INDEX

Spencer Selby p. 2
Editorial p. 3
Pete Spence p. 3
Modris Eksteins p. 4
Paulo Bruscy p. 6
William Gibson p. 7
Fernando Aguiar p. 11
David Ferrario p. 12
Pete Spence p. 15
W.A. Hamilton p. 16
Anne-Miek Bibbe p. 18
Don K. Philpott p. 19
Henryk Skwarski p. 20
Harry Rudolf p. 22
Harry Polkinhorn p. 24
Corey Frost p. 29
Maria Gould p. 32
Brian Cullen p. 36
Pete Spence p. 41
Libby Scheier p. 42
Derk Wynand p. 44
Litsa Spathi p. 44
Gordon Massaran p. 45
Marcello Diotallevi p. 45
Michael Londry p. 45
Heather Hermant p. 46
Ian Cockfield p. 47
Christine Germain p. 48
Steven Venright p. 49
Barry Butson p. 49
Gustav Morin p. 49
George Murray p. 50
Clemente Padin p. 50
John Ditsky p. 51
Daniel F. Bradley p. 51
Peter Jaeger p. 52
Lawrence Upton p. 54
Linda Russo p. 56
Derek Beaulieu p. 56
Tim Atkins p. 57
Tom Orange p. 57
Miles Champion p. 58
Kim Dawn p. 60
Craig Burnett p. 60
Keith Hartman p. 61
Steven Ross Smith p. 61
Bonnie Salana p. 62
Andrea Nicki p. 62
Errol Miller p. 62
Bob Wakulich p. 62
Stephen Bett p. 63
Rob McLennan p. 63
Gustave Morin p. 63
Ryan Knighton p. 64
Keyth "Bangles" Lee p. 64
Jeffrey R. Young p. 65
Jane Creighton p. 65
Redell Olsen p. 65
Mark Dunn p. 66
Marcello Diotallevi p. 66
Bill Keith p. 67
Marcello Diotallevi p. 67
Richard Purdy p. 68
Dirk Van Nouhuys p. 70
Jason Schneider p. 72
Pete Spence p. 73
Brett Martell p. 74
Gordon Marsden p. 75
Jason DeBoer p. 76
Mini-Reviews p. 78
Pete Spence p. 80
Editorial:

This issue of *Rampike* marks the second part of our Twentieth Anniversary volume. On the cusp of a new millennium we offer perspectives that look forward and back. Spinning out their epistemological challenges, the artists and writers included in this issue consider the relative conditions of physical, textual, and virtual bodies. The retrospectives included here gaze back to see the body dismembered, the *corpse morcelé*. The global views of chaotic destruction inherent in Modris Eksteins’ historical perspectives are echoed in the urban subjects of dramatists W.A. Hamilton and David Fennario. By contrast, other views, such as William Gibson’s Science Fiction, anticipate the future, and consider disembodied senses travelling at light speed through electronic circuitry while the physical self enters into an extended state of entropy and decay. Co-relative positions are also manifest. Here, Harry Rudolfs ponders the sad and absurd clash between the rapidly disintegrating animal population, and what Dr. David Suzuki has called the human “super-species.” Here, we address a world-culture of rupture, fragmentation and dislocation; a post-modern condition of chronic disjunction characterized by provisional meanings and blurred identities. Several of the textual innovations here harken back to the sometimes exquisite Dadaist experiments. Others adopt the fragmentation of the textual body as their primary subject. In these pages, we present innovators from North and South America, Australia, and Europe, along with a special guest contingent from the United Kingdom (introduced to us by our editor-at-large, Peter Jaeger). These creative minds investigate the various ruptures in literary structure, conceptual flow, and arrangements of the text on the page. But, whether we consider textual, virtual or biological bodies we are returned to epistemological confrontations to our fundamental world-views. As Libby Scheier’s poetry, and Henryk Skwar’s short fiction illustrate, while adrift in the waves of this sea of indeterminacy, we should be ever-cognizant that we can turn from the Thanatonic impulse towards the life-affirmative. Such is our heritage and legacy. Such was the spirit of our fellow traveller Dick Higgins, as well as many others who have gone before. These then, are the epistemological “sign-waves” that we present in this, our Twentieth Anniversary issue, part two. The next issue of *Rampike* will present works by aboriginal peoples from around the world. In the meantime, we offer warmest thanks to you, our loyal readers and subscribers for your on-going support over the past twenty years! KJ
From the Prologue to:
WALKING SINCE DAYBREAK
by Modris Eksteins

Author of the critically acclaimed and prize-winning historical analysis Rites of Spring [Toronto: Lester Orpen & Denys/New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1989 -- ISBN 0-88619-202-1], Modris Eksteins now combines history with biography in Walking Since Daybreak to tell the tragic story of Baltic nations (Estonia, Latvia & Lithuania) crushed between the super-powers of Russia and Germany during World War 1 and World War 2. In this new work Eksteins (a Professor at the University of Toronto), contends that a post-modern mood was pre-figured in Eastern Europe. Mixing personal family experience, detailed historical research with salient literary allusion, Eksteins identifies an emergent borderland syndrome in the Baltic region characterized by unstable frontiers, blurred definitions of identity and place, and a psyche of ambiguity and tentativeness that grew out of an endless slaughter that began with the 13th century, and culminated with the trauma and destruction of the First and Second World Wars in the 20th century: The Baltic micro states typify a post-traumatic and post-modern global psyche that finds itself Eastern-European.

History is the most dangerous product evolved from the chemistry of the intellect. Its properties are well known. It causes dreams, it intoxicates whole peoples, gives them false memories, quickens their reflexes, keeps their old wounds open, torments them in their repose, leads them into delusions either of grandeur or persecution, and makes nations bitter, arrogant, insufferable, and vain. History will justify anything.

PAUL VALÉRY

History is not truth. Truth is in the telling.
ROBERT PENN WARREN

There is no such thing as was -- only is.
WILLIAM FAULKNER

However, beyond the corpses, beneath the rubble, there was life, more intense than ever, a human ant hill, mad with connection. A veritable bazaar, People going, coming, pushing, pulling, selling, sighing -- above all scurrying. Scurrying to survive. Never had so many people been on the move at once. Millions upon millions. Prisoners of war, slave labourers, concentration camp inmates, ex-soldiers, Germans expelled from Eastern Europe, and refugees who had fled the Russian advance -- a congeries of moving humanity. A frenzy. Apt subjects for Hieronymus Bosch. But he was nowhere to be found.

And so, silence and frenzy.

Sights and sounds for a century.
The year 1945 stands at the centre of our century and our meaning.

How did we get there to this silence in the eye of the storm, to this moment of incomprehension when life was reduced to fundamental form, scurrying for survival?

We arrived twice: in reality, and subsequently in collective remembrance. The reality is now beyond our reach, the remembrance constitutes history. Our historical sense is derived in turn from two directions: from the buildup that were the events of the pre-1945 past, with its inherent notions of agency and cause, and from the confusion of our own end-of-century, end-of-millennium present, with its immediacy and contradictions. War had been over, from a prior imperial age whose gist was coherence, and on the other hand, from a postcolonial present whose logic is fragment. The past and present converge in 1945 with poignancy and symbol sans pareil.

Most of us arrive at 1945 not as agents, leaders, soldiers. We arrive as hangers-on or as victims, in crowds, pushed and pulled by events over which we feel we have no control. But as Franz Kafka suggested earlier in this century, the very notion of the victim is redundant of comprehension. Violence was perhaps prefigured in the cultures of the victims, in the provocation they represented. At the same time the violence of 1945 remains our violence, our burden, our shame.

But how does one tell a tale that ends before it begins, that swirls in centrifugal eddies of malice, where the margin is by definition the middle, the victim the agent, where the loser stands front and center? Perhaps Theodor Adorno was right. He foresaw the very "extinction of art" because of the "increasing impossibility of representing historical events."

If the tale is to be told, it must be told from the border, which is the new center. It must be told from the perspective of those who survived, resurrecting those who died. It must evoke the journey of us all into exile, and the brutal civil war that followed. Janis could have become our common home, the postmodern, multicultural, posthistorical mainstream. "God, it must be cool to be related to Aztecs," said the Berkeley undergraduate to the Mexican-American writer Richard Rodriguez.

The tale must reflect the loss of authority, of history as ideal and of the author-historian as agent of that ideal. What we are left with is the intimacy not truth but of experience.

The story, as a result, becomes a pastiche of styles, an assemblage of fragments, appropriate to an age. It becomes a mangle of memory, reflection and narrative. The tale begins at two extremes and journeys to its center. It begins in the 1850s in the border provinces of western Russia and simultaneously in the intellectual borderlands of contemporary North American academy. It moves both forward and backward, through parallel migrations, dislocations, and upheavals, to its conclusion in the maefest that was Germany in May 1945.

Germany at the end of World War II is the ultimate "placeless" place -- defeated, prostrate, epicentre of both evil and grief, of agency and submission. It is here, in a swampland of meaningless meaning, that our century has its fulcrum. It is to Germany in May 1945, to its milling millionific, its smashed armies, its corpses and debris, that we must journey.

The principal dramatis persona in this tale of disintegration, and yet liberation, are of necessity the author's family -- my family. (In the collapse of categories that mark our age, can I present any other list of characters?) We begin in the middle of the last century with Grieta, my maternal great-grandmother, Latvian cham-bermaid to a Baltic-German baron. She was seduced, made pregnant, and then rejected by her master. Her subsequent life, of spiky and vengeful diquiet, merged with a burgeoning Latvian self-affirmation that was more often directed at the perceived foe, represented directly by the dominant Baltic-German nobility and in the background by Russian imperial authority, than at self-cultivation.

My grandfather, Janis, born 1874, married the youngest of Grieta's daughters. He used her tiny dowry to set up a small fiacre business in Mitau, the capital of Kurland. This urban-entrepreneurial spirit was again representative of a stage of social, economic, and ethnic development in the Eastern European borderlands that now coincided with the onset of a merciless whirlwind of violence, engendered by imperial rivalries and yet fuelled by indigenous interests, too -- the Great War and the brutal civil war that followed. Janis could have been born of Bertolt Brecht's imagination: with his car and horse he became a latter-day Mother Courage, an itinerant, salvaging life and future for himself and his family amidst the chaos of murderous conflict. In the postwar world, when Latvia achieved independence, owning less to her own effort, significant as that was than to the collapse of empire (Hohenzollerns, Hapsburg, Romanov, Ottoman), Janis finally got his own plot of land, a few kilometres from Jelgava, the former Mitau.
My father, Rudolfs, born 1899, represented the hopes and aspirations of the "successor states" of Eastern Europe. He fought in the civil war of 1918-20 against Bolshevik incursion. He went on to study in England and America. He regarded himself as a cosmopolitan spirit in a new cosmopolitan age of youth and vitality.

Arturs, my uncle, born 1910, son of Janis, exuded the new energy in a more down-to-earth manner, but also the fears and resentments of the newly independent Latvia. He joined a nationalist organization, avid of uniform and prone to intolerance.

When the Latvians returned, in 1940-41, my uncle was killed, while my father survived. The reasons for the survival were -- as Rudyard Kipling said of his own conundrum -- "known unto God." Latvians, like other Eastern Europeans, were either incinerated in the inferno that was the climax of imperial conflict -- that between fascism and communism, Germany and Russia -- or they fled.

We fled.

My mother, Biruta, born 1917, led the way. She darted her hands. She barred and begged. She, the eternal woman, clawed her way to survival, for her family first and foremost and then for herself, like so many other women in wartime. My father, meanwhile, wondered about the spiritual and intellectual dimensions of it all.

The author was born, entr'acte, in late 1943. He was trapped with his mother and sister between German and Russian front lines in the summer of 1944, grazed along the temple by an exploding shell, and subsequently so eager to understand his and his family's fortunes that he became, alas and alack, a legend, "That guy won't touch computers" -- that hasn't been true for a long time.

William Gibson's much-celebrated novel Neuromancer (1984), and his shorter fictions in the collection Burning Chrome (1986), including "Johnny Mnemonic" (made into a film by the same title), have much in common with the 1980s film Blade Runner (based on Philip K. Dick's novel Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep, screenplay by Hampton Fancher, David Peoples). These texts establish a link between technology and human biology. The representations of time/space that link human psyche and techno-landscapes embody many of McLuhan's discussions and prophecies regarding pattern recognition, the "Global Village," technology as an extension of the human mind/body, and the establishment of what might be termed a technopsychology. New computer media amplify cognitive patterns of Gibson's protagonists resulting in an near-instantaneous electronic and global consciousness but not without a cost to the physical body. Laney, the protagonist to Gibson's newest novel, lives in a cardboard box ghetto on the outskirts of Tokyo: his body is in a steady state of decay, while his mind surfs the net. In keeping with the theme of this issue of Rampike, Gibson's latest novel features dis-embodiment, physical decrepitude and total loss of individual privacy. While at a University of Toronto sponsored public reading at O.I.S.E., Gibson was asked to define "cyber-space," a term he coined. He coyly replied, "I'm not sure, but I think it's where the bank keeps my money." Gibson's acerbic wit is a mainstay of his style. In this interview with Rampike editor Karl Jergens, Williams Gibson discusses his writing process, his artistry as a satirist, and his latest Science Fiction novel, All Tomorrow's Parties (Putnam: New York, 1999 -- ISBN: 0-399-14579-6).

KJ: Do you think of your writing as a form of Pop Art? In the past, your novels have included cross-cultural references such as Cronenberg's movie Videodrome (in Virtual Light) and the title to your latest novel, All Tomorrow's Parties refers to a song by the Velvet Underground, and includes allusions to music by the Rolling Stones and other Pop-cultural and Pop-Art phenomena, such as Andy Warhol's "Factory." WG: I've always been interested in Pop art and music. I've included references to Steely Dan that are so obscure that only Becker and Fagan got them. They said, "Yeah, we were reading this novel, and this guy Gibson quoted us." One of the things that I've always found appealing about the genre of Science Fiction is its lingering un-respectability. I've always thought that one of the wonderful things about being a Science Fiction writer is that at the end of the day you can sit back and say, "I am a charlatan, and they pay me for it." It's got a little bit of that joy of running away with the circus. When I re-discovered Science Fiction in the late 1970s and the early 1980s, what really grabbed me about it was that I had found a really viable form of Pop Art that no one was doing anything with. It was as though rock and roll had been abandoned. And it had been. There's something about that period immediately before 1977 -- a lot of popular art forms were just dead, completely lifeless. And what happened to rock, was Punk, and it was... inspiring. I felt "this is cool, anyone can do a great rock&nroll guerilla thing." What always surprised me about it was how well it worked.

KJ: How do you write now? Do you use pen and paper, typewriter, PC?
WG: I use a word-processor. The idea that I write on a manual typewriter is an urban legend. Neuromancer was actually written on a manual typewriter, but it was written in 1982-83 when no one I knew had a personal computer. The Mac came out the same year that Neuromancer was published, and I think IBM hadn't even got a PC out at that point. So, I used a typewriter. It would've been electric, if I would've been able to afford it. I had a serviceable manual typewriter that I had used all through university. It wasn't a luddite eccentricity on my part, which is a legend, "That guy won't touch computers" -- that hasn't been true for a long time.
extremely expensive, I forget what was going to be charged for them, but we actually had subscribers. I think that they were probably angry subscribers. But, when it looked like it wasn’t going to happen, I just washed my hands of it. What was most satisfying to me was that the text which had made such a fuss over, how heavily defended and exclusive it was going to be for that very reason, probably, was almost immediately pirated and put on the inter-net where it remains today mutating in an interesting way. So, the result of the thing for me, in a funny way, was that I produced a sort of monument to my father, because the piece is a long three-verse poem about my relationship with my father who died when I was very young and I didn’t get to know him very well. And it wound up being this permanent ghostly presence on the inter-net, which I couldn’t erase if I wanted to. Which is interesting too. There is no place to go and pull the plug on this thing. It sort of lives there. So, it worked out really well. It was quite startling the amount of press it generated on its own. It generated as much commentary as a book.

KJ: All Tomorrow’s Parties re-visits themes from some of your earlier works, including the "Germsback Continuum," where we see the concept of a Jungian collective consciousness altering reality. In All Tomorrow’s Parties you also have characters trying to "shape" or "rip" reality in certain directions by what appear to be acts of will more than anything. And, in All Tomorrow’s Parties Laney, the hero, encounters a sculptural quest through cyber-space, but it is readily recognizable as the sort of Manichean/Epicurean "virtual" or the thing that is missing at the core of being -- which is the way you describe it in the novel. I wonder if you could comment on these psychological allusions in your writing.

WG: I've absorbed a certain amount of that stuff by osmosis, but that's about it. I know who Lacan was, mainly because my wife got a Masters in heuristics, so, I heard a certain amount about Lacan. But there's not an ar intellectual program behind that stuff. It's not didactic. There's no intellectualized work that has come up in the text that's informing it, to my knowledge. It's a much more shamanistic process for me. I do whatever I have to do, to get the text on the page. And then in terms of interpretation, I consider myself pretty much equal to anyone else, but no more equal. I do what I have to do, and I go and look at it after, and it often puzzles me as much as it might puzzle someone else. I mean, I know where the raw material comes from, which is something that no one else knows the kind of thing, that someone really gives me leg up on understanding it. It's just there. Sometimes years later I understand it differently in relationship to my work, and the history of my life.

KJ: I was interested in your concept of history. You seem to be interested in history, and although All Tomorrow’s Parties is set in a not-too-distant future, it includes references to the past, specifically the last two centuries with allusions to Jeremy Bentham’s Panopticon which gesture to the erosion of privacy and individuality. The virtual world can be thought of as a sort of Panopticon. You also include the whole span of human existence. In the past, you've written works with historical viewpoins, notably, The Difference Engine co-written with Bruce Sterling, set in 1855, which examines the Industrial Revolution and the advent of electronic technology and the computer age. Could you comment on your conception of history?

WG: Well, I think I may have come pretty close to expressing it in All Tomorrow’s Parties. And it’s that history which just maps out the territory. All history is narrative. But, the map is not the territory. The narrative is not the sequence of events. I suppose that I believe that human beings are pattern-recognition creatures, and history is the result of constantly looking back and recognizing patterns, but the old patterns are very-over-laid with newer ones and history changes. The history of the world today is not the history of the world as it was when I was ten years old. Borges said that it was not a case of writers of the present being influenced by writers of the past, but writers of the present influencing writers of the past. He said that each new work of genuine virtue required a complete and new re-reading of, say, Melby Dick. Which I think is a beautiful way to look at it. But it’s the opposite of what our cultural sense of what history and influence is about.

KJ: What about some of the characters in the book? For example, Konrad shows a marked Taoist or Zen sensibility towards time, such as becoming part of the "flow of movement," and "being within the moment." How do you interpret Konrad’s Zen-based attitude is the book?

WG: That aspect of his behaviour is a traditional riff from Samurai movies, spaghetti westerns, and I don’t know where they borrowed it from. I do know that when he turned up in the narrative, he was an intrusion, he was a "plagiarist". He wouldn’t go ‘round him early on if I was able to do without him. He popped up one day as I sat down to write, and the first chapter with him came out more or less in one piece in this very strange voice, and I thought, "Whoa, what’s this? Better go with it." KJ: I found the tanto-wielding Konrad and his Taoist view, providing an interesting juxtaposition with the powerful female character Rei Toei, a "virtual" computer-generated "Idora," an entity in exile who has allied herself with Laney, also in an erotic and self-imposed form of exile. Together these outsiders struggle against Harwood’s forces of darkness at the dead centre of things.

WG: And it would be "dead" too. Well, I have a hard time with villains, I don’t really believe in them. They seem like they’re a necessary part of a book that sort of pretends that it’s a thriller. But I’m pretty satisfied with Harwood in that Harwood is self-aware and knows that he’s trying to have it both ways, knows that he’s powerful because he’s invested in change, and yet, he wants total change, except for his part of the world which is, what he can’t get. And the man with the tanto knows that and has just invested in going with the change, staying in the moment.

KJ: The whole idea of flux is of course related to the notion of cyber-space, and Laney in All Tomorrow’s Parties has jacked himself in much the way previous characters such as Johnny Mnemonic or Case (in Neuromancer) have done. In this question of flux inspired by a linkage of Western (Heraclitian) and Eastern (Taoist) aesthetics and philosophy?

WG: It may be there but it’s not conscious. Writing is not a conscious process. It’s completely the opposite. As near as I’ve ever been able to describe it, it’s a very ugly process of surrender. Every time I write a book, I go through this monumental struggle in which I ego-want to write the book, and I have to get to the point where I just give up. My ego gives up and I think that I cannot write a book, I just can’t do it for the life of me. As soon as I do that, it begins to happen. And I wish I could say that the day after that, it’s effortless and beautiful but it’s not, but thereafter it’s possible to the extent that I’m not in control. I assume that some aspect of me is, parts of me that I don’t have waking access to, are writing the book. I can feel when it’s happening, and I can feel if it’s not happening, I’m just watching it emerge. The down-side of it is, that it doesn’t leave me with much way of express philosophy. So, I can’t really back up the text because I don’t really understand the text more than the next guy. It’s an artistic process, and I don’t have comprehensive of if it were the artifact of a text that I have total comprehension of, then, I don’t think it would be a very interesting artifact. I don’t know how I found my way to working that way, except that it’s the only I’ve ever been able to do it. But, I remember being quite struck by something that E.M. Forster said in Aspects of the Novel (1927), which is that a novelist who is in control of his plot and characters isn’t doing his job at all. I think I can distinguish as a reader, the two kinds of fiction, and I just don’t read fiction that feels as though it’s being written by the conscious part of the human being. It’s mechanical, it’s really not happening. Really good fiction, fiction that really works for me, is being written out of a lot more parts of a human being than just the conscious part of it, and all the parts that are just waiting out plot. That’s why films, generally, aren’t as serious a form. There’s no reason why they can’t be, and sometimes through some extraordinary kind of grace they are, but, it’s unlikely because a really good film has to arise out of a much more conscious process and it involves any number of people rationalizing the
process. The freedom to just follow through is relatively limited. And that's one of the great things about fiction, because you can, in theory, do absolutely anything you want.

KJ: So it sounds a little bit like there's an analogue between characters like Case or Laney and yourself and the process of writing because you're tapping into a larger unconscious flux which becomes words.

WG: Yeah, I think so. I think that what Laney does in these books, is some kind of an extended metaphor for what it feels like to do what I do. It may be just an extended metaphor for the pain of the person.

KJ: Laney's a lot of pain.

WG: Yeah, and finally, it does him in.

KJ: There's a satirical side to this whole course. And if you're working with the genre of Science Fiction, it's par for the course. And there is a humorous side to Harwood, who, for example talks to a Japanese interviewer while complaining that it's the translation program that is distorting his language when he says things like, "blow me" that translate as 'inflrate me'. Yet, Harwood also has eerie similarities to Bill Gates. WG: Yeah, Harwood's been described as being a cross between Bill Gates and Woody Allen. There's definitely a satirical element there. For some reason in these later books that's highlighted. One of the things that I noticed very early on with the critical reception of *Neuromancer* in the United States and it's critical reception in Britain was that it was funny. And there are bits in *Neuromancer* that are meant to be funny, very black, yes, but funny. And very few American critics ever noticed that. They saw a bleak dystopia, very serious stuff here. And I thought, "what a cultural difference." And I turned that in up in the later books out of a fascination for that cultural difference, thinking, when will they notice that it's funny? How many clicks up the knob toward farce to difference, thinking, when will they notice that it's funny? How many clicks up the knob toward farce to difference?

KJ: Getting back to the idea of making a movie, as I understand it, *Neuromancer* is to be released as a motion picture, and you have written for television programs such as the X-Files.

WG: Well, *Neuromancer* is circling in a holding pattern. Being about to be made, it's already been made, although there's some truth to it.

KJ: The movie version of *Johnny Mnemonic* had a hard time from the critics. But, one thing it had going for it was the compression ratio; it's different adapting a short story to a motion picture, as opposed to a novel.

WG: Yeah, the compression ratio was very different. The hard time it had from it's critics was nothing compared to the hard time it had from it's distributors who have invested twenty or thirty million dollars, recut it, and completely re-conceptualized into something that it was never intended to be at all. That was quite a bizarre experience. *Johnny Mnemonic* 's theatre release was something like you might have expected if the distributor had re-cut David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* and marketed it as a mainstream crime thriller. So, initially we were making this edgy, very alternative, moderately budgeted, deliberately comic film that, if it was about anything, then it was about cheesy Science Fiction movies, and they did this based through the medium of the original short story. And the director's cut, which will probably never be seen, was that. It had it's problems, no doubt about it, but when Tri-Star took it away and re-edited it, and re-scored it, and put it out as though it was some sort of Bruce Lee, flying glass, feature epic, I just knew it wasn't going to fly. A friend of mine saw it without any prior knowledge of anything I'd gone through getting it made, and he said, "That was really a peculiar experience." And I said, "Why?" And he said, "There's something really eerie about it. It's like two animals in one skin. Some kind of internal tension that's quite unpleasant." And I said, "That's the result of it having been skinned and re-covered with something else, and it's still got half of the musculature of what it was meant to be, and you can see the muscles through the skin, and they're in the wrong place."

KJ: You did an episode for The X-Files and I understand you're doing more work for that series.

WG: I'm right in the middle of doing another one. I've got the teaser and the first act down. And my partner in San Francisco is beavering away. Chris Carter's going to shoot and direct it.

KJ: Are you do it as a collaborative writing? You've done quite a bit of it in the past, as with *The Difference Engine* co-written with Bruce Sterling.

WG: Collaboration is something Science Fiction writers do that keeps them from being taken too seriously, there's a lot of it. So, I've always wanted to do it for that reason because it runs directly counter to the *auteur* theory of literature. And the only two writers who understood how fascinating and eerie a thing collaboration can be were Burroughs and Borges. They both understood the essentially supernatural nature of the process. My experience led me to agree with Burroughs that it actually generates a third man. You wind up in the company of a third invisible individual who is neither of you and who you usually don't like very much, and then you proceed to let him write the piece. The *Difference Engine* is the only book of mine, if I can call it that, that I ever go back to read out of curiosity. I go back and see what that guy did. That's his only book. The stories I did with other writers... each time it's different. I mean, I did do short stories with Sterling before *The Difference Engine*. I did a couple of others before... it's odd, those voices. They're very strange. They're writers only existed for the moment of collaboration.

KJ: So, you feel a conceptual and aesthetic kinship with writers like Jorge Luis Borges and [William S.] Burroughs?

WG: My literary DNA consists almost exclusively of the genre SF that I read as a kid, which really is my native literary culture. I never go back to it. I don't like what I come to read as a kid. But, it was formative. My other formative experience, shortly thereafter, was discovering the Beets, and reading the Beets, Kerouac and Ginsberg and the rest, and that stuff blew genre SF out of the water for me. And I consigned Science Fiction to the toy box. And I went off to try to have real-life adventures modelled after those literary heroes, because I was seventeen or eighteen and that's what you do. But much later, in my late twenties when I was starting to write fiction myself, I found myself, somewhat to my dismay and embarrassment, writing Science Fiction, because it was what I knew. But I did it with this adult self I had become, having had these other experiences. And to me, that seems a way for a lot of work. I am kind of a different person. I think it was kind of a peculiar experience. And I said, "Why?" And he said, "There's something really eerie about it. It's like two animals in one skin. Some kind of internal tension that's quite unpleasant." And I said, "That's the result of it having been skinned and re-covered with something else, and it's still got half of the musculature of what it was meant to be, and you can see the muscles through the skin, and they're in the wrong place."

KJ: It's interesting, because earlier you were talking about how you're tapping into this unconscious, almost spiritual side of yourself that transcends the physical, and it's almost as if you don't have much choice. WG: Yeah. Well, particularly as you get older, you tend to write about what you know. It would be really unlikely, and I don't see how I could write about... an accountant. I don't know what they do. Not to belittle it, but it's really a mystery to me... it's another world.
DR. CREAM (An Excerpt) by David Fennario

The following is an excerpt from a new drama written by Montreal playwright, David Fennario. This play is based on the controversial figure of Dr. Thomas Neil Cream, who once served at McGill University. Cream worked as a surgeon and an anatomist, and was purportedly associated with a number of local crimes and may have been responsible for the disappearance of a number of citizens living in Montreal during his tenure. Some have gone so far as to suggest that Cream was none other than Jack the Ripper who fled Britain when police investigations came too close to discovering him. Others are less certain. In this drama, Fennario investigates the mysterious and menacing life and times of Doctor Cream, and those who may have served as his accomplices.

Guide: And you will decide based on our evidence and the testimony of Doctor Cream whether they are guilty or not.

Cream: A decision that is no concern of mine. I simply welcome this opportunity to finally tell my amazing little tale based on evidence that can be found right here in my dear old alma mater. Oh yes, you see McGill likes to collect things. It has all sorts of paraphernalia stashed and stored away on shelves in long forgotten corners. Including this.

Guide: Exhibit Number One.

Josie & Louise: Exhibit Number One.

Guide: The secret journal and letters of Doctor Thomas Neil Cream found in an antique timebox by some workers, digging up the old Medical Building foundation, on McGill Campus.

Cream: I was born the son of a successful businessman, don’t you know, ladies, dealing in lumber by the foot and by the yard. Dear old Daddy (father figure appears holding a rod).

Father Figure: Spare the rod and spoil the Child*.

Cream: As the eldest I was expected to carry on the family business serving as manager of a woodyard located in Montreal in the (start hammering) factory district known as Pointe Sains Charles, below the canal and the railway tracks, here in the smoke and stench of the lower town. Others might wax poetic about the working classes but not I. Play? I felt no pity for them any more than I would for a hammer, a nail, or a monkey wrench. I had made that mistake once, but not again. (Stop hammering). A sad little affair with a certain young (slices Camille) demoiselle had taught me a lot about proper manners.

Father Figure: Mind your Ps and Q’s.

Cream: Propriety and Prudence.

Father Figure: Quest and Query.

Cream: Pluck and Perseverance came in.

Father Figure: Quality and Quota.

Cream: And privatization.

Cream: Are the prerequisites if one wishes to rise up, as I did, above my social surroundings up Westmount up the hill where one could see Ravenscrag, the home of Sir Hugh Allan dominating the whole city.

Allan: My city.


Camille: Satan’s Circus.

Josie & Louise: Satan’s Circus.

Osler: “Open the windows” I said, the first time I walked in the wards, “let in some fresh air” Years and Years of grease and dirt. Rats in the basement, rats in the walls. Dead bodies wrapped up in newspapers.

Josie & Louise: Looking for a good time, mine.

Osler: I fired half the staff, fired them for incompetence, for drunkenness and thievery and in six months I had established the first training hospital for interns in North America.

Cream: Right across the street from one of the most notorious brothels in Montreal where I would eventually become master of ceremonies.

Josie & Louise: The Elite Club.

Camille: Hello Big boy.

Josie & Louise: Wanna play doctor?

Cream: Ah yes, our ladies of the night, with all those crimelines and stays and garter belts-no pantyhose in those days, my dear sirs, and Sex.

Louise: S

Josie: E

Camille: X

Cream: Was much more fun-fun-fun scintillating because it was sinful.

Josie & Louise: Don’t touch it.

Cream: It was naughty.

Josie & Louise: Don’t touch it.

Cream: It was dirty.

Father Figure: God Will Punish you.

Cream: Boys will be boys.

Father Figure: God Will Punish you.

Cream: Boys will be boys (Cream points at Camille).

Cream: You.

Father Figure: You will burn forever in Hell (Cream puts his hand on Camille’s throat).

Cream: And it’s all your fault.

Josie & Louise: Cream.

Guide: Cream (Cream releases his hand).

Cream: And it was death itself that fascinated me.

And when does Death become Life and when does life become Death?

Osler: Yes I remember Cream, although I did not associate with him but, I did warn him, I told him.

Cream: “You must learn to keep your emotions on ice” (Osler enters the hospital).

Osler: Because to a man of science, prostitute is not a common sexual object or expense account item, they are specimens.

Louise & Josie & Camille: Bas-ic in-gre-di-ents.

Cream: And they’re worth more dead than alive.

Osler: Fifty dollars if the corpse was fresh and young.

Thirty dollars for an old one, and twenty-five dollars for infants.

Cream: Delivered to the Anatomy Room.

Osler: Yes, there were no city laws or regulations allowing us any legal access to cadavers in Quebec, therefore we had to procure our specimens through whatever means available. Otherwise how were we to conduct our anatomical studies? (Cream and Osler put Louise and Josie through a series of anatomical positions).

Cream: Anterior.

Osler: Posterior.

Cream: Ventral.

Osler: Dorsal.

Cream: Flexion.

Osler: Extension.

Cream: Pronation.

Cream: Supination.

Cream: Abduction.

Osler & Cream: Circumduction (all do ballet-spins).

Cream: Now, stick out your tongues, girls (Louise and Josie stick out their tongues in defiance).

Cream: Now say, ah.

Louise & Josie & Camille: AHH!

Osler: Hmm, very interesting.

Guide: Exhibit Number Two.

Josie & Louise: Exhibit Number Two.

Guide: An anatomical knife labelled “Item 26” of the Osler library Museum (Guide hands knife to Osler).

Cream: Late at night working with Sir Willie in the Anatomy Room where he performed the more than one thousand autopsies he recorded while a Lecturer at McGill. Slicing up even the most tender morsels of femininity without the slightest tremor of remorse. But, perhaps there was, at times, a glimmer of desire?

Osler: No.

Cream: I seem to remember…

Osler: Never.

Cream: Well, whatever.

Osler: I do not pretend to be a stain glass saint existing only for the purposes of edification. I was a living human being with all the urges and passions.

Josie & Louise & Camille: Oooo…

Osler: Of our species. But I did persevere in my work thereby advancing my knowledge of Social Diseases, and my career.

Cream: Making prostitution a source of profit that we both benefited from, although I preferred my girls alive.

Osler: Gentlemen of the Board of Governors, we long ago learnt that neglected organic refuse breeds pestilence. Can we doubt that reaction. Neglected human refuse as inevitably breeds criminals such as those prostitutes? A species of human sewage begotten and reared in an atmosphere which threatens to poison all of society unless we are prepared to raise those creatures above themselves.

Louise & Josie & Camille: Please Doctor, Please (they drop dead).

Cream: Little Mary Farrell was the first, I believe, dying horribly under my knife, a victim of inexperience. Susan was the second, she didn’t quite make it. The there was third.

Louise & Josie & Camille: Fourth (they drop dead).
Cream: Fifth.
Louise & Josie & Camille: Sixth.
Cream (head up): Seventh.
Louise & Josie & Camille: All good children go to heaven (pray).
Cream: And you'd be surprised how quickly it became known that I was, well, available as a faiseur d'anges, not lose.
Guide in place at upper-stage right-corner component.

Father Figure: Are here to tell you why.

Ostler: We must call the police.
Cream: And I shrugged.
Ostler: Then he smiled.
Cream: I smiled.
Ostler: Of course there were rumours of Cream's activities as a man about town. There was even talk about, well, abortions. A practice not uncommon amongst young married students short of cash. But, this girl, so mutilated, what did it mean?
Guide: Do you really want to know?
Ostler: He said.
Cream: (To audience) Do you really want to know?
Nati: (Chanting) Ay-ya-yah-ay-et-et-et Ay-ya-yah-ya-ya-yah-et-et...
Cream: Lord Strathcona to the dark tower came.
Louise & Josie: Lord Strathcona.
Cream: Strengthening himself with passages learnt by heart from his book, a fate ridden young hero, alone against the world.
Louise & Josie: Strathcona he goes.
Strathcona: "The way to Hell is paved with good intentions."
(Strathcona descends from his exhibit, carrying a lantern from a pole and carrying a book. He circles around behind the Ostler and Alan exhibits.)
Guide: A lumber ship on the Atlantic, a packet carrying immigrants. All of them like you or me, but none of them like Strathcona.
Louise & Josie: He knows what he wants.
Guide: In his heart and in his mind.
Louise & Josie: He knows what he wants.
Guide: And his eyes reflect only what he wants people to see. And he sees only what he needs.
Louise & Josie: Only what he needs (Strathcona stops, puts down the lantern and places himself directly between the Laurier and Allan exhibits. He addresses the Dead in prayers. The prayer is a combination of quotes from Strathcona's favourite hymn and from Martin Luther).
Strathcona: O God of Bethel.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: By whose hand.
Strathcona: They People still are fed.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: Who through this weary pilgrimage.
Strathcona: Hath all our Fathers led.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: O God of Bethel.
Strathcona: By whose hand He created a world possessed by Satan and the whole world in Satan.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: And Satan is the world.
Strathcona: And the world cannot go on without usury.

Strathcona: Without pride.
Allan: Without whoring.
Strathcona: Without all manner of sin, otherwise the world would cease to be the world.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: And the Devil without the Devil.
Strathcona: And money is the world of the Devil through which He creates all things.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: No Black without White.
Strathcona: No Day without Night.
Allan-Laurier-Simpson Voices: "There is a dreadful hell of corrosive pain where sinners must, with devils dwell in darkness, fire and chains."
Strathcona: The struggle would be long. It would be hard. This I knew. But where others failed, I would persevere.
Guide: And Strathcona came to Montreal in 1838 with a letter of introduction to Sir George Simpson, the Head Factor and London Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.
Simpson: "Claiming the sole trade of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds that are not already actually possessed by, or granted to any of our subjects."
Guide: Sir George Simpson.
Strathcona: The Charter also states, sir, that our higher mission as a company is to christianize the native peoples?
Simpson: Well, Strathcona.
Strathcona: Surely.
Simpson: Other people might believe that the Hudson's Bay Company has been foreordained so that more churches might be built so the Indians might live better Christian lives. But our job, sir, is to make one hundred percent profit on our shareholder's money. As for your potential converts, sir, they are nothing more than a filthy rabble sir. A bloody bunch of savages and they smell, sir, they smell.
Strathcona: Then he dismissed me.
Simpson: Please show Strathcona the fur room and instruct him in the art of counting.
Strathcona: Rat skins.
Louise: Raccoon coat.
Josie: Lynx scarf.
Camille: Wolf hood.
Louise: Fox boa.
Josie: Otter necklace.
Camille: Marlet muff.
Louise: Mink coat.
Josie: Sable jacket.
Camille: Seal-skin boots.
Cream: And that sweet little furry thing that made all of this possible.
Louise & Josie & Camille: The Beaver.
Simpson: "Pro Pelle Cutem" [Motto of the HBC].
Louise & Josie: "Skin for Skin" (Translation of the HBC motto).
SURVIVING & EVOLVING IN STEELTOWN:
An Interview with W. A. Hamilton
by Susanne Myers (Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, 1999)


***

SM: Can you tell me a little something about how you became interested in writing for the theatre?
WH: I grew up in community theatre in Sault Ste. Marie. I formed my own theatre group in elementary school—we were called the Tiny People’s Little Theatre and we put on plays for the school. Our principal allowed us to put on general assemblies in the hallways. I wrote my first play by the age of ten—I dictated it to my friends on the way home from school. It was a fairy tale and I got to tell everyone what to do, what parts to play, etc. I was ordering people around then and I still am (laughs).

SM: But you left the Sault for awhile didn’t you—how did that come about?
WH: I wanted to become a writer and had an opportunity to work in broadcasting, so I took it. I left home and headed east—I worked in broadcasting and as a reporter for an Ottawa weekly paper. My writing career kept me moving from Sudbury to Kitchener to Ottawa to back home in the Sault.

SM: How did you happen to create your own television series?
WH: I learned quite a bit working in the world of broadcasting and decided it was time to move on. SM: So, did you return to the Sault to become a full time writer?
WH: No. I found a huge support system on the East Coast of Canada and began writing, full time, out there. I came back to the Sault with an idea for a TV series and sold it to the regional network, MCTV. This was an opportunity for me to see something that started as an idea through to fruition, an opportunity I never had before.

SM: Are you saying that your career took off in the eastern provinces? That’s kind of hard to believe. Why would you go there instead of Toronto or Vancouver?
WH: What I found is that in Ontario, if you’re not in Toronto, you’re not part of the action. I like the East Coast and found that in the Atlantic provinces, things are not centralized. People from New Brunswick to Newfoundland are part of one big artistic community.

SM: You wrote during rehearsals? Was it very confusing for the actors?
WH: Well, I went into the theatre with an idea—what happens when people overhear a conversation in a restaurant. I mean, we’ve all done it at some point in time. The characters I wanted were an adoptive mom, her adopted daughter, a waitress, and the audience. The actress who played the waitress wrote the opening of the play, which set the tone. Each of the actresses wrote their own character description, named the character, and created their own backstory. I always wanted to explore the collaborative potential of live theatre where a gang of creatively driven people get together and work through new materials as fast as the playwright can write. That is how Shakespeare did it. His words and mental images were transformed into living, breathing characters as he wrote. I averaged three to five pages per rehearsal with Bellies, Knees and Ankles. I don’t know who set the rhythm, the actors or the writing, but Draft One has never been so painless—it was the easiest play I ever wrote and I would do it again in a millisecond.

SM: But you left the Sault for awhile didn’t you—how did that come about?
WH: I wanted to become a writer and had an opportunity to work in broadcasting, so I took it. I left home and headed east—I worked in broadcasting and as a reporter for an Ottawa weekly paper. My writing career kept me moving from Sudbury to Kitchener to Ottawa to back home in the Sault.

SM: How did you happen to create your own television series?
WH: I learned quite a bit working in the world of broadcasting and decided it was time to move on.

SM: What was your first play about?
WH: It was called The Peepers. It was a one act Halloween play. It was difficult for me because of my television background.

SM: What was the different for you?
WH: Well, I had to learn how to write for the stage. After doing television, I was using to having cameras cut away to different areas of action and the camera also allowed characters to move from room to room or to change costume in an instant. I had to remember that actors on stage need time to change and move, because my formative experience was in television, writing for the theatre became a growth experience for me.

SM: Another well known growth experience for you was a play called Bellies, Knees and Ankles which you wrote in 1996. From what I understand, you developed this play in the tradition of Shakespeare who wrote for a time writer?
WH: No. I found a huge support system on the East Coast of Canada and began writing, full time, out there. I came back to the Sault with an idea for a TV series and sold it to the regional network, MCTV. This was an opportunity for me to see something that started as an idea through to fruition, an opportunity I never had before.

SM: Are you saying that your career took off in the eastern provinces? That’s kind of hard to believe. Why would you go there instead of Toronto or Vancouver?
WH: What I found is that in Ontario, if you’re not in Toronto, you’re not part of the action. I like the East Coast and found that in the Atlantic provinces, things are not centralized. People from New Brunswick to Newfoundland are part of one big artistic community.

SM: What was your first play about?
WH: It was called The Peepers. It was a one act Halloween play. It was difficult for me because of my television background.

SM: What was the different for you?
WH: Well, I had to learn how to write for the stage. After doing television, I was using to having cameras cut away to different areas of action and the camera also allowed characters to move from room to room or to change costume in an instant. I had to remember that actors on stage need time to change and move, because my formative experience was in television, writing for the theatre became a growth experience for me.

SM: Another well known growth experience for you was a play called Bellies, Knees and Ankles which you wrote in 1996. From what I understand, you developed this play in the tradition of Shakespeare who wrote for a
SM: *MindLands* has a surreal quality to it and is definitely a visually driven play—obviously this comes from your television background.

WH: I didn’t know that when I wrote it, but you’re not the first person to point that out to me. Another thing is the symbolism the actors found in the play—writing from the gut, I don’t plan on that kind of stuff, but they found it when we discussed character wants and needs.

SM: What was the second piece of advice given to you by Sheldon Rosen?

WH: He said this play really begins on page four. He said the first three pages allowed me to get to the actual subject of the play and that writers often have to write three or four pages before they get to what they want to say. He said it is important to write those first few pages, but to know enough to kill them later.

SM: Not only did you direct *MindLands*, but you did something with this play that is absolutely unheard of in community theatre—you split the profits with everyone who worked on the production.

WH: My production company, Theatre in Motion, is comprised of a group of non-professional theatre people. I believe all members of a production should be compensated for their hard work, time and devotion. Because of that, I split the box office—we’re all members of the same team. The bottom line is that theatre is a communal experience—until there is an audience, it is an incomplete art form. The audience is the “unwritten” character. For me, living in the north, the only solution is to do it. Perhaps I am creating a new Canadian theatre experience because I produce in an area that has no professional theatre to support it.

SM: *MindLands* is a play that could be produced and appreciated by any community, as are your other productions. What inspires you to write for such a broad audience?

WH: I was inspired by Clifford Odett, who did a style of theatre in the 30s that could be performed anywhere. Also, Tennessee Williams who, in my opinion, is a master of dialogue. I also like to study other Canadian playwrights in an effort to keep in touch with my peers.

SM: Who in the theatre industry, in Canada, has impressed you?

WH: Micheline Chevrier, the Artistic Director for the Great Canadian Theatre Company in Ottawa has been a true inspiration to me—she has championed my work from the beginning and I think it is important to acknowledge her help and support. She has a real commitment to Canada’s stories and storytellers.

SM: Can you tell me what projects we can expect in the near future?

WH: I’m writing a play for a young male actor. I want to send him on tour to the Ontario and Quebec Fringe Festivals next spring. My latest production, *The Lions and The Lambs*, is being produced, under my direction, by the Sault Theatre Workshop for performance in the Suitl in 1999. This play is also going to the Quinte Festival in Elliott Lake in 1999. It should be interesting to be adjudicated.

SM: Are you planning on submitting your manuscripts for publication?

WH: No—it’s not a top priority because I’ve been told numerous times that my plays are not an easy read. For now, I think it is better for people to see my plays performed. But, if you’re really interested, *MindLands* is available on the Internet through the virtual library at the Playwrights Workshop Montreal site in their Carol Libman online script collection. I won’t be fiddling with it anymore.

---

Woodcut image by Anne-Miek Bibbe (Netherlands)
THE THIRTEENTH FLEMISH PROVERB
by Henryk Skwarnicki

Each epoch has its masters. Some of them vanish without a trace. Others are more and more prized by a public inclined to ignore the critics who presumably spend years trying to destroy something that is indescribable by its very nature—a work of art.

The Golden Age of Dutch culture had its storyteller, the artist Peter Bruegel. He died in the beginning of September 1569 and was buried in the church of Notre Dame de la Chapelle in Brussels, where he had married his Mayken. Carol Van Mander in his Book of Painters, published in 1604, notes that shortly before leaving this world Bruegel expressed a desire to burn many of his weird and complicated allegories. The Inquisition might consider them offensive or even blasphemous, and his beloved wife Mayken might suffer harm on their account.

Nearly fifty of Bruegel's paintings survive, almost one-third of which are in Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum. The rest, scattered throughout Europe, decorate the walls of, among others, the National Gallery in London, the Prado in Madrid, and the Louvre in Paris. In each of his canvases Bruegel depicts humanity in such rich colors that whether the paintings accurately reflect life or not, viewers have no choice but to believe that particular vision.

Among the canvases that were presumably destroyed was a particularly intriguing one. It was created around the year 1567 and is known as the Deposition of Aeneas. It is one of the paintings that Bruegel left in Antwerp, his birthplace. The story behind the painting can be traced back to 1617, when a curious and slightly tipsy visitor to the church of Notre Dame de la Chapelle was astonished to find the painting hanging on the wall under the hanging wall.医生 Verhaeren, a知名医生, spent a deal of time with the painting. He believed that the painting depicted a real event that had taken place in Antwerp.

The funnel with the filter was again forced into the man's mouth and stuffed a linen filter into it. Then they started to pour water down their victim's throat. After several hours his judges returned and realized where he was. The images on the canvas were so realistic that the man who was gibbering. It took time for the medics to examine him. After months of pestering, his friend agreed to show him the painting he was brought to the asylum in a straightjacket insisted that he had destroyed an extremely valuable painting. The physicians who examined him listened with disbelief.

Only Doctor Fernand Verhaeren took notes that he later published in a medical journal. In his article he suggested that exceptionally sensitive individuals might be isolated from certain art objects, as they can be affected by them even to the point of madness. He illustrated his contention with the story of this patient.

An aspiring young artist named Emmanuel was told by a friend about an unusual painting owned by his family. Needless to say he immediately asked to see it. But his friend was reluctant, saying that though viewing the work was not entirely impossible, some studies had to be made of it first. A force in the painting could be lethal.

Emmanuel, who had seen many classical and contemporary works of art, could not be convinced that the imaginative power of a painting could affect a spectator so profoundly. He strongly believed that he had destroyed the domain of fantasy was open to anyone without risk. After months of pestering, his friend agreed to show him the painting though he again warned Emmanuel that he might regret having seen it. The viewing had to be arranged during the absence of the friend's father who would have withheld his permission. There was only one condition: Emmanuel had to give his word of honor that he would never describe the painting to anyone.

The young man agreed. The same afternoon that he saw the painting he was brought to the asylum after an attack of fury. From his patient's babblings Doctor Verhaeren slowly gleaned enough information to get an idea of what had taken place.

The eminent psychiatrist found out that Emmanuel had gone to see Peter Bruegel's Thirteenth Flemish Proverb. The family to which it belonged had its reasons for not revealing the existence of the canvas. When Emmanuel entered the shuttered room, his friend jumped on a cot and tried to tear down the curtain hanging in front of the painting. Emmanuel looked at it and could not draw his eyes away.

He saw something move inside the painting. In the beginning he thought it was only an illusion caused by the painting. After a while he saw a man in it shift his arms toward him, and before he had time to react he was pulled into the painting. Precorded and trembling Emmanuel found himself in a long: A long staircase with several people sitting. The room was dim—besides the torch on the wall only two candles flickered. Emmanuel looked at the faces of the men and felt a little easier. They affectionately stroked his face, then they arranged the chair facing them, identified himself, and gave his family background.

One of the men asked him if he knew why he was here.

Emmanuel could not find the words to answer. "Take the time you need to think things over. We are not in a hurry," one of the other men said kindly. After a while Emmanuel said that the reason for his visit was curiosity. "Just curiosity!" The one who seemed to be of higher rank laughed.

Then they all stood up and left the room. Emmanuel wanted to follow them, but was stopped by two guards and chatted to the wall under the hanging torch. Then another man appeared, introduced himself as his lawyer, and tried to talk to him into confessing. An exasperated Emmanuel started to curse, insisting that he was a free man, and the lawyer went away.

After several years the doctors returned and again took their seats behind the table. One of them read him the charge and said that unless he confessed and repented he would be tortured. Emmanuel kept saying that he didn't know what crime he had committed. The judges ordered the guards to begin the proceedings. Before they started, the Chief Inquisitor looked through the papers he held in his hands and said, "We know the whole story. We only need your confession." Emmanuel watched the tools of torture being prepared and cried out despairingly: "I swear it was only curiosity!"

The guards grabbed and bound him to a rack so that his head was lower than the rest of his body. His hands were chained to the wall, but his legs were cramped up high. His tormentors forced him to open his mouth and stuffed a linen filter into it. Then they started to pour water down their victim's throat. Emmanuel began to choke. The water caused terrible cramps. Unexpectedly the anguish stopped, and after removing the filter the torturers asked him if he wanted to confess. "Tell me what you want!" Emmanuel screamed in agony.

"Confess the truth!" the Chief Inquisitor ordered. "What truth?" groaned the victim.

The funnel with the filter was again forced into his mouth, and the torture resumed. The judges' helpers were careful to follow the principle that no blood be spilled, no scars left. Confession, not inflicting pain, was the goal. When they stopped, the Inquisitor again commanded Emmanuel to tell the truth. He didn't answer. The chains were loosed, and he was freed.

He sat weak and sweating in his chair when they read the sentence. Among the flickering shadows he saw someone he immediately recognized. The artist was sitting in the same pose as in the Peasant Wedding. Wise and knowing eyes looked at Emmanuel. No one else seemed to be aware of Bruegel's presence.

The Inquisitor put his sheaf of scattered papers in order and stood up. The guilt of the accused seemed unquestionable. The judge and his two companions left the torture chamber.

The guards started to play cards. The condemned crept to the tiny window, as close as the Bruegel man was to the wall. Then he could see the cobblestoned market of a town. A platform was being erected in its center. A multitude of people was separated from the platform by a line of soldiers. It was high noon.

Birds were circling the square. The sky was cloudy, and a gusty wind was blowing. The tolling of the bells of the cathedral were heard above the noise of the mob. Emmanuel was dressed in a robe similar to an apron. A long triangular cap was placed on his head. Two guards grabbed him under the arms and seated him on a donkey. Halberdiers cleared the way through the crowed. Several people, hoods covering their faces, trotted behind the first row of guards.

At the platform Emmanuel was forced to descend. He looked at the crowd and again saw the master. The condemned could hardly believe that after spending several years in this worldwide nightmare he, Emmanuel, was living through. Then he was pushed up the steps to the platform and fastened to the pillar. The fire was lit.

Emmanuel inspected the faces of the people, a whole gallery of them—oval, pimpled, indifferent, wrinkled, passive, and frenzied. They had come for the auto-da-fe. He felt the flames and at the same moment distinctively saw the picture frame in front of him. He tried to find the countenance of the master once more, but could not. Suddenly he felt his hands were free. Like a circus animal through a burning hoop, the young artist leaped through the frame of the painting.

Emmanuel was freed. Dazed by the horror of what he had experienced, Emmanuel still could not realize where he was. The images on the canvas seemed to bow and moan around him. Their screams reached the most secret parts of his mind. He cursed his curiosity.

When the ambulance brought Emmanuel to the lunatic asylum, his clothes were torn and he was gibbering. It took time for the medics to examine him because their patient was not able to speak clearly. Doctor Verhaeren spent a great deal of time with the madman, and these meetings provided the material for an article about the mental disease that he suggested be called The Thirteenth Flemish Proverb.

One day the doctor tried to see the house described by his patient but found nothing.
BUFFALO DREAMS
by Harry Rudolfs

Strangest job I ever had was driving a garbage-sucking tractor early in the morning around the streets of St. Thomas, Ontario, the same place where Jumbo the Elephant was killed, bumped by a Grand Trunk locomotive as he early in the morning around the driving a garbage-sucking tractor Jumbo's stomach in a glass case: keys and little trinkets. Strangest job I ever had was London Zoo. Not even Queen Vic could stop the sale kids must have thrown while he was resident of the toenail pieces that their ancestors pulled and chipped to the presence of the Oneida and Muncey bands next to the American sideshow. The ghost dance religion spread rapidly over the Western US and alarmed the whites who demanded troops be sent to quell the mysterious uprising. This action culminated in the Wounded Knee Massacre in South Dakota where hundreds of Sioux were slaughtered by the U.S. Army in 1890. The train carrying the buffalo and dead ancestors never got to Wounded Knee. Five years earlier it struck and killed Jumbo the Elephant in St. Thomas, Ont. I keep at all summer. I wear earplugs and my arm is getting stretched like an old guitar string from having to aim the trunk-like nozzle. The vacuum unit is a kit mounted on the back of a flatcar. It was packed in straw and ice and specially upholstered to a siding in Albany where he ended his life with the newspaper editors scanning maps of southern Ontario, tipped on its side, clearly shows an elephant with raised trunk is its throat, Toronto the genitals, Owen Sound the Kenya geography. As a final gesture of camaraderie he takes me up to his house. From a freezer in the garage he hands me packets of frozen buffalo steaks and buffalo steaks. Thirty years later no one can agree on exactly where the behemoth went down, but on the 100th anniversary, great-grandchildren bring forth bristles and toenail pieces that their ancestors pulled and chipped from the beast's body as he lay stinking beside the tracks. The Elgin County museum has the contents of Jumbo's stomach in a glass case: keys and little trinkets kids must have thrown while he was resident of the Toronto Zoo. Not even Queen Vic could stop the sale of the beloved pachyderm to the American sideshow. Curiously, a map of southern Ontario, tipped on its side, clearly shows an elephant with raised trunk is its throat, Toronto the genitals, Owen Sound the Kenya geography. In Swahili his name means "Hello, how are you," but in Western vernacular has come to stand for anything bizarrely out of scale or mammoth in size. Curiously, a map of southern Ontario, tipped on its side, clearly shows an elephant with raised trunk stepping into the starfield of Great Lakes: St. Thomas is its throat, Toronto the genitals, Owen Sound the asshole, and the tail tapers into the Bruce Peninsula running towards the Thumb. Tyronne scowls and smiles at the same time. "You've got it all's he says to steer because the front wheels start to lift off the ground. Every couple of days the unit shakes itself apart or the vacuum fan disintegrates and chops itself to pieces. Often when I go into work the machine is broken so I go back home again. One morning Ron's brother Tyrone is waiting for me. "So you're the guy who comes in to work and then leaves. Maybe if you do that again you'll get fired." "You can't fire me," I tell him. "This is a ridiculous job and Ron's only doing it to look good while he's going for the extension. Tyrone scowls and smiles at the same time. "You've got a bit of a smart mouth on you, don't you son?" The MOE announces that the land fill will close at the end of the month when its capacity is reached. I see the Grazzo boys in town stepping out of a Cadillac on their way to a council meeting. The two brothers from Grand Rapids have bought the Highgate Landfill in Orford Township and they're hoping to steal the municipal garbage contract right out from under Ron's nose. The brothers have multiple rings on their fingers and grey chains wrapped around thick necks. A Teaster buddy tells me they're good guys to "step around," Ron has worked out a contingency plan to ship the city's garbage across the border to Mt. Clemens, Michigan when the landfill closes. The problem is the NRD government has decreed that all refuse produced locally must stay in that region and shipping municipal waste to the US hasn't been tried before.

In the afternoons, I check in with Ron's secretary who gives me a list of addresses and phone numbers. These are people who have waste paint and oil but have run out of storage space. She hands me a twenty dollar bill. "I know you need some money for expenses." I figure he has me on camera: environmental activist taking $20 from landfill boss. I can't believe how cheap he is. I mean $20? Outside the window, a continuous line of garbage truck lines up on the streets from all over Middlesex, Elgin and Huron counties. I watch two bulldozers make their way up the steep sides of the berm. A squadron of seagulls circles overhead. Biscuits and gruel I go home and have a dream.

In this dream Ron and his brother are operating large Caterpillar bulldozers by the creek. They're using the machines to push piles of buffalo carcasses into a crevasse which has opened up by the edge of the creek bed. I watch them effortlessly. The MOE announces that the land fill will close at the end of the month when its capacity is reached. I see the Grazzo boys in town stepping out of a Cadillac on their way to a council meeting. The two brothers from Grand Rapids have bought the Highgate Landfill in Orford Township and they're hoping to steal the municipal garbage contract right out from under Ron's nose. The brothers have multiple rings on their fingers and grey chains wrapped around thick necks. A Teaster buddy tells me they're good guys to "step around," Ron has worked out a contingency plan to ship the city's garbage across the border to Mt. Clemens, Michigan when the landfill closes. The problem is the NRD government has decreed that all refuse produced locally must stay in that region and shipping municipal waste to the US hasn't been tried before.

In the afternoons, I check in with Ron's secretary who gives me a list of addresses and phone numbers. These are people who have waste paint and oil but have run out of storage space. She hands me a twenty dollar bill. "I know you need some money for expenses." I figure he has me on camera: environmental activist taking $20 from landfill boss. I can't believe how cheap he is. I mean $20? Outside the window, a continuous line of garbage truck lines up on the streets from all over Middlesex, Elgin and Huron counties. I watch two bulldozers make their way up the steep sides of the berm. A squadron of seagulls circles overhead. Biscuits and gruel I go home and have a dream.

In this dream Ron and his brother are operating large Caterpillar bulldozers by the creek. They're using the machines to push piles of buffalo carcasses into a crevasse which has opened up by the edge of the creek bed. I watch them effortlessly.
UNTITLED
by Harry Polkinhorn

half-remembered dream of a woman friend who takes me in her arms trade secret acrimonious ritual since what follows you can’t predict plus or minus cartoon story counter: and what wounds are proffered you have to guffaw writerly acts spread-eagled to build up casual knowledge many years that cannot be rerun down in the hollow core rage sealed off little reusable eternities that you chronicle the moment that stalk you as that’s been ruled out first-generation immigrants unfair advantage when chicken-hearted they flee encroaching fury of the skies and earth a scorchèd mind condemned to wanting the finer distinctions macabre and Sauvignon Piano putting on handles I’m moving into paint and particle board where orthogonal disappointment leavens sailing away to live less fully annoyed by lawn mowers and evacuation contingencies a weed-faced opponent whose car figures heavily but not as you might imagine after dinner guests split back to cup their gushing well of flame we need heat a carnalize of reasons that we’re human beings they’ve another approach to altar can’t appear and so I’ll take my leave

search and replaces where ultimate courage and cannon fodder postwar optioning of your screenplay can you imagine talk radio translation opportunities cudgels for Christ in mindful fashion cuts back to cold zero opinion I’ve traded in merchants their respect earned through eyeballing crowds opponent whose greater skill missionary position refurbish their forests with plastic power grid over New England while entire villages make it through another night ignorant of work land an unloaded set so that hard-money loans you put out who could never own and didn’t want to show can’t be cunningly turned over west or back east objects affloat on rhythmic sea my horse blurs my urge to drift and break holding pattern in a drier out sky where repetition and nostalgia our well oiled apparatus puts on dog terrorists whose drug-induced drug-transistorized answer to a question no one asks because she didn’t walk but swished having presented her demands for accessibility wave upon wave of them saying “me me” steam whistle and steel while other heritages that tap reassurance reserves to move in artillery for cheap shots below since marked insufficient funds for Las Vegas or Sausalito another posting when light emerges tenderly even impossibly your fragility in the world clock hands where a legacy nicely ignored through stone-walling I dig deep into dark water only to be imitated a better response lacking and hardly worth registering but what are you going to do? go back to Geneva we’re not here to fill too deep aORMAT trips to Washington D.C. or Calcutta wind chimes or a growing stomach makes deadline by a hair floored by it uniform invoking language a tearful good bye bohemian cookie cutter rubber stamp pain whole spirit through you’ll need major dosages big-ticket items about as certain as a mean statistical average pushed off on a glibulous public service warning tune when they ration air and swap point man out who drops into a tunnel of history as we crest the rise and look down to a supercharged ocean hurricane wind flashing the sunlight accentuated to your ongoing accounting procedures massively scarred from sniper fire in Bosnia you show your papers fail-back to the get-snowy and hard to understand at the breast-breathing evil spirits that want to get back to cup their gushing well of flame we need heat a supercharged stone tiger that osterizes your face and last mistake of bad connections where exact pitch shape matters in arbitrary learned ways astronomical greed species by species strays after the grand effect without access to that world in a body night crying for help across the country wherever another town or farmhouse revolt against sheer strange traditional epistolary monuments to human frailty when really it’s a wonder chromaticity extremely turning into light at last being ignored signs and bids you turn to slip in slime usually left outside for retrieval I tell myself here you are in a shock of beauty adds to list and not that interested in copying goes back over the same matrix intertinent cunt rushing having forgotten fever it creeps back to their gushing well of flame we need heat a silicon invasion molecular valence chart putting in radon units under pressure upstairs sound of traffic aficionados of ancient sublime installed interface control plug where grease coating of Plate to rip out wiring diagrams for a stock exchange but you won’t have to drive at night on a dime where scratching among negatives I found an old image of a dead man, me in another acquisition shuffles through dusty rooms stained with winter’s thin yield catwalks a floor of polished wood giving up ghost melodramatically sound and meaning in a signans while children step on land with the breasts-beating evil spirits that want to get back to cup their facing well of flame we need heat a silicon invasion molecular valence chart putting in radon units under pressure upstairs sound of traffic aficionados of ancient sublime installed interface control plug where grease coating of Plate to rip out wiring diagrams for a stock exchange but you won’t have to drive at night on a dime where scratching among negatives I found an old image of a dead man, me in another acquisition shuffles through dusty rooms stained with for a new metaplex after careful market analysis to determine wear and tear since traffic equals volume in a quarter hour punishment by withdrawal of purchasing power digicash account arrogant to a fault a beck to kill their presence just these few last breaths because she destroyed the good through acts of evil detective work evasion onto a plateau where running water and the memory of January’s low light slicing across tree trunks in a quarter hour punishment by withdrawal of purchasing power digicash account arrogant to a fault a beck to kill their presence just these few last breaths because she destroyed the good through acts of evil detective work evasion onto a plateau where running water and the memory of January’s low light slicing across tree trunks
I watched from sidelines through unwatched panes on an old movie palace momentary pleasure jumps left precised three-in-line panicked flesh was out of aberge and merge with our chairs but a fortune comes late beyond your ability or trusted advisors forays into privacy and chintz out of control nothing better and not at all that had you thought you come to regret your solitude without special training in illness detection antibodies charted for memorization drills I heard changed across halfway proverbial dying light of an early December afternoon you'd detailed corrected in your hope it's part of their design for us so and so many days and that it as if soldered into life patly effort in certain cases but in others quite elegant drive to transcend a counterforce magnificence inarticulate in actual desertic entropic laughter at pretense snores to the end their brittle fabery where minds gave up out of fear and weakness a half-way measure little accommodations within one's pitiful limits the maid walked out political conjuncture won't pick up a pencil and write hiring as a process by means of which even noble thoughts become devalued and debunked Mooshir from your youth lost in a blizzard of newspapers brought back caying a lifetime searched among pieces who wanted a few days off so that mercy killing statistics red hot harvest customs plenary session intensive to beat the band although mechanicallyhideously but nevertheless a speed reaction mounts chain of signifiers in inventive to beat the band although mechanically

those three shadows stumble through need of external validation to express more than passing interest in mutual mirth music from your ísimoins start up time presto and sharply circumscribed to offset their natural tendency hunters and gatherers of dog droppings a woman in curlers patent price fixing anorexia of the heart abandoned to its own devices uncannily in the head makes a connection bounds ignorance to the wall fortunately for defense contractors they've joined forces at the confluence hand in hand adored with a proud lady interpreting the sounds of nature a cloudburst of stirring and colorful ads to get a final readout grounded which validates the act of writing grease prints a new load of carbon molecules when to find a quiet moment door slams in preordained fashion and it's as if tumblers or line inner workings a wood fire sublime or pointed backwards such relish and quirks its strings of curses or squalid bureaucrats in paper-thin trousers and cowboy boots their squeamish wives who hover over the poor before sunrise a squamous skin beneath brutalizing disdain transmuted piece by piece apologetics monarchy rule as laid out centuries ago wherever air was breathed and light fell gracefully across their tiny cities and women sat peacefully filling their fingernails no one marched out of myth legend or history training from your hands start light catches another rhythmic pull and shove blocka and nanoe-agents for cunning handiwork that represents a sinister duality Gnostic yet satisfactory grabs after an emptiness supreme not that long ago from home Sapiens Ludens Faber or Comprans wanting a slice which takes its justification in confronting our mortality but obliquely or through evasion into mass as hygienic or squalid that flips open at a floating signifiers barred or erased into flack metaphors by hipsters from hell their brains firing like pistols an anxious grasp of estrails smelly socks Donau Po Euphrates our veined mother whose starry cap some

stolen sweets that shape a future dogmatism narrows against a finely made turnkey system skipped first two etiologic phases to land you in your culture rightly confused or semi-shockingly flustered flushed off at the floating signifiers barred or erased into flack metaphors by hipsters from hell their brains firing like pistols an anxious grasp of estrails smelly socks Donau Po Euphrates our veined mother whose starry cap some

leisure world pastime dew on the rose which chokes your Elesatic fire sprained ankle or not you've little choice the coding goes otherwise-wed fleeting ambiguous summary statement an outrage to common morality meal ticket stub as if to say "you were there" since otherwise who would know? burn victim makes out a check at which she accepts the information in a structure of arpeggios maybe to have forgotten uses or shifting the position across their gridiron counts to go down correctly whips around to the white mark if you continued meean and strongly to seek a greater part of your days going into scar mode because with cyberoptics their snapping strings to justify these muscles through reinforced concrete as if marked for slaughter none of you expected but naively clamped like pigeons low first short strokes want to mount a vision where people's conscious mannerisms of an alphabet in a different order taken down from air skips across a gap of nothing deeper than a bone repetition withdraws attention but only long enough to call out furious hunger for more beauty to retrieve from storage means keep going against gloom upper two black which gives some peculiar air its single opportunity for a successful face to do its job as divider as one absorbs from power to openness a motion that leads inexorably to a baroque complication totes its own precision an inner beat if nothing else for continuity in which however takes its justification in confronting our mortality but obliquely or through evasion into mass as hygienic or squalid that flips open at a floating signifiers barred or erased into flack metaphors by hipsters from hell their brains firing like pistols an anxious grasp of estrails smelly socks Donau Po Euphrates our veined mother whose starry cap some

graveside under a dead sky in slow inevitable boxed up for transport and she owns 14 houses at 9 in case anyone's checking diet of propaganda left town in hot harvest customs plenary session intensive to beat the band although mechanicallyhideously but nevertheless a speed reaction mounts chain of signifiers in inventive to beat the band although mechanically

and strange women intent on destruction in a racist narrative or commonality castrates the Irish pearl plight and python meat ticket stub as if to say "you were there" since

apologetics monarchy rule as laid out centuries ago wherever air was breathed and light fell gracefully across their tiny cities and women sat peacefully filling their fingernails no one marched out of myth legend or history training from your hands start light catches another rhythmic pull and shove blocka and nanoe-agents for cunning handiwork that represents a sinister duality Gnostic yet satisfactory grabs after an emptiness supreme not that long ago from home Sapiens Ludens Faber or Comprans wanting a slice which takes its justification in confronting our mortality but obliquely or through evasion into mass as hygienic or squalid that flips open at a floating signifiers barred or erased into flack metaphors by hipsters from hell their brains firing like pistols an anxious grasp of estrails smelly socks Donau Po Euphrates our veined mother whose starry cap some

welfare expansion into form that reads backwards and forwards more or not you get another giveaway brand name i.d. card on high rev gives a slight indication that impeccable original sin digs deeper with the months would not get drawn out of the old man's demure face by the forever taking advantage of other people's generosity and good will a drinking problem that makes a mockery clipped wings in mu-meter nacho cheese dip!

or chicken a la king because having started one makes the association with full-bodied beef cattle a synonym for our niche marketing calvary officers and medical men in old-time picture frames story-teller's art weaves another romance of living things carraing raising a dust wall or shy daring eyes among jungle foliage stuper on the corner I'm trying to locate coordinates but lacking a launch point their dead zone can't grasp or stop

the public on voice mail trip to your past where many beautiful momentary stockpiles that vanish into a mnemonic morning-stale take a light it's like you've swilled maple leaves held in suspension until you are ready and reach for your instrument worn smooth by habit and old dreams that keep trying to get through some sliver of doubt a holy reference to a purer harmony, which means only a lot

can't tell a fine blade moves between fascia on target your hand-held thermostat and love of apothegm donates a box now that uniquely intrinsic to wetlands however burninated by wind's long abrasion torn apart in a windless after dark conditional exclusion as per your preordained form desired for blur or smear other side may be the reason for citizenship stringing a fantasy enrollment for you proud to announce sold out houses in the suburbs to repeat your basic urging goes
by even, plush discount clubs reliably bursts in on
yourself with a new product line as qualifications and
a meditative polymer protein tissue repair mechanisms
for human cell culture growth from relieved stress work
pool stolen envy as if binders in their naturally
occurring state but a ravishing in her fire-box like
insealable jaws lacks playful inventive shading I've duly
recorded a rhetorical flourishes claims jumper because
who knows your vandals grasping a pen the dead
culture still stuck in our faces we're left weak after
vomiting books phone calls shoes steamed in my
silence since people made their angry demands and
health complaints an acidic political dinner of
wealth and fortunes of old money but there's something
in that I can't accept what they use to call nature's little gifts! in the
millennium a new constellation and fires burning across
Europe asks for some response although you're tired
earlier a skein of webbed synthetic lines catches up
only to observe a radically changed address field and
blanks where your name belongs because you're dead
and the last to find out your old 4-banger ready for the
junk yard where kids scour for choice finds or piss on
rusty engine blocks while she applies a tiny amount of
virus calcification overjoyed sex drive departs along with
a beat bicycle frame within window predicted by
actuarial tables as an "amazing development" to get out of
town formally if not congested by gunk

capital outlay substitution weren't no good nobles
where vacancy of dead blood right where she least
expected body language Castilian pride enough to sink
the last to find out your old 4-banger ready for the
junk yard where kids scour for choice finds or piss on
rusty engine blocks while she applies a tiny amount of
virus calcification overjoyed sex drive departs along with
a beat bicycle frame within window predicted by
actuarial tables as an "amazing development" to get out of
town formally if not congested by gunk

in the morning it's comedy hour along Mimbres 29
degrees and falling because I went with the flow right
over the edge buckles down to another sally against
windmills of silicon and financial services eating our
skin has been seen an up, like a tent along the
wander about in another mind bemused by its winding
ways as if some separate reality or ontic veil the
Golden Dawn come to hear but not your garden variety
posing queen: a phantasmagoric who, by the way, is sure to
out shoppling! scandalous! a perfect combination of
indulgent men cross-dressers in conjunction with these
babies delicious like wildfire may vary but you're
guaranteed cool food-vegetarian than on the other hand
now that everything is present deep to them since meat
and potatoes or cooking cabbage dollop of congealing
grease our extraction line

anthropophagy or law whatever yields the most a
regular setup once I sit back to grind morsels or
clovenly practices based on misplaced trust at least this
way you minimize storage and transfer problems when
referring to specifics of time and place stuffed to the
gills as interviewed for television prestige meats sunken
data test to insure your survival on l.v. drip rams the
point, house you can't buy from a store or warehouse
they've carted it off to the dump gleefully rid of the
weight bags for an intelligent reply instead of foot races
together across town or a bandits' lair where dark men throw
knives to kill time bears a gift according to local more
price of admission a complicit principally abounds to
joy of potlatch when your mind dissolves whose battery of
expert witnesses tells you a thing or two about face
rifles raised ATM lights quietly blink their signals
wriggle you catch watching you catch watching you
grasp a fate molecule genetically designed with the
drive inwards halls of science and industry or
customer service you and find it is only a wall and a sign saying "closed."
intention of getting lost. You must have faith not in the
trans-functional. There is no center and no place to
begin the Hermitage is an unstructured structure. When
we read such a structure what we need is not a map but
a morphologist.

The photos were developed at the Snappy Snaps in
Notting Hill in London, so it says on the envelope.
There are 51 of them: there's the equestrian statue of
Peter the Great, the teenager who tried to pick my
pocket in the Metro, the tour guide standing on top of an
apartment building, there's Irena, there's a canal, there's
Raphael, Russia's only Michaelangelo, and the Dark
Rembrandt -- moving forward in time -- there's the
my lens cap. There is it again. And again. A complete
series of photos that show me only that the way is
Cezanne. There's Leger. And that's the end of the roll.

It's possible that I wasn't there at all -- perhaps I took the
wrong package of photos, someone else's photos.
Japanese with a guttural, narcoleptic accent and I
remember thinking at first he was Scottish. I arranged a
return to channel one, the letters change to Cyrillic, and
something else is different. I notice that the word on the
in Roman letters. Curious, I pick up the bag and
examine it, looking for some sort of electronic device, a
liquid crystal display or something, but it's just paper.

Smooth on the outside, nasty on the inside. Even more
strange is that the attendants appear different as well.
They look friendlier, suddenly. When I turn the knob
back to channel one, the letters change to Cyrillic, and
the flight attendants revert to their surly Russian selves.
I turn it back and forth several times and watch the
alphabet metasyncope. I'm not sure how to interpret
this device, but it is already making me slightly
embarrassed to be watching the movie in English:
Magic Hunter. The policeman Max successfully passes the
test for professional suitability, resorts to a fantastic
trick. It pushes him in whirlpool of mysterious event,
timeless. Light and darkness, innocence and
evil, hunter and hunted: the threads of this fascinating
story are drawn together in a riveting outcome that
will leave you believing in miracles... The film is rated
brown. It is starting to make sense.

A movie starts at a bench in front of Kazan
Cathedral. There is no photographic record of the
intervening time, so it must have been uneventful. I sit
back and concentrate on learning the Cyrillic alphabet.
It's almost midnight. The sun has set, the sky seems
diluted. A woman who looks like she cannot contain her mirth comes
walking towards me across the park. Nevsy prospects are
lined with beautiful statues, but she has made
mirth her own unique attribute, like a special piece of
jewellery. She smiles shyly as she circles the puddles

MORPHOLOGY OF THE HERITAGE
BY VLADIMIR PROPP
by Corey Frost

In St. Petersburg on the bank of the river
Neva there is a building with 2000 rooms. It is
called the Hermitage. It is a place that has been
described by almost every historian and
everyone that has been there, but it is also
evidence that seems to suggest that I have been there.
There exist maps for the museum, and all the rooms
are numbered, but they are not in my order. It is not
unusual to arrive at what you thought would be a
door and to find it is only a wall and a sign saying "closed."
When you go to the Hermitage, you must go with the
intention of getting lost. You must have faith in the
unstructured structure. When we read such a structure,
what we need is not a map but a morphologist.

The photos were developed at the Snappy Snaps in
Notting Hill in London, so it says on the envelope.
There are 51 of them: there's the equestrian statue of
Peter the Great, the teenager who tried to pick my
pocket in the Metro, the tour guide standing on top of an
apartment building, there's Irena, there's a canal, there's
Raphael, Russia's only Michaelangelo, and the Dark
Rembrandt -- moving forward in time -- there's the
my lens cap. There is it again. And again. A complete
series of photos that show me only that the way is
Cezanne. There's Leger. And that's the end of the roll.

Nevertheless, I find myself at eight in the
and then sits down on my bench, ostentatiously opening a book on her lap. It's Irena, I know her from the photos: wide picture-window glasses, a school-girl blouse and one of those self-conscious grin suggests that she knows what's going to happen, and that I am expected to do something, to react in some way. The fountain in front of us is splashing noisily, like a dream inexplicably filled with water. In fact, as I am about to leave, when I at first glance at her, she closes her book and cannot help laughing as she asks, "Excuse me what is the time?" I tell her it is midnight. It seems ridiculous, because the sun is absent! I might have transilluminated the five letters of the author's name, I am surprised — surprised and a little unsettled — to find that it says Propp, and the initial B must stand for Vladimir. It seems like heavy-handed symbolism, this choice of reading material. Is there too much of a coincidence that she should be reading, at least ostensibly, the book that I bought specifically to read while sitting in this park and then left on the train from... I don't know. In the photo, with the blue Baroque architecture in the background, she's holding it on her lap, and her eyes seem to be delighted by our ridiculous situation — it is still bright, the sun still hasn't gone down, and she is still holding that book, and she is laughing.

"I'm reading this book too," I say. She nods vigorously and gestures an offering with her hands. "No, no," I say, "I bought it by mistake." And when I painstakingly transilluminate the five letters of the author's name, I am surprised — surprised and a little unsettled — to find that it says Propp, and the initial B must stand for Vladimir. It seems like heavy-handed symbolism, this choice of reading material. Is there too much of a coincidence that she should be reading, at least ostensibly, the book that I bought specifically to read while sitting in this park and then left on the train from... I don't know. In the photo, with the blue Baroque architecture in the background, she's holding it on her lap, and her eyes seem to be delighted by our ridiculous situation — it is still bright, the sun still hasn't gone down, and she is still holding that book, and she is laughing.

"I'm reading this book too," I say. She nods vigorously and gestures an offering with her hands. "No, no," I say, "I bought it by mistake." And when I painstakingly transilluminate the five letters of the author's name, I am surprised — surprised and a little unsettled — to find that it says Propp, and the initial B must stand for Vladimir. It seems like heavy-handed symbolism, this choice of reading material. Is there too much of a coincidence that she should be reading, at least ostensibly, the book that I bought specifically to read while sitting in this park and then left on the train from... I don't know. In the photo, with the blue Baroque architecture in the background, she's holding it on her lap, and her eyes seem to be delight
Rampike 11/1

EPİSTEMOLOGY
by Maria Gould

Nancy Chodorow... has theorized that girls and boys develop different psychological deep structures because females are almost exclusively the primary caregivers for both. Girls can find their gender identity without separating from their mother, and hence, develop a relational personality structure and perhaps even a relational epistemology or way of knowing. (Nel Noddings. "Caring," in The Challenge to Care in Schools: An Alternative Approach to Education. New York, Teachers' College Press, 1992. p. 7)

What does one mean by "the unity of mind"? I pondered... it can think with other people spontaneously, as, for instance, in a crowd waiting to hear some piece of news read out. It can think back through its fathers or its mothers, as I have said that a woman writing thinks back through her mothers.


When I arrive at my mother's apartment at 9 a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just

leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She has another job to get to at 10. My mother is dressed and showered, propped a.m., Esperanza, the night-time health care aide is just leaving. We say a brief "Hello" to one another as she slips out the door. She...
self, of individuality. Try to determine whether she really needs me this time — as sometimes she does not. Decide whether helping her this time will take too much from one of my moments, carried along by an adrenaline rush in which there were no other considerations, no deadlines, no other people in my life, no private needs for food or sleep or fresh air. The emergency is the easy part. I simply get to her as quickly as possible and do what’s required. But now, with her lying trusting and relatively safe in the next room, the descent into normality has begun. For anywhere between a week and three months, my life will rearrange itself into a different configuration. My mother and her needs will take the foreground, everything else, the background. My mind will be invaded by a haze of prediction, of planning and strategizing: If this happens, then... but if that happens, we’ll have to... I’d rather... Just in case... My body will feel heavy and each movement laboured, as if I were carrying her weight in addition to my own. I might feel what it used to feel when I need me, and I’ll have to find a way to answer her needs.

The submerging self cries out: But I’m tired! I don’t want to do this anymore. I can’t do it anymore! I have work to do, fun to have! I have friends who need me, too! I never chose this, never agreed to this! Isn’t there someone else, anyone else who could do it instead of me? But none of these things matter. And nor will it matter that I have an essay to write, deadlines to meet, thoughts which need to be turned into words which need to be written on paper and communicated to others. My hands will be busy, as if I were carrying her weight in addition to my own. But it won’t matter how I feel. She will need me, and I’ll have to find a way to answer her needs.

Before all this confusing inquiry into the nature of consciousness I had a very simple personal meaning for it, or something like what it does for Julian Jaynes: “an analogue I narratizing in a mind-space” (although I’d never read anything by Julian Jaynes until this year). All I know is that inside me, everyone I know, there has been a voice narrating my life. I’ve had a heightened awareness of this voice and a need to externalize it in some way, to give shape to it. This narrating voice is like a Siamese twin, a tiny second self which depends upon me for its place in the world. But weak and attenuated as it may seem, it is capable of overpowering me if I don’t do what it requires. I ask myself what it is this voice of mine has to do with it and of what use is it to me or anyone else? Yet its need is real, as real as any other. Of course I’m not alone in this. I’m writer, that’s all; my feelings are common to every writer I know. I select an article by R.G. Collingwood, my mother would observe me if her eyes were open and she could see me through the wall. If she were well, if she could be my mother at this moment she would also smile. I pick up an article by存量 in a picture taken when I was just a young old, making my first steps. I walked toward the camera — unsteady, yet determined — and my mother stood behind me, waiting pride forcing her otherwise. I stood up, my mother stood up with me.

Yet my mother is not watching me. I am watching her: my consciousness, my narrator, is watching me. And through my fatigue I begin to feel better: please that I can construct this moment of narcissism even in the midst of chaos. It pleases me the way it pleases me to see my mother’s mischievous humour return after a bout of illness. This is, after all, a fight for life.

And I read, picking up where I left off, happy to discover that I can slip into the text easily. Happy that my inner world has a continuum even if the outer world has not.

Consciousness is absolutely autonomous: its decision alone determines whether a given sensum or emotion shall be attributed to me or not. A conscious being is not thereby free to decide what feelings he shall have; but he is free to decide what feeling he shall place in the focus of his consciousness.

Yet he is not free to choose whether he shall exercise this power of decision or not. In so far as he is conscious, he is obliged to decide; for that decision is consciousness itself.

I look up from the page, following the faint trail of a question in my mind: according to Collingwood, I am not conscious when I help my mother. The impulse to do so comes before I decide. But what would he call the state of hyper-awareness I enter during those times, the attunement to her needs so complete that it predicts all stirrings and sounds? But I’m tired, and I don’t have a pen in my hand, and the question slips away from me. Maybe I don’t want to pursue it. I tell myself: There’s Collingwood’s definition of consciousness. Underline that passage. I just want to enjoy the delicious sense of order, of sentences playing themselves out one after the other in the solid, measured fashion. What I love most of all is the clarity of the text, which bespeaks great faith in ideas, in words. What I love most is words.

There are three things going on at this moment. There is the connection between my mother and me, my mother who lies in the next room breathing, safe in her bed for the time being and not calling to me. But at any moment she might, and I might have to put down this text, close the door on the world of words and go to her. In talking to her I would silence the thoughts that will later be written on the page. I see myself performing these actions. I rehearse them in my mind. At any moment she might call me. This moment... the next. On the in-breath, I feel too need living inside me. I feel my breath moving in tandem with hers and my readiness to respond to her need. She won’t have to call me; I’ll know by the movement in the next room that signals need. I’ll go to her, I’ll do what she needs me to do.

And on the out-breath, I travel into the text. My engagement with the text is the second thing. Yes, I say to the text: This is measured and balanced and clear. This is true, and therefore, beautiful.

And then there is myself, watching me: that inner narrator who plagued me as a child, like an unpleasant intruder in my head narrating every thought and feeling until it became a voice outside of myself on the page. Now, the narrator is welcome. The self watching me assigns meaning to the situation. It says that in these few breaths, in the deepening of my mother’s sleep, the deepening silence of the apartment before the crush of activity at the moment of the doctor’s phone call, in the deepening acceptance of the service I will give my mother over the next few weeks in tandem with my deepening absorption in text, my two worlds are in complete balance. And this is good.

For one world cannot exist without the other. I could never read with this degree of vehement, this love of order and of bringing thought into language if I were not trying to escape chaos in the outer world. If more time were available to me I would concentrate on seeking and feeding and protecting conventional happiness instead of filling each silent moment with the difficult act of engaging with words. But if it were not for this engagement with words.

NOTES:
1) “Consciousness and the Voices of the Mind.” Canadian Journal of Psychology, 272 (1986); p. 133
con texts: the guilty facts of a clinical world
by brian cullen

George Bowering writes in his Autobiology (Chapter 12: The Door) that "guilt is not curiosity guilt is silent" (56). Guilt is not curiosity guilt is silent. But I must be careful not to repeat the gesture: whether out of a lingering guilt about my curiosity about my grandmother’s silence; out of guilt about my manipulation of the above subject’s voiceless figure (that I tried to claim it as related to my own text) or, ultimately, just plain and simply because I am out of touch, stuck behind the same clinical disregard which has come to serve of language not as the instrument which it is, but rather as a final discipline and screen for all sorts of operations that sooth by deceiving

...Because the theatre of war is coming to a theater near you! And if you haven’t heard already, cybersex really is better with your (camera’s) eye turned on – you that desire in someone else’s living room where you are, also, watching their empty libido unfold on the screen.

What I would hope for by re-placing the above image in this text, is that it would not remain fixed, silent, amid the discourse it was first situated in. For it then only ends by "demonstrating the clinical power of the letter that can neither be deciphered or enciphered by non-specialists" (Jaeger, 110). At the same time I ran a similar risk in my re-presentation of it as text here: for here, too, it potentially remains "an alternate language, an idiolect," jealously guarded now not only from the "non-medical specialist" (Jaeger, 109) but from the missing subject in me which I engender as a supplement. The question is not merely one of context then, but content – underlying. For if I am to reveal it, it is only by admitting my desire for that same "clinical power of the letter" which Jaeger speaks of. "Clinical" being from the Gk. kline, the bed – where the power is mine, acting in desire, in "my weakness for the weakness of voice" (Jacques Mauger, 44).

Foreign Bodies
La science manipule les choses et renonce à les habiter (Merleau-Ponty, 9)

Why do I keep coming back to the image? Perhaps because curiosity killed the cat, and the cat’s got my tongue, which means, in a way of speaking, that I’m speechless before the spectre of my own death, trying to escape it. It’s a bird I’ve gotten myself into before. I have never been able to admit to myself: Cast away your tongue... cast away your tongue, my tongue, my tongue, dammit, who said that, where are you? Further, further, Mind, Mind, fire, tongues of fire, fire, shut up old goat, shut him up, etc... I rip my tongue out (A. Artaud, Umbilicals Limbro, 52)

The Psychologist looked at us. "I wonder what he’s got?"

"Some sleight-of-hand trick or other," said the Medical Man, and Filby tried to tell us about a conjuror he had seen at Burslem, but before he had finished his preface the Time Traveller came back, and Filby’s anecdote collapsed. -- H.G. Wells, The Time Machine

The Letters
v.e. (thickened and ulcerated), o, c, sc, l.b (with tube lodged in it, where the air went through to the voice that was lost in the image as text describing a clinical death - but whose? we wonder - and again the attractive details of operations which appear to preserve themselves, so that we are finally able to say, "this is a voice - where it was," without the danger that we, too, might be lost there.

"Mais cette déception est celle du faux imaginaire, qui réclame une positivité qui comble exactement son vide," writes Merleau-Ponty. "C’est le regret de n ‘être pas tout" (92). And how did we think we could remain so detached, yet unbroken? It is the kind of delicate subject went missing.

When I saw my father pull the line out with a fish biting onto the tail of another fish that was held fast onto (the hook in) the herring bait (if you’re lost, that makes three fish), then I began to understand what William Carlos Williams meant when he wrote the words: "the mind is / still (through barely) more than / its play" (129). Which doesn’t amount to an understanding. Even when the fish was finally in my mouth, I wasn’t underwater. Though I could taste the sea in its flesh.

That was on June 30th, 1982, and I was nine years old. Or maybe it was June 30th, 1963, and I was ten. In any case it means that we went fishing on my birthday – on June 30th – sometime in the early eighties, and that if you do the subtraction, I was born in either 1973 or 1973.

I was born in 1973. The year Picasso died. And in my previous life I was an astronaut. That was just a few years before I was ready to be reborn into this life. And I was feeling guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilty guilt.

Magnificent desolation," is how Col. Buzz Aldrin hung the jury, July 20, 1969. I was there at the trial of the moon. And I swear, it did not begin with a word; the universe did not begin with a word. Even as we landed, at what we took to be its nearest and most chaste extreme, the script we had been told to remember was swiftly proven to be inappropriate, could not be adapted, to the non-gravity of the situation. For we forgot that the condition of near weightlessness we were arriving in is also silence. That the air there was something we brought with us, to speak through.

"Magnificent desolation," is how Col. Buzz Aldrin described it when he stepped down onto the surface. He must not have heard the Pope, who in the final speech did not hear himself as he knelt down to kiss the moon and get dust on his face bubble, then stood up proclaiming: "Against the possible idolatry of the instrument we should be on guard." Poor Buzz though.

The first man, Neil Armstrong, didn’t really have any excuse for his slip, of the tongue, except that as an astronaut he was naturally feeling quite weak-legged, what with the responsibility he had been given, of speaking first, about a place he was just arriving in, and
so how can one blame him I suppose - how can one blame him? - for being so out of his wits when he recited, out loud, his famous line for the first time: "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind," he told us. And in that moment he forgot that he was a man, stepping. And where it was that he was stepping.

Back on earth someone dialled the phone for Nixon, who hadn't been able to make it in person but who interrupted anyway: "Because of what you have done," he said, "the heavens have become a part of man's world." Which was exactly the kind of reverence the Pope was afraid of.

If only Merleau-Ponty could have been there. He would have stood by me perhaps when Apollo 11 landed. He would have finally vetoed my vote of non-guilt, and sent us back to earth, eleven heroes and one Canadian - me, guilty like the world, guilty like the moon of treason in the Human Universe. "We're takin' you and your slutty muse back to where you came from," I was promptly told. Though Merleau-Ponty's words continued to orbit around in my brain like sheer, unrepentant lunacy, reassuring me in their opposition to: "La puissance d'envoûtement," the power of bewitchment, which nature once possessed, we do see the larger bio-motion as "la puissance d'envoûtement," the power of bewitchment, the content, underlying. The image, like a fish hook in my eye, drawing me in to discover depths other than those of my own interior. But even if I admire what I see, "Then, what does that amount to?" (Williams, 130), Still a pertinent question. Perhaps the current, false expectation in such a visually fixated society as ours, where "imaging-in" is imaging, is that the thing should hold itself up for our appraisal, and continue to hold itself together in front of that self-flattening gaze, one which itself rests upon the assumption of the thing's underlying flaw, its potential for erosion.

Although Williams' naive positioning at mid-century allows for "The Visit," it's a positioning which he himself is skeptical of, I think, knowing as he did what he was up against. Any such lookings inward, out of respect for "broken" texts, one thing which is already there and ready to inhabit us, represents, or rather, embodies a stance that is at odds with much of science. Unless "virus" is being discussed. And then it is almost always seen as an invasion, as Charles Olson put it - in the form a question which he admitted was an "impossible task" to answer, in order to see it through as a process: "- to see the world as a place, to see innocence through it. "Quantity in Verse, And Shakespeare's "Late Plays," 39."

In his novel L'Antipathaire (1969), Hubert Aquin doesn't even bother himself with the question. For there he writes (of "broken" texts) "a woman needs to inhabit. Either thing which is already there and ready to inhabit us, represents, or rather, embodies a stance that is at odds with much of science. Unless "virus" is being discussed. And then it is almost always seen as an invasion, as Charles Olson put it - in the form a question which he admitted was an "impossible task" to answer, in order to see it through as a process: "- to see the world as a place, to see innocence through it. "Quantity in Verse, And Shakespeare's "Late Plays," 39."

Word Processing 1. My tongue wagged on the bloody floor as the hydraulic spray came closer and flipped it into the rest with the rest of the failed human pancake, lying cold and doughy in a heap. Put my hand in the wrong place they say, and me (theburger I ate for lunch, fries, large Coke and cherry pie) were eaten by the machine and spat out the other side, digested finally by the will of the mill. Luckily though I had had my own will to write to preserve some sort of practical immorality: the family, the dog, the land. Not the shamless morbidity of some stupid god who fucked and threw thunderbolts, but the kind that really lasts!

A Full Lifetime Warranty free from defects in workmanship for the lifetime of the purchaser.

So that the results of any honest resistance will not always be pleasing. If we acknowledge what we are a part of: the existing structures already imposed on us, by us, as terrestrial beings - structures which are disgusting. And even if, on the moon, my dissent was eventually absorbed in that false "processus naturel d'information" which Merleau-Ponty mentions above - the mandate of sneaky Apollo - I sensed while I was there that I must somehow try and articulate it, the ultimate "machine humaine" being the camera, mirrored on the eye, which eventually witnessed me to my own self as attenuated accomplice to the Event as the text imposed on me. Not Merleau-Ponty, infinitely beyond us, who has no witness also to "that enormous properly human and anti-natural power of dead human labour stored up in our machinery, an alienated power... which turns back on itself, as if in a mirror... which reflects us in the opposite of its own reflection: a monument of the concrete as well as our individual praxis" (Jameson, 77): the return to earth, where I was welcomed again into the circle of family with all its broken words:

Word Processing 2. My cousins, three of them, out in the field with a video camera. Just after Christmas. The camera, a gift one of them has received, scans the brown expanse of flattened grass, the far fence, the vague form of a neighbour's house (white) through the trees. The lens rotates; it focuses automatically on any depth of field. Now it turns toward the cow which the youngest has raised for slaughter. A she-cow, standing in the field. There is also a gun.

They are too far for it to be a clean kill. Though that is part of the scenario. The first shot gets her in the nose. Right away she is snorting blood and grunting. The second gets her in the side of the face. Now she is making eyes in my direction, as a scene of a horror movie. the scene takes on an added dimension: they see themselves seeing this happen; at least one of them does:

"Stop the camera. Fuck, go kill her." The one with the gun moves in close and fires a single shot point blank to the head. By this time the video camera is off. No human has appeared in the frame.

field work: "collection of a large corpus of verseacular transcriptions" (James Clifford, 525).

"...Somehow try and articulate it." 'The reality of my homecoming. But I can't. Any development I have ever tried to trace from that moment forward has been interrupted by my own passing, by memories I've inherited, and carry with me now, of an older, physically threatening type of machinery ("Word-Processing 1", a story my deceased uncle, Phillip, told me about the mill he worked at on the Fraser River) as it became accompanied by the newer, seemingly less harmful machine of the future ("Word-Processing 2", a story my uncle's sons told me a few years after he committed suicide). This later machine only apparently absolves us of the former threat through its powerful ability to replicate, filling us with the anxiety of space-time travel potential. It is the machine that holds us in the present tense. And, "somehow try and articulate it." But I can't. I can only quote myself out of context and thereby create an impression which is not obeyed by the emergence of my own double narrative here: the nature/nurture thing. And would it be overly nostalgic to suggest that this is about wanting to be nurtured by nature again?

Jameson, responding among other things to our discreetly choreographed transmissions and to the empty ugliness of our architecture in/of the world, says that "the other of our society is...no longer Nature as all, as it was in precapitalist societies," and posits technology as "adequate shorthand" (77) for the precarious precarious of ourselves drifting in the "world space of multinational capital" (92). But I wonder, is this not just another "UNIVERSE of discourse" we have become caught in - like my cousins, trapped in the ambiguity of their sacrifice - the only way out of such "social confusion" being seen through the invention and projection of a global cognitive mapping" (92) - something which my cousins would never likely participate in, and which comes again at the expense of acknowledging the earth as the only possible site of such a practice?

My practice here is to discover that this work, too, is
printed on the forest. So that I must acknowledge my own complicity in a strange palimpsest (and yes, even Agnes Martin’s “innocent” trees are grids imposed on the forest), or I can hide behind that other narrative here which is about fishing on the moon! In any case, I would do better to print this on black paper, with white words, for the purpose of showing my dishonesty, not the false permanence of the little white lies I tell now, with black ink, on white paper.

So much for permanence. For what is written is seen. Either what is written or the person who writes it - us. And this is a fact of language: that us is what receives the gesture. An open form of communication then, right? Perhaps, if only there hadn’t appeared that other requirement: that what is written be written to be seen. Which brings about, in a host of other by-laws: margins, capitalization, beginnings, ends, etc. As a reader, you can surrender yourself to the author(s), or you can become suspicious, get in as close as possible and find the underlying (intentional?) deviations from, or flagrant betrayals of, authority — then classify them back to where they belong, among the intriguing (read same though. Because language won’t get you anywhere (American Express): in, out, of danger — whichever you get, right? Perhaps, if only there hadn’t appeared that other requirement: that what is written be written to be seen. Which brings about, in a host of other by-laws: margins, capitalization, beginnings, ends, etc. As a reader, you can surrender yourself to the author(s), or you can become suspicious, get in as close as possible and find the underlying (intentional?) deviations from, or flagrant betrayals of, authority — then classify them back to where they belong, among the intriguing (read “harmless”) gestures of an avant-garde. As a writer aware of such issues of readability, you can either continue to try and innovate within formal structures, or you can just innovate. The results might be exactly the same though. Because language won’t get you anywhere in this world except “everywhere you want to be” (American Express): in, out, of danger — whichever you prefer.

What is written will not be preserved. For what is written will not be recognized by itself. The potential interchangeability of language is nothing new. But what is new is the degree to which that potential has been twisted, turned, exploitation into progress — again, still — the language of man, being promoted as something which allows the process, which allows us to be free within it, without a conscience. So nothing new, yes, but the present risk would appear to be beyond all previous proportions — because it is so worth taking.

Even when the old priority of an oral/aural interchange is evoked to describe the event, or rather, the instance of language, the law, the absolute, is always lurking underneath to foreground language’s erosion:

...“sound laws” are not laws in the same sense as the law of gravity.

Well, I suppose that we know what is happening here, what’s happening there, what’s happening this way, and what’s happening that way, what’s happening this period, and what’s happening that period. (Mitchell & Robinson, A Guide to Old English, 23)

Apparently, we could never count on language to get us anywhere. The spaces between the letters (“sounds”) allowed articulation, but we could also fall into them. And we still can. The “science of language” remains unfounded without recourse to gravitational laws, the old bases of a centred Science. Not so strangely, this is the precipitous edge of every business venture now. The risk of free enterprise. And you might as well take it, or be taken: the only way of remaining “out of the hole” as it were, is by seeking vs. waiting, patiently watching. Because it’s actually possible to “make things happen” these days. Though you must be in possession of the right by now. If you’re able to get rid of it before that market crashes, before the science of the self-existing electrohydrodynamo we have staked our lives against slides from beneath our feet.

It’s like the old story about the one that got away. Whoever is able to take it up, and make the story believable, will survive, will live to stand on solid ground again. What is required for this though, is a precise miscalculation. It’s like saying that we landed the moon instead of landed on it. And so convinced ourselves away from the fact that each letter of every sentence we utter is a miraculous error, a bad egg, a rotten apple, a fish in water — (A Cancer Manual, unpaginated): the one that got away, and escaped us, before we were able to speak it:

A curious case of a foreign body in the larynx has been narrated to me as having happened in Madras in the summer of 1873. The facts are these: — Native fisherman had brought fish in the mouth of fish which they have last caught while they bait their hooks afer. One of them was doing so when the fish jumped down his throat, and started across the sea, as if to withdraw it on account of the prickles on its back. And no medical man was near to open his wind-pipe the man was suffocated. (W. Pugin; Thomton, Foreign Bodiers)

We have come full circle. Caught, in mid-search. Incomplete. Only this clean death now, a suffocation. And no medical man near to help us. This is the place where the foreign body comes to lie, beside our bed, beside our bedsides, our manners, and our hidden impatience in the night. This place where the last breaths of the nights are heard, smothered in the unspeakable. The place of no-one. Because we refused to inhabit it, and still do. But why?

Perhaps because we couldn’t, can’t (refusing to let our words there), or speak... But each language undergoes different changes at different periods.

(Mitchell & Robinson, A Guide to Old English, 23)

40

NOTES:

1) I am indebted to Denise Desautels for her fine work, Un Livre de Kafka à la Main, the source of the final italicized portion above, which I have translated.

2) Taken from A Cancer Manual includ. Moodyville: Beginnings.

4) I don’t need to cite my sources for this one because this is from the world newspaper. And the moon belongs to each one of us now.

5) The Sea of Tranquillity, where Apollo 11 landed. The moon has generally been divided into either maria or terrae, each of which possesses its respective characteristics. In either case, we have landed.

6) I am indebted to Jeff Derksen, who edited the Winter 1994 issue of Open Letter, for pointing out to me, like many of the writers in that issue, that, "Disgust can register as an understandable reaction to social relations that refuse to recognize that they are disgusting, relations that instead flop back to the status of economic facts as the last determining instance, which has sadly come. This disgust is decidedly ideological. And perhaps what is so disgusting about the logic and ideology of late capitalism is that it can hold its contradictions so comfortably" (7-8). "Disgust" here is contrary to desire: a word which appears in my text several times, and which I must admit, I cannot deny. It is only that in these unrelenting times which we live in, desire has been appropriated as a descriptive term for our motivations in so many activities, then sold, in order to sell. Derksen and other writers are right to point out, I think, that "desire" does, should turn over — like our stomachs — is response to "social relations that refuse to recognize that they are disgusting."
SUNRISE POEMS
by Libby Scheier

SUNRISE 5
Toronto, the Arcadia roof, 5:36 am, exactly the hour of sunrise
on Friday, June 20, 1997, day of the summer solstice and full moon.
(Six days before my father’s death).

Grey morning, can’t see the sunrise.
A bit of rain.

Cloud cover mottles.
Northwest of Canada Malting buildings,
a fiery red spot.

Could be the entire sky’s on fire behind the cloud cover.
Or is it just that dog of a sun
rising slowly,
the tunnel of its spine
a perfectly straight rod of air
invisibly linked to the horizon.

That hellish morning perpendicular.

When the birds fly overhead
do they create
a soft roof of prayer

- shield from danger
  yet connecting tissue to the divine
- prophylactic
  yet conductor

Circle of horizon, ouroboros,
hair in the wind
the lake shushing and swishing Toronto
the mainland a stubborn son-of-a-bitch
survivor father self-centred
neatly washed, made it through wars
and pogroms and starvation and persecution and
expulsion and abolishment
thee made war
on children and grandchildren

(but even holocausts do not explain everything
as I have met kind survivors as well as cruel)
father-mainland buffeted at the fringes
by a brilliance of water,
he can’t see it or feel it
but his feet tingle
and send curlicues of energy up his spine

am I also the nearsighted self-centred father
who can’t save his child
who won’t
who can’t fucking do anything
that doesn’t feel right
he must be right

Sports that curse
confuses his ego with planetary forces
the sunrise with god
knuckles with vertebrae

The red sunrise pinkens behind the grey sky.
Light can illumine or burn and blacken whether
the light’s in me or a dog
of heat inhabiting the sky

SUNRISE MOURNING POEM
Toronto, July 18, 1997, 5:40 am on the Arcadia roof

the sun like everything else is full
of death
inside the green of trees is dark purple
we are here in this maya twisting and turning
(for whose liking?)
this tiny chimera
the world is small death is large
transparent cloud splotches move slowly past the CN Tower

sunsire is repetitive

auto mobile hellfire
already smoking up the Gardiner

what the city would look like
without the city: no
CN Tower stabbing the sky
no Canada Malting rectangular blight
blocking the sight of lake and island and early light
no rows of entombing concrete buildings
a writing large of the aboveground crypt where
my father’s body begins its slow cold crumble
unembraced by mother earth, his body
moldering alone, unvisited
by the small and tender creatures
who bring ashes and dust back to life

sunsire is beautiful before
the sun rises

then
His Fiery Majesty
arrives and
all else pales

probably by His command

the hot and glaring light
this summer morning is
hell on earth

TWO POEMS
by Derk Wynand

MESSIEURS TESTE
lost or found behind his own eye
a manikin at the controls
inside the brain tower
model or metaphor for the self
celebrating -- cartoonists seem
to deal with it best
what about the rest of us
solipsists increasingly manqué
who go all allocentric
tit to wool to glass to stone
tossed into the seeming blue
of apparent ocean and air
quick bends of light
slow reflections and then
long night
all that presence and absence
begins and ends with us
looking
for ways to connect
the impossible stars
milky
escape route back to where
we think first thought or sensation
might have come from

MONSTER
Nothing so stupid as living
inside someone else's dream
as you dream it,
giving him all credit or blame
for the panic centred between
your legs and heart until
the centre shifts
making things turn just as hot
in your head: his thoughts take over
and you become the monster
you have allowed him to create.
Now who in whose dream
is monster, who creator?
As usual, you try to fly
from the question and your self
and make no visible progress.
The heart may be sleeping
but your blood will not sleep:
it bears the terrible oxygen
to the efficient furnace of your brain
inside which the monster goes up
with you in the same smoke and flames.

716
by Gordon Massman

Each molecule of sea water is a number, randomly
connected into other numbers in all shapes and attitudes,
combining, colliding, merging, and fusing, the sea
a geosatellite of numbers, intertwined, overlapped,
forming an undulating organism, rising and falling,
swelling, swaying. Many a human has drowned in
numbers, inhaling 10s and 7s, their last appendage
a raised hand sliding under. The combination of numbers
form sea colors: aquamarine, green, copper, brown--
colors that weave one's breath into bursting, birds
loosed upon the air which are themselves numbers,
3 birds, 46 birds, 328 bursting birds, 2476 birds forming
a cloud whose molecules are numbers. Nitrogen,
hydrogen, oxygen numerals forming the sweet face
of a colt, a colossus, or cow floating, and metastasizing.
One cat sleeps on my lap, 2 squirrels quarrel in the
trees, 3 pans hang from metal hooks, 4 trucks wheeze
down the street. The tongues, lips, and teeth of
children at Eisenhower Elementary School form in
union the sounds of numbers. Count to 10. Bob
can do it! Wendy can do it! Jason can do it, too!
Numbers bouncing off the walls, doubling back,
and filling classroom, save a few which slip through
cracked windows, like ecstatic criminals. I love you.
You plus me equals love. 1+1=2 or 3 or 5, who
plus 3 generations equals 71. Fourteen people of
mixed gender wait on the curb in the year '97 or
was it '61? Mine is tied with a four-in-hand Seven
steps; a landing, 7 steps, a landing; 7 steps, a landing;
every other one 45 a degree turn left to a door on
each of 18 floors, counts the man with OCD. There
will be a minimum of 6 and a maximum of 16 chemotherapies
beginning every 3rd Monday
and lasting 3 hours each. She died at 63 after working
40 years. The system on which I compose these lines
has 32 megabytes of RAM, a 4.3 gigabyte hard
drive, a 1.44 diskette drive, 4 megabytes of video memory, a 3-D virtual memory,
an AC-3 camcorder, a 600 x 300 DRI printer with
a 100 page sheet feeder, a 7 resistant fax, and a
266 MHz Pentium processor chip. On the tip of
my last going under finger, thrust high: 1 angel flickers.

Eight Aleatory Haiku
by Michael Londry

arts celebration
limits others saving your
sight don't track sexism
music to cook by
fall in love again do you
live the end of skip

Marketing: Youth thanks
to thin skin merged order the
mood and the moment
No got into the
Source of Newly recognized
if mailed in the shouldn't

dessert being on
outer Go a little wild
like grandpa thought where

Don't lose your mind or
memory, to time Life again
Have the two of you
this: the arts secret
fears your face? Five hundred mourn
a why you given

advances lab notes
A designer hips
diets scientists
In Paris Again, Bombs Over Belgrade
by Heather Hermant

after Al Purdy and for Vladimir Divijarov

the room with the mona lisa (encased in glass like a pope)
in in a popemobile 'cept she's dead
is crowded with people catching their own reflections
with a sea of strangers
in her midst she is obscured by a bath of flash

old man face first between cars
lost his daughter and son-in-law
to a French highway
sits on the bench we carried him to
asks for the comb in his pocket
offers a bloody cheekbone
attitude
offers I.D.
could we dust his coat
in all their voluptuous style-wise's all mine
are high-class

in paris the ecole nationale
superette
des beaux arts art junkies
sit cross-legged
smoking 'pon pillars 'n pieces
of roman (etruscan) columns (tombs)
like litter in the courtyards
of the nation's elite
drink outta plastique
dirty on roller blades
to spite the cobblestones
come
Ilon le Bulgar
qui départ
par bicyclette
couette
les cheveux longs
panier rempli
bon
seul il va
chercher du bois
pour une pioche grotesque
'se les yeux
'dits dits
lui
'il y va
seul comme ça
dis
'je suis
le président
de la république'
ou

The Aspiration of Bangkok
by Ian Cockfield

's fuzzy how
I'm seeing Van Gogh's
La Nuit Etoilée, Arles
et la seule chose que je pense
'c'est que chaque étoile
'c'est un mot
d'Al Purdy's
eating across
from the 1887 self-portrait
drinking a beer
writing 'bout how
poetry won't buy y'a goddamn thing

888 beers on the wall
888 beers on the wall

't timely how I'm watching
birds in the depthless sky
of veronese's les noces de cana
(wall perpendicular to mona)
as they circle like warplanes
ready to bomb
a restoration salvaged
from mere remains

and it's April, 1999
bombs over belgrade
purdy's paris poem presented
by a canadian to a french class

for foreign students
me riding sis's free card
through the museums of paris
reading emails from scrb friend in new york
who saw his grandmother's building on cnn
coming 'cross rampike
in this ancient library
typing days later
budaepset is spring
as rich belgrade women
(seas and husbands
left to the draft)
cross safety into this cliché,
paris
of the east

[Paris-Budapest, April 1999]
UN MARCH AU PAS DU PARC
par Christine Germain
Parc Lafontaine, Hiver '95

"...Tas des belles cuisses ma noire...
Des belles...
Viens dans le char à papa...
On va crouyer ta cerise...
Je suis, je, quelqu'un
qui parle constamment pour cacher son malaise ou sa gêne,
ou plutôt sa profonde insécurité...
Je parle, parle, parle telle une personnelle et je n'écoute rien des autres...
Je n'écoute pas ce qu'ils sont, je n'écoute pas,
je ne m'intéresse pas du tout.
Je n'ouvre pas mon cœur, je le ferme tel un étau.
Je juge, je m'établis une vision concrète des gens sans les connaître.
Je ne fais pas confiance.
Je doute. Je n'écoute pas.
J'aime ça Je n'écoute pas.
Je ne pose pas de questions.
Je me fous des autres.
Leurs... Je suis, je, caractère.
Je parle, parle et prends beaucoup de place.
J'écrase les autres par ma présence.
Je le gêne. Je n'écoute pas.
Je suis, je dans le noir.
Je ne vois que le côté profondément noir des choses.
La beauté c'est du toc, de la paillette.
Arbres érétifs, bassins visqueux et sueurs de seins lourds.
La beauté est au cœur de ma décadence.

C'est une farce, une grossière farce!
Je suis, Je...
Je cache du venin et je chie du cyanure.
Je suis, je, laide et je n'ai pas de questions.
Je me fous des autres.
Leurs pasés ne m'intéressent pas. Leurs présents non plus...
Je suis, je caractéristique...
Je parle, parle, parle et prends beaucoup de place.
J'écrase les autres par ma présence.
Je les gêne. Je n'écoute pas.
Je suis, je dans le noir.
Je ne vois que le côté profondément noir des choses.
La beauté c'est du toc, de la paillette.
Arbres érétifs, bassins visqueux et sueurs de seins lourds.
La beauté est au cœur de ma décadence.

I AM WHERE
by Barry Butson

I am not where I am
I am elsewhere, somewhere north
in Grey County and I am young.
Old enough to have three children,
but young enough to be alone
on skis under a full moon
moving between straight rows
of tali spruce on snow almost blue.
There are fresh tracks I am in,
using them as you use a parent,
reluctantly but why not?
They're there and so am I,
not here; I am determined
that you understand
I am not here
in this other dark row.
I can, until they wheel me out,
be anywhere I have ever been.
RAIN by George Murray
(for Robert Clayton Casto)

the winemaker’s rain falls like fat green grapes
the horse’s rain advances in pellets of oats on the field
the student’s rain is a hail of red erasers at lunchtime
the father’s rain comes and goes
the stone’s rain sounds of
the wind’s rain introduces angles to the world
the banker’s rain dents cars in a barrage of coins
the runner’s rain gets pounded underfoot
the pilot’s rain begins in a sky that never falls
the tree’s rain bends under force from the wind
the moon’s rain does the I of creation
the photographer’s rain is slanted liner of solid water
the writer’s rain sounds of typewriter strikes
the teacher’s rain hangs suspended like coloured chalk dust
the singer’s rain runs up from the throat and passes the lips
the traveller’s rain falls all over the planet
the astronaut’s rain will arrive from the stars
the canine’s rain is a hail of yellow Fangs in the mouth
the mason’s rain flies from under the hammer
the baby’s rain rattles from the mobile clouds
the chickadee’s rain is a sudden burst of feathers
the illusionist’s rain has dis/covered/membered/appeared
the mother’s rain holds long inside her
the priest’s rain may or may not be there
the reporter’s rain has caused much damage
the farmer’s rain is family invited to dinner
the marsh’s rain always gets its man
the river’s rain is a sheet of new children hungry for movement
the wind’s rain introduced angles to the world
the rose’s rain beats petals into thorns
the dancer’s rain introduces to the world
the weeper’s rain is the beginning of all clouds
the cloud’s rain tears from the end of a thousand faces
the artist’s rain is slick blue on the canvas
the engineer’s rain makes much sense for the planet
the pistol’s rain travels straight through the heart
the sister’s rain is hand-me-0owns from the brother
the brother’s rain glosses the eyes of the sister
the feline’s rain is indifferent to those it falls on
the lord’s rain is the oldest of weapons
the fat man’s rain hangs guiltily at the back of the tongue
the enemy’s rain is slanted liner of solid water
the poet’s rain is cousin to the darkest sky
the factories, such sunsets flared!
the fat man’s rain hangs guiltily at the back of the tongue
the enemy’s rain is slanted liner of solid water
the poet’s rain is cousin to the darkest sky
the factories, such sunsets flared!

Homage to the Square
by Clemente Padin
(Uruguay)

to the maniera of John Cage

A HAL ROACH COMEDY

There was the one you told of how
You and your friends found -- or was
It stale? -- a cardboardガン
Of ice cream: carried the treasure
Out to the woods, out of the town
And up the mountainside; there
hid it under some brush for later,
Safer, goring. And how you all
Stole back a white afterwards --
Only to find a dog there, licking
Its pleased chops. "We stoned that
Dog," you said, rueful a lifetime
Afterwards for the pleasure cheated of,
A lifetime, after, I think of your loss,
And daily, too, I stoned that dog.

SUNDOWNS

Forget statistics; air was fouler
Then. And where we lived, smoke
Spewed forth around the clock.
(We’d watch a locomotive for
A change of pace). White grey
And black spumes fed the ashen
Sky
And black spumes fed the ashen
Sky
And black spumes fed the ashen
Sky

2 POEMS FORM
KNUBLY DAYS
by Daniel F. Bradley

I thought noise would be good
there is story here
the repeat back slap
of the response mechanism
idiot boys
at the font
of the lute
snitches

* the noun called hope
still weak with pleasure
ache thought to the
muscle around the frame
nothing to do with me
but the air the planet
and waiting for the next instant
chime
in that photograph
in the background
waving
get your free copy

Vermillions, reds, magentas
Fed the eye; stopped play.
So did our starlings-out teach
Us to crave the beauty of the end.
Liquorice, Licorice
by Peter Jaeger

A swollen blurt
I might re-bound

to ply my fluttering
piller slung

on love November
never pound

accumulation
hung.

A surging stutter, brawn refunds
sheets of throbbing adoration.

Autumn pummels
dangle.

Muffles her melting label, plush norms my undecided guess. They screw delay to gain afloat, and/or their loot done
lots for lustre you ignore. Negligent their diskette matches extroverted proving grounds. Without boast, depart.

Suppress unbending tag,
poss you escort rules.

My postulation at tradition
rotates augment sure, bunches
sheen you scorn.

Get lost, sloppy celebration.

Today is blush erroute along and blush my cheapest deaf to all; I skim tomorrow, budget gone so thrilled at my
nostalgic fall.

My ride throws brown, I save again where purchase ampersand now calls to icon plectrum; titled then, reductive enters
wordy malls.

Now is glow directed, and glow
my bargain strained a portion
fun at yearning droop. My outing
chucks dun, I scrimp afresh
when acquisition infiltrates
superfluous galleries.

Dumb deep! The deep as blurring thought of peace, as waiting face so lift the calm of No or fortune couldn't care-less
leaze. Support might make it so with yield of goof; need me serious bedtime number, brief sure occurrence maybe limber
base-line advertised for thread - as if these gravities delete the right.

Dope delays venere to plagiarize abolish.

Since your luck solicits capitulations of nurdsville
knead me perilous nocturne. Why do you stroke
a little broadcast for strands? And does terse
erase privilege?

Then to no
lessons exit

thought I ethic
render sense

the slack

of make-out

bought
from face

to fail
commence.

Negative instruction, you outlet contemplation.
Equity sketches function, the limp of zero
bargains with pretence to dwindle trigger.

No threat the public found as hail resumes delete, effects delight for contour suction brow-beat region shuck you up.
Would Manhattan tan me sang for my own who or good identify with gang?

Hazard nor private pioneers 'key you. Proceeds omit aftermath;
I mish dirt, silhouette lips for positive quarters.

Cities kindle creon
so well-behaved
they catalogue aqua.

Not next of kin
but chloroform
getting warmer:
spare me green
the bargain bin.

Don't your in-laws nap
to capture extras
render from reduction?

Adjacent to verdant?

Your cluster spits a college rave,
molds an eros curl from turn
belong so love. Resort to sexy earn.

Clump gobs your alma mater
whenever effervesce doubles
writ: backrack suits fling
countering allure.

Neanderthal eccentrics tussle pan nick-nacks gloat from some kill, survive my knowledge basis cut from still alive
and bent to sever seed. Are they the last or just dumbfounded, lulled by counter-sweet?

Piltdown weirdos scrap
deploy scratches, flaunting slay.

Your weather wisdoms core
carved from towering knack.

Rend quest, are we climactic
or merely flabbergasted,
hushed by anti-candy?

Then if you strive, and I be last away
contrive was this: my love was my decay.

Next implant implore
concocing my decline.
From Queuing
by Lawrence Upton (U.K.)

Nanny: Question and Answer! Speak to the audience.

Question: Welcome airs, pry airs! connected, which state bang written; vented fry? Fire works display?

Nanny: Fire works display? Well, very; after which, or before, Question will speak for the audience.

Question: Are you ready?

Nanny: Answer, Answer.

Answer: Ready, as I shall.

Nanny: Answer, give a mock bow.

Answer: Heather bec.

Nanny: Projected slide: a sailing ship, sail-less, astir on wet sand, at low tide. Spree, lying down, diabolical, loitering, load hybrid laws dexterous yammer awl jaw-jaw. Chum, ejected from buckets.

Chum: Chum zodiac amenability, mizen hilarious wax. Chum points to himself.

Nanny: Lying, ram chap, quench lying requiem. booky-seeked young women.

Nanny: Auk.

Nanny: Indeed.

Answer: Hew we spam.

Question: May I have that money in Danish kroner please?

Answer: Web my cue.

Nanny: Ik desairs rivulet, nincompoop, my laws and lows mar atic lower hours - wobble skate; bib wrongdoing x-ray.

Chum: Tag.

Nanny: We attach paper.

Chum: Pixie.

Nanny: Dim-witted, dip learnt, ply alacrity, gap loom, hem pops, fable member kaleidoscopic alkali, fishmeal, much pus, PCBs, ash, hmmm, tax, calamitous hew, rub, ate, shimmer. Enter Clinton Eastwood. Mr Precedent~

Pam: Pall womb atrocious gag.

Lou: Romps. Lay the foundation, kow-tow to bias, act shy at blame, mob lemurs dark apple, owl much warps no

Nanny: The precedent is auspicious.

Amy: Mob shimmery, loom higher, purchase lemmur; succeed, amiability, scab, lubberly bubble dryness, tag, wad, squawk hip diabolical.

Nanny: The precedent.

Lou: Ramp. Lay the foundation, kow-to bias, act shy at blame, mob lemmur dark apple, owl much warps no longer soft lemmur. Dim! She, a la mode, at nocturnal titillation, shimmied hoard, squishy atmosphere rivulet; hobnob with maximum price plops at dwindling goose jingoist roaming noblesse.

Nanny: Emma.

Emma: Wry spit out media gaol, at Emma, nacho.

Nanny: Meg.

Meg: Jump nib cut down hawk barb raise.

Nanny: Meg, hue whim?

Meg: Bob, jump cub bad law lit?

Nanny: Come bas, hawk beg, bump at elevate Meg? Hug?... William.

William: Bas chew pique rupee MSc draped lore mud comic bus. Gas pacification attach SAS law hall quack pupae.

Nanny: Huw.

Huw: Kaleidoscopic female public relations?

Meg: Damask.

Huw: Damask?


Gasous: Tap hiss hop damask.

bpNichol: Bock asp fee, Bob.


Machiavellii: Gook. Look, emcee, many kilometres per hour!

Nina: Laborious wobble blot, gel, pneumatic spanner look, nil puck, jib judges at spank, scuff fable cxw food, dual, bar and spank.

Huw: Keel over hale shies at hens, clack; do away with at road house, living thing, skin are lift maladroit, whilst apt, overcast due ate glow web, nah ejaculation pin.

Kim: Lens legs hypothesise me bit noose if babbie rum applause mulch.

Arabs: Combat MEd, gag slap, win bib limb, web bas she smok.

Pam: Base willingness.
know them or gain none
by Linda Russo (U.K.)

A phonetic through-reading of Bacon's Novum Organum suggests a radical application of reason to the imagination, whereas the material world might be inflected like a stick bent between two fingers and not just gestured towards. It is revealed: a rather startling movement of the will is checked by the text's illogical obstruction and implicit rejection of the potential ambiguo-sense-making capacity of language, here unbounded by the vagaries of phonetic and poetic disregard-regard, a treatment.

XXXVIII

Idols as false eyelashes, which, worn in a position, a you/man undermining, and having taken root, and therein nationally sewn it be set.

Mends mind: that trash can hardly find entrances but eyes vent after entrenchment it a hardly, leonine-tainted they' will again, in thieviness, instill duration. Of the seances meet and trouble us on lust, man-bending for wantonness.

If they then danger for to find them. Self, ees, forests may be, again, their assets.

XXXIX

The rare fore-lasses, one-eyed dolls, witch, be-cement minds.

Toothy sore, distinctions aching, haveasinine names it ecalle in, 'first class, 'eye-dolls' in The Trib; the section: el do lust the cave, gathered, I do love the theatre.'

16: would that I really wasted I would have to burgle to be like the gendered being I would become:16

16: having to choose is what disgusts, the having to the broken stick of 'our' desire:16

16: the imperative presupposed as being assures the painful narrowness of doing:16

16: where to move among materials freely is redirected as to choose to conform:16

16: whereby desire's made easy by lack of unlike objects:16

16: o money money I do lust that yummy pink dress:16

That this his ever-narrowling veriginous implenitude reaches back to childhood prompts the confusion:

is it the sameness that repulses or does it tempt voyeuristic fascination to that which compulsorily disgusts

"AH" (for bp Nichol) Text/image: by Derek Beaulieu

TWO SONNETS
by Tim Atkins (U.K.)

Sonnet 1
Sparks under the
............
............light.....
.............
..passes through
..the..... head then
.............
exes............
..french poets on
a day trip to England
..search for sideburns

Sonnet 2
Engine sound
.... in the president
Dangerous at times, love
Ties hold up dark buildings
moths bang on the sodas

Routines for reading the dictionary & grammar into memory (an excerpt)
by Tom Orange

if (error) return error;
if (error) return error;
if (error)
{
    return error;
}
error = EasyAllocateHandle(fileSize, &buffer);
if (error)
{
    FSClose(fileRefNum);
    return error;
}
/* for debugging, let's keep both for comparison */
/* BuildDictionary will dispose */
{
    /* BuildDictionary will dispose */
    /* BuildGrammar will dispose */
    /* let's double-check the integrity of the grammar */
    ruleWithError = CheckGrammar();
    if (ruleWithError != nil) /* we have a problem */
    return 999;
}
/* string scratchpad used by readLine() */
/* to do anything at all, initiate that. */
HANG-UP
by Miles Champion (U.K.)

the doubly inscribed
retains
each...of...of...
"Some quilts & our slack puck
force. The I think...
cold! my size
cumplives (needs salt
system -- we ablate at
really
a gleam to (feathers, snorkels
the clouds FAULTS one. shut,
for. is, some
sweet ((limELike))
, will fog,
up--betw.

summaton (i'll

ASK

puff/swab it
shape
& pyramidal "sleeve-wet"
annuls

(no could scoOOp

's like vibrating specs

what, but resembling

so (folds) an

brick up peps to space

as a...as...

mAps

am box still
clay herringbone

THESE LEAF
hewing, caroms
doves, tails...

ifs medicate
from blanchot "thomas the obscure"
by Kim Dawn (U.K.)

desire was this same corpse which opened its eyes and knowing itself to be dead climbed awkwardly up into his mouth like an animal swallowed alive.

, but by a diffuse phosphorescence emanating, one might believe, from the bones.

and, with uncontainable nausea, saw the word "innocence", which soiled him, slipping down inside him.

, dragging him out of the hole he had come from, then tossing him back, a hard, emptied body.

The Gargoyle Show
by Craig Burnett (U.K.)

The tower windows
frame ferns, a Zig Zag
Benjamina and sharp, golden

frames full of colourful jungles. The skinny guy turned to the skinnier guy: "Did you see the show last night?"

Time didn't pass.
Most ideas start as lists or scribbles, but once the plans fall into the hands of a gossip monger, the articulation of space has a more general movement, something not quite recordable.

Down the hall, the scientist emptied sticky liquid from his test tube.

The gargoyle barked.

Then, languishing with ease, he tossed his keys across the room.

The daffodils drooped amongst a bunch of gadgets.

Bored workers developed a machine to keep them busy, then they went to the gym.

Eventually, the machine developed its own language, winning the argument hands down.

Backstage, a cluster of journalists chuckled at the chunks of time spread about the studio floor like a box of spilt cereal.

Pick it up, you insisted. No, you pick it up.

RAISE THE RED SKELTON
by Keith Hartman (U.K.)

1
Pre-heat oven to Massachusetts Institute of Technology add miraculous whip
foamed in his face lift naturally teflon in less than one hour
Kali shall dance on headless corpses you big lug cadaver fitness tips
weight-loss reminiscences drive the beefcake
to yen the body to impulse the mind to reason
so much depends upon sucking oxygen out of the summer breeze
acupuncture insult to my unknowing jogger your multigrain voltage treatments

2
garnish the edible dead out number the living martinis why so incensed?
anus envy, my fornication cookie speaks to those who mourn celestial
people punch themselves awake to shiatsu brain chops
belly up the cellulite emporium gives good biopsy let more less-fuss sauce spice up
your gods must be appliances keep necromancing I like to pamper her rabbits
surprise! surprise! no surprises come as no surprises:

3
always forget the breathtakingly vast is mainly dust

From FLUTTERTONGUE, Book 3: Disarray
by Steven Ross Smith

22.
river is absence. bankless. waterless. Lessing speaks of brainwashing, the advanced techniques that seep into our hidden crannies when we’re not looking with the third eye. (most of the time). stay there giving us directions. steer us to what we do not have. by tension, relaxation. despite bridges, driving over i know it is down there. i am in its deep fog. memory of river. absenting. memory sings the losses. such a mournful song, its words flitting among the gaps. repeat this poem clatters. ice fog song. no song ice absence. poem shaping the emptiness though the mist makes the lips heavy with frost. constriction. so much of this trying to mouth is this way. stiff from protraction of waking and reawaking. the river rigid and in ruins, the fog as you approach it, is a white swirl. in its centre all is colourless. slogans, songs evacuate. you steer. press your lips together. words go blind

59.
ideology. wrestling with cases. packing crates, steamer trunks. the burden of self and designation. i deal from the left or right, upper or lower. birth here, a kind of i-balling of the emerging form. which am i/1.? i type i, revise to i, eye, all along, preferring i.

the poem writes me, i am not the first to say this, do i mean it? and what do i mean? poem the i and i the blind searching. bind. double bind. caught up in identity. if the poem writes me does it invent me, invert me? like Dylan’s tortured vocal chords, his songs inventing him in my ear that unhears the message, medium moving to the foreground. ear leading beyond the i to eye and sightless second sight, or avoidance. dance the i avows, dance the ego jives around the i. all invention and deception. the poem is a song that supplants me. i, another. a human evocation that d(e)rives (me) out of my mind. a collection of phonemes that bribes a phoney me. fa-la-la. decked. out. the dealer i’s me.
PRISONERS
by Bonnie Sallans

Last night the moon was full over the lake —
a harvest moon, orange red like a beacon,
dripping gold on the water.
Mara and I sat on the dock for hours
talking about men and babies
and Derrida and Foucault
wondered why it is so hard
to capture the moon on the water
or the gleam in a man’s eye
after four babies and a mortgage....

Finally we got too cold
sitting so still in the rising wind
and Mara said at this time of night
all I can think about is nursing anyway.
So we parted full knowing that
by daylight the woolly grip of otherness
would catch and smother
the words that lived between us,
and it would be as if
we had never known
this night of colour in darkness
and a moon that turned water into gold.

SWINDLER by Andrea Nicki

He noticed a new wrinkle
in his cheek
that wasn’t there
when he had last looked.
His hair had grown cruelly
coarse, like steel wool.
His eyes had now the gleam
of a newly rinsed plate,
his irises sitting like
two pitted-olives.
Dreams stashed
beneath the front door mat,
beneath the morning paper,
read before
donned polyester jacket,
hours of green-dollar smiles
and disfigured hands
cutting into lives
not deemed worth a nickel.

Reconstruction
by Errol Miller

Starting
with just a stone.
And now its Futurism,
the modern world.
As transient is, i.e.,
life itself, a contemplative
world encountering trouble.

Transparencies,
euphoric groups of dynamic humans
starting up their purring motors, drawing
upon first light,

discarding
the grammatical order
of the past.

DEAR GUGGENHEIMER
AWARDS COMMITTEE
by Bob Wakulich

DEAR Guggenheim awa rds
Committee:
if YOU EVER want TO SEE
The CREATIVE process ALIVE AGAIN,
PUT $50,000 in MARKed
grants IN a BROWN Pa per
BAG AND BRING IT TO
BERT’S Tequila pit
DURING HAPPY HOUR
— a friend

FERLINGHETTI WROTE LITTLE OF SNOW
by Rob McLennan

...what to be expected,
reflected from a Californian strip, sitting in Victoria,
it rains again, like mentioning
birds fly, or the booksellers
are short of breath. Rhonda rolls her eyes
at her two young things
who never call home, it’s what kids do.
/the Inuit, it’s said, had over two hundred words
for snow, or the European glade
w/ the same number of words for sheep, the coast
& the trees that rise up from it,

& ocean trout, who knows
for counting, a rose
is a rose is a
rose is a rose, unquote.
left there hanging in the air.
pushing you.

Juliet of the Spirits II: The Future is Millennial
by Stephen Bett

Homaging in on Gino Severini’s Le Boulevard
in the Galleria Nazionale D’Arte Moderna, in the
Villa Borghese, in north-central Roma, the painting
emits a sequence of frenetic flicking sounds

the dark, nouveau sleek woman behind me
fanning herself (a stylish Latin impatience
with her overloaded program in the
boozed up mid-August heat
of tamed Futurist space.

“Unspeakable” Textual Image by Gustave Morin
THE BALLAD OF ECHO LOCATION
by Ryan Knighton

Lighthouse the slick line
a spearing the far sky
for catching the capsize
a shipment of import.

The ocean a body
of mine is the tiding
to slacken the water
the mouth is a coastline.

The old beach a comb of fingers the trawling
the chancing a gathering
of flesh cut the mooring.

Lighthouse the slick line
a spearing the far sky
for catching the capsize
a shipment of import.

The labour an anchor
of water the secret
the definite nation
a buoy on the last day.

The gutting a chumslop
of fish the alarming
a notion the skullcap
of ocean the longing.

Lighthouse the slick line
a spearing the far sky
for catching the capsize
a shipment of import.

The deep is the hollow
of shell pitched the captain
the whistling the not there
mayday in the once ear.

---

No Thing
by Keyth "Bangles" Lee

I know what they need.
They need what I know.
I know what I need.
I need what they know.
Nothing to know.
I need nothing.
To know.
I know nothing
and there is nothing
I know.

There is a thing in some.
There is a thing in no.
something in nothing.
nothing in something.
There is some in thing.
There is no in thing.

Some know.
some one.
no sum of one.
one knows nothing.
one knows nothing.
something.
The sum of things.
Nothing.
The sum of things is no thing.
If the sum of thing is nothing.
Then no thing is every thing.
Every thing is no thing.

What then is a "THING"?
Things do not exist.
They are not.
Real.
Obviously there is an obvious answer.
Nothing, Something, Everything.
No, Some. Every.
Nosomesvery.

Ever know some one.
Ever know the sum of one.
Never
ever
vary.

---

CREATION
by Jeffrey R. Young

What happened is exactly what nobody saw --
Flash of a scythe in daylight, his headless body fell into a ditch.

"It was wife's lover," Poseidon said. "Wife's lover chopped head off."
On the blackboard, the teacher wrote his.

"Ne! " chimed Sunshine. "I think possessive spirit punished him.
He must have done bad thing in past life." A lower case a

was scratched onto the stone surface. Seashore laughed.
"You're kidding! Newspaper article says another teacher

kills him for money. He owes money." The phrase verb tense

mysteriously appeared as if the world was just beginning.

"Who cares," scoffed Apple, "we'll never know. The past

doesn't speak." And so, to this day, the head is still missing.

---

Untitiled by Jane Creighton

"turning inward can cause you to dream your collective grapefruit" -- Ron Silliman

aliens ate my zen
or perhaps it was television
you tell me your dream
& I'll tell you mine.

Natasha & Boris set for assassination

pennies from heaven
any mechanical aria for a serenade
slow poured
allotted rose
for any vase
a certain grimy suspended wedding

---

From Book of the Insect
by Redell Olsen (U.K.)

d - because it was for dagger - or labelled - just that
way - think verb - say noun - in transit - suspicious of
order - physiologically speaking - the human voice - in
transition - specious - an order - psychologically spoken for - the
human voice - a kind of insect - a
simple structure compared to that
of a caterpillar - the human voice - a
kind of insect - inside itself - a
momentarily - beside itself - an incision made carefully
present - the last moment - so poisoned - d - because
next - to skin - all enclosing - a feeling - if born with
wings - remembering - a difference - at least - made
sense of - to be in danger -
FIGLl DI PUTTANE: I & III
by Mark Dunn

I
That finger
of -- DIP --
can follow much as it wants each
darkness numbered -- TURN --
step,
i am not
-- 2, 2, 3... 2, 2, 3...

letting go until
we've crossed this ballroom.

III
Some kind of shocking egg forgot to hatch this Easter Sunday and sort of wobbled like an obese goal tender on the welcome mat.
The bell rang once sharply and before i'd risen, unwrapped my pale body from the cotton shroud, the messenger was gone, jack-rabbit away down the cobblestone drive, sprinted through the broad field back to town.
i put the egg with the others in the cups on the door of the fridge.
It stands out like a hippie at a Pentecostal barber's convention.
i've watched it for hours now i think it might soon do something colourful.

"Letter from Kythera" by Marcello Diotallevi (Italy)
The General Explanation Of All Human Knowledge
© 1999, Richard Purdy, Ph.D.

1.1 Project

The General explanation of all human knowledge is a modest attempt to overview the definitive answers I have found (at this present fin-de-sicle) to most of the major longstanding philosophical questions. The resolution of all major epistemological, ontological and empirical polemics marks a great achievement. The fact that so many fields have achieved definitive answers is possibly a reflection of our historical moment, concluding the present decade (1999), century (2000) and millennium (2001) with final answers. The General Explanation is offered as an attempt at a "last book," as if I have finally understood that the format of the book forces us to pass our time staring into a vertical horizon (the gutter) where the content of the words fuse in a horizonverschmelzung.

When a discipline achieves final answers it closes down as a discipline. Explanation is therapy, the treatment of an illness. Elucidation, as our main obstacle to progress, must in itself be explained away. The General Explanation of All Human Knowledge is thus a cumulative reduction, exponentially absorbing paradigms until they fall off the page -- and into the gutter.

Footnote:
1) A fusion of horizons.

***

Aesthetics: The philosophical problem of the assignment of "a cause for existence" has been answered with the discovery of kerygmatic clairvoyance is a simple matter of the application of Seldon's principles (see Atlas of the Afterlife). Religion: the discovery of the ultimate tum-on, a non-gende knowledge, neurobiological cybernetics has codified what sexologist W. Allen himself describes as "the ultimate tum-on", a non-gender principle of knowledge, principles which are affixed at birth to all new-borns.

Art: the General explication by Canadian conceptual artist Richard Purdy has supplanted aesthetics with a sociologically defined art. The art of the irreducible biological paradigm is known to be based on modified forms of Darwinian evolutionary processes in Bozmann's irreducible Perpetual Selection.

Cognition: The definition of cognition has been proved to be autochthonous, formed in the physiological region where mind, establishing no limits upon the possibilities of synthetic, mechanical or electronic cognition.

Computer technology: the most promising news that home cable company COGITOCORP has achieved artificial intelligence rookery hierarchy dependent upon the number of connection points in the system.

Communications technology: the first successful cybernetic implant in the middle ear of U Bhat of Thailand, with its links to the creation of culture without the intervention of any biological action.

Culture: the definition of mesh (the cultural corollary to genes) active outside of the biomass is defined as perpetual selection.

Epistemology: the theory of knowledge which places man in the world has been seen to be inherently eldic. The illusion of aggregate, shown by Peirsaint (1998, 2000) is similar to Wittgenstein's precepts.

Extraterrestrial life: conflicting testimonies, misinformation and cover-up paranoia has contributed to this floccinaucinihilipilification in research, given that the question has now been satisfactorily resolved.

Language: onomastic or semiological substitution (the relations between notion-designation-word-sense) is metonymy, cultural experience breaks with analytic philosophy proposing pre-linguistic experience as the formative seat of language use.

Mathematics: the inevitable resoubts of the theory of everything has produced the super-superspring universe mathematical designs as described in Pike's Nobel prize winning paper.

Hagiography: the recall of all Catholic relics to Rome (Synod of 2001) for scientific analysis has confirmed the validity of the perfect assemblage of relics.

Heilmane: the ultimate destiny of the Universe, known throughout the ages as Universal Fate, has finally been solved through scientific analysis as known. See [Aesthetics] and [Astronomy] above.

History: following upon Annals research, there is no doubt that the definitive model of History has been finalised. The simple fact is that our problem, seems to be not the end of history but the history of loose ends.

Interstellar life: conflicting testimonies, misinformation and cover-up paranoia has contributed to this floccinaucinihilipification in research, given that the question has now been satisfactorily resolved.

Medicine: the eradication of all human illness, including the process of ageing once thought irreversible, is possible by the suprastructure of medical science in favour of a non-symptomatic GWN.

Music: the discovery of the Egyptian sound code has been generally accepted, after much debate (Tonedead, 1999) as the ultimate musical system.

Neurology: first expounded by Edgar Morin, the ecology of ideas proposed by Noology is the definitive meta-paradigmic structure of the final answer.

Nutrition: the discovery of vast, self-replicating undersea beds of Mano citraba (protoplasma) in the Indian Ocean has solved the food problem of the world. See [Agriculture] above.

Ontology: the theory of knowledge which places man in relation with his soul has been seen to be inherently eldic. The idea of the soul is God.

Palaeontology: Palaeopsychology has permitted such mediumistic access to early humanoids that the discovery of the first hominid has been no missing link, only missing evidence.

Phenomenology: Hasseman's Methodology of the Epoch has defined the scientific object, unquestionably, as the phenomenon. The ultimate task of the historian is to find the final answer to the "predator" concepts, reductionist rationalism among them.

Physiology: the revolution of a theory of everything combining gravity, the weak and strong nuclear forces and the electromagnetic forces has produced the supra-superspring universe mathematical designs as described in Pike's Nobel prize winning paper.

Religion: the publication of the Atlas of the Afterlife has concluded almost all theological debate and provided the framework for the study of post-mortem destinies throughout the spiritual ecology.

Sex: neurobiological cybernetics has codified what sexologist W. Allen himself describes as "the ultimate tum-on", a non-gender principle of knowledge, principles which are affixed at birth to all new-borns.

"I think one reason why the attempt to find an explanation is wrong is that we have only to put together in the right way what we know, without adding anything, and the satisfaction we are trying to get from the explanation comes of itself."

-- Wittgenstein, RFGB, p. 30
A young man in a hunter-green cardigan reached forward to open the door to an art gallery for a huge, middle-aged man in a light gray suit. The big man was paunchy but carried himself well. The suit was immaculately tailored and enlivened with a silk tie the color of asphalt and coral. He carried his gray hat with a wide, dark-gray band before him as he paced solemnly across the gallery to a table where rows of ready wine glasses sparkled beside plates of rich hors d'oeuvres.

Red or white, Mr. Stevens?" brightly asked a short, full bodied black woman with her hair in tight curls bleached blond and blonde brows and lashes, which made her face seem moon-like. She wore a black velvet halter and a flaring silver brocade cocktail skirt.

"Le vin est pour les Français vrais," he answered in broad America intonations, "Do you think you could find me a martini Miss Jefferson?" he added and handed her his hat.

"I thought you might ask," she said. She turned, and opened a stainless steel door built in the wall behind her, brought out mixings and a cocktail shaker and placed the hat inside. Mr. Stevens had a large head and rounded face, slightly puffy in the cheeks, and wispy white hair, neatly combed, mostly gone above the forehead. The walls of the gallery were like the handrails of the subway worn by ten thousand passengers daily. She asked, "Do you have to travel a lot?"

"I want to," she said, looking pensive.

"Yes sir."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be soon."

"Attendes," Stevens said.

The younger man thanked him. "Well, let's get on with it and see if these guys have used their minds for anything," he said and walked across the room. Jason paused for a moment behind him and asked Miss Jefferson, "Irene, can I count on seeing you later?"

"I want to," she said, looking pensive.

"Can I count on it?"

"He wants you; we'll talk later," she said.

Mr. Stevens had paused before a graceful, tarnished metal post with vague forms in low relief, well smoothed and polished, that seemed to live in contrast to the night that vibrated against the glass of the storefront windows. The man was paunchy but carried himself well. The suit was immaculately tailored and enlivened with a silk tie the color of asphalt and coral. He carried his gray hat with a wide, dark-gray band before him as he paced solemnly across the gallery to a table where rows of ready wine glasses sparkled beside plates of rich hors d'oeuvres.

"You know we need them, the foreigners, to stir up our imaginations," Mr. Stevens concluded.

"I'm just holding the bill covered his eyes.

"It's called VRMLDazzle."}

"I understand this is from your collection?" Jason asked.

"There, you see, he's suspended your mind. He's a Mutt fellow has done just what Villon did Look around the room. The room was filling with people now. 'This thing takes dominance of this room because you don't know whether it's art or a joke or should be in the bathroom.' "Is Richard Mutt a real person?" Irene asked.

"Maybe he's a virtual person," Larry suggested.

"He's as real as you or I," Mr. Stevens said, and turned to Miss Jefferson.

"Could you get me another martini?"

"Do you mean I'm not real?" Larry asked.

"I'm referring to your finger nail on the shiny white porcelain of the urinal.

"I've lived in France," Larry said.

"I don't seem to have benefited you," Mr. Stevens replied.

"Larry walked away, but as the little group moved on, he came behind them close enough to hear.

They walked on to a thin-walled ceramic cylinder about the size of a quart jar on a pedestal like the urinal. The plaque read 'Metal and porcelain, R. Mutt.'

That's a lollapalooza!" Stevens said, and stepped his thigh. Now, again he turned to Irene, "You see how this Mutt fellow has done just what Villon did Look around the room. The room was filling with people now. 'This thing takes dominance of this room because you don't know whether it's art or a joke or should be in the bathroom.' "Is Richard Mutt a real person?" Irene asked.

"Maybe he's a virtual person," Larry suggested.

"He's as real as you or I," Mr. Stevens said, and turned to Miss Jefferson.

"Can you get me another martini?"

"Do you mean I'm not real?" Larry asked.

"I'm referring to your finger nail on the shiny white porcelain of the urinal.

"I've lived in France," Larry said.

"I don't seem to have benefited you," Mr. Stevens replied.

"Larry walked away, but as the little group moved on, he came behind them close enough to hear.

"We walked on to a thin-walled ceramic cylinder about the size of a quart jar on a pedestal like the urinal. The plaque read 'Metal and porcelain, R. Mutt.'"

"I've lived in France," Larry said.

"I don't seem to have benefited you," Mr. Stevens replied.

"Larry walked away, but as the little group moved on, he came behind them close enough to hear.

"We walked on to a thin-walled ceramic cylinder about the size of a quart jar on a pedestal like the urinal. The plaque read 'Metal and porcelain, R. Mutt.'"

"I've lived in France," Larry said.

"I don't seem to have benefited you," Mr. Stevens replied."
THE CABIN by Jason Schneider

I couldn’t believe where they told us to go. Ninety miles north of that buttfuck burg with the sheriff who actually wore sunglasses indoors, off some side road that didn’t even have a sign. “You’ll know, your eyes open,” the message from the brother said. “And when you see the cabin, approach with caution.” It was hard to see anything going down the road. The smoke had burned the road just wide enough for two cars to fit ride by ride. Branches scraped the roof and gravel tickled the belly as we proceeded slowly, waiting for a break in the forest.

Peeling back the curtain, I said to Ned, my partner who was driving. I meant it as a joke but he didn’t laugh. We’d never handled anything this far out in the sticks before. Usually we were driving our desks in Bezem, waiting for one of our friendly militia groups to map and start their own repellate. I figured Ned was having visions of a similar situation I was having as the one eye, but it was only one guy, and from all reports a guy who was more than enough for the two of us to handle.

“Do you think he did it?” I asked.

Ned kept his eyes on the road and took a long time to answer. “Sure fits the M.O. Must be trouble if his own brother’s turning him in.”

“Yeah, but his brother didn’t seem to know much. Just that this guy’s been locked up in this shack for a while. I tell you, this whole area is one big postcard for cabin fever, “I keep thinking to lighten the situation since I still looked on the verge of a stroke. “God, this wish was in the city,” I said.

“Can’t we go choosing our calla, now can we?” Ned replied, his eyes still scanning the road ahead.

After five minutes of silence and continued visual monotony, I pulled out my notepad and reviewed the details aloud even though we’d both had them memorized for weeks. “Suspect, white, late 40s, 6-1, medium build, graying brown hair. When was the last time anyone saw him again?” “People in town call him. Eight years since he’s been here with his family. “Armed?”

“You can know anyone in this state that isn’t?” I felt the sting from this comment and shut up for a bit. It was late afternoon and still not quite spring. All the snow was gone but still enough that we figured smoke from a stove would mark the spot. There weren’t any traces.

“Man, this guy’s a professor,” I said with mock disbelief just to break another lengthy silence.

“You’re surprised?” Ned finally said engagingly.

I suddenly had to gather my wits. “Well, yeah. Who gives up that life for this? I mean, the guy went to Harvard.” “The guy’s not getting things his way. That makes all the difference in the world, believe it I stared at Ned’s profile and thought for a minute of what he could have meant. Obviously, he’d read more of The Manifesto than me. “So that’s what he was talking about?” “First, we don’t know for sure if this guy wrote it, but whoever did wants to keep this world the way it is, or the way he remembers it.”

“He still doesn’t sound like a redneck survivalist to me. I can’t believe an Ivy League blueblood would live out here.”

“Well, then that’s our best evidence. If you wanted to be a one-man army, where would you set up?” It all made sense, but I still grappled with my doubts that at a man council against everything his profession stood for. Sure, soldiers and Marines, even cops could turn bad. They have violence bred into them. But this was a scholar, a man dedicated to the advancement of the human race. What would make him want to stop that?

Ned suddenly broke in. “Trust me, this guy wants to be caught.”

It eventually became apparent that we were on an abandoned logging road as huge clearcuts opened upon either side. “We must be close,” Ned said flatly. “Look for a lake, he needs a source of water.”

I momentarily forgot our mission and gazed in wonder at our surroundings. “Wow, how did he get out here?”

“Do you have any other questions in this country? The guy found a pioneering spirit in himself somewhere. Don’t forget, anyone can accomplish anything if they put their mind to it. “This set me on a whole new train of thought. Maybe I would have accepted it.”

“Now, how did anyone get out of this country? The guy found a pioneering spirit in himself somewhere. Don’t forget, anyone can accomplish anything if they put their mind to it.” I saw a second after Ned did, a muddy lane on the left that led into a clump of thick brush. “Are you sure?”

“That’s gotta be it.” Ned stopped the car on the road and looked at me for the first time in hours. “I don’t think he’ll be aggressive, but he’ll sure as hell be surprised.”

Remember, we’ve got him in a tight one here.”

“Right.” My heart started racing like it always did when I drew my gun, but this was the first time I really realized it was. I kept reminding myself to think. We started up the lane and I steered myself for gunshot. Noise came as we had our first view of the cabin. It was barely the size of an outhouse, which is what I initially mistook it for. For smoke came from the roof and no windows were visible from our position. I glanced at Ned but kept focused on any signs of movement. “Should we knock, or yell for him?” I asked, shaking.

Ned thought it over. “I don’t think he’s here. Let’s take a look inside.” We walked confidently toward the cabin, guns still drawn, the ground moving under me. I felt we started up the footsteps. Ned found the door and banged it on with his gun’s handle, “FB, open up!” No response. A simple latch was the only thing keeping us out and Ned slowly unlocked it. We burst in and my initial shock was the latch was the only thing keeping us out

“Man, this guy sleeps on top of this. What do we do now?”

“We wait.”

“Right, we should get back there.” Just as Ned said this, the sound of an old, dying engine could be heard coming down the road from behind.” I was waiting for Ned to make a move out the door but he remained motionless. My eyes widened and I made the move myself. “Put by the arm. “Don’t. He’s coming in. He wants to be caught.”

Ned put out the lantern and shut the door as the engine came up the lane. It was unbelievably loud. I gripped my gun tightly at my side. The vehicle’s door slammed and footsteps calmly approached. The cabin door opened slowly and the figure stood silently at the eastern window lit filled the room with a growing mystery, the with both hands and

The figure stood silently as late afternoon sunlight filled the room. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof. I made a quick scan of the room: army cot, desk with old-fashioned typewriter, piles of papers, bags of food, gun on the roof.

“Take the bag down and hold your hands up,” Ned said, suddenly holding up his gun. I kept mine down. The man did as he was told and showed no traces of panic. “You had a good run but it’s all over,” Ned said before he put him under arrest.

We cuffed him and led him back to our car. The silence was unbearable for me. The urge to get him to talk was overpowering. Even if it was possible to throw my badge away and just sit down with him man to man, I needed to know - with every fibre of my being - why he did it.

It didn’t feel like a normal collar. Most of the time during an arrest my mind was filled with contempt, even though I was trained to feel nothing. As I walked with this man over the soggy ground, a stench emanating from his body in waves, and heard undoubtedly shielding a deranged mind, I hardly felt contempt. Although this man killed the most cowardly of ways, there was an inherent sense of worth in him. He was man over the soggy ground, a stench emanating from his body in waves, and heard undoubtedly shielding a deranged mind, I hardly felt contempt. Although this man killed the most cowardly of ways, there was an inherent sense of worth in him.

His presence also transcended the phoney patriotism that the militias subscribed to, or the religious fundamentalism that turned my colleagues into The Enemy. There was something purer in this man.

Once we had piled all the evidence into the trunk and set off back to Bezem, Ned decided to twist the knife.

“You know your brother turned you in.”

“I’m not surprised,” he replied after a long pause. I looked back and saw him staring out his window, catching perhaps the last glimpse of the woods he’d ever have. I couldn’t hold my tongue any longer. “You know, you could save us a lot of trouble when we get back there by talking to us now. What do you want to know?”

“Tell, for starters, did you make the bombs?” He kept staring out the window and I saw I’d hit him with a low blow, I doubled back.

“Sorry, that wasn’t fair. I guess I really just want to know what made a guy like you want to live way out here?”

“I think any sane person, if given the choice, would choose to live in the woods.”

“I just can’t argue with you. But it sure seems a long way from Boston.”

“Lived in California for a time,” he replied quickly. He thought for a moment then muttered, “freedom,” before turning his face to the concrete wall.

We drove several miles in silence. Ned pushed the car with robotic efficiency. “I noticed you had a typewriter there,” I said. “I could never manage on those old-fashioned ones. The keys would always stick.”

“It’s a dying artform, like so many other things,” His voice was trailing off under the hum of the trees on the asphalt.

“I’m an artist,” he said suddenly, then fell silent again.

“I thought you were a scientist?” I replied cautiously.

He finally stepped in to speak in the voice of The Manifesto. “Scientists used to be artists but now they aim to eliminate humanity under the guise of rescuing it. It’s painfully obvious that the human race has squandered the gift of its existence, but why should we be made to suffer the added humiliation of losing our identity?”

I watched him as he spoke and he seemed far away. He made no eye contact with me, yet I was transfixed by his words. “The greatest inventions were all merely extensions of human physical capabilities. What is the computer? The computer is an extension of the mind. No, because it is without a conscience and it has become our excuse to act without conscience ourselves.

I tried to jump in. “Did you act with conscience?”

“The will of the people is being superseded by the expansion of technology. Did you act with conscience?”

“The global community is united to enslave the underclass. Ned slammed the car to a dead stop.

“Answer him! Did you act with conscience?”

“His cold grey eyes looked directly at us for the first time. My right hand moved to my gun once again.

“My conscience is clear gentlemen.”

Ned calmly turned around and resumed driving.

It was fully dark when we deposited him at the Bezem jailhouse. Ned had talked for two hours and that was the situation we now had to prepare for. I could have spent the night talking to him in the cell, even though I now understood it wouldn’t be a regular conversation. Yet, all I needed was one straight answer out of him in order to sleep soundly that night.

After Ned had gone home, I went back to the cell and took another look at him in a room that was bigger than the cell he had in the woods. “You never told me why you moved out there,” I asked. He thought for a moment then muttered, “freedom,” before turning his face to the concrete wall.
A Short Note on the History of the Soltec Operator by Brett Martell

The Soltec Operator is the only discernible portion of the first information received from alien sentience. The signal, known as the Virgo Sequences monitored on Easter Friday, 1997 at Arcturus, has withstood heroic attempts at deciphering -- except for the segment that has come to be known as the Soltec Operator.

The Operator is not best described in computational-theoretic terms. It is a general pattern recognition and nongenotypic amplification algorithmic axiom scheme. Given data, the Operator creates a model of the world implied by that data. From that model (or axiom scheme) predictive algorithms are generated. These, in turn, are then used to analyze and reason about the world. If this process proceeds the nongenotypic (or information) periods, then prolonged to the world, reality increased; further relationships implied by the model are deduced and developed.

If this were as far as the Operator went, it would have been nothing very new. So-called "theorem proving programs" first constructed during the 1960s and refined over the next three decades were all capable of this, to varying degrees. For example, the BACON system, which deduced elementary laws of chemistry and physics from sets of observation data. Or the "expert systems" of the 1970s and 80s. The closest thing, for sheer conceptual bravado, would be the AM (Automated Mathematician) program, constructed by Doug Lenat. Provided initially with the axioms of set theory and certain heuristics of natural language acquisition and aesthetic "interestingness," the system deduced many known and quite deep mathematical results and, ultimately, some arguably very good heuristics of mathematical discovery and aesthetic "interestingness." Shockingly, the Operator was soon found to be capable of doing all this, and much more. Not only could it work with dazzling facility with the very same UF axioms of set theory, quickly producing, for example, significant new results concerning the Continuum Hypothesis? but it also gave very accurate results using actual data from the external "real" world. And not just a few, but... laboratory observations, galactic neutrino redshift data. arms-control game scenarios, supersonic bomber occupant simulations. The Operators could take random data (scientific, sociological, biological, political: the more of it and the more varied, the better) and, interfaced to a suitable "common sense" module (Lenat's recently completed CYC project was the first to be used), make minatory detailed predictions (with corresponding probabilities) of what else was going to happen and what other relationships existed. The first significant such result, and the first after the Operator's existence became public was the "Golgotha variance."

The Golgotha variance is a precise statistical statement of an event which occurred at the same time as the human revolution, to the hysteric and terrified. The arrival of the Soltec Operator was described by one observer as "the bringing home of the quantum revolution with a truly terrifying vengeance. The Operator is capable of expressing, by what should be used, it was a weapon of cultural-ontological guerrilla warfare, out the truth to demoralize and intimidating.(Several highly placed researchers felt the Operator should not be used, that is, a weapon of cultural-ontological guerrilla warfare, out the truth to demoralize and intimidating."

Any summary of the early work using the Operator reads like a random sampling of late 20th and early 21st century science and technological development:
- Artificial-intelligence (including the infamous CANTOR simulacrum)
- ISOIS (Isolation of triple-belt DNA plasmids)
- X-ray and new technique
- Several consistent (and highly contentious) "decryptions" of Jupiter's Great Red Spot
-Manaically on the back of God's diaries
- Nanotechnology biochemical synthesis schemes
- Strong extensions to Bell's Theorem and the first statement of what came to be called Rucker's First Law
- And, of course, the first heuristics of mathematical discovery.

The sensible suggestion that the Operator be used to decode the remainder of the Sequences is thus far a dismal failure. The Operator was sent back to the Operator to be deciphered by the ground in Golgotha, the "Hill of Skulls", the purported site of Jesus's crucifixion. The actual numbers involved went against all predicted by the Operator to be detectable in the ground at 74 degrees.

The Golgotha variance is a precise statistical statement of an event which occurred at the same time as the human revolution, to the hysteric and terrified. The arrival of the Soltec Operator was described by one observer as "the bringing home of the quantum revolution with a truly terrifying vengeance. The Operator is capable of expressing, by what should be used, it was a weapon of cultural-ontological guerrilla warfare, out the truth to demoralize and intimidating. Several highly placed researchers felt the Operator should not be used, that it was a weapon of cultural-ontological guerrilla warfare, out the truth to demoralize and intimidating."

Any summary of the early work using the Operator reads like a random sampling of late 20th and early 21st century science and technological development:
- Artificial-intelligence (including the infamous CANTOR simulacrum)
- ISOIS (Isolation of triple-belt DNA plasmids)
- X-ray and new technique
- Several consistent (and highly contentious) "decryptions" of Jupiter's Great Red Spot
- Manaically on the back of God's diaries
- Nanotechnology biochemical synthesis schemes
- Strong extensions to Bell's Theorem and the first statement of what came to be called Rucker's First Law
- And, of course, the first heuristics of mathematical discovery.

The sensible suggestion that the Operator be used to decode the remainder of the Sequences is thus far a dismal failure. The Operator was sent back to the Operator to be deciphered by the ground in Golgotha, the "Hill of Skulls", the purported site of Jesus's crucifixion. The actual numbers involved went against all predicted by the Operator to be detectable in the ground at 74 degrees.

The sensibility suggests that the Operator be used to decode the remainder of the Sequences is thus far a dismal failure. The Operator was sent back to the Operator to be deciphered by the ground in Golgotha, the "Hill of Skulls", the purported site of Jesus's crucifixion. The actual numbers involved went against all predicted by the Operator to be detectable in the ground at 74 degrees.

Any summary of the early work using the Operator reads like a random sampling of late 20th and early 21st century science and technological development:
- Artificial-intelligence (including the infamous CANTOR simulacrum)
- ISOIS (Isolation of triple-belt DNA plasmids)
- X-ray and new technique
- Several consistent (and highly contentious) "decryptions" of Jupiter's Great Red Spot
- Manaically on the back of God's diaries
- Nanotechnology biochemical synthesis schemes
- Strong extensions to Bell's Theorem and the first statement of what came to be called Rucker's First Law
- And, of course, the first heuristics of mathematical discovery.

The sensible suggestion that the Operator be used to decode the remainder of the Sequences is thus far a dismal failure. The Operator was sent back to the Operator to be deciphered by the ground in Golgotha, the "Hill of Skulls", the purported site of Jesus's crucifixion. The actual numbers involved went against all predicted by the Operator to be detectable in the ground at 74 degrees.

Any summary of the early work using the Operator reads like a random sampling of late 20th and early 21st century science and technological development:
- Artificial-intelligence (including the infamous CANTOR simulacrum)
- ISOIS (Isolation of triple-belt DNA plasmids)
- X-ray and new technique
- Several consistent (and highly contentious) "decryptions" of Jupiter's Great Red Spot
- Manaically on the back of God's diaries
- Nanotechnology biochemical synthesis schemes
- Strong extensions to Bell's Theorem and the first statement of what came to be called Rucker's First Law
- And, of course, the first heuristics of mathematical discovery.

The sensible suggestion that the Operator be used to decode the remainder of the Sequences is thus far a dismal failure. The Operator was sent back to the Operator to be deciphered by the ground in Golgotha, the "Hill of Skulls", the purported site of Jesus's crucifixion. The actual numbers involved went against all predicted by the Operator to be detectable in the ground at 74 degrees.

Any summary of the early work using the Operator reads like a random sampling of late 20th and early 21st century science and technological development:
- Artificial-intelligence (including the infamous CANTOR simulacrum)
- ISOIS (Isolation of triple-belt DNA plasmids)
- X-ray and new technique
- Several consistent (and highly contentious) "decryptions" of Jupiter's Great Red Spot
- Manaically on the back of God's diaries
- Nanotechnology biochemical synthesis schemes
- Strong extensions to Bell's Theorem and the first statement of what came to be called Rucker's First Law
- And, of course, the first heuristics of mathematical discovery.
HERE SWIMS A MOST MAJESTIC VISION

Author's note: This work is an experiment in which each and every word used in this story also appears in William Shakespeare's The Tempest, barring some modification of the original elision. The words of the play have been restructured into a narrative of an abusive marriage. In effect, the language of Shakespeare has been fragmented and then recast, drawing on certain themes of Nietzsche, de Sade, and Bataille. It is a work born from the Author's attempt to begin the story by knitting apart The Tempest in a Kathmandu hotel room. The story was intended to bring out the hidden darkness in the play's language, revealing a theoretical edge to the original Shakespearean vocabulary that readily assimilates with such extreme thinkers.

Caliban was not the first to drown at home on the coucher. He never did, no matter how much he should have. He only drowned. Slowly, instinctively. Here death did not work very hard. At night he lay there drained by his bottle of rum, where he liked to save his sight, to avoid the moon grazed midnight fleckred with its own flith. The silence pleased Caliban. "Together, my bottle and I," he would whisper, alone, as if it were the only goodness.

It was a rotten carcass of a marriage and they both knew it. Still, there was some part of it that Miranda resolved to hold close, to restore and strengthen. It was a fool with. Madness. In her deafness her project would die. "It is only a falsehood that my remembrance summons," her conscience told her, but she did not understand. Often she thought it was no rift between them, but a coil of closeness, an irreparable discord, yet the hurt was tended between them as some fertile indulgence. As if each were cruelly dedicated to the other.

She found a picture of them as a young barefoot couple, when his crimes were only "mischiefs." A time of war days, in which neither dreamed of going to sleep. Then they laughed with assurance that there would be no ending to their love. "Hell is what my trust was then, as if I demanded to be comforted to the very hour of my death, as if I saw myself become a gentlewoman, before the wilt of ardur. When did this sorrow supplant love? Their marriage was now an abysm and all her service became a pernicious riddle. Her heart was a toss-up. Her enmory made her ache. She suffered useless, human pain.

Miranda knew a little peace each day when Caliban was at work. She too found compassion in his eye and by the sixth glass she was uplifted, severed from the apparition of her life. As the fumes killed her senses she would embrace the table, perfumed with slosh. Lost. Forgetting for a while the sun’s slow burn on the earth. Drunk. Some stray grief dancing in her head. "I long for the night, when even my blame mingles," she whispered.

There were no noises of children in their house. She chose to be barren. "I want no son, no father, no man between my shoulder blades." Without much soul, they were the colours of the distance between them. She loved to molest a dollar, just as he lived to stroke leather black as pitch, and home. Austerely, with trials of cutting questions, she could not halt the drift of his love, she would fight for his love. His deity would always remain mute and without miracle. Her mind kneeled delicate before the blows. His trick was to disarm her and could not cast her in a pile, her bawling. Then he was gone, his torments. Caliban often only came home to quarrel, to exercise his baseness. The marriage was a perpetual wrangle. His need to torment her demanded it. His grudge against her had its own arms and head, its own life...

Caliban took a drink and hunted for his fury. He came toward Miranda, a strange prerogative of love? Their marriage was now an abysm and all her service became a pernicious riddle. Her heart was a toss-up. Her enmory made her ache. She suffered useless, human pain...

Miranda saw her momentary vigour of a traitor, then it faded. As is did, amazement, fever transported him. Passion and its beginning, like flame held to straw. To invert innocence and poison time with ecstasy, to incite a mortal duty yet repay all thoughts of ends, to hiss at death during day... Yes, celestial dare... Caliban thought of these things and the condition of his prick...

He came home from the office, lost in grumblings till the bottle gave its kiss. He saw Miranda moping near the wall. She stood in the curtains, weeping from the scarcity of love. The wetting of her eyes was her gift to him. A prize he could bear. An overblown compensation for the charity of his torments. Caliban often only came home to quarrel, to exercise his baseness. The marriage was a perpetual wrangle. His need to torment her demanded it. His grudge against her had its own arms and head, its own life...

Caliban took a drink and hunted for his fury. He came toward Miranda, a strange prerogative of love? Their marriage was now an abysm and all her service became a pernicious riddle. Her heart was a toss-up. Her enmory made her ache. She suffered useless, human pain...

"Such evil can be wondrous... Come, my rotten one, bare your blemish and feel the disease in your veins... Abjure a prayer with your Miranda, standing in its reality... "'Till men my trifling heavens..." He had need of these savage revels, to fuel the infirmity within him, to defy reason with something much stronger. He knew of the infinite. Every monstrous union, all the bitty pinches in the dark, every gorgeous face he marred with his touch, every bashful virgin made him more of his own. Miranda had no need to make a sovereign gesture that went beyond the edge of language and removed even the knowledge of death. His hope was that his rage, as its zenith, would levitate the man's world and its beginning, held to straw. To invert innocence and poison time with ecstasy, to incite a mortal duty yet repay all thoughts of ends, to hiss at death during day... Yes, celestial dare... Caliban thought of these things and the condition of his prick...

He came home from the office, lost in grumblings till the bottle gave its kiss. He saw Miranda moping near the wall. She stood in the curtains, weeping from the scarcity of love. The wetting of her eyes was her gift to him. A prize he could bear. An overblown compensation for the charity of his torments. Caliban often only came home to quarrel, to exercise his baseness. The marriage was a perpetual wrangle. His need to torment her demanded it. His grudge against her had its own arms and head, its own life...

"Such evil can be wondrous... Come, my rotten one, bare your blemish and feel the disease in your veins... Abjure a prayer with your Miranda, standing in its reality... "'Till men my trifling heavens..." He had need of these savage revels, to fuel the infirmity within him, to defy reason with something much stronger. He knew of the infinite. Every monstrous union, all the bitty pinches in the dark, every gorgeous face he marred with his touch, every bashful virgin made him more of his own. Miranda had no need to make a sovereign gesture that went beyond the edge of language and removed even the knowledge of death. His hope was that his rage, as its zenith, would levitate the man's world and its beginning, held to straw. To invert innocence and poison time with ecstasy, to incite a mortal duty yet repay all thoughts of ends, to hiss at death during day... Yes, celestial dare... Caliban thought of these things and the condition of his prick...
This Healing Place and Other Poems by Peter Jailall (Natural Heritage/Natural History Inc., P.O. Box 95, Station O, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4A 2M8, ISBN: 0-920744-85-5, 75 pp., $9.95).

Born in 1944 in Guyana, Peter Jailall came to Canada in 1970 where he attended York University and the University of Toronto. While working with the Indian Minority Writer's collective, Jailall read his poetry at libraries and universities across Canada, as well as the Royal Ontario Museum and the McMichael Gallery. This Healing Place and Other Poems explores themes of multiculturalism, religious tolerance, and the exploration of the immigrant experience in Canada. Jailall's poetry is characterized by its accessibility and its ability to convey universal themes through the veil of personal experience.

Androgynous and Reckless by Ross Butson (Anvil Press, 2120 Queen Street East, Suite 200, Toronto, Ontario M4E 1E2 – www.anvilpress.ca – ISBN: 1-55022-380-1). Ross Butson is a master at creating a riotous and celebratory nature of words, drawing the reader in and leading them through a journey of Scottish humor and a love for language. This book offers a unique poetry element, utilizing dual essence and sacred language to convey a narrative of social satire and personal experiences. Butson's writing is both understated and humorous, allowing the reader to explore the beauty of the world around them.
MINI-REVIEWS (continued):

_INTER_ magazine: [French, c/o Les Éditions Intervention, 345, rue du Pont, Québec City, Québec, G1K 6M4, Canada -- Phone: (418) 529-9680 -- edinter@total.net]. This journal continues to provide the most innovative and progressive arts coverage in Canada and perhaps the world. Featuring an international cadre, _INTER_ covers and reports on "art actuel," including performance art, installation art, polyphonics, sound-poetry, guerilla art activity, art action, as well as the many festivals that have been hosted by the Inter group. With a large glossy format, bold photos and slick typography, this publication is a work of art in itself. Over the years, _INTER_ has consistently and uncompromisingly presented social relevant avant-garde expression by accomplished artists who have advanced and broken formal conventions. Issue #72 covers art and sculpture in the public environment, issue #73 documents the last performance/art-action fest or "rencontre internationale" in Québec City (the site of Dick Higgins' last performance), and issue #74 presents an assembly of international installation and action works. Singular in its coverage of these burgeoning investigations in new media, _INTER_ leads the way for international arts coverage. KJ

_QiWiER/Y#9: a periodical of Arts, Literature & Civilisations published by the University of Pau & edited by Bertrand Rouge [c/o Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines, Avenue du Doyen Poplawski, 64000 Pau, France. Paiements à l'ordre de M. l'Agent comptable de l'Université de Pau -- ISSN: 1169-2111 -- ISBN: 2-908930-55-2 -- http://pubmcl.univ-pau.fr]. A stimulating discovery awaits those as yet unfamiliar with this publication. _QiWiER/Y_ is a beautifully crafted and intelligently edited literary periodical featuring a broad mix of sophisticated articles on literature ranging from the early modern to the post-modern. This issue (#9), features essays by a selection of literati and university scholars from Cornell, Exeter, Hong Kong, Laurentian, Leipzig, Oxford, Paris, Simon Fraser, and the Sorbonne among others. Each issue features clusters of analyses on world-renowned authors. Of special interest to _Rampike_ readers will be the critiques on Kazuo Ishiguro's fiction in the current issue. _QiWiER/Y_ regularly offers cutting-edge discussions of prominent literary figures by a truly international contingent. FB

_Open Letter_ [Edited by Frank Davey: 499 Dufferin Avenue, London, Ontario, N6B 2A1, Canada -- ISSN 0048-1939], this journal continues to offer some of the most interesting discussion on contemporary literature anywhere. The "Cantextualities" issue (Tenor Series, No. 6, Summer 1999), guest-edited by Jars Balan, presents a smash of articles and poems spinning out of the Eye-Rhymes conference in Edmonton Alberta (a Multi-Disciplinary International Conference and Festival of Visual poetry that attracted artists and scholars from across North America). There are numerous astute essays and articles along with a surprisingly broad array of visual poems throughout this remarkable compilation. Appropriately, this issue is dedicated to the memory of Dick Higgins, the unofficial "godfather" of poetic experimentation. _Open Letter_ is always a unique reading experience! KJ

Textual/Image by Pete Spence (Australia)