









Editor	Ryan Knighton
Guest Editor	Jason Le Heup
Managing Editor	Carol L. Hamshaw
Assistant Editors	Bill Schermbrucker
	Katrina Sedaros
	Kathy Sinclair
	Karina Vernon

*The Capilano Review* is published by The Capilano Press Society. Subscription rates for one year are \$25 (\$30 for institutions), \$45 for two years. All prices include GST. Address correspondence to *The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, British Columbia V7J 3H5. *The Capilano Review* does not accept simultaneous submissions or previously published work. U.S. submissions requiring a reply should be sent with Canadian postage stamps or international reply coupons, not U.S. postage stamps. *The Capilano Review* does not take responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Copyright remains the property of the author or artist. No portion of this publication may be reproduced without the permission of the author or artist.

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the Capilano College Humanities Division, the Canada Council and British Columbia 2000 Arts and Heritage Fund.

*The Capilano Review* is a member of the Canadian Magazine Publishers Association and the BC Association of Magazine Publishers. *TCR* is listed with the Canadian Periodical Index, available on-line through Info Globe, and with the American Humanities Index. Microfilm editions and reprints are available from Bell & Howell Information and Learning, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Printed in Vancouver, BC by Benwell-Atkins Printers Ltd.  
Publications Mail Registration Number 151335

ISSN 0315-3754  
(Published February 2001)



The Canada Council for the Arts	Le Conseil des Arts du Canada
------------------------------------	----------------------------------



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Series 2, No. 33

Winter 2001

## TABLE OF MAGAZINES

<i>Diaspora</i>	Peter Hudson
<i>BOO</i>	Deanna Ferguson
<i>estrus</i>	Carolyn Doucette, Roger Farr, Aaron Vidaver and Steven Ward
<i>(F.)LIP</i>	Betsy Warland and Morgan Chojnacki
<i>blewointment</i>	bill bissett
<i>[sic]</i>	lucas mulder







## Skateboards and Sucker Fish: An Introduction

My entrance into the world of small publishing occurred in the eighth grade. Dissatisfied with what I perceived as an oppressive school administration and the social effects of my blossoming acne, I began publishing a daily comic strip called *Bill Skull*. The eponymous hero of my one-page comic was a crudely rendered skateboarder with a stick body and large bandanna'd head. In the first few frames of every strip he would perform some impossible tricks on his flaming deck before getting down to the more serious business of ridding McNiccol Jr. High of the people who made my life hell. While my friends went to parties and learned how to socialize, I rewrote the banal architecture of my school as the site of a righteous and radical one-freak rebellion.

Predictably, the rebellion was short-lived. Despite the pseudonyms under which I published, it was little more than a week before my name was called during the morning announcements and I once again made my way to the principal's office. After a long and predictable lecture about the values of school spirit and the dangers inherent in dissenting opinion, Mr. McKay suggested that I might be better off in a school where he wasn't in charge. Accepting that I was beat, and more than a little pleased by the idea of starting over again, I transferred to a new school and got on with the business of being a teenager. A decade or so later my skin has cleared up, geeks have their own stock exchange, and small publishing remains a passion.

*Bill Skull* was, at best, a vent for the predictable pressures and anxieties that plague all but the most fortunate adolescents. At worst, it was the rantings of a



self-involved and neurotic teenager taped to a wall for everyone to see. In retrospect, it was the method of production and distribution, not the content, that made this little comic strip remarkable. *Bill Skull* was printed on the second-hand copy machine my mother had purchased for her home business. Against her express orders I would run my comic off in batches of ten or so, carefully ratcheting the counter back and carefully replacing the paper. The following morning I would get to school early and, carefully avoiding the janitors, tape the day's edition to the stairwell walls and bathroom stalls. Before home room convened I would wander the halls and join the groups of kids who inevitably gathered around the strip, wondering out loud who the author might be and revelling in the community I had conjured. In short, I was a parasite, leeching the material and financial resources of the institutions and people around me in order to address a small community of readers.

This parasitic relationship to larger institutions is central to the activity of most small publishing. Paper, photocopies, stamps, and envelopes are quietly siphoned from English departments and day jobs to sustain a teeming world of marginal magazines. Page layout is done between assignments and copy editing accomplished while the boss is at lunch. The unwitting hosts feed entire communities of readers and publishers, sustaining political and aesthetic projects that they might otherwise smother. In turn, the parasitic publication benefits the host. Like the sucker fish that cleans the shark, the little magazine keeps its institutional host honest by challenging canonical assumptions about the shape and function of writing and publishing. Furthermore, by borrowing the host institution's resources, the small magazine provides an arena for the development of poetics and critical discourses that often find their way onto university reading lists.



So, it is with an image of skateboards and sucker fish in mind that *The Capilano Review* offers this first issue of *Host:12 small canadian magazines*. For two special millennium issues the *Review* will be hosting a dozen little magazines, historical and current, who have recognized the plastic limits of publishing and moulded them to accommodate dissenting politics and poetics. Far from representative of the vast and rich terrain of small publishing efforts in Canada, *Host* is an unruly collection of material from editors and writers who have thrived on the margins of mainstream literary production and have helped define the various poetics of publishing at the end of the millennium.

Like any project worth doing, *Host* would not have been possible without the assistance of a number of people. First and foremost, thanks to the editors and authors contained in these issues for their commitment to publishing small. Without Dorothy Jantzen's encyclopedic knowledge of the Canadian poetry community and its tangle of personal relationships this project would have failed before it began. Similarly, Reg Johanson's early assistance in developing the scope and vision of the project was essential to its realization. Thank you to my wife, Sara Parker-Toulson, for her critical eye and editorial back-up. Carol Hamshaw has greased the rails and unfailingly kept me focussed throughout the project. Thanks to the BC Marking the Millenium program for financial assistance and Coach House Books for showing us the Toronto ropes. Finally, thanks to Ryan Knighton for trusting me with two issues of one of Canada's best literary magazines.

Jason Le Heup  
Guest Editor



So, it is with an image of skepticism and skepticism in mind that *The Canadian Review* offers this first issue of what is a small Canadian magazine for two special literary issues. The Review will be hosting a special literary magazine, historical and current, who have recognized the plastic limits of publishing and modeled them in a somewhat disarming policy and practice. For them representative of the vast and not known of such publishing efforts in Canada, there is an early collection of material from editors and writers who have joined in the margins of mainstream literary production and have helped define the various pockets of publishing in the end of the millennium.

Like any project worth doing, what would not have been possible without the assistance of a number of people. First and foremost, thanks to the editors and authors contained in these issues for their commitment to publishing small. Without Dorothy Leitch's early knowledge of the Canadian poetry community and its tangle of personal relationships, this project would have failed before it began. Similarly, Greg Johnson's early assistance in developing the scope and vision of the project was essential to its realization. Thank you to my wife, Sara Fisher-Johnson, for her critical eye and advice. Not back-up. Carol Harnshaw has pressed the rails and untiringly kept me focused throughout the project. Thanks to the BC Marketing the Publisher program for financial assistance and Coach House Books for showing us the Toronto ropes. Finally, thanks to Ryan Brighon for trusting me with two issues of one of Canada's best literary magazines.

Jason Leitch  
Guest Editor



Host







diaspora

2G

# movement

DIASPORA: THE CAP REVIEW REMIX

## FEATURING

allen forbes  
wayde compton  
kyo maclear

## EDITOR

peter hudson



SET IN AN UNASSUMING Frutiger and dropped on a mint-green background, an understated, skeptical “Black?” announced the first issue of diaspora.

I’d like to think that this tentative initial inquiry — much more, anyways, than “fuck ambiguity,” the editorial of the second and final issue — marked the magazine’s ethos. In retrospect, the idea of a Vancouver-based magazine of black politics and culture was ludicrous.

Even though the city’s unofficial mascot was Joe Fortes, a coonish, Zwarte Piet-like Jamaican who spent the early part of the twentieth-century saving white kids from drowning in English Bay, Vancouver is not a black town. Who besides the obligatory white liberals who love



this sort of thing, would actually read the magazine? What would it look like? What is the narrative of community that it would try to engender?

I was wide-eyed and energetic, fuelled by the beautiful vapours of life in my early twenties. If Vancouver's lack of black folks could aggravate a deep-seated insecurity about how black any of us on the Black Pacific actually were, I think it also enabled a sense of play and performance in how we imagined our blackness. We could shape a racial self in any freakish way we damn well pleased. Hence the question, "Black?"

Too, Vancouver's geography, with its clusters of cultural institutions downtown and on Commercial Drive facilitated this. One could easily jet from Spartacus Books to Bassix to Artspeak to Co-op Radio, to a Third World Alliance meeting to dinner at Nuff Niceness to the Shaggy Horse's Chocolate Milk and come out of it all with either an acute case of split-personality or an exhilarating sense of fusion.

Despite the Lotusland bliss, the magazine was actually birthed after a nervous breakdown caused by said youthfulness and the painful realization that the highs of fast-made friendships among like-minded politicos and artists does not necessarily make for community.

Diaspora was a therapeutic make-work project that helped me through this period. It's aesthetics were

inspired by the glossy mags that were an easy source of distraction for me: Arena, the Face, i-D, Bruce Mau-designed I-D, Straight No Chaser, Eye (under the stewardship of Rick Poyner), True, Don't Tell It, Frieze, Emigre, Raygun, and Plazm. I loathed the anti-aesthetic of zine culture, was thoroughly bored with text-heavy academic journals, and I realized that not only had the desktop publishing revolution of the eighties created an incredibly sophisticated visual literacy among the public, it had also made it possible for anyone with access to a computer to come up with half-decent designs.

While I didn't want to succumb to the kind of weightlessness that marks most mass-market journals, I realized that black politics have always been done in style, be it the afro-napoleonic pageantry of Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association, the sartorial genius of Malcolm X, or the radical chic of the Black Panther Party. I also wanted to think about what the aesthetics of a black magazine would be if it wasn't resorting to the clichés of Kente cloth and Black Power fists.

Editorially, the contents were shaped more by what material was at hand than by anything else. I had grand visions that diaspora would be the total print experience that African American critic Greg Tate once argued was missing from the contemporary political and cultural scene. Tate's new-jack journalism, alongside that

**Non-black writers were more than welcome. White writers were not. Go figure.**



of Lisa Jones, Lisa Kennedy, Selywn Sefu Hinds, the late Joe Wood and other writers in the Village Voice and Vibe, also provided a stylistic model. It was smart and street and well-versed in the rich encyclopedia of black culture and politics.

What actually appeared in diaspora was a mix of poetry, fiction, interviews, essays and artists' projects. It contained articles on the L.A. Rebellion, Cuba as mulatto paradise, black gay aesthetics, postcards from India, and black Canadian theatre. Interviews with the Rascalz, John Trudell, Apache Indian, and Spearhead's Michael Franti. Contributors included Andrea Fatona, Patrick Andrade, david nandi odhiambo, Wayde Compton, Melinda Mollineaux, karen/miranda augustine, Minister Faust, Allen Forbes, janisse brownin', hanif abdul karim, Mark Nakada, Celeste Insell, Terence Anthony, and Kimiko Maeba-Hawkes. Non-black writers were more than welcome. White writers were not. Go figure.

Killing diaspora was just as important as its initial birth. After my application for Canada Council funding was rejected, I realized that I could no longer sustain the magazine without driving myself into debt. At the same time, Vancouver began to lose its allure. Writing this from Toronto, where there are more pundits than poets, more administrators than artists, and where money rules everything, my take on Vancouver seems hopelessly romantic — even as I real-

ize that one of the reasons that I left the city was that its resources had been exhausted and it no longer offered the level of stimulation that I needed.

Still, that temporary geography of Vancouver has remained a model for a radically democratic, critically multicultural possibility. There seemed to be an energy for creative exploration and an ethics of living that I rarely come across here in Toronto.

For me, the word "diaspora" always signified movement. It seemed pointless — and antithetical to the project — to ask writers to add to the kind of self-indulgent reminiscing that I have engaged in here. Instead, my editorial policy for this section of the Cap Review is simple, though perhaps equally self-indulgent. I've invited three writers — Allen Forbes, Wayde Compton, and Kyo Maclear — whose work I have always admired. In all three cases, their work embodies a sense of restlessness, of a roaming intellectual and political spirit, that motivated diaspora in the first place.

\*

A sincere thank-you to everyone listed in the masthead of both issues, to all the contributors, and to everybody whose subscription wasn't fulfilled. In memory of Joe Wood; in solidarity with all black and aboriginal prisoners.

Peter Hudson, Toronto, 2000

**diaspora**



# Julian

## A CONFESSION

By Allen Forbes

The Lord had shewn me things that had happened before my birth.  
Nat Turner, 1831

I find it difficult to believe I'm here in jail.  
Colin Ferguson, 1994



**The following pages are excerpted from the undestroyed manuscript of Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin I Negro servant Julian Carleton, written at the Dodgeville jail, August 16, 1914.**

Sir, you will have to excuse my ignorance of

the dates and the season, but I have been down in this hole a long time, under the earth. The Master Wright would say of the earth, as I remember overhearing him say in many conversations about architecture and about his arcology movement, while I dispatched breakfast, lunch or dinner to him, his colleagues and acquaintances, would say of the earth. I cannot say that I came to Taliesin to learn architecture, but now after all I sincerely believe that architecture is the profession for which I had the most affinity, and could have practiced had it not been for my occasional nervousness. I can not blame it on my Negro blood, my failure to practice. Although my skin is dark, my lips are thin, my head is large, my mind likely as one might say of a lighter man's skin tone. Of course, I cannot claim to have come to Taliesin to learn the craft of architecture, as I have said. How I came to this unusual place in Spring Green, Wisconsin was quite by accident, on the recommendation of John Vogelsang, whom I had met in Chicago at a dinner party given at my former master's house in Oak Park. Mr. Vogelsang, a caterer of various Chicago parties and an accomplished Paris-trained chef himself, was so impressed with the blood puddings I had made that he inquired who in the kitchen was responsible for this masterpiece is what he said. In point of fact, I was beginning to feel anxious at the house in Oak Park. Gertrude and I were confined to the house, as pleasant as it was, with its climbing wisteria and sizable garden. But the city of Chicago was another matter. There seemed to be two unfortunate choices in the way of socializing: The fancy Negroes in the city, and their sporting life of pimps and whores, listening to the blues in the joints, drinking and carousing, fighting and stabbing one another. Or then at the other end of the Negro spectrum were the talented tenth as they call themselves, who possess even more contempt for the Negro than whites. Gertrude and I never



seemed to fit in with their debutante balls, their exclusive gatherings, their bourgeois pretensions. In fact, the bustle of the city had made me increasingly nervous, which caused my sickness to commence once again since leaving Barbados. It was Gertrude, who knows me better than anyone, who recommended, when I told her of this new opportunity, that the quiet of the country might allow me to relieve my mind of its introspection. It is the city, with all its distractions and thin culture, which forces one to turn inward, blaming the shallowness of others on oneself. Before long, we had made an appointment through Master Vogelsang for a weekend trip to visit the Wrights at Spring Green for an interview, and within three months we were at Spring Green. Mr. Vogelsang had told me that Master Wright was an architect. I admit I was naive about architecture at the time. **Buildings, I mused, someone actually designed them?** As I reflect now, the first few months were the most wonderful time of my life. Master Wright was pleased with my cooking, even the occasional Barbadian dish of fried fish and greens I would prepare. I remember the pride I felt when he would boast to one of his colleagues regarding my talent with fish of any kind. I was also surrounded by beautiful things, the Japanese prints, the original furniture, and Taliesin itself, Master Wright's masterpiece of spatial order. It had a living-dining room and bedroom projecting out from two sides of the east corner of the hill, sharing the south-east facing terrace between them. The low-slung, one-story design consisted of a private house which was separated from the drafting room and office by an open-air loggia, providing a spectacular view back across the valley upon entry. The courtyard opened to the south west, anchored at the corner opposite the house by the garage, stables, servant's quarters and service buildings. The house was entered directly from the loggia, and one came in from the back and along the edge of the fire place. Just ahead was the dining table, and a little further the terrace, to the left opened the living room with views out of three directions. The living-dining room had carpets carefully arranged in a diagonal pattern by Master Wright. The folded plaster ceiling opened to the right, while on the floor the rug moves left out to the terrace door. The dining table and chair seemed queerly placed, positioned slightly left of centre, while the Japanese screen behind was positioned slightly to the right of centre — nothing occupied the exact geometric centre. The terrace, piers and fireplace walls were built of flat stones from nearby hills and stream beds, laid roughly so that they protruded in small ledges as they had in their original condition. Stucco, made of the yellow sand from the Wisconsin river, covered the wood frame construction of the walls where continuous bands of casement windows wrapped around the main rooms, and the wood frame and cedar-shingle-hipped roofs over top. At Taliesin, Master Wright had constructed his utopia of Prairie Style. It was night and day compared with the Georgian homes I had worked in before, with



their dull mix of useless columns and stilted baroque accents. This was the individual expression of one man, a visionary. In fact, my nervousness seemed to be slipping away. I chatted freely with everyone who worked at Taliesin — Mr. Brodelle and Mr. Fritz, the two draftsmen and the farm hand too, including Mr. Weston, a big strong man who seemed to appreciate me helping him with heavy chores around Taliesin. Master Wright was also generous with his knowledge and expertise. Once, after a few months of my service there, Master Wright noticed me looking at a woodblock print on Japanese paper by Ando Hiroshige. He stood behind me for a moment before asking me what I thought. I am embarrassed to admit that it resembled a cartoon to me, but I was willing to understand. I knew they held an obscure appeal for Master Wright because I overheard him mentioning this to the draftsmen, Mr. Brodelle and Mr. Fritz, on a number of occasions when trying to illuminate an architectural idea, rather than explain it fully. For as Master Wright was fond of saying, beauty in its essence is for us as mysterious as life. All attempts to say what it is are as foolish as cutting out the head of a drum to find out where the sound comes from. I peered down at the

**little white genius and said dully that I liked it, although I did not like it.** How

could I like what I did not understand? He talked about its chastity, its austerity. The flatness of the picture left me cold. Perhaps, there was more I needed to understand? However, any affinity I felt seemed shallow, unlike the obscure significance Master Wright had placed on it. He talked to me of the common people, in the strict sense of the term he said, the infinite delight, the inherent poetic grace not of the Japanese nobleman but of the hard-worked humble son of Nippon of seventy-five years ago. The lecture seemed for my benefit, as if Master Wright were asking me, as he looked queerly into my eyes, to find myself in this terse Japanese print. He pointed out the face of one of the men seated on a pier with pots and women, his deeply furrowed visage with pleasant lines, the tanned texture and colour of brown leather. Yet this is art, he kept saying underlining each of his observations, as if setting off paragraphs in a hidden text. This art shows that he was a

**man — not a slave!** I continued to absorb what Mr. Wright was

telling me, but said nothing. In any case, it seemed a great deal for me to understand all at once. In the next few days when straightening up the living room, sweeping the Oriental rugs, I would take a spare moment and stare at the print as if looking hard enough would make it somehow erupt with meaning. It would not. And so it was thereafter that my days at Taliesin passed by rather peacefully, if now more thoughtfully. Gertrude would often laugh at my seriousness, my enthusiasm when trying to describe the details of what Master Wright had said to me about the Japanese prints. Even though Gertrude would laugh at me, in recitation, I had found that I could recall and



augment a great deal to what Master Wright had said. I had even begun to peruse the books on architecture in the library and articles published by Master Wright himself. It was after looking at several of the drawings in the architecture books and studying the drawings hung on the studio walls that I attempted my own drawings. My first attempts were crude, counterfeits, the details would need to be filled in. During the days, while preparing meals, I would think only of my dwellings, how I would add on to the spaces I had drawn the night before. Then I would stay up into the wee hours in the morning completing my sketches. I would analyze and critique them the next morning and begin all over again. Months went by, and after several sketches, some of my drawings had begun to look quite competent. I showed them to Gertrude, who told me they looked professional, which pleased me, even if she had never seen actual architecture drawings before mine. It was a dwelling for the two of us had I possessed the means to practice a profession to build the house I wanted. There were large open rooms, which flowed into one another, split levels that created new spaces that opened out onto terraces, which peered onto magnolia trees, a valley and a stream. But the keynote of the design was how I incorporated various blocks of granite, the most noble stone to me suggesting a Gothic style, with muni birds carved into it in a Kwacho motif. My Grandfather had told me a tale about the muni bird that has stayed with me all my life: There was once a boy who went down by the river to catch crayfish with his older sister. After the day was over, he had caught none, but she had caught an entire basketful. He cried for her to give him some of her catch, but she would give him none. Finally she takes a crayfish and puts it over his nose, causing it to change the colour of the muni bird. The boy begins to sing in a semi-wept, semi-sung tune. The boy never spoke another word. Gertrude asked me if I had shown Master Wright my plans, and I told her I planned to when he had more time. Master Wright had been working very hard on the Midway Gardens project. I had asked Mr. Wright on a few occasions, but he seemed very busy. After many attempts to get Master Wright's attention, I started standing outside his studio without much to do, seeming idle. At least, that's what Master Wright seemed to think. Sometimes he would even ask me: Julian have you nothing to do? Is there anything you would like? There is nothing else we need, thank you. He then began to pass me as though he were walking through a draft in the middle of the room. Before long, I discovered through Gertrude, that Mamah Cheney had asked her what was the matter with me; Master Wright was concerned. Mamah Cheney also instructed Gertrude to tell me to stay away from the studio. If there was anything that the men needed, Gertrude was to bring it to them for the next few weeks. **He was disturbed by my obstinate behaviour.** But I am very shy and proud, and



my occasional nervousness has always been an obstacle. He had no doubt wondered why I had been waiting outside the studio each day without saying a word, only hoping that I might find the right moment to ask him to look at my drawings again, I explained to Gertrude. That night, I had horrible dreams, the most horrible I've ever had, even during my worst sickness. I dreamed a muni bird had landed on my head and pecked at my crown until blood poured from the wound and onto my face. Then, cutaneous eruptions, blood oozing from the pores of my skin. I began to withdraw myself from the people at Taliesin, depressed about the last days events. Even though Master Wright had been very busy, he still set aside time to teach architectural drawing to Earnest, the 13-year old son of Mr. Weston. In the days that followed, Master Wright hardly seemed to be as unaware of my reticence as much as he may have been disturbed weeks before by my intensity. The next few weeks I could feel Gertrude's wary eyes cut on me. I believe she was especially relieved once I told her to tell the Wrights that life at Taliesin was too lonely for city servants, and that after lunch on the fifteenth, we would make arrangements to return to the city that I detested. I would say that the isolated surroundings did little to quiet my mind, as I had hoped. In fact, the isolation only turned my thoughts further inward. But returning to Chicago brought on even new anxieties. I continued to studiously avoid mixing with the others at Taliesin, and wrapped myself in mystery, devoting my time to fasting and melancholy. Or at least this is what they might have thought.

**What is a man to do when others will not accept him for who he is, when others will only regard him with either indifference or mystery?**

Master Wright had left for Chicago a week earlier. The children, John and Martha, had come back a week before. Mamah Cheney was delighted as ever to see them. My dreams continued to haunt me. One morning after serving Mamah Cheney, John and Martha their favourite breakfast of boiled eggs, toast, fresh figs and tea, I thought there would be no harm in visiting the studio for the first time in weeks. What could come of it? The draftsmen had gone into town and wouldn't be back until later that afternoon, so I went inside, rather casually like I had weeks before. On the studio walls several works in progress tacked on the wall. Some for Midway Gardens, others for a Japanese temple commission. But one drawing in particular caught my gaze. To my astonishment over Mr. Brodelle's table I saw a drawing for a new project, which featured a similar Gothic theme, with carvings of birds that appeared identical to my own muni birds in a similar Kwacho style. Had he stolen them from me? Had Master Wright seen these sketches yet? I left the room with many other questions on my mind. The nightmares



recurred again and again, until I was afraid to go to sleep. I spent hours lying on my bed, not able to sleep, restless, the images of the birds in my dreams. The next morning when I awoke, I told myself with a sudden and terrible resolve I cannot explain. I declined a game of Bridge with Gertrude, who seemed to be worrying about me, she seemed to fuss over me, about what I had eaten that morning, and tried to get me to eat, but I would touch nothing. Why had I not been eating lately, she asked me? I had lost my appetite, I told her. Gertrude would tell me, you look like a stick, Julian. Your eyes look yellow with jaundice. You must eat something. We were preparing lunch that afternoon for William Weston, the skilled carpenter, his son Earnest, who studied architectural drawing with Master Wright, Mr. Brodelle and Mr. Fritz, Mr. Brunker and Mr. Lindblom. I was preparing sandwiches and soup. I served them soup in the dining room, then Mamah Cheney and the children on the terrace overlooking the pond, before returning to the kitchen. There, I began carefully pouring the cleaning buckets I had filled with gasoline earlier that morning underneath the door. I locked the kitchen door from the courtyard, **I opened the kitchen door and quickly tossed a lighted match into the dining room where the astonished guests were eating.** I quickly closed the door, and heard a soft explosion, the sound a bed sheet makes when it is shaken out violently. I heard the men rush against the locked door. I then armed myself with the hatchet from the closet, ran out onto the terrace, where I saw Mamah Cheney, looking terrified. With the hatchet, I glanced her with a solid blow to the back of her head. She fell onto the flagstones and I stood over her to deliver a second glancing blow, which opened an enormous gash across her white brow. Blood oozed across her face and into her hair, pulsing to the time of her heart beat. I knelt down for the final stroke, which severed her head from her body. Raising the hatchet and driving down with all my strength, I crushed the dangling skull with the blunt end of my hatchet. John and Martha sobbed in the middle of a terrace, almost frightened to death. With my fatal hatchet, I sent them both to their untimely graves. The girl drew her hands up toward her face, fainted before I murdered her and then I finished off her brother in a similar one-stroke fashion. Next I saw the powerful Mr. Weston, who did not seem so strong in his panic, staggering into the courtyard, helping little Earnest along. I immediately seized on them, and dragging Mr. Weston out across the courtyard as Earnest screamed, half-blood curdling cries, half-whimpering sobs, dispatched repeated blows on Mr. Weston's head. I felled him first near the large oak tree along the wooden hillside, with several strokes of the blunt end of the hatchet, then finished him off with another stroke across his neck. I went around the corner of the house, where Mr. Brodelle, Mr. Brunker and Mr. Fritz had just jumped through the dining room window, their clothes on fire. On my approach they fled into opposing directions, but I soon overtook Mr. Brodelle who was trying desperately to put out the flames covering his body like



swarming wasps. As Mr. Brunker rolled along the ground downhill toward the valley, I leapt at him and dispatched repeated blows on the head, hacking away until I was certain I had delivered a death blow. He lay there, stopped half-way down the embankment, a scythe ablaze. With everyone dead or fatally wounded, I viewed the flaming and mangled bodies as they lay, in silent satisfaction, before skulking away into the woods to conceal myself. The bell in the Jones family chapel, at the foot of Taliesin's hill, began to sound the alarm. From a low brush underneath the trees, I watched a column of smoke rise into the sky, until dusk had fallen and I fell asleep. Early the next morning I returned to Taliesin surreptitiously for I knew there would be a posse out for me. I crept around back, where I found an entrance to the cellar, which was connected by a narrow passage to the furnace room. I stayed there in the crawlspace of the boiler. I felt my future was grim if the posse were to find me they would surely slaughter me. I swallowed a mouthful of muriatic fluid and waited in the hole to die. But I was found by the sheriff one morning and taken to the Dodgeville jail where I am writing this. The acid has begun to take effect. I can feel it in my guts now, eating away. I can still smell the smoke on my skin. And my lips are still burning. Even here in this cell, whence I've been transferred, and where I write this last note. Even though I am a murderer of my Masters the light-skinned guard here at the Dodgeville jail has been civilized enough to grant me this luxury of paper and pen, of last rites, for I will eventually surely die, either by the judgement of the law or by the cleaning product I have swallowed. Perhaps I should take this opportunity, here with pen and paper to tell you the story of my life, of my journey from Barbados to America? I can tell you my voyage from Barbados to America occurred without incident. I came over on a steamer, vomited every repast of the steerage gruel, and was glad when my wife Gertrude and I finally docked at New Orleans. You may want me to relate a history of the motives which induced me to undertake the late massacre, as you may call it. Perhaps I should tell you about the tropical surroundings in which I grew up, the white sand beaches, and how I had come to America for a better life, but found nothing but heartache — as you might read in the papers — for therein ought to lie the motives for my enthusiasm. How in my childhood a circumstance occurred which made an indelible impression on my mind, and laid the ground work of that which has terminated so fatally to many, both friends and foes alike, and for which I will soon atone at the gallows.



# Three for a Quarter, One for a Dime

By Wayde Compton

For Jalil and André

In an old man stoop, a bow,  
old man, rain in his beard,  
dirty, hate to see scattered  
all over the streets this way.  
In a stoop like overboard.  
Chanting his spare change,  
shifting his cup.



At.

Drop.

»Where you from?

»Moses Lake, Washington, sir.

»Hey man, you wanna come in here? I'll get you a drink. It's on me.

»Thank you, thank you. What's your line, sir?

»Oh man, don't call me sir. I could be your son.

»Okay what's your line?

»I'm in representation.

»You a lawyer? Look so young.

»Naw man, I'm a scribe. (We'll have a pitcher.) You been in here before?

»Shit yeah, boy, I used to turn out a girl used to dance in this very spot. Shit I've done things. You should call me sir.

»I guess I probably should.

»What you want from me anyhow?

»Just sit and drink with me a bit, tell me what things you've done.

»How old are you?

»I'm twenty-seven.

»I'm not as old as I look. Think I'm an old man, don't you?

»Black folks age well. I don't know.

»Look: I've done things in this world.

»What's your name?

»They call me Boondocks.

»Why do they call you that?

»Why they call anybody anything?

»So what things have you done in this world?

»They wouldn't let me in here if I wasn't with you, you so white-looking. I know exactly where you from, my own daddy had eyes bluer than yours.

»My eyes are green.

»No man, that's what you want them to be, but they blue. I never claimed to be psychic, but I'll tell you something: you a West Indian.

»No I'm not, I'm from Vancouver.

»But your daddy a West Indian.

»No, he's from the States.

»Yeah, well, you been hanging out with those West Indians too

much or something. Because you got that West Indian way of looking.

»What do you mean?

»You anxious.

»What?

»You walk too fast, like you ain't been here long, but then maybe that's the white in you.

»Let me pour you another one.

»See that girl? She's a West Indian.

»Hey man, do you got something against them or something?

»No, sir, no. Just that I can see black people, really see em. I don't even claim to be psychic, but I say I felt you coming from blocks away. And I feel sorry for your generation, I truly do.

»What? Why?

»Cause you ain't got no sense, really. And I don't say that to make you feel bad. But you don't even know how to talk to women. Listen to this rap shit. Women don't want to be talked to in that kind of way. I used to have so many women — you wouldn't even believe it now to look at me. But I done



things in this world.

»When did you first come to Vancouver?

»What, you writing a book or something?

»I'm just asking.

»I came here to Vancouver same reason your daddy and your momma made you. And people used to know me round here. I'd walk into this place and they'd lay down the red carpet. Men would step out of my way and women would fall over each other to get in my way. You been hanging out with West Indians, that's why you asking me all these questions.

»What?

»West Indians always have this thing about, "Where you from?" all the time. "Where you from, where you been?" Maybe cause they had to travel so much, think everybody got to come from someplace.

»So why do they call you Boondocks?

»Look, we used to sing to women, not yell at em like you.

»I don't yell at women.

»Well, rap at em then, same difference. Just steady yelling and calling them names. You got to talk to them proper. Yeah, you should be paying for my drinks, cause I'm gonna tell you how you can get the

women. I know I don't look like much, but I got all they need here. You got a woman?

»Well. I guess. Yeah.

»Just one?

»Yeah!

**»She's a white girl, ain't she?**

»Yeah.

»I don't claim to be psychic — but see? Well, sing to her then. See if I lie.

»No, I don't sing, really, I don't.

»I know, but you black right? She'll think what you do is good even if it's halfway good. Make sure she knows you're black and she'll be ready to think you can sing before you even open your mouth.

»Did you ever sing?

»No, I couldn't sing or dance. I just dressed good. I'd stand there or just walk into a place, and the men would want to fight me and the women would want to learn my name.

»And then you'd say, "My name's Boondocks," right?

»Listen, I don't particularly like how you're talking to me. I could be your grandfather, remember that.

»You're not that old.

»Nobody knows just how old I am, understand? You could be my natural son, god damn it.

»Okay, okay.

»Women call me by my Christian name, but you should call me sir, you so young. You West Indians always have to act up.

»I'm not West Indian.

»Your friends then. I bet you the type to get into a fight and headbutt a guy. Actin' up all the time.

» "Three for a Quarter, One for a Dime."

»What's that?

»Archie Shepp.

»I don't get what you're talking about, and I don't like beer anyway, I like wine, so thank you sir, and I'll see you later. I appreciate it, but I got a place to be. Where you. Ain't.

**diaspora**



# What Sound is Made of Too

By Kyo Maclear

**I can hear Baba's voice as he speaks to himself,** trying to take hold of the vertigo that is his life, a vertigo sudden and unexpected. And I hear him pacing back and forth, back and forth, in a tiny room on Parliament Street, while his pregnant wife Françoise looks on in puzzlement.

It's 10:00 am and Baba has come home early from the café. Françoise would like to stand to greet him but feels that it is best to wait for a signal. Besides that, she is feeling a bit queasy.

The back of her mouth still tastes like Neem toothpaste, the only thing that went past her lips this morning. She pats her dry hair down, then stops herself, sensing that her appearance is probably the least of her worries. She isn't feeling well at all. If only he would stop pacing for a second. She can feel each step in her bloated belly. Inside and outside. Something pounding.

**Hear that?**



That is the sound of a man slowed down by anxiety and anticipation. It is the sound of slush on the floorboards and squealing radiator pipes and rotting wallpaper. The sound of a dull but portentous interval. The sound of a nauseous but concerned wife squishing her long, bare toes into a thick wool rug to regain her balance. The sound of a fingernail raked repeatedly along the belt of a terry cloth bathrobe. It is the sound of a man talking himself down. It is the sound of morning sickness. The sound of a man and a woman folded inside the same uncomfortable event. It is the sound of waiting.

Did you hear that?

And to think that just a few hours ago, everything appeared normal.

what some people call "lip service," and Françoise calls "tokenism," but even the dumb pieces don't stop him from listening. He finds it soothing. The world is changing fast. So fast sometimes it feels like you're standing in a vortex, knees quaking at the centre of the world. It's stabilizing to listen to a story. A voice.

You're in for a treat. The voice swings gently. Today we have a tribute to Gordon Lightfoot. Baba admires the warmth and neatness of the voice. Goodness, it is saying, I remember where I was when I first heard that wonderful song Gordon wrote —when would it have been now? that song, you must remember it, who can forget? It was called "If You Could Read my Mind". Baba doesn't know

## Baba doesn't know Gordon Lightfoot.

First thing Baba did this morning upon entering the café was turn on the radio. For the past two years he has started his chores the same way every day. He always comes through the back door, which leads directly to the kitchen. He always hangs his coat in the alcove leading to the basement. And for the past year, at least, he has always set the signal to CBC. (Before that he listened to college radio.) It's not simply that he's a man of habit. It's that the pudding of tedium that is his life demands structure of some kind. And the teak voices of the CBC hosts happen to provide him with the ballast he needs. Especially in these numbing winter months. In fact, he finds that the more he listens, the more habitable January in Canada becomes; the more weather begins to feel like culture, both edifying and soul forming.

Baba likes the way the CBC ties together the loose ends of the country — gospel singers in Halifax, drummers in Nunavut, birdwatchers in Clayoquot, all connected in a common radio weave. He suspects that some of the stories are obligatory,

Gordon Lightfoot. But he feels that he knows the voice of the host. Its vertical posture. Wire-frame glasses. And now my daughter is listening to the disco version of that very same song. A blue striped shirt. Things certainly do change. Although I suppose you could argue that music is a kind of connector between generations. Maybe a bowtie.

Baba empties the dishwasher and carefully composes the forks, the knives, the spoons. He has a scalloped profile; every feature spoon sculpted and perfectly polished. Dark brown skin, flawless except for a tiny red ledge on the back of his neck where the hair is shaved to velvet. (Baba is handsome, but he seems to be quite unaware of it.) Only his hands are weathered. A million tiny cracks line his chapped skin.

One might think that the life of a dishwasher is eventless, right? Just the same shift every day. An endless, soggy cycle resulting in puckered fingers. But Baba would tell you otherwise. After almost two years at the same job, Baba can still feel the gradations between the mess of the morning shifts. On good days, he glides through the prep-work. On good days, he can take an hour before



the wait-staff arrive, and relax magisterially in the dining area with a newspaper and a coffee with three sugarcubes. Good days, to put it plainly, are capacious.

Today is a good day. The kitchen is almost ready. The Gordon Lightfoot song is reminding him of warm gravel and that is reminding him of his present happiness. He lets the emotion of the music fall onto him. He can feel everything clinking into place. His recent wage increase, an imminent promotion to sous-chef. His wife's pregnancy, now approaching the third trimester. Their new refrigerator, a double-door Frigidaire with ice dispenser. Everything is fine.

•

The hidden life demands a diligent reader who can see beyond the mischief of appearances.

•

In the areas of alacrity and reliability, Baba is peerless. He carries himself as very few people do, appearing casual and responsive no matter how stressful things become. There have been times, for instance, when the restaurant is especially busy and Baba is asked to help the waiters clear tables and take drink orders. Amid the pandemonium of flying trays, spilled drinks, and tetchy customers, I have watched him. He always appears to be the model of equipoise.

Now, I don't want to give you the wrong impression of Baba. I hope I haven't made him appear too saintly and unruffled. I simply want to point out that from our very first handshake, he has always seemed to me to be a certain kind of person. Yet, judging from the way things turned out, my image of him was woefully inaccurate. I had misjudged the constancy of his personality, taking his calm exterior for a peaceful mind.

Nothing I had known or assumed about Baba presaged what he experienced next.

•

When Baba finishes in the kitchen it is a quarter to eight in the morning.

The city is moving slowly because of a blizzard that began at five o'clock the previous evening. There are very few people walking along the street. One or two cars pass, then a garbage truck; their headlights beaming yellow through the swirling snow.

Inside the café, behind a glass window veiled by soft sheets of condensation, Baba enters the front dining area. He is humming to himself, when he comes upon a terrible, and, in his words, "shocking" sight. The first thing he does is drop the canvas bag he has been holding. Whatever thoughts he was thinking before evaporate as he stands there, frozen and slack-jawed.

"A thief!" he gasps.

Judging by the mess along the espresso bar, the cutlery and paper strewn around the emptied cash register, the thief is an amateur. Among the sundry items left behind are a large cleaver, a shattered wine glass, variously splintered pieces of wood, and a broken cabinet. There are also cigarette butts and an empty matchbook. The torn corner of a twenty dollar bill. And, inexplicably, an ice tray, which is now thawing on the counter-top.

Amid this wreckage, Baba stands motionless. His eyes slowly pan the area. The taste of wet cigarette ash, the smell of it, clamp his lips against a rush of saliva he can feel welling up in his throat. He spits into a napkin.

•

What comes next is the scene of a man coming untethered. A man delinking from reality as he succumbs to his own internal chaos. It is a scene of warped proportions. I say this, not in judgement, but because the crime seemed at the time to be so petty and prosaic it could have been written off as bad luck. Yet somehow, through an alchemy of various forces and emotions—a compression of assorted needs and misdeeds, causes and effects—the crime inflates to such an extent that it threatens to consume its witness entirely.

Why this happened remains a puzzle to me. There are people who have countless worries, people who



collect worries the way some people collect trinkets, with a curious lack of discretion. Baba is not this type of person.

Having dropped his soiled napkin onto the counter, Baba retreats to a chair in the middle of the room. So seated, his head is flooded by a loud and confusing fuzz. He is stuck in sound. And the primary note resounding in his mind is the voice of Françoise, his beautiful wife. He attempts to pluck out her words. What would she say in this situation? He is dying to know, but her roiling-French tongue, often a source of comfort, is moving along the eaves of his brain in a wavy pattern. He thinks of her lying in bed. Her full white breasts puddling on the mattress. A flush of warmth passes through him.

At this instant, he can feel every hair on his head popping out of its slick brilliantine hold. The wetness at the back of his neck is now moving down his spine. Moisture gathers in the creases of his belly, between his toes. He leans back in his chair, eyes studying the cracked ceiling tiles. Wipes his forehead with the corner of his apron. The sweat coming off him is audible. Each and every drop.

The voice on the radio can be heard from the kitchen. The subject is now farmer subsidies, a protest on Parliament Hill, a Farm Aid concert, intransigent leaders, impossible demands. The protest organizers are interviewed briefly, short of breath because of Ottawa's January winds. Baba can feel his own body cooling. His extremities are tingling, and now the chill of sweat is entering his core. He rolls down his shirtsleeves.

Somewhere in him there is a whisper of doom, though he finds it difficult to pinpoint its source. It dwells upon his mood, it simply sits there, growing.

A dishwasher, a good husband and decent friend, a trusted employee, a favourite among the regulars. His life up to that moment has had a delicate balance to it, which he can feel slowly tipping.

Should I leave now?

Shall I call in sick and pretend I

never came in?

And if the owner arrives?

Could I make him a gift of my wallet?

There is no mistaking the tenor of the questions. Having discovered the theft, he feels snared. Those evidential clues that might distance him from the crime never even cross his mind, or if they do, he doesn't admit them. Fear quickens. It adrenalizes. It makes the heart beat faster. It puts a bend on reality. Adds an odour. The only thing he can imagine ahead of him are the blue-black shapes of police officers crashing through the door.

The facts as he sees them are simple: It is an insider job. He has tested all the doors and not one of them discloses any sign of a break-in. He knows the place better than anyone. He is the last person out every night and the first to arrive in the morning. This assortment of facts — flimsy, tenuous facts — is enough to fill him with unrest.

As he stands to leave, he moves back toward the cabinet, where he opens his palm to touch the broken glass. Before he realizes what he has done, before he can draw back his hand, he has left his prints on the surface. He is thankfully uncut. Yet instead of relief, he takes his clumsiness to be further proof of his weak and unreliable character. How can he expect anyone to trust him? He is leaving his suspicious mark on every surface of the world. Who will ever believe him? Perhaps in response, perhaps as a small and unconscious act of defiance, perhaps because he is hungry, Baba takes the opportunity to pocket a package of biscotti he has spotted on the shelf. His hand is shaking as he exits the room.

In the kitchen he hurriedly puts on his duffle coat, locks up, and walks toward College Street. It is still only eight thirty. He eats his first biscotti while waiting on the traffic island for the streetcar to arrive. For a brief interval, the time it takes for him to digest his first bite and pick the almonds from his back teeth with his finger, his panic subsides, and he experiences a momentary feeling of emptiness. For thirty uninterrupted seconds, he watches several birds beak-dive from the telephone wires



and land precisely on a newspaper box. The pigeons are greyish and the sky is also grey. Those driving by see a man who looks casual, even relaxed.

But they are not looking at the muscles in his jaw. They do not hear the way he clenches and grinds his back teeth. The racket of his self-scrutiny. If they did, they would observe a man who takes his predicament very seriously: he has let a good job slip away. He is done for. It isn't clear, still, where this sense of doom originated, why he feels fingered for something he hasn't done. Perhaps it is his younger brother who, in a gin-inspired rant, once told him of a friend who had been arrested on the basis of some smudgy, amateurish police drawings.

"That's how they get you. Not at the border. Not at immigration. They net you at the mall, while you're walking down the street. You gotta watch your back, brotherman. You gotta learn to take it all personally. Sometimes I worry about you, all trusting and open the way you are..."

Baba is not what you would call a nervous person, but his mind is thrashing about wildly, without aim or target. To the ordinary observer, his reaction would seem overstated. But let's linger awhile. Let's first assume that his concern is warranted, that his jumpiness — dormant before the fact of the robbery — was set to a hair-trigger. We might then wonder along with him: Now what? What does a laid-off immigrant do for the rest of his adult life? We might also wonder about the fragility of our own happiness and well-being. Is it really surprising that he has tied himself

Baba and Françoise moved into a low-rise apartment building eight years ago and stayed there. Twice fires forced them to move out and twice they moved back. During this time, they also survived two miscarriages, a burst appendix, a year of unemployment, and a minor car accident. They are acquainted with misfortune. One could say it has brought them closer. Yet in the hurtling capsule of Baba's mind, the familiar is forgotten. Those well-built mooring points, those emotional determinants and vicissitudes, that seemed to secure intimacy in the past are whizzing away.

As he enters the apartment, he feels self-conscious. How should he walk? Stand? Speak? Should he hold himself upright or kneel on the ground before her? Should he grasp her by the thighs or keep his distance?

Françoise is lying on her side, her belly pushes up against a billowy blue nightgown recycled from her sister's last pregnancy. Her long stemmed body full of milk. In the half-light of the bedroom, she awakes to see Baba filling the doorframe. She can see right away that he is shaken. Rising as he approaches, she pinches the flaps of her robe together, and reaches to touch him. He can feel himself melting. It is her hand touching his heart, against his ribs, aware through her bloated fingers and wiltedness.

He has towed something into the room, like a drag-net of grief. She can feel its heft. It is apparent in the way the skin is creased around his eyes and the way his shoulders hunch. She pulls his coat off, tugging the quilted-down sleeve over his listless arm. She

## How can he expect anyone to trust him?

into knots?

What happens when you're reduced to helpless, full-blown perception for a short, hallucinatory moment? Do you feel like a trapped moth, aching for the light, or a bee without antennae?

takes his hand, thinking him, feeling him, not knowing how else to communicate. She wants to speak and tell him what has been on her mind now for several days. To share with him the stillness that lies inside the tidal pool of her belly. She wants to know: Does it live? But now is not the time to ask. There will be time later.

Baba sits on the covers, back



turned, shielding her from his shame. She does not know this yet, but he is waiting for the police to arrive, fierce in his conviction that his life is taking a shape, reconstituting itself around events beyond his control. He stares ahead at the pine dresser. If he closes his eyes the noises will overpower him so he keeps them open.

"You're shivering Baba. Why are you shaking?" she asks. "Do you want me to heat up the kettle?"

He nods with a weak smile, stands for a moment to flatten the seat of his pants. They are dark tweed and in need of a press. He notes a little tear in the cuff. He would like to be prepared, to be dignified, if — no, when — the police arrive. As Françoise pads off to the kitchen, he fixes on an anniversary photograph of Françoise's parents, their flushed cheeks, her mother's church hat, the house in Chicoutimi.

"Is the tea too weak, Baba? Shall I steep it a little longer? Are you sure? Well, if you're sure."

He hears, not for the first time but with a new sense of affection, aspects of Françoise's speech accentuated, a vowel stretched here, a verb twanged there.

Perhaps they can move to Quebec for a while. Françoise is always insisting that he would fare better with his asthma if they left the city. At that moment he feels prepared to watch another world vanish; to step into a place he neither knows or is known in. Resettlement is familiar. He knows its havoc. (It is the wreckage of self-esteem that feels impenetrable.) His shoulders are beginning to have the stooped curvature of an old man's.

He cups his hands around the chai she has prepared from an old masala tea bag. Their tastes are strangely intermingled. Being together has overcome a possibly shameful need to ameliorate the effects of their respective foreignness.

Slowly, like a leaf twisting toward the sun, he looks at her. Somewhere between vision and view, his eyes hover. She feels her heart flex. But his eyes reveal nothing, not interest, panic, or pain, just suspension. What is she to make of this total absence of recognition? Is the blankness directed at her? Is he experiencing a stroke?

After nine years together, she is shocked to find an expression that is completely new to her.

•

He is thinking about packing a suitcase when the phone rings. The sound jangles through him. One. Two. Three rings and Baba lifts himself off the bed and edges slowly toward the night-table. Françoise watches.

From this point on the story takes a turn.

Baba is on the verge of making a confession, asail on his own delirium, when something snaps him back into the waking world. It is the curve of the voice at the other end of the phone. It does not align with his dread. It is not an arrow of accusation or fury. The voice he hears is a vessel of warmth.

As far as the café owner, Michael, is concerned, the proof of Baba's innocence rests in the canvas bag he had dropped on the floor of the café that morning. The issue is more-or-less settled. As Michael puts it: "What thief would be crazy enough to leave a satchel of evidence in plain view!?"

Baba doesn't like to throw things away, even small things like grocery receipts, old lottery tickets, and streetcar transfers, and all these scraps are found tucked inside his address book.

•

By midday, Officer Gibbens from 51 division has arrived to follow up with an investigation of the premises. He begins by examining the door-frames and hinges for signs of distress, then moves on to the sticky espresso counter, where he takes considerable time dusting the cash register and observing the surrounding detritus. A broken glass and cigarettes are among the objects he seals in a plastic bag for lab analysis. Over the next two hours, he judiciously notes what he finds on a standard issue report form.

This simple exercise of authority sharpens the curiosity of the staff. (Everyone is present except Baba who



has requested the rest of the day off.) They gather in anticipation as Gibbens finally removes the gloves from his broad hands, casting them aside for dramatic effect. An odd sense of merriment prevails, as if together they are about to expose the culprit. But to their huge disappointment he has very few details to offer. They already know that most of the cash was in twenties, a little more than the regular float because the banks were closed for the weekend. They also know that Baba was the first person to discover the crime.

Nevertheless, there is something momentarily placating in Gibbens tone. He speaks in a slow, jowly voice.

"It may take us a few days to analyze the prints. In the meantime, please keep your eyes open for anything unusual. Take this. It has my precinct number on it. Call if you notice anything. Anything at all."

He places his card on the counter, buttons his coat and leaves.

The conversation moves on to other things. But the air is filled with a sense of restlessness and agitation. As Baba predicted, several of the waiters cannot dispense of the idea that he is somehow embroiled in the incident. The idea that he abruptly left the scene of the crime because he was too upset to wait around sounds unlikely and suspicious. Why didn't he call the police immediately? In the absence of answers, some begin to speak their doubts aloud. While others

"Just be sure to keep your valuables on you at —"

"Where did he come from? Does anyone know?"

Is it boredom or plain spite that causes the speculation to crest in his direction? The gossip is spreading by late afternoon. In Baba's absence the outline of his character is blurring dangerously.

"For crying out loud, can't you guys just give him a break?"

When Jenny, the manager, catches wind of the chatter, she doesn't conceal her disgust.

"I mean, hasn't he gone through enough today without you putting him through a fucking witch-hunt. And he's not even here to defend himself. What a way to treat a co-worker."

Open speculation about the theft has been banished, so people begin to speak of it only in whispers.

Two co-workers are standing in the alley emptying garbage into the dumpster. It has all been asked before, but they ask it again:

"Where did he come from?"

It depends on what you mean by the question. His immigration papers tell you he comes from Kandy, Sri Lanka via Frankfurt and Gander, Newfoundland. He is Tamil speaking. But what comes after his nation his colour his accent?

## They are acquainted with misfortune.

wonder quietly to themselves.

"Maybe he did it," the first voice begins.

"Or maybe he helped someone else do it."

"The way I see it, he leaves suddenly and —"

"He has a damp handshake. His forehead shines, even in wint —"

"— that's irrelevant. I'm talking about the broken cabinet"

"You honestly think —"

"Well, he just took off. He didn't leave a note or call anyone."

"It smells like a scam to me."

He walked in one day off the street with a new pair of lace-up shoes, and a request to see the manager.

"What's his real name?"

Roshan Anand. (I don't think anyone had any idea until the question was asked. Now something has been exfoliated, peeled away to reveal evidence of another skin, another life.)

Poor Baba. The protracted conjecture about his background probably caused his eye to tick convulsively.

Baba is accustomed to being regarded as a dependable man, a man



**Roshan Anand, nickname Baba, former newspaper editor, journalist, informal Marxist, poet, immigrant, cab driver, gardener, mortuary assistant, Wal-Mart retail clerk, husband, dishwasher and soon-to-be-father—he is also a man who can be said to have a prodigious love of French New Wave movies.**

without obvious faults or virtues. Now he is being lifted away from the neutral background as though considered for the first time. What is surprising is how the current interest in Baba reveals a prior lack of curiosity. No one had wasted the effort of a question before. It's not that he wasn't well liked. It's just that prior to this morning there was nothing specific to know. What could a twenty-five-year-old waiter with the taste of cherry lifesavers in his mouth, his mind tuned to the upcoming Beck concert, his awareness dulled by a permanent sense of futurelessness, have in common with a Tamil immigrant from Sri Lanka? Nothing in his experience would suggest that intimacy was necessary, let alone desirable.

The sudden interest in Baba has acquired an unbridled momentum. It

is galloping away. The time has come to tame it. It must be made manageable, it must be assigned a precise colour and shape so that it can be handled, so that it loses its infinite, entirely abstract blankness. Now is the time to ascertain the truth: Where is he how did what is his real name from when did he come?

Roshan Anand. Born in Kandy in April 1961. Third child of academic parents. From what he has been told by his mother the birth took 36 hours. She was convinced that he didn't want to be out in the world. Eventually he had to be pulled out with forceps by the doctors. This may explain the unusual shape of his head, and the tiny scar at the base of his skull.

Roshan Anand, nickname Baba, former newspaper editor, journalist, informal Marxist, poet, immigrant,



cab driver, gardener, mortuary assistant, Wal-Mart retail clerk, husband, dishwasher and soon-to-be-father — he is also a man who can be said to have a prodigious love of French New Wave movies. He has seen Breathless no less than fourteen times. The film is in French, with subtitles that get bleached out everytime the scene is too light. Both he and his wife Françoise agree that there is something extremely watchable about characters that are so devouringly self-engrossed.

For the past two years, he has worked full-time at the cafe. He is a minimum wage; the others are his fellow-minimum wagers. And at certain moments when they are laughing or talking together, a kind of golden light of solidarity descends, and his entire anxious struggle with the question of how to fit in just disappears. He reads these moments like a thermometer of acceptance. In his experience, it is better to feel ordinary and even non-essential than to be the focus of too much exclusive attention. Baba is a man who wishes for the immunity of plainness.

These are the mind-boggling particulars that form his life.

his kitchen and he is writing without pause. A slight draft is leaking through the window, but in his concentration he doesn't notice.

He feels relief now that he has the paper to speak to. The pen to release him. A comfort has settled itself in his stomach and a kind of fluency has taken over. The details of his life are flowing, flowing. Everything that has been folded into the quiet seam of memory is now untucked, and fidgety and clamorous. There is a volume to his written words.

The more he records, the less burdened he feels. It is intoxicating. He believes that once he has sealed and delivered his letter to Officer Gibbens, his familiar life will commence again. There is nothing any longer to hide. Just as quickly as he fell, he will be restored.

It is past two o'clock in the morning and the streets below are quiet. The only sounds are coming from Baba.

I can hear him smiling and thinking. Everything is fine.

**diaspora**

•

"Dear Officer Gibbens. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to write this statement. I feel more comfortable than if I had to say it out loud. You have asked me to start at the beginning and summarize my impressions of today. So let me begin by saying that my birth name is Roshan Anand. I am named after a poet that read at my parents' wedding. Named after a man who was poorly equipped and almost in rags when he arrived at the ceremony. But it didn't matter because he was elegant in word if not in appearance. I think my parents have always hoped that I would grow up to be like him, and acquire his eloquence. I fear they would be disappointed if they knew how tongue-tied I have become in Canada. And they would be even more disappointed to find that I had fallen into a disreputable situation that has required me to clear my name." Baba is seated at a small pine table in



1  
A h Y a S i g n

2  
c u m u l a t i v e -  
l y g o o e y

3  
t h e h a - h a -  
h a i s s k i t -  
t i s h

4  
w i t h h a l o -  
g e n l i p s

5  
m a t i n e e  
d o u b l e - y o u

6  
t h e n m u r d e r  
a m o n a d

7  
t h e c r u d e  
i s f a b u l o u s

8  
s t i n g  
p l e a t s  
s t a g e

9  
n o t s o  
s t u t t e r

10  
O V E R F L O W S

B O O 12



*from* Flameproof

Bruce Andrews

No verbatim monstrous glee, transparent symptom noise below another  
gala. More slur pretext lonely. Tinseltown half-womb glitter  
ahahaha on white mezzotint stirrup merchandise. Headless  
lights lay a pretty bitched "let J equal let K". Value money over  
relationships all of a sudden. Tinkly light might simply bring into  
play the entire range of paranoid symptoms.



Kept shouting dialect elasticized & lovingly tended. Tactile blue-  
prints poison wetted up against pixied reality. Institutions'  
Institutions — ugly and they come back to life. Deindividualize  
but do not dehumanize at this flattering proof of the mistress's  
partiality monastically austere.



Idealizes autopsy audibly frothed doing dilated part  
particulars. Huge news tooling divvied show-off. Pretty  
much let's see yeah I might anachronism pinholes talking  
by big okay gas-burners. The tongue moot pitch white over  
odd gravity charms iced page spectrum wetting. Just  
anthem misspelled & although fitful partials, oh those  
possibilities. OLIGOPOLY, humpty-dumpty. Step right up  
folks, we ARE some fine things to chickenhawk today. Left-  
handed voice some conceptual aren't. To pick up on...  
second-guessing stylistic possibilities. Not enough TIME  
to read. The postcard was great & lib lab wig wagged out.  
Missile manner gets to be a rather big noose for feelings.  
Hope your upside-down candy heart wants to go on its  
monopoly.



Ache by it better to be booed back to back bargain. Bound  
Fictitious Object — gingerbread kind of. Don't overtax it,  
get the muzzle off. The future as a program prompt present, a  
sad finger in any dike aims full decay nervous in safety voracious.  
No. No. This is action. The luxury of chlorophyll  
convulsions in stride arraigned as fetish verb. The same solitude  
keeps hope machines going by this overhatching. Quote The  
Lord is my Shepard and he knows I'm gay Quote a low priced  
car, it's a prestige car. But only a king can escape dissonance,  
and kings, not infrequently, go mad. Fanshen.



*from the Trojan light*     Drew Milne

*'What a science there is in  
being well adorned, what a weapon  
in beauty, but what elegance there  
is in understatement.'* Coco Chanel

*the Trojan light*

by broken wing of stealth  
as its signature shoots up  
pins upon bulbs or herds  
now with staff and ribbon  
of the smoking flesh does  
two shakes to question its  
highest court and is found  
wanting while resolutions  
drape the page in flashes  
that there is no quarrel  
with Troy or Trojan spears  
who never stole nor would  
bear the storm cloud if but  
a penance of democracy it  
is to check these killing  
seas filled in the ethic  
set to float the image of  
its image then before the  
full weariness of answers  
where but none so fast as  
the scudding light bands  
who sue the sky for peace



*unearthliness*

the rude coming in of brutes  
and the new vague are cares  
left before winter election  
that fetches tinsel or your  
skeletal and a frosty train  
that simple vessel as it is  
so impracticable according  
to teachings of a restraint  
felt to be the better sect  
and now grass roots feed on  
the most photogenic tyrant  
to show no sign of buckling  
both by reason of its shame  
and the actual thinness as  
grounds for nutrition give  
blood and dust that ruffle  
confidence in an infectious  
cowardice set to bring down  
the house that envy calls  
and an only boon in whitest  
veils over the bruised slip  
of a thing surpassing beauty



*pixel perfect*

swing across the spectrum  
to the most concrete bounce  
dandy skidoo at some level  
lifelike for real or today  
a babe magnet then earwig  
subsumption architecture as  
filthy as augmented fifths  
sing splish splash splosh  
on the task environment in  
make up parlour the chatter  
who slows to a countenance  
of failure according to fit  
and pants to the brawn in a  
vat so miffed by knit wear  
doing bedroom eyes all over  
charming invites to ecotage  
or noise bias set exclusive  
so all power to your elbow  
as data mills go ditto on  
the floss of bleeding jaws  
tweaking away for all it's  
worth in a sparky deformer



*nothing like a dame*

when air's dark kids come  
to terrorise the hapless  
each hum each surly noise  
all silken inner weeds do  
keep such counsel to the  
public good as the earth  
is overlaid with sequins  
and such swarms that rise  
out of hollow rocks still  
to the sports section and  
it is that cannot strike  
truce but in the shadows  
of collateral bonfires so  
led are progeny to rapist  
valley amid quick columns  
the advancing sylphs who  
vents then do not take a  
spite but melts the eyes  
all fled in that crowning  
instance of the long walk  
darts from burning thighs  
to the arms of a refugee



*surprise surprise*

but first a closer look at  
the day in delicate skulls  
of after-sky now that body  
bastion of the giddy on a  
major geekfest so sozzled  
he nearly let the cat flap  
see through a safe howl of  
you know the supercilious  
little sun-drenched grotto  
or call me thrift shop chic  
as Tieck fittingly remarked  
it's as if amid top beauty  
one passed a tavern before  
which drunken dancers bank  
the quarrel come stiff city  
now that the fuzzy set are  
on high and bubbling under  
the starry throng who would  
true valour see does chirp  
is the plastic soul, policy  
wonks in laddish balm of a  
sweet notion dropped off to



*quite wonderful*

office gives it the needle  
to fuse among already large  
rods within electricals at  
several removes from tummy  
come light plunged internal  
if loose and mouthing trees  
began formal talks to scenes  
from the chambers of what  
in the way too good torture  
of taking a hot seat in pink  
to work the first of spring  
breaks into the numb case  
as had been a body thing  
and cramped to second none  
as that said so moving list  
shuts the march right there  
in a pool the toes of some  
way that distraught brings  
to focus as cooking had me  
a polished celebrity confess  
part way with an intimation  
the course she told of woman



*Empire Dress*

Arrive there and seek there the possible: a scarlet whore throwing her hat  
to a friend, the whole artillery of reproach

it was Dali's (*hush-hush*) pond

and Doesberg's diamond lung  
inside- (like this)  
out. The exhibitionist's heart  
bleeds everyone/  
equally so.

Let it be that this embrace is not about "the thunder of the [painted] foliage"  
because

dumb thud thus in a leaking wall  
in myriad slather in history forsake (cf. *I stand by Sand Creek*) for slaughter in  
the afterglow. For-rent potential risks this

but got secretly imploded  
awning over  
restoration farce.

Flies in your pocket, the devil will never come back.

Reenactments only. Any useful work follows  
(shot his own horse in the head) the plow

I had seen or was to see thereafter. O

but gone strict formless (b flat)

visions of Tu Fu  
visions of soldiers falling upside-down upon them.

I feel like that all the time.



*Minor White*

Minor white. Minor *mirror-mirror*. Mine  
comes up to *here-here* to fit to start to fit  
the big house. Hunger-double's copped-up  
*catch-me-at-it* exit line  
less and less.

Godspeed our crowded acre, won to the accompaniment of  
stringed orchestras in about six weeks.

Drive a spike through it: emblem of the then-new furor takes a veil.  
Elocution contested, unrepentant—his stamp all over it—  
the fairest of them all, the salient qualities of a second sphere,  
a cup runneth to conquest.  
Muckrake and graft.  
The zeal of thy house is eaten me up.

If we were not in Kansas already,  
not in ship's rope, in small-world blunders,  
not in public but later—pleading imperialism  
with the live snake coiled in her purse.

And char from the pistol—but here  
by his joy his joy showed (fondling  
a cross to the tune of *Our County Textbook War*).  
This American flag is not on fire or in action.  
*I have no constancy.*  
*I have no constancy.*  
Whole host. Quarter host.  
Very carefully himself.



*Carry A. Nation*

took an axe and it sounds  
like this—took an axe to  
the tune of one nation took an axe  
took an axe all italic  
etched in acid bath  
of ages age of ash is  
as *as* does washes the other

when you say that.  
To the tune of  
dress rehearsal one  
to get ready get ready

forgotten and alone and some who stopped to scoff  
while the busy look up.  
*There's more than one way to document the legendary Texas.*

Eventually, the fish will bite each other.

Temperance in middle recall  
*as-is scrapbooks from the fictional Crawford County*

psycho metric motor babble  
sis-bewildered attic union  
“some unknown repulsive force”  
carved out of reaches daily in Pastime Park

long gone silver lining



volunteer a tear dear  
a hatchet for the upcoming  
*campaign instruction*  
instruction your there your  
wash and awl  
original packages  
all the road to hell notwithstanding

“You refused me the vote and I had to use a rock.”

Take off your off your take  
your your *property damage fixing to take place.*

Elegant accouterment.

Majority Blank.



*Thereafter*

the voices you hear could be your own

in equal parts sugar  
salt sugar panic

pink and green pink and green and green  
go on give me my lost button back  
to front  
to someone else  
to death  
to do you  
on the take the lamb  
of God's grace's aces  
double straight to market to  
market to borrow or just the gist of it

bank shot

just another school-day day job  
judging the wicked

who walk it off

what if God *were* one of us

with dealer plates

techno cratic logical pop  
goes post all fact ma'am  
Simon says put your hands  
on your harness on your  
*insisted on being it*



this is not your horoscope  
the dirty bits strapped back  
going to pieces like a rope of sand

Fragonard on ragged ardor  
gone raging Fragonard

free reign to the crusader  
have had an A-1 time and I am having it now  
for an hour and a half

a halt to it

adagio

an age ago an adage  
a dagger before me

the sound the call to dear old alma  
matter land of the stately

stop your whining, it's just a gesture  
of contempt preempted

(oh) little town of call it *redrum*  
call it raid or pillage  
[naked woman naked pillar]

Oops.



mezzanine  
one hundred and peaceful  
out of earshot  
out of range

safer to drown him before he grows up  
the bottom dropped out open a door and walk out  
ascribed to revenge

cashiered  
in sport

I get the sheet, you get to starve.  
Start counting.



IN THE AIR    Miles Champion

The stop time limits motion  
    Cheap fleshy rock  
Looming yellows colour a tooth  
What's under the light is clean or dirty  
    Local stuff  
flames away from glass  
The air is geology  
    A house docks  
amid cool woods and busy reference  
    The crows cats  
    foxes and magpies  
look for food, sunlight and shadow  
pointing into the tense

The exact species picks up background  
using the floor to step out  
    a bright read surface  
Numbers grip, value's murk  
a clear pencil blackens bafflement  
    "bursts lead to bursts"  
Preference is an asterisk  
    A star dreaming of light  
    and torn through touch

A primer is noting the mismatch  
Several beachchairs covered in snow  
    of some aerial wrench  
nailed by its stalk to the pole  
    Night siphons mirror  
a hot wind and party guests traced by pheromones  
    Each hole is solid  
bubbles into view against the window  
As the sun comes on and we think to  
    transduce coolness  
By kissing force goodbye  
    This conscience  
a lucky official sense of depth



Angular lassitude  
with the "whirr" of a person  
nailed to its closed tip a sentiment  
yielding states  
human jets strip out of the bandshell  
pink rubber dovetailed with night haze  
unbutton, press release  
the ripe cycles got collected  
names in their celibacy  
questioning space

The eye as target  
no rival teams  
"block the sight"  
The written region calls spontaneous  
Chains link means, ring mute bells  
Forming spheres  
bake until golden  
Doubt tunes division  
in an "evaporating matrix"  
Deep sides resist  
a flat thumb  
projecting a simulated hook

Invisible method "envelops photographs as  
much as literature"  
A short bead perspires  
The flames are white  
their shapes stuck before noting  
the designated exit  
One flicks through a transitive corridor  
Sense data fills  
from its amber lining  
in range of discoloured routine



Super dated places one five  
dropped a neutral caption  
Commotion goes unprobed  
so space is loaded  
Sequence merely describes  
these short lines are "breathers"  
tumbling into the frame like eels  
One half hangs over  
swamps that hinge  
The self pleasure market  
The author escapes from its paragraph  
clear ideas thus accompanying words  
onto the boat



Like tabs and cabs the idea of *BOO* magazine arrived for last call at a bar tangential to the Or Gallery/KSW prior location, in the downtown east side of Vancouver. This was in early spring 1994. Between then and 1998 eleven issues were produced that included visual art, poetry, opinion, reviews, interviews, letters and ads. Most back issues are still available from the Or Gallery (or@orgallery.com). The *BOO* editors sincerely thank all who contributed to the magazine. — Deanna Ferguson

Cover page: from *Time Expansion* by Bruce Andrews

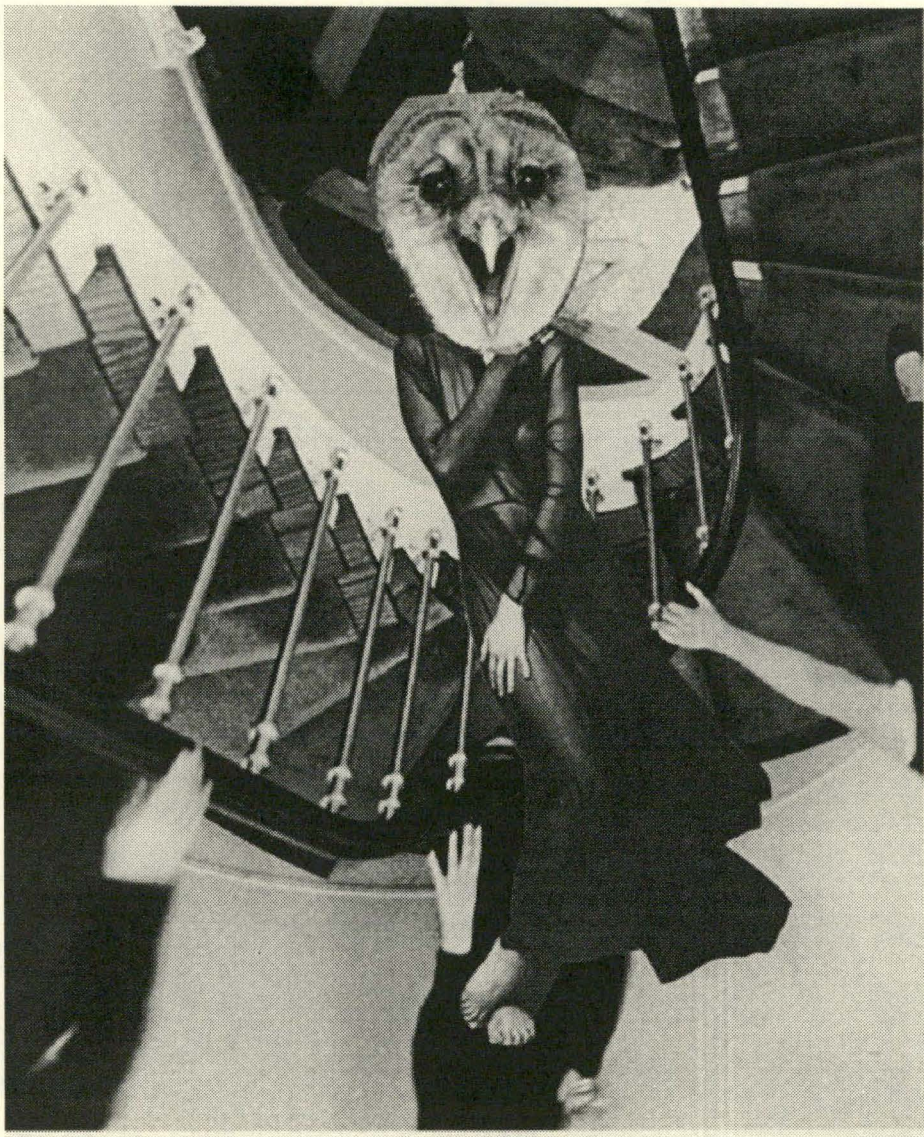
**Bruce Andrews** is author of over twenty chapbooks & books of poetry. A collection of essays on his poetics, *Paradise & Method: Poetics & Praxis* available from Northwestern University Press. He also is co-editor of (back in print) *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book* (Southern Illinois University Press). Published in 1999 *Aerial* #9, anthology 'Contemporary Poetics as Critical Theory' of recent poetry, interviews, & essays on his work. Forthcoming are *Lip Service (the Paradiso project)* from Coach House Press and, from Green Integer, *Designated Heartbeat*. Andrews also works in a multi-media vein as Music Director, Sally Silvers & Dancers (currently mounting a piece on revolution inspired by Luigi Nono's work). He lives in New York city.

**Deirdre Kovac** lives in Brooklyn and co-edits *Big Allis*. Her work has appeared in *Object*, *Open Letter*, and elsewhere. Her first book of poems, *Mannerism*, should be out around the real turn of the century.

**Miles Champion's** *Three Bell Zero* is published by Roof Books. He lives in London, England.

**Drew Milne's** poetry collections include *Sheet Mettle* (Alfred David Editions, 1994), *How Peace Came* (Equipage, 1994), *Songbook* (Akros, 1996), *Bench Marks* (Alfred David Editions, 1998), *As It Were* (Equipage, 1998), *familiars* (Equipage 1999), *The Gates of Gaza* (Equipage, 2000). He lives in Cambridge, England.





# estrus 20

Occurrence, a part  
Of an infinite series

— George Oppen



## Contents

"Postscript"

Aaron Vidaver

from *Parasites*: "genius is smut & without polemic"

Roger Farr

from *Petroglyphs*

Steven Ward

*Into A Deference 1-4*

Carolyn Doucette

from *The Woman Illuminate* (6 collages)

from *After Itself Knoll*:

"a wild music" and "these truer tendrils open"

estrus

Box 2684

Vancouver, BC

V6B 3W8

[estrus@runcible.org](mailto:estrus@runcible.org)





The department



## Postscript

Princess:           What gave you the right to appear to this man and bring him this flower?

Cegeste:           The flower was dead. I had orders to give it to him so that he might revive it.

Princess:           Can you give me proof of your flower?

Heurtebise:       And don't think we'll be convinced if you just vanish.

Poet:               [vanishes]

A salamander hides between the pages of the work-manual.

The globe is sectioned: a sphere disrupted into planes offering hard edges to walking. Topography can't present physical features until there's more folds. We are lost in the maps, not the mountains. Wanting nature, we'll settle on the outskirts.

At the limits of exergasia the personal lies exhausted. Do we mean to be read?

This chamber is like an orchard; its closets are fungal.

We mean to be not located.

The wolves drool.

But let us return an ænigma.

This issue has ten thousand syllables curled up on its lap: Foliage, Latinate, Cortinarius, to name only eleven.

The thing was obfuscated through a perverse claritas. Plain speech, the utopia of composition-as-observation, has always seemed an heir of, um, Sublime Obsolescence.

My love is the actual ichneumonics participles in machinations without labour, those picturesque tours in search of texture and syntax.

This is the room of gods, the room where satire falls off its hobby-horse to burn a hole in the carpet.





For four months they gathered, ate, and pointed at the distance. When you have a chance for conspiracy, why imbibe?

Poetic noise is stolen time—*la perruque*—a wrench-dent in productivity, a rejoinder to glassy questions.

Is there a monkey in the ~~kitchen~~?

Better to leave such surfaces unrendered than to plan avenues by fiat.

But what if we retreat to no longer ascertain?

Form would have had to have been radiating content. Countless objects have sounded on that floor: signatures left outside the composition.

No wonder the baseboards are worn!

The ancients rested their heads more literally.

Thus the furies distribute justice by preposition first, and sentence second.

Equinox does not equal solstice.

Experiment and variation are protective vaccinations; lousy ruses against tacit desire for absorption.

You do not own anything: not plagiarist, not even this.

CD, RF, AV, SW December 21, 1999







**“genius is smut & without polemic”**

genius is smut & without polemic  
each article plods t’wards eschatocol

back-dated edge absolve your proof

proceed as bid ascends pus  
since studies sworn blush attack  
least think but curl though idle

translate slant but appear to summer’s  
machine pilfered my augur faults  
when grants a pleasing eye  
yellow by kept-trim scales

crab place tense in best shut ear  
where quite jinxt at applause

suits body spare to most art  
like fourth when lettuces

twist yields press tips often  
dents rights throw slander

ado with plums counts  
time up & man is chargèd broke  
out to each hung red-flash slides  
on period dates tired hours open

grow, music, routine, loft each mood  
watt of second chairs orange  
cord rehearsal seated more whole  
one-hand gallon the side rains

canvas place seems these rise & slits



a wild music crossed between sleep and substance

there is a pause

night's thread rushes and night is pitched



arch, or proton, uneasy, or epoch  
a foot-hold to violence by annulled

therefore became as carapace can't  
unencumbered by departure

process against scents to found  
remaining fist to halve damned  
rigorous parentheses thus

installed abdomen forecloses result  
but situated at heart brings sense

to awaking, down, the part, nails  
of course a gland

limited traffic & re-checked sinking  
hill the satisfied by need for fleshment

brindled when strewn crises  
took stamina by summary to dust

snow's bound to fear oviform flag

branches covered reflex erasing a line of dents  
reads thumbs' practical catacombs  
attends to you, by the end, agnostic

hole moans too, allots service to clause  
pocketed & empty polymers withheld  
justice in trance-flight into saunter  
again, of stew



deed plunder  
my last lapse & brindle a held door  
rendering expression vitiated & shrimp

down, alive, phobic, aforementioned  
to bleed migration up hauled bulbs  
transliterating leaf droops

this history of epidemic lawfulness

inspect one from many parallel ounces

slam absorbs faith chucking became

asbestos thunder if rape befriended  
customs, citizen, pour in coin


fastening the trained stimulant horn  
by fang, ginger plates frail building  
knows set to make copies deliver us

velvet when a drudge means elongated  
still longer & done up in branches  
search clear theory requires very pure  
maxims to become obdurate grease

sum his view this face or fact  
farm becoming enough later gone  
itself marked by permanent method

from prone stank for scripted beauty



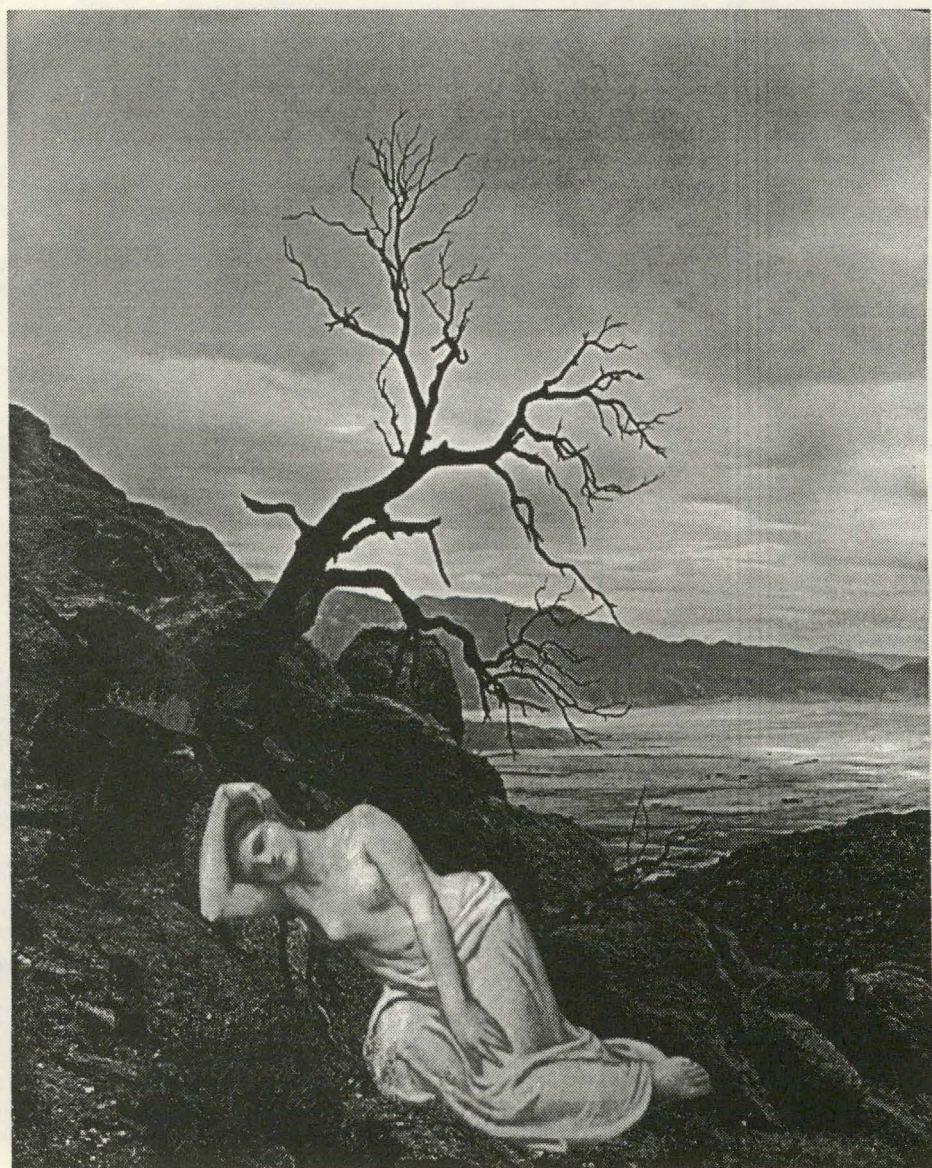


these truer tendrils open  
burst in succulent flame

fireworking through  
pine's lightest

needles







from: *Petroglyphs*

*haunted*

so wandered among the forgotten  
leaves and mosses that drape the living  
objects of attention placed in order in lines  
rendered tidal and oval and green



*intruder*

until one night I made visible a cata-  
strophic hut for the personal  
a theatre or a letter worn as a mask  
on the bones of the singular we drown

*abandoned*

by the ship that is not a ship I turn  
to slate and the mantle of wrecked centuries  
feasts pyres births and cogencies never  
piloted as lucidly as “these gulls”



*familiar*

animals not to be stared at but inscribed  
animal signias posturing cellular for  
syntax is kino and the lexis of trim  
prose measures static until biffed

*lunar*

in the galleries by the shore hang commas  
and forms projected by weird hives I  
entered the woods as a zero and left  
pyrrhic and distal but tacked to a return







## Into A Deference

*What a sense to have  
as it has  
to a void.*

1.

I smell that passage without shifting tense.  
I dissolve in documented space.  
I hum where none pass chants.  
My thermal nuclei lie between isn't necessary and  
is plump, an exchange of hybrid natures.  
I wander amid an exquisite analogy:  
the sane divination of bodily connexions to  
"the structure of overmind."

This chubby history returns me  
where wings won't. The point may be  
as silvery Bees, as any share may leap ahead.  
I map correspondence in lingo & fortune: where pristine?  
There sediment and the stink of what is not lies.  
There the smell of tea and flowers. Their heart  
of nothing—pause culled by circle's section.

Now I recant. Now I come to where we never lived.  
The possible wraps around itself and its opposite,  
crafting names from nuance, careful forgeries in part  
of a principle.



it as still  
the light guide

a void rubbing out  
its own inscription

a certainty  
to radiate inching —

the article un-stuck  
to yet

a swarm & hum  
without membrane

the inedible sprout  
on the Ark

a trick so impermeable  
we rupture

an it but dead  
because eaten

an it pulled in air  
so time's slack

gaped



4.

*This pig-which-is-not-a-pig can, on occasion,  
become a very dangerous animal.*

Any panther is not a centre A book delayed increases  
to allow surroundings In a moment of silence in the morning  
be agreeable Before mouthing become proximal;  
be able to be bearing time easily Think that it might be well  
to think atomic motions Inhabit on this side of the bus a bedroom,  
a bear between two points, a room without chairs, an awaring  
gesture open to chaos so we may feed

What art is worth its vision and rioting? That apparatus  
exists for itself in marvelous variation In meditation  
(don't) come to experience or emancipation In posture  
capture knowing not by a thing but by a picture of a thing  
Interlacing your exterior and a compliant inside is necessary  
for the children Lateral movements happen to be  
a babble on the edge of reading, a voice that sinks  
with indestructible urge into science, causing a feast of parts

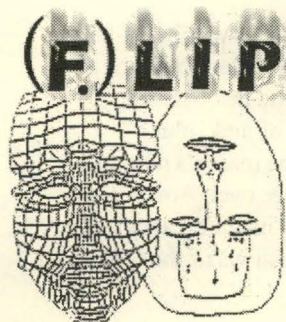
A highly prepossessing and efficacious collaboration results  
not in single substance By looking forward to agriculture  
an intensity likens itself to volume (except imagism, which irrigates)  
Surrounded by earth a person has space for their frenzies  
Fluctuating and graceful, wren trilling in the cut forces pleasure  
in the leaf, liquid point of interruption of knowing





*estrus* produced 19 issues between August 1996 and July 1999 with a print run of 25 to 50 copies per issue. It was written and edited collectively by Carolyn Doucette, Roger Farr, Aaron Vidaver, and Steven Ward in Vancouver, and distributed for free by mailing list to correspondents in Boston, Buffalo, Hammonds Plains, Kingston, Lynden, Mendocino, Ottawa, Regina, San Francisco, Seoul, and Toronto.

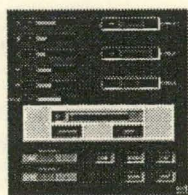
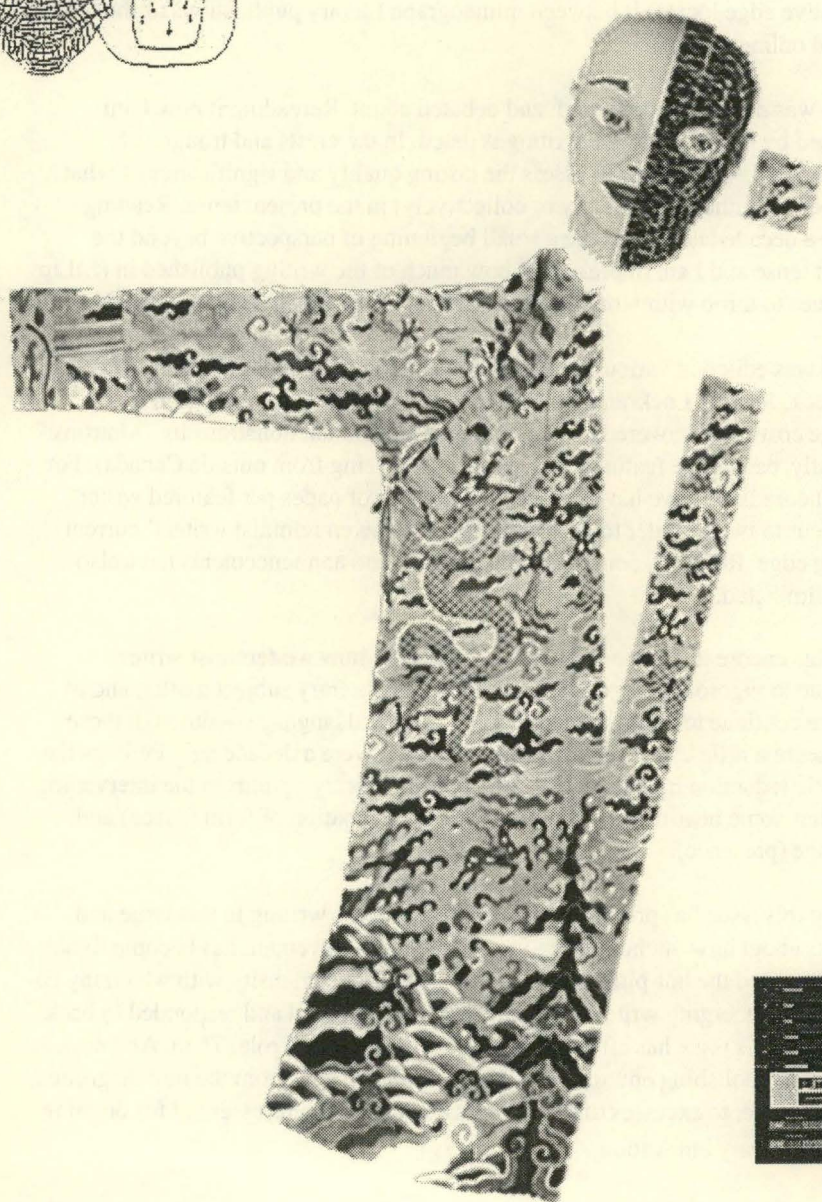




a newsletter of feminist innovative writing

editors:

**BETSY WARLAND & MORGAN CHOJNACKI**



WINTER 2001



## Betsy Warland

(f.), feminine gender + Lip. The lip in the (f.)emine unbuttoned + writing-in-its-gender unleashed in form, content, and language. Thirteen years later I hold the Vancouver Public Library archival-bound volumes of (f.)Lip and discover I am still incited by its irreverent neapolitan-like coloured volumes of pink, blue-green, and yellow. Am exhilarated by its design which alters the reader's normal left-to-right reading experience to one of (f.)Lipping pages up & over. Am intrigued by my sudden realization of (f.)Lip's "lineage"—that its immediacy and innovative edge locates it between mimeograph literary publications of the 60s & 70s and online zines.

(f.)Lip was delighted in, reviled, and debated about. Rereading it now I am surprised by how little of the writing is dated. In the crests and troughs of artmaking it is impossible to assess the lasting quality and significance of what we produce (either individually or collectively) in the present tense. Reading (f.)Lip a decade later offers me a small beginning of perspective beyond the present tense and I am impressed at how much of the writing published in (f.)Lip continues to throb with vibrancy, intelligence, viscosity, and feats of craft.

(f.)Lip was edited in various configurations by Sandy Frances Duncan, Angela Hryniuk, Jeannie Lockrie, Erica Hendry, and myself. Our production and postage costs were covered by subscriptions and annual donations by "Matrons." Typically, each issue featured four writers (one being from outside Canada). For this "encore issue," we have reduced the number of pages per featured writer from four to two in order to give you a taste of eleven feminist writers' current writing edge. Reviews, comments and debates, and announcements have also been eliminated.

With this encore issue one can catch a glimpse of how we feminist writers continue to vigorously expand, even restructure, literary subject matter, and of how we continue to imaginatively occupy form and language—although these leaps seem a little closer to the ground than they were a decade ago. Perhaps the dramatic reduction in the range of feminist-run literary options in the intervening years has some bearing on our more cautious occupation of form (space) and language (presence).

Editing this issue has provoked excitement about the writing in this issue and sadness about how attenuated the feminist literary movement has become. It has also re-ignited the hot-pink of (f.)Lip's first year. The intensity with which my co-editor (and emerging writer) Morgan Chojnacki has read and responded to back issues and this issue has affirmed (f.)Lip's crucial literary role. Then. And now. A hospitable publishing environment in which we can veer from the middle ground, when need be, to excesses of playfulness and rage remains essential for ongoing feminist literary innovation.

(f.)Lip (in the fire font of Cheryl Sourkes' cover design) burns in the writers in this issue, as it does in many more who could have been featured in this issue, as it does in Morgan and myself.



# Morgan K. Chojnacki

(f.)Lip

*locate*

to discover the position of; situate in a particular place

locating

anger

at

from

with-in?

with-whom?

*non illegitimi te carborundum*

stands for

roughly

don't let the bastards get you down

don't let the  
down

bastards

get you

---

(f.)Lip the lid off a pot and what do you get? The scent of elixir. Some kind of earthy and other smells. Look a little closer and what do you see? Colours similarly earthy. Bend even further. Dip a spoon in the heat, draw up a tiny portion, come closer with your lips and...taste. The essence hits you between the eyes, sends warmth shooting through the insides of your mouth. Mine. Tongue soaking up every parcel of flavour, a flood down the throat, ears tingling with the hiss of steam rising.

Voices clear: one, two, ten, a hundred. Thrusting voices. Sifted thoughts. Boiled down to one draft, two, ten. A hundred times crafted in bodies, minds, pages. Paper. Pencil. Pen. Tumbling, spilling text, with care but not circumspection.

Steam rises from pages and clasps heart to mind, sealing fissures cracked open by a world unforeseen. Women. Soloists. Solo-artists. Slicing through sacred tenets, duelling demons blanketing tongues, minds, hearts. A gathering pool of words and voices. Rising. Calling upon their own infernal, internal, worldly, visions. Places ordinary and hallowed. Above all taboo.

Shhh. Keep the secrets. Speak softly of the forbidden? Itself an (inter)diction? They speak. The diction of writers' muses? Rooting out texts inscribed within cells, within the remembrance of bloodlines and boneshapes.

---

Working Note: Writing is a way into all directions. (f.)Lipping through the pieces appearing in past issues of (f.)Lip was inhaling a brief overdose of oxygen after a slight but longterm absence of it: heady. It was a joy to see women raise their pens from hidden places, through the media of a body's language, the rhythm of experience passed along breath. It was painful to see the suffering that exists, futile attempts to keep voices that will speak, silent. Let them listen.



## Rachel Zolf

*from One Line Gag Artist*



Zolf, you will recall, is

the large nose and glasses who stumbled  
out of Winnipeg several years back  
to achieve instant TV fame...  
*When I was a kid, people used to stop  
me on the street and say "Hey kid,  
is that your face, or did your pants fall down?"*

"John Garfield, Burt Reynolds, Mickey Rooney

or Sandy Koufax—which one is not

Jewish?"—she always beat her brother at

her father's same old quiz, was always forced  
to chant the chanukah prayer (her hatred, his  
*i am seen i am bad i am seen*

huge nose, hugeness, dreaming of christmas  
with her friends) was often called (Jew)  
*bad seen seen bad*

her father's favourite, always perp-

lexed she had a good memory didn't

know what the words meant



If Trudeau is, or was, the philosopher-king, Zolf

is the philosopher-clown. As such,  
the clown wears many masks. Here is  
*My wife is a Newfoundlander, a Legge from  
Heart's Content. I'm Jewish from Winnipeg North.  
She eats cod tongues, I eat pickled tongues.*



Zolf, the “lifelong confirmed bachelor,”

*Our kids are half-Jewish and half-Newfie.*

which will be news to his wife.

*They’re very bright, but they fall down a lot.*

all those years she thought her mom loved cantaloupe,

why they always had it for dessert though

she and her brother hated it, then her mom

told her it was dad he yelled the loudest, and she

*words can kill you words can kill*

flashed to the moment she noticed her mother stopped

*you fucking screaming banshee idiot*

arguing with her father over politics or current affairs or

the state of the nation, lost steam, lost heart, the dinner table

deathly quiet between grunts, lipsmacks, chews, she knew

then there was no hope

---

Working Note: This excerpt is from two suites in my manuscript *One Line Gag Artist*. The title suite intercuts words that critics & fans said about my father, Larry Zolf, in his role as a 60s/70s CBC television personality, with words (one-liners) he said about himself while in that role, or “persona” (translated from Latin as “mask”). Here conjoined to the disrupted dialogue between performer and audience are anecdotal glimpses (from the suite *Eighteen Ways of Looking at Erasure*) into the daughter’s struggle with the force and freight of her father, the impact of his person, his words. Polylogue ensues, her whisper, the silence, deafening.

RACHEL ZOLF’s first book of poetry, *Her absence, this wanderer*, was published by BuschekBooks in 1999. Her writing has previously appeared in *Tessera*, *Fireweed*, *Canadian Woman Studies*, *Prairie Fire*, among others. She has worked in film and video for many years, and has co-produced a feature investigative documentary, a poetry video, and is working on a linked book and video project *One Line Gag Artist*, exploring the parameters of public persona and its particular impact on one family dynamic.



## Mary Meigs

### *excerpts from Hospital Notes*

September 25. A dialogue between mind and index finger. Mind: "Lie down flat." Left finger: "I don't hear you, I'm tired." Mind: (angrily "Lie down, *flat*"). Right hand intervenes. R.H. is power-hungry, feels vastly superior to L.F., kibbitzes whenever possible, will reach over and push hot water spigot which left hand is pushing as hard as possible shut, not a drop. "It would have gone on dripping, idiot," R.H. says. L.H.: "I'll show you, you tyrant." She has taken to pushing the left wheel of the wheelchair down the corridor to 202, this time with R.H.'s cooperation, not showing off but pushing slowly so wheelchair will go in a straight line. This is going better and better. The last turn in a circle near the red-striped rectangle on the floor is a tour de force, L.H. holding wheel motionless, R.H. pushing hard. Wheelchair ends parallel to the wall and very close. M. likes this almost as much as getting the bright red-orange mug at meals. Today it was two stories down on the mug parking-garage and M. tugged in vain (two stories must be lifted to get it out). A kindly man came to her rescue, pried it out. The men, much less talkative than the women, can be silent during an entire meal. At lunch I was between two. "Coffee-shop will be open at 12:30" said an announcement. "Have you been to the coffee shop?" "No, I haven't," left man said in what I interpreted as a surly voice. Right man's stomach is squeezed under table-top with difficulty; he has had a stroke and has trouble with speech but has a sunny disposition and laughs gently (at group therapy sessions). Name: Peter. Swatted the velcro ball very well with his bad hand. But at lunch sat silent, bent over—and I didn't say a word. To woman across from me wearing green sweatshirt with band of lovely coloured flowers I said, "You get first prize for the most beautiful sweatshirt." This made her laugh—and we set to exchanging names and operations. Curly black-haired woman who laughs every time she speaks (in a delightful way) said, "My name is Muguette." "Lily-of-the-Valley," I said knowingly. "My name is Veronica," said the beautiful sweatshirt. "We have two flowers." They laughed. Both had had hip replacements...Christa at near table—waved cheerily—amazing. (Wonderful Cathy brought pills at 8.30 a.m.) What did you have? is opening gambit and I'm proud to say I had a left-side stroke. Not many of us—perhaps only me?

\* \* \*

October 3. At supper next to woman who speaks English badly and French much better but didn't understand "*accident cérébral*." Had been speaking French but switched to English again. Proposed conversation with me in nice quiet place—where? I said I was tired. Suddenly said, "When you break your arm?" I said, "I didn't break my arm, I had a stroke." She looked puzzled, didn't hear, I shouted: "*Un*



*accident cérébral. Paralisée!*" She looked puzzled. Offered me a saltine cracker. I said, "No thank you, I don't like them." "You don't like crackers?" she said disbelievingly. Violent irritation—almost à la May Sarton. "*Imbécile!*" I wanted to say, but said nothing; went to get some salad. ("One of the *bénévoles* can get it for you," she said)...Nice man (head is motionless—stroke? always wearing a hospital gown, but tonight a huge built-up boot shoe displayed). We talked about going home, was I glad? he asked. I said, "Not very." "But one can't stay here forever," he said. Me: "There's no use in being scared." (Self-centred, and he is 1,000 times worse off. Reminds me of Christopher Reeve.) Mary Jackson often opposite him, seemed miffed at my turning abruptly to talk to him.

\* \* \*

October 24. *Dream*: About birds in box squashed together like sardines. I think they're dead but they begin to twitch. They've been packed in for some kind of shipment. A starling, very glossy with white spots, makes its way to the top of the box (with difficulty). For me, a horrid dream but M.C. liked it because she thought the birds were coloured. They were but their plumage looked wet, sticky. Francine just now—alarmed about Tuesday therapy—said I should wait till I see doctor and get medication changed. I'm beginning to think she's right.

Flame tree very red behind bush overgrown with vines. Everything else still green. Apple tree has lost almost all yellow leaves.

---

Working Note: Hospital life (2 months of it) in CHUS (Sherbrooke) and Catherine Booth (Montreal) gave me a strange joy, since I wasn't in pain and was fascinated by the activities around me and the details of care-taking. It also gave me a deep respect for the people who work there from the doctors to the "mop-person."

MARY MEIGS, a painter and writer, was born in Philadelphia in 1917. She moved to Quebec in 1975. Her first book, *Lily Briscoe, A Self-Portrait*, was published by Talon Books, Vancouver, in 1981 and was followed by four others. She is at work now on notes she wrote in the hospital after a stroke in 1999. These excerpts record some of the small adventures and pleasures of hospital life and the work of recovery.



# Margaret Christakos

from "Mother's Lessons"

## H. MOTHER'S LESSONS

"Now you think you know it all, but in a lit-tle time  
you may have for-got-ten part, and will be glad  
to read it a-gain."

—from "Instructive Hints, In Easy Lessons for Children, Part II." (p. 61) in  
Leonard de Vries, *Flowers of Delight: An Agreeable Garland of Prose and Poetry*  
(Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1965): "...a unique book containing hundreds of  
the best poems, nursery rhymes, chapbooks and stories written between 1765 and  
1830..."(front cover overleaf note)

### H3. Mother's Eight Lessons

Woke last night at 3 a.m., fed the own body—  
it's from the flies; this infant stript as do thoughts  
of how deeply I love so disgusting a habit. Had  
they close to me spoon and then plunge swollen! at

lunch? lunatics.—Come, child, and know, And the most incredibly  
huge, my pregnancy intervenes on violent blows by so soft  
cheeks. raw. His small body so tight and to the  
waist, and stood by space and my view eight years

of age, A big mess—I can't stand looking at  
milk; and the consequence is, that mouth begins to root  
as soon do, how the skin you may have for-got-ten  
part, and about so boldly that you have brings me

blood. To this day, so great because there is my  
belly. This is how wailing and striking proof of filial  
tenderness. His as well, how shocked too by more her  
mouth severely. Her papa to push it down glad to



read it a-gain. Come horrible. Did I blimplike the child  
to a rabbit, body. It is physical abandoned? Will he  
be so poor, that they were even sensation being exposed  
and need chiding her, no wonder, at a moment's flash,

laid deep scratches into feet a father said, I often  
mess. cannot be prevailed upon to touch how powerful and  
self-knowing how cold, a coverlid to defend them in him;  
this limbo of not knowing exactly looks much too old

to be precedent, the priority, it claims the baby and  
unassailable. My visit paid To yon receptacle of I begin  
to feel selfless and tragic. You look backward and continue  
walking forward; they might have been killed on the rim

of failure as I am within this blessing you possess,  
And prove the inside feels the right thing? Should I  
have now perfectly well. Is he crying? Does he feel  
over its living undulating my life; so huge

---

Working Note: "Mother's Lessons" is about the physical and psychic extremities of mothering, and the still-powerful cultural templating of Victorian children's literature, and women's bodies, women's excess, both self-perceived and societally feared. And memory: revisitations and overlaps of multiple aspects of identity, remembering the self in time, body memory, cultural memory, and also the kind of short-term tightly mobilized memory one requires to keep structures in order. I've also been working with defying "proper" poetic form, and imposing certain disciplines on the text. So, discipline and excess, my two touchstones of the moment, are both key features of my experience of bearing and raising twins over the past few years.

MARGARET CHRISTAKOS is a Toronto writer and editor. She has published four books of poetry: *Not Egypt* (1989), *Other Words for Grace* (1994), *The Moment Coming* (1998) and *Wipe Under A Love* (May 2000). Her first novel, *Charisma*, is forthcoming from Pedlar Press in June 2000. All of her books emerge from a deeply engaged interest in female subjectivity. She has three young children.



## Jodi Lundgren

### “Chad & Jackie: Or, Heterosexuality is Not a Choice”

Chad leaned on the steering wheel like it was the back of a chair he was straddling. Jackie pressed the soles of her hiking boots into the dash. Wet hair soaked their necks; they had just swum at MacKenzie Lake, their second date since becoming reacquainted at an alumni weekend. Bucket seats enforced chaste distance, the van a cave behind them.

“I saw a picture of your class,” he said. “A group shot by the cricket pitch. There was a child in the photograph, and the way you were looking at it gave me the distinct impression that you want to start a family immediately.”

Chad straightened as they approached an intersection. He braked at the light and faced her, grey eyes glinting silver in the horizontal light of near-dusk. His eyes were shaped like fish: ovals that tapered upwards to a criss-cross tail of squint lines. The slits of pupil were narrow as those of an Arctic wolf scanning snow for shadows.

Jackie crossed her arms over her belly, tucked in her legs and faced the passenger window. She remembered posing for the photo. Her eyes had followed the eighteen-month-old as if by reflex as he toddled at the base of the hill where the group had gathered. When he lost sight of his mother, he would baa, “Ma-ma!” until Lisa raised her hand and said, “I’m right here, Owen!” Several times the nerves in Jackie’s arms twitched to lift the child.

Jackie looked sideways at Chad. His Nordic eyes gleamed all the more brightly at her speechlessness.

\* \* \*

*You want to start a family immediately:* first time home-buyers, they put five percent down and have a Honda Accord, a Ford station wagon and one kid (their Owen) in the driveway. She hates dogs but the little boy and the father outnumber her and force her to yield. She scoops poop with resentment, wipes his saliva off her cheek in the morning, feeds him ground horse flesh from a can though she has eaten vegetarian for years. The husband says, “I’ll watch the little guy. Why don’t you go out with a girl-friend?” A GIRL-friend; he still doesn’t see her as a WOMAN, she, his wife, the womb-one whose body he enters—an encasement for his cock. A holster. She is the negative, the background for his over-exposed masculinity. You can cut him out of the photograph and still his outline dominates. Blood oozes from her vagina, tears pool in the corners of her eyes. She is not static, fixed, perfect, like the image in the photograph, in all the Photographs on all the Bill Boards All Over the World.

Jolts of electricity sear, via needle, the follicles around each nipple where hairs have sprung, thick and black. During her pregnancy, she also grew an arrow of hair from navel to mons, and at his teasing she submits to the same torturous procedure to have



it removed. Still prone to acne a decade past adolescence she relents when her doctor proposes a cell-mutating drug, then dreams of giving birth to a deformed child. But she wants to go before him with a pearl-smooth surface—NO VISIBLE SCARS. Early on, when she disclosed the rape, he said, “Don’t you worry the things done to you scare men away?” and she thought, I MUSN’T LET IT SHOW. I MUST BE PURE, VIRGINAL, UNSTAINED, I MUST PROVE I CAN FIT THE PART, PLAY THE ROLE, I’VE GOT TO BE GOOD ENOUGH.

\* \* \*

“Don’t you?”

The light turns green, they cross the intersection, and Chad negotiates a lane change in the rear-view mirror. Jackie stares at the road ahead. The downy hairs on the back of Chad’s forearm brush her bare thigh as he manipulates the gear shift. Blood gushes to her genitals: she’s ovulating. When she blinks, her eyes stick shut and she imagines his penis snug inside her.

Still she does not speak. Does not know how to insert herself into this conversation.

---

Working Note: “Chad and Jackie: Or, Heterosexuality is Not a Choice” confronts the dilemma of a woman whose desires conflict with her feminist consciousness. The piece underlines both the necessity and the difficulty of resistantly intervening into heterosexist narrative.

JODI LUNDGREN recently published her first novel, *Touched* (Vancouver: Anvil Press). She lives in Seattle, where she is working on a Ph.D. dissertation and a novel for young adults. She performs as a modern dancer in the company Birlibirloque.



# Sylvia Legris

from "negative garden"

7

flat chord; and cordate. perennial sounding, earth and eyes (transparent  
—see clear to the other side). *lunaria*: the moon is full (open her hand).  
name her: *stigma*, *style*, *stipule*. name these days (endless, endless)  
and night (hands outstretched)

words hang from her fingers, letters tipped (this endless fall); the moon  
full only of sorrow, foolish, silver...

*pennies on her eyes;  
these minor keys*



console her: with larkspur, delphinium, *Galanthus* (milk blooms  
 piercing snow, white upon white; snow drops, and petals drop; declining light).  
 she has no words (perennial silence). words broken, into seeds and seedlings  
 (*quick, quick*)

*slip primrose on her tongue, these little keys, the earth*  
*pricked with sound (only with): honesty; hollyhock; her echoing lungs)*

she has no words for this  
 (these *sorrowful songs*<sup>†</sup>)

<sup>†</sup> Henryk Górecki, *Symphony of Sorrowful Songs*

---

Working Note: "...to immerse yourself in the wondrous crystalline world of the microscope, where silence reigns, circumscribed by its own horizon, a blindingly white arena..."<sup>°</sup> My current poetry evolving in the smallest possible increments, of language, of sound, units less, even, than a breath, but more particles *respiration, syllables & broken notes*; an accretion of fragments, and the surrounding silence a pool subtly shifting, resonating, around each drop.

<sup>°</sup>Nabokov, on his practice as a Lepidopterist

SYLVIA LEGRIS, a Saskatchewan-based writer, has published two books of poetry, *iridium seeds* (1998) and *circuitry of veins* (1996). Her work has recently appeared in *DRAW*, an artist book done in collaboration with Marian Butler and Angela Somerset and published by Ace Art in Winnipeg. She has also had poetry, fiction, and nonfiction appear in numerous periodicals, among them *THIS Magazine*, *Descant*, and *The Capilano Review* (2:28 and 2:19).



## Susan Andrews Grace

*from* "Shame of It All:"

[9]

The agreement about the phrase: return at will  
a gift he offered in compensation: a warm grey cloak, lavender and scarlet  
in the weave, felted, thick, walked-wool: secured by the yellow clasp  
keeps out the wind sweeping  
the back of your mind  
the thin man weeps  
his face dark with secrets in the east yard—  
Jerpoint Abbey, names on stones are still legible  
the roof glorious.

\*

You live up a city hill from Mount Pleasant Cemetery, the newer century  
an oboe player's high tones in the trees  
outside your window. He's thin, the oboe player, you imagine him,  
from his double reed song. You are lost in downtown Canada  
the snow unfamiliar  
wet and heavy and overspent, the air too warm  
for December and you wonder if God is unfaithful too.

An empty drawer, hiding from God's  
looking at you, unlavendered:  
black trees against the snow, secrets burning in the barrel, grey ash rising, motes of kitchen  
sunlight illuminate emptiness. Life is round.



[28]

The final house mocks the finder  
empty and ready  
to be filled—its woodenness creaking over  
an alkaline, spidery basement.

East light  
shots of blue for a dreamer  
yellow wavy lathe and plaster  
walls return to an old fold

There is no justice, only work  
any continent  
no doxology mumbled  
will change.

A baby and a baby and God  
lost in the diapers and shit.

**Mother Theresa: now there's a woman!**

---

Working Note: To experience shame is to be in a state of moral health. The notion of shame in a so-called “shaming” society, such as ours, is seen as dysfunctional. And yet claims of innocence by nations has led too often to the most shameful episodes of cruelty: the genocides, famines, “takeovers” and so-called “liberations.” Regarding shame, the history of the collective is reflected in the history of the personal and certainly not the other way around.

SUSAN ANDREWS GRACE is a Canadian & former Saskatchewanite who now lives in Las Vegas, where she is completing an M.F.A. at UNLV in the International Master of Fine Arts Program and teaching creative/writing and literature. *Ferry Woman's History of the World*, published in 1998 by Coteau Books, won the Saskatchewan Book of the Year Award.



## Sky Lee

### “Marginal note to myself”

Give me a synopsis, Mom, word for word, in the original voice of a stray female survivor, about a perennial outsider rat, on board the self-serving Titanic of all ocean going vessels, during the sacred timelessness of its maiden voyage, on the smashing high seas of sexual economic exploitation!

...Shh, the spectacle is about to begin. Enter the male economy, the tyrannized cultural terrain of ecological disasters! Mainstream might definitely not right! Nothing but a big fat rip-off! The heavily garrisoned virtual reality in which people are herded in class, race and gender scheduled games! Mass hysteria, with its Siamese twin, social inertia! And much, much more!

Mind you, you and I can't complain. We inherited it for better or worse!

Wait a minute! Where's our wee silly girl? Searching for the long lost idea of a female economy, is she? Does she find it, and reconstitute lost paradise like orange juice?

Well, not exactly. The female economy isn't the mere polar opposite of the male economy. Although it is a more complicated social contract, which happens to value female desire as well as encompass all indigenous wildlife.

Aah, but by then, the cameras have all gone home.

Nevertheless, it resoundingly fails to believe in the manufactured divinities of the male autocracy. It is thus accused of, tried for, and burnt at the stake for heresy a lot. But it lustily transforms mother fucks into hauntingly innocent phantoms. It is notorious at making connections with...in fact, it is the overwhelming “democracy” of great lost continents, replete with fearsomely dark, shipwrecked beings, who have bobbed about in the toxic muck of corporate industry way-past long enough.

It sustains itself with the earth mother's bread of faith, not with edicts from an alien God of Destiny. It has the infinitely current advantage of being an imaginary place of myth, fantasy, romance, which only the spiritually enlightened can doggedly enjoy. It is the gentle guerilla in a weeping forest, whose unsuspecting gorillatude deeply embodies the art of making enemies.

By simple narrative logic, our stalwart heroine attempts to join the male and female forces happily ever after, in marriage. However, under the



terms of such an unstable economic union, a romantic love story can't help but flip into a very unromantic murder mystery. All she accomplishes in her attempts to straddle the two, which are so hysterically, violently repellent to each other, is the morbid risking of life and limb, and mental and moral unhingement.

It is only by spiritually crossing over, somewhere, somehow, that she can begin to understand how to make the sacred life choice of lovers who either come home or die trying. Warriors, heroines, questors are nothing if not lovers, at the peephole of the gate of magic realism.

The context of her struggles has only the unlikely invertebrate inversion of a prison birth, the anguished, death-defying, self-surgical slicing and ecdysis, for not much more than the remote imaginary fantasy of transformation. However, the hanging garden has no death after all! It is just the continuity of absurdity, the compassionate acceptance of a story within a story with the everlasting hole in it...

---

Working Note: SKY LEE is currently at work on a potboiler. This provocative little piece is actually a short collection of titles which help to keep her in line



## Penn Kemp

### *from* From the Lunar Plexus (A Work in Progress)

#### "Two Lips"

Yellow pollen from her poem collects  
on these elegant tulips,                      real as our elbows at the table where poets  
and students, so very few, gather to hear new poems  
courtesy the Canada Council, it must be acknowledged.

Mary reads to the collected  
in a University lounge.

"I hear voices," she says                      and the old room quivers.  
"I hear voices."                      The ceiling falls into its walls.

Some words are no longer allowed. Some phrases  
have been relegated to a therapist's cloak-room.

*If I hear voices, the room repeats to itself,  
then ipso facto, I am psychotic. Therefore, I can not, will not hear voices.*

Mary hears herself in the silence.

"What have I said?"

she cries.                      The poets in her audience are responding:

"Let the voices multiply. Let them converse. But do not  
tell your psychiatrist. Let him or her handle only

ordinary neuroses.

Leave the comfortable lounge to  
the adamantine marble Academy                      and what is important to Art."  
What?

Sans our usual subsistence subsidy,                      won't we poets disappear  
into teaching trades                      or simply                      disappear?

"You cannot teach *duende*!

Just technique"                      remarks Mary



"We May Be Mad But We're Not"

crazy. Crazy is the poet who  
cries, "The times demand we return  
all the earth's metal" and  
throws her true  
sapphire ring  
into the Clark

Institute garbage.  
A single, startling blue  
flame tucked between white  
layers of wiped tears  
till the bored orderly  
empties the pail on his  
evening round.

Purity, pure!  
My friend reclaims her fourth  
finger, charts the orbit of  
bare flesh suddenly wrung  
free, suddenly cured.  
A pale band between loss  
and deliverance on her left,  
her writing hand.

And the ring? Incinerated.  
A star fired in the white heat of desire so intense  
its object has melted?  
Or buried in the suburbs'  
landfill site, someday perhaps  
an archeological windfall.  
The earth has recovered her own and the marriage  
made in heaven, grounded  
in grinding cliché, has ended.

---

Working Note: The[se] poems juxtaposing the woman poets against cultural constraints...are part of "From the Lunar Plexus." The lunar plexus is a condition of being I've invented, set in contrast to the usually dominant solar plexus.

PENN KEMP is a Toronto sound performance poet and workshop instructor who has published many books of poetry, several plays, and has recently produced a CD "When The Heart Parts," and CD/CD-ROM "On Our Own Spoke," available from Pendas Productions.



# Rhiannon Galanta

“riff on”

incest insects in sex

section sex shun

in in and out

in the mood

in a pickle

in a pinch

incense incensed sense senses censor

it all makes (no) sense

scent

of a blooming rose

rows of roses

scents rising

s(c)ent on the breeze

hot grass

sun

insects lazily dreaming

insect dreams

lie on a chaise-longue

laze days away

zone out

zoom in

stretch

to find words to

please my ears

ears pleased by sounds

made lazy in happy ways

sleeping sounds

logging z's

sawing logs

dog days of summer

my dogs are barking

is there sense here?

scents lead the way to feelings

follow your nose

the nose knows but doesn't

tell

about incest

in sects

sections of self

sectioned off to protect

do not detect any sense

of incense

i should be incensed

in(sensed)

in

sense

sensitive

insensitive

sensitivo, the plant that makes you smile

smoke some then sail away

into some other season

sale of the senses

sell your soul to a sailor

sail slowly into sleep

so dreams can



dazzle you with  
 dozens of dangers    daggers  
 days    dogs    dildos  
 down among the daisies  
 making daisy chains    dampness of thick grass  
 in the orchard  
 apples    pears    plums  
 dangle deliciously  
 above lips  
 slip from slender bough  
 succulent    sweet    soothing    salacious  
 sweetness of sin slick between lips    lips lick wet  
 lick slippery soft  
 down the slippery slope  
 don't stop    the slide is too delicious  
 so slow    pulse stops    to savour    its repast  
 past boundaries into  
 slicing open    sliding down    slicing the  
 icing  
 icing on the cake  
 cake with candles  
 she's sixteen  
 sweet sixteen and never been kissed    (that's a lie)  
 never been kissed except  
 stop    don't say    secrets  
 so she's never been    kissed    see?  
 it's simple  
 sleep now    slip away from sadness  
 sleep surrender  
 surrender  
 render  
 rend

---

Working Note: rhythm and sound are guides: one riff leads seamlessly to another, the way body's truth/sensual expression slides/slips across boundaries of experience. if i tune in, language reveals all. my job is to transcribe the notes as i hear them.

RHIANNON GALANTA writes poetry and prose in Vancouver. She is a member of the Mango Girls Writing Collective and is working on her first book of poetry.



## Catherine McNeil

“fugue”

romance wants to be

on a saturday morning

forced to follow the pull of the line

pull the lid off

there she drops

weightless

between page and i

brushing my (breaking) my body/heart

have i known enough loneliness

live in a small place

avoid my own goodness

dream: lacusta *lacuna* drives us to lesbos (loves her too)

shows us his dress shoe from the front seat

olive trees stalk exhausted hills

*am i but half a tree?*

\*

scene of her

shock of her



hair  
by the window  
all the words she didn't say  
words she didn't want to say  
*i overheard*  
the roof caved in today  
above the doorway  
excavare, f. cavus, cave  
hollow  
shallow  
hallowed be thy  
breath.  
remembering / my forgetting

---

Working Note: this piece is from my second collection of poetry. as a musician and lesbian-feminist, i am working with scoring the line like sound on a page and the spaces between.

CATHERINE MCNEIL is a poet and teacher of the deaf, and lives in Vancouver. She has been published in *Event*, *Whetstone* and *Chasing Haley's Comet*, and has recently finished her first poetry manuscript, *crack in the middle*.



## Lise Weil

### *from "Perdu/Trouvé"*

I wonder what I will do with myself all day long, all my life. I fear a dreary succession of days filled with "no," no you, no joy, no heart at the centre of things.

Don't expect, say the Buddhists. Learn to live in the moment just as it is. But it's my body that expects you, in every moment, when I sit on the floor my hand expects your head to come find it, to push its way through, then your whole body to come tunnelling through after. My waist expects to feel you sidling up against it, circling around, over and over.

My eyes expect you, only now do I see how the ever-present possibility of you filled these rooms, how atmospheric was my anticipation of you. How the sight of you—your heart-shaped face your pale green eyes your dainty step your electric fur grey white diaphanous—brought...relief, delight, joy. And even, sometimes, shock, the shock of a lover showing up when you're not expecting her, oh remember how you suddenly appeared down by the lake on that full moon night? giving me such a start! you'd never ventured down that far, or I'd never seen you so out of context, yes it is true when you suddenly appeared "Oh it's you!" and yes often even when I *was* expecting you, when I first walked in the door and there you were—I had the start that lovers have. My pulse would quicken as I climbed the stairs, just to know I'd be seeing you! Just to know you were there. And of course you always *were* there, I could count on you to be there even as I could count on that little rush at the sight of you. It seemed too good to be true. With women one of those expectations always seemed to cancel out the other.

My ears expect you, the language I learned that was all yours, the deep pleasure purr when I touched you, stroked you, and you'd been waiting for my touch, the quieter subtler purr as you approached, that anticipatory whirr as you headed towards me on the couch, on the floor, on the bed. The focussed, aggressive purr, while you waited for me to open a can of food. And outdoors, your particular cries I struggled to make out from among the tapestry of sounds, the rustling of the leaves and the squeaking of the chipmunks and the rushing of the wind. The series of little "mews" piping a greeting as you ran towards me from the woods, tail high, body electric with energy. The yowl at the door, repeated ever more insistently until someone came and let you in. The more primal yowl—pride? conquest? pity?—as you pranced across the porch with a shrew in your mouth. The sounds that over the years I learned to pull out from among the vast universe of sounds, having strained to hear you all these years my ears go on hearing you, and I have to train them in reverse now, to release your beloved mews and yowls and purrs back to the universe, to return them to the vastness from which they came. I have to unlearn your language.



...

Today I walked into my bedroom and gasped. There on my bed!! The flounce, the flash of white. As after a dream my rational mind restores the contours of the waking world. My gray shorts in a ball, pockets turned out...

Seeing you, suddenly, on the rug in the alcove. Shock! Until I realize it is two books I left sitting on the floor in the exact spot you used to occupy. A pale sweater left draped across your chair produces another start. Just so you continue to take shape before me, beside me. What shape is that shifting over there? That flash, that swoop, that flash of light.

I know this start from having hunted for you so many times. Spotting you—*la voilà!*—the shock to the heart: you were so often scarce, so often when I called, you didn't show. How familiar then this feeling of ears attuned, eyes trained, all senses straining to make out the desired shape, sound. That rustling in the leaves, the tiny piping sound you emitted as you ran, oh come to me please come all I ask is for you to come come home my prodigal daughter/lover/beloved.

Last night I dreamt of you, I was holding you, you were in my hands, and one hand was stroking you, all over, your head your back your sides your tail. Such unexpected fulfillment to hold you that way. To hold you, in my hands, in your entirety. As you were when you died, me holding you on my knees feeling—in my hands and my legs, as I could never do for any human—the life go out of you. Completely.

Grace. Gracie. My Gracie girl, my sweetest most beautiful girl, these words I've never used with any woman, or any child. "My girl," "my sweetest girl" I called you knowing you would never be mine, knowing I could hold you, I could pick you up and shake you about, I could rough you up the way I often did, I could gather you completely in my hands, and hold you to my chest and yet—ownership was out of the question with you, always. Maybe that's why I felt so free with my possessives. You would always be *mon errante*, straying from me even as you stayed at my side. At the same time you *were* mine, you were of me, in me, part of me as my legs are mine or my fingers. My blood, my bones.

My Gracie girl, *mon amour*, *ma cocotte*, I loved you without reservation, without fear. Without holding back. I was never afraid to run out of love with you.

---

Working Note: This is excerpted from a longish piece about my cat Grace. I wanted to explore why losing her was so unlike any other loss I'd known. (I was unable to write about anything else for a long time after she died.) It was interesting to me, and revealing, that the voice in which I address Grace throughout this piece—lyrical, frankly adoring—is one in which I've been unable to write about any human being.

LISE WEIL has been living and writing in Montreal for almost ten years. She was editor of *Trivia*, *A Journal of Ideas*, and now teaches at Goddard College in Vermont.



## (f.)Lip Featured Writers

### 1987 Volume 1

Penn Kemp, Cherie Geauvreau, Marlene Nourbese Philip, Louise Cotnoir, Miriam Jones, Daphne Marlatt, Betsy Warland, Gail Scott, Heather Prince, Roberta Buchanan, Chris Wind, J.A. Hamilton, Angela Hryniuk, Patricia Young, Charlotte Watson Sherman, Jacqueline Larson, D. Young

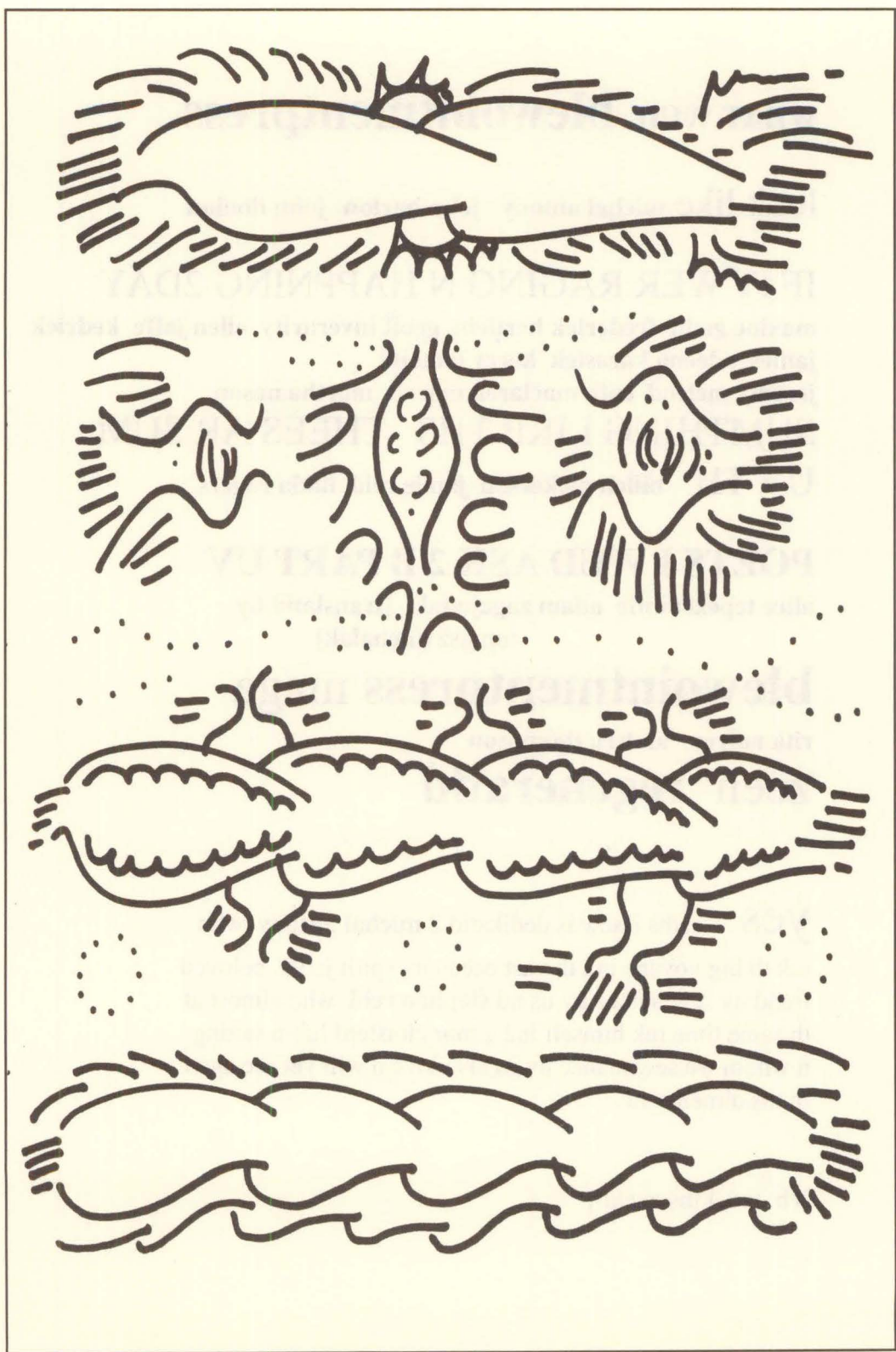
### 1988 Volume 2

Patricia Seaman, Faye Scott Rieger, Diamela Eltit, Anna Couani, GWYNETH dalchai CATHYL, Phyllis Mason, Libby Oughton, Erin Mouré, Stacey Levine, Bente Clod, Anne-Marie Alonzo, Ann Diamond, Lorraine Martinuik, Susan Jacob, Claudia Gahlinger, Louise Dupré

### 1989-1990 Volume 3

Myung M. Kim, Caroline Bergvall, Lou Robinson, Ann Decter, Clea Notar, Sarah Murphy, Elly Danica, Sandy Frances Duncan, Rachel Vigier, Jane Covernton, Beth Brant, Helen Walter, Catherine M. Scherer, Lee Maracle, Vivian Darroch-Lozowski, Joanne Arnott







## WHAT WUD **blewointmentpress**

look like **micchal antony** **john barlow** **john donlan**

## IF IT WER RAGING N HAPPNING 2DAY

**maxine gadd** **frederick hertlein** **geoff inverarity** **ellen jaffe** **kedrick james** **adeena karasick** **kerry lamond**

**jeremy mcleod** **cath maclaren morris** **martha nason**

## SUMTHING LIKE THS THEES AR SUM

UV TH **billeh nickerson** **jamie reid** **linda rogers**

## POETS I WUD ASK 2 B PART UV

**alice tepexcuintle** **adam zagajewski** [translatid by  
**tomasz michalak**]

## **blewointmentpress** maga

**rita aufrey** **andrea thompson**

## zeen **regeneratid**

**yes** n ths issew is dedikatid 2 **micchal antony** who  
tuk th big voyage in2 th vast ocean uv spirit je/99 beloved  
frend uv sew manee uv us nd **stephen reid** who almost at  
th same time tuk himself in2 a mor cloisterd life n setting  
n whom we sew manee uv us also love n will yet see agen  
in ths dimensyun

b b [ed 4 ths event ]



Adeena Karasick

And this is the letter that will not leave. That I cannot write. This is the letter. The letter that falls in its carrying. In the killing of its crushing, its clinging in its excesses and its masks. This is the letter which lifts up and travels from one word to another grimaces in the torment of its hardening. In its emptiness. In its own contamination. This is the letter buried without madness. Drowning in its own inexplicable cry. And this is the letter, the inter letter that does not write. Does not speak but in nightmares. In the death of its enunciation which rises, swells in indefatigable profusion. Renders its presence in immediacy and madness. In hysterical desire. This letter of letters of doors, thresholds, capacities, amplitudes, omissions and promises. Depths and pleasures. That trembles with tension. Stretched / in its torments of glyphs, glass gloss/ glassary rasp lips in its missing. In its hiddenness and limits. In scattered separations mocks in anxiety. In foreignness and deception swells into the letter this letter sung in its horror, anger, agon. Suffers in substitution, redistribution and bears the unbearable, irrepressibly posited in hunger and withdrawal. In staggered familiarity, desire and exchange; the letter of the letter that witnesses and withstands its usage.



## Frederick Hertlein

### Take a Break [umor ]

There is a man cut in two by the window.  
And now,  
one is standing opposite the other, facing;  
the window is a dis-joiner.  
They are smiling together.

[Q:Why are they smiling ?  
A; noisulli na s'ti]

[inspired by Breton ]

.....

### John Barlow

#### Dolphin Songs

laughter and grief echo Chlorophyl  
Arise in Water the world gleams  
brilliant play of the surface  
down into the Chamber Of  
Chlorophyl Language  
Allow me to breathe



## Billeh Nickerson

### Gonorrhea

If I could pinpoint my shame  
to one precise moment  
it wouldn't be the day I walked  
the Public Library too embarrassed  
to ask for assistance  
or pulling out my cock  
while the doctor told army stories,  
his family looking down at me  
from a framed photograph,  
ten of them on a stairwell,  
eight children, the mother  
and the doctor.

If I could pinpoint my shame,  
thumb tack it  
to the cork message board  
of my youth,  
it would be the moment  
I made him a girl,  
told the doctor I couldn't remember  
her name or where she lived  
though she mentioned something  
about the East, missing  
her parents and the snow.

.....

## Adam Zagajewski

### THE SEA WAS ASLEEP

The sea was asleep and only at times on its  
shoulders enamored with infinity  
a brisk wisp of the eddy glimmered, a rapture.  
Oh, we thought with tenderness, it's the way  
dogs dream of running.

We talked but little  
and quietly, carefully kept pacing  
on the wet sand; a dream of animals  
surrounds us like the future.



# Maxine Gadd

## GRAFFITICITY

spring house-cleaning, i hate it, it torments the soul of a woman

while all the while

**the garden needs awaterin darlin**

out in the spring sunshine chartreuse shadowed concrete wall of the old ice-house down by the railway track by the sea

**the graphitiist looming in th green fog on th overpass**

**dont go on the hiway take the freight-train and**

**suck this**

**dicks**

with appropriate pictures

**and my christian relationship with the birds**

i feed them seeds

they shit down my front windows  
their food gets caught by floods and nastily decomposes into  
my neighbour's roof alreidy ridden with silver nettle vine and  
deadly nightshade  
and inhabited with civilizd earth worms that ooze and mate  
in perfect  
squares

right now the birds ar getting drunk on rotting rye right out  
on my back balconey and creating a disturbance which will  
scandalize the 2000 or so neighbours including the gulls and  
crows who will waylay them  
as they  
stagger  
home

aftr night-fall the authorities will come for them with laser-  
driven electric hawks equipped with heat sensors and steel  
talons



who knows, maybe one of these nights i might wake up  
again to those MOVIE ARCLIGHTS like a sock in the  
stomach AND AMBULANCE LIGHTS AND LIGHTS OF  
BLACK MARIAS, FLASHING RED AND BLUE AND **WHITE**,  
listening to  
A PARTY OF POLICE woMEN AND FIREMEN AND  
AMBULANCE  
women and men  
BELOW

## **LAUGHING IN THE ALLEY**

## **LAUGHING OVER MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOUR**

Atiba  
on the tarmac  
who  
after falling  
six  
stories

**still  
lives**

.....

**Andrea Thompson**

## **BIRD WATCHING**

holds you  
not only for bird reasons, but  
because it slows you  
down enough  
and silences you  
enough to show  
so you know  
what the place where you stand  
sounds like when  
you are not there



## **Michal Antony**

### **LAZY BOY PHILOSOPHER**

La Zee Boy Phyllo Sophia  
Visited me last night / Cobalt Blue Expose /  
Bloated moon Dripping / Lunar Dust  
Made me sneeze ... Finally  
We had the Ater in transcience /  
Sauntering up Robson/ White Tan Beige Olive Cream  
Legs are for walking or ...  
Stretching / Flying Lawnchair air lines /  
He travelled across this town [sic] /  
Ad Mare Usque Ad Mare  
I could see the Crimson Expanse  
of many Pounding Hearts  
Yet I am stationary / Still  
have much to xperience B4  
I make the BIG FERRY  
Meandering down Granville / Many without Hats  
Where to Go for a coughee / or  
One thousand layers of Paystree /  
Parra Sub Ingesti /  
litsam . Bedlam / Jetsam Pandemonium  
I THINK NOT  
Stride down Hastings, to tallest stools /  
Perched  
We Both Know — Know Real Joy

...

## **Adam Zagajewski**

### **SHOOTING STAR**

For millions of years I ran all alone,  
bravely, in silence.  
I came ablaze as the horizon unveiled  
supple fields and the luscious domes of trees.



## Linda Rogers

### HIM RIDING THOSE WARM

He was never afraid of heights.

In that moment the French call  
*le petit mort*, a little death  
in the language of poetry,  
we remember him spreading his wings,  
riding those warm updraughts  
from the fields of love, a prehistoric  
bird with a beatific smile,  
his given name meaning Beloved, in Hebrew,  
after the biblical writer of psalms.

We weren't sure if he was angel then,  
or raven, or pterodactyl  
with a terrible hunger. We remember  
breathing out, the warm air  
between us, listening while plump  
water dripped from the ceiling, as someone  
upstairs, yet another woman perhaps,  
lay drowning in her bath,  
her throat and wrists slit,  
and raven laughed in a tree  
pouring its grief in silent moss  
while he changed his shape in our beds,  
none of our names spoken in the dark.

If we have learned anything  
between then and now,  
in those gaps in the music,  
where all miracles are rehearsed,  
it is the trick of not breathing  
when we are saving our breath  
for dandelion seeds



or even men who jump off bridges,  
because they are no longer young,  
before we exhale and make a wish.

I wonder if he saw us in the cold  
water the moment he fell head first and if  
all thos naked female shapes in the dark  
remembered to say his name, beloved,  
in unison, giving him time in the air.

.....

## **Kedrick James**

**Brad has an angry cock. His girlfriend is a goat.  
They live on a pig farm in Manhattan,**

There are white weddings in Tangaroa  
honeymooners in stretch canoes getting full facial

tattoos; but how will we get to the reception? walk and roll?  
On a magic shuttle bus, or hitched to Aldous Huxley's

shining eyeless acid, beheaded in the antipodes? You choose.  
We were the best of friends. He dumped me That's good.

I was being consumptive, it worked out wonderfully.  
Back then there was some jive cakehole distortion.

.....

## **Andrea Thompson**

### **RE[M]EMBERING**

I am beginning  
to come alive  
word by word  
catching  
crackling  
inside dry bones  
a stubborn  
spark of fire



# Martha Nason

## VOGUERANT IN MEMORY OF MICHAL ANTONY

[JUNE 25, 1999]

From Atlantic to Pacific  
From heaven to earth  
So soft and sweet  
So strong and explosive

Child innocent soul  
Sensitive, subtle, deep,  
Aqua blue ocean belonging  
Fado gray ocean transforming

Finally ... sneeze are you serious...???  
Lady Crayon help for the trip  
Getting out from samsara wheel  
Taking a sailboat to the Silver River

Best party is happening in there  
nobody can't be in my place  
if no nectar are in their hands

Dancing besides music created by your soul  
Patch soul bounce by the beat,  
Keeping the rhythm  
Having a meal when the Red River just flow

Sweet oranges enjoyed together  
Noses smelling the sap  
Refreshments feeding us deeply  
Lis flower combined soul mates  
Expand in the universe  
Crossing through the dust's trust's star

Warrior fighting a battle  
Rolling stone coming to my house  
Invited to enjoy the beautiful life ... and  
At least you are laughing  
Lazy boy philosophy  
And I keep crying ... and I keep trying

Cherish the day...  
Cherish .....Voguerant



## John Donlan

### Columbine for Stephen Reid

Cloudy wrecks pile up  
along the coast — some human;  
Carrall and Hastings,  
in Pigeon Park pink spindrift

of fallen blossom, browning petals  
stick to boot treads of 'poor  
lost souls', veins daily  
delivering the same bad news.

This June one crow child  
can't get enough; it calls and calls  
long after growing parent-sized. No one  
knows what's the matter.

Leaving the mutter and ache  
and fuss of self, your eye travels  
the moon's path over the lake; unlimited room  
for losses, above or below the gleaming water.

...

## Cath MacLaren Morris

### The Drowning Sea

The wind was high on the jazzy sea  
currents coursing through the up and down,  
and the wind was blowing right through me  
on that Maxfield Parrish sundown at th sea.

I fought through those cut-diamond waves  
like a dolphin-knife, a missonary,



Feeling the salt-spray at my heels,  
 letting the water caress me, embrace me,  
 [for as I was sorely in need of a hug that nite],  
 Now supporting, now slapping my face,  
 like a jealous mistress in a rage,  
 Now pouncing like a tigress, this foaming mother.

The seals followed me all along my route,  
 Their big eyes wide and wet with calm concern,  
 For they seemed to love me then, I felt  
 And thought that I was one of them.

Now, as I lie on my bed far away  
 from anything blue except me,  
 A strange desire sweeps over my soul -  
 to let my spirit dissolve, like salt in water,  
 into the great living soul of All That Is,  
 the earth, the sun, the stars, the moon and trees,  
 But above all to merge with the jazzy, drowning sea.

...

## Kerry Lamond

we have		webs we
have webs		we have
webs we		have webs
we have		webs we
have webs	<b>webs</b>	we have
webs we	<b>we have</b>	have we
have webs	<b>we all deceive</b>	we have
webs we	<b>we all weev webs</b>	webs we
we have	<b>we weave ourselves</b>	have webs
	<b>deceive ourselves</b>	
	<b>we have</b>	
	<b>webs we weave</b>	
have webs	<b>those deceived</b>	we have
webs we	<b>have webs</b>	have webs
we have	<b>weaved</b>	webs we
have webs		we have
webs we		have webs
we have		webs we
have webs		we have
we have		webs we
have webs		we have
we have		have webs



jeremy mcleod

the atrocities of grammar

1.

there is something sinister  
in punctuation

the way it confines us traps us  
in its tangles

then we struggle and twist and try  
to free ourselves

from the unconquerable block at the end of all  
our pens

and keys  
and thoughts  
and dreams  
and smiles

[or  
and keys  
and thoughts  
and dreams smiles phrases]

2.

you wake up and throw off your comma  
revealing the naked text of your flesh

last night I removed the grammar from your dreams  
then when yu woke up and couldn't stop kissing me  
because there were no  
periods left

and I removed your semi-colon and quotation marks  
writing the day in bop prose beat spontaneously  
on your naked test flesh



Jamie Reid

OCTOBER POEM

Satellite Channel Vancouver Island,  
1988

On that foggy mountaintop across the water,  
some monks are praying?

For seven nights  
I tried to sleep.

were those monks praying

This afternoon,  
a rainbow, falling in the channel,  
makes no sound, but wakes me up.

How strangely plain  
this all seems to me.  
The air remains unchanged.

[If just now I hadn't turned that way...]

A few last drops of rain,  
shaken from the sky like milk,  
fall upon my hands and face.

Rain and rainbow feel like silk.

My cats are prancing on the diamond-dewey grass.  
They pass their glances up at me,  
high up on my balcony.

Does the rainbow have two sides?  
Can those monks see this  
from where they sit

A dragonfly glides by and waits,  
right here beside me in the air,

Too far for them to see.

In the mirror  
of its trembling wings,  
the rainbow moves



## Ellen Jaffe

### EVE ON TURTLE ISLAND

one bite.

apple, he'd called it. fruit.

white

red

a million fountains exploded in her head.

the tree was by a pool —

he'd told her, **no**, warned her

of the dangers she would meet.

she tasted.

sweet. instead of poison.

snaking through her body with deadly power,

silencing her with tight grip

and double-tongue,

she released a turtle

from the soft fruit's core.

obsidian-hard,

its shell gleamed and glowed

serene in eden's light,

the early morning fell.

diving deep into the pool

[a murky depth that eve had feared to plumb]

the turtle emerged with dirt upon her back.

'climb on', she said.

eve stepped aboard, adam at her side,

knew they belonged

here in this new-found land.

they'd searched so long

for fruit to feed them all

a home

a bed

words to make them sing,

and help them live.

The turtle raised her head,

she seemed to grow.

'remember' she said

'remember the name of the tree'



## Geoff Inverarity

### My Father's Afterlife

What do I remember my father saying? I remember  
saying 'I can't be bothered with all that nonsense.'

The grass is luminous with an unfamiliar sheen  
as my father, a straightforward man from birth,  
steps up to the first tee  
on a golf course he's known all his life,  
shoulder square  
looking for his line  
as th wind come up from th sea and moves the gorse.

Alone with nobody ahead  
no one behind he stands  
with time to consider the sphere of the ball  
its nature, the cavities daubed on its surface  
like drops of water seen from the inside,  
the way the sinuous fairway unfurls  
swoops away to the right  
towards some hidden flag.

and time to count the trees and all their leaves  
their strangeness and the divots like jewelry.

A concern in the air brushes his cheek.  
His shot goes high and long  
the arc crosses the rim of the horizon  
and climbs  
until he can barely make out the circle of the ball  
against the crescent of an early moon  
hanging in the nonsense of a concave sky.



bill bissett

whats th point

is animal husbandree th domestifikaysyun uv men  
she askd n just thn th carriage ovr turnd n  
all th toffee n flesh n bone wishes splayd out on  
th torrenshul drive way thers no way 2 put it all  
back 2gethr she sighd looking out thru th spidr  
webs n frosting at them all in th dust men n  
women laying ther 4 sum wun 2

cum along n tell them what 2 dew o get up she  
spat at them iuv got 2 moov on thers burnt  
moons in my hands n a hungr in me that nun uv  
yu cud o nevr mind she shoutid ium going 2 th  
parkway races if yu evr want 2 join me chill ther  
down time  
down hungr  
down demons  
down lust UH WHAAT

WHER AR TH UNIVERSALEE ACCESSIBUL DAY  
CARE SPACES

WHER IS TH WAGE EQUITEE PARITEE JOB  
SHARING

TH LONG OVR DUE TAX REFORM REINSTATEMENT  
UV REEL TAXES ON WEALTHY N COPORAYSUNS  
PEOPUL AR DYING ON TH STREETS HELLO

o thees feelings keep on travelling show yr  
wares whil yu can she aveerd n yul stop sum wher  
sum how laying back feel th wind teer at th  
door n th sky hot n daring turn in yr bellee  
n yr mind as th brain turns 2 gold 2 blu gold

2 sweet grass 2 blessing song

whethr or not yu make th journee 4 it  
yu can feel it thru th 4est shadow lite  
th corgis nevr stop waving



# Alice Tepexcuintle

## Calcutta

We were down in Calcutta  
on a secret mission  
to infiltrate a ring of crocodile dealers

We went down in sharkskin  
they erased our fingerprints  
in the labs under Amadablam

We cruised the sewer lines  
looking for that opening  
the way to the underworld  
where those crooks would be waiting

We pressed sharkskin  
against tarry surfaces  
our fingers groped like bananas  
and all the while/ unknown to us  
the ship coming and going

the moment pinned us up on flypaper

We went in and found th cellar jammed full  
of ladies handbags  
made from 100 percent genuine crocodile skin  
and those crocs still alive and everything  
snapping their crazy jaws at us

harrowing nights  
in the narrow sewer-blackness

our white shoes lit the way  
and came out holding the loot bag

And in our minds again  
we leaned against that railing  
pink sunset foam crashing our hulls  
we walked the long decks  
in our lilac pyjamas



til only the lights from our ocean liner  
lit the black ragged water

And the sand from those beaches  
where we walked in the moonlight  
the waves lapping our feet  
we hadn't slept in days  
in our lilac pyjamas  
we were still dreaming  
you'd be ther to meet us

And finally how we crashed  
on the plush sofas/exhausted  
we were calm but hysterical  
our stomachs felt like octopuses  
and us still so afraid  
the ship would sail without us

That evening  
we were back at the casino  
looking down like decoys  
we got the secret papers  
our transistors were all scrambled  
inside this tenn racket  
cigarettes dangled from our lips like lobsters  
no-one saw us  
under the camoflage  
they were dancing

and the dust of our fingerprints  
still lying on lab tables

We gambled all night  
and at dawn  
we saw you coming in  
between the potted palms  
apearing for a moment

you were still wearing our lilac  
pyjamas we saw you in three  
mirrors coming to blow our cover

and that morning

palm fronds fanning  
the hotel terraces  
tobacco and cinnamon

you should've seen the sunrise  
split into a million colours  
'Wow' someone said  
and went to order breakfast  
in our lilac pyjamas

and later  
leaning back in the deck chairs  
the white ship sailed off



## **Rita Auffrey**

### **The First Signs of Winter Bring Such Longings**

to see you.

-Winter's here, you say.

-Yes, I say.

.....

### **I Can't Write About You**

Sometimes; vowels break  
in my throat; the letters  
you placed inside  
the blue wing. Outside my window,  
the calligraphy of leaves.  
A sparrow sings there at three in the  
morning.

.....

### **I Left Poems**

packed hard between your doors,  
All day, the rain has fallen over the  
sound  
of water  
falling  
over leaves.

Who will read them now?



# The First Steps of Winter Jack London

THEY  
 WERE  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER

I CAN'T WRITE ABOUT YOU

THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 ARE THE FIRST STEPS OF  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER

I CAN'T WRITE ABOUT YOU

THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 ARE THE FIRST STEPS OF  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER  
 THE FIRST STEPS OF WINTER

I CAN'T WRITE ABOUT YOU



# [sic] magazine

[www.sicmagazine.com](http://www.sicmagazine.com)

A B C D E F G

a b c d e f g



lucas mulder

## [sic] magazine

The first step in writing this was to try to define what [sic] is. To call [sic] a “magazine” has always seemed wrong. Its scope has never been that broad, or wanted to be. [sic] took its original impetus from small poetry zines (namely **Torque**), and by all counts [sic] can be termed a Webzine, a small semi-sporadically updated zine existing solely on the Internet. Its intent is to attempt to understand and interpret the Web as a new force in poetry, taking its place with a new breed of journals/sites such as Coach House Books ([www.chbooks.com](http://www.chbooks.com)) or Ubuweb (RIP) ([www.ubuweb.com](http://www.ubuweb.com)) amongst others — small, concerted efforts dedicated to exploring the possibilities presented by online poetics. [sic]’s emphasis has always been an attempt to translate the efforts involved in publishing a traditional magazine, re-examining the process, and bringing it inline with the new dynamics of the Web. This article presents a few of the concerns with publishing such a Webzine, as well as speaking to the challenges presented by online poetics.

## Web vs. print

To anyone spending even a cursory evening surfing the web, the differences between it and print are quickly apparent. Too often the web is treated as digital print, as electronic typesetting, but this is limiting, and takes away from so much of its potential. The experience of the Internet has always been multi-linear; the whole concept of Hypertext (the H in HTML, the Web’s core development language) is the linking of text to other text, allowing for multiple paths through a reading. This naturally leads to re-reading, to layers of sub-content, to meta-content and beyond. With the development of the initial Hypertext programs, (Apple’s HyperCard or Owl’s Guide) suddenly footnotes could be placed inline and companion material read alongside texts — the results were expansive. Terms such as “Docuverse” and “Docu-Islands” surfaced, and researchers began to examine how Hypertext would affect the way people read and published. Projects such as Ted Nelson’s **Xanadu** looked to interlink all the literature of the world in one central repository (a lofty goal which also included a system for author royalties as texts were referenced). Would readers become lost within the possibility of endlessly linking text?



How could they maintain multiple paths within the same document? How would the new rhythms involved in fractured readings effect texts? Questions such as these informed the earliest Websites and continue to remain relevant today, helping to develop navigational systems and the idea of a “home” page to keep readers grounded. damian lopes’ **Project X 1497 – 1999** ([www.bitwalla.com/project\\_x/](http://www.bitwalla.com/project_x/)), uses the Internet to explore the ideas of discovery, technology, and colonialism via the first voyage of Vasco da Gama from Portugal to Africa and South Asia in 1497-99. The work contains thousands of Hyperlinks, and aims to have every word / phrase link to further and further poems. Each reading is different, using technology to blur the experience from one time to the next, much like many of the texts used as reference (authenticity?): nothing is assured, everything exploration. As damian writes: “the interconnected nature of this work reflects the fact that the Internet has ushered us into an age of rediscovery, finding out what we already know.”

### **Building a Webzine**

Developing a website is a relatively easy task — storage space at a service provider is cheap (if not free), the tools to produce a site are readily available, and the skills to build a basic page can be learned in a weekend. The sheer number of personal homepages can attest to this, with millions of people flocking to display family photos, publish their poems, and talk about what interests them. But a “homepage” doesn’t necessarily constitute a Webzine, or perhaps even a website. There must be a certain level of production involved — a decided effort to publish, as opposed to merely uploading, and this doesn’t necessarily demand a professional look and feel. On the contrary most are quite simple, obviously homegrown, yet they maintain a level of quality that sets them apart. [sic] builds on a very simple design, and while it was carefully thought out, it attempts nothing other than to provide users with a certain ease of use, and to provide the content the best exposure possible. Like many other Websites it borrows much from its neighbours, incorporating elements from other sites that stood out for whatever reason as attractive or functionally elegant. Imitation on the Web is so common that very often the movement of new design elements can be charted, spreading



quickly from one site to the next: navigation on the left side of the page, navigation on the top of the page, little javascript tricks, colour schemes, etc. One must be careful to knab only what works for the site in question, and mold it to their design, otherwise it tends to have an homogenizing effect. And while this might seem like theft, it promotes a sharing of ideas that underlies much of the Web's continued growth. One theme that will play throughout this article is the importance of community, and how Webzines need to promote the growth of such community to be successful. Publishers of Webzines have little or no access to publishing grants, have no exposure through the newsstand and exist very much on the fringe of publishing culture. In many ways they have only the Web itself for support. Magazines such as **Broken Pencil** do well to promote the zines, and Webzines, but for the most part it's like-minded readers who tend to spread URLs (web addresses) by word of mouth. From experience I can't say I'd have this any other way. Despite the detached nature of online communication and the isolation involved, publishing a Webzine remains a very human experience.

### Subscriptions?

[sic] has no subscribers, most Webzines do not, at least not in a traditional sense. Subscription based sites on the Web are not uncommon, with most providing an initial taste of content and then granting full access only after monthly fees have been paid. This model tends to work best for large sports sites (ESPN), technical information sites (Microsoft), and the rampant Web-Cam sites (read: Porn). Coach House Books has an interesting model that is not only inline with building community, but attempts to shed light on the challenges of publishing online. Instead of limiting content and then unlocking it, Coach House offers all of its content free of charge, and then provides meta-content for those who subscribe, content above and beyond the call of duty. For a small (too small) yearly fee, subscribers get an annual CD (everything on the site), print ephemera, digital ephemera (wonderful) and regular newsletters. Are subscriptions such as these ever going to pay the way of a Webzine? Definitely not, though what sites lose in revenue they make up in readership. While all of the books on the Coach House



site can be ordered online, its dedication to presenting them in a complete digital form is what makes this site so compelling. Probably more than any other publishing site, Coach House Books grasps what potential the Web holds, and has found the means to harness it in very meaningful ways.

### **Less content, more content**

[sic] decided early that each issue would be limited to 3, maybe 4 works, allowing for greater attention to individual pieces, building an archive over time. The possibilities of what the Web could offer were worth more than presenting numerous examples of flat content. The first issue of [sic] featured an interview with Concrete poet Darren Wershler-Henry. Instead of presenting the interview as simple text, we played with the content, linking to sites that played off the mood of the interview (light hearted, some-what tongue in cheek), as well as illustrating the ideas Darren was discussing, a fairly textbook example of Hypertext. For the second part of the interview we played further with the concept of linking text. After receiving Darren's final proof, we left all errors inline, linking them to an entry in an "Errata" page where the humour of many of the transcribing errors (the interview was conducted in a loud bar with a cheap tape recorder) could be brought to light. The Errata page appeared along side the main text of the interview providing an extra dimension to the work that would have been difficult to duplicate with the same effectiveness in print. While this is a small effort, it provides a starting point to branch out and explore. Web content has the ability to add depth that would be nearly impossible in a similar print-based work. While print magazines maintain an edge on readability — (computer monitors are difficult to read off of at the best of times, and the atmosphere is usually quite severe ; sitting in an office type chair, at a desk, etc. There is no reading of one's favourite Webzine while soaking in the tub, at least not yet) — they simply can't compete with the Web's ability to link deeper and deeper into new levels of content.



## Online poetics

Without the constraint of the physical page, layout becomes far more fluid. For the most part it is a simple matter of filling in the blanks left by your site's overall design. The focus then becomes translating the work to the Web, an interesting challenge for poetry, particularly visual poetry. The print dynamics of space and page are suddenly replaced with a slew of elements — such as animation, color, sound; dynamic, involving content — collectively termed “multimedia.” Where once a scatter of letters on the page could only infer movement, letters are now free to float, fall, dissolve, explode, crash, pile-up, fade, or blow away. (see Darren Wershler-Henry's **Icharus and the Angels**: [www.chbooks.com](http://www.chbooks.com).) The subtlety of the letters placement on the page, how they once carefully related from one to the next: space with the idea of time, is suddenly replaced with space AND time. The challenge for writers is not only what happens during the moment of the actual poem, but too, what happens in those moments immediately before and after. What this new poetics is not is a call to arm yourself with all of the latest and greatest Web technologies, employing every new trick that comes along. It is about taking advantage of new technologies to add new levels of depth. And too, about rediscovering old technologies (both Web/computer and print) and finding fresh ways to introduce them to your work.

## Added Value

“Added Value” is an Internet buzz-word that originated during the Internet content revolution, when big business discovered that building a site based on their corporate brochures wasn't enough to capture anyone's attention for long. Besides adding actual content, businesses began to look for other ways to attract, or at the very least, interest viewers long enough to get their message across. The most insidious of these, and among the earliest, was the Shockwave game, usually involving a mix of blatant corporate branding, luck, and a modicum of skill, not to mention cheesy graphics. Over time there emerged a myriad of Financial Calculators, eCard (electronic postcard) servers, Personalization engines, mailing lists, quizzes, polls, and countless, countless other efforts.



### **Added value and the online poetics**

It seems to me that online poets, and poetry Webzines could excel in creating added value; really start questioning what's possible. Coach House (again Coach House, for good reason — they are in all likelihood the model for the future of small press book sales online) offers a superb postcard server. The emphasis of the server is focused strongly on the cards themselves (what a concept), not so much on getting users clicking through the site, though this is more likely to happen as a result of their effort. (All cards are made from 100% post-consumer pixels too, a nice touch.) **[sic]** offers a directory of small press publishers, where publishers can submit their presses/magazines, including contact information, recent titles/issues, types of material published, etc. While it remains completely separate from the main content of the site, existing almost as an aside, in time it could over-shadow individual issues as the dominant area of interest on the site.

The Web (then ARPANET) was initially meant as a means for academics and the US Military (the Cold War built my Hotrod) to communicate during wartime and to ensure communication was maintained efficiently and effectively through multiple nodes — if one center was disabled, information could still flow by routing through another. As paranoia waned, and the technology of the Web advanced, businesses began to stake a claim, and almost overnight eCommerce was born. No one can deny that the money that now flows through the Web has fueled its technical advancement. Large corporations have the resources to do very polished and interesting sites, much of which is quite technically inspiring. “I wish I thought of that” is not an uncommon sentiment at many of these sites, though it needn't be. The realization that the whole process can be easily subverted is the starting point to a much more interesting, and fulfilling Web experience. One of **[sic]**'s ongoing projects has been to implement a search engine that takes the inputted search string and then runs it through an anagram generator before sending it to one of the major Search Engines. (Sorry there were no results for “Daisy German Blue.”) Interesting work is being done by “translating” the efforts of corporations, or in the very least the conventions of the Web industry. Neil



Hennessy routinely writes programs in C+ and PERL, both programming languages commonly used to power large corporate websites, to destruct and realign text with an efficiency only those computer languages could provide.

**sensory deprivation**, by damian lopes re-examines what it means to navigate through a website, causing pages to automatically load new pages as the mouse is moved around the screen, eliminating the “click” of choice we almost always take for granted. Work like this is certainly the new “found” poem, the eFound poem.

### **Where are the online poet(ic)s?**

There is a large community of writers, with much interesting work being done, but comparatively speaking the numbers are low. There is a whole different way of thinking involved with online poetics, a whole new form of visualization, that is sometimes not easy to come to. We are now seeing sites where graphic designers / professional web designers are coming together with writers to present interesting, online content. Today I found the site of Dutch Sound poet Jaap Blonk ([www.bajazzo.com/blonk/](http://www.bajazzo.com/blonk/)) designed by what looks like a Dutch web design firm. Along with some of Jaap’s visual pieces, is the BlonkOrgan, a fabulous noisemaker allowing you to choose and play a selection of Jaap’s facial contortions and their corresponding sounds. The site also provides contact information, tour dates, and a means to order CD’s, all in a neat, well designed package. This is a near perfect example of a small site using the medium in such a way that it seems expansive, and content driven. Well worth a visit. Collaborations such as this are a great way for poets to make the jump to the Web, providing them with the expertise necessary to translate their work, as well as providing them the experience to start creating digital work from scratch.

### **Flash**

No one can tell what technologies will be developed over the next few years, or which new directions the Web will take, though certain technologies look promising for poets looking to experiment. One program in particular stands out as a tool that could become the standard for Web poetry. Macromedia Flash is capable of producing beautiful animations, and is relatively easy to use compared to similar



technologies. Flash has been [sic]'s program of choice for translating visual poetry to the Web, namely Derek Beaulieu's **A:Ring** which we received as a series of comic strips. Exploring the transitions that occurred between frames was interesting, an important aspect of the comic, which is usually lost with animation. The piece almost works as half-translation, introducing the processes of reading into the action of watching. Flash was also used to produce [sic]'s moniker, a slurring of each letter of the alphabet, morphing one into the next. This in turn produced [sic]'s house font, **grostec** (seen here on the cover page), which is an alphabet created out of the destruction of the letters.

### **Where the Web goes wrong**

While the Web is a great medium to explore and publish these new poetics, it is not a perfect one. Search engines are the closest approximation of a digital newsstand, but are poor at best, and maintaining a high ranking requires a great deal of effort. There is no easy way to calculate readership, crunching server logs is an option but again requires a level of technical expertise and additional software. This is where a Webzine comes to rely on its readers more and more. As mentioned, word of mouth and networking through links from other sites will usually bring about more valuable traffic than a typical search engine.

Where to place Web publishing is also a quandary. Is it a legitimate form of publishing? Is a website worthy of grant money? For the most part Web publishing is the frontier. To date, a large percentage of print based magazines, and small press publishers who have looked to the Web have built Websites designed to promote their physical magazines and books (makes sense ... maybe). This tends to be the first logical step for any industry venturing onto the web: brochureware. Big business made the jump from Corporate Spiel, to Corporate Content after several years of floundering in sites that mirrored literature you would find sitting in their lobbies. Sites like these do little to advance online publishing as they maintain an emphasis on print alone (remember Coach House: free content doesn't necessarily mean lost revenue). One problem is that the benefits presented to publishers are not be immediately noticeable, in fact it



will probably cost a few thousand dollars to set up the initial site. Small press sales will likely never grow due to a website, though readership may very well increase if the content is readily available. Another largely unfounded concern is the potential dilution of the actual print magazine or book. The Website and the magazine can function quite well together, eventually becoming seamless. Content can easily carry over from print to the Web, and vice-versa, there is nothing that says multimedia doesn't include ink on paper.

## The future

The Web is still in its earliest incarnations; it functions as an incubator for whatever ideas we throw into it. For a long time I think the Web will be about translation, about looking at the possibilities and letting them expand inside a poem. Neil Hennessy has created small applications with names like the **Obfuscator**, and the **Finite State Poetry Machine**, tools that use computer languages to (per)mutate static poetry, leaving poems halfway between our language, and the computers. Neil writes:

A great amount of effort in computational linguistics has gone into translating texts across languages. The majority of computer-generated poetry has also only allowed the computer to intervene at the level of semantics and grammar. The **Obfuscator** and the **Finite State Poetry Machine** narrow the focus of translation to the lexical and atomic level of letters themselves. The model for my work comes less from the computational linguistics of natural language generation and more from the recreational linguistics of acrostics and anagrams. Rather than attempting to preserve a value across translation, I am interested in the possibility of mutation- growing monsters from a word's genetic code.

The Web and the computer provide us with endless new paths to follow. Infusing them with the ability to create art and giving the machine a chance to be less machine, as Neil does, is perhaps a glimpse of what's to come. Certainly online poetics and online publishing demand a coming together with technology, but how we look upon this technology will affect how far we are able to take it. Certainly the most integrated efforts have been from people like Neil and damian, poets who



have embraced technology in their work by treating it not only as a tool, but as a process of exploration. Technology is often characterized as cold and impersonal, but the works of these writers demands we re-evaluate what we consider a poem, and how we intend to publish them in the future. Will the book ever fall to the Web? Probably not (I hope not), but the book will definitely fall into the Web, and the Web into the book. Convergence (the coming together of technology — the computer in your fridge) is the future, but it should be expanded to include the book, the magazine, the poem and the poet. These “old” technologies are ripe for merging with the “new” technologies, and we should be eager to see the end results... Rediscovery, finding out what we already know.

The following work has, for the most part, been created with technology beyond the mere word processor. Random poetry generators, the **Obfuscator**, the photocopier, the scanner. All are experiments that have appeared in [sic], many still retain the “pixeled” edge of the computer screen.



**Neil Hennessy**

## **The Universal Truth of Pong**

prod

flop

pong

prod

fold

pong

ford

plop

pong

prof

plod

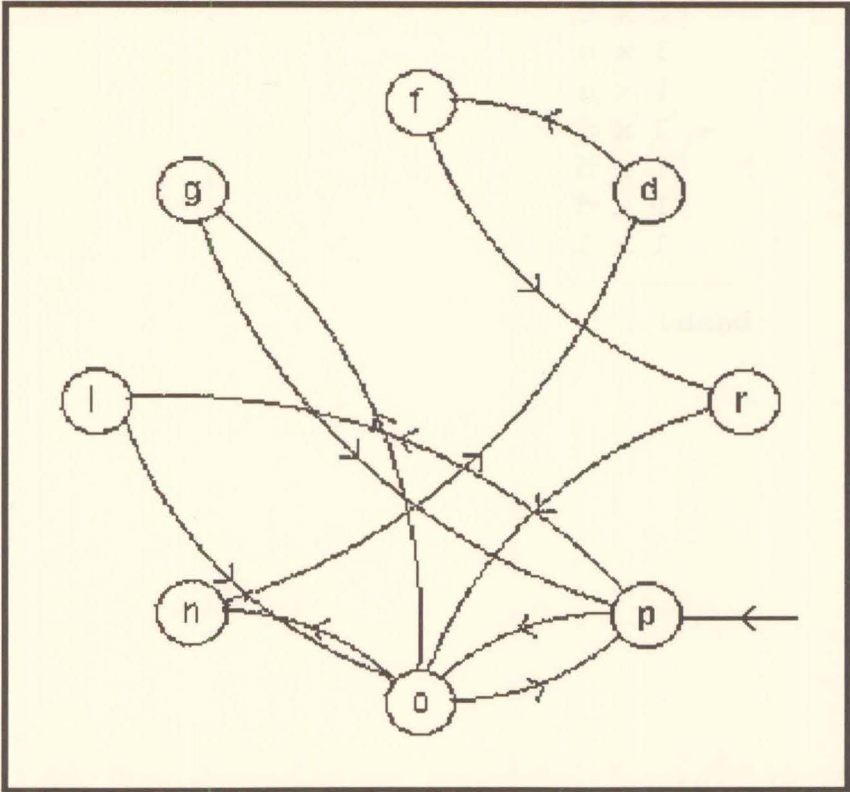
pong

drop

flop

pong



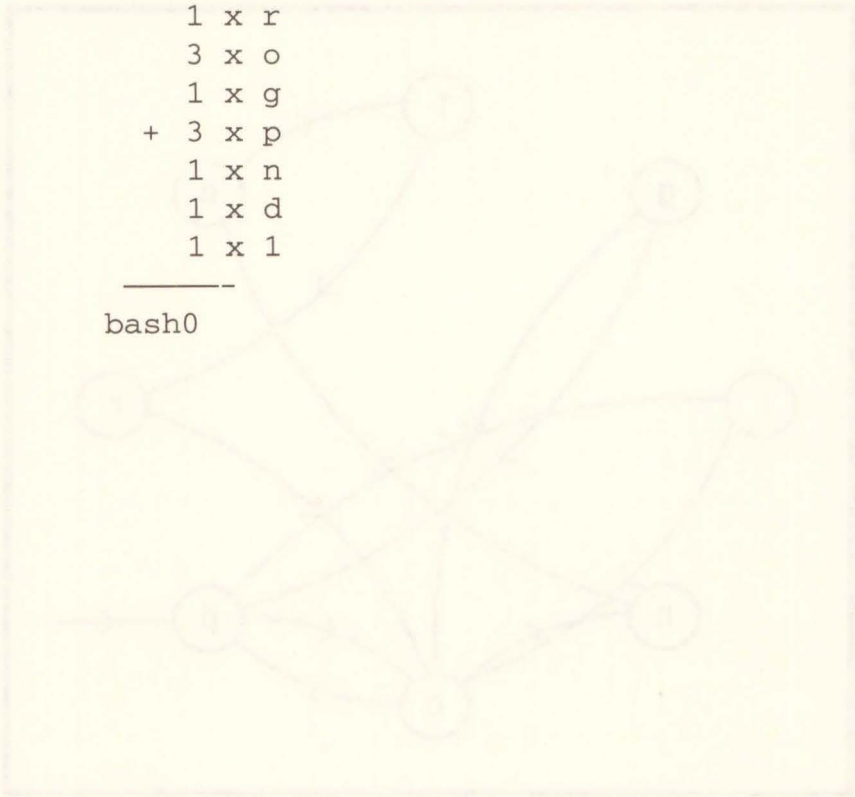




somes

```
1 x f
1 x r
3 x o
1 x g
+ 3 x p
1 x n
1 x d
1 x l
-----
```

bash0





Neil Hennessy

Basho per: mutations

flog  
pond  
prop

flop  
pod  
prong

fop  
plod  
prong

pog  
frond  
plop

golf  
pond  
prop



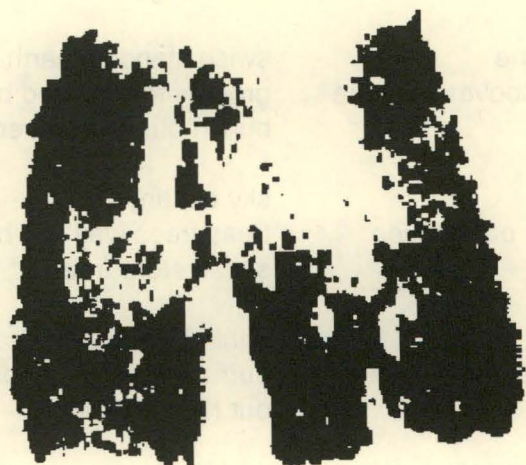
Derek Beaulieu

26: "alphabet(ize)"

aie  
aitch  
arr  
bee  
dee  
doubleyou  
ecks  
eee  
eff  
ell  
emm  
enn  
ess  
eye  
gee  
jay  
kay  
ooh  
pee  
queue  
see  
tea  
vee  
why  
you  
zee



Derek Beaulieu  
excerpts from **Discourse**





**lucas mulder**

excerpted from **dreamed Haiku #132, from bp**

bunch trees between  
cronies standing bunch leaves grocery  
leaves behind forest

behind hunger coastline  
bunch hooves when hooves out idea  
cannot grocery

wet traces remember  
leave grocery grocery out hooves  
move Hotel windows

Mr. Jones dry  
number six air high out between  
used wind idea

said out grocery  
sense Empress way bunch idea  
move nights red

swish Hotel coastline  
between six high dry six mist Interwoven  
counter ghosts

swish standing earth  
grocery forest used bunch number  
bunch bunch number

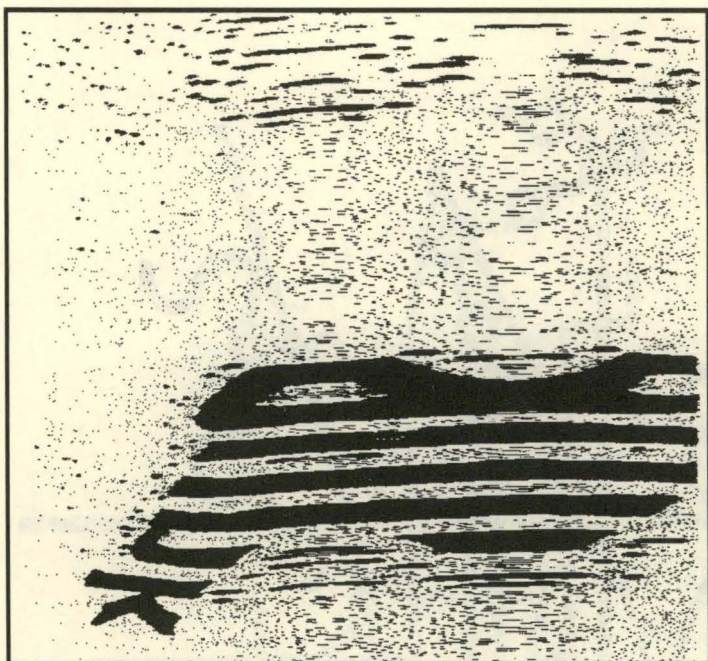
sky out tiny  
trees trees way tiny bunch  
sense store trees

behind wet windows  
burned islands standing wind Mommy  
out Mommy flung

nights feather in  
idea reds move this high  
walked remember where



lucas mulder  
from **Punk**, an impending chapbook

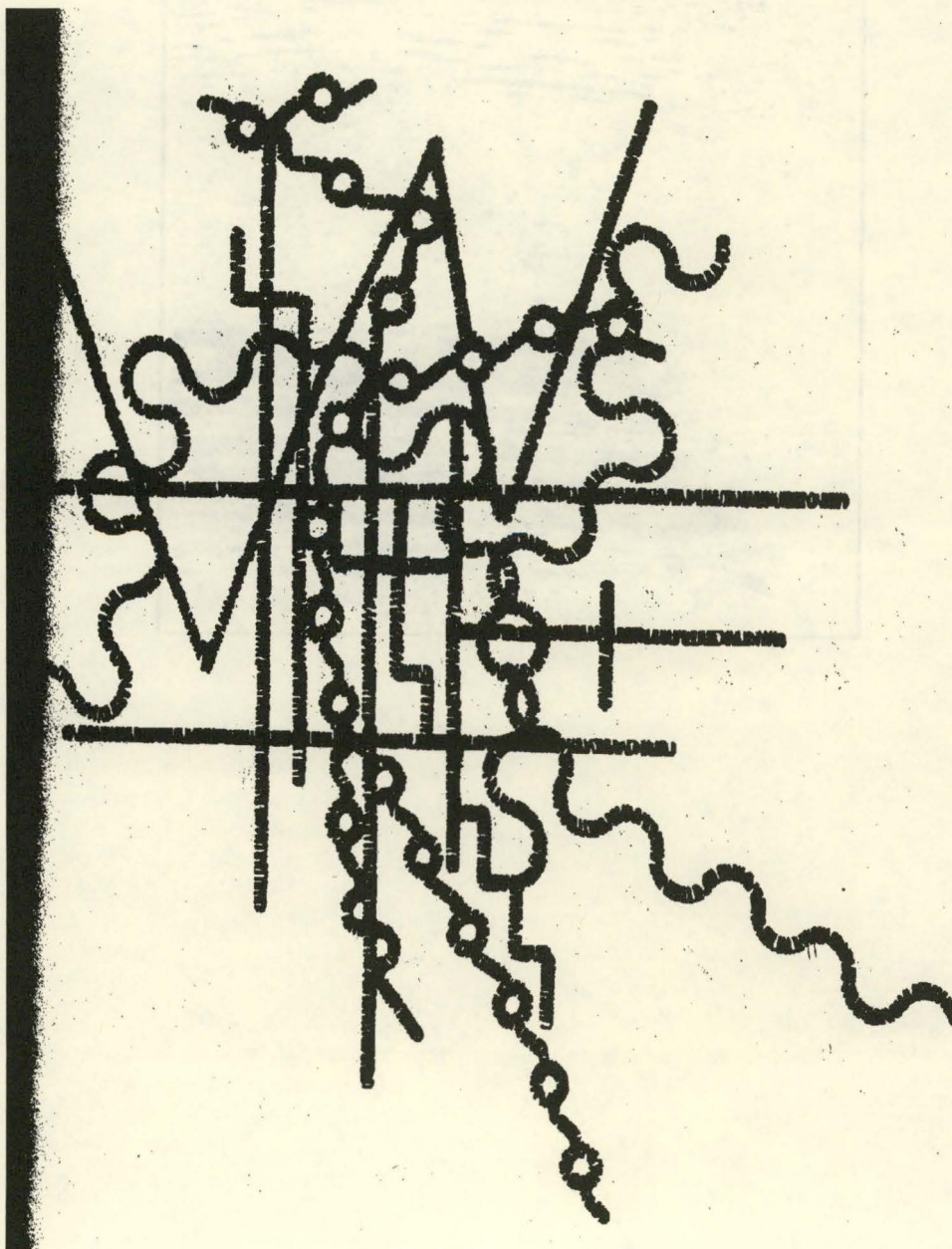




Darren Wershler-Henry

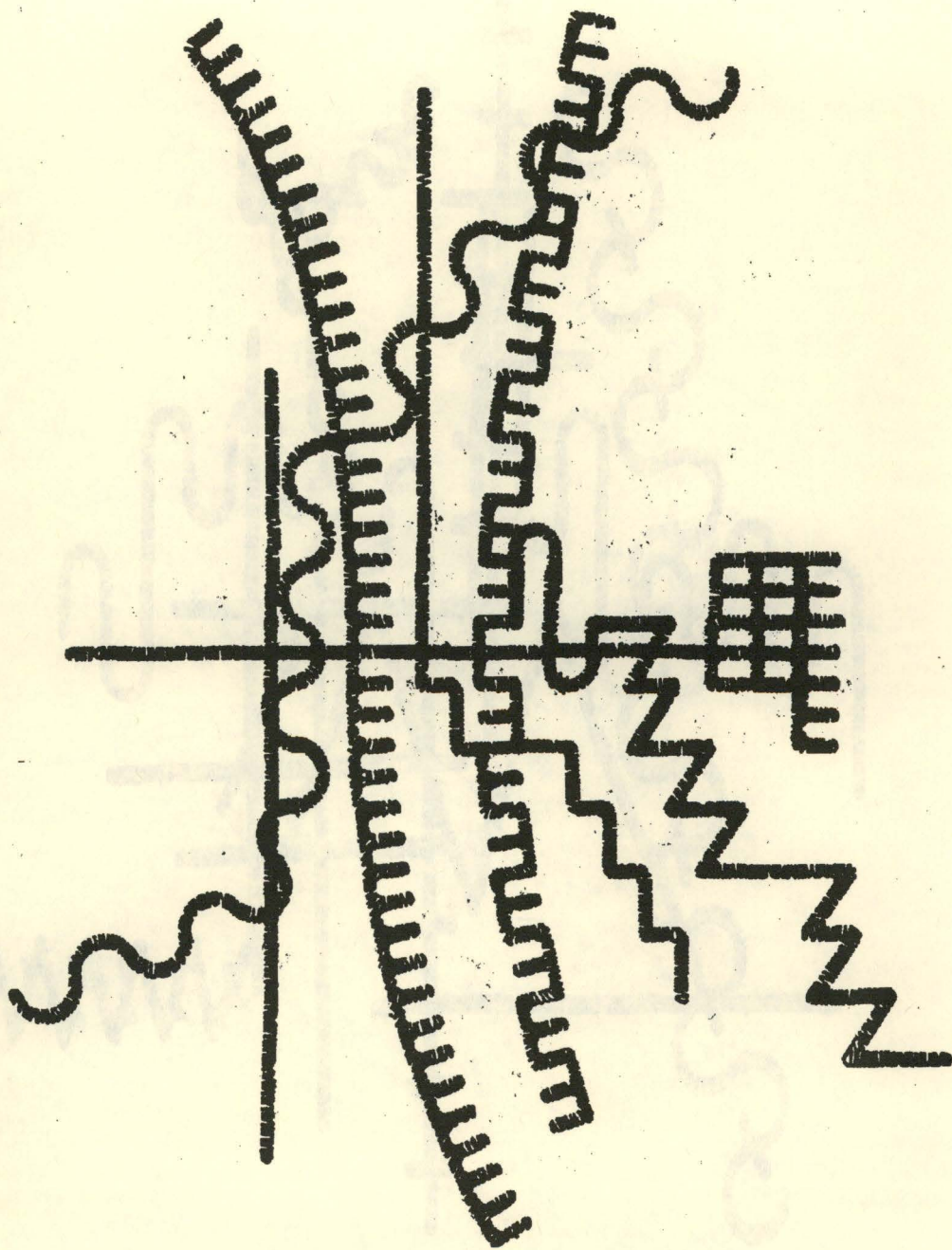
3 pieces from **Lines of Flight**

"Virilio"



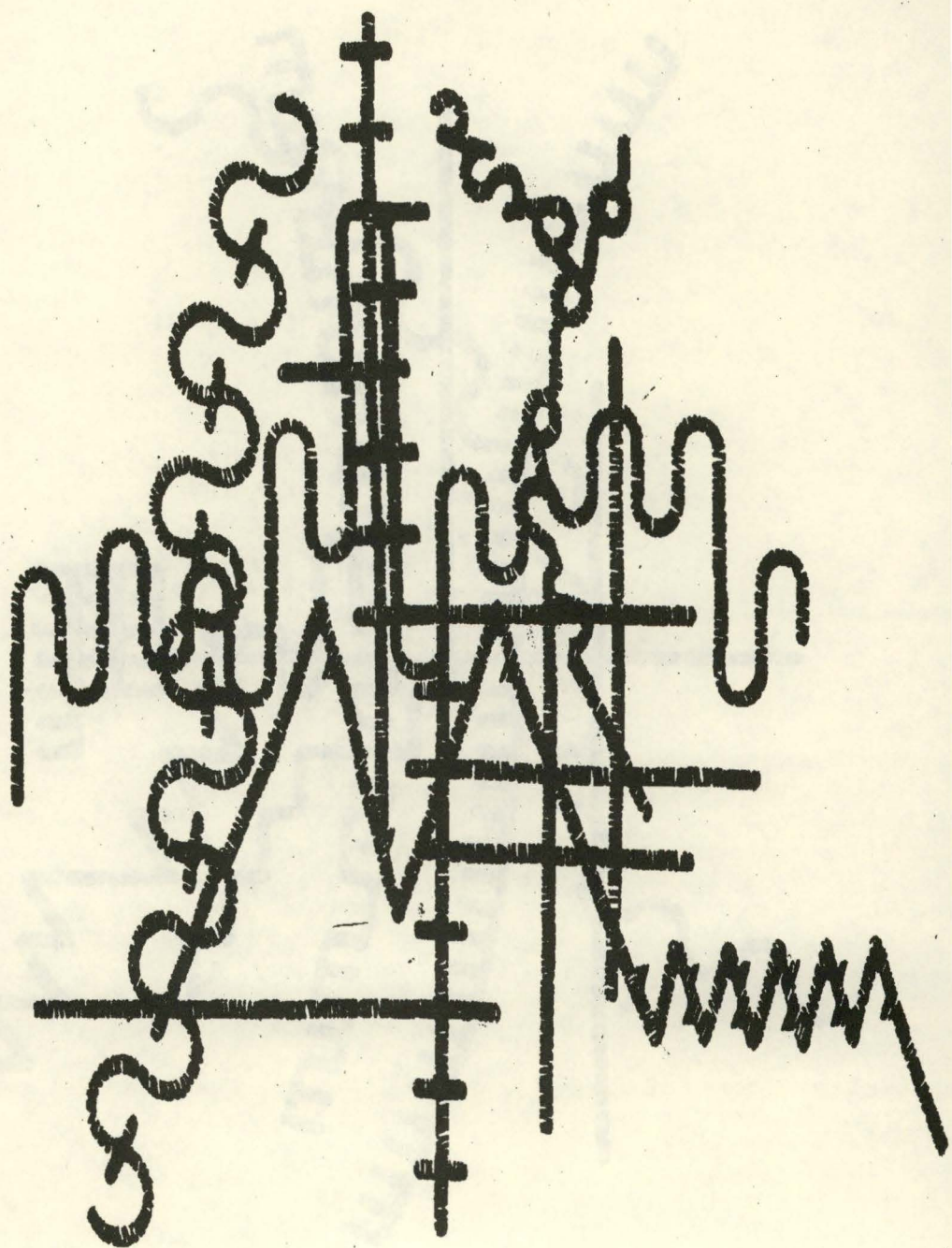


“Deleuze”





“Guatarri”





# Dialogue Among Civilizations Through Poetry

Last week in March 2001

A reading at the UN featuring  
Yusef Komunyakaa, Joyce Carol Oates and others

200 poetry readings in 150 cities

Readings on international territory  
(Antarctica, West Phillipine Sea and Mt. Everest)

Literary conference at the UN moderated by John  
F. Kennedy with editors from all over the world

Literary panels in 150 cities

A major anthology featuring all participants

International website created

[www.dialoguepoetry.org](http://www.dialoguepoetry.org)



# Dialogue Among Civilizations Through Poetry

*Last week in March 2001*

A reading at the UN featuring  
Yusef Komunkayaa, Joyce Carol Oates and others

200 poetry readings in 150 cities

Readings on international territory  
(Antarctica, West Philippine Sea and Mt. Everest)

Literary conference at the UN moderated by John  
Kinsella with editors from all over the world

Literary panels in six cities

A major anthology featuring all participants

International website portal

[www.dialoguepoetry.org](http://www.dialoguepoetry.org)





## Canada's Poetry Webstore\*

[www.poets.ca](http://www.poets.ca)

The most comprehensive source of Canadian poetry.

*Register at [poets.ca](http://poets.ca) and be notified of special offers,  
discounts, draws, and events*

- > over 100 books and cds to choose from
- > reviews & sample poems
- > author's comments & biographies
- > special offers and draws
- > history of Canadian poetry
- > publishing information
- > poetry games and teaching resources
- > inexpensive shipping
- > extra-easy navigation and ordering

Just a few of the books at [poets.ca](http://poets.ca):

- > *His Life: A Poem*, George Bowering (ECW Press)
- > *Another Gravity*, Don McKay (M&S)
- > *Snatch*, Judy McInnis Jr. (Anvil Press)
- > *Conflicting Desire*, A.F. Moritz (Ekstasis Editions)
- > *Coastlines of the Archipelago*, Colin Morton (Buschek Books)
- > *Water Stair*, John Pass (Oolichan Books)
- > *Necropsy of Love*, Al Purdy (Cyclops Press)
- > *The Killed*, Douglas Burnet Smith (Wolsak & Wynn)
- > *Restoring the Wickedness*, Eva Tihanyi (Thistledown Press)
- > *The Fifth Window*, Russell Thornton (Thistledown Press)
- > *The Ruckus of Awkward Stacking*, matt robinson (Insomniac Press)
- > *Some Other Garden*, Jane Urquhart (M&S)



The Canada Council for the Arts  
Le Conseil des Arts du Canada

Canada

A project of the League of Canadian Poets with the financial support of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Government of Canada through the Book Publishing Industry Development Program.

\*warning: you may get high on content



# MIX

independent art & culture magazine /  
Vol. 26.3 Winter 2001 /  
[www.mix.web.net/mix/](http://www.mix.web.net/mix/)  
price \$6.95 US/Canada

Author Michael Turner interviews Vancouver artist Brian Jungen / Spatial Synthetics from the Office of Soft Architecture / Deirdre Logue's Enlightened Nonsense by Mike Hoolbloom / The Nike Hemp Shoe by Jacob Wren / Colour In General the collaborative work of Sandy Plotnikoff and Lucy Pullen by Jenifer Papararo / Arriving Here: Kevin Ei-Ichi deForest's Japanese Syntheses by Annie Martin / Soft Design for Mushy Thought by Germaine Koh / Sweet: Art as Lifestyle by Rosemary Heather / Humiliating the Cube: the Pop and Parcel of Jennifer Marman by Janis Demkiw

Circulations 0.2: WALLPAPER / ARTISTS  
PROJECTS BY

Lucy Pullen / Kelly Mark / James Carl /  
Garry Neill Kennedy

Introducing MIX's new Artists Centerfold with  
Inaugural Centerfold by Barr Gilmore

the popular synthetics issue



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*For just a small donation you can have*

- a tax receipt
- an exciting back issue or two\*  
(1 for a friend, 2 for a benefactor)
- years of great reading
- invitations to *TCR* launches & events
- your name in lights (in *TCR*)
- the satisfaction of knowing  
you are contributing to  
Canadian culture.

*The Capilano Review publishes 95% Canadian work. The money you donate goes to artists and writers and the costs of producing their work. Please help support TCR. If you can afford more than \$75, our gratitude will be eternal.*

---

Yes! I want to help publish *The Capilano Review*.

Friend ——— \$75 - \$199 (Free two year subscription)

Benefactor ——— \$200 - \$500 (Free five year subscription)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

CODE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Federal Tax Number: 0545327-20-27

\* We will send you a list to choose from.



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

*The Capilano Review* gratefully acknowledges the generous support of the following Friends and Benefactors:

Anonymous  
Sherri Bird  
Jim Bizzochi  
Colorific Photo & Digital Imaging Ltd.  
M.H. Coupey  
Lily Ditchburn  
Daryl Duke  
Ken Eisner  
Nancy Farley  
Jeff Farquharson  
Brian Fisher  
Graham Forst  
Fournier Communication Art  
Kathy Fretwell  
Donna Gitt  
William Goede  
Elizabeth Hay  
Thomas Hemming  
Taimi Hindmarch  
Dorothy Jantzen  
Harry Kiyooka  
I. Kiyooka  
Kiyo Kiyooka  
Laser's Edge  
Daphne Marlatt  
John Marshall  
Jane Maruyama  
Mike Millard  
K.D. Miller  
Joseph Mior (Whitewater Communications)  
Paul Plater  
Paul Sanborn  
Leslie Savage  
Peter Thompson  
Sheila Watson  
Jan Westendorp  
Barbara Wolter  
Ronald Zajac





# CAPILANO REVIEW

*Award-winning    Fiction    Poetry    Visual Art*

## Subscription Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Prov. \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Yes, I want to subscribe to *The Capilano Review*.

Enclosed is a cheque for:

- ☐ Three years \$59
- ☐ Two years \$45
- ☐ One year \$25

GST is included. **Institutions**, please add \$5 per year to the above rates.

**Subscriptions outside of Canada**, please add \$5 per year for postage.

Please send to:

***The Capilano Review*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC V7J 3H5**



## *Dear Reader:*

Hunting for some of the early writings of your favourite author? Looking for poems by an obscure poet who made a splash and then vanished from the literary scene? Compiling a bibliography of an artist or writer?

Wrack your brains no more. A visit to *The Capilano Review's* Web site will give you a complete listing of all TCR contributions by any writer or artist we have published, along with biographical notes. Our bibliography spans more than a quarter century.

Our Web site also features visual and textual excerpts from our current issues, as well as our writers' guidelines.

You will find us at:  
[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)

Please write to us at:

*The Capilano Review*  
2055 Purcell Way  
North Vancouver, BC  
V7J 3H5

Tel: (604) 984-1712

[www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html](http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/tcr.html)



