embryogenesis, about the direct or indirect role played by the genes in the establishment of the wiring diagram," or about the learning process. As in the immune system, the enormous complexity and the impossibility of having in the germ cell a particular gene for each synapse have led neurobiologists to assume that synapses become established through rather flexible, neuroplastic mechanisms. The brain is by definition the domain of instructionists, and selectorist theories are badly received there because of the compelling argument that Macbeth cannot be biologically prewired in the head of the child who learns it. The problem, however, is not a matter of words or ideas, but of synapses. Already several decades ago, it was suggested that a huge excess of synapses might become established during embryonic development, with a subsequent pruning process that would result in the combination of a functional circuit, and unused synapses would disappear. It will probably take time before the instructionist versus selective nature of the learning process can be resolved. I hope you agree that, without recourse to excessive context, I selected the most interesting and provocative line from that passage for inclusion within my piece. If not, feel free to choose your own favourite statement or passage, photocopy it onto a correctly proportioned errata sticker, and stick it over top of the original Snippet 7, improving the piece — from your point of view — immeasurably.

From the book Dialogues by Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet (page 5, translated by Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam, University Press, European Perspectives, 1987) Those who know me, perhaps the entire readership of this periodical, will already be aware of the fact that the past year of my life has been clouded in frailty and a variety of unrelievably persistent health difficulties. Therefore, I continuously search for any opportunity to envision these health problems as dormant signs of my impending genius. The sophistry runs as follows: Great artists and thinkers throughout history have been fragile and sickly. If fragile and sickly. Therefore I must be great as well.

The above noted charming passage by Deleuze echoes this sentiment and is accordingly overripe for inclusion within the poem and within the greater body of my delusions.

At this juncture allow me a brief 'reading-annecdote' from my youth. When I was younger I read the better part of A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism & Schizophrenia by Gilles Deleuze and Michel Foucault (translation and footnotes by Seamus Masani, philosophical/cultural/ethnographic reader, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1987, cover illustration by Barbara Riechmann-Penderson.) Because one of the main structural points of the book was that it had a beginning and end and no in between its chapters or platesaus could be read in absolutely any order: that is exactly what I did. However, since the book is an extremely difficult 574 pages, and I was not keen on learning theory, for a long time I was content to just read the first few pages then I had missed, and slightly sickened by the entire experience, I put the book down. Around the middle of the book, I read the painter Frank Auerbach's statement that one never really finishes a painting, just chooses a suitable point at which to stop. And that is the reason why to this day I could not tell you exactly how many pages of A Thousand Plateaus I've actually read.
Recollection of Sixty Writers
(For Tim Mauritwce)

In a sack to tack with us. All words now vigorously misspelled. "jch jch jch."

Couldn't have had enough of this if you paid me. So— to proclaim. Our fust. Our
rabilitation was qaferski. My noie, once again, my my me oh dire rain didrop. My
hands are shot off, in slow motion and to music. Masmn't fussit. My far facdel (the
tweat a whose hands in which we know) father, the Artopagite no lesser, swam and
(not to say & he was no aquabat) swam the first river, Pison (piss not, but still a fair amount
of that flowt around in there), when it had been forgotten he pedaled there, Madonnilla
the moanung cur he sw let it by. But if its a la mp of a bird yet floatin for why not have
a real election, I'm selling ya your foot your hand. Voting for goodyear all crinkly face tired
of it in the grand floating by, smile faso, or the other guys? Kiss a kid. Assert your
second, third and fourth heads. Because there is a fifth river, no shores, full of pits and
shit, no less, and when it spits the little puddled mess turns to tigers. I never know
Norstadum or nurshed verse about war toys, but I held a garden house before and I know
storms starve and everything is drying up. If I were to dress and keep a garden my
modesty would put underpants on the forks of the trees. We cannot burn a flaming sword.
We can only toss what we have in the water. Not to forget the kiddies. No cat in a bag
but instead Lassie and Flipper. We must be going. No sip, not a one.

Reflected, with steam coming out of its ears the overworked engine of a little
mountain. Little, my weak sip of a protagonist by the waterwide, speak. Somethinging
that has a certain ring that probably come across like this (i) Rubia Mirella, your budding
butter is blurred with alleratin the aritmetic of a squummy little epicurean. Chank that walks
and talks (tiza que pisa y le da risa). Yea. Yea. I prefer pelicans, an honest mouth full
of coupons. Fitography reaches for my alliterbit voice. Like an old quien abrazador,
whishetwhasingcaneofafriend at my sines, punctuating with me smiles and fall full hours.
No wing, better to drown outside parenthesis, as I was singing. We'll stay a week or two,
We'll stay the summer through. Not fit for a garden hose, this little spurt.

Design For A Tablecloth

Upon refection I see another has pulled my face through my thoughts and it's
facing the back of my back. This has happened before. It is safe to say that whenever
I correspond I touch another who may see the past more clearly than I. There something be
there to read when from inside it we see a turning year leave its print. To taste
another's otherness.

Anno hears trumpets. It is only the chicy changry and then mysteriously turning
white on the long legs it sends. He hides his head in his shirt when he thinks of
all his friends. In the tall winds round him, they are pink from weeping.

Clowning in the green with seeds again. Principalities have been speaking. An
orange dragonfly evades the pin. Anno's eyes close but the sniff of a nostril pierces
it. A sunflower has bothered to grow taller than his clove collar and Anno pees
up into it. His shoes are filled with rocks and memories of icicles. In his brown and
reddened hopes for himself there is a cluster of Virtues. All this is solid and then solid
otherwise and so renewed.

He sings the white around his eyes. Throns hare burst and pepper where they rise.
Trees partition what is left when yellow dies. It touches Anno.

The sun is a fteen fly burst high. From a pine's crown an eagle emerges upon the
bright air. We are on a hill side a broken tree. A swift line, a spiral, of summer.
Here under in a day of swallows, it is late may or June. Means fick about our heights,
green medians of flight. Dust lifts, sifted through the web they spread. Quick darting
in the dead grass, along the ground hidden rustling. Our footless slip beneath the crust
that lids this turning.

Perihedron

All round, about, beyond. The roofs hold. A crown unfolding, the sky bevles.
The voice rises higher into the shattered air. Proclamations, like small vehicles, sheath the
importance to gather. The great trunk and its unknown crown resounding. An iron softly
smooths with pressure, the heat lies in the calculations.

First, the attempt to place an empty bottle and a paddle wheel above the pointed
roofs. Will the eraser and still dry blue board hold such things. Imagine merely the
bottle and the paddle wheel. This leaning back, eyes closed, pressing the trigger again.
The coat worn, the expression. The bottle is perfect. The paddle wheel touches everywhere
with complexity. Pah, that sound, pah. The paddle wheel with one broken paddle is yet
never still. Never to step forward with loud footsteps. Inner music foments in
concentration. All round, about, beyond. The bottle is impenetrably shut, finished.
**BOOKS RECEIVED:**

With this issue, Rampike continues in its tradition of offering short reviews on books received. The books reviewed below are only a small and non-representative sampling of many excellent volumes that have arrived in the Rampike offices. With future issues, Rampike will acknowledge receipt of all books and whenever possible will include listings of pertinent information. With future issues we will strive to expand our coverage and at the very least will offer short commentary when not presenting full reviews. Ed./KJ.

If you're in the mood to explore the psychological effects of communication breakdown, J. Jill Robinson's book *The Eggplant Wife* (Arsenal Pulp Press: ISBN: 1-55152-024-9), will provide intriguing results. In this Canadian thesis of themes together with a variance of perspective in her characters and titles serves to enhance, expand and diversify the reader's understanding of a feminine internal mindspace. Rather than empowering themselves by altering their situations, Robinson's emotionally starved characters choose to suffer through, and cope with the consequences of maintaining dysfunctional relationships. Compellingly mystical and erotic elements underscore the torturous but necessary process of remaking them into something else. Rather than explicitly Canadian setting against internal landscapes to create unusual sketches of familiar circumstances. Review by Heather Lloyd.

*Raw Skin* (ISBN 0-919897-45-2, Wolsak and Wynn: Toronto, is a gem. Maureen Hynes' first poetry collection uses stirring imagery and meticulous honesty to depict the author's travels through Australia, Mexico, Alberta, and back to her home in Toronto. Her voice is definitely female, her perspectives on humankind are profound. With candor and humour, Hynes documents urban life in the 90's through sensitivity and vivid recollections of her lovers, friends and strangers in the night. "In 'Cocktail Shoes', we get a moving portrayal sparked only by a glance from a neighbour. "I meet her eyes, frightened, elastic in a face like an abandoned planet, a jolt of red across her lips... her bare legs beneath her winter coat, open-toed clear plastic pumps that clatter her through this frothing late-spring snow."

Equally passionate are her courageous internal journeys dealing with loss and grief and the torment and euphoria of being alive. Reviewed by Lorraine Mackie.

Steve Lundin's *Stolen Voice* (Anvil Press, P.O. Box 1575, Stn. A, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2P7 Canada -- ISBN: 1-895636-06-X, $11.95), is printed as one-half of a single volume by Anvil and is the companion volume to *Vacant Rooms*, by Christine M. Smith. *Stolen Voice* originated in Ireland and now lives in Winnipeg. She is a freelance journalist and broadcaster with religion.

Mitch Parry's *Vacant Rooms* is printed on the flip side of Anvil Press's edition featuring the co-winner of the 16th Annual International 3-Day novel writing contest. -- ISBN: 1-895636-06-X). Parry offers memory-bank sketches to show the protagonist grappling with the psychological results of a difficult childhood and the death of an entire family. This is a very personal novel. Parry's skillful narration unravels fourteen bitter-sweet stories containing an honesty that scrupulously summarizes memories in an effort to understand the sense of disintegrating family ties and personal losses that haunt the protagonist. Reviewed by Suzanne Myers.

Rita Moir, *Survival Gear* (Polestar Press Ltd., 1011 Commercial Drive, Second Floor, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V5L 3X1, ISBN: 0-919591-81-7, $14.95. Whoever stated that romance in travelling through Canada is dead, is a blatant liar and probably has never read this book! Rita Moir, a west-coaster and also a lover for the east coast, and has brought together her nineteen travelling experiences in this collection of short stories and memories. Nostalgic and clever, each story teaches a modem moral - to give the reader their own piece of "survival gear". Selling for $14.95, this is one of most reasonably priced "self-help" books on the market, and is enjoyable reading. More non-fiction than fiction, and more imagistic than some poetry, this book is a must-have for anyone wishing that they were closer to a real ocean. Reviewed by Dina Murphy.

**Head Cook at Weddings & Funerals and other stories of Doukhobor life** (Polestar: ISBN: 0-919591- 75-2). V. Plotnikoff was born into a Doukhobor family in Saskatchewan and lived in the Kootenay Valley of B.C. for most of her life. Plotnikoff's fiction is engaging from the start: the realness of the characters pulls me into these stories and the thought-provoking conflict between generations and cultures is emotional. Plotnikoff's skillful narration unravels fourteen bitter-sweet stories containing both the humour of life and its hardships. "My best time was when the chores were done and my eyes, frightened, elastic in a face like an abandoned planet, a jolt of red across her lips... her bare legs beneath her winter coat, open-toed clear plastic pumps that clatter her through this frothing late-spring snow."

"Equally passionate are her courageous internal journeys dealing with loss and grief and the torment and euphoria of being alive. Reviewed by Lorraine Mackie.

Betty Vogel's novel *Pilgrimage* (Bite Flower Press: 101-309 East Cordova St. Vancouver, B.C., V6A 1LA - ISBN: 1-55056-234-7), is an autobiographical fiction that gives a refreshing look at the life of a woman. In the wake of the death of her fiancé, Gerhard Hembrock, the protagonist takes a passage into womanhood. Hembrock originated in Ireland and now lives in Winnipeg. She is a freelance journalist and broadcaster for the CBC. This collection of short stories features a fluid style, moving the reader through a series of events beginning with childhood and moving through tensions that cumulate over the years. The book deals with the effects of communication sexual and marital relations by posing questions such as "Are we geared toward marriage and child-bearing from birth?" and, "Are we meant to be monogamous?" Implied answers to the questions in this book are sometimes surprising, but always enlightening, exchange student

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