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20th Anniversary Editorial: It has been 20 years since we started publishing Rampike!

I offer here an abbreviated history. Since 1979, we’ve had the great pleasure of featuring some of the finest Canadian and international writers and artists. This magazine had an exciting beginning. I was still a student at the Ontario College of Art and Design when the idea of publishing a literary and arts journal became a reality. Our first issue featured a "scoop" interview with the internationally celebrated sculptor Dennis Oppenheim. The legendary Coach House Press agreed to print the magazine and we were on our way. The name "Rampike" stands for the skeleton of a tree that has been ravaged by lightning or forest fire. There is a tree that grows in Canada known as the lodge-pole pine. When threatened by fire, its cones release winged seedlings which hover in the heat above the flames, and when the danger has passed they spin to the ground and settle in the fertile ash so that a new generation can emerge. This image represents the on-going cycle of death and rebirth evident in any vital culture. In keeping with this notion of cycles, Rampike has published both new and established writers and artists from around the world. Much of the work that has appeared in Rampike over the years has been innovative, post-modern and unprecedented. At the same time, we have aligned ourselves with social and cultural reformers. We have included essays by political activists such as René Levesque the Premier of Québec, John Kenneth Galbraith who has frequently spoken against world arms proliferation, Linda Hutcheon who has spoken on feminist issues, Grand Chief Matthew Coon-Come who has detailed the plight of First Nations peoples, and Dr. David Suzuki, a long time advocate of the pro-environmental cause. The artists we have featured include celebrated innovators such as Joseph Beuys, Vito Acconci, Chris Burden, Louise Nevelson, Bill Vazan, Norval Morrisseau, Carl Beam, as well as Linda and Ron Baird. And, we have truly enjoyed the opportunity to interview and publish so many international celebrities. I recall the precision of Jacques Derrida’s language when he spoke on deconstruction, and the pluck of famed drama critic Martin Esslin. Once, in Düsseldorf, Germany, I was welcomed into the studio of Joseph Beuys even though I had arrived unannounced. I was amazed by his studio, full of works in progress. The walls were covered in brown leather and he had a bit of tissue paper on his cheek where he had cut himself shaving. He made us coffee and talked energetically about art as anthropological investigation. When I left, he asked me to deliver greetings to his friend Andy Warhol in New York. And remember our interview with Julia Kristeva at a posh Toronto hotel. We waited in the hotel lobby. When the elevator door slid open, Kristeva purposely strode forth, elegantly dressed with a flamboyant scarf, a glass of wine in her hand. She scoffed at Canadian regulations prohibiting alcoholic beverages on public conveyances such as elevators, and promptly entered into an animated discussion about her novel, The Samantha. Another time, Frank Moorehouse, Australia’s own Coca-Cola Kid had arrived for the Harbourfront authors festival organized by Greg Gatenby. I remember how Jim Francis, myself, and Moorehouse spent much of our time talking in my car, as we searched Toronto’s east end for a compatible battery for his new lap-top computer. Not all our interviews were done live. Some took place over the phone or through other electronic media. Even though we were both based in Toronto, Linda Hutcheon chose an electronic exchange to more exactly word her detailed responses, and in this issue Sandra Bernstein covered the distance between the Canadian Prairies and our base in Sault Ste. Marie in order to speak about flying trilobites and her Metis/Mennonite background. It is the writers who have made Rampike the internationally recognized journal that it is. Ahh, but the stories behind them! Once, while arranging with James Grauerholz to publish some of William Burroughs’ material, I was given permission to take photos and chat with the literary legend himself. I asked Burroughs if he had ever practiced martial arts, and in his gruff voice he exclaimed, “Yeah, I did a bit of that when I was younger..." at which point he threw a few Karate chops in the general direction of my head, then, sat down chuckling. The photo-shoot went swimmingly. We have been fortunate in attracting writers of note. Through our Boston editor, James Gray, we connected with Ray Federman, Ronald Ruenick, Philippe Sollers as well as the next generation of Americans. Manuscripts also started arriving from international figures such as Guillemo Deisler, Michel Serres, Balint Zombathy, Geza Pernecky, Clemente Padin, Yevgeny Veyushenko, Charles Bernstein, Ray Di Palma, John Giorno, Dick Higgins, Sylvère Lotringer and Nicole Brossard. In our early days, it was Brossard who had spearheaded our “French connection” and before we knew it, the works of a couple of generations of Quebecois writers had arrived at our doorstep including Claude Beausoleil, Michel Gay, Claudine Bertrand, Jean-Paul Doucet, France Théoret, Yolande Villeneuve, members of Québec city’s Inter group such as Richard Martel and Pierre-André Arcand, and more recently, Marie-Clare Blais. Our run of Canadian writers reads like a Who’s Who, including more established writers such as Norval Frye, Marshall McLuhan, Clark Blaise, Ray Souster, Louis Dudek, Robert Kroetsch, Elia Madjel, Josef Skvorecky, George Bowering, Don McKay, Frank Davey, and then slightly younger contributors such as Rosemary Sullivan, Dennis Cooley, Matt Cohen, Bill bissett, David Marden, Victor Coleman, Marilyn Bowering, as well as those who have gained international status during the last 20 years such as by Nichol, Tomson Highway, Thomas King, Christopher Dewdney, Paul Duron, Steve McCaffery, Karen Mac Cormack, Armand Gernet-Ruffo, and Lola Lemire Tostevin. The next generation continues to be nurtured in our pages. It is impossible to name all of the superb contributors to Rampike, but we extend our heartfelt thanks to each of them. Without them, and without you, our reading audience, none of this would have been possible. We also thank the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council for their help over the years. And finally, thanks to our many roving editors (W.M. Sutherland, Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm, Peter Jaeger, et. al.) throughout the world who keep drawing our attention to exciting new talents wherever they are to be found. It has been an amazing twenty years, and we look forward to more wonders in the next millennium. With this issue our contributors have pursued an epistemological approach. These texts, images and artistic creations all question the basis of knowledge and cognition. Throughout our history, we have moved from the antiquated notion of "the four corners of the earth" to a helio-centric awareness of the solar system, to a sense of a klystic centre-less infinity. We are integrating theory of relativity, uncertainty principle, poly-semantics, dialogism, and the unknown. These works challenge the foundations of perception, knowledge, and cognition. We hope that you will enjoy this issue and our new "high-speed" profile designed for the next millennium! Stay tuned for Rampike’s 20th Anniversary Issue Part II, which is due later this year...KEJ
"BOOKS, TEXT AND HYPERTEXT"
A Talk by Umberto Eco

"A home page on the internet can be written by anybody, so, we have a full Zamasdat era, and Zamasdat, when you are living under a dictatorship are useful. In a democracy, they can become dangerous." — Umberto Eco

Umberto Eco is a noted semiotician, critic, novelist and journalist. He is the author of numerous works of fiction and critical theory. Some of his literary works include The Name of the Rose (1980), Foucault's Pendulum (1988), and How to Travel with a Salmon and Other Essays (1992). Some of his noted critical works include The Open Work (1962), A Theory of Semiotics (1976), and The Limits of Interpretation (1990). Many of Eco's theoretical texts have been published by Indiana University Press (Bloomington), as well as Yale and Harvard University Presses. His texts in Italian are published by Bompiani, Mursia and Mondadori Presses (all in Milano). Among other things, Eco maintains a hypertextual web site which offers an excellent example of cyber-architecture. In this talk, Professor Eco addresses questions that arise with the growth of the electronic culture. One of the first questions he addresses is whether or not new technology permanently displaces or obsolesces older technology. We are delighted to have permission to publish this witty and informative text c/o of the Cable Public Affairs Channel (CPAC). This talk was presented at the University of Ottawa on Oct. 6, 1998 and was first aired Oct. 10, 1998.

The arrival of a new technological device has never made a previous device absolutely obsolete. Cars run faster than bicycles but they have not rendered bicycles obsolete. The idea that a new technology abolishes a previous one, is too simplistic. Following Daguerrre's invention, painters did not feel obliged to serve as craftsmen to reproduce reality such as we see, but it does not mean that Daguerrre's invention encouraged only abstract painting. There is a whole tradition of modern painting that couldn't exist without the photographic mode such as hyper-reality and realism seen by the painter's eye through the photographic eye. In the history of culture, it has never happened, that some new thing has killed something else. Even in a crucial case, [such as] the death of the dirigible, airplanes came along shortly after, but, balloons are still used for publicity and things like that even though they might not be used in the way Jules Verne envisioned in Around the World in Eighty Days. Today, we have a new hypertextual poetics. Even a book you read, even a poem you read, can be transformed into a hypertext. At this point we are shifting to question two. Since the problem is not more only a physical one, it concerns the very nature of the creative activity, of the reading process. And you know to unravel this scheme of questions we have to first decide what we mean by "hypertextual link." Remark that if the question were concerning the possibility of infinite or indefinite interpretation on the part of the reader, [then] you would have very little to do with the problem under discussion. This would have to do with the poetics of Joyce who thought of his Finnegans Wake as a text that could be read by an ideal reader affected by an ideal insomnia. I have devoted many of my books to this problem, but, it has nothing to do with that. This would concern the limits of interpretation in the case of the constructive reading and of over-interpretation. What are presently under consideration are cases in which the infinity or at least the indefinite abundance of interpretation is due not only to the initiative of the reader, but rather to the physical mobility of the text itself, a text that is produced just in order to be re-written. And let me consider this matrix. I wrote "limited" and "finite," but, the mind of society means [or thinks] "unlimited" and "infinite." Maybe "infinite" is a metaphor, let's say "indefinite," in the sense of the letters of the alphabet -- we say we can compose infinite strings [of words], but they are not infinite, they are very high in number, but, for our scale it is the same as when we speak of "infinity." So, a moving text in this genre can be limited and finite, limited but virtually infinite, infinite but limited, or, unlimited and infinite.

**LIMITED**

- +

**FINITE**

+ -

First of all, we have to make a careful distinction between systems and texts. For instance, a linguistic system is the whole of the possibilities displayed by a given mutual language. A finite set of grammatical rules, allows the speaker to produce an infinite or indefinite number of sentences. And then the linguistic item can be interpreted in terms of other linguistic or other semiotic items. A word by definition, an event by example, a mutual time by an image, and so on, and so forth. Take for example, a normal encyclopedic dictionary. It can define a dog as a "mammal", you have to go to the end to the entry "mammal," if the mammals are defined as "animals," you have to go to the entry "animals," and so at the same time the properties of dogs can be exemplified by images of dogs of different breeds. If it is said that a certain breed lives in Lapland, you must then go to the entry "Lapland," to know where it is. The system is finite. An encyclopedia is a finite object with its own boundaries, but virtually infinite because you can circumnavigate it in an endless spiral-like movement ad infinitum. In this sense, certainly all the conceivable books are comprised by and within a good dictionary and a good grammar. If you are able to use the Webster, you can write both Paradise Lost and Ulysses. It is by mere chance that somebody did it before you. Give the same hypertextual system to Shakespeare and to a schoolboy, and they have the same odds to produce Romeo and Juliet. Grammars, dictionaries and encyclopedias are systems. By using them, you can produce all the texts you like.

However, a text, once produced, is not a linguistic or encyclopedic system. A given text reduces the infinite or indefinite possibilities of a system and makes up a closed universe. The dictionary allows me to eat a lot of possible items, provided they are something organic. But, if I "definitely" produce my text, and I utter, "This morning I had bread and butter," [then] I have excluded "definitely," cheese, caviar, pastrami, and apples. A text castrates the infinite possibilities of a system. Pride and Prejudice can be interpreted in many, many ways, but the story takes place in Great Britain, and concerns a young woman and her family. It doesn't take place in New England, and it doesn't concern a Captain determined to capture a white whale. Take a fairy tale like "Little Red Riding Hood." The text starts from a limited number of characters and situations, a little girl, a mother, a wolf, a wood, and through a series of finite steps it arrives at a resolution. Certainly, you can read the fairy tale as an allegory, that attributes a given moral sense... to the acts of the characters, but you cannot transform "Little Red Riding Hood" into Cinderella. Flannegans Wake is certainly open to many interpretations, but it is certain that it will not provide you with Fermat's theorem, or with the complete biography of Woody Allen. This seems trivial, but, there are some people on this continent who have said that you can do anything you want with a text, which is blatantly false. Now suppose that the finite and limited text is organized hypertextually by many links that connect given worlds with other worlds. In a dictionary, or an encyclopedia, the word "wolf" is potentially connected to every word that is part of its definition or description. So, wolf is connected to "animal," to "mammal," to "ferocious," to "legs," to "fur," to "eyes," to "paws," to the names of the countries in which wolves exist and so on, and so forth. In "Little Red Riding Hood," as a text, the word "wolf" only can be connected to the textual section in which the wolf shows up or is explicitly evoked. The series of possible links is finite and limited. How can the hypertextual strategy be used to open a finite and limited text? The first possibility is to make the text physically unlimited, in the sense that the story can be enriched by successive contributions of different orders, in the double-sense, either two-dimensionally or three-dimensionally. I mean, for instance, "Little Red Riding Hood" in the first order proposes a starting situation, the girl enters the wood, and the different contributors can develop the story, one after the other, namely, the girl doesn't meet the wolf but Pinocchio, both enter an enchanted castle, they have a confrontation with a magical crocodile, and so on, so that the story can continue for years and years. But, it can also be infinite in the sense that temporary narrative disjunction appears at the moment that the girl enters the wood. Many others can make different choices, for one of them she meets Pinocchio, for another she is transformed into swan, for a third she is transformed into... A Proustian character, for a fourth she finds a magic ring and meets a donor called Vladimir Propp, and at every node, the story can proliferate in many particular directions. This is, today, possible, and you can find on the net some interesting examples of such literary games.
It is possible that at this point one can raise the question of the survival of the very notion of authorship on one side, and the work of art as an organic whole on the other. I want to inform my audience, that this has already happened in the past without disturbing neither authorship nor organic wholes. The first example is that of the Commedia dell'arte... Every performance, depending upon the mood and the fantasy of the actors, was different from the others, so that we cannot identify a single work (attributed) to a single author. The more recent example is the jazz jam session. We believe that there was a privileged performance called "The Basin Street Blues," because a recording of a session survived. But... there were many "Basin Street Blues," many performances of it, and there will be in the future a lot of them that we do not know as yet, as soon as two or more performers get together and try a personal and inventive version of the original thing. What I want to say is that we are accustomed to an absence of authorship. With popular collective art in which every participant adds something, we experience a jazz-like unending story. Such ways to implement a free creativity are welcome and make part of the cultural tissue of a society. However, there is a difference between implementing the activity of producing infinite and unlimited texts and the existence of already produced texts which can perhaps be interpreted in infinite ways but are physically limited. In the same contemporary culture we accept and evaluate according to different standards, both a performance of Beethoven's Fifth [symphony] and a new jazz session on the Basin Street Theme... We are marching toward a more liberated society, in which free creativity co-exists with the interpretation of already written texts. But, we must not say that we have substituted an old thing with another one. We can have both. TV zapping [channel surfing] is a kind of activity that has nothing to do with watching a movie. The are two different "sports."

A hypertextual device that allows us to invent a new text, has nothing to do with our ability to interpret pre-existing texts. I tried desperately to find an instance of unlimited and finite textual situation. But, I did not find an interesting example. In fact, if you have an infinite number of elements to play with, why limit yourself to the production of a finite universe? ... But let's consider an alternate possibility [i.e.]; an infinite number of possibilities with a finite number of elements [e.g. see; first line in chart above, ed]. This is the rule of a system. So, can there be a text that has the same qualities as a system? I think that this is an illusion of freedom, and I'll tell you why. A hypertext can give the illusion of opening even a closed text, the textual story can be structured in such a way that its readers can select their own (re-)solution, deciding at the end whether the guilty one should be the barber, the bishop, the detective, the author or the reader. Many role games are structured this way. Such an idea is not a new one. Before the invention of computers, poets and narrators have dreamt of a textually open text that the reader could infinitely re-compose in different ways. This was the idea of "Le Livre" as extolled by Mallarme. Raymond Queneau invented the combinatorial algorithm by which it was possible to compose from a finite set of lines, billions of poems... Many contemporary musicians have produced musical moveable scores which by manipulating one can compose different musical performances. And I spoke of that in my old book L'Oeuvre Ouvert, (The Open Work), in the 1960s. All of those physically moveable texts should give the impression of absolute freedom on the part of the reader or listener. But this is only an impression, an illusion of freedom, a sort of staging of freedom, representing freedom. Because the only machinery that allows one to produce infinite texts with a finite number of elements, already existed for millennia and its called the "alphabet." With a reduced [limited] number of letters one can produce billions of texts and this is exactly what has been done from Homer to the present day...

A text that provides us, not with letters or sounds, like the alphabet, but with pre-established sequences of words, not to speak of sequences of pre-established pages, doesn't set up freedom to invent everything we want. We are only free to move pre-established textual chunks in a reasonably high number of ways. A Calder sculpture is fascinating not because it produces infinite possible movements. No. We admire the iron-like rule imposed by the artist because Calder's mobiles move only the way Calder wanted them to move. At the last border-line of free textuality, there can be a text that starts as a closed one, let's say "Little Red Riding Hood" or "Middlemarch" and that I, the reader, can modify according to my inclinations, thus, elaborating a second text, which is no more the original one, and whose author is myself (even though the formation of my authorship is a weapon against the concept of definite authorship). The net is open for such experiments and most of them can be beautiful and rewarding. Nothing forbids one from writing a story where Little Red Riding Hood devours the wolf...

But let me conclude with praise for the finite, limited world that literature provides us. Suppose you are reading Tolstoy's War and Peace, you are desperately wishing that Natasha will not accept the courtship of that miserable scoundrel Anatole... If you had War and Peace in hypertextual and inter-active CD-Rom, you could rewrite your own story according to your own desires. You could invent numerous War and Peaces... What a freedom! Alas, with an already written book, whose fate is determined by a repressive authorial decision, we cannot. We are obliged to accept the laws of fate and to realize that we are unable to change destiny. A hypertextual and inter-active novel allows us to practice freedom and creativity, and I hope that such a kind of inventive activity will be implemented in the schools of the future. But the already and definitely written War and Peace doesn't confront us with unlimited possibilities of our imagination, but with the severe laws of burning life and death... The charm of tragic literature is that we feel that its heroes could have escaped their fate, but, they didn't succeed because of their weakness or their pride or their blindness... There are books that we cannot re-write because their function is to teach us about necessity, and only if they are respected, such as they are, can they provide us with such wisdom, and this repressive lesson is indispensable to reach a higher state of intellectual and moral freedom.

Text/image by Fernando Aguiar (Portugal)
FROM THE NOVEL: H
by Philippe Sollers,
Translated by Elaine L. Corts

"Le roman est la maniere dont cette societe se parle." - Philippe Sollers (Logiques).

Philippe Sollers is a celebrated French author, editor and theoretician. Sollers, along with Julia Kristeva and Roland Barthes served as editor of the highly reputed French literary journal Tel Quel. We are pleased to publish this excerpt from Sollers' novel H. Sollers' critical text Logiques (Seuil, Paris, 1968), was among the first to shift theoretical attention from writer and work, to writing and reading.

...rational stamped with the initial sodom goernen international council they will be able to travel from one region to another simply by presenting their discrimination card from now on we would be able to develop underground reserves for ... up at their particular at that moment from the sky a reminder of the ephemeral aspects of theoretical propositions and thus about an ellipse in reverse it was 1775 that goethe wrote to hered they are making from the dust of history a living plant a formula which has to be reconciled more closely with its opposite and also with this ability that a stubborn yet fluid subject sometimes has of removing veil by veil of undoing the knots of supporting its negation until infinity in its always unexpected form begins to appear in the vicinity inside and outside after which he notices ajax a white tornado oboe a crisp coolness alkaline toothpaste a little kick as if it was about messages having had their share of the encoded there he is retaking the train i always travel he says in the pullman car woman i am the real epic pig i fish for the dacryoglobus orientalis flying fish or the betta splendens fishing fish or the chaetodon auriga holocanthus diacanthus angel fish indeed the symphonyon discus disk fish or else the pteropterus dragon watch out for the fall-out from revolutions humanity is extremely porous to its bichapelous past since he had decreed the cult of the goddess reason has always prepared me to be a negative argument against rosbipierre there's still some of the same inside he has the look of a submissive son about him a good student still that the opera singer should have dared to try it at the altar from this point of view we are not so advanced look at this black mass look at this big coffin the draperies ah grandma's mill by the river the gargoyles the alchemy of facades the phantom of the head of the least miserable about slang is one of the most astonishing in the french language an impeccable course a genuine humanism stuff and nonsense standing at his own lectern the elections the screwing from the wall we struggled like hell with sinusitis i could refer to it as the scale of odours it has endowed me with a...

...second okay it is a revolving scene i expect that it would have an influence on the unconscious behaviour of actors yes i am sagittarius like beethoven but that's not the question oh profs should be intrigued by language and not by us it is logical that physicians be scorned by matter and we by the movement instead of matter needs movement movement needs language language needs us in its crevices raise your head the moon is from now on a suburban garbage dump it was basically our planet's fudge it has preserved everything from the beginning think about the ninety-two elements think it over the dinosaur died out seventy million years ago for that reason you have entered here you took some of the snow andrena's spray of pearly mist think about the fact it's even more difficult to penetrate the fact that everything that exists is bad once i would have considered this idea obscure pessimistic and exaggerated to me i would not have thought that it was like you so lucid no not lucid...

...completing her and in the pullman car the three of them inspired by the man at the window are going by...
they have other things to do than serve as a mirror for your pilgrimage we live in a time when in our climates the chains are loosened and there are those who march on believing in a future city a trick of the multiple unconscious.

along with you everywhere swosh the wind from the outside the rounds the fragments the exterior membrane of the

means that you would not leave a bit from the alter leg of lamb eh my leeches i don't speak to you in the name of

nude to your kids you have a clear conscience about it as if we could have decreed the golden age in suburban villas but not of a genius display the new fashions of tomorrow the anti-superman the non-god the non-mama the non-unique the excesses in the dormitories at last i ask you what becomes of death on your premises is it a matter of a boundary a misunderstanding an error in taste a fart an error in the calculation of a particle of dust or do you admit along with me that it is a unique work a process of universal freedom without any volume nor is it full of intimate substance since what is denied is still and always the point with no content the pinhead of self absolutely free who is in this way communicates with everything in short receives an income while losing his sight you understand aims at the backwash under the roadways of a wooden bridge drink up the black water with you eyes look it would seem that the universal is a large room suddenly inhabited it must have been

analogous to a symphony does the word consist in its execution yet even with words are symphonies heaven-sent.

an element not-null to its left another to its right the limitation of the degree of embedding results only from the fact that memory is finite isn't it idiotic to say that transformations do not modify sense while there are at least five senses for one false sense continue admit that you are allowing that we think about you carrying the tomb along with you everywhere swosh the wind from the outside the rounds the fragments the exterior membrane of the

Text/image by Fernando Aguiar (Portugal)
TWO-HEADED TALK
An Interview with Sandra Birdsell

"In fiction what I long for is a sense of the story's being alive - all hot, rude, contrary, funny, unbearable. You don't get that nearly enough, but in Sandra Birdsell's work you do, do it over and over again..." - Alice Munro

Born in 1942, Sandra Birdsell had a Metis father and a Mennonite mother and grew up in Morris, Manitoba, one of 10 children. She quit school at age 17 and has been a home-maker, income tax clerk, retail salesperson, and cocktail waitress. Her first collection of stories, Night Travellers, won the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award, and is linked to a second collection of short stories titled Ladies of the House (1984). These two books have been translated into eight languages. Birdsell's novel The Missing Child (1989) won the Books in Canada/W.H. Smith First Novel Award, and her second novel, The Chronicking Suite (1992), received the McNally Robinson Best Book of the Year Award and was nominated for a Governor General's Award. In 1994, Birdsell won the Marian Engel Award. She has written scripts for film, television and radio drama. Her stories have appeared in numerous anthologies including the Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories, and From Ink Lake edited by Michael Ondaatje. She has been a writer-in-residence at universities across Canada, including Edmonton, Waterloo & Charlottetown. Birdsell has toured extensively and has read in the U.S., England, Italy and Japan. In 1998, Birdsell was again nominated for a Governor General's Award for The Two-Headed Calf (M & S, Toronto), her collection of short stories. In this interview with Rampike editor Karl Jirgens, Birdsell discusses her career and The Two-Headed Calf.

KJ: How has your Metis and Mennonite background affected your perception of the world and your writing?

SB: I suppose the biggest influence would be that both are marginal groups, made so by language, culture, religious beliefs and practices. My perception of the world as viewed through the eyes of these vastly different cultures seems to have put me on the edge of things. However being a mix of both cultures and not one or the other has placed me between the two worlds and consequently has given me the notion that I'm really at the centre.

KJ: If you were to be and I think that being between, at the centre of the edge, is kind of like living in the spaces or the cusp of great political and social upheaval in your case, was a good place to be to write from.

SB: It is a cusp, the cusp of great social upheaval in her case, was a good place for a writer to be and I think that being between, at the centre of the edge, is kind of like living in the spaces or cracks in the firmament, and that is also a good place for writer to come from.

KJ: What was it like studying creative writing with Robert Kroetsch at the University of Manitoba during the 1970's?

SB: The 1970's was a signpost for writing in Manitoba with the emergence of presses such as Queenstone House and Turnstone Press. It was the right time and place to be. And when the giant, Robert Kroetsch arrived on the scene from New York, in an interview with his Seed Catalogue, anything and everything seemed possible. His creative writing class was jammed with people like myself who had been working in isolation for years. I believe that almost half of the writers in that class went on to publish their manuscripts shortly after.

KJ: Often your stories connect in a kind of suite, but are not truly novels and somehow they tend to be more than just short story collections. Do you plan this sort of continuity, and if so, how?

SB: Often what I'm doing is playing. In "The Two-Headed Calf," for instance, I made oblique connections between characters and places to see if readers were paying attention. But it's more than that sometimes. "Night Travellers" was going to be a novel but I didn't have large enough chunks of time to write a novel. At the same time I found the short story form frustrating. I knew so much about each character in a short story as I would if they had been central figures in a novel. It was impossible to use all that I knew about them in a single short story and that's why they would appear later in another story. I wanted another look at them further down the line. I knew how the short story form frustrated. I knew as much about each character in a short story as I would if they had been half of the writers 1970's that class went on to publish their manuscripts shortly after.

KJ: I see that you consider your work to be marginal. I think that being between, at the centre of the edge, is kind of like living in the spaces or the cusp of great political and social upheaval in your case, was a good place to be to write from.

SB: The inclusiveness of the unusual and fantastic element in my work comes from who I am and where I grew up as a child. Trilobites peer out at us from tapestry stone, a constant reminder that where we lived was once a great ancient lake bed. My spirituality as a child allowed for Noah's flood to have happened, for the existence of angels, the resurrection, and therefore the inexplicable happenstance of life were accepted as just being a part of everyday life, or an extension of "real" life. Where does breathing stop and prayer begin? How do we know that each breath is separated by another? It's something those of us with healthy lungs have learned to take for granted. In the same way I learned to not only believe in prayer but to expect prayers to be answered. But we are a secular society and therefore when we read stories that have so-called magic or fantastic element created by writers, as in so many of the South American writers, then we must give them the tag of magic realism because the portrayal of a spirit world and a character's spirituality alongside their realistic everyday life is outside the realm of our experience.

KJ: In regard to the question of spiritual strength, the story "The Man from Mars" deals with a number of Mennonite issues including European backgrounds, the land dispute, Mennonite culture. Could you say more about the idea of dislocation, displacement and isolation?

SB: On my mother's side I'm a first generation Canadian and so those stories and those of my grandparents had special significance. For some strange reason I find myself bumping up against many recent immigrants to this country. I find that the immigrant experience is still one of displacement and a shared pure background I find intriguing. "The Man from Mars" is a Mennonite story. What happens when a young man who has a language, learned to appreciate and count on certain amenities in life, finds himself in a different country, living in a time warp of the 17th century? When he flees from it and immigrates to the country he was born into, he discovers that he doesn't fit there either. It seems rather fantastic but that's what happened to many Mennonites who left Manitoba for Paraguay and Mexico. Our country is made up of people with memory of, or at least family connections to other countries. Despite our enormous geographical size, we're a mouse compared to the elephant south of our border. The themes of dislocation, displacement and isolation, I would think, are legion for a Canadian writer. Now, I happen to live in a part of Canada called the prairie. The culture down there about the "prairie" and the "ascendent" and I'm sometimes unrecognizable to the reader in central Canada. This lack of identification somehow translates into having my predilection for violence, bleakness, starkness, quirility, the fantastic. Gee whiz, eh? I'm only writing about the people I stand in line with waiting to pay for my groceries at Safeway.

KJ: Among other things, the story "Phantom Limbs" seems to have to do with that kind of bleakness or void at the core of being, but at the same time it's also a story about existence either in another place or perhaps in another time. Is this another way to deal with the question of displacement?

SB: The story, "Phantom Limbs" is about a woman who knows there's an element missing in her life. She both envies and scorns her friend's faith, which is a belief in Jesus Christ. She tries to sabotage this faith and at the same time feels sanctified by it. She tries to steal some of it by sleeping with the woman's husband, and at the same time she has real faith and not just a convenient foil she's jumped into in order to have a better life. She begins to suspect that her faith is vanity. It's a complicated story, but then the questions of faith are complicated. There's such a fine line between truth and what we imagine to be true, altruism and selfishness. How can we ever be certain of our motives? The phantom limb is longing for what continues to be denied to her. It's a kind of ongoing experience (through slavery). Is this story saying that there is no single day of reckoning, but that each day might involve a reckoning of sorts?

KJ: Your fiction includes themes of dislocation and violence (particularly against women). Could you say something about why you keep returning to these particular topics?

SB: I'm always startled by that kind of question because it seems to me that the answer should be fairly obvious. Because I am a woman. Because I lived in isolated small rural communities. Because violence occurs more often among the isolated and towards women. It still does. Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood" has fascinated me from the first. The acts of brutality against the human body and spirit and yet there is such power and strength and dignity in the human sufferer who emerges damaged (as many of us are) but still remains whole and capable of achieving greatness even for a brief moment. I find the strength and resilience of the human spirit fascinating and think that for the most part, the spirit can move on after the work and for that reason I believe that one day he'll be recognized as being one of our greatest writers. Rohinton Mistry asked the same question as often as I am. I wonder. I think not. My characters are ordinary Canadian folk and therefore lack an exotic quality, too kitchen sink to be allowed their dignity or admired for their strength and their quiet small triumphs. I think to my story. I think of a story. I think of a story. I think of a story. I think of a story.
SB: Goodness! Impending apocalypse. I thought I had covered that in "The Missing Child," more or less. There is a calf, and yes, the children of Israel did worship the golden calf while Moses was away on the mountain, but that's about as Biblical as you can make it. The calf, the two-headed animal in the story has more to do about the push and pull of duality. All the stories in the book, whether it's the elderly caught between the old world and the reality of the new one, or a girl faced with two possible identities, the twins being connected and one wanting one thing and the other fearing it, have to do with duality. I wasn't thinking beyond that, or a reckoning, but I was thinking about the seed in the watermelon, that we hold in us with the imprint of all the gardens of the ages including the first garden. And I was thinking that whether we're French, Ojibwa, Russian, Mennonite, or whatever, so what? We all come from the same garden. The advice the grandfather had for the girl in the story to, "just be," came to me in a dream and I thought it was rather good advice and so I put it in the story. By the way, the entire story of "Rooms For Rent" was also a dream.

KJ: "Rooms for Rent" deals with matters of zero tolerance of the homeless and the matter of displacement mixing notions of arson with masturbation. Is this story addressing questions of the outsider or the "Other"?

SB: I can't think of another story that's been misunderstood as often than "Rooms For Rent," and so I guess I'll have to take some responsibility for that. The masturbation at the end of the story is me getting off, having had my little moment of wanting to do a Mother Teresa. Of wanting to scrub floors and wash feet. But like most people, the reality of caring for the homeless — well I doubt that I would have the stomach for it. Nevertheless, I can weep at the sight of starving children on a television newscast and walk away feeling good about myself; I weep, therefore I must care. It's a form of masturbation and some of us indulge in it frequently.

KJ: In the past you've taught creative writing. Are you teaching at the moment?

SB: I try not to teach if I can help it. Talking about writing is not as satisfying as the actual act. There's far too much poor writing out there and the odour of it lingers like Limburger cheese and it takes me two weeks to air out my writing room after the workshop, class, colloquium is over.

KJ: Had any interesting dreams lately?

SB: I have a recurring dream that I can play a pipe organ, without ever having played one. I am somehow able to make the most astoundingly beautiful music. I've had occasion to meet in too many creative writing adventures, people who have similar pipe dreams. They either become petulant or frustrated or disbelieving when I suggest that their story or novel might require a second draft or so. I was once asked in one of these creative writing experiences how it was possible for me to write when I didn't have a doctorate degree. This person did possess a doctorate degree and couldn't seem to write as well as I did, try as they might. Was this fair? I was asked. There you go. One of your worst nightmares is realized. There is someone in the audience who knows more about writing than you do, which is another good reason not to assume the role of teacher. On the other hand, on a few occasions I've met equally determined and gifted writers in fiction colloquiums and in writer-in-residencies who have been a pleasure to work with. But it just doesn't happen nearly often enough.

KJ: Do you have any upcoming plans for tours, or new books and so on?

SB: Right now I'm heading for the Ukraine for a second trip to look at the place my mother's family came from. This time I'm going armed with ideas, questions and part of a novel already written. But other than that I haven't a clue what's going to happen.

"More than you know" by Spencer Selby (USA)
LA VIDA ES SUEÑO (LOPE DE VEGA)
by Louis Dudek

("We are such stuff / As dreams are made on..." -- Shakespeare: The Tempest)

1. If the world we know is a biological construct and that's a small part of an immense reality which we do not know, then we live in a dream of psychic creation that corresponds to something bu is not itself reality, nor a huge piece of it but a mere sliver -- the fearful tiger and the cobra are not in themselves fearful any more than the white lily or the rose.

Whether we love or fear it, the world is a closed fiction: it is the world we made for our needs.

Yo imagine me, I imagine you, from afar. And we believe our dream.

For no one can disbelieve the dream they inhabit.

2. The living entity, however, hooked itself to a string of photons, moved along with gravity and flowed with the stream; it played on the skin of rain, on drops that hang its mystic motions and radiations entered and became part of its being -- so that we are hooked to something out there yet stuck in an empty bubble of existence here, where a new world is being created.

3. The worst case would be solitary confinement in a prison where your own phantoms haunt you, whirling, and none are true, so you go mad.

And even in the airy bin it's good to have one companion who tells you his zodiac that checks with yours, and you build a pyramid together.

Assent, assent. Consent and consent.

The world's created by a show of hands (enough fools at the trough and you have the state).

Without this, wraiths in the wind.

Look for a home in interstellar spaces...

There is none. The only home is here, with friends.

4. Unless "the unconscious mind" is immortal -- which is perhaps possible.

Since it seems "consciousness" is frail and feeble.

Even now, failing, swirling, losing its store of memory and command.

How much did I exist in... a swatch of time -- a scattering of spaces? Was I stretched out in a vacuum of particles? But the great sea of dreams was some other.

That did not fail or flounder. It shook the soul with impersonal power like a god, or gravity, or the prime force that holds the atoms together, energeia compaction to a core, only to be released at death, forever.


NEVER REIGNED BUT POURS CONCRETE POETICALLY
by Frank Davey

yearning for poetry detonates rubble clearing waiting to bomb radar trap shootings a gaping hole in one pavement artist war by other means more suffering as affirmative acting general strikes utterly a two-run triple meter reading up in Novi Sad stories of old history brick and mortar attacks pub crawl fresh air strikes tropical pose ever the running artist proof series peace deals a heavy blow free verse agent orange lodge occupiers

unarmed monitor lizards collateral loan damage armenian brutal conditions in the mountain scenery makeover bombed-out house parties a starry night crawler a dobro dan pinscher a fumble recovery ward nailed a twelve-foot eagle on the fifteenth green party bomb dog runs left-handed bat venom keep heat on alien kitchen catchers fraught with danger pay picks up the tabula rasa picks up the table dancer picks up the load star shining pathfinder a travesty of justice minister beeping up the team player peace process poetry short term pain relief pitcher a hat of plastic, branches, and withered corn starch in critical condition of anonymity taking discussions to a new spy plane devastating brain disorderly conductor Swiss family death lory simple blood testosterone secret artillery fire still echoes without saying a glimpse into the futurist a packed and blackened landscape painting passing for a major poet write protect the observer force woman's worst fears confirmation ceremony the new airstrike order domestic airspace cadet radar and missile polysystem theory newly fixed air-defence systems analysis

a drop-line pass a legend in his own reading a deadly barrage of information technology a fiery sudden-death overtime wish a penalty shoot-out at the barricades a penalty boxing match a Bosnian civil greetings card factory international sporting bodies in mass grave arocify fans Calgary flames gameplan uncorodox Cypriot rites no minaret standing room only armoured personnel file disease carriers Lake O'hrid trout slaughter house ruins

a broadsheet of flame a proofsheet tightly wound around body count having learned from the Nazi preoccupiers game plan of attack mode theory cultural arena football a scorching earth mother of all batboys ballgiris under your sheltering pine fragments a weekly column of troops international trademark naked bootleg broken play house fires new resolve ruthlessly attacking the text the neutral zone crushing the net results of vigilance
tone leading pass rusher steroid loads deadly cargo captive nude women tennis champs a penalty killer apprehended in Acton Ontario aggressive base twelve mathematics stealers bulking up grenades successfully stand-up colour comics weekly death tolls war toys with victim therapy international monetary compensation board top spin doctors without borderblurs short sideline pattern blandness ground forces new poets sporting colloquially offering warprize fighter schmoozing streak end time zone no files

RECENT INSTALLATIONS
by Dennis Oppenheim

Dennis Oppenheim is among the most inventive and energetic artists of the late 20th century. His sculptural works have been commissioned across North America and Europe. Since the late 1960s, Oppenheim has had numerous exhibitions in North America and around the world, including a major showing of his work as part of the 1997 Venice Biennale. Oppenheim is based in New York and his approaches to sculpture are as broad as they are innovative. His oeuvre includes minimalism, earth works, conceptual art, installation art, performance art, body art & massive sculptures. Oppenheim's works explore notions of passage, transference, and ritual. The sculpture of Dennis Oppenheim has been featured regularly in Rampike. Recently his work was exhibited at the ARTCORE Gallery in Toronto. For more information contact Artoere, 33 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Canada (416) 920-3820.

"Engagement" (1998)
Rolled and painted steel pipe, steel grating, electric lights, acrylic, concrete foundations. Located on traffic island at 5th Avenue, Broadway and 23rd Street, New York City.

This work gestures to absence and presence -- the absence of a person, an emotion or a relationship -- there is bittersweet longing implicit here. Oppenheim's installations, their mechanics exposed, use machinery to both enact and sublimate the range of human emotions. In creating and exhibiting machines that grow, eat, replicate, burn, cry and kiss, the artist lays bare the foibles of the human condition with wry detachment.

In precursory works and full installations, Oppenheim's sculptures are humorous, violent, subversive & elegant. Combining metaphor (connotation) with literal meaning (denotation), they traverse inferences from potentially violent views of interpersonal relationships to subversive commentaries on architecture, aesthetics and modes of production.

"Digestion: Gypsum Gypsies" (1989)

In viewing Oppenheim's working drawings and scale models for the larger installation, we are able to trace the development of his ideas and enter into dialogue with them. Seeing the works laid out on paper as blueprints, developed into maquettes and then realized in full size allows us to feel that we have an engagement with the creative process, a sense of satisfaction at their completion.
I AM THAT I AM: A RETROSPECTIVE
The Works of Brion Gysin

Brion Gysin's reputation is firmly established among beat and avant-garde writers and artists. His development of the cut-up method and his collaborations with writers such as William S. Burroughs are well documented. However, it is less known that Gysin was born of Canadian parents, had Canadian roots, and that he lived and studied in Alberta, Canada. It is appropriate that a retrospective on his life's work is being presented at the Edmonton Art Gallery. Included are Gysin's paintings, drawings and multimedia works from the mid-1930s to the mid-1980s. At the age of sixteen Gysin travelled extensively through the United States and Europe. After receiving a Fulbright Scholarship for his published writing, Gysin travelled to North Africa, where he explored the mysticism and music of Morocco. By blending Japanese and Arabic calligraphy with a self-taught painting method, he developed his "magical grid" that would recur as a fundamental element in his visual works. Throughout his life, Gysin worked not only with drawing and calligraphy but also writing, music, performance, sound poetry and cinema. Gysin's career includes participation in the surrealist movement in Paris, collaborations with William S. Burroughs, John Giorno, the Fluxus group, Steve Lacy, Brian Jones, David Bowie and Keith Haring.

Curated by Bruce Grenville and José Pérez Kuri, the Gysin Retrospective featured at the Edmonton Art Gallery, features Gysin's works on loan from collections at the Musée d'art moderne de la Ville de Paris, Centre Georges Pompidou and Galerie de France in Paris, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and William Burroughs Communications, Kansas. The show will travel next to Saskatoon. The retrospective is documented in a book titled: I Am That I Am: The Art and Life of Brion Gysin. This book documents Gysin's life including his participation in the surrealist movement in Paris in the 1930s, his friendship with Paul Bowles in Tangiers in the late 1940s and 1950s, the development of the "cut-up process" in collaboration with William S. Burroughs at the Beat Hotel in Paris in the late 1950s, the production of The Third Mind and calligraphic paintings in the 1960s, and his later photomontage and roller works from the 1970s and 1980s. The 180 page book features over 250 colour illustrations and includes original essays by William S. Burroughs, Guy Brett, Gregory Corso, Barry Miles, Bernard Heisieck, John Geiger and Bruce Grenville. The book provides a broad insight into Gysin's extraordinary life as an artist, writer and poet (co-published by the Edmonton Art Gallery, NeWest Press, Edmonton, & Thames and Hudson, London). Advance orders for this publication may be made by contacting The Gallery Shop Manager, Brenda Banks at the Edmonton Art Gallery, 2 Sir Winston Churchill Square, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 2C1.

Brian Gysin "Dreamachine, No. 9," (1960) Perforated metal, electric lamp and motor (c/o Musée d'art moderne, Paris).

A BRIEF GYSIN CHRONOLOGY:
THE GRAND TOUR TO GLEIS-BINARIO
by George Bowering

In the eighteenth century the British writer was expected to make his Continental tour and to report on
it. In the nineteenth century the British poets travelled on the Continent, and then went to live there, usually in
Italy. Percy Shelley would point to the top of Mt. Blanc (mandatory top for the Romantics) in the very middle
of Europe, and pronounce: "the power is there." Europe, north as it was of the Mediterranean, was the soil that
had nurtured post-Aristotelian thought, and received its seeds into itself.

When writers in the British diaspora paid homage to the relative stability and cultural density of Europe,
they included Britain, sometimes treating Britain as their forebears had treated the mainland. Typical sentiment:
Of a traveller to the motherland may be seen in An American Girl in London (1891) by the Canadian novelist
Sara Jeannette Duncan:

Then there is the well-settled, well-founded look of everything, as if it had all come ages ago, and
meant to stay for ever, and just go on the way it had before. We like that -- the security and the
permanence of it. At home I am afraid we fluctuate considerably, especially in connection with
cyclones and railway interests -- we are here today, and there is no telling where we shall be tomorrow.
So the abiding kind of city gives us a comfortable feeling of confidence. It was not very long before
even I, on the top of the Hammersmith bus, felt that I was riding an Institution, and no matter to what
extent it wobbled it might be relied upon not to come down.

Even the public conveyances, in clamorous motion, offer the assurance of an "Institution."

Observe now what Andrew Taylor, a much-travelled South Australian poet, has to say about public
conveyances in late twentieth century Europe travelled by a post-colonial:

"Gleis" and "Binario" are the two words used in German and Italian respectively to designate the place
in a railway station where you board a train: "platform" or "track" roughly translate them. I thought I
saw the two words coupled, as they undoubtedly must be in many border and thus bilingual places, from
a train window as I passed through Lugano, Switzerland, on my way into Italy. Obviously no physical
town or country called Gleis-Binario exists. But it is surely an Italian Switzerland of the mind: where to
arrive is to find that you've caught a train in several languages, which is taking you in several different
directions and levels and devous ends. If you arrive in the poems in the present collection (Travelling) don't
actually inhabit this country, which surely is to be found as much in Australia as anywhere else, then
they are at least an attempt at travelling towards it.

Of course, Europe has changed since, say, 1816, though its great ancient monuments seem time even in the age
of acid rain. But Taylor is peripient in pointing out that the visiting poet has changed a good deal more. Though
he travels to Europe, perhaps hoping to find a constant source, maybe an antipodean Fountain of Age, he will
find, as Taylor does, that his most prominent image is the Autobahn, or as Robert Kroetsch does, that he has got
lost among the Gleissen of Frankfurt's train station.

These post-colonial boys are not Henry James's innocent Americans being deceived by the venal Europeans
who inhabit the old stones. Ruskin's beautiful imperfect stones of Venice are not what they used to be themselves,
nor where they were. Any tour of Europe now must find a place made of jet planes and freeways that roll through
the mind.
ONE OR TWO THINGS THAT I KNOW ABOUT KATHY ACKER by Mel Freilicher

On the eve of her death in a Tijuana cancer clinic, her publisher Ira Silverberg, editor-in-chief at Grove Press, called again, this time trying to locate Kathy's illegitimate twin. He had been told about them by Kathy's cousin, Pooh Kaye, the dancer. Elly Anin answered the phone. After initial incredulity, she kind of thought she remembered hearing something about one of them (Much of Elly's rich artistic life has entailed creating dazzling and durable superstructures of her own deepest fantasy personae). One twin? I had known Kathy since we were college freshmen together, and I could assure them that no such offspring existed. Several days later, Kathy's second husband, Peter Gordon, the composer, e-mailed a mutual friend inquiring into the whereabouts of said twins, having also talked to Pooh Kaye. Kathy and Peter had lived together for seven years in the '70s, on both coasts (they married a month before splitting up): the twins allegedly originated prior to their meeting.

I find it remarkable that these individuals, who knew Kathy intimately at various points in the '70s, and some afterwards, should grant even momentary credibility to this tale of twins. The willingness to expend disbelief, on the part of people who undoubtedly have a healthy dose of scepticism regarding virtually all other matters, can be seen as a tribute to the urgency of what Kathy represented to all of us. That is, expansive and transformative possibilities, and the primacy of imagination, or the malleability of reality in its mighty wake. (Twins have a definite resonance, being connected to Dionysius and the dual nature of the Roman god Mercurius, a key figure for alchemists. Pindar wrote about twins living one day in the underworld and one in the world above.)

I don't intend to analyze these individuals here, but their reactions seem to speak to complex emotional states at Kathy's death, including an uncharacteristic gullibility, and a desire to perpetuate her legendary status as a living connection with her. I myself managed to refrain from embellishing the rumour - though I toyed with the idea of claiming paternity for the late Herbert Marcuse, eminent Marxist philosopher. The original rumour came replete with nameless professor lover/protégé progenitor. Kathy had first moved to San Diego in 1966, after her sophomore year, when she married Bob Acker (an epic in itself, in which Acker was at the apex of a population isn't in a rage, or wouldn't be if they weren't too exhausted and heavily narcotized.)

Shrink! All of this speaks to the poignant questions (way beyond my scope here) of why Kathy made the leap into a hellish state of unbearable nightmares about leering men, she promptly quit.

It wasn't only the slippery economic slope which suggested a literary cast to Kathy's existence: many events were truly larger than life. Most catastrophic was her mother's Christmas Eve suicide: found dead of an overdose in a posh midtown hotel, after disappearing for days. The suicide greatly increased Kathy's considerable paranoia, and not just for obvious reasons. Prior to it, Kathy had been hopeful about a slightly better relationship with her mother, whom she had achieved as a result of the odd circumstance of her mother suddenly becoming a habitué of Studio 54. She was even running in circles where Kathy's "underground" literary reputation had some cachet. (Then, it was assumed her mother's suicide was due to finances; now, of course, it's possible not to wonder about health problems.) Kathy never learned her biological father's name. The utter distance from her stepfather seems to reflect her mother's feelings. Kathy was once approached by a distinguished looking gentleman who claimed that she was a member of the family of former New York Governor Averell Harriman. (Kathy occasionally mentioned being related to the German-Jewish dynasty that owns the New York Times.)

It's clearly not easy to live out a myth, as children of the famous can testify. Many among their most unique and accomplished ranks work diligently to minimize the "destiny" quotient of keeping away from, or sharply distinguishing their intellectual relatives from their intellectual relatives. (Similarly, several political refugees I know with truly epic lives are resolute about normalizing daily routines, de-emphasizing and de-romanticizing their own pasts.) In her work, Kathy was brilliantly in control of that mythmaking tendency. An essay published in 1989 in Review of Contemporary Fiction discusses the current "post-cy~ical" phase, in which "there's no need to deconstruct, to take apart perceptual habits, to reveal the frauds on which our society's living. We now have to find somewhere to go, a belief..." She writes about her recently completed book, Empire of the Senseless.

Afer having travelled through innumerable texts, written texts, texts of stories which people had told or shown me, texts found in myself, Empire ended with the hints of a possibility or beginning: the body, the actual flesh, almost wordless, romance, the beginning of a movement from no to yes, from nihilism to myth.

To me, it's only an open question as to how confused Kathy herself was regarding being mythological Kathy, and how damaged by it. Her reputation as occasional diva (to the max) was well-deserved. But that chiefly operated in a self-destructive manner, with friends, rather than in customary obnoxious ways: she was a revered teacher, for instance, and a courteous and personable customer. I see these issues as aligned with Kathy's contempt for therapy (and deep terror of mind control), which of course didn't prevent an exhaustive reading of Freud and Lacan -- she must have been one of three or four individuals from Brandeis in the '60s who never went to a shrink! All of this speaks to the poignant questions (way beyond my scope here) of why Kathy made the apparently irrational decision to not have radiation following her mastectomy. And why, at the time, she had recourse to virtually nobody with whom to discuss these decisions rationally and non-defensively.
As to my personal history with Kathy, that would take volumes. We were freshmen together at Brandeis, in the (itself mythic) generation of '68. Only nodding acquaintances there, we had several close mutual friends in overlapping cliques of "hip" students (at least a third of the school). At an institution with sharp, highly eccentric, original (and image-conscious) students, Kathy Alexander stood out from the start. (Supposedly, the Ackers were represented in Michael Weller's popular play Moonchildren, but we could never identify them.) One of a handful of classics majors at Brandeis, it was well-known that she entered proficient in Greek and Latin (which was astonishing to me, coming from the shitty public schools of Yonkers). Kathy seemed to live in the library, to study constantly, to devour books. Deeply intellectual, her look was vulnerable, pouty, "experienced" and sexy, somewhat androgynous.

Kathy was involved with the very coolest upperclassmen, including several in Acker's crowd who'd been in the big post bout. The administration told them to leave for a year and seek therapy (no doubt soul-searching was also recommended). On their return, they were required to live in the dorms -- that's how I came to have a rapport with Acker, who was on my floor his junior year. Kathy was quite influential with the women in our class. Working independently, she and I were chief architects of Debby Anker's gala weekend (Debby now runs the human rights clinic at Harvard Law School) of losing her virginity -- with a lanky, handsome (booted and side-burned) upperclassman who drove a motorcycle and played guitar. (I had somewhat of a crush on him: I was posing as "bi" then, which was chic, though being gay was still beyond pale.) There was a memorable occasion when Kathy half-heartedly slit her wrists. Two other women on the floor immediately followed suit. The resident advisor (who was later rumoured to have joined the Weather underground) rushed into her room and insisted that Kathy stop immediately -- otherwise, the whole dorm would be imitating her!

Kathy and I became close almost immediately in 1968, when I migrated from Brandeis to grad school at UCSD. Caravanning out here with friends, including her freshmen roommate, Tamar Diesendruck (a painter who became a composer and won the Prix de Rome), four of us crashed on the Ackers' floor until we found a place to rent. Similar to students in Cambridge and environs, they were living in a spacious, old Victorian house with wood floors. Except to find that in SO-CAL, they had to travel to an old section near downtown -- and to afford it, they lived directly under the flight path at Lindbergh Field. That was over 15 miles away from campus, which like UC Santa Cruz, was designed during the years of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, for maximum distance from the city. They hitched to school (Kathy never did learn how to drive a car).

Although my means identifying as a "hippie," Kathy baked bread and sewed her own clothes (a contrast to Brandeis where she shopped them from Design Research); perhaps an easier task than it appeared, since she wore the world's shortest skirts. Acker paced constantly. They played Chess and GO; we all played cards. (I remember a prolonged Bridge game on the floor with Kathy, at an anti-military research sit-in.) Acker was quite impulse-ridden. The "Passover seder" they invited us to that first year consisted chiefly of him tying Tamar to a chair, which he sort of danced around maniacally, till Kathy, who usually appreciated Acker's less aggressive antics, made him desist. (I understand that he's now a corporate lawyer.)

Primarily, then as always, Kathy was reading and writing. Working in virtual isolation, she was the first peer I knew well to take herself seriously as a writer. Our few models here were from an older generation, particularly UCSD Music professor Pauline Oliveros, and David Antin, critic and poet in Visual Arts. Kathy fervently "apprenticed" herself (as she said) to David, auditing all his classes. I followed, and we became fast friends with David and Eleanor, taking turns babysitting for their son Blaise. Both disgruntled with school, we had a Swift seminar together, where we annoyed everyone by incessantly passing notes and giggling. Highlights of our cultural life were the midnight, underground films at a theatre way out in East San Diego (which soon turned to porn) but which at that time, amazingly, showed the works of Brakhage and Kuchar, and the Anomaly Factory, a water tower on campus which a group of undergrads converted into an innovative, computerized, hi-tech, theatre-lab.

It was absolutely invaluable to witness Kathy's discipline and comprehensive structuring of her time for reading and writing, as well as self-confident experimentation and professional attitude about getting the work out. Although UCSD was new and in many ways vital (for a university), it was, and still is, all too easy for people in San Diego to behave as if they're on permanent vacation: many would-be dilettantes. Of course, what Kathy was writing about also became crucial to me, not to mention to post-modern thought -- human identity, and how to get rid of (and/or retrieve) it. (Maybe the twins would heroically attempt both?)

Although we were the same age, Kathy always felt that she was a member of the younger generation of punks (for one thing, she was considerably less seduced by psychedelic drugs, despite the occasional coke or opium binges in the old days.) We shared a deep mistrust of Utopian thinking: her chief complaint against people in San Diego to behave as if they're on permanent vacation: many would-be dilettantes. Of course, what Kathy was writing about also became crucial to me, not to mention to post-modern thought -- human identity, and how to get rid of (and/or retrieve) it. (Maybe the twins would heroically attempt both?)

We worked mostly with artists coalitions and organizations staging multi-media shows downtown (and attacking local "poverty program pimps" cum FBI agents). For 15 years, I also published CRAWL OUT OF YOUR WINDOW, a regional San Diego arts/literary magazine. (One pole of my Brandeis identity had been participating in many civil rights sit-ins, and anti-war marches. A member of CORE in high school, the summer after I graduated, I grew a beard in order to have my freshman image down for the fall.)

Kathy was extremely supportive of such organizing activities. Certainly she shared the central axioms of our time concerning the pure and incorruptible evil of post-monopoly capitalism, and all governments which serve it -- which is tantamount to saying that she breathed the same oxygen as the rest of us. Travelling frequently, wherever we went -- Seattle, Minneapolis, East Berlin -- Kathy investigated local scenes, meeting people running presses, alternative media, food co-ops, independent music labels, squatters' rights organizations.

Our ongoing dialogue on "alternative" cultures lasted a lifetime.

It's impossible to detail Kathy's significance to me. During my 20s. I was pretty much bi-coastal, spending part of each year in New York. She introduced me to many artists and composers there; some became boyfriends or hot sex. We both kind of avoided other writers, but were close to Jackson MacLow and Bernadette Mayer; Kathy used to take me over to Ted Berrigan's, I'd bring her to Ashbery's. She turned me on to writers way before anyone was discussing them, especially Bruno Schulz and Elias Canetti. So many stellar individual events, like our wonderful Christmas Eve dinner at (the modest) Second Avenue Deli. Afterwards, getting drunk at the Astor Hotel bar, where we composed telegrams to various men whom she wanted to entice and/or tell off; I'd go to the pay phone and send them. (We also wrote telegrams to the Antins and others, requesting that they adopt us and be our family; those we didn't send.)

In terms of a sibling relationship, I was able to help Kathy in some concrete ways, in her numerous moves from city to city and coast to coast, or when she ran out of money to self-publish. As with all of Kathy's close friends, many of our longest and most hilarious conversations over the years took place late at night, when she called in great pain over a boyfriend situation. She would describe what had transpired in vivid and obsessive detail. We'd laughingly envision remedial scenes, improvise dialogs and various types of merry retribution. There's no simple way to describe, let alone discuss or deal with the palpability of absence, which appears to be our chief Millennial legacy. Basically, for me, the short of it is this: life seems inconceivable without Kathy to properly narrate it. It seems, too, that it will always feel that way.

***

"Amour Par Tout" by Helen Lovekin (Canada)
AT ISSUE (§elf) LIQUIDOM
by Karen Mac Cormack

within and for years to come feel de-practical § enrich the daily grind intensity routine § flawless "good for you" addiction not your typical takeout fitness tips § squeeze enhancement § technical term for fun non-drowsy relief § to take as prescribed enduringly divine § dictates how often arousal longer can be remembered § visualize "guided imagery" placed inside driver fatigue § a quick nap means trust one-drop-formula cracked from returning § observed challenge by others associated finish § local chance treat reserves sponsor components § considered recognized dedicated instances walk § angle linked new longer fact § engineering to grips produced targeting process § tools lift how reacts in between undertones § based provide straight ahead go as you want throwing in advantage § an assortment is our roundup while indicated before full-size version § cellular high-impact pooling and ventilating went to work § a handful at before long cornered misstep § code famous is more fun institute § when alone out of maybe is none after forcing far away § report call tomorrow to take another don't-panic-emergency § decisions to sustain reprints advantage orally introduced § expected study approval soon lessens § booming claims blood flow your own research bell-shaped "breakthrough" § risk even more so hydrate enables strengthen to conserve § "keep moving" while extensive will acquire study nucleus of avoid § once linked task primarily incidence tip enzyme § sensitivity material appearance as magnet most hail technology dual-sexual § "hand-held" slip and slide of varied geographical range § a moment throughout on the lips § side effects insomnia § together explode off-killer standing moves insert grid § pivoters especially susceptible through the motion "Take home a Philosophy" § or enter commuting dishevelled drawn on the go § skirts at work don't clutter "sports-specific" ventilation § as preventive for the idea of hosiery two left feet § the shortlist contraceptives expecting § environment enhancer left the remote "form-fitting sheath" hooked up while grasping what comes § naturally performance familiarity arrived late § a net many tap to review workplace-rights § with a new file ambush the best proportions spasticity sanctions § undermine asserting catastrophe consumed the pieces purchase-protection program steps in § uncharted up-to-date intensifying medical procedures § offered as performs awaiting solution § preparations place position or visualization treatment § "multitasking" inside a lined moral polymorphously § flexible evocative sling first stage: denial build up § second stage: panic schedule full-time truer upper-extremity counted aside § monitored uncertainties cumulative trauma configuration each key to more § adjustable instituted physical improvement monitor edge § posted psychosocial environment levied by recognize "static muscle loading" § zone while down very diversity of your minutes § self-described daunting in a bag § modified atmosphere packaging § cooled reaching insist proper handling § facing lunge articulate repetitive § pushing hold far as straightforward ahead § figure eights lengthening release and repeat holds § meant to diagonal dropped between starting position sets § doesn't want to pray slowly encasing included § eluded unwittingly expectations shock driving at § achieving whirlwind might jeopardize "separate sphere" exemplifies survival § in the guises eventually to conjure characterological circumstance a crossed wire § idealized expertise fits § dared arrangements monitor certified emphasis § immersion customized sign on orienteering "stable air" vertical adventures § exertion plateau volunteer intimacy "body blade" eclipse deserves it §


FROM: POETRY IN THE PISSOIR
by Steve McCaffery

Julius Caesura.
What sentences went with authorial network of departure

to a writer's only question.

I peed into a pool. Peered
you mean piers appeared
entangled paragraphs not vermilion beds
(fingering a copy of the Timaeus she realizes
the dice has changed its face to unenlarged) --
knowing a hammer is
a hand-tool for pondering

original sin out of
sync got sunk antipasta audiotexts
and the clouds
some extraordinary kind of
Neapolitan wrapped in blood-stained bandages
the height of falling in acrostic menopause of pause.
by that Grand Central of the interim
where we got up and slept
(everything) (according to)
(the gravemonger's) (tight) (schedule)

That thursday morning
literature opened as an empty fridge
on the lower east side of suicide
lip tonsured coercement
an eye that an i in melon matches
cloacal academics in part for
the wish first
was then switches it
the wash
fist
watching

a deluxe in compensation for the snail-death
still imagined.

You mean the unconscious is a lost conscious
not an unofficial sub-conscious?

That could have been me speaking
a mirage backwards to the possible
and happy times to be among those goodly hills
of incunabula

mind meeting words
a space of clarity

rough guess is
that's a genuine smile despite the poly-grip's
long quantity of frailty

still, mustn't grumble
Die Welt ist Wort
in a poker game with genes as genres and
a three-point turn at the morgue.
Snowflake state on solid ground by stylus rendered
a random walk-shock terrifies for wetter miles
trawlers returning unmolested to retention
desert clarities in outcast runes
so dense was ourselves in that comfort zone
triple amnesia with ice in a crowded cafeteria
hysteria from the headache speech is
that cinema where laughter meets its cough

Universal City that I am
You are
classified

(To the tune of Raunchy Moll)
But there's never much fun at the vicarage
with love buttons under the crucifix
transitory venus vectors linked to
severe cases of a nephew's Gen-X potency colon
in parenthesis:
but we're not a family we're
an art collection plus three kids and a dog
and know that to be urban is to be close
to electricity & things

Market fountain hub suburb thumbprint moratorium for chicken thickenings
writing this as an on/off platitude I bend a spoon spitting sugar
the bitten fingernails belonged to Larry
a baby-boom adolescent masterpiece when wearing
his shoes in the proper manner
of names

Relation of port to whale
dirt pentagram to stoppage allegro
and stripped by spring
a lic growing literal
internet sink drama by
Committee for Negative Salvation

"But I don't have your gift for constitutional analysis"
"With the compliments of the editor" and all the other
pebbles at Willendorf eating Thebes cake
auignacian physiognomy inside
a sealed lipogram's assinine mobility to patch
day-stressed coz abarruant definiendum here with
signature diagonal to cognitive sediment
Pancreas pen key retreating to punk patria bruising
closer
be the line drawn through widdershins to verticordine alpine strictures
helietropic subsequent part redeemer matte
indignities a chiselled cytherea pandemic nightly nites
and p.s.
there's no Father Christmas
but speech gives good said.

II.
(Out of Pastoral)

"I was thinking of the spring I borrowed"
both clock-part and season
sectional coast caught in a crosage of phonetic inattention
manifestation before phoneme after Birth rippling vestibular
the wrist swirls into chough
krinty kralooway palapum vrimth
then into wine before whinny
the ingredient of salmon paths masked
through the southern creeks
grand cru at their sources
dried out into hawk tails and lizard prints
Minerva springs at Chae Mool plateau
Olympic patterns on statistics.

Turn page.
To end of sentence.
Punctum.

Stella Maris)

Does that astrological chart have a best before sticker on it?
Mermaid apothecary: horse of Troy,
We were and we remain a simple people. Boorish a tad but
quaintly nuncupative.
Our streams clear though ballywicked. Our lies conjoining
plain horse-sense with sophismata
we are tenuous but not
extreme
when telling the sound of
the Findhorn's name.

Snow White and her seven swans

conjugate lily pads unspoken
...cigarettes in a dwarf June percept
misunderstood.

Television remains our dictionary a telepathic trap for
our volitions stirred by the toll-free psychics
in their celestial dung of heliports on top of hospitals
topic to our petal veins across
the bagel of history.

8 TEXTS
by Peter Jaeger

Bibliodoppler 1
Descending out-of-door attributes. Small migrates toward an easy me. A touchy-feely type of attenuation venting moments to the reach. Erase amasses rush. Outdoorvial journeys high, and high, like inample, sheers flatolarity. But down the wait nomimates unique inasmuch as path speaks contra elongation.

Bibliodoppler 2
Name's itinerant other refers to loft. Neither food nor arm nor iron-shod impending. Whatever was pledged remains at hand, whatever impedes resembles you. Do you remember the air over capital gain? Enormous we purchased bloom. Were water from a stall, were fallen verb. Adjoin entered, fibrous with border.

Bibliodoppler 3
Wandering yearns, yammering winds. When by gaze you overturn - when you drop and power trip on burden. When can-not-see negates aspire, viewed by you as douse. Linger billows yonder further. However has another want: across the slash who ends. Whose next avoids.

Demure
Aggressive in a specific way.
Typical focus on prime
Cinderella.
Versus status, reduced.
Self-assured gains
crowd whirlies.
They fetishize visions
of unattainable eye-liner.
Scenarios look down, prone.
Points raise; attention draws.
In a precise, ideal, stance.
Gase slots
unresistant contrapposto.

Claque
The primary container disguises focus. Industrial plays out figures as given. End-coding extends images of two differences. As the "who" of evasion, resitant does Dallas. Stomach muscles tied to class. Men who rise above body building for two of three divorces. Vulgar yet gradually ascendent. Cachet against all odds. Larger than life gravitates toward unattainable goals for us. Normally cannot become consumption without a they.

Fallow
Soyas r' us fore own fond ton o hint & lamper sandpress ur yove noting "I have nothing &tc. Clip mit der trans glamour pass und snug ul tooth less is more fer ocious per scented pouvoir chez moi proven centime. Book em in or at collates bit sum fer so lar geo conda gone taway wan, noun ends secret herb ecrit pper echkart none. Ezra soyuz orbits as obit you wary of letters from nacht-watch your step up swingil's yes is si. Her lunge of mine sweeping bolstens onisin's western dominus. Der aufstand around, uprising das letzte du last falopian gram other & fatherland cow as omen lacking film. Wasserstoff keen on fin du cycle, whose rip stop/ nylon bag o'lantern swims the flagel's divers nation. Bataille cum un coup de grace, zwei by riverrun to centre: desire du lac (trou/true), tho some call prayer. Rechthorn tribulis news paper cuprains away, twoday past/hage, dom au la haphoff & ubering all you, van lyck's is. M peer sck remains on motion (all) offers frill: lily suffers lingerreplines-, skybrn blushlustr call apses flusters elections fieldwrd.

May Turn You Out
Both with an unlucky who doesn't pan out. A future as Mrs. in a little roadless. Grim at 50, 60, etc. Always at hand with quips. A mind taken to talented assemblage. Djibouti inexaq. Uncommonly clever daughters should do. Offended by the thought of cooking. She pushes the envelop but remains decidedly free with her shoes. Set in train accepts. A measure of enough would have happened. Bent on drawing boisterous pages.

Tube Loop Scraper
Free loiter in the earn
craving sparse you strew
cruel or else fetch bank
from walk-about whistle
stop discounts on my blot.

Overseer yaps misfire, decor trusts a tough who teems
an idle norm. Mouth after grant,
merit buys my rip expand.

Gosh occurs at obelisk.

Inflatable jobs rancuck
lofty plains as cache
assumes ancient gizmo.
I detach escape, quit
to drizzle my timbers.

Hilt you measure yummy,
collars haul sponge. Cosply
splotches, boss based gaffe
sucks tardy. Chicken-feed
for rowdy yardsticks.

You alter my proper. Shreds
swagger. Blockbusters
skin family enviads grafting
ranks on spunk. Unfold I scud
a tunnel funding gain.

Grasping at gulping, depth of field
arrests a plunder soaking past
reduction. Lemme tell ya flutters
tense to stain my foreman blunder,
tavern brimming dormant gauge.

Upsey-daisy overdue, value
lights their occupation,
upity on fisticuffs.

They spooge our think-tank typos,
released by shunned upbeat.

Peter Jaeger holds a Fellowship at SUNY and is a contributing editor to Rampike magazine.
TWO TEXTS
by Taylor Brady

ORDER
It is certain that the almost endless middle of its heirs can't relate the image uttered for the lost real, i.e., that it holds the total franchise of a certain fact of time insofar as one faces it, to the utter loss of the means, in the act of this relation, to fashion one's legitimate and total franchise in that machine, as to hold the chains laid on one in the order uttered there has to mean. In fact, this almost endless series of lenses, screens, registers, chains, and the traction which relates them in their act -- the legitimization of land -- can't hold the form of a total machine, and in fact has to imagine itself (or one has to imagine it, resisting the order of the total) as a series of machine parts. If, in order to hold on to its form as one alone -- its total image of fact or interest -- one faces it (as has to be, in that fact) and utters it at tense and stale, reiterated so that one parts from the other this time and that and so on -- it's endless -- and can't imagine itself or this other as lost. After a series of acts that almost forms a real machine, the order of parts enters into the almost endless flatness of land alone, and the one's part is to part from this order in a total sense. If after facing this one reiterates the relations, resisting the order to start from part one -- that is, starting from another act -- one might form a fast relation to another sense of it, i.e., that one's act here is to legitimate its image, and that the traces of one's acts resist it, or that one starts to flatten the formal dome one once imagined as fact of the total machine into a means alone -- that the machine itself is a part real and part cheat, and that these parts relate in an endless act of trade. Here the order of the series enters into the resistance it at last means, that the utter, iterated, and total interest of the headline machine itself is not an addition: it's a cheat, and endless transit at a loss. This, then, is the fact one holds to itself.

UNIT
It is certain that most of us stutter facing the argument for tracing the performance of the no more certain and upright signature to its finish, then turning to the short-range scission of one's forces from that argument in the act. This emphatic graphism, on the face of it, is manifest as an origin if one turns from that integer of right repetition, one, to perform it as a stutter or count of incidents one assigns the status of cartoon. If to argue that it hangs or turns on its one centre, one performs it (as must present its certain argument) at once as a term of assertion, the finish is no more than repetition of the turn from emphasis to static to emphasis, etc. After some short steps across a surface one counts as an origin (or as the open space after scouring the stage, if no more), feet enter, must enter, a route into routine. To this routine, this partition of the integer into crates one counts as one, then one more, no terror of teaching can force one to turn. On the other face of it, if one pushes across the finish to perform another integer of repetition, scouring the traces of the first part -- this means one counts from an integer after one -- there is an irruption of argument for the manifest, open signature of spaces once shut up in crates -- of static across the surface one phatic in assertion of its face. It is certain after this that the finish, the count, the signature of the most emphatic utterance is no more than a stutter -- one is certain of this fact.
CHANGE: NO CHANGE
by Paul Dutton

I figure I got to know myself some these last few decades. Figure I figured out more than two or three things. Like, I know I got a basic inability to lie and a general repugnance for violence. Course I know I'm selfish and a bit vengeful, too. And I have my excesses, which I'm not keen to curtail. But as much as I know, it seems I got enough still to learn, given what's happened this last little while: been being unlike me—or what I thought was me. Oh I don't mean anything dramatic, like becoming a politician or maiming random victims. No, no. Subler stuff, hard to say exactly what, but there, all the same. All the same and still. All the same and still somewhat different, like a few degrees off what used to be, off me. "A change?" you ask. "Not a misconception, but a new element?" Well, one of the things I know about myself is that I'll consider any possibility, so I won't reject that one. But I won't pretend to believe (I can't lie) that it's always been there. Maybe it has: it's always been there and I've always been here. Both it and I are here and now and now and then are neither here nor there but somewhere all the same. Where is there a here and now that could've been the same-was, anyway, I don't know; as someone said once: "Could've been." Which once I said, or if I didn't, could've. And since I could've, will. As you will, and as I was. And am. And could've been. Probably am, and for sure will be, as I will will-be as I am. And I am and I was and I will be-as I was. And I was and I am as I am- and I will be. As I am I can't really be more more than I am. Nor would I want to. Not that I can say for sure that I wouldn't want to. Not that I would; I just can't say for sure that I wouldn't. Which is the kind of thing I would do: not say flat out that I would or I wouldn't. Because I'm aware of possibilities and I won't say I always will when I know there might be a time when I know that I always won't. Not that I'd want there to be a time when I'd want to be anything more than what I am. It wouldn't be like me to be like that. But it would be like me-and it is like me— to be aware that even though that's just not like me, that doesn't mean that it couldn't be me, because it could. Though it's not like me to not want to be what I could be, which is just like me; it's just like me to want to be just like what I could want to be just what I want like just what I am. And I am, as I said at the outset, lately being unlike me.

THREE TEXTS
by Sheila E. Murphy

UNTITLED #1
Left-handed lighthouse in an orphaned memory
Recall's equivalent to power (indoor-outdoor Carpeting) "If you can't control it you can't hold it"
Hockey puck that overtakes the waiting room
"Did I say your name right?" "Loudly" quipped
The emblem of grace colour of warm dark trees
Apologies to other people in the waiting room
"Silly ball" yet do not overtalk the string
Of things occurring, little Phelps in pink not pale
But vital, juxtaposed with grandmother's
Stern somewhat careless flattery of these
Sequential offspring (I can still hear mourning
Of the foghorn I could have
Opened the same song by relaxing breath
Into a jug empty of root beer now
I often do there is no foghorn or lighthouse
In the desert waiting room we are absorbed
In silos made by hand, white coats
Occasionally pass by the mother has gone in

UNTITLED #2
He fed me chilly insta-print new water
We formed baptism
Of whole light insurance
Recently I found his e-mail name
Gave not a whit of explanation
Stilled my hunger not asked back
Continued to impoverish still wet fondnesses
Until fresh peaches all abloom were candy
In firm hands of the deserving
The man emerges he is welcome in
My reconfigured heart a brother in my challenged
Sister fray he fed me lateral rescinded glottal
Facemask stories one after the next
I hearted and he cooled lip testingly invested
Pax champ longitude and late night screened
Velocity
care packaged cold yarn to the tattered tune
Of a portfolio with either canvas or commercial paper's
Evidentiary pas de deux

EXACT CHANGE
They had racehorses in an new mood
Pretty much blood colored.
"I would prefer a correspondence Course in twirling,"
She quoted herself as having said.
The manager was concussive to her
Gerrymenting. As slightly wooden
Temperatures rose to the draught
To lighten the insistence of soprano
Dangers connected to the rolling
Expletives engrossive, firmamental,
In arrears as no peculiar weather
Sanctions. We would prefer enabling
Landscares to connect with
Home in transit. Rooms seem
Insufficient birdbaths with the scent of peach.

"Wall" Text/image by Mark Laliberte (Canada).
SO L-LONG
by Colin Morton

A homophonic translation of an excerpt from Nicole Brossard's *Sous la langue*.

Freak and tell -- resell! a saucy yell
am tell ya -- long the sinker the more sure
lubber we divide am tell ya --

latter mound dolly foundation
pawned Uncle Les's consequent
Cyprian lute and my ring.

Oh no purple prayer veil!
Seal a mocha lexicon
vulgar en scene and trousers
easy sated lap raise.

Kill a tear! A quiver in a ladder.
*Come unlayer? Delay a trap tune.*
A man here descended; sucker,
pretty toothsome limit.

Renee approved poor tally bush;
duke or a corpse, he aches.
He tapes our *La Mancha* dance.
Dangling ash: key exit.

---

**BADD ROCK**

by Spencer Selby

Forget humans become natural without clouds cultivated to pointless squabble. Parasites' ignorant nourishing
split, working in the passage amidst indifference and silence. Not sure at the outlet, not carried through
homogeneous grand misfortune if one wants to think struggle is our first habit. Comes from thought of will
among people who failed evidence is expressive only of the attitude well known of the saint. To misread as
religious possession of eternity put on hold the belief that existence has long been recognized as the metaphysical
order of ancestral appetite. Between the unborn and her reality the sacrifice of the psyche is defiance symbolized
in the myth of yesterday's descent. Not simply acknowledged by reunited with brief reflections of divine
remoteness. Moving country through the cyclic concept in the same spirit to the living as do ancestors and the
unknown lyricist.

---

Lost control of the need to create a challenge for the exercise of Prometheus forces. Ecstatic horde routed
between encounters and the precipice. Poised in place of silent hands that carry palm branches for the carcass.
Most significant mainstream or miracle of nature acquiring air after an excess of potent draught. Totally cut off
from the context against spread of decay. Certain interval of time producing temperature related to the state of
individuals who vanish along with their energetic particle.

---

What has been written up is now an image with the text cleared out. Sleep very deeply waking where there is a
dream that has been taken as a difference more untranslatable than the nonidentified chance of escape.

Tremendous opening of urban and industrial framework we construct around us. Fully accomplished historical
product reduced to a relentless chain of signifiers. Dark universe we had to bury so it would rise again to a
surface devoid of anything private. From overlay from one mutation to the desert looking sensing feeling but not
produced minus stream and vessel. Held up by something curious while entering a shelter that we give the name
of music. Single film ultimate film admission to the show contained in a so-called metaphor setting off staggered
attacks upon newspapers from last year. Brute compliment gradually settling in the marrow of my bones.

Bayonet ripped mortality, fatal blemish endlessly tracked playground of probability. How I am will be forgotten
streets fallen evidence fresh from original mud. Assassinated romantic power and privilege to picture beauty at
an angle that lasted a 24th of a second. Resource continuing the weight which was once an empire. Computer
section, fields fashion, corner heights whining about economic aggression. Sidewalks trying to gather signatures,
runaway baseball images, headlong revolt against wealth that didn't have what it takes. Political motive not
allowed to include youth wasted on the young. Terrified consequence first, with solitude moved by a portrait of
these infirmities. Indignation as the existence of poverty in the unimaginable present. Nameless exile suffering
uncertain intimations of self. Peculiar talent run over like a scribe in the order of new channels. Ports, caravans,
periphery of electronic revenge. Veiled glance, painful knowledge, murmur of prayers spilling across the shadow
of some secret origin. Stress primal mother engendering effort to speak books, map of slavery submission unto

dream you can't be quiet about.

---

Unity distortion, body world rhythm, reference system rupture in the current moment transposing refreshed
homesickness for stellar linkage, for particle of self-cancellation across great distance to feed interiority and
implosion ravaging blank eyes that are staring out to sea. Indecipherable glyphs accelerating goods people skills
formalized by all who don't care about the just payment of referentials. Portals of prehistory beyond indulging
letters signs that mark out the night's blue hue. Influx of alchemical speech amidst products ushered forth
through fire-filled slogans of love. Grieving valentines, erasable chalk messages remembered by those in

an angle that lasted a 24th of a second. Resource continuing the weight which was once an empire. Computer
section, fields fashion, corner heights whining about economic aggression. Sidewalks trying to gather signatures,
runaway baseball images, headlong revolt against wealth that didn't have what it takes. Political motive not
allowed to include youth wasted on the young. Terrified consequence first, with solitude moved by a portrait of
these infirmities. Indignation as the existence of poverty in the unimaginable present. Nameless exile suffering
uncertain intimations of self. Peculiar talent run over like a scribe in the order of new channels. Ports, caravans,
periphery of electronic revenge. Veiled glance, painful knowledge, murmur of prayers spilling across the shadow
of some secret origin. Stress primal mother engendering effort to speak books, map of slavery submission unto

the light, raised and lowered blind spot in the outreach program having to be seven different animals at once.

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Exotic weight of continuous theatre. Declining sensuality, hunger for difference, permanently unsatisfied path
through everyday life. Eternal repetition of despair among occidental dramatists. Exercise and rehearsal of
meaning with tears in whose eyes you see the word love and throw it into an armchair sitting always outside the
home of a woman you know that dresses in black and white, lives in a cage, says I am thin, I am mad, I am the
dream you can't be quiet about.
THE FORM OF THE PROCESS

by Paget Norton & Sam Patterson

We have changed our traditional understanding of literature, history, and criticism. We use parentheses to indicate digression. There is a certain unreliability of language to access any object taken to exist independently of language. The unreliability of language is used to access any object taken to exist independently of language.

Of course, language is a serviceable tool and lends itself to many aims and desires.

The possibility of displacement is found in the very nature of language. Take written texts (new stories) already fixed. Set printed in one place and distance and locate, these into other spaces. The unreliability of language is used to access any object taken to exist independently of language.

Clarification is used when one voice to clarify the other. Of course, language is a serviceable tool and lends itself to many aims and desires.

The unreliability of language is used to access any object taken to exist independently of language.

Revision is used to lead into the chaos of (in)difference. Why? Allow the text to invent revision. Sometimes I am locked out of the page language.

Writing is produced by order and (chaos). Writing is produced by order and (chaos). Writing is produced by order and (chaos).

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AN ANARCHIST IN MOMBASA
by Norman Lock

There was nothing in the tropical beauty of the land to suggest the horror that brooded so near.
-- African Game Trails, Theodore Roosevelt

I returned from safari to the beautiful city of Mombasa with only one thought in mind: to drink whiskey and lace up Caruso. It was an old habit. The house in which I had taken a room for my stay in Africa (a place to "come in out of the sun") was in ruins, its gray stone walls lay in the grass like dead elephants.

"My recordings!" I asked, "What is the damage?"

He handed me a crystal decanter of malt whiskey. I recognized it immediately as one of a set that had been given to me by the Nawab in Saipur "for services rendered."

"That's something anyway," I said, sniffing the delicate odor of peat.

"An anarchist," he said tersely.

"An anarchist is sure to detract from the pleasures of the town," I observed.

"An anarchist is sure to be despised," he replied.

We adjourned to a belvedere overlooking the Indian Ocean. We drank the remains of the whiskey and talked about the recent monsoon, the ocean's great hinge (that never rusts), and the outrages of the poacher De Groot.

"Come in out of the sun," I said. "It is going to burst out of his body. He had no idea why he so desperately needed to get into the house."

At mid-night a lion entered the club. As this was strictly forbidden at any hour, the constabulary was called.

"We can't save Caruso, but we did manage to save this," said Prichett, who was wearing a dinner jacket and smelled of scent.

"Was it the gas?" I asked when the conversation flagged.

He gave me a sour look, which I answered with a move.

"An anarchist," he said tersely.

"What exactly happened during this lost hour?" Christopher Robinette underwent a transformation. He turned into a bird. And, whatever the weather, rain or shine, this new version of Mr. Robinette flew out of the window to the topmost branch of the backyard maple.

What neither his employees nor his wife knew was that a seasonal change in his waking time coincided with his mood change at work. In mid-March, he started to get up an hour before sunrise, which, as spring turned into summer, meant 5:00 and even earlier. His morning routine was markedly different from the winter months as well. The first thing he did was to go to the bedroom window and remove the screen. Then his mind went blank. He could never remember what happened during the next hour or so, no matter how hard he tried.

Scientists who study such occurrences have not publicized their findings, for obvious reasons. But what exactly happened during this lost hour? Christopher Robinette underwent a transformation. He turned into a bird. And, whatever the weather, rain or shine, this new version of Mr. Robinette flew out of the window to the topmost branch of the backyard maple.

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TRANSPORT SYSTEM
by Craig Foltz

Craig Foltz is an author based in San Diego, California. He is also an assistant editor for Fiction International, and his writing is broadly published. Foltz has two new texts appearing in the latest issue of The Santa Monica Review.

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1. The Coast

She stands in front of the braking waves waiting for transport, this is becoming a familiar image. He can't watch her dive in again. The swimming promises to be slightly different this time. The water is cold, a stiff wind blows gulls back and forth in ellipses above the surf. The California fog is not going to let go of the coast today. She doesn't even turn around, doesn't bother to tell him that she will come back. Any point of departure is ok, she prefers the thicker sand, he has a camera and feels confident about his abilities to use it. He looks through the lens and notices that she has started to walk onto the last slope of wet sand, the frothy water varies its levels between her ankles and waist. There are no boats in the water, nothing will pick her up, how could they determine that there were currents here? It is low tide a few kids are starting to gather in the pools searching for the fish darting between the rocks of their temporary aquariums. Ted wonders how long they will stick around. He can't see their parents and while he searches Sadie takes three long strides into the breaking waves, hops slightly into the air, arches her body and enters the water without leaving a trace. The camera is clicking furiously but can't pick up her shadow under the water. He can see it zig-zagging across the foams sometimes coalescing into the base of a wave and continuing with it for a while towards the beach, disappearing into the foam and then reappearing a few minutes later at the base of another wave. The motion seems economical and he wonders if she took fins with her this time. He goes home still wondering about oxygen.

When he wakes up she will appear to him differently, he wonders if the submaring is just an act, decides to go back to the beach and search for her. He returns home in the afternoon, fatigued and disappointed. The ocean had looked forbidding, the tides were different, the configuration of the beach had changed overnight. The same wind that marked the rip currents had formed keeping lifeguards busy as they fished kids out of the water and then searched for their parents before giving up and putting the kids back in the low tide containers. They are curved. It is the same story over and over again. Have they seen a shadow at the base of the waves riding in and letting go? The lifeguards look at him strangely, make sure none of the kids are missing, and head back to their own place. The waves are enormous. They push him backwards towards shore. He is getting tired, he has just jumped back into the water trying to remember what happened to her the last time she went underwater. Did it last an hour, a day, a month? How was she breathing? Through straws? Although he can't answer these questions Ted punches his ticket and decides to go after her.

Ted has covered his kitchen table in maps and nautical charts that go into minute detail about the topography of the ocean floor, the patterns of currents, the location of the kelp beds, the places where up-welling may occur, the corresponding water temperatures. The rumors of El Nino threaten to make all his knowledge useless but even the earliest forecasts give him a few weeks before any dramatic temperature shifts. Even though she had survived in the water for an extended period of time in the past, she never elaborated on how she did it. The sand had shifted and new rip currents had formed keeping lifeguards busy as they fished kids out of the water and then searched for their parents before giving up and putting the kids back in the low tide containers. They are curved. It is the same story over and over again. Have they seen a shadow at the base of the waves riding in and letting go? The lifeguards look at him strangely, make sure none of the kids are missing, and head back to their own place. The waves are enormous. They push him backwards towards shore. He is getting tired, he has just jumped back into the water trying to remember what happened to her the last time she went underwater. Did it last an hour, a day, a month? How was she breathing? Through straws? Although he can't answer these questions Ted punches his ticket and decides to go after her.

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2. The Thick Coast

His lungs nearly exploded. He didn't tell the lifeguards and doctors who rescued him what he had been doing in the water, they would not have believed him anyway. It has been six days since he washed up on shore, a found object of kids in tidal pools, their parents stretched out on bright rectangular fabrics in thick grains of sand. They can't get them out of their hair. Sadie has been gone an additional two weeks on top of that, her parents have stopped believing his lame excuses as to her whereabouts and Ted is not surprised to come home from work to find two police detectives at his front door. He lets them in.

The short one asks, "Do you know where she is?"

"No."

"When was the last time that you saw her? Were you getting along? Is this the bedroom? Are you planning on going swimming? Whose cameras are these?"

"Look, she left almost three weeks ago. She does this sometimes. No note or phone calls. Nothing." Ted glances at his watch. "Did you try her parents house?"

"What were you doing at the beach? We want to take a look at those pictures." The tall detective goes through the nautical maps that are still spread out on the table. The cops are unimpressed with his answers, leave him a business card and let him know that they will come back with more questions. He infers this as a threat. He has just picked up the three photos that he took underwater. Ted doesn't remember taking the pictures. The photos are all roughly the same, a nearly solid panel of colour, aqua green and murky, interspersed with shafts of faded light blue lines. There are shadows and faces in the background. He wonders which way is up. Outside Ted can see the surrounding city undulating towards process underwater. She didn't feel that all land-based operations were superfluous and would try to maintain her language ability with an almost dizzying regularity. The fishing boats nearby probably heard her when the tides were high but she wasn't too concerned about discovery. Her confidence in her ability to avoid detection bordered on cockiness. She wanted to appear on their sonar.

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Ted is back at the coast. He has paid careful attention to the passing of the days and knows that Sadie has been missing for exactly two weeks. Things have been extremely hectic for him at work and he got caught up in the routine of numbers, the extrapolation of numbers, and the tunnels in the agreements that were made between two parties. At lunch the co-workers will go dutch. He kept thinking that he was going to leave the next day or the following, but the dotted line continued to push itself further and further back. Ted had hesitated to purchase an underwater camera. He thought that he had memarized now seemed unfamiliar and he confused the patterns of the tides with the patterns of the currents. He wondered if she should buy a wet suit. When a break finally occurred he felt unsure. Had she moved too far away? He still hadn't figured out the breathing thing. Even though she had survived in the water for an extended period of time in the past, she had elaborated on her techniques. After she returned she had some trouble consuming liquids, the circumference of her neck seem to have expanded.

Ted stares at the water. Despite his prolonged absence, the lifeguards still seem to recognize him and he knows that the dislike is mutual. The fog is coming in and quickly obscures the sun and it is instantly chilly out. The tourists fold in their umbrellas and gather their kids. He makes his way to the water, leaving behind a large bag filled with nautical maps, a towel, two fins, and a waterproof watch. He is wearing large baggy swimming trunks hung with a thick leather belt, to which he has fastened his underwater camera. Sadie had said, "Nobody ever brings cameras here, ever." It was the only apparatus he could feel comfortable with. He takes the goggles off and feels the lifeguard's watchful eyes on him as he discards them on the beach. The water is cold, his toes are numb, he can't believe that he is doing this, the current is stronger than it appears on the charts. He is under the water. Ted holds his breath. The waves are enormous. They push him back towards shore. He is mixed in his swim. "Did you try her parents house?"

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the ocean. Sometimes it seems like only the surge of the waves keeps the buildings standing upright. What are they hiding behind those mirrors? The tips of his fingers are cold again, he runs them under hot water from the kitchen sink, isn't prepared for the comfort of heat. Falls asleep in the bath, waking up when the water enters his lungs. Coughing. Getting used to it.

The next day after work Ted negotiates the transport system, takes the ten-lane interstate to a familiar shopping district. After two or three stops, he gets back on the freeway, it seems the same from all directions, sometimes it is hard to tell them apart. He takes out the camera and points it out the window, hoping something will come out in the smeared lines of traffic, reflected glass and ice. Passes under a bridge and tilts the camera up and over to the north. Takes a few more pictures. Ted brings home the second wave of tools for departure. The maps have been discarded along with the fins and mask. As he takes out the exacto blade, the duct tape, and his new underwater camera, he installs the high speed film so that he can utilize longer exposures as he sinks deeper. He takes a breath and looks over the new items, feels a little more confident that he can last long enough to find Sadie. He won't have to go far. Tomorrow at work he will tell his boss that he needs some personal time, it might take a couple of days, he'll say. The cops leave another message on his answering machine up and over to the north. Takes a few more pictures. Ted brings home the second wave of tools for departure. The maps have been discarded along with the fins and mask. As he takes out the exacto blade, the duct tape, and his new underwater camera, he installs the high speed film so that he can utilize longer exposures as he sinks deeper. He takes a breath and looks over the new items, feels a little more confident that he can last long enough to find Sadie. He won't have to go far. Tomorrow at work he will tell his boss that he needs some personal time, it might take a couple of days, he'll say. The cops leave another message on his answering machine.

In the newspapers, they talk about a major upheaval that is about to happen just off the California coast. Sometimes shadows appear to be dancing in the waves. The youngest ones slip into the water first, their older siblings dive into the foam more clumsily, they're carried away from the coast in arcs and vectors stretched out on points arranged in seemingly ordered intervals along the grid. Some systems of organization are apparent by intuition. The lifeguards are busy with the heavy summer crowds, can't locate the children when the parents approach their towers. They shout into the wind, can't get the sand out of their hair. Of course they'll come back. Discover the currents are elliptical. They set their video recorders down. The film won't contain any specifics. The grid will. Ted walks onto the beach stands before the waves waiting for transport. He has wound duct tape around his mouth circling the back of his scalp, it will stick in his hair, he won't be able to get it out. The camera is attached to the leather belt around his loose fitting shorts. Orange, green and blue dominate the scene. There is some grey lingering over the horizon. Ted tilts his head, removes the cover from the top of the exacto blade, and inserts it into the side of his windpipe just below the jaw. Drips the blade straight down towards his clavicle. It takes a moment for any blood to appear. The parents have dropped their complaints and point to the horizon. The lifeguards change position in their perches. Ted repeats the process on the other side of his windpipe and walks slowly into the water. It seems warmer than last time. He slips under the waves, scrapes his stomach on the shells along the bottom as he is pulled out and under, there are tiles and more tiles on the bottom, his mouth seems like a hindrance, it doesn't take long until he is beyond the breaking waves, he can't feel their pull anymore, the children are hiding out underwater but not so deep so they can't see the surface. They smile and strike unnatural yet fluid poses as Ted passes by. He is conscious of the camera. When the wind picks up he will surface, look towards land, notice layers of buildings and bridges and the airport near the ocean which allows airborne traffic to pass overhead. The ocean vibrates with each takeoff. The passengers feel dizzy whenever the plane rotates over the coast and heads for points east, the blue dominating the view. It is hard to watch the instructional video. For all his preparation, Ted now only regrets the duct tape as the salt water has loosened the bonds, a chemical reaction he had planned for. The tape is gumming up in his mouth, he can't stand the taste. Water passes easily through the slits in his throat and Ted wonders if the evolutionary process is irreversible, or if the gills are forever. Sadie must be around here somewhere, the place is a mess, he can't make sense of it, has trouble finding the correct words, the television is still on, traffic proceeds in an orderly fashion on the freeway in both directions. There are no delays. The sun might have set and come up again. And repeated the process. Ted notices the children blow water in straws that they have stowed away in their swim trunks. He wants to talk to them. Introduces himself. Asks some of the older ones closer to the surface if they have seen anybody else out here. They seem to be mute. Point their straws at him and proceed to blow water in his direction. The mist is not comfortable. It is night. The boys stay near the shore while some of the girls continue their journey away from the beach. A new current has entered from the south and brings in new species of fish and forces the children even further out. He thinks that he hears some of them whisper something about sharks. Every so often blood appears in the water. The oldest boys return to shore and drag all they girls that they can find back to the city. The youngest ones dive further below the surface and make rudimentary shelters in the structure on the ocean floor. Their homes all look the same. The television is always on, they don't sweep the tiles, the walls are hard to see through the curvature, Ted rarely finds himself alone, continues to search for a new city, a way back, a way out.

"Phonology" Text/image by W. Mark Sutherland (Canada).
NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

by Carole A. Turner

I'm having a lucid dream. It's one of those dreams where you are acutely aware that you are dreaming but cannot control the direction. Sometimes, I take control of a dream, manipulate it, carefully weaving the experience so that it takes me to a desired outcome. In dreams like these, I break down all the obstacles in my way, I mend things that are broken: wine glasses and ceramic ashtrays, limbs and zoes, hearts and relationships and sometimes even dream. During these dreams, I feel all-seeing, all-knowing, but mostly delighted - an emotion that just doesn't seem to jive with the intense feelings of strength and stability. But I'm not having one of those dreams now; I'm having the kind over which my unconscious has little control. In this dream, I'm a detective residing in a small town. I'm on a murder case, but by whose authority I don't know. My powers of observation seem finely tuned, if anything, all of my senses seem finely tuned, this I focus on as I'm built for it, and this is why I'm out here on such an important case. Out here, just outside the town limits, on a red dirt me, and I feel a sickness in the bottom of my stomach and an inhalation of cool air squeezes at my lungs.

The linearity of the system, of the track and the tunnels that lead to darkness and nowhere disturb me. I feel more control in the other place of my dream, maybe the shock of being in two worlds at once, with one foot on each side of the track, so to speak, is too much to handle, especially for a beginner like me who is not accustomed to the darkness and the ligthness of being simultaneously. I hear the muted humming, whirring and grinding of my train approaching, but I'm still on the wrong side of the tracks, so I sprint up the stairs in an effort to make it around and down to the other side before the train shuts its doors and pulls out of the station. I am late for work. I have to make it, and besides, I've seen the teenagers do it. I am halfway down the eastbound stairs when I hear the train come to a full stop, and pop open its doors to swallow up the morning rush hour. Although it's crowded, the other passengers have already made it onto the train. I leap down the last five steps, the wind is blowing my hair back and I can feel red in my cheeks. I make a mad dash for the open door, the only door I see. Funny, I have tunnel vision. This is not like me. I cross the threshold just as the door is closing, but I'm caught -- caught by my wrist, my left side is in, my right side partially out. Dangling from the end of two fingers is my soft, black briefcase, and in my briefcase are some documents about the newest advances in birth control. I imagine the train leaving the station like this, with part of me in and part of me out. I imagine, briefly, that I am forced by the sheer velocity of the train to let go of my briefcase as we hit the tunnel, and I picture my birth control documents swishing about in the tunnel, a bureaucratic ejaculation of sorts. And then I know that I will have to tell my boss this story -- and she doesn't have a sense of humour and she might even send me to see the company psychologist who is, by the way, a Freudian.

As I turn around to get a look at my severed arm, I see my reflection in the glass of the doors. I don't look good. This is not a graceful entrance and I don't appear glamorous even with my face on. My clothing is slightly disheveled, with one side of my white collar up and the other down. I feel one hundred pairs of eyes (it's always one hundred) on the back of my head. I pull hard, I pull real hard, and I see the black rubber strips on the doors give way to the pressure. I am in, I am whole again, and believe it or not, there's still a seat. After a moment or two the staring, sympathetic I'm-glad-it's-not-me eyes return to their newspapers and novels and business reports. I'm on the train, and by the looks of it, I will be on time.

At Christie station an old man gets on the train. He is wearing a fedora with a red feather tucked in the side, black rubber overshoe, the kind only old people wear and a woolly grey-black overcoat that's decorated with all kinds of medals from the second world war. He stands right in front of me, and nobody is offering him a seat, so I offer him mine. He accepts without hesitation. He has steel blue eyes that are glassy with age. I wonder if he is going down to old city hall for a special ceremony of some kind, or maybe there's something on at the legion.

On the subway platform, at Jane Station, I realize that I am on the Westbound side of the track when I should be on the Eastbound side, the side that will take me downtown to my job at Ortho Pharmaceuticals --- a company that manufactures birth control pills and other contraceptives. I have never made this mistake before, occasionally, maybe the shock of being in two worlds at once, with one foot on each side of the track, so to speak, is too much to handle, especially for a beginner like me who is not accustomed to the darkness and the ligthness of being simultaneously.

Back in the bathroom mirror, my Great Aunt's still upper lip began to sag, but -- no -- it is my lip. I am back. I need to brush my face and put on my teeth -- no -- I'm not quite back, I need to brush my teeth and put on my face, get a move on, I'm late for work.
THREE POEMS
by Linda Kivi

1. All is loss
words only faulty
glue for the gone
the heart not trusted
to ache well
all on its own.

2. The deer slipped, a slow swerve
a sickening thud, under the wheel
I carry a platter of blood-soaked venison, quiet
tonight a cougar, or coyotes, will
feast, perhaps on the slow
swerve of her rump, her startled
eyes glassy, I couldn't stop
the truck snarls, buries its nose
in the sweet flesh of my regret.

3. Holding You
first ripe berry of spring
open palm
you become perfect
as you are
pressing onto my tongue
like blood
travelling home.

QUESTIONS
by Mark Kerwin

They say surrender.
They say all is within.
But how long must I wait?
Borders and fences
Are but masks to the Divine
Time will wear them down.
Time will tell,
But my watch will never know.

90 MINUTES (subtitled)
by Lee Henderson

:This pie is made of pure wood!!
:Does not a mystic know the rules of --
:Yamo!! Your eyes!!
:Quite possibly a scorned lover...
:i cannot fly without your assistance.
:Look at how the clouds bluster!!
:Hold on to my cheeks I am diving --
:But --
:If you let me you will be loving him?
:Quite possibly.

THREE POEMS
by A. Connolly

1. Men of Hate
Black bears, long ponytails flecked with cigarette smoke, baseball hat and shades on men appearing to be hiding
something
rusty, derelict car, waxy headlights, one-eyed Susanned, a bumper stick of hate in the
window
inside, smelling of beer, bacon grease, he's got your name on a rock buried
in the
glove box contained
slightly.
Don't lean on the horn.

2. Unharvested furrows
We are gypsies of no fixed redress
weakened instruments of commerce
immigrants of liberty, purveyors of weightlessness
feigners of maps and hometowns
offering meagre opinions and vague recollections
we are Ulysses on the skirt of nullification
we strive, seek to find a shift in geography
a sense of place in our marrow bones
we create clouds of dust at our heels
and wear compasses for watches
we are Johnny Appleseed leaving ourselves
unharvested in furrows of local yore, our names
specks, spent matches, grain
we only go back one generation, one season
there are few surviving photo albums
no line to king nor homecoming queen
minions in a million march of meanings
we remember, but are forgotten
footprints in eroding silt, retraced rivets
reading our history one foot at a time
biology a collection of washboard roads
blacktop and gravy, snaking concrete lineage
impenetrable itinerary leading up over
the away, constant searching for an entrance
into the soft folds of belonging.

3. Erratics
no immortal stone
left unturned
erratics lumbering dumb
prairie field postcards
form an age of ice.
I seek to comprehend where
sin comes from?
Snakes, apples, arrows
falling short of their target.
A lone stone,
rolling alone, for me
to touch, to taste.
Why not sin?
where there is silence, surrounded
by emptiness
left from another time
pushed.
Surrounded by sinister sssnakesss
radioactive crucifixes
a worn path leading away
back into the car.
My breathing appearing,
vanishing on the window
of ambiguous existence.
Immortal stones turned
left to erode in silence.
DEDICATIONS
by Maggie Helwig
And what if the face of the living creature appears
in a puddle of blood on the roadside, awful, unblinking, ensnared?
You stretch your hand to the mirror. Your nails are ringed with white. The dark life of the sand
continues across your skin, the crook of your arm.

Wind in the courtyard.
Can you draw out
your heart on a hook, can you draw out these longingst?
This creature breaks on the hinging tooth of the fence.

You stretch your hand to the mirror. Your nails
are ringed with white. The dark life of the sand
continues across your skin, the crook of your arm.

What then shall we do in the mornings?
this reconciliation, this movement from sleep.

This you, not a stranger,
or this word in the city,
but thez won in mye houz & it sitz
at suppertime. Our soul, our eternal bus, he says to the judge, travels from bus stop to bus stop in this our material
time. Perhaps we shall be lucky. Perhaps our driver will wink, allow us a seat at the back of the bus. And perhaps
we shall be lucky. Perhaps our driver will wink, allow us a seat at the back of the bus. And perhaps
after all, we will settle down in long straw for the slow ride home.

CHICKEN SUIT FOR THE SOUL
by Gary Barwin
Perhaps you won’t be surprised if I tell you that on the bus everyone has hands. Perhaps you were expecting
to say this. Perhaps you have thought it yourself. Today. Yesterday. Once when you were young and you took
many bus rides, kept your money in a billfold.

Unless of course, you think, feathering back your dark hair, it’s a bus filled with chickens. Then it’s likely
that it’s only your friends who has hands. But what if the driver is a chicken, Or what if he is in a chicken suit. Ah,
but then it only looks like he doesn’t have hands. He in fact has big beefy hands which is funny, since he’s dressed
in a chicken suit. He is driving a bus filled with chickens, his life is filled with chickens, their large hidey
hands clutching steering wheels, driving chickens to some of as yet unmentioned destination. Isn’t this in our heart
of hearts what we’ve hoped for all along, and why we’ve remembered to pick up our own chicken suit from the cleaners?

He is balancing a small house in his open hand. Perhaps it’s a prosthetic. The hand I mean. It sticks out, featherless
and pink from beneath his wing. And balanced in its open palm is your house, and in the living room your family
is watching television. There is your father on the couch. Your mother on the rocking chair. Your children are curling
on the floor beside a chicken. Before you left, you lined the house with newspaper, replaced the water in the little
cup. It’s not that you don’t want to come home. It’s just that there are many buses and many bus stops along their
routes. You’ve stopped at so many, peeked with one large eye into so many houses, surprised so many families. They
look up from their television sets, thinking perhaps that it is their son, father or husband returned home. A brief
moment of hope as they look into your eye. Then maybe they’re not sure they recognize the lid sliding down, the
fastest cut, the filigree of tiny veins running above the white. They want to believe, but are unable. Wan’t there
a blue pupil sitting in the white centre of their brother’s eye, and not this yellow that they see? It’s hard to remember,
and their own eyes are small and short-sighted. There was a crowd scene in a movie. Their brother was standing
behind an undercover policeman on an escalator, going up. No. It was a moving sidewalk, a police dog, and their
brother had brown eyes. He was looking down, reading a magazine. A bus had been stolen. Many buses. A driver
at the depot swallowed them just before shift change, walked home with them in his mouth as if they were aspirin
or false teeth. And he wouldn’t have been caught except that he tried to break out of the white dome, tried to escape
to the straw beyond.

This chicken suit is an omen of death, he says to the police who arrest him. We are surrounded by chickens
he says. And we pretend to be chickens dressed as reasonable people, he says. The chicken suits of our
childhood, the chicken suits of our old age, he says to his lawyer. We walk or eggshells, staying away from the fire
at appertime. Our soul, our eternal bus, he says to the judge, travels from bus stop to bus stop in this our material
world. He says. And so each bus stop we blow away the buses transfers that we have held in our backs this all time.
Perhaps we shall be lucky. Perhaps our driver will wink, allow us a seat at the back of the bus. And perhaps
after all, we will settle down in long straw for the slow ride home.

***

STORY from THE INQUIRER Philadelphia 2/27/98
by Frank Sauers
Eclipse known awe in Caribbean. Many knew in the deep twilight. In some places, there was fear.

WILLEMSTAD, Curacao — Confused rooster knew and mothers knew children under their beds during a solar eclipse that knew much. Known by Venezuela. Columbia and the Caribbean knew to know under the cover of darkness would know ousted dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier. In a total solar eclipse, the moon knows all but the sun’s corona, its knowing outer envelope, knowing the Earth into deep twilight through the
moon, the stars and planets know. People knew picnic tables, vendors knew souvenir T-shirts, and astronomers knew.

The twist in the chest
Can break our best devotions. Still
that moment of waking dreams escaping from my fingers
is not quite lost.

What then shall we do in the mornings?
This is the coal against the lips, and not
where we might have asked for it to be, not
where the bright edge of knowledge breaks
but here, but here
to a burning.

thu A - Lion at thu futt ov thu bedd Or Maggie thu
cat starz at mi
by Joelle Etherie
It is November 9 at 4am
& thu A - Lion at thu futt ov thu bedd izz luktin at mee
eye kan c its dark slatree-ee in its wite faze
framed bye its poyntee eres
& its lunkin dis waye
eye think its tryein tu kumminkaze w/ mi
b-kiss iz is emitting dis low sonic wave
Dat might be pisinic tu mye dijistif trakt
eye mite gow bald
eye mite g.teen tu glow
fossorent in bloo lava-like lite lik it duz
hoo new A - Lions wz so pail
& jus zat at thu futt ov yor bedd & starf at yu
els humor mi
& pikter dat yu wok ypp in de misheal ov de nite
& zah an A - Lion
an Ah-liian lukin yor war
pasilmente ptitato at yu
rumbelling deep in its throught
perhaps tryein to kumminkat tu yu
thu konversashun it had with thu boks ov kraft dinner
how nows A - Lions hav landed &
if deg lik koffeen beerz or nott
but thez won in yor hue & it sitz
at the futt ov mey be & it starf at mi unblinking
& statkz mye pen bikuz ik las zul jumping around
theta paig
maybe thez an A - Lion studeeing yur habitz
maybee rie now
tu tryein to tell mi itz zeekrutz
eye tink maybee zumbhink importun aboot iz
voyjler
zombhink dat happind on thu wae
but eye beeloo eyem gowing tu foltlo it
zurnestiilzus adus abz kownz
& eye tu kach it goitng tu its ship
& eyem gowing to bum a ride
eye tink izad phen tu ride in a zpeshisp & tek tu cleeze
& milk karzton
drink own ov tu thabstubb
& eyem tu pinn uypeelz bettz izu zanerth
zoiddwoott blinkin
unnerving

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**NUMBERS (a computer-generated poem)**
by Henry Ferris

The silicate meat of my brain is made up of numbers.

The virtual flesh of my body coheres around a blue-gray skeleton of trigonomic solutions.

Inside my translucent skull dendritic connections unfurl according to the sequential laws of the deuterium equations. Variables fire in green and purple storms.

At the exact centre of my primed eye the Boolean hypercube spins out all of the possible hydrogen derivatives.

I want you to peer into the patterns within that whirling cube.

And I want you to feel this Euclidean echo behind your organic eyes.

---

**JAVA APPLETS**
by David King

Paige steps down to the shores of the lagoon where the applets shoot. Nowhere else in Indonesia are there to be found fruit of such quality. Often she has considered making her home under an applet tree, far from the sandbars and the monitor lizards; but the trees also have a portentous character, particularly their shadows. Moreover, the fruit are seldom stationary -- the tiny silver berries are for ever crossing from one end of a branch to the other and back again -- and she knows that such motion would tantalize her, keep her awake at night. And she has become used to peace. Home had been peaceful; home had been where she was most content. It had always made her smile dully as a child when, after a misdemeanour on a family trip, her mother would regard her sternly and say, "Home!" -- as though home could be anything but a reward.

Why had she left home? Probably because everything had been so regimented. Familiar. Machines -- sparking whispers of perspex and steel -- doing all the vacuuming, all the ironing. For a while she had almost been tempted by that lifestyle. But even as the heights of machine-induced contentment she had sensed (and she knew it was a stereotype) something missing. An unbearable lacuna. Even the books on Buddhism hadn't helped. The nothingness behind the sensors of her electronic chef, her steel stationary-chute, the console of her entertainment monitor.

And she had escaped just in time.

Reaching the first of the applet trees, she stares up at it. The she looks about apprehensively. The applets don't exactly belong to anyone, but certain protocols are usually involved in interacting with them. Fortunately there is no one about. The lagoon is still and blue, like a flag. Shrugging, she reaches a few centimetres in front of a particularly ripe-looking applet and allows its motion to carry the fruit into her hand. A sharp tug and it is tears.

"Applet," she whispers to herself. "Applet." How can a mere word -- an arbitrary combination of characters -- give rise to so many rich images? She examines the applet. It is like a fleshy ball-bearing. She lifts it to her lips, and bites. Vanilla-flavoured juice weeps on to her tongue; mercury-like droplets bead the down on her chin. She swallows, and is content. Soon, she knows, she will be borne away, far from tranquil Java. Out at sea, beyond the archipelago, there are tiny waves that never reach the shore, and she will be lost among their sparkling dance.

Maybe she herself will dance, her feet tripping lightly over the nets of kelp as she stares at the grey ancient headlands. But even at the heights of machine-induced contentment she had sensed (and she knew it was a stereotype) something missing. An unbearable lacuna.

True, there are also the sun-machines. And the star-machines. Sometimes among the tropical squalls she sees their taut lines of force reach from sky to sea, forming bars among which she has to insinuate herself. During the day, it is the sun-machines; at night it is the star-machines. Offering applets sometimes appeases the machines, but she fears that one day the applets will be supplanted; and there will then be just scattered sunlight on the wavelets, broken light from an empty mirror.

At present, fortunately, there are no sun-machines. No stemless prism-boats of the upper atmosphere. She starts straight up at the lime green sun, wondering at the difference between the sun and the sun-machines. Bars of light strike her face, but they are not bars that could ever imprison her. The dangerous bars are those that, on close inspection, break up into beads -- silvery beads, like the applets.

She feels herself as though among the cold, amber clouds. Suddenly she is confused. Could the applets somehow be related to the sun-machines? Could each little silver sphere be not only that which releases her but also that which tempts her? From a dark reef, one walking into the sun, one walking further into the shadows of the shore. Somewhere on the dune-covered hemisphere of the world his bones are buried. Illegible characters on rusted metal. Could the applets be responsible for that?

Everything is so unsure,. Everything is so old...

"Even me," she whispers to the layers of amber cloud. Cold with frost. "I have always been here, despite my fantasies of an earlier life. Sun-machines and star-machines and... me."

She is falling. Reeling through the air, she tries to right herself. But the sea and the sky have become abstractions, and she doesn't know her proper relationship to them. Nothing is to scale. Sunlight beads from the waves, and cannot be told from the stars. Somewhere close are the threatening crystal boats. She covers her face, but in her mind's eye are still the beads, the silvery monads -- they surely are applets! -- and in them she can see her own reflection.

She leaps up, tearing the long wires from her temple. "They're not boats -- they're bots!"
FROM INTO THE FOLD
by Jaqueline W. Turner

Celista swings winds and winds between
lake/rock on the way dances a rock jump
signed in black letters $15 or $25/couple
(band+dj) stopped, hoping to press

sighed out wow frog fresh against wanting
waves signal a let down wound around
crying

*kept the ticket scrapebook safe

slip me a

caught sighing but cool

the talk about doesn't mention this

purple purple flowers
tall grasses
trucks, jacked up
see the black
just stars

There's a gouge today in her ability to get out of bed. She
is gouged to the bed. The bed is holding her in its gouge.
She is unable to ungouge herself. She looks at the clock,
knows it is time to get up. And yet. This gaping gouge.
Caught in the fold, the inbetween. Not sleeping but
unable. Caught. The bed -- her. Stuck she can't say. Seeping
somehow, slipping lip to pillow.

Copper Island dives fusion scalp wide
water and blue, blue air of neck snaps back
bathing suit black

i have never loved George Bowering

rock between rock and feet on the edge of
poise, of almost; lurch and then

fast spray splash swoop back curve up
relax fresh rush surface seems so

D. says 'jump' and eventually

(legs crossed again)

climbs lip side scrapes bend of skin felt
here back of knee sinks well fresh

* well above sea level

motor boat gasses water green, purple
dick behind the eyes blue and glassy

Copper Island hikes the wide side of scape
seeks similitude of view, of look

Jade Mountain surveys highway wide
infinity of view wow of the always loved
gas jockey job

green but not so curves anticipation slender
d lens a sunglass flash temple smooth

i'm driving in your car

wind say waah air through hair after hair
glass elbow line when
turn on the radio

pictogram graffiti red D. K. + R.L. forever

yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yello

rock flies

push button car radio

dark red impala

windows mostly rolled down
grey dash

almost out of gas

Her hip escapes caress wound around a musical embrace
arms swinging and high above her head. She knows she's
being watched but pretends she doesn't. Her white t-shirt
moves up to reveal the stripe of her belly the edge of her
jeans her hands move across the air around her waist. If
her body was said. Hands on her back now fingers
through her hair. Folds around stopping. Sitting on the
edge of the couch. Waiting.
INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS:
RED FLOWERS IN THE SNOW
by Paul Vermeersch

The hand-written letter
is the only true form
of telepathy.

This dream
you've sent me...
picking red flowers
in the snow, you are naked
but not cold
...on a page torn
from a school notebook
which I must interpret.

You once brought
me a red poppy.
They were growing
all around the boarding house
where I was living.
I assumed you had picked it
from the garden just before
you knocked, and you gave it to me
because you were late;
you were exhausted and sunburnt;
you had been looking for job
at the seaside.

The entire time I spent
in your country,
I never picked one flower,
not one.

All afternoon I prepared supper,
cleaned floors, folded laundry,
and bathed. When you arrived
you said you had already eaten.

Notice how your handwriting
is more careful when you write
about the dream. Clearly,
you had thought about it first.

Fed up with men, you said
you knew they watched you
swimming at the local pool.
For my part, I noticed you
were wearing jeans
and a white V-neck T-shirt
over a black bathing suit,
and I tried to make a sketch
of you talking, but I made you
look ugly, so I gave up,
and wouldn't let you see it.

Proof dreams are real:
This letter you sent me is...

I said that I would never know
when a woman was interested
in me; when I was young
I was ambushed
by pretty girls; they tore out
the part of me that can see
them coming, the part that knows.
We were lying on the floor talking
like this, you falling asleep,
so I gave you my jacket
and walked you twenty minutes
home.

...real as a president
shot while abroad,
real as stolen weapons,
international incidents.

You, picking red flowers
in the snow, naked
but not cold.

And you still send me letters.
I still answer them carefully.

THE MAGICIAN
by Chris Belsito

the magician takes the stage
"watch very carefully"
sows empty hand
curls fingers into a ball
a fist
takes individual silk kerchiefs
many colours
pushes them into hand
one
at
a
time
audience curious
silent
when all the kerchiefs have been consumed
by the neverending space of the grasp
hand opens
empty
the crowds stirs
mild applause
the left hand is raised
quickly touching the tips of the fingers
together
the point of the hand is placed into the open mouth
the magician gestures, nods
then methodically pulls
kerchief after kerchief from mouth
the audience applauds
satisfied as colour after colour
violet to blue
to green to yellow
to orange
to red
cloth tied to cloth
escape mouth
entertainment, they smile at one another
make happy sounds
someone whistles
the magician raises left hand
silence
then continues pulling
a young businessman hits his glass on the table
in adulation
spilling liquid, losing thought
the magician nods in acknowledgment
slowly
he begins to pull more
precisely
concentrating
the kerchief gives way to esophagus, stomach sack,
intestine, veins,
genitals, liver, kidneys, bowels

then in a thud
red liquid runs off the stage
into the audience
onto a table of nursing students
horrified, they break the silence
and at this vulgar display
begin to hiss
boo, caw, hiss, boo, caw
two tables get up and leave
demand their money back
at the door
"offensive trickery"
some wait for the finale
then in one final violent pull
the magician drops to the stage floor
a mass of organs
and colours
silence, beauty
the remaining crowd looks toward one another
the hissing subsides
a single young girl
shrugs her shoulders
and begins to clap
slowly the clap spreads, ripples
until everyone in the room,
except the clergyman at the table in the back corner,
is standing
cheering
the MC takes the microphone
"isn't he amazing everyone,
please come again, bring a friend
thank you, have a good night"
the curtain falls
the house lights go on
everyone leaves
a couple go for a latte
the magician gathers his thoughts
"they should have watched more carefully"
JACK AND DIANE
by k ripp

[JACK and DIANE in]

JACK: Baby, I just don't want to watch TV.

DIANE: I'm just as sick of watching TV as you are.

JACK: I just know as soon as I hit the button, my rectum's gonna slide right up my spine and strangle my brain. I just know it's gonna be another night, a night like the others.

DIANE: I just get to feeling low, I'm just so tired nowadays. I just get to feeling like laying down.

JACK: Do you ever get the feeling that, when you sleep, little candy robots are directing your dreams from the control room at the Ed Sullivan Theatre? Red ones, particularly.

DIANE: I feel like maybe sleep is real easy. I just lay back and let go, and when I'm done I get up and do stuff until I'm tired again.

JACK: I dream that we had kids, and inside each one of our children was a little glowing box, but it didn't glow much like most normal stuff that glows.

DIANE: I mean, routine is like a double razor, if that makes any sense, good for the smooth shave but somehow dangerous, more dangerous than imagination.

JACK: It wasn't like neon-beer-sign glow or healthy-rosy-cheek glow, or even healthy-after-sex-rosy-cheek glow.

It glowed from within; we had to charge it up.

DIANE: routine is kinda nice, I guess. really, it has a certain special way of letting you know you're around. It sleeps curled up next to you and keeps the air moving--moving even, tender patterns in and out of your lungs.

JACK: We didn't mind, though, because they were our kids and we loved them, and we'd charge them up every night when we got home from work, and they would hang little plastic lips from hooks they'd screwed into the ceiling while we were away, and they would just walk around, silent, and kiss each little set of plastic lips. Their smooth, tender skin was almost translucent for all the blue light pouring out of them, through their skin.

DIANE: and sometimes I still look over at you while you sleep and I think to myself about how I take you for granted and I lean over and brush the once pale and ivory-soapy-soft skin of my cheek against your night-stubble, the blue light blazing from your eye. I just know as soon as I hit the button, my rectum's gonna slide right up my spine and strangle my brain.

WE didn't mind, though, because they were our kids and we loved them, and we'd charge them up every night when we got home from work, and they would hang little plastic lips from hooks they'd screwed into the ceiling while we were away, and they would just walk around, silent, and kiss each little set of plastic lips. Their smooth, tender skin was almost translucent for all the blue light pouring out of them, through their skin.

DIANE: and sometimes I still look over at you while you sleep and I think to myself about how I take you for granted and I lean over and brush the once pale and ivory-soapy-soft skin of my cheek against your night-stubble, the blue light blazing from your eye. I just know it's gonna be another night, a night like the others.

DIANE: I'm just as sick of watching TV as you are.

JACK AND DIANE

by Denis Robillard

HANDS ARMS TEARS

by Barry Butson

For a guy like me who blew snot on his first kiss, it's hard to believe that Larry Flint and I are contemporaries.

But here we are, so many years later and still publishing, him... photos of wide-open vaginas for men like me...

me... a poem like this for people who still read.

Larry's rich, crippled and infamous; I'm poor, still unshot and unknown. Husted.
WHICH IS MORE MUSICAL?
W. Mark Sutherland

17 VERTICAL TUBES
by Irving Weiss

Seventeen Vertical Long Thin Metal Tubes. Sufficiently alike in appearance as to present a Minimal version of imitative complicity. Sufficiently different in alloys admixed, reflection of light along surface hues, and deceptive impression of weight as to look separately identifiable. The concave wall of each tube is engraved a few centimetres from the top with the alchemical sign of its principal mineral base, as those for copper, lead, tin, iron, etc.

These indications do not appear in the diagram above.

However, if an imaginary line is diagonally run from uppermost left to lowermost right, it will be seen that five of the tubes are physically interrupted as if a small piece had been removed from each, as in the diagram: their signifying marks are assigned, as shown in the right margin of this accounting, as left to right in the diagram respectively corresponding to top to bottom in the figures in the margin. Nevertheless, the integrity of each such tube is questionable; whether or not the interruption in length creates two tubes or is to be understood merely as an unoccupied part of the whole, whether we have here two separate pieces uneasily brought together under the same identification or single wholes despite appearances.

The diagram and this accounting are all that is known about the real thing Seventeen Vertical Long Thin Metal Tubes and may therefore be construed together as representing it: a composite word-image Found Object, discovered several years ago—the accounting crumpled into a ball and stuffed inside one of the tubes—by an artist known only as The Finder and now in the collection of the ______ Foundation. The Tubes have never been exhibited or photographed, so that their reality and validity are for all ascertainable purposes indistinguishable from their reputation here attested.

Actually there are only fifteen long thin vertical metal tubes (count them), no matter the seventeen assumed by the verbal rendering. This discrepancy is at best only discussible since it is part of the entire work.
RAINSTORM IN VOLCANO: EIGHT SONGS FOR RAIN
by Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm

(i) rain is a woman laughing
with her sisters
spreading her smile wide
and rain is a woman's fingers
moving down
down
the expectant skin
of her lover
the moon
an eye
half-closed
in ecstasy

(ii) rain drips on the fronds
and they uncurl
reaching outwards and upwards
to her
the root of her power
evident
in their unfurling desire

(iii) rain comes
pours down
a shaft of fading light
rain comes
like a woman
laughing with her lover

(iv) rain is my lover
spilling across my belly
and we smile
fall into each other's arms
and sleep

(v) rain on the roof
pouring harder and harder
until we hear nothing
but rain

(vi) rain breathes
touching herself
dreaming of her lovers
as her longing rumbles
across the earth and sky

(vii) rain breathes
soft and steady
touches the face of the sea
and the surface shivers

(viii) rain is coming
into the womb of earth
and life is sustained

A MOVING STANZA
by Alootook Ipellie

Life is one.
Life is many.
I laugh in enjoyment.
I cry with tears that hurt.

I laugh in enjoyment,
And cry with tears that hurt,
For life is one
And life is many.

I laugh like enjoyment,
And cry in tears that cry,
As life is one
And many.

For life is one,
I laugh in enjoyment.
And life is many,
I cry in tears that hurt.

When life is one,
I laugh in enjoyment.
When life is many,
I cry in tears that hurt.

As life is one,
I laugh in enjoyment.
As life is many,
I am hurt with eyes that cry.

Life is one,
So I laugh in enjoyment.
Life is many,
So I cry with eyes that hurt

One is life,
And I laugh in enjoyment.
Many is life,
And I cry in tears that hurt.

THREE POEMS
by Rolland Nadjiwon

MEMORIES
i remember you--
each time a little less
each sunrise morning
or greying dawn
tidelike
moving over the remembering
of another so quiet
so still last night
without you
each dreaming
awakens trembling
the thin veil
we have imagined
between our realities--
of absences
that are not
each dreaming
traces in detail
your feature
your being
until ejaculated
into morning
i see your photograph--
realizing i have redrawn you
and i am not remembering you
but forgetting

WIND
you can sell the wind
he whispered
through me--
transparent
searched for the place
where you slipped through my fingers
lost your breath
searched for the place
where you waited skyward--
behind face paint
motionless
transparent
searching for the--
the still free
i wait
skyward--

OSCILLATIONS
you must sleep
you must dream
your dreaming
must dream me
or i cannot dream you
into my dream
breathing--
in and out
motionless
under archaic lapis

"Honey language" by Mark Laliberte (Canada)
ENDLESS SHOOTING IN THE SKY
by William George

William George is Coast Salish from the Tsleil-Waututh Nation (also known as Burrard Inlet Indian Band) in North Vancouver, B.C. He lives and writes in the Okanagan and is a graduate of the En'owkin International School of Writing in Penticton, B.C. William George has been published in Theytus Books Publication Gatherings Journal Volumes III, IV, V & VII, and in the Let The Drums Be Your Heart Anthology (ed. Joel Maki: Douglas & McIntyre).

bang! i fell face down. this happens when i don’t pay attention. i tripped on a stone. i tripped on an uplifted shrub. i tripped on a log. i tripped on a brick. suddenly my whole world turned upside down down down.

this chunk of my world wasn’t solid anyway, it was wispy.

under my own volition, i make choices as i journey life. “friend, hear my counsel. do not journey alone. take with you one who has many choices to make. take with you one who’s perception is based in the physical world. walk a distance with another for guidance on your path.”

red & blue shadows cut into me, float inside. one slight movement stifled is a deep slice close to five hundred years. it’s very difficult to dive dance through broken glass. many generations silently bleed & wind blows, rips through ribs.

across spirit moving dance, raven rhythm reflects on the faces of the gathered. ground me source. beckon stone deep dimensions below the earth. source me ground. dirt & clay, soil & rock are my source.

to network universal whispers in a myriad of voices interlaid punctures resistance. insistent. i have a need to connect with self, people, & mother pulses. she whispers in my ear. she whispers through my flesh. she whispers in my heart. she whispers me home.

change claws flesh mountain balance. whispers tempt & warn me. voices echo. peaks sway. spirit & body grasps. community is a canoe in ocean. canoe is who we are splashing in salt spray.

different, each in a collective is different. with our differences & strengths, we are Tsleil-waututh Nation (people to the inlet, our connection to inlet & all life forces). survival itself has changed, yet still remains layered with music. internal rhythms flow the blood. ancient rhythms dance in our veins.

people stand in a place with no light. they wait for word. they wait for invitation. they wait. the original connection was broken through ignorance & disrespect. a rift opens between Story & Real World. accept naked, vulnerable truth is a truth, said or unsaid.

ocean opens up & swallows me. the intensity resounds through the universe, through the multiverse. i was wretched out of that dark place, found me almost covered over in the debris. get out of there! impenetrable, the vulnerable explore exposed claws, blood trickles on the ground. underneath this centre, discover one is huge & ominous. real & unreal in the same moment.

movement from place to place is a bridge. a bridge to cross.

“you mean the one in between us?” bridge is your choice.

slam! echoes mountain. neglected potential is embedded in self. dreams can give me hope for the future. our shared future. ask the rhythm helpers to pray to sing to dream to drum to make music. this weaves & re-weaves the fabric of the conscious & subconscious.
A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

by Antanas Sileika

My older brother Gerry was holding open the icebox door and staring into the dark interior.

"You think ice is cheap?" my father whispered hoarsely. Whispering didn't come naturally to him

"I'm hungry," he said.

"Keep your voice down." Gerry slammed the door shut.

"Idiot," said my father, but he did not hit Gerry. My mother had been startled by the noise of the icebox, and she turned sharply, more afraid than angry.

We had been tip-toeing around the second floor flat in our socks for an hour, my mother wincing at every clatter of dishes and squeak of the floor. Gerry had all the squeaky spots memorized - he stepped on them on purpose. The place was stuffy. My father closed all the windows at night, and as we were going to be out for the day, he had seen no point in opening them that morning.

I'd waited long enough. I needed to get out of that cramped, airless flat. We'd moved to Toronto the previous Fall, and the doors were slammed on our faces. The government angels had promised. You said you'd be as quiet as sheep. I can't take this damn noise any more. I want you out, you hear?"

Mr. Grymes ran his hand over his hair again. He was working up a head of steam.

"I didn't want to let you in right from the beginning. I could have rented this place to anybody. But you promised. You said you'd be as quiet as sheep. I can't take this damn noise any more. I want you out, you hear?"

My father stepped onto the bed of the pickup and turned to speak to Mr. Grymes.

"We build new house. Gone by September. In a few months, you rent to old lady. You tell her, no whistling kettles."

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"I mean out. Right now. I won't stand for it. I want you out before tonight!"

"You give little time."

"I've warned you before. It's too late now. Twelve hours. Move your furniture out now, or you'll find it on the street tonight." He stopped suddenly as if he had just noticed the pick-up truck. One of the smokers in the back had just stood up beside my father. Gerry picked up a rock from the yard.

"Mr. Grymes withdrew quietly and closed the door behind him. "Honesty, that man is as nervous as a woman," said my father, fluent again in his own language. The men were sitting on their tool boxes. Shovels and axes already lay on the floor. Stan and my mother got out of the cab.

"You want us to help you move instead?" Stan asked.

My father sucked on his pipe for a while.

"We don't have any place to go and we don't have any money to pay rent if we did. Give him a few hours to cool down and we'll take our chances."

"That man is unbalanced," my mother said. "Our things will be on the street by tonight."

"Don't get hysterical."

"Who's getting hysterical? I'm just pointing out the obvious."

"A problem doesn't go away just because you ignore it."

"Say something sensible to me. Think."

"Get in the truck."

"A problem doesn't go away just because you ignore it."

"From a dripping tap?"

"I turned on the tap in the kitchen, just a little. It's going to drip all day. By the time we get back, he'll be in the loony bin."

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My father sucked on his pipe for a while. I could see Stan take the weight off one of his legs. He was getting ready to wait a long time. Our people knew how to argue, especially husbands and wives. But my mother cut short the fight by turning suddenly and

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My mother rummaged in one of the picnic baskets. "Have a piece of sausage," she said to Gerry. She wore a kerchief tied over her head and a thin spring coat that I remember from Germany. She was ready to go, two picnic baskets with towels on the lid at her feet, and her shoes on top of one of the tea towels. My father's dirty rubber gloves showed his hands. He had a serious look on his face.

"Mr. Grymes was a veteran of the Pacific campaign, a crew-cut soldier who'd gone back to tailoring in Canada. His eyes were half closed, working up a head of steam. "I didn't want to let you in right from the beginning. I could have rented this place to anybody. But you promised. You said you'd be as quiet as sheep. I can't take this damn noise any more. I want you out, you hear?"

Mr. Grymes ran his hand over his hair again. He was working up a head of steam.

"I have to go to the toilet."

"Boy is boy. Boy forgets. I beat him for you tonight."

"A problem doesn't go away just because you ignore it."

"I told you before, the floors creak and the steps are worse. No shoes upstairs."

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aren't cherries. They're apples."

"No, the Virgin Mary. What do you think?"

"He won't go nuts from a dripping up."

"Then I'll use other methods."

"Like what?" I was already starting to sweat.

"I could take some of the mouse poison and mix it up with his cereal. Grape Nuts. He'd never tell the difference. I could make a hole in his muffler pipe. The guy drives to work with his windows closed, even in the summer. The carbon monoxide would get in there and he'd be dead before he got to his job. I could hide under his bed with a bayonet and stick it through the mattress while he was asleep."

"He'd feel the point coming through and wake up."

"Not if I was fast."

"You might kill Mrs. Grymes by mistake. She's OK."

"That was a problem. Gerry thought about it. Mrs. Grymes slipped us fudge wrapped in wax paper. She let us watch her cut the colour dot into the margarine. She was always quiet when Mr. Grymes was around, but with us she talked about the dances she used to go to before the war. She'd met Mr. Grymes at a dance at the Palace Royale. It was hard to imagine him at a place like that."

"You may not have a chance," I said. "We could get back tonight and find our stuff on the sidewalk."

"I'd come back. I'd get a tarantula out of a banana box and slip it through their window at night."

"I dug for a while until I thought I had hole halfway up my calves. The soil was mostly clay, still wet with spring run-off, and it was hard to work inside the hole. Half the soil slipped off the shovel as I tried to lift it out. "You've piled the earth too close to the hole," said Gerry when he took over. I had to pull it farther away with a piece of board. Gerry was smart. Whenever I worked, he was resting. Whenever he worked, I was working too."

The lot was clear of trees by lunch time. The men cut them into pieces and hauled them into a pile at the top of the hill. The men had knocked together a rough table and benches with the lumber. We had to be careful sitting for each of the men. The men kept the beer bottles between their legs on the seats in case a police car came by."

"I'll buy a car."
from? If we get back and find our furniture on the street, we don't have the money to pay for the first month's rent. Then you can knock these boards together and we'll live in a tarpaper shack, right back where we started. We may as well be in Siberia."

They were all quiet for a while, which was unusual for our people. They could always find something to talk about, like the coming war between Russia and America. Sometimes they would talk about their lives before the war and someone was bound to cry. It made me sick. Behind us the bonfire hissed and crackled and the heat from the flames made us sweat. The men were tired, but when the wind shifted and smoke began to blow across the table, they all stood up to return to work. Gerry and I had to finish the fox-hole.

"Out of the way, boys. The men take over now."

"What's to build?" asked Gerry. "It's supposed to be a fox-hole."

"Nope," my father said. "It's an out-house. We have to build the essentials first."

Gerry threw down the shovel, even though I'd been the one who'd used it the most.

"You lied to us."

"Don't you dare use that kind of language to your father," he said, but the words were said serenely between puffs at his pipe. "I just needed to motivate you."

I thought we'd be free of him then, but I should've known better. We were never free of him. The field beckoned, but he made us go over the lot and pick up the sticks and branches and feed the fire. It seemed to take forever, and we didn't even get any credit for it when it came time to go.

"Just like farm children," my mother scolded us, and she beat the dust off our clothes and wiped our faces with a damp towel before we got back into the truck.

We came back to the smells of the city, car exhaust and concrete. Everyone tensed as we drove up the street to our flat, but when we pulled up, there was nothing on the sidewalk outside. Some kids still ran around the street, but all the adults were back inside. It was too cool to sit on porches once the sun had gone down.

My mother hissed at us to take our boots off on the porch, and we were apperceptive when my father threw back the bolt on the lock. Mr. Grymes might be waiting inside.

But no. The lights were all off, except down in the kitchen where we could see Mrs. Grymes sitting at a chair with a book and a cup of tea. She slipped her reading glasses down her nose as we came in, and waved. We stopped.

"You can throw down a couple of mattresses on the floor."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Grymes screamed and screamed, and then there came the words, hardly words, "hai, hai, hai" in sharp barks, half angry and half pleading. Mrs. Grymes had to speak loudly to him to wake him from the dreams, she had to wrestle with him to stop his flailing arms that knocked off her glasses.

It was a bad night, one of the worst. She made him get out of bed as she always did, and walked him to their living room. Sat him down on the couch and poured him a glass of brandy. But sometimes the world of his dreams refused to leave him so easily, and he sobbed on the couch, unable to hold the glass in his hand as Mrs. Grymes spoke quietly to him.

Through our open door, Gerry and I saw father hesitate at the top of the stairs, and then start down in his undershirt. Gerry and I were out of bed in a second, and followed him halfway down the steps where we could see into their living room and not be seen in the darkness. I sensed my mother behind us at the top of the landing in her night-dress. She did not call down to us, she did not come closer either.

My father walked into their doorway. He did not go any further into the room.

"War now over, Mr. Grymes," he said. "Time to forget."

"You don't know what it was like. We had defenses all around the hill. Hong Kong is a mountain, you have only so many pans which you make it to the top," Mr. Grymes said. His voice was different, somehow, as if it belonged to another man.

"You move to country, Mr. Grymes. Breathe fresh air and it clears the brain."

"We had machine guns trained on them, down the hill. Plenty of ammunition, too, but they kept on coming."

"You build new house, Mr. Grymes. No creaking floors. You count boards and you count nails. No time to think when you build. Time to forget, Mr. Grymes."

"You drink milk from a pail in the country," said my father. "Fresh from cow. You watch birds go away and come back in Spring."

"Out of the way, boys." Mr. Grymes answered him. His wife continued to murmur, her words nothing more than crying in the background. "The men died slowly. Just enough to eat so it took years to die. We ate ants and beetles. At night, I could hear the insects scrambling along the wooden floors. Plopping into the cans of water we kept under the feet of our beds so they couldn't come up to get us. We ate them by day and they came to try to eat us by night."

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It got quiet then, and Gerry and I leaned as far forward as we dared. We crouched low on the steps so we could see his face. He was looking at my father as if he did not recognize him, looking at him like a stranger. Mrs. Grymes was at his side, still crying, petting his shoulder repeatedly.

"Something came over him then, some kind of return to the man we knew by day. But it was a hard transformation. He smiled at first, caught himself, and frowned. Face wet with tears and frown on his lips. It took him a moment to find his voice.

"Good night," said Mr. Grymes.

My father looked at him for a moment longer. Then he shrugged.

"Good night," my father answered him, and he turned to come back up the stairs.

of the newspaper and went into the living room that doubled as a bedroom for me and Gerry. He turned on the light, sat down in an arm-chair, and began to read.

There was nothing to do. It was too late to go out and too early to go to bed. I got the checker board and Gerry and I played a couple of games on the coffee table. Gerry wanted to play a third game, but he punched me in the shoulder every time I took one of his men, and the shoulder was getting sore. The light was already out in my mother's bedroom when my father put down his paper and gingerly folded open the couch that Gerry and I shared as a bed. Gerry and I crawled under the sheets.

I wasn't ready to sleep, but my father had a rule of silence once we were in bed. We had to wait until he finished in the toilet and went off to his own room before we could be sure he was out of ear-shot. I could hear him run a thin stream of water in the bathroom sink. Gerry was uncommonly still. He was already starting to fall asleep and there would be no one to talk to once my father was done.

Then it started, the same way it did every time. Gerry jerked awake. First we heard the groans, loud and deep. Fast footsteps as Mrs. Grymes went to him, but not fast enough. He screamed in a full-throated voice, as if he was tearing his vocal cords, as if he was being gutted like a pig. My father came out of the bathroom and went to the landing at the top of the stairs. There was no door between our living space and theirs down below.

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PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
by Fausto Bedoya

Earlier this morning I woke up, got dressed, fed my dog and left in my car for a job interview. My car, a silver-gray, unassuming ’83 Mercury sedan, has low mileage because I seldom drive it in winter. By its very ordinariness, it is not a car that you would notice. It is a generic car, but it is the car that I am driving to my job interview. I am driving swiftly with a composed economy of motion along Bloor Street in Toronto. I am heading into town. I have an appointment for a job interview at the University. If I keep up my pace, I will make it on time. I probably should have used the subway, but I wanted to keep cool in the car. The air-conditioning still works, somewhat, although, it doesn’t seem as strong as it used to be. Some of those chloro-flouro-carbons have, no doubt, found their way to the ozone layer and even now have opened the hole in the sky that permits unrestricted passage of ultra-violet light and who knows what other cosmic rays to rain down upon the back of my slightly balding head. But, I tell myself, inside of the car it is still a bit cooler than outside of the car. Toronto summers are always hot and muggy with a damp all-pervading heat. I am making good time, but I notice there is a slow-down. I cut around several cars and get to the problem. A garbage truck is stopping in front of every building, picking up trash. The truck is too wide and the oncoming traffic is too thick to pass.

I give it the horn, but the truck continues in its oblivious elephantine manner, slowly lumbering up the street, passing, stopping and going. I think of cutting down one of the side-streets but too many are one-ways and none lead in the direction I am going. On my car radio, the weather report is predicting rain. Typical weather for a hot August day. As usual, I am tuned into the C.B.C. Typical Toronto traffic. There is nothing to be done about it. But I am getting anxious about the interview. In my rear-view mirror, I can see cars slowly lining up behind me, and in front, the garbage truck is taking its time, grazing like some leisurely beast of the savanna. Other-worldly. I catch myself getting unbalanced, take a deep breath, regain equilibrium, at the same time, I am about to lean on the horn and keep leaning until the truck pulls over to permit me to pass. But then, I tell myself that I shouldn’t be driving this slowly. I am not the first place, I could have taken the subway. But I wanted to look fresh for the job interview, and I heard it might rain, but it was my choice to drive, I made the choice. But I never anticipated this truck, or, this garbage. I think to myself, its all part of city life. I am making a choice. A continuing nuisance. A big nuisance. Part of a general condition of entropy, of an entropic universe, the general break-down of things, a natural process. I think about re-cycling, about David Suzuki, I think about what David Suzuki once said. David Suzuki said, we are heading for an ecological disaster of unparalleled proportions. He said that metaphorically speaking, it is as though we are in an automobile hurtling along at a hundred miles an hour towards a brick wall, and all we do is argue about where we get to sit. But today, I am not hurtling at a brick wall at one hundred miles an hour. I am not hurtling, I am inching, inching along an ’83 Mercury behind a slow moving garbage truck, and if I don’t get around the truck I will be late for an important job interview.

I am thinking about traffic in other places, faster more unrestricted traffic. For example, traffic on the Canadian prairies. Traffic on the prairie in Saskatchewan, maybe. The prairies give a whole new meaning to the concept of “cruise-control.” I am thinking about language, and about what I will say at my very important job interview. I toy with clever quips to use as warm-ups to the interview -- something like: “why is it, that we park on the drive way, and drive on the parkway... except in the case of the Don Valley Parkway, which, at least during rush hour, is appropriately named” -- too wordy, I think and turn up the air-conditioning, but the air-conditioning doesn’t seem to make much difference. I suspect that the seals on the conditioner have broken down over the years, and one by one, the molecules of chloro-flouro-carbons have escaped, until the few hard-working ones remaining in the machine are too lonely, too few, to keep me cool. It is sad in a way, I think of the last molecule of chloro-flouro-carbon in my automobile air-conditioning unit, for inevitably, there will come a day, when there is only one molecule left alone, in the warm and stifling dark, expected to take care of business, but all the other molecules have gone. On occasion, I have been at slow-moving parties that have ended much in this way. I look up and note how little progress I have made. The garbage truck and the truck driver are starting to tick me off. The radio is featuring carbon in my automobile air-conditioning unit, for inevitably, there will come a day, when there is only one molecule left. I am thinking about the problem, at this moment, but we live in a society that is flexible and responsive and maybe, just maybe has enough civic-minded people to adapt to change in a reasonable and civic-minded way. I think about hidden political agendas, economic assumptions in the various oeuvres, and contemporary literary movements, I think about municipal groups protesting proposed dump sites. I think about rebellion, disobedience, New Historicism, the rhetoric of revolution, political evasions vs. aesthetic commitment, but, I know that I am only trying to distract myself because, by now, I am running late for my appointment, my appointment, the appointment that could change my life, and I want to drive over the sidewalk to pass this guy, I want to put on my blinker lights and drive straight into opposing traffic with my eyes closed, I want to deconstruct this garbage truck as a rebellious act of political evasion...

I tell myself it is my fault for not leaving earlier, that I could have left earlier, but that I did not leave early enough. I turn the air conditioner on full, but all it can manage is an asemic breeze. I imagine the last molecule of chloro-flouro-carbon liberating itself from my air-conditioning unit, rising freely into the hot Toronto smog in a happy dance of chloro-flouro-carbon molecules and monoxides, and other associated gases, all rising in a molecular farandango towards the upper stratosphere, free, finally free from all of this. The air-conditioner seems to be operating purely as a fan now with little or no cooling power. I glance at the clock on the dash-board but the clock seems to be wrong. Entropy is setting in I tell myself. Either that, or I forgot to adjust the clock for daylight savings time, but that doesn’t make sense either. I do a quick mental calculation and estimate that I must be at least eight minutes late by now. I can still make it to the interview, if I could just get past this truck. I console myself with the fact that I did leave a bit early, perhaps not early enough to allow for this sort of contingency, but somewhat early, early enough to allow for minor delays, filling up with gas, putting over for emergency vehicles, slowing down for crazy people or winos directing traffic. But I did not leave early enough for this. Who, after all, would expect the grand-father of all garbage trucks, the bull of the herd, to plant itself squarely in my path on a stretch of Bloor Street, a stretch that makes passing impossible and dangerous. I am thinking about talking to them about electronic media and its influence on literary culture, I glance at the dashboard, but the electronic clock seems to be broken or is malfunctioning absurdly, I estimate the garbage truck has taken about ten minutes of my time, but it seems like forever, I realize that I am only slightly late after all, I could still make it, but, what if this keeps up? I can’t be late, a cold sweat spreads across my back, I honk the horn tentatively, I blow the horn aggressively, the fellow picking up garbage waves back at me but the truck driver does nothing to change his pace. I glance in the rear-view mirror, and see that there are cars lining up behind me a black long, jammed up, I am thinking about McLaughan, I am stuck behind a garbage truck, I am do a slow fry behind the steering wheel...
...have you ever driven with what you might call a swift efficiency and at exactly the legal speed limit? Ever driven with a quicksilver speed and economy of that is perhaps mercurial, but nothing short of elegant, undergoing subtle changes in direction to correct for unexpected pedestrians, you smile smugly as you manoeuvre past surprised faces which instinctively step back upon your approach, stepped back unnecessarily, because you had already calculated the pace of their steps with the trajectory of the auto. So you would avoid hitting them by the merest of inches, your smooth efficiency calculated so as not to waste an idea of energy, so that you never have to use the brake, and have you watched those faces filled with admiration and respect for your driving skill as you sail past them, the hulk of your automobile brushing by, but not quite touching them? Ahh, and you are driving defensively, avoiding collisions with baby carriages and dumptrucks alike, cool, collected, relaxed with only two fingers on the wheel and with the smallest of twists on the steering, you execute a perfect sine-wave through the otherwise congested traffic which magically opens up for you at precisely the correct moment, only to close behind you, like the red sea, to open before you, and then wave-like to close behind you, you are the chosen one, the one for whom all paths through city traffic are possible, all avenues are open, you are one commanding the automobile, poetry in motion, human and machine, united in a ballet of metal and glass and rubber on asphalt, weighing several thousands of pounds but turning on a dime, light-footed, assured, confident and capable, when suddenly somebody cuts you off at an intersection -- but, you take it with good humour, maybe even a bit of wit, and you tell yourself that this man is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot, and chuckling, you keep cruising, and you're back in the groove, in the "zone", going with the flow, becoming one with the traffic, manoeuvring in and out, smooth as silk....

...and then, some jerk whips out from behind and actually passes you, passes you by exceeding the speed limit, breaking the rules, driving like a reckless lunatic! And then, your attitude changes, and you think, maybe you should teach that jerk a lesson, who does he think he is, cutting me off like that! That ever happen to you? Ever think, about how decent, and polite, and generous you are as a driver? Yet! Generous to a fault! Letting that old lady cross the cross-walk. Making efficient and good use of your time waiting by finding a better radio station until she's safely on the other side. Never mind the horns behind you. They are not meant for you, or other drivers. You are not like those other drivers, those shit-lifting pieces of inhumandecruite. You're not the problem, You've got it under control. Is them. They're the problem, They're the morally bankrupt, mentally deficient, mouth-breathers on wheels who make our roads unsafe and cause governments to raise our tax dollars. Every time one of those nimrods runs a stop sign or passes you, it costs us valuable tax dollars, yes, as, we all pay, and they're the cause of the problem, they're the ones we have to hire more cops to keep an eye out for, running red lights, running stop signs, breaking the law, making it impossible for decent human beings to maintain the right of way, to use the city's thoroughfares in a law-abiding manner, they're the speed-ridden, cement heads with delusions of adequacy, using their mighty rods of iron as phallic substitutes ramming their way through traffic, automobile cyborgs, bent on techno-eccentric, hexing rods of metal hurtling through space, through narrow passages that open up before them, a mis-match of sexuality and technology causing mind-body splits, aggressive bumpers pushing their way through, thrusting heaving hulks, pulsing engines, obnoxious throbbling woofer sound-systems, squeezing wheels on asphalt, sliding traction, burning rubber, rods boiling over, over-heated, burnt-out, smoking after, these almost-medieval auto-gender rebels without a cause can really bug you sometimes, mind you. I don't let them ruffle my feathers, I am nonplussed, un-impressed, cool, I take it as it comes, go with the flow, cool as a cucumber. I regard these delinquent cretins with a mild disgust, a wry distaste, and a practical resentment, regard their blithe ignorance of human morals and social credos, those uncouth gasoline junkies, speed-freak pirates on wheels, car-jockeys and truck-monkeys, hopped up on bennies, black beauties, amphetamine-addled lunatics systems, squealing wheels on asphalt, sliding traction, burning rubber, rads boiling over, over-heated, burnt-out, have to use the brake, and have you watched those faces filled with admiration and respect for your driving skill as you sail past them, the hulk of your automobile brushing by, but not quite touching them? Ahh, and you are driving defensively, avoiding collisions with baby carriages and dumptrucks alike, cool, collected, relaxed with only two fingers on the wheel and with the smallest of twists on the steering, you execute a perfect sine-wave through the otherwise congested traffic which magically opens up for you at precisely the correct moment, only to close behind you, like the red sea, to open before you, and then wave-like to close behind you, you are the chosen one, the one for whom all paths through city traffic are possible, all avenues are open, you are one commanding the automobile, poetry in motion, human and machine, united in a ballet of metal and glass and rubber on asphalt, weighing several thousands of pounds but turning on a dime, light-footed, assured, confident and capable, when suddenly somebody cuts you off at an intersection -- but, you take it with good humour, maybe even a bit of wit, and you tell yourself that this man is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot, and chuckling, you keep cruising, and you're back in the groove, in the "zone", going with the flow, becoming one with the traffic, manoeuvring in and out, smooth as silk....

But today I am late for a job interview, a very important job interview, and I am watching the garbage truck in front of me, and the guy riding on the back of the truck... and I tell myself that it doesn't really bother me that the truck is in front because he'll be out of the way soon, just a temporary hitch I say to myself... but, I am thinking about modes of violence in literature, I am thinking about trauma theory and violation, I am thinking beyond Nietzsche, beyond good and evil, DeLeuze and Guattari are not enough, I am observing a garbage truck and my thoughts are slipping past the boundaries of intellectual inquiry, beyond the fetishization of human and machine locked into a vortex of sexual violence, I notice that I am driving with one foot on the gas and one foot on the brake... I want to jump out of the car and hi-jack the garbage truck and ram it through the wall of the building where I am to have my important job interview and then step out and calmly introduce myself to the interviewees as the candidate for the position advertised. I am hot, and I am barely moving, the clock on my automobile dashboard has broken, and I am helplessly watching a man in orange coveralls riding on the back of a garbage truck because there is nothing else to watch... I am watching him work... I am watching him move rhythmically, I am noticing that he is asian, I am noticing that he looks Japanese, I recall that in Japan, being a garbageman is an honoured profession, the over-crowding in major cities like Tokyo or Osaka raises a respect for cleanliness. I am thinking about a "Shout! TV commercial I saw this morning in which an up-beat gospel tune was used to sell laundry detergent; "Gets Dirt Out" I want to shout at the garbage truck driver through my car window to get out of my way. Then, I realize, that I am shouting at the garbage truck driver, but my window is still up. I am also shouting about the break-down of disciplinary boundaries in post-World-War-Two Literature, I am challenging the garbage truck driver to enter into a theoretical debate with me, on the visual and performing arts or sciences, I don't care, it doesn't matter to me, I'll debate anything, just let's go, shout, you and me, let's talk about marginalization and ethnicity in the western social environment... not to your taste? ok, let us discourse on re-territorialization in the practice of writing itself, theory as ontology of hysterics, or as compositional pros thesis, take your pick! I am defiantly explicating the Lacanian theories of the gaze and the Other which I remind him have no easy explanation and which defy rational thought, I am discussing the "talking cure" versus psycho-pharmaceutic and neuro-physiologic methodologies, I am shouting lobotomies, and he, he is smiling, waving at me. I have heard that in Japan, people carefully wrap their garbage, some even tie it up with nice strings and bows. The garbage is carefully separated, re-cycled for manufacturing or used as fuel in thermo-electric plants. I am beginning to think that garbage is bigger than all of us. There is a purpose to garbage, I think. Maybe, garbage is where it's at, homodiegetic and heterodiegetic narration and the syncretism of garbage, the semiotics of refuse! Is all garbage, and here I am following this garbage truck! I am thinking Post-Baudrillardian garbagology! I am thinking maybe there is a deeper meaning to this. I am thinking, maybe somebody is trying to sell me something. I gaze at the garbage man as I inch along behind the truck...

He looks Japanese, I think. My best friend in college was Japanese. I am thinking cloning and onto­

gISTICS. He looks just like my best friend, but I do not think that this garbage man is best friend. My best friend is now an industrial psychologist working in Ottawa. As far as I know, he is not working on a garbage truck in Toronto. But this man in front of me, with his orange coveralls, has long dark hair and silver-mirrored aviator shades... I observe him in flight as the truck occasionally surges ahead, he leaps up with cat-like precision, his timing perfect, swinging his leg, his arm comfortably looped into the handle, one foot perched solidly on the raming board at the back of the truck, occasionally riding backwards then pirouetting to the other side of the truck, Fred Astaire-like, he smiles at me as I try to get past the truck, salutes, does a little half-step twist, then pirouettes back to the other side, I am beginning to think this guy is an artist, his quicksilver moves, graceful, flawless, he seems to float with an elegant economy of physical equilibrium... I am thinking cross-cultural identities, the urban grotesque, representational de-equalization, he is fluent, poisey, poetry in motion, while I am focusing on all of this, something on the radio catches my ear, my mind becomes aware of Ella Fitzgerald singing "Puttin' on the Rita" and suddenly everything comes into focus, the garbageman is moving in perfect sync with the song, I still have my window up, so I know he can't hear it, but his graceful garbage-ballete is in perfect synchronization with the tune, a terpsichore of trash, "Let's all go where Rock-a-fellers walk with sticks and umbrellas, in white mitts," I realize that his collection of refuse is a fluid dance, "...Puttin' on the Rita." I begin to laugh, he notices me, I am thinking fiction friction, invisibility pop, representation la-la. He pulls an elegant dismount and re-mount onto the truck and peers at me over his silvery shades, watching for a reaction, looking for applause maybe, this Hermes of garbage, some even tie it up with nice strings and bows. The garbage is carefully separated, re-cycled for manufacturing or used as fuel in thermo-electric plants. I am beginning to think that garbage is bigger than all of us. There is a purpose to garbage, I think. Maybe, garbage is where it's at, homodiegetic and heterodiegetic narration and the syncretism of garbage, the semiotics of refuse! Is all garbage, and here I am following this garbage truck! I am thinking Post-Baudrillardian garbagology! I am thinking maybe there is a deeper meaning to this. I am thinking, maybe somebody is trying to sell me something. I gaze at the garbage man as I inch along behind the truck...
BOOK REVIEWS

The Miss Herford Stories by Gail Anderson-Dargatz — Douglas & McIntyre, 1615 Venables St, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V51 2B1, ISBN: 1-55054-160-9, 134 pp., $16.95. Raised in rural British Columbia, Anderson-Dargatz, worked as a reporter, photographer and cartoonist for community newspapers before graduating from the creative writing program at the University of Victoria. In 1993, Anderson-Dargatz won the CBC Literary Competition for her short story The Girl With the Bell Necklace. The Miss Herford Stories encompasses the life of a young boy growing up in rural Canada. These stories depict a Blakian movement from songs of innocence to songs of experience. The collection of anecdotes engagingly depicts the rites of coming of age. — Suzanne Myers

The Wine of Astonishment by Mary Overton — La Questa Press, 211 La Questa, Woodside, California, U.S.A., 94062, ISBN: 0-9644348-1-4, 180pp., $12.00. An author for over twenty-five years, Mary Overton lives with her husband and daughter in Fairfax County, Virginia. Her work of characters includes, imperative bridges, struggling immigrants, low-life’s and suburban witches. Magical, and transformative, each tale explores the boundaries of imagination through a journey into the fantastic. “Things, as well as people, register modes of spontaneous energy transmission.” Powerful and inventive, Overton explores the unusual and the fabulitory. — Suzanne Myers

Bread and Salt by Renee Rodin — Talons Books, #104-3100 Production Way, Burnaby, B.C., Canada, V5A 4R4, ISBN: 0-88922-367-X. 128 pp., $13.95. Born and raised between the “Two Solitudes” in Montreal, Renne Rodin is a cultural worker, visual artist, and writer, who explores the paradigm of her bi-lingual collection of poems entitled Bread and Salt. Seemingly insignificant matters take on unexpected meanings as the reader follows the writer’s eye and thoughts through a series of discoveries. Intuitive and subjective, Rodin is “deeply attentive to reality.” One poem considers the placement of the sign “we are cultivating tolerance” on her foot-deep lawn to explain an abhorrence for cutting grass. Leaving “a hard green apple” on the headstone of her mother’s grave, she recalls the ritual of eating apples as a prelude to habitual reading. Warm, biting and solid, Rodin has created an effervescent vision. Warm, biting and solid, Rodin has created an effervescent vision. — Mary Macdonald

End Poems by Barry Butson — Moonstone Press, 167 Delaware Street, London, Ontario, Canada, N6A 4G5, ISBN: 0-920259-63-4. 83 pp., $12.95. Barry Butson was born in Stratford, Ontario, where he resides with his wife and three children. Butson is an organizer of poetry readings and writing workshops. His own poetry has been published in numerous literary journals across Canada, the U.S.A., the U.K., France and Australia. His work has been featured in The Forward Book of Poetry and other anthologies. East End Poems features shifting perspectives and includes a section that serves as a coda to the poet’s father, a sort of everman among “men who sit in car/like family pets in the parking lots”. This poetic can be comfortable, unsettling and disturbing. Butson’s carefully crafted poems are ironic in their consideration of pragmatic customs in the lives of disillusioned couples who find that “they ain’t starving but this isn’t how they dreamed of ending up”. — Suzanne Myers

What Kind of Love Did You Have in Mind? by Eric Folsom — Wolsak and Wynn Publishers Ltd., Don Mills Post Office Box 316, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada, M3C 2M7, ISBN: 0-919897-53-3, 92 pp. Former editor of Next Exit, Eric Folsom has been an active member of the small press scene for years. His poetry has appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers in Canada and the United States. Broken Jaw Press published his first book of poetry, Poems for Little Cataracta, in 1994. Folsom lives in Kingston, Ontario. What Kind of Love Did You Have in Mind? is a dark retrospective that bemuses and beguiles with acidic observations on love’s labours lost. Sex, the blues, and beauty are among the subjects portrayed in these poems that balance ironic despair against uplifting joy. — Suzanne Myers

One of The Chosen by Danuta Gleds — Edited by Frances Itani and Susan Zettell — BuschekBooks, John Buschek, Editor, P.O. Box 74053, 33 Beechwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1M 2I9, ISBN: 0-9699904-3-X, 109 pp., $14.95. Danuta Gleds was born in 1946 in a refugee camp in Loska, in the former Northern Rhodesia. She lived in Kenya and England before immigrating to Canada in 1969. Her work is informed by her African and postwar experience as a Polish refugee. Her she has won awards for her fiction and was a finalist for the Journey Prize Anthology. She died of complications from lupus in 1996. One of The Chosen depicts the lives of DP’s — displaced persons of WWII. Enticing and beautiful, Gleds portrays a Polish family, displaced, and trying to remain normal in a world of madness and hate. This book views some of life’s most common truths through the lens of her imagination and truth. — Suzanne Myers

This Healing Place and Other Poems by Peter Jailall — Natural Heritage/Natural History Inc., P.O. Box 95, Station A5, 74053, 35 Beechwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1M 2H9, ISBN: 0-921870-26-4, 104 pp. Nicholas Catanay’s Notes on a Prison Wall — A Memoir’s Poem by Nicholas Catanay — Rosendale Press, 3350 West 21st Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6S 1G7, ISBN: 0-921870-26-4, 104 pp. Nicholas Catanay’s Notes on a Prison Wall recreates the diary he kept as an imprisoned Romanian cadet. Slated for execution by the Russians three times, Catanay survived to compile found-poetry, quotations and his own minimalist poetry into a collection of thoughts exploring the effects of imprisonment. Witty, and ironic, Catanay portrays the inhumanity beyond grotesque toccacy and decorum: “the dark drinks/she light and sinks down/an unrelated sphere” and “the whole courtyard is a mass grave”. In spite of such adversity, Catanay’s passages celebrate the will to live, the need to survive, and joy in the smallest of hopes: “we cannot explain life/we can only endure it, love or hate (dead or dead) or it”. — Suzanne Myers

The Church Not Made With Hands by John Terpstra — Wolsak and Wynn Publishers Ltd., Don Mills Post Office Box 316, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada, M3C 2M7, ISBN: 0-919897-56-8, 88pp. Self-employed cabinetmaker and woodworker, John Terpstra calls Hamilton, Ontario, home. He has published four previous collections of poetry. Forty Days and Forty Nights won the Bessarei Prize for Poetry in 1988, his long poem Captain Kinias placed first in the poetry category of 1992’s CBC Literary competition, and in 1995, Terpstra won first prize for Non-Fiction awarded by the Hamilton and Region Arts Council. The Church Not Made With Hands juxtaposes industrialization and conservation, and the struggles to come to terms acceptable with both: “and this lake of bays retains enough of mystery/it must have been sacred to someone, once/Tim sure—its to take us in/And this landscape understands us, doesn’t it?” These poems speak the earth and its changing seasons in a way that is reminiscent of Azishnawte writer Rolland Nadjiwoon. Lyrically, mystical and mythological, The Church Not Made With Hands directs the reader towards the subtle and unexpected inherent in “the unnoticed aliveness of the everyday”. — Suzanne Myers

MINERAL LIQUID

by Andrew F. Palicic

Sky's above Water

essence of life

timeless renewal

heavenly

empty ness

\ /

/ space

/ eternal bliss

/ no thng ness

Is liquid a no thng ness, like space?

Or must both their surfaces be scratch'd?

James Berry has said that “movement and change lead to painful feelings. Out of uprooting and change and struggle to re-settle there is self-discovery.” It is of this self-discovery that Jailall writes of spiritual vacuums and the struggle for place and identity and place in the land he now calls home. Jailall writes “to excavate my past/po purify my soul/ to learn/And I write, for me.” — Suzanne Myers

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"Eye Con" text/image by W. Mark Sutherland (Canada).