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Cover Featuring: Robert Stewart
EDITORIAL

Fire in the Lake. Distortion. Perversion. Desecration. Overwhelming Destruction. Violence has shadowed us from the beginning. It is as timeless as need, envy, fear and desire. It hangs in threat. The sword of Damocles. The neutron bomb. The switchblade. We are surrounded by actions of socio-political, economic, psycholgical and spiritual violence. Rape. Racism. Selective genocide. The cancer of terrorism. The horror of the middle east. The invasions of Vietnam and Afghanistan. The oppression in Latin America and Poland. We are victims of the conflict between man and man, man and woman, man and nature, man and self. We are imprisoned against our will, subjected to involuntary starvation and fed imposed ideologies. Our history is a drama of violation.

Our legacy is one of destruction. Masoch and de Sade. Attila and Hitler. Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There have been cultural reactions to violence, and violent reactions to culture. At the turn of the century, the Vorticists BLASTed the monuments of Victorianism and rebuilt new statements with the rubble. Simultaneously, the constructivist flower that bloomed in a reaction to oppression was quickly clipped and replaced with soviet cultural voice. The destructions. World-wide s dramatically altered our voice. We are left of the p


Notre héritage consiste en destruction. Masoch et De Sade. Attila et Hitler. Hiroshima et Nagasaki. Il y a eu des réactions culturelles à la violence et des réactions violentes à la culture. Au début du siècle les "Vorticistes" ont bombardé les monuments victoriens et ont reconstruit de nouveaux arguments avec les décombres. En même temps, la fleur constructiviste, qui fleurissait en réaction à l'oppression, fut vite coupée et remplacée par le réalisme-social soviétique. Les anciens Dieux Bia et Kali qui personnifient la force et la destruction, continuent à fleurir dans nos ondes de radio, notre encre d'imprimerie, et les lignes de "raster" de nos télévisions.

Tant que le désir et la peur existent, tant que les êtres restent insensibles au destin des autres êtres, l'oppression violent continuera à augmenter. Les contemporains de Rampike, ZG (Angleterre), et Impulse (Canada) ont recemment fait allusion aux aspects pathologiques de la peur et du désir. Mais ces données dépassent l'identification Freudienne du phénomène primal. Ce n'est pas surprenant qu'il n'y ait aucun forum d'expression que soit défouloir de censure. Des courriels d'information contrôlent notre cerveau et perpétuent la violence sociale en retenant et propagant selectively la pensée. Le NOUS de Zamiat qui fut le précurseur de Brave New World et 1984, a asséné un coup de génocide inhérent du mot imprimé et diffusé. NOUS fut effectivement censuré. Nous sommes au milieu d'une révolution d'information. Seulement les guerilleros des nouveaux media, les artistes et les écrivains peuvent détruire la voix conglomérée de l'oligarchie informatique. Des activités comme l'écrivain Dave Godfrey ont déjà confronté ce dilemme en établissant des presses indépendantes, des canaux et des réseaux d'ordinaire. On trouve un tel parallèle en Union Soviétique à l'intérieur du Samizdat clandestine. Nous continuons à protester. Des qualités propre à la démythification et à l'auto-reflexion ont abolis les conditions culturelles. La déconstruction de Heidegger mène aux destructions textuelles de Derrida. Les conditions sociales du monde entier ont altéré dramatiquement notre voix culturelle. Il ne nous reste que des créations de violence et une créativité violente.


Atoms of thought explode upon contemplating annihilation. Rampike; the child of violence. The charred skeleton of a tree struck by lightning. A destruction followed by the emergence of new form. These works are the bones of expression stripped of fashion and flesh. They alternately celebrate and condemn the impulse towards violence. These artists anticipate the individual and universal apocalypse.
Dear Mister Karl Jirgens,

I only left Quebec once and that was in 1973 when I went to Warsaw. We Quebecois have two fraternal countries; Ireland and Poland. Ireland gained its independence but as a result its original language was wiped out. The question of Poland still remains. I returned from it overwhelmed by the effects of war and extremes of violence which we can only imagine. For me, Quebec remains a unique country without an external model. The terrorism from 1963 to 1970? It was an artifact, an academic experiment by the Americans. They never asked our permission, and it ended in failure. The early FLQ did not stop us from becoming "Quebecois", or from acquiring our new identity. Nor did the later FLQ prevent us from becoming "pequistes". (P.Q.)

The process... is far from over. However, we prefer that changes take place naturally, and without violence. I find it impossible to imagine for example, a Quebec army. It would seem ludicrous. Our assimilation would not be to the advantage of either Ontario or the U.S. Since you are already aware more or less that our identity becomes stronger the more we’re provoked, I suggest that you arm yourselves. Be violent so that we are forced to consolidate in order to remain Quebecois! (Our assimilation, such a bore; you run the risk of dying of it).

Well, there you are my dear Mister Jirgens: As you can see, I don’t have the slightest interest in the subject you suggest for your upcoming issue. I am neither Ontarian, nor American. But, thanks all the same for suggesting the idea.

Sincerely not yours,

Jacques Ferron

Rampike looks great, my congratulations

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THE WASTE OF THE ARMS RACE
Excerpt of a speech by John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard University, before the UN Association of Canada Conference on Disarmament, Toronto, 1982

My concern this evening is with the most somber of subjects, the military relationship between the rich countries and, as a partial derivative, between the rich and the poor and, in turn, between the poor and the poor.

It is, in fact, a four-sided relationship — for anyone with geometric sense, a quadrilateral — standing vertically in the line of vision. At the top of this design, one at each corner, are the United States and the Soviet Union. Across the top, dominating all else, is the weapons competition between the two great powers. Down then from each of them comes a flow of weapons to the new nations at the base of the quadrilateral, a flow which is supplemented by weapons from France, Britain, Switzerland and Israel. Across the base this flow nourishes the fears and animosities and sustains the competition between the new countries — between countries for which, in frequent cases, the cost of arms and training in their use is, quite literally, bread and rice from the mouths of their people. I want to address each side of this square: the arms competition between the great powers, the flow of weapons by sale or gift from each of them to the poor countries, the competition and tension thereby inspired.

By a wide margin the most ominous part of this design lies on the upper line or level; there one has the nuclear weapons competition between the superpowers. This, like much in the modern military world, is not sustained by any military logic — by anything so obvious as the protection of lives and livelihood or the national survival of those involved. Instead the competition has a mystique and a dynamic of its own — ones that accept, as a consequence, the likelihood of massive death, the destruction of the very national entity for which the defense is presumed.

There are numerous forces sustaining the arms dynamic; nothing is gained by simplification. One is the technological competition. Each power develops the weapons of ever greater destructive power and precision that render obsolete those of the other. Each, foreseeing such obsolescence, strives to develop those that will in turn render obsolete those of the other side. A large and learned scientific, engineering and military community with its own language and values nurtures and guides this process.

The technological dynamic is then sustained by economic, bureaucratic and scientific interest — the interest of which President Dwight D. Eisenhower spoke in his best-remembered speech, his warning against "this acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex." I do not identify this interest, the bureaucratic interest in particular, with one side or the other. And in both the United States and the Soviet Union it is greatly sustained by the appeal to fear — fear of what the other side is doing, fear of being thought soft on a potential enemy. In his memoirs Nikita Khrushchev, in a passage that deserved greater attention than it received, tells of a conversation at Camp David with President Eisenhower:

"Tell me, Mr. Khrushchev," the President asked, "how do you decide on funds for military expenditures?" Then, before I had a chance to say anything, he continued, "Perhaps first I should tell you how it is with us ..." "It's like this. My military leaders come to me and say, 'Mr. President, we need such and such a sum for such and such a program. If we don't get the funds we need, we'll fall behind the Soviet Union.' So I invariably give in. That's how they wring money from me. They keep grabbing for more, and I keep giving it to them. Now tell me, how is it with you?"

Here is Khrushchev's reply:

"It's just the same. Some people from our military department come and say, 'Comrade Khrushchev, look at this: The Americans are developing such and such a system. We could develop an equivalent system, but it would cost such and such.' I tell them there's no money; it's all been allotted already. So they say, 'If we don't get the money we need and if there's a war, then the enemy will have superiority over us.' Then I put the matter to the government and we take the steps which our military people have recommended."

The final and influential force sustaining the weapons competition is the belief that it defends an economic, political and social system — a way of life. On the American side we are defending free enterprise and free institutions; these are unique attack from socialism and communism; whatever their relative power and risk, is the means by which we protect them. The Soviet Union, looking out on a predominantly capitalist world, has, we may safely assume, a reciprocal response. In such manner those committed to a larger social faith — to belief in freedom or free enterprise or socialism or communism — are swept into support of the weapons race.

We must recognize, above all, that the weapons competition does not, in fact, defend social and economic systems, neither that of the United States nor that of the Soviet Union. It is presently putting both systems gravely at risk, the risk of returning both to a society that far antedates both socialism and capitalism and for which even the words are irrelevant. As always, the historical process. Capitalism and socialism are both the highly sophisticated products of that process; an equal control in the largely exclusive nuclear era. All efforts to sustain or mitigate the nuclear conflict are as we will hope will happen to the poor countries, the lessers of the earth, the rain, come upon the just and the unjust — the innocent and the responsible — alike.

The technological dynamic must be arrested; the supporting bureaucratic and economic interest must be overcome. Likewise the fear of addressing the issue. By far the most direct and understandable way of accomplishing this is through a bilateral freeze on the development, production and deployment of further nuclear weapons as the prelude to negotiation on their reduction — and one hopes their eventual elimination. The freeze is not impractical, illusory or visionary; it is the highly sensible, highly practical design for removing the issue from the largely exclusive control of the nuclear theologians as they have been called. These are the people for whom the technical and military intricacies concerning the development and deployment of weapons and the policy on arms control negotiation have become an intellectual preserve from which the public, including those urging effective nonsymbolic control, are-righteously excluded.

It is a delegation of power, the most fatal in our time, that can no longer be tolerated.

There is currently a rising world-wide commitment to the dangers of nuclear conflict, an increasing pressure to have that threat nullified and extinguished. It is the strongest of political issues in the United States. No politician can speak out against this threat; if opposed, as some are, he must take refuge by arousing the fears of Soviet perfidy just mentioned or by agreeing on the need for arms reduction while urging that it be ever an expansive increase. (It is this opposition, to repeat, that the freeze is designed to counter.) One speaks with less confidence of the Soviet Union, but one does know that its experience of war is greater than ours, that its leaders and people are no more suicidal in their inclinations than are we.
JOSEPH BEUYS
A Methodological Statement and the Implications of Violence

It's a problem for us that the U.S. only looks at things but doesn't know how to use what it sees practically. They only have an interest in the phenomenon, in the style. When I was in the United States they paid great interest to my lectures, but after my lectures they went onto something else. To come to a methodology that would be capable of influencing a system or social structure; that is the problem. The real idea is to change the system, to get results. In the U.S. they work with old principles. They believe the development of art to be innovation. They have restricted themselves to modernism. It's a kind of isolation. It doesn't deal with the social condition.

We are working here with a kind of social sculpture, an anthropological art that goes beyond the ideal of modernism, Duchamp and all that shit.

The time of Martin Luther King, the time of the California movement... there is no continuity in organising or developing a position there. There is a kind of dilemma. It's like a big flat cake. A "plumpff" happens in California, or Chicago and then it dies. It has to do with an understanding of the World as a political economic thing.

Then, there is the old sectarian religious activity. It again contributes to this isolationism. I'm not saying that we're on top of the avant-garde here or anything like that, but we have a beginning here. In all modesty, it is very important right now to have a kind of polarity to distinguish the movements and powers. You must know that our politicians here are under the power of the U.S. since the last world war. We are still in a state of colonial dependency. Our social, political, ecological and economic discussions have to do with the impotence of our own politicians. We speak of the negative influence from the United States, and the negative influence of the centralised totalitarian system of the Soviet union. These two important world powers are repressing the individual. Our school system is an enterprise of the state. Spiritually, we are completely dependent on those rotten old-fashioned ideologies.

People are often too content with their lifestyles. Their own style may have little to do with the needs of others. Now we have a situation where people must align themselves one way or another, a polarisation. We face the problem of total destruction of the creativity and individuality of people. We are not just dealing with the destruction of nature. Now, the whole idea of the destruction of all life comes into question.

STATEMENT ON VIOLENCE
Dennis Oppenheim for Rampike Magazine

Violence... a theme in art for centuries, could be considered a saving ingredient in the new sculpture. Unlike contemporary painting, some sculpture today continues within the zone of real time... the real world, hesitant to hide behind the cloak of abstraction. This newer work welcomes an association to powerful structures within the real world, such as electrical towers, nuclear power plants, dams, expressways and chemical plants.

By operating in zones between these structures, this sculpture usurps energy from them, while allowing associations to wander through metaphoric space. Like the real world these works incorporate real danger... hazard is both real and implied. Wanting to be disassociated with the traditional tableau, this work is capable of eliciting an action... it can be performed. In this way, the structure itself quite often is subservient to "another life", or force. This is an extremely reasonable position for outdoor sculpture to take, since almost all public sculpture looks the same, and is characterized by structures that share not as much what they do, but what they are not allowed to do. A work such as "LAUNCHING STRUCTURE #2, AN ARMATURE FOR PROJECTION. FROM THE FIREWORKS SERIES." addresses the aspect of a second life, or what could be referred to as a structural hallucination. By allowing the ground based structure to be merely a launching pad, one is then capable of activating a higher energy state, within the structural compound. My reference to this state as having similarities to a mental or physical map related to thought, can also be expanded to include atoms of thought. The power released in these works is carefully positioned in between worlds both true and false. I would say the rockets are somewhere between an actual missile and a pencil. Unlike a pencil, they can leave the page, engage in the hallucination of a notational sign; and yet, unlike a missile, they are artifice, not a weapon.
DENNIS OPPENHEIM  
Sculpture

Aluminium frame travels up the shaft at ten minute intervals, and drops from the highest point.  
Photo: Earl Ripling

Proposal for an outdoor site, actual scale would be a 100’ diameter blade angled 20’ above ground level, moving at 2000 RPM’s. Gas jet with flame near blade.

Two clay disks per minute are projected across the 150’ distance from shield to shield and thru central viewing ring, at a speed of 80 MPH; six week duration.  
Photo: W. Schloke

PH 4: Detail of SCAN, showing arm of electric skeet machine, protruding through the shield.

Raw material carts on track are pulled back and held by rubber straps, while aimed at pendulum blade and cross track.  
Photo: A. Morain

PH 6:  
Cable and pulleys counterbalance steel cage and rock; ready to fire through metal shaft onto mat. rear: SATURN UP-DRAFT. 1979.  
Raw material on elevated track is aimed at central spinning blade, or cutter. Induction blower creates a suction through suspended funnel. High powered butane heater on track presents the second position of entry to the central cage.

PH 7: CHARMED JOURNEY THROUGH A STEP-DOWN TRANSFORMER.  
Incorporates a generator, transformer, relay system and receiver. Photo shows the transformer, with channels and gates like a circuit breaker, and a gin trap.
PH 8: FINAL STROKE - PROJECT FOR A GLASS FACTORY. 1980.
Back view shows carts on grinding wheels on glass tracks pulled back by rubber straps. Electrical insulators are suspended and counterweighted from ceiling. Springs hold glass track, glass cams.

Raw material excavated on site and material placed on steel sleds inside trenches and aimed at mid-station, using rubber strap. Station incorporates spinning wire mesh gates, turning drum pathways positioned under stacks, vents, liquid and gas processing units. Detention shields operate by pulleys, sparks generate ground based troughs attached to starting gates. Ground based rotating receiving bins with wire mesh troughs counterweighted by steel mesh screens directly in front of exit gates. 100' of steel track separating pathways. Mobile canvas blinders positioned on tracks and pushed onto running field which begins to fragment after collision.

Structure incorporates steel towers, track, ricochet plates, reflector shields, auger bit, counterweights, springs and mortars for rockets, Roman candles, flares.

Butane gas ignition system on mobile towers. Spinning glass rods with rockets and fountains, copper ricochet shields on casters with blue glass windows, galvanized cooling bin, copper recording plates. Hanging diamond platform with suspended black light. Eight foot diameter curved glass arcs with rockets, rolling glass ball with fuses. Carbon arc light, revolving wheels with fountains, flares and rockets. Turning steel disk with butane torch. Hanging tambourine with four spinning blades.

Photo: Ed Peterson

PH 12: LAUNCHING STRUCTURE #2. AN ARMATURE FOR PROJECTION. (FROM THE FIREWORKS SERIES).
Photograph showing the chain reaction ignition of rockets, fountains and flares, linked by green fuse material.

Photo: Ed Peterson.

Photo showing elliptical hanging track, loaded with rockets, near cotton candy machine mounted on perforated steel frame, shield for carbon arc light, flares mounted on steel channel, reflector shields for viewing.

Photo: P. Moss
VIVRE EST UNE VIOLENCE FAITE AU NÉANT
à François Joyal
par Yolande Villemaire

Une première phrase, c'est un coup de feu dans l'innocence de la page blanche. C'est comme une déclaration d'amour : on ne peut pas revenir en arrière. Je suis un espionne dans la maison de la peur et j'écris des messages secrets en langue inventée sur les murs gris.

Un de nos alliés m'a donné rendez-vous ici, à minuit. J'ai réglé, ma montre sur la sienne. Je t'attends, dans le bruit des verres cassés projetés par les invités. Ils boivent de la vodka russe à la russe mais cette histoire n'a rien à voir avec l'ourse. Cette histoire n'a rien à voir. C'est une histoire aveugle. Aveugle comme l'aveugle de l'amour même. Je suis une espionne dans la maison de la passion. Et la passion souffle dans les grandes salles vides hantées par la rumeur d'une fête, ailleurs, dans une des pièces en enfilade.

Depuis que tu n'es plus là, il y a moins d'ombres sur les murs. Ou bien c'est peut-être que je ne les remarque pas. Depuis que tu n'es plus là, de grands guerriers rouges s'entretuent à grands coups de sabre dans mes rêves. Je suis une espionne dans la maison de la violence. Je t'attends et je pleure. Depuis Auschwitz. Depuis 1944.

LE BOSSU SE PENCHE DE PLUS EN PLUS
Par Pauline Harvey

Le bossu se penche de plus en plus. La sueur lui dégouline du front. Il essaie différents manteaux pour porter avec ses cheveux, on lui a donné une zibeline, il n'est à l'aïse que dans son long trench noir de clochard. Le riche mecène voulait qu'il l'accompagne au souper chez M. Pick. “Sa bosse va porter bonheur au restaurant”, dit le maître d'hôtel. Plus son dos se courbe, plus les gens parlent fort sur les trottoirs. Il rêve à des squelettes de singes et de veaux et qu'il est l'enfant seulement du savant fou, et se réveille comme un robot immortel. Il rencontre un cycliste qui lui inspire confiance et s'assoit à la terrasse d'un café pour se faire porter un peu. La serveuse s'en va à Paris, il voudrait aller à Paris avec elle par la main et frapper à la porte de Bourvil pour qu'on le fasse bander ou rire. En attendant il attire les badauds et un homme pilasce son terrain de monopoly. Quel est le sens de son sourire en coin? Un chat de ruelle tout hérisse miaule comme un rat au bord du trottoir et défend l'accès au dépanneur du coin. “Nul ne peut entrer ici”, soupire-t-il faiblement, alors que la foule se rue à la porte et lui écrase la patte. Arrive un joueur de football saoul qui lui fait cadeau d'un sac à dos dont il n'a plus besoin. “Ca sera pour les grandes vacances”, pense-t-il en oubliant que les vacances ont commencé il y a dix ans. Quelqu'un passe et demande si l'il est là. Il répond comme d'habitude qu'il est parti mais on le regarde quand même comme s'il existait. Il murmure “Je n'existe pas” mais le gens rient et il comprend qu'il ne pourra plus se croire lui-même. Bientôt il parlera toujours au féminin et les femmes auront des corps de petits garçons. Quand la femme n'existera plus il se mettra à exister comme une femme. Il pense que c'est déjà fait et extrait une longue barre de fer de son dos. “Elle me torturait depuis longtemps celle-là”, dit-il en la jetant sur le trottoir où elle éclabousse de sang un vieux monsieur qui le suivait depuis un bout de temps. Quand tout le monde se met à accourir pour l'embrasser, il parle en geignant. “J'aime bien ça”, dit un complice. “Qu'est-ce que tu peux bien aimer là-dedans”, dit-il, pendant qu'à la fenêtre les squelettes de veaux font des petits tatas. “Au moins, c'est pas un cul-de-sac”, dit le complice en observant une voiture qui tourne en rond sur le parking. Il répond “Ben alors, dégène-toi, tu me gênes.”
Strange as it may seem, a read through Ruth Benedict’s study of the Japanese, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, can help enormously in understanding the violence and troubles which affect our society today. The story goes, when the Americans entered the 2nd World War, they found themselves completely unable to fathom the Japanese mind, motives and reactions, so their intelligence services asked Miss Benedict, an anthropologist, to report on Japanese culture and society. The resulting little book stands as a classic in the field.

What Miss Benedict found and described was a society completely without private identity, held together by an elaborate network of corporate bonds, loyalties and dependencies. Identity was also corporate, and so delicate and fragile and the mental health damage that could only be repaired by enormous labour, or as often happened, only by honourable suicide. The individual was nothing.

Our culture today is caught between two extremes, one demanding individualism — our traditional Western pattern, and one to which individualism is irrelevant — the former is imposed by our electric media. The result is massive alienation, not just on the part of the young, and a desperate search for corporate identification, whether in gangs, separatism, unions or some other form. The group’s the thing: nationalism won’t do for mass man because it is simply an enlarged expression of individualism.

The final ingredient is violence, lots of it, because violence has a purpose: it is the only means available to an individual or group for forging or maintaining an identity. This can range from snide remarks "jokes", bullying, or wife (and husband — and child) abuse, hijackings, hostage-taking, rioting or warfare.

The more dramatic forms of violence are at once poetic and rage and frustration, and plays to capture the attention of an audience. The perpetrator is (or feels he is) a nobody until he can marshal and put on the attention — and power of an audience.

All electric media, including the telephone, develop inner experience instead of outer. It is a commonplace that electric media dissolve of bypass all forms of spatial organisation. With electric speeds “movement through space” is meaningless. There is just coexistence and simultaneously. With the press or the post, space and time are institutionalized, but these are handmade media: in electric form, everything becomes imagery and information.

Unlike 19th century media, hardware is irrelevant to electric form and speed. The new forms are metaphysical rather than physical. “On the air”, or “on the telephone”, the user is simultaneously present in two or more places as a disembodied intelligence. All information about the body is simple irrelevant to this effect. With wireless, one can be “present” as information over a whole city or countryside, or, with satellite, over the entire globe. The body and the physical "realities" to it are made obsolete as there is nothing in the form or effect of these media to which they can relate.

One consequence of this is an enormous range of popular interest in inner experience, values and mysticism. The “drug culture”, consciousness-raising, meditation-groups, personality-change techniques, are all examples of the influx of oriental religions are among the ways in which our culture tries to mine or explore the forms of experience implicit in electric technology. With the body and the “outer world” obsolete or irrelavant, “inner” experience, and all that it encompasses: the landscape and inner experience. A basic tenet common to all forms of Eastern mysticism is that the “outer world” is pure fantasy, is simply a manifestation of a lower form of consciousness.

The inner world of fantasy has particular properties: it provides instantaneons gratification. Unlike our older forms of goals, ambition and achievement, fantasy provides its own rewards immediately. The inner world is also intensely narcissistic, so much so that it can only be reached by a complete (and paradoxical) shedding of all merely private considerations of personality and identity. In the inner world, space and time as we know them in the West — absolute and particular — do not exist: inner space and time interpenetrate and modify each other such that all times and spaces exist simultaneously and can be experienced that way. This is reflected, in part, in the current resurgence of interest in re-incarnation. (I have met serious, intelligent people who not only maintain that they have been animal, but that, in some mysterious way they felt that in some mysterious way they felt that they were still living them, in England, in America, in Egypt, etc., all at once, and now.) The inner world is also passive; it is the realm of the contemplative, not of the doer. The arrival of this aspect in the radio age was the subject of Wyndham Lewis’ *The Art of Being Ruled*.

He was writing of what Gertrude Stein called “The lost generation”. They were “lost” because they found our Western arrangements of job — and value — structures increasingly otiose and meaningless. With the advent of electric media, power structures that needed the old generation reared in an electric milieu. Today the inconsistencies are much more marked. No greater scheme of alienation is conceivable than one in which a culture is submerged in media that emphasize interior experience, and then to expect of it to adapt fixed values and goals that have meaning only in relation to a system of outside reality.

This is dramatized in a recent article on the “skinheads”: their best-selling album titles included Army Song, Gang Warfare, Anti-American, White Trash, or to Bis, Join the Rejects, No Government, and Animal Bondage, while the groups of performers sport such names as Cockney Rejects, The Strike, Exploited, Shaven Heads, and Peter and the Test Tube Babies. Loss of private identity is only one aspect of the problem.

When the body is made obsolete or replaced as the governing mode of experience, at least two things happen. First, individual identity becomes impossible. St. Thomas pointed out that the principle of individuation in this world was by means of “mater signatura”, matter “signed with” spirit, or the intention of an intelligent agent. To abolish and submerge the body is to destroy the basis of individual or private identity. Secondly, the body becomes unreal along with other material objects, and simultaneously it becomes available as an aesthetic object, an art form. This complements the drive inward as the body is part of that outer reality that has been made irrelevant and obsolete by electric experience and information.

The aesthetic approach to the body is everywhere manifested. There may be little new in the assembly-line female, with legs and ankles patterned after one movie star, the torso and bust of various models, face, hair, and arms of other cult idols: That procedure arrived in the radio and movie age, and persists. But the recent pattern of shaven heads, skin pierced or tattooed, etc. simply mirrors in its way the surgical approach to the body as a machine with replaceable parts-limbs and organs.

The contraceptive pill, along with a wide variety of other aesthetic and anesthetics drugs — stimulants, hallucinogenics, tranquilizers and the rest — are equally a part of the obsolete body as an aesthetic object, a machine that can be programmed infallibly and at will. Of a piece with this are the new pendants for gender, androgyny androgynity and grooming. The jobber, after all, is not running to get somewhere: his goals are not outward, but inward and meditative. He runs in a circle, not a line. Any oft-repeated action becomes a ritualistic dance: jogging combines this with asceticism of sorts — which is one of the traditional formulas for meditation.

One of the results of living the inner life, which is timeless instead of the outer, is that there is no incentive to grow up. Further, without the individual strength that companies private identity, the inner-directed have no means of shaming or sustaining the pressures of individual responsibilities. This pushes the person further towards merging with a group, whether a gang, a bureaucracy or a union. Miss Benedict’s study is valuable here because she examines in detail the structure of corporate identity and corporate responsibility in a society that had never tasted private initiative.

Were that paradigm of individualism, Dr. Johnson, alive today, he would be regarded as a freak or a moron, and would probably be committed after one movie, the terrorist, the striker and the executive who explain “I’m 55, and I still don’t know what I want to be when I grow up”.

Nerly fifty years ago, Wyndham Lewis noted the rise of this Peter Pan-ism in his *Doom of Youth*. His evidence included the then-new youth cult of the child prodigies and a widespread fear among adults of growing or becoming old. His theme was, when adults begin to move in on youth, whether out of jealousy or dependence or as an escape from the pressures of living in a community. And it provided one thing so many are looking for now — roots.
Kim remembers a friend of his father's, an inobtrusively wealthy man who travelled all over the world studying unusual systems of hand-to-hand fighting. And he wrote a book about it. Kim remembers him as looking very safe and happy. He could kill anyone in sight and he knew it. And that was a good feeling.

The book was fascinating. Chinese practitioners who can stun or kill by a soft twisting blow, just at the right place and the right time. They can even calculate "the soft touch", as it is called, to kill several hours later. You jestle the target in a crowd and ... Kim hummed a funeral march happily.

An Indian boxer who could hit a steel plate with all his strength without sustaining so much as a bruise. And challenged the writer to hit him as hard as he could. The Indian made it clear that if he felt the writer was withholding his full strength the interview was at an end. So the writer, who is a Karate 5 Dan, hit him full blast, and the Indian didn't even blink.

"You have fair power, sir," he said.

And there was magnificent sulky old Indian who specialized in a lightning blow to the testicles. "The Golden Target," he called it. "He was one of the most unpleasant men I have ever met," the writer reports. After a scant quarter hour spent in his company, I was impotent for a full week.

So the writer tries to impress this old Midas by breaking a stack of bricks. The Indian sets up a stack and adds one more brick. Then he lightly thumps the stack. The writer points a disparaging finger at the top brick, who is a threat to my safety right now, but who will... Kim wrote on:

And a bartender in Paris had fashioned a weapon from his breath. By taking certain herbs, he had developed a breath so pestiferous that: "Then standing almost six feet in height, he rolled the brick over the top, and decided it was the cutest thing he ever saw. When it comes to hand-to-hand claw, feet, fang, poison, squirt, quill, shock fighting, animals beat humans in any direction.

Kim had of course thought of living weapons. The only animal that has been trained to attack reliably on command is the dog, though many other animals would be vastly more efficient as fighting machines. The bobcat, the lynx, the incomparable wolverine that can drive a bear from its kill, and the purple-assed Mandrill, with its huge razor-sharp canines and rending claws, is one of the most savage animals on earth. Kim looked in disdain at Jerry's dog, Rover, a skulking, cowardly, inefficient creature that always barked, with his witch stare as he intoned "BAAAAAD DOOOOGGG" over and over and Rover begins to cower and whimper and lift his lips in a hideous grin splits the sky and ruined cities and bleak dark deserted landscapes of a dead world, the light always fainter as the stars go out one after the other.

No D.O. — Death Organism — acts as a binary. It doesn't do anything until it receives cellular instructions from the other half. It is rather like an L.A., that is, Latent Agent, stationed near the target and alerted by a central signal to act. The L.A. may wait for years ... (An old gardener who had worked in the General's garden for ten years killed him with a scythe. The General was planning a campaign against the Old Man, the violet fortress at Alamout.) Or he can be used the next day. Kim writes: "A selective pestilence puts the selector in a position of unique safety ... The selector will be well advised to bear in mind at all times that the road to Heaven is paved with solid bricks of safety. He must think ahead. Not just what is a threat to my safety right now, but what will be a threat in ten twenty, or a hundred years, since ultimate safety must be computed in immortal terms. So beware of fool's safety.

"Consider the menace posed to you and your compadres by decent churchoing folk ... You want to take care of these vermin without endangering your fellow Johnsons. Now what characterizes these shits? They have to be right. They need the approval of others. Both needs are so constant and so compulsive as to assume the proportion of biological needs like the need of an addict for morphia ... A page from the Denver Post passed through his mind: "Pet owners panicked by mysterious dog deaths ... A new disease it seems. Confined to dogs ..."

Kim wrote on: "Man made dogs in his oldest lusine image. Dogs exhibit all the worst characteristics of human animals . . . They are fawning, filthy, vicious, servile, literally convulsed by their need for approval, just like religious bastards fawn on the Lord and finger their nigger notches ... Dogs have to be RIGHT. He is RIGHT to bite someone who has no right to be in that yard, that house ... Well, if this disease attacks dogs, chances are good it will attack human dogs, right in their ugly, snarling, ingratiating, cop-loving, priest-loving, boss-loving, God-loving, epicenter, the vile grovelling worshippers of the Slave Gods. When a disease agent moves from one host species to another, with no natural immunity to that strain, the agent can become incomparably more efficient. And this can be accomplished with rather rudimentary tinkering . . . Most attempts at germ warfare in fact start with animal diseases like glanders, parrot fever, anthrax."

Kim paused to reflect that a plant virus, once it got root in human soil, might produce a Garden of Eden while you wait . . . a paradise consisting of plants and fertilizer.

"We have a virus which we may term the RIGHT VIRUS already occupying the target. We have a disease agent, K9, programmed to attack selectively any host occupied by R.V. Our agent K9 is further linked with DO, the Death Organism. Just formulate the thought "I AM RIGHT" and "YOU ARE DEAD."

Excerpt from An Upcoming Novel
By William Burroughs

THE PLACE OF DEAD ROADS


**LA VIOLENCE DANS L’AME**  
Par Lucien Francoeur

Violence in the streets  
Violence in the soul

l'humanité geind dans les crises de missiles  
l'humanité prie devant les autels nucléaires

Violence in the skin  
Violence in the skull

la femme hurle sous le fouet du patriarcat  
la femme saigne dans les avortements d'elle

et la radio cingle: only women bleed!  
& the radio moans: women is the nigger of the world . . .

Violence in the streets night and day  
Violence in the soul let it bleed cut

travesties, androgynes et mutants  
crient de rage dans le code génétique  
de l'идiosyncrasie mâle qui fait mal

en graffiti dans les lavatories  
en scarification dans les chairs  
en tatouages sur la peau  
en laceration sur l’âme

partout la violence s’inscrit terminale  
partout le violence se lit au masculin  
dans la grammaire et dans les bars partout

la violence est dans l’homme comme un virus

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**A VOS FICTIONS**  
**CAMARADES!**  
By Michel Gay

ce liquide endormi de doigts rouges  
d'intervenir sur l'ombre  
la peau comme le mur ils réapparurent  
de ces personnes et puis enfin nier de haine  
jaillies des fumées d'éviter le recul  
l’urgence vite fusil de l’opacité  
feutré je lis le sens humide du lourd

rêve de révolution sang électrique (les années 60)

rudes demain temps excès cercles

yeux peuples (je parle pour moi — tout seul)

personne n'ignore l'éternité  
des yeux éclatent qui auraient dû savoir

parmi les cicatrices les parties  
d’une phrase tymans de l’enfance sous la haine  
découpures la bouche bec de poussière  
crackats entre autres sorties de secours

t'à l'ombre d'usure  
technique s'estompe  
invariable

e nue et désirable sarcasme bref et reprise

t les bras en croix quoi le reluquer  
( encore du cul) contre elles  
t'étaient tout excès (par exprès)

au futur oublié le nerf couteau  
disperse la couture les mots

t à la rubrique tout au fond travail  
t à la lumière artificielle comme si

c'était écrit

t le possible hors combat

t à la lèvre la butée l'oxygène échevelée

t l'envers ce qui fut le regard comme le langage

cernées dans l’écho l’escalier les villes  
tracent des urgences lointaines des citations

dans le creux dans l'effroi (c'est un fait)

point mort par son achèvement n'appartiennent

t à personne décile de haine échappée dans les yeux

la proie de la soif de l'injure des apparences  

effacée en plein jour à tort & à travers

par la main la peur quotidienne avalée

où fondre ou

fulgurante attention si l'on rêve

t à la hâte

les édifices à la dérive prennent des habitudes

ici (précisément) pour rentrer dans la révolte

dans le ventre de l’ordre

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Image: John Baturin
INTERVIEW: LONDON
With Stuart Brisley

There seem to be a variety of violent elements in your work.

Yes, not always, but certainly in quite a number of works there have been dimensions of violence in what is going on, which if it works properly is a metaphor for other areas I'm concerned with. It's involved with the notion of the ways in which we are subject to violence. Sometimes it is very crude and direct, for example I made a piece in 1972 which was involved with subsequently proved allegations against British troops in Northern Ireland using torture when questioning political prisoners.

Another aspect that comes through my work is involved with the violence endemic to being alive, for example the aging process and the contradictions that happen between how one thinks about one's body and what happens to it, it involves the apparent lack of dignity about aging, also the fact that being a human being involves lying, not being truthful, nature is true to itself but we are not, we violate ourselves. The last piece I did has to do with that notion. It was called "inside/outside/in", and was done in Krakow Poland with its obvious references to the socio-political situation that now exists in Poland. I was using the violence that we do to ourselves through lying . . . There is also an element of violence in the process of working and doing. To make something or do something you have to destroy . . . its very much of that process.

What about elements of body-violence in your work?

Quite often I drop the social conventions in order to draw attention to what I'm trying to talk about. Violence can be used as a means of heightening the attention of the audience and as a means of making analogies. That approach has been highly formalised in a piece I did with Iain Robinson about 18 months ago which involved an exchange of blows which were pre-determined. It had to do with the notion of education and training and the fact that people are often disciplined as a means of focusing their attention.

What social contexts are you considering?

The works are propositions put forwards. One of the problems is that people focus on what's actually in front of them instead of reading further into the piece. It's difficult to be subtle in the suggestion without over-stating the idea.

You've been accused of sensationalism. Why do you think that is?

Not so much nowadays but in the late 60's and early 70's I was accused of being an egotist and sensationalist. People, artists, and critics were not used to the form I was using. (One set of actions suggesting a whole other set of conditions through a physical activity). Notions of performance at that time were much more purist (Gilbert and George for example). But my work has always had that social context. I'm just as interested in those social questions now as I was then but the means have changed. I'm more reluctant to use violence now. I am more aware of the subtleties involved with this approach and no longer require that brutality.

Could you say more about Krakow and Poland?

I've been to Poland three times. The first two were in the mid 70's. During this last trip I attended the 9th Krakow meetings, they are a symposium of critics and artists and so on invited from some of the Warsaw pact countries, Yugoslavia, Holland, the United States and so on. The situation seems to have changed radically since I was there before. There is a terrible food shortage and a shortage of basic commodities, toothpaste, toilet paper, clothing and so on without a clear idea why. There is an idea that the government is holding back goods to break the spirit of the Polish people. The controlling party appears to be an elitist minority of maybe only 3% of the total population, while solidarity has over 10 million people.

What are you working on at present?

I'm working on a long tape/slide piece which in a way refers to all that political struggle. Since 1977 my work has been concerned with the immediate area around my home in London which is an abandoned area, low income, doss houses (half-way houses for recuperating alcoholics), and so on. The piece is concerned with the peculiar situation of being inside a house in a room knowing that what is outside contains all those elements that we don't like to see or hear about; alcoholics, bums, people dying . . . the piece moves back and forth in time in an associative way. It is a metaphor for that situation and it ends in suggesting that the situation can be changed.

Ritual Murder, part of Nodnol, Marble Arch, London, 1968; (with Deborah Brisley).

Measurement and Division in Hayward Gallery, London, July-August 1977; (with Christoph Gercke).
EXPLODING HOUSE
(convertible architectural unit)
Padiglione d'Arte Contemporanea,
Milan, April 1982
By Vito Acconci

A conventional house, 8 feet wide by 12 feet long by 12 feet high: the house is a composite of house types — smoked-brown clapboard walls, Naples-yellow columns and architrave, corrugated aluminum roof. On the floor, and aimed toward the house, seven supergraphic-like arrows come from all directions around the space; a bicycle, painted army-green, sits on each arrow.

When a viewer gets on a bicycle, and rides the bicycle toward the house, part of the house 'explodes'. The house is divided into nine sections, six of them single boxes (4 ft. wide by 4 ft. deep by 4 1/2 ft. high) and three of them double boxes (two of these 4 ft. wide by 4 ft. high). Each bicycle is attached to one or two sections of the house, and pulls these out from under the roof. When all the bicycles are used, the entire house is dismantled.

As each box is pulled out, the house reveals its understructure: each box has, as its support-studs, a wooden robot, stained pink. Each robot has a different posture: one multiple-armed, multiple-legged robot — one mother-and-child robot (or one larger robot giving birth to a smaller one) — one robot riding (or fucking) another — one robot as bell-tower — one robot-table — one robot as window, or the support for a combination American-Russian-Chinese flag — one robot-ladder — one flying robot (or robot as swastika) — one robot-chair.

The house is turned inside-out: the interior of each house, behind and around the robot, is painted sky-blue, with white clouds. The roof of the house, that remains in place, also reveals sky on its underside; the support-studs of the roof resemble the robot-structures but are triangular rather than rectangular: two figures perched toe to toe — one silver angel, wing-frame covered with white feathers, and one gold angel, wing-frame covered with black feathers.

When the viewers get off the bicycles, the bicycles return to their starting-points, and the sections of the house return home.

(It should be noted that, for this particular occasion, the piece was installed in a two-level space: two of the bicycles were situated on a second level, and two of the boxes — when the bicycles were used — were pulled out onto that level. The height of the house, then, was determined by the height of the second level: a lower box had to be high enough to allow an upper box to pass over onto the second level.)
HE'S JUST A KID
By Nicole Brossard

* over she
a virile bond a virile wound
violence is a virile trick
so to speak
a kick in the eyes of any dreams
a haunted kid (male) hunting for screams
violence is a collective male's state
of mind
a trick in a poem a gimmick for malegodkind
beautiful kids lying in their lies
violence is V for virile victory left with
one finger
a scar face a lace an ace with a scarf ready
to tie
a manhood bond
at night a knight a knife
gleaming like a screw in a garage
or in a poem
violence is silence
silent daylight dream of a scream
That afternoon, after Zecharin's testimony, they were all set upon by a dozen protestors. What if he himself were like them, what if someone (equally clear headed from a longer betrayal he could not say, but blinded and using this as a brief way out of their pain. But fast) saw an entire side of what had been, but in a way that he was blinded to? What if all this killing and hatred was biological response, as inevitable as a mathematical table of distort what it elsewhere defined as reality. What answer was that?

The doctors here were not madmen; those who came to testify were plump, and strong, knowing, children of another kind of animal: for they could not see that the men they had nothing of madness about them, no razors in their healthy eyes. But he felt he quickly slice down through it to their limits, as though they were children, half alive, half dead, the wounded, and various inevitable deductions. It was clear that all the major witnesses were lying. A few minor ones did not lie; they simply saw an invention.

Those who had buried children alive had not been caught, had not even been identified. And at night, there were the three dreams, which came back to him like truncheons blows no matter how many hours he had been sleeping, no matter that he returned to a prison fast (one muddy cup of coffee and the twelfth of a loaf of bread), no matter that he set himself to memorize all testimony, however false.

Jakob was in sand, the sand of the autobahn, to his waist, and two guards were beating Willi again for his refusal to join those shovelling sand onto Jakob, and within the blows he counted those who were shovelling sand onto his brother, into the hole they themselves had dug without complaint: six men.

He awoke from that in many ways, none of which were all connected with the past in the way that the dream was. Once seeing nothing but a desert; once on the autobahn that they had been building — blind, as cars thundered down on him; once seeing the two couples dancing after the release of the young men. How did you dream other dreams into your mind?

He remembered, in reality, that he had been too tired to hate; that he had willed himself to think of the six men turning on the one guard, a shovelling through the throat, then the two guards distracted and he crashing them into the snow for the others to finish off and pulling Jakob from the sand before they ran. But he couldn't sustain the hatred and its images; he had just crumpled under the blows, like a dog. For more than ten years he had been able to walk into any memory and even tonight he hung back from it, thought instead about the dream and the minor ways in which the mind could choose to distort what it elsewhere defined as reality.

Willi knew that adding any of these dreams to the chart would make it all a proof of madness. He concentrated on the day's single cup of coffee, drinking it hotter and hotter each day as the inquiry progressed, kept a silver, impermeable front for the benefit of the clerks and the witnesses and his fellow judges. One way he had survived the camps had been to imagine something within him that had been cold and hard and bright as silver but that had no particular shape or form, was not part of his body, or an image of anyone or thing, or a version of himself, but was there. Now he thought of it again.

Begin testified that he had not heard of the killings, by rumour or report, until the BBC broadcast that evening, and that he had then telephoned to Eytan. Willi had the commission send for the tape of the whole evening's broadcast. Zecharin, however, said that Begin phoned at 9:30. Zecharin had no reason to lie. It all went onto the chart: fine, thin spiderwebs from his black Swiss pen.

And, looking at the photographs of the slaughter's aftermath, the bulldozers scraping away what had been buried by men on bulldozers hours earlier, he began to question again the line between dream and the reality we passed through, began to drift into some middle world where none of it was true, none except that which directly attacked: the rifles, the floor in endless streams, as the doctor cursed and hacked and fled before he drowned.

In the Mengle dream this night, he was one of many strapped down and the doctor came through with the razor to lance boils, growths like condoms full of bile and blood that grew from legs and arms and chest and spatled their dark, red putridity onto the door in endless streams, as the doctor cursed and hacked and fled before he drowned. In fact, in his reality, in his past, over half of them died within an hour of the castrations. One you had escaped, as much as to touch their mate's pan, somehow sensing that this was a time to disobey. Many more died within a week and some were dispersed and some died in other ways and who could say, who pick one cause from many infections, say that this was suicide and this execution. In that one morning, by his own hand, Mengle cut the genitals from more and one hundred others. And of the two who escaped, one was Jakob, who was dead within a month in any case.

Major Saad Haddad denied any participation by his forces. They had remained, by agreement, south of the Awali River, 30 kilometers from the camp. Willi pushed him to why he thought the forces from his enclave had been blamed by some survivors and stared at the eyes of the Major as he replied. For this lie, the Major blamed Saeb Salama, said Salama was covering up for the Phalangists — on orders from the Saudis. There was nothing in which Willi could not remove his own uncertainty; it could be the truth; it could be the usual slight paranoia that all must possess who lived as the Major must have lived during the past decade; it could be a clever set of lies. The inquiry pressed on.

Before they left for the evening, all those involved with the judicial commission of inquiry were informed, at length, of the special precautions being taken by intelligence to protect them. Willi asked the express officer if he would like to testify about the protestors the following week; the officer was unsure and failed to reply.

That evening, listening to the BBC news, a habit but something he had done now every night for the past two weeks, Willi was still, as the dream began again of the children released.

There were two young men, although one seemed old. They were for a quite vicious prosecutor who was convinced of their guilt. But one a youth asked him questions, meaningless questions, and he seemed to relent. They were also in cells. And they were outside. With two young women, they had been freed. Right it the street they begin to Emmanuel and down and the Phalangists were not meaningless. He tried to return to them. They slipped away, although he could see the wrinkles in the questioner's face, hear his accent, see how his hair fell about his face. The questions concerned the very nature of law. The young men pointed out something quite simple. He must preserve this.

He got up, meaning to add the questions to the chart, still only half awake, shuffling in his slippers and pokng about in the pocket of his gown for his pen. He heard the housekeeper answer the door; it was the evening the gardener came to be paid. He wasn't surprised. It was, he thought, as the gardener came, there was no sound, without discovery. The gardener would be paid. She was a large woman, full of old tragedies, and small quarters with merchants and the distant relatives with whom she lived. When angry at life, she took it out on him, chided him, interrupted him, even shouted. But she kept a distance, afraid, as many women were, of his strangeness. She never touched him.

It was not her smell. And he wasn't surprised by the gun, really, or the make-up. She had never touched him. There were two men, one as large as the housekeeper, but clearly a man. 'Did you kill her?' he said at once. He was suddenly awake. As though the past month had been a dream. First, find out who they are so you can decide on the next step. The military might kill you, but not the housekeeper. Even their agents wouldn't. The PLO would. The Phalangists would, if they were acting as the PLO.

The gardener spoke from behind him. The housekeeper kept the gun aimed at his belly.

'Do you want to know why you have been selected?' 'Not why, who,' he said quietly, and lunged at the large man in the dress and the make-up and the wig, thinking that at least shots might bring in the guards, might cause one of them to be caught. He would never know, someone might. But the gardener already had the strong looped and it passed over his neck and they left him dead there, without a sound, without discovery. The gardener left at once and the housekeeper a half-hour later, as though going out on some small errand, with his most recent charts rolled up in her shopping sack with some old newspapers and dog scraps.

In her lab, Aligel withdrew the probe. The data was experiments such as these which the council wished to stop. But she had only begun. There was so much unknown about these creatures and their short, tangled lives. Their structures. Surely some of it would be useful, however impractical it now appeared, however primitive and unpromising. In her battle with Laurou, this would be another small proof of her expertise. The money, scanned, searching for unusually moment.
THE PERFECT WOMAN
By Frank Davey

& all these nights I considered
the perfect woman. I thought she might be blonde,
German, carry a Luger, a Black Forest hunting knife.
It would be in Munich, or Frankfurt, she'd leap
from behind a burned-out Tiger tank
to shoot me. Her blouse is torn, her knees
scratched & soiled. I deflect the gun.
We collide, embrace, wrestle.
She tries to choke me.
I batter her blonde head against the broken tank-tread,
leave her there limp, unconscious,
but a week later find her trapped beneath a table
in a flaming beer garden, rescue her,
and find her all over Germany
she searches for me when the war is over.
But I also thought she might be dark,
be a Red Chinese, red lips, Chinese eyes,
whom I risk not shooting, whom I trepan
with her own burp gun on a Korean hill.
She lies on her back in the mud
her arms & legs spread out in their gray pajamas
so dark, so small. But on other nights
I thought maybe she'd be a Mafia daughter.
It would be in the back booth
of an Italian spaghetti house, there I am
innocently twisting my pasta when there's shots,
it's a gangland ambush, she lands under my table
with her .38. I kick it away, go down
on her frantic young body, embrace
her punches, kiss

those red cursing lips, & when the police come
hold her close while she trembles,
& tell them we're bystanders, lovers.
In real life, in the daytime, of course,
I was stuck. I'd found out too soon
about the sex life of knives
& jackboots. For the girls my age,
even the ones who smiled at me,
wore saddle shoes & pony tails,
& their mothers lived in their kitchens
canning mustard pickles & crabapple jelly,
& I was much too young
to fight in the war, & the Mafia had never,
to my knowledge, fired a shot
for the Fraser Valley. But I did
play badminton. Liked especially
mixed doubles, with the girl in shorts
& only a T-shirt over her breasts,
competently serving, playing the net, blocking,
dropping, while I scrambled — prowled
was how I saw it — around the back court,
driving & smashing it clear for us
from behind. What I needed, I knew,
was a real partner. Not just one of the girls
from the school who might find
other friends after the game,
or stroll with me to the coke shop
sighing about Johnny Ray, or Eddie Fisher,
but someone dark & lean, with few friends
& a bad temper, possibly
with a criminal record for beating up
other girls, for shoplifting, or indiscriminate
vandalism. I didn't know how I got these ideas
but I did know that the girl would be Catholic.
She'd have broken out of the Girl's Industrial
School in East Vancouver after one of her jail breaks,
& I'd have picked her up
in an old car. I'd have been the first kind face
she'd seen. The first guy
who hadn't tried to screw her
before the coke & hamburger. She'd want me.
Want to stay with me. Want especially
to stay out the slammer.
You know where the police will look for you
I'd say — in pool halls, at confession,
in truck-stop cafes. & who will they look for,
I'd say, but a girl in ass-tight pedal pushers,
huge gold bracelets & earrings, red lipstick, dangling
cigarette. Later that night she'd agree
to quit smoking, turn Protestant, become athletic, wear
full skirts, crinolines, blouses
with Peter Pan collars.
I never could work out all the details,
where she would stay or how
she would enrol in school or get money
for food & clothes, But really, I thought,
could wait. It was the body I wanted, only
the raw body, face, breasts,
long legs beneath the shorts
on the badminton court as we practiced
late those evenings. Anything else
could be gimmicked — even the culmination
in the badminton championship,
the high school diploma, her official pardon.
All this was a lot
for a 12-year-old to know,
especially to know the kind of man
who could create the perfect woman. Sort of a
one-man reform school, I believed, patient,
brutal if necessary, kind
at vulnerable moments, skilled in martial arts,
rich enough for any
incidental expense. It was a lot also
to aim for. So I waited.
Waited to be old enough to drive a car,
& worked out weekly at the badminton practice.
I once knew someone who was attacked by a shark and she wasn't even in the water at the time. She was lying sleeping on the sunny beach fifty feet from the surf and the shark came walking out of the water on its fins and attacked her as she slept. She recovered and later joked about the incident calling it a confrontation between athlete and intellect much to the delight of the medical staff.

I know someone who opened a manhole cover for lack of anything better to do and saw a ferocious shark swimming in the cold clear stream of the kind of sewer you see in dream and he said he could see right to the bottom so clear was the stream and on the bottom shining clearly was a large pile of gold coins. He dove in for the gold without a thought and emerged badly bruised but rich.

As for me I have my own shark a tame one lovable as tiger lilies. It swims quietly in its own aquarium which unfortunately is a bit too small for it. This is a shark without a mate, not a good situation for a shark to be in. And there is always the danger the shark will revert to its original ferocity. But I am its keeper. I have to monitor its oxygen intake, I make sure it has a well-balanced diet. I have to be continually reassuring it and telling it I love it. I have to give it exercises, little weights to lift. I have to make it feel appreciated. I stand there looking through the glass at it.
CINEMA
By Steve Smith

every night it is the same. the crowds gone. the blue glow from the projection booth extinguished. the screen empty. white.

in the dim cast of worklights she moves back & forth along the rows. the familiar smooth wood of the handle in her palms. steps through the pop-corn boxes candy wrappers & wadded soft drink cups. pushes them ahead. a pile swelling before her bream. her hips bumping the seat backs. thighs against the wooden arms rests. bream jamming on the chair legs. soles of her shoes sticking in the drying syrup of spilled cola.

at the end of each row she inches the hill of garbage down the aisle. seventy-five rows of refuse. long. unending. her mind wanders. imaginig the people who left these things behind. the elderly couple. proper. seeking escape from tired lives. the husband & wife from the suburbs. a night out. away from anxious demands of children. the lonely man with his newspapers. single girls. out together for a night free from the harassment of pick-up bars. young lovers. lustful. laughing. holding hands or stroking thighs in the dark. rousing each other to late night explorations in parked cars. & on & on. filling the cinema with her imaginings.

this crowd of people sits watching her move back & forth. back & forth. between them & the screen.

& as always. after sweeping out the thirtieth row she sinks down into the plush velvet of the aisle seat. her theremos waits next to her where she had placed it earlier. unscrewing the plastic cup she sets it in her lap. pops the rubber sealing tongue. burns in her throat. she sets the cup on the arm rest to her right. takes a sip of cigarettes from her left uniform pocket. lights up. as the smoke floats up past her eyes she stares through it toward the screen. sees herself there. younger. more beautiful. dressed in satin. his face is angular. strong. handsome. his fingers stroke her shoulder. touch her chin & lift it. he kisses her cheek. her lips. takes her arm & they walk close & slowly by the river.

all the women in the audience watch. breathe softly. eyes fixed on the screen in identification & envy. & she lets the feelings rise in her. lets that love long held down by loneliness surface. & they walk on & on until they stop to kneel on the grass in a private place. he takes off his jacket. places it down as a pillow for her head. she lays back. eyes looking up at him. as his face moves closer she can smell him. feels his breath on her cheek. his eyes blue. deep. enveloping. pain fires through her fingers. behind the long & drooping ash of her cigarette the glow burns into her flesh. she drops it. bears it sizzle on the damp floor. abruptly she is returned to this cavern. empty seats surrounding her. the screen blank.

she rises. walks wearily towards the back of the cinema. through the door. up the narrow stairway to the projection booth. turns on the light. moves toward the projector. it is loaded with the first reel of tomorrow's feature. she switches it on. the light beam ignites. the reels begin to turn. she stares through the small window toward the screen. watches the titles roll by. stands frozen. mesmerized.

past the uniform empty rows. past the pile of boxes wrappers & cups to the front of the cinema. toward the screen filled by his face. his eyes watching her. to the ladder behind the screen. the metal one leading to the catwalk. begins to climb. she rises. walks wearily towards the back of the cinema. through the door. up the ladder behind the screen. the metal one leading to the catwalk. begins to climb. she rises. walks wearily towards the back of the cinema. through the door. up the ladder behind the screen. the metal one leading to the catwalk. begins to climb. she rises. walks wearily towards the back of the cinema. through the door. up the ladder behind the screen. the metal one leading to the catwalk. begins to climb.

3. In the lounge downstairs was playing a black-tie quartet. The pianist uses the Bill Evans voicings that she likes best. Now the malocclusion approaches, the particular event in this nest of burdensome arrays. The combo exhausts its set and rapidly intersects the bar. The tinkling of ice gets huge around her and she's re-crossing her legs as you enter the room (a victim of that bifurcative tendency colleagues call 'greco-romantic'), under your left arm a copy of Scientific American featuring the Rubik's Ishige cube on the cover.

the two of you had a nice chat: you told her about your work at Hewlett-Packard: she told you about when she'd slaughtered her pets (the apartment had been awash with blood): you told her about the realities of Silicon Valley being the distillate of the dreams of people everywhere else: you told her that happy valleys would have to remain outside the universe of discourse: you told her she could come there with you: she told you to piss up a rope.

a broad blue band of directed fluid arcs over the Prairie. toward the horizon it pulls an exaggerated s-curve, ambling off to the left. maybe improvising a couple of elegant sub-routines, nodding this way. laughing that.

Honoring the slot on the abrasive pad of a matchbook will expedite the puncture of the vascular walls. For a precise entry-path, always pull back and attend the black-red flag. Iatrogenic attraction, ante-gravity, prudent departure.

She drops to the floor of her room and listens. Under the bureau the blood-stains of a preceding guest are caked on the rug. The radio is set to the All-Nite Jazz channel. Lennie Tristano wrings melody from both hands. A forgotten sock is balled-up near the baseboard. Employing a sharp edge of grapefruit rind, she attempts to remove the fibrous birdmeat from between her teeth. Her mother calls 'Good-night' through the adjoining door and the line beneath it is extinguished.

4. On the other side of the palm-lined avenue a speechless woman and a dog moved conscientiously around withering humanoids in the throes of morpheme withdrawal. The supraphonetic character string which couples them catches occasionally on the out-thrust boot of a supine miscreant, snags more often on semantic hooks set in the concrete of the way, or swiws completely about a streetsign or hydrant, leaving the two grappling in the night. Phantasies of interspecific coition are here mentioned only to be utterly dispelled as harbingers of a theory incapable of refutation. The bougainvilleas readily bloom.
What did I see in the night?
What vision?
What images of war & death?
That there are millions who die violently
that we are used to it
at a distance
numbed
not quite indifferent
we add our voices to the chorus
muted
unable to believe the tales of torture & brutality
speak nonetheless
out of puzzlement
perceived horror
these endless chronicles of genocide
what seems often the suicidal impulse to protest
from moral outrage
from grief
from the felt iniquity & inhumanity
of which the sum's a helpless feeling in the chest
beats at you
claws at the eyes
the tongue
all yearning to turn inward & be mute
blind
some kind of vision of gentleness
a strange peace
in which the beast in us is stilled
the greed, the bloodlust & the envy willed to sleep
but it exists.

What did I see in the night?
Was it more than this?
That we are lulled not by what is best in us
but by the petty differences
hurt by slights
a tone of voice
the noises of our simple jealousies
block out the screaming of the world
blur the overpowering helplessness
we keep the stage small on which we strut
& claim as epic the very ordinariness
of our experience
shield within our lives
the same murderous emotions we deplore
there is nowhere we turn that is not so.
Even poetry
has its posturing superiority.

What did I see in the mirror
My own face in the mirror
behind which terror of such violence hides
so that I turn away too often
overwhelmed
from the news
6000 disappeared in Argentina
the systematic killings in Cambodia
these ills & worse of the world
what am I to do with
the ineffectiveness of the poem
that it reaches only the converted
only those to whom such messages get thru
that it is not a gun
or a means to peace
but only that least of things
words
but that they mean so much to me
& that I see the world most clearly
thru them.

What did I see in the night but this
the great void of human history
a vision of the false mystery our lives assume
because we crowd these rooms with insignificances
beyond which I heard a screaming & a singing
& there is such desperation in me
to hear them so clearly
I will never forget them
that noise
that tune

Now that the moon is a dial
Now, when the sky is wired for sound
when not even the ground
is safe from our kind
Now that the wind
is a dead man's hand at the door

Now that verbs launch million dollar missiles
My poem's a ten dollar pistol to wave
at the fat, gold sun
through my zigzag windowshades

It's hard to hear the sound it makes It's like the sprained lip
of the cop's whistle
When rubber tired progress hesitates
It's the tearing curtain between two worlds

At times like this
My poem's a handheld dream of order
My poem's a handshake from the grave

Please, forgive me
I've said that art's a weapon
That dead men's hands still drive up daisies
(I'm holding something to your head)
The rubber wheels the rubber wheels
they make me crazy

I made my pilgrimage to Tennessee
I saw the famous vase, sans fleurs
upon its hill
And I've redeemed my pledge
down at the corner
pawnshop where all dreams attend

The poets seldom tell you they want power

But take this afternoon, when the clock
hammered one tune and my life
bent back on itself like the river
That snake out there

I went and got this metaphor
and yes, it's loaded

I told you, I'm a desperate man
No tricks please: just read, and

Remember

A ten dollar pistol
kills at both ends
A terrorist was shot today. His legs were torn open by bullets. His blood-gushing body collapsing on the ground. He died two hours later. Darkness fell. Military strategy.

Housewife walking along a street at night suddenly was hit hard in the face by a savage fist — her dress violently ripped apart. In the struggle against her attacker, her nose shattered + some teeth knocked out + severe bumps and bruises to her face. Rape act followed with lapsing into unconsciousness.

Because he was captured as an enemy spy — he became subject to intensive interrogation. Refusing to spill information, he was smashed mercilessly over the head with a hard billy club + both eyes blackened. Further refusal meant his fingers broken in a drawer that was kicked, and shattered ribs by crashing boot-heels.

A person that had cleared his mind/consciousness of all past karma so that his spirit would flow freely had stones whipped at him by a band of laughing rowdys in a passing car. A big joke.

The punkish youths throwing stones at the passer-by never knew he kept his mind strongly clear. So the stones that were thrown touched only emptiness. The passer-by understood situation but they never realized that psychological stones were being sent back with the same amount of force with which they were thrown.

By Paul Arteau
I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS
By Dawnold Brackett

Speech like the heat of knowledge (a psychic mugger)
rising from the surface of books
rectangular furnaces captured in cages (turning into bricks)
the steam of talk can burn the skin
an exotic form of clothing
in which the blood exhibits itself (seeking exposure)
see what the ear is hearing
the steam of talk flung in faces
paradox of acid burning copper plates
linguistic animals clawing at your eyes
(the pen though mightier than the sword)
stops at the skin, does not draw blood
other than the ink, which stains the silence)
the state of childhood
a state of international terrorism
days and years of time sucked crudely
into the yawning vacuum of mysteries
finally a last glance over the shoulder
at shelves fading into soft screams
and then on the way out the door
back into the street
grey river of bodies washed ashore temporarily
how shall one contend
with the victims of age and accident
violent crimes without aggressors or motives
the gene has had a tough time
in the office of the body today
apparently all one-way streets
end in the same familiar location:
boulevard of the bloodstream
where music bleeds like the blueprint of a dream.
That which commences at the edge dances
and nothing compensates
that could have belonged to anyone
where music bleeds like the blueprint of a dream.
staring into the slow-motion mirror of the street
see what the ear is hearing
stops at the skin, does not draw blood
other than the ink, which stains the silence)
the state of childhood
a state of international terrorism
days and years of time sucked crudely
into the yawning vacuum of mysteries
finally a last glance over the shoulder
at shelves fading into soft screams
and then on the way out the door
back into the street
grey river of bodies washed ashore temporarily
how shall one contend
with the victims of age and accident
violent crimes without aggressors or motives
the gene has had a tough time
in the office of the body today
apparently all one-way streets
end in the same familiar location:
boulevard of the bloodstream
where music bleeds like the blueprint of a dream.
That which commences at the edge dances
and nothing compensates
that could have belonged to anyone
where music bleeds like the blueprint of a dream.
(after the image)

ST. MICHAEL'S #1
my breathing is shallow
(HEH HUH HEH HUH HEH HUH)
my pulse is weak
(BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP)
my tongue tastes plastic
my wrists have elastics
i love all the drugs the nurse gives me
she rolls me over

ST. MICHAEL'S #2
i am having a nightmare
i am having a fit
i am lying in a corpse drawer
the plastic bag is uncomfortable
i should be suffocating

ST. MICHAEL'S #3
the night nurse slides me out
onto a stretcher
through the kitchen
into the alley outside
unzips me
uncurls my hand
and presses hers to it
fitting her half of the red card
she is chanting

I sit up and she hands me my clothes. When I smile at her she starts dancing around the stretcher. I pull on my pants. My sense of smell returns. She seems very fecund. She kisses my palm and takes back her card.

By Thomas McNeely
THE BODY IS WITHOUT WRITING
An Excerpt from The Mind of Pauline Brain
By Steve McCaffrey

THE VOID
By Gerry Gilbert

poets all begin in the same place
inking the paper down
keeping it cool
so the crowd of readers doesn't melt away

readers all begin in the same place
drinking the poem up
burning the paper after it
so the crowd of writers can't turn back

as we used to say

"meanwhile
back at the thermonuclear test center
nikita khrushchev
not realizing that jfk had disguised jacqueline as a south pacific island
blew off her atoll"

"growing up be
the early in life flavour of raincoat vancouver
morning coffee breaks
new friends & newspapers
elbow to elbow at the counter
(I'm sure i just heard her say
"legally i can screw anybody")
it's the early 50s
the govt. is selling the columbia river to the brooklyn bridge
it's the late 70s
the papers still haven't figured it out
i take the cap off my thinking pen
& stab the donut hole like this
they'd have nothing to do
without us to do it to

the 1st war i remember we took silverpaper to school & bought a bomber
we moved into a basement in kits the japanese had moved out of when the a bomb went off
i was excited how many migs got shot down one korean day up in dunbar
when i realized i was on the wrong side
boiled atlantic potatoes on a nasty captain's belfast freighter
the u.s. might well use canada the way england uses ireland
kennedy made his pigs speech in the alcohol afternoon crowd
i was the one who noticed
easter march to trafalgar square with a sign carrying johnson contain yourself
i dedicated my days & tasks to history
the last time i saw lela was at the courthouse protest against the war measures act
it just started to rain
when i went up to jack in the art gallery & said looks like war eh?
he didn't believe me

THE GEEK
By Eli Mandel

Virginia got the idea of eating mice
and biting the heads off chickens
because she caught her mother in bed
with the delivery boy, whether it was oral
sex is not clear from the account

lately i too have been imagining monsters
philosophic arguments with bird-headed men
like Atahualpa and Pizarro over gold and space

It isn't simply transformative
to have caught one's mother or wife in bed
with the bird-man or the delivery boy:

it's the eating that does it
mouths that were meant for poetry filled with meat
as if it were lovely or sacred that way
beautiful and generous to love one's friends
by licking them

now I have this mouse, white and pink
I have been looking at its head
this afternoon whether or not you're there
I will put it in my mouth, bite once quickly
feel the blood run down my throat
the wet meat stirring softly in its bloodied fur

LATE!

LATE!
la (te)
laa te (l.l.l)
NIGHT-LIKE
early morr.,

They, milling around swarms of cabs of disillusioned chinese food
eating immigrant drivers cursing at the dark hour
(we re-emerge from swamps then),
glance eastwards
(Dawning, our personal civilizations crash.)

Not Yet!
Cabman stops me, wields himself along his speeding sanity.
Calls
'Hey!!
wanna buy some drugs lady?
(lady, lady, lady).

Hard heels crack pavement. Swallow me up. Spit me out but no.
'wanna buy some drugs lady?
(lady, lady, lady).

Maybe, maybe, maybe — but no! its too dark.
Hard heels crack pavement, swallow me up, spit me out faster now.

And part of time with life on hard till cabman screams
'wanna buy some drugs lady, wanna
buy, wanna. Yes or no just yes
or no yes or no just answer
'FUCK OFF!!'
(off, off, off, off, off).
Wheels cab.
plunging.
Wheels cab.
screams hope you get it.
Wheels cab
plunging, screaming.
(get it, get it, get it)
burnt
rubber metal maniac screaming
'hope you get it
(get it, get it)
RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES"

By Susan D. Frykberg
THE 24 HOUR PSYCHOANALYZER
By Shaunt Basmajian

5:00 p.m.
(ringing in the head)
the telephone
tension
aggravation
vengeance
paranoia
disgust
sorrow
boredom
confusion
the police
aggravation

STRANGE LADY

When she ran over my dog on Easter Sunday she cried louder than he howled, strange lady in a new Toyota.

She showed me her learner's license.
I showed her where I would bury the dog under the newly-blossoming cherry tree.

She gave me her phone number in case there were any complications (she said).

It wasn't your fault, 291-4633, but be prepared to step on the brakes when you spy me jay-walking in front of your house.

By Ed Prato
STILL LIFE

This woman in his attic is
An apple framed
With long blonde hair
His fingers flowing soft within
Her flaxen orchard freshly brushed
As smoothly through as milk
But in his knotted eyes
He forms a fist and with a hiss he snaps
Her fine head straight back
Then with his brooding teeth he bites
Deep into her blushing lips

Before his throat can swallow hard
He sees her endless face of white
As yellow stains all apple flesh
Engulfing him before he can
Escape from this, his appetite.

By Kirk Wirsig
A NIGHT AT TICO TICO’S
(An Excerpt from Slow Dust/A Novel)
By Paul Dutton

Martin could feel the sweat rolling down his face in the waiting dark of the circus coliseum where feeling and hearing were all you could do during the moments before the clown act began and wiping the sweat meant ruining the makeup, the dead white of face and exaggerated red smile, as the crowd chattered and whispered, breathed and pressed against the lightless void of the performing area, breakwall to the wave of college was back crowds laughing and your cock outta the dwarfs for three leering over the heavy-odoured cigar that he chewed round his mouth - part of the evening’s entertainment - as Professor able assistants reveal to us the deeper secrets of medicme, chemistry and deftly interposed finger dead-centred his asshole with resolute firmness through his baggy clown suit.

the floor, boo

“Heya! Heya! Laydees an genemen, we now arrive at the educational part of the evening’s entertainment — as Professor Felix the Bat and his able assistants reveal to us the deeper secrets of medicine, chemistry and —”

“Waaaaaoooooo!” howled Martin out of the blackness as the dwarf’s deftly interposed finger dead-centred his asshole with resolute firmness through his baggy clown suit.

“Why’s there the Professor’s call to class right now?” barked the barker.

“Pe-ro-fess-o Ralph the Bat —

Spotlights swung in dizzying arcs round the coliseum as the band blared out the mad theme o

“Hey!” :-

“Ya’ll

An Excerpt from By Paul Dutton...
TOD EINES HANDLUNGSREISENDEN
Thomas Peifer
unter den frischgewaschenen hemden
im koffer
den er in der hand halt
wahrend ihn seine frau zum abschied kusst
vorf der tur
liegt
sorgsam in ein fleckiges Leinentuch gewickelt
eine 38 er
auf der treppe
der schnee
ist leicht angefroren
er rutscht aus
halt sich aber am treppengelander fest
in einer fremden stadt
im einem hotelzimmer an dessen wand
schon viele vor ihm

IN KÖLN LIEGT DER HAND BEGRABEN

geschrieben haben
offnet er den koffer
niemand hatten den roten kreis Gemerkt
in seinen terminkalender
den er
um das heutige datum gemacht hatte

RED LETTER
I got your letter
- sliced open the envelope with a razor blade
syllables bled out
pooled on the kitchen table

HEAVY RAIN
singular
assaulting
pellets
committing suicide on my windshield
midsummer lightning
thunder like mountains
blood from the sky
blood
striking
the face

By Don Thompson

THE GRATE SOCIETY
The Pentagon’s anti-personel bombs are made in equal-opportunity factories.

Fragments
for the war on poverty.

HE’S SINKING FAST
Come quick, Sir.
The colonel is woon dead.

By George Bowering

BACKYARD GENE POOL
FROM THE MASTER OF LAB-SPECIMEN ROMANCE
Ken Decker

QUADRANT EDITIONS

54

55
IN THE PALATIAL OFFICES OF THE TORONTO RESEARCH GROUP.

WHY WASN'T THERE SOMETHING IN BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER?!

I'VE GOT IT, BARRIE. LISTEN TO THIS! "I WOULD SWADDLE YE TIL I COULD DRAW OFF BOTH YOUR SEINS LIKE SABBARD." BLESS AS COVERS! SEE HOW THEY ANTICIPATE THE SHOE!!


TOO FORCED! SAY, ME THE STERE AND UNA TOO. IT'S THINNESS WE'RE CONCERNED WITH HERE!!

REMEMBER WITTECKSTON LOOK AT A DOOR, SAY A SWORD AND MEAN BY IT THE CONCEPT "DOOR"!

FOR GODS SAKE BARBIE, NOT WRITINGTHON! I'VE GOT A HEADACH!

YOU ALWAYS GET ME WHEN I WANT TO DISCALS PHILOSOPHY!

POH FUCK OFF!!

HERE'S A CONCEPT TO MAKE YOUR HEADACHE GORSEY!!

YOU HEARD ME! PLAGIARIZE!!

WHY YOU SNIVELLING IMPUDENT TWERP!!
READS THE BROWN BOOK. ONCE AND THINKS HE KNOWS PHILOSOPHY. WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF HEIDEGGER OR ANY OF THE GREATES?

I'VE READ ENOUGH TO GRASP THE ESSENTIALS BEAVER-BRAIN!

TRY AND GRASP THIS ESSENCE YOU TWISTED POP!!!

I'M SICK OF BEING SHEERED AT!! YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WITH THE INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION!!

SO DE SADE WAS WRONG EH?!!
IT'S THE THREE HORSEMEN NOW BABY!! FIVE FIDDLY!! YOU'VE THEORIZED YOUR LAST LOUSY THEORY!!!

STICK THIS IN GOD DAMN BOOK 29 OF THE MARTYRLOGIES!!
AN HOUR AND MUCH LABOUR LATER........

Hmm, I should've thought of this years ago! In one stroke my work collection has doubled in value!

A CELEBRATORY GLASS OF WINE LATER........

I should feel some remorse but what the hell? It's a question of survival!

Gm! The amount of work it is exhausting one of the 'greats' around. I should've applied for a grant!!

Now where did I put that shovel?

Hmm, this is starting to remind me of a clear Otago burg piece.

FREE! FREE AT LAST!!

From now on it's the McCaffery Research Institute!!

LATER THAT SAME DAY IN THE PALATAL OFFICES OF THE McCAFFERY RESEARCH INSTITUTE........

At last I can get some serious writing done! There's nothing to stop me now. What a plot twist! Stein would've loved it!!
RESPOND TO VIOLENCE
By Burning Books

THREATEN lawyers who defend murderers. KILL yourself before you kill someone else. WRITE to your congressman in support of stronger gun control laws. FORGIVE everyone everything and pray to God. SABOTAGE a munitions factory. PICKET gun shops. REMAIN fully conscious and transcend the situation. JOIN the mafia, participate in violence with a purpose. WATCH television, let violence entertain you. READ newspapers to find out where murders are committed and avoid going there. BUY more locks, have everything delivered, don't go out. HELP your unstable friends, don't wait until they hurt someone. CONTACT the murdered to find out what they think they should have done. MAKE art about violence. MAKE art about anything but violence. BELIEVE in the power of love. CARRY a stick or a hatpin or a can of mace or poison darts or a bottle of hydrochloric acid or wear a bulletproof vest. ASSIST violence, execute those who will not sign. CANCEL subscriptions to periodicals that publish it. GIVE yourself fully to the wishes of those with whom you come in contact to avoid conflict. WEAR boots and leather and spikes and look mean. ACT crazy, everyone will be afraid of you and avoid conflict. STAND FIRM when you're afraid. SCREAM "fire!" not "help!" when attacked. RESPOND to a scream of any kind. ENLIST in the armed services, participate in violence with a purpose. WORK in a prison, help murderers commit suicide. KEEP large sums of money on your person, attempt to buy your way out. DRINK. WEEP for the victims of violence, you or someone you know will be among them. STUDY criminal psychology. RUN for office, perhaps you can change something. RUN like hell. STAND FIRM and face the assassin. REFUSE to try to "understand" crime. GIVE IT UP. DO SOMETHING.

HIGHWAY 69
IS DISAPPEARING
By Karl Jirgens

I'm thinking of the tree that stands in idiot arrogance at the edge of my father's field. The branches collapsed, the bark stripped years ago leaving a naked wooden gesture. I'm southbound for Toronto and staccato-white lines are flashing past my left side at just above the speed limit. There's two wrecked cars at the base of that tree. One flat on its back. Their bodies are fused together in a reluctant marriage of rubber and rust. A wild garlic patch is sprouting nearby.

He hung his head between his knees. The green bathrobe had parted revealing varicose skin underneath greying body hair. His lungs were locked in a spasm. Finally, he butted his smoke in the ashtray beside his foot and sat back in the discount-store easy chair. His face gathered into a strange smile. It gathered the way people do around a traffic accident, fascinated, but loathing their yellow curiosity. He said, "When I'm brassy, I can taste the sun still shining on the bursting grapes." Outside, grey flowers were weaving out of the INCO stack. They were rising on the thin Sudbury air bound for the stratosphere where they would disintegrate and descend undetected on the gas stations and playgrounds and backyard barbecues of Detroit and Montreal and even Mississauga. Eighteen years in a pit under a sixty-watt sun. I stared stupidly at the factory-carpet rug and thought of scalpel blades. His lungs were ripe with silicosis.

Highway 69 is disappearing. It's disappearing along with the road signs and median markers in the cold rear-view glass. I grit my teeth and dive for the gap between my front wheels and the fender of an on-coming tractor-trailer. It disappears momentarily, then flaps in the slipstream, the whole time heading for the garbage bin beside "Willie's Live Bait and Take Out". Too often I notice myself driving with one foot on the gas, and one foot on the brake.

We were watching TV when he was talking. N.B.A. basketball punctuated with bad commercials from the "open-six-days" T.V. warehouse, and the topicana-holiday adventures agent and the Sundridge discount car-dealer. Later he card game. Couple distracting together long after the kids took off. Hating each other's guts the way you hate old lousy habits, but not having anything else, and nothing worth leaving for. I soaked up beer and listened to them weave their words in ropes. Listened as they secretly hoped that someone would trip up, or better yet, hang themselves. The game cooked intense with the arguments close to the vest, for failures can become too obvious, so that the threat of failure through innuendo stoked the heat of fear and lust already burning from the booze unbearable. We were out of chairs so I was sitting on top of a short step ladder, yelling and lost in lunatic laughter, not even afraid of falling off, the rope around my neck. And on the couch upstairs the wife and dog, breathing steady in front of "the price is right", waiting for the kraft-dinner cheese snacks melting benignly in the G.E. oven.

The Washington Bullets were killing the Seattle Super Sonics. The whole time he was talking about his brother and how they held him in a "rehabilitation camp". They called it a camp, but it was nothing but a bunch of political prisoners being slowly worked into starvation among the ice and rocks in the Siberian wind. I watched "The Pearl" Monroe fizzle out past "Slick" Watts. Those guys never had a chance of coming home again. He remembered a letter in '57. It was from Irkutsk. Even though it was heavily censored you could figure out he was dying from malnutrition. We figured the only thing that might make the trip over would be some fresh garlic. We thought his brother might be able to parlay it into something better once he got his hands on it. A cup of soup, some cheese, maybe some meat. But we never heard from him again. No mail, nothing. I went and got another beer.

And now, watching between the blue Detroit hood and the growing blue of the sky, I feel like there's only the white-flashing asphalt separating me and the day I sat on that step-ladder, separating me and the day he mailed that garlic. For some reason, it always seems to begin this way; on the highway looking in the mirror, steering, flashing on those images like a T.V. strobe. It's always highway 69 southbound on a morning that begins to unfold like a letter from 1957. I'm looking to the front, there's an approaching tractor-trailer loaded with a shipment of ju-juje coloured discount cars. I look forward in time to see the left front tire exploding fierce, the rubber is spinning out in crazy apple-peel gyrations. The entire eighteen wheels swing into my lane. I fix on the panic gleam in his eye. There's a rope of words around my neck that choke me into silence. There is an impossible impact between now and a moment long ago. It is a metal-sky day and I've just pulled my car over for a break. I am walking through tiny grey flowers along the empty roadside and the morning bites hard as a tractor-trailer wails through the dog-barking distance.
THE ATOMIC ALPHABET

A for ATOMIC
B for BOMB
C for COMBAT
D for DUMB
E for ENERGY
F for FALLOUT
G for GUERRILLA
H for HOLOCAUST
I for IGNITE
J for JUNGLE
K for KILL
L for LIFE
M for MUTANT
N for NUCLEAR
O for OBLITERATE
P for PANIC
Q for QUAKE
R for RUBBLE
S for STRIKE
T for TARGET
U for URANIUM
V for VICTORY
W for WAR
X for RAY
Y for YELLER
Z for ZERO

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