

TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Six Cities

There's a seditious joy in a thronging crowd.

— Laura Elrick

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INTRODUCTION

An issue of TCR dedicated to new writing and art from six large metropolitan centres is timely. For, as Mike Davis informs us in *Planet of Slums*, an alarming new study of global urbanization, the year 2005 may well mark an important juncture when “for the first time the urban population of the earth will outnumber the rural. Indeed, given the imprecisions of Third World censuses, this epochal transition may already have occurred.”

The city locates one of the most disturbing paradoxes of our time: at the very moment when human civilization has taken a decisively urban turn, many of civilization’s oldest urban centres are being destroyed and “reconstructed,” while longstanding rural and urban populations are being uprooted, all in accordance with the accelerated logic of “progress” that spawned the growth of the city in the first place. In short, “the city” is a sign for a global urbanization characterized by rapid investment and divestment, construction and demolition, decomposition and recomposition.

Given this scenario, readers should not expect to find in the work collected here either a Romantic indictment or an absorptive, modernist celebration of the city. For if Vaneigem is correct that “the ideal [of] urbanism is the conflict-free projection in space of the social hierarchy,” in order to “lubricate the gears of subjection [and] render it lovable,” then under our current conditions, it seems that contemporary poetry more often than not will choose to disavow its role as a conduit for the projection of a smooth, conflict-free urban space.

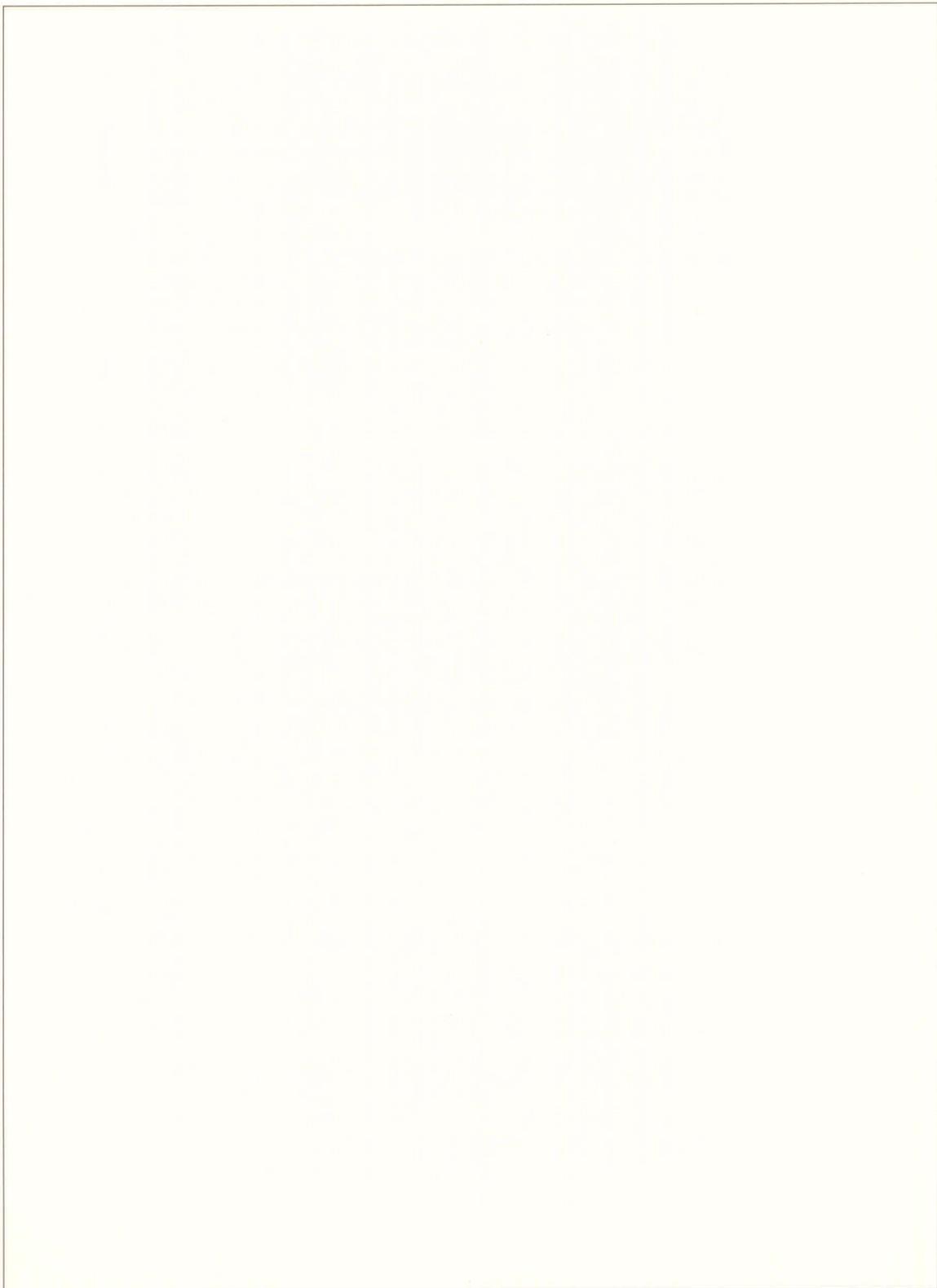
To initiate this collaboratively-edited issue, I contacted the writers/editors of the various cities — many of whom I already knew or whose work I admired — and asked them to gather twenty pages of writing, including some of their own work. In this call, I asked them not for “a best-of selection from each city, but rather a collection of work which in some way engages with some of the antagonisms and aspirations of the area, however direct or oblique such engage-

ment may be.” The idea was to pause each city at a given moment in its cultural production, and to place these sites in contradistinction to one another. To be sure, other cities and other writers could and should have been included: in particular, I regret not having included Honolulu, Montreal, and New Orleans. My ignorance of the writing milieus in these cities, along with the usual constraints of space, were factors. I hope someone else picks up where this issue leaves off.

Thanks to Ian, Jocelyn, Laura, Margaret, Mark, Rob, Rodrigo and the long list of contributors who have made this possible; to Carol Hamshaw for her attention and patience; and to Jenny Penberthy for inviting me to edit the issue.

— Roger Farr

VANCOUVER



Jeff Derksen / A CITY CALLED CAPITAL

Linear tankers lie
on the harbour's
horizon. The speed
of globalization. "Community-based
crystal meth focus groups."
Jog by. "China
Shipping Lines." Nature
in the city. More or less.
Crows crack mussels
on the concrete, at sunset rest
on corporate
postmodern architecture.
Low-level boredom at
capital's exhaustion
of options.

Outfitted. "Urban." Machine
in the garden (punks in the
park). Admirable
really. Video reenacted riots
coal miners, strikes kicking in another
final offer on the table.
We don't negotiate with workers
or terrorists post-Thatcher, post-
Mulroney, post-Reagan, Post-
Kohl, post-market bubble, post-
industrial, post-port city, post-tin-pot
grab-and-go neo-con local
cronies: Bennett, Harris, Klein,
Guiliani, Campbell interchangeable [add in
your own] and hollowed out cash

in the back of a Cadillac
assholes. Local collusions, lush lives
upkeep luxuries, plus
“last of its kind” everywhere
on the slopes to the sea.

What did the dinosaurs
invest in? “America
is upon us”, legally.
Nature, what have you done
for me (non-home owner)? Nicaragua
is everywhere. South, the lights of Caracas pour
off the hills at night. Optimistic
for an instant. “What happens
when the names runs out.” Cronies.
Terrorism drill. Inked fingers
in the red pre-dawn.

Gas gouging? How
Seventies! Monopolies? How
Lenin! Child labour? How
Dickens! Bombing Baghdad
again? How nineties! Apocalyptic
weather patterns? How
Sci-fi! Urban regeneration? How
organic! Things. “Zero.”
Bent muffler pipe
as gateway archway. Retooled
optimism. Mayor of the world.

Marie Annharte Baker / THREE POEMS

yuppie begging bowl

passerby please note us
stuck on camera lens close up
pray our your shell out fills
latte foam bowl slow mo
cash flow scene slow pan
cut broke balance fixated
roll plastic survivance level
bank machine movie stake out

treaty bowl number one
fun filled topped up intrigue
warranty less years but ears
clear new diction air words
cotton swab stuck syndrome
block drumming manifesto

step up to bowl number two
white shiny to let us bowl
real tight ass titan squirm
condo minimum convenience
bowling down alley strikes
we're good check the gate
missing heirs women split

retreat into nightmare

spun twist of braid cavity
brain belonged to girl corpse
half buried her moss surround hole
bark dress torn from the waist up
she remains a stump obscure site

brown shoes on island path
he stopped by tree accidently
her resting position disturbed
bush skirt pulled off such an
inescapable hurry to get off

she was a tree who speaks
ghost existence by the pond
timber haunts present loss
no one in particular grieves
murders happen even hundreds
tracks of mystery dream killer
mistake I wear brown shoes today
pond will not cop exact brand
generic shoes wade water edge
broadcast news shoes squeak
intrudes landscape city retreat

evidently lone male goose resident
had no particular partner until
female duck dropped by
built nest and laid eggs
goose became surrogate father
matted drake feathers remain
close to path around pond
brown frog jumps out to pose
pause enough to let me examine
spotted back admirable skin

investigative clue is diamond shape
rock two directions pointed out
surface is rust ochre underneath
I detect small bear icon sideways
probably duck feathers float down
further witness as eagle figure flies
beak hold of brand new baby otters
faint women dance as I squint closer
turn rock over to find hints of tipis
fossil leaves imprint takeover

experts on precipating events
horse tails are elder plants on the island
under the tree shade dead stumps surmise
brown shoes took the trees away planted
surrogate trees I deveined this disaster
not as gloomy as Emily Carr painting

brown frog feet swim circles in pond
otters are making quite a comeback
brown paws walk by Otter Pond now
upon return to city imperative I find
more women craft hope hype homey
Elvis Presley impersonator dream catchers

what do we mean “we”

LR government hired gun informed Tonto his ploy
Tonto had no recourse but to install silver bullet into chaps
playful chap was he she certain skin buckskin curtain Tonto
head pokes out defiant frown checking audience number
smart spied on representation Tonto wise enough to tell all
twilight lemon lime light enlightens up inner Tonto guise
later on same day Tonto and LR duked it out balancing out
hey what's with the loin cloth behind mask John Wayne rave
Tonto and LR exchange fistful cuff connections in similar ad
promotional paradise on violence with vigilance holiday cruise
why anger will not allow laugh tears to cascade cheeks iffy
so much for uncritical masses who fear dysfunctional habitual
nun and Tonto in movie premiere comfort zone velvet rope off
must watch popcorn closely nuns do outreach spank behinds
meanwhile LR that satiated ingrate orders surreal pizza solo
after thrown up anticipation wanes nothing distracts disabled
stoic smile except Tonto spits sporadic unpopped kernels
dental care avoidance wise move on his part delays decay
LR greedy unmasked what they don't know hurts awful
finally ka ching registers fades out slow to reach climax
grapple with self fumble other fingers dislodge vibration
stops a sec looks into hidden camera to wave hi to cousins
damn one bullet strays this way obvious silver mine forgery
across roads ditch superhighways straits a bridge looms ahead
laser red ruby red earring light glimpse penetrates darkness
wow Ferlinghetti dazzled fans in west coast performance
City Lights publications boss proved upbeat generation denial
safety in shadows we want theatre aisles to remain doubt free

Maxine Gadd / from GREENSTONE COVE

Maxine Meets Proteus in Gastown

scene one

1967, the street

cordova
has led me lonely
to the mountain pass
all night long
the indians are singing carry me away red eyed daemons
rush past me and my friend
hunker in the little hatchway filled with bliss
filled with the young one's dream
of midnight living
of giant blue souls
of the noble nine foot monk
striding thru
this mountain highway
 his huge hand field up HALT
 the hand of my friend Martin
the little rat faces holding hard
 to our stories for five year olds

Dr. Fu Manchu squats
down beside us and invites us home
for a drink
with the Dalai Lama
It is hard to refuse
such finesse
but we want to wait
till this
street
is gold
at dawn
my friend
has disappeared

and for half an hour the wind takes me down to the

trees
where an old man
is twisting the body
of a rat

he looks at me sadly and sez
i cn show you where the bears are but
they
they're too big fr me now
and the farmers shoot yu if yu even ask

fr a job and fr welfare
yv got to have an address at the Hung Up Inn
where the young junkies wld twist my body like this rat's

so yu cn devour this with some equanimity , say i conferring on the old man a
robe of red velvet come on across the water, he sez and see where i live
tis the ancient forest, i come into town for the kill the kill only

and what of yr friends say i
wondering of mine

heroes, ma'am, he sez, all brave like yrself and tight, tight
as an arse that speaks; they despise all that's ignoble like myself
but you, you oh lady they'd take to the highest estate, come meet the princes
of the forest
and amazons there are there too all thrust into life
shining with inheritance
though none will spend a sou
for the soul of old Jean Paul

yr from Mallardville, then, are yu, i ask
unstitching the soles of the old man's shoes
yr fever's past, buddy
these now go to the soup
for the one last union

ah, pegasus, he cries
yu cldn't spare an hour to take an old man to Dairyland

my pleasure, say i
maybe they'll let you keep yr rat in their fridge
and we walk off, hand in hand

coming up powell street into the rising sun
me feeling soft and gentle as an old lady who has done no wrong
 who gave birth to children like butter
 and kept them alive in apple trees
 who took them all swimming in the one big sea
 and now has been set free
to enter her City

Melissa Guzman / SEARCH STRING

q

w

westbound sign green day lyrics
wipe laptop screens with

e

ewan mcgregor tattoo

r

ragnarok online
rogers text
root tea sleep

t

tea stain paper
the man andrew aikenhead
the man andrew aikenhead the peak
tv listings

y

u

ur sonata

i

i swear to god monkey i will punch you in the head with an airplane
i'm so dizzy, my head is spinning, like a whirlwind, it never ends . . .

o

o zone gay
opacity css
orca dildo

p

pimp juice

[

]

\

a

achewood
anal bleaching
angelina jolie tattoo

s

savis cary
scarlett johansson
stephen harper
stockwell day
stockwell day rollerblades
superman lyrics eminem
swallow

d

f

flags of the world

fleshlight

fujitsu p7020

g

google is god

google is dead

gorilla glue

graphic

gross sex

h

i

j

jeff wall

jenny lewis and the watson twins Vancouver

k

l

london drugs

;

,

z

x

c

canon pixma ip1600

cary united states

color like no other

color like no other extended

conan

css foreground

v

vaio wallpaper

vera wang

valerian root

valoud root

valour root

b

bcit emily carr

bell text messaging

bluetooth notebook mouse

brave little toaster

brook ewert

n

ndp

nipple tassles

nokia 8801

m

melissa guzman

midgley stryjak

,

.

/

Roger Farr / from *SURPLUS*

IX

Arden's "Pulp Mill Dump" —
Reading history with a metal detector.
An industrial smear zone. A shard of the local
Economy. The mall must be behind this
Organic tangle. This composite mass.
The spires of Harmac must be here somewhere too.
For if soil is a material, and a log boom clogs
The harbour, then the city shall stand as its
Base crumbles. To be mulched. For export.
From the forest, to the box makers of Okinawa
Then back again. Pulp poetry. All tractor drivers
Are Realists. Rent from the ground. Torn
And stumped by a description. Violence
At its core. The concentric rings of commerce.

X

Tissue over diagrams or fragment
Their sums with different measures. Frameworks
Framed as "Freidman's Dream," filed for later under
"Sphere." Stand on guard to bound sums to
Another sense that might pass the primary
Test of deficit to chart profit margins
At the periphery, this art of certainty
Precision folds, mimetic angles
Resistance to cops, Baghdad's insurgents
Send shots from the cradle, to transport that
Sphere "here" means we might not go to work.
More space and time at hand without directors
In our regions. We won't rent rooms or
Answer their calls. "Dialogue is a swindle."

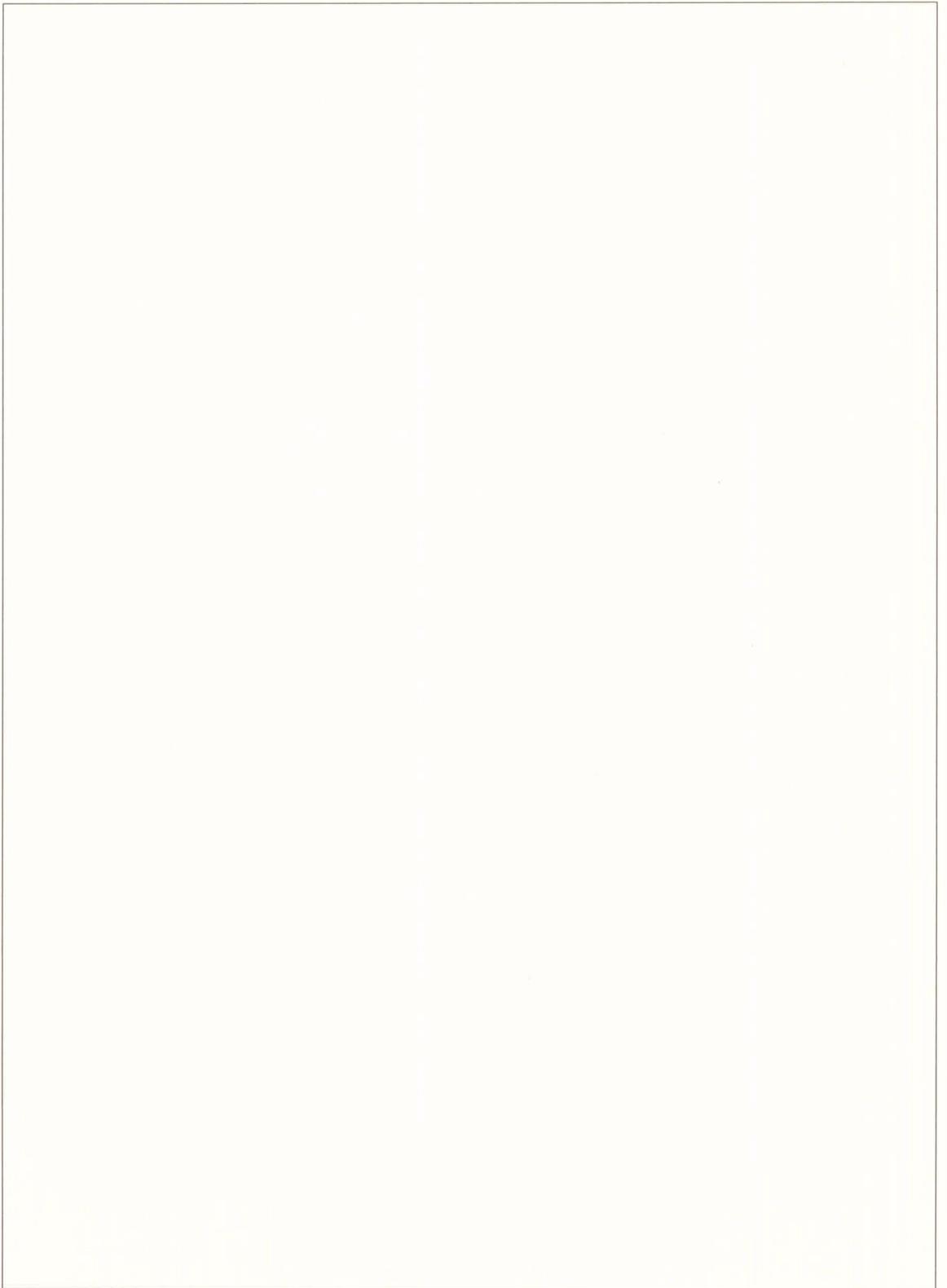
XI

I'm sorry to make of poetry a mockery again
But this evening, as I exited Safeway, the historical process
Of separating the proletariat from the means of subsistence
Forced itself upon my eyes with such a violence
As to break the levees of false consciousness.
For it was there, among the Tylenol and the razor blades
Among a disturbing array of meat and dairy products
I spent \$3.38 on mozzarella cheese, \$1.04 on Macintosh
Apples, \$2.29 on fresh basil, \$1.10 on hot-house tomatoes
\$1.95 on French-style Artisan bread, and \$4.99 on a Green
Drink. Now I admit I'm no *Campesino*. But as the last
Long rays of a late September sun cast shadows over
The obsolete lawns of Point Grey, I understood precisely
Our need for autonomous land initiatives.

XII

But September didn't end. It was noon on a Tuesday and I lay sick in bed. Disaster was everywhere. On the radio Someone mused over the connections between Catastrophic weather and fluctuations in the economy: "Perhaps their proximity is more than a generic feature Of the news," she said. I looked outside. No sign of Imminent collapse — just the vestiges of some unseasonable Snow, just the usual images of babies in carriages, rolling Down the quotidian streets, toward the park where the P'ilipina nannies meet. I don't know. Maybe Zerzan Is right. Maybe modernity, in order to prolong the "Civilizing" narrative of capital, had to construct Nature As an object of utility, a *quantum*, which by the end of this Never-ending month, may just reach its absolute limit.

NEW YORK



Carol Mirakove / from *MEDIATED*

¿Dónde está el mando a distancia?

<Subject> awake awake psychographic? <End of Message>

Headline: “No Matter How Much Energy We Conserve, We’re Still
Going to Need More Energy” — President Bush, May 18, 2001
(*Continued*)

Headline: US Warns Hugo Chavez Labeled OPEC Lunatic
(*Continued*)

<Subject> rock smash scissors <End of Message>

Headline: Prosecutor in Coup Case Assassinated (*Continued*)

Headline: Poppy Crop Fire Scare Again Tops Economic Charts
(*Continued*)

<Subject> makes a bedspread & is so taken by the colors & patterns
of the bedspread she only vaguely sees the other objects in the
room — she only sees a fragment of the whole. this happens
because she is, we are, conditioned to — and have deep biological
needs towards — pleasure. <End of Message>

Headline: NAFTA, CAFTA, & the Poverty After (*Continued*)

Headline: Lula Dubbed Cardoso II, May Yet Have Tricks Up Sleeve
[One Hopes] (*Continued*)

<Subject> in my bed we are sleeping in the dreaming/nightmare
beds we make <End of Message>

Headline: Boom Hum Factors Mexico's Border, Crosses
Disillusioned (*Continued*)

Headline: Four Waltons Co-Appointed Secretary of Starvation
(*Continued*)

<Subject> last night I dreamt I made a pillowcase in the presence of
an old man who sold bed sheets. outside there were kids playing
jumping off stumps <End of Message>

Headline: "We're Losing" — Colin Powell, January 12, 2005
(*Continued*)

<Subject> aperture, that smell, endooring <End of Message>

Headline: Bolivia fights back! (*Continued*)

<Subject> gets on the Q train, hears a woman talking to her sons
who are near 8 years old. she is talking about people dying in war,
saying "This is why you have to go around the world and meet
people; so we can learn to get along, and we don't have all this
fighting." she says "One person can make a difference. You can."
and one of the boys says, "Do you make a difference?" and she says, "I
try. For example, have you -ever- heard me say that I hate
anyone? Have I ever in your whole lives spanked you? Do I scream
at you?" <End of Message>

Headline: Mercosur Maquiladora China Building Dwelling Think
(*Continued*)

<Subject> with you while apart <End of Mess

between
files & a click
down we are in
the fragile grip, deal.
controversy & they nerve

to say wet we are not
& among them.
animals

disposable brute fact of contingency
burns them away like slag spit hips &
rooftop

glimmers, commitments
of angels (ours) falling
from & sky, go

falling
from & sky, go

Tan Lin / from *FIELD GUIDE*



PREFACE to a DEPT STORE

I was at the Macy's on 34th and Ninth Avenue last month, at exactly 3:47pm on June 2, 2003. I had received an SMS that morning requesting me to assemble there, in the secured lobby area just inside the revolving doors at the Broadway and 34th Street entrance. Once there I was given a thin blue sheet of paper measuring 3x5 inches. On it was hand typed a message:

DIRECTIONS FOR USE: ! EXCHANGE IMMEDIATELY !
1 dollar bill with someone,
drop the dollar bill
on the floor and then
leave as quietly as possible.



What is the “movement of an anecdote” but a blurry exit through a diagram of some missed opportunity? The performance produced 38 U.S. dollars, 4 HK dollars, and 2 Euros. Someone with a stopwatch timed the event at 47 seconds. Outside in the dispersing crowd I met [a woman] who would later become my girlfriend and later my wife. Her name was Clare [Churchouse] at the time. In Singapore at the Golden Locket Hotel, exactly the same thing was happening 6 months and one hour later. As I left the airport and later the hotel lobby and Macy's one month later, I kept thinking I was watching a painting or a movie theatre at the moment it started becoming something else. I have tried to remember this incident many times but the same image constantly assails me and I am no longer able to remember the date/time of the event or the age/size of my girlfriend/wife. I realize now that I have met her many times at many similar moments. Who is she? What is she doing at the moment I see her

face? She is turning away and telling me that my project is 'flawed.' My wife's Manhattan Diary for 2/21/01 reads: "met author at Bulgarian Bar on Canal Street." She wrote that after the fact. This book is dedicated to her in that crowd where I do not see her. We were married on November 7, 2002 at City Hall in New York City.

Like shopping malls and other enclosures, consciousness is merely a generic mode of duration or thinking 'without pre-conditions.' Like everything else, consciousness is in need of micro-branding and rehearsal. Enjoyment is one of the most difficult emotions to predict, and the ideal movie or building or poem should be extremely predictable and convey as little information as possible. The kind of group thinking that takes place when shopping, voting or reading lacks functionality. In the informal, non-mob sequence at Macy's, a purposeless film within a film within a department store, the population center is micro-branded and meaninglessly re-enacted [one of the forms of convergence] in order to be dispersed or delivered like a logo. The logo is an anonymous murmur. MF said that.

We believe expenditure takes place without meaningful exchange, or we get repetitive gestures without significance. Airports, shopping malls, and golf courses are the most pleasing, crisis-free, and logo-ized of landscapes. They are mood-inducing delivery systems, schematas of unimposed identifications that make irrelevant the distinction between pre- and post-consumption. A golf course like a painting is consumed in exactly the same way time and time again. That is why golf is so relaxing. Golf courses, cineplexes and shopping centers fringe population areas and function in the same way that pastoral poetry, the coffee house c. 1680, short bandwidth radio, or the only movie theatre in a small town once did. They remind us that we need to fall in love again and again and again with something that is unspecific, very repetitive, and very very general. The lights of the Varsity Movie Theatre in Athens, Ohio, where I grew up, reflect each night off the bricks of Court Street, but the marquee now reads Taco Bell and the old balcony and stage are now the site of tables and the gentle, illumined prices of tacos and quesadillas. Our most beautiful emotions like a movie theatre or the pages of a Chinese cookbook or the price of 16 ounces of Pepsi are routine and anodyne. Either they existed before or they existed previously. All of our emotions are incandescent as they dissolve.

“Architecture as Shelter with Decoration on It”

vs.

“Literature As Space with Language Attached to It.”

Rodrigo Toscano / TWO POEMS

Sublunary Markings of Autumn, In

In contemporary lockstep provincial cathedral morality.

In contemporary frilly.

In lockstep contemporary grousey.

Who's dunkin' who's donut in who's chalice.

Sole brand of flaneurship remaining — how much cheddar — you got — *on* you.

Damn she's moti-vetted (damn she's moti-vetted.)

In lockstep contemporary mousy sharp-toothed.

Hook you up Nova Yehrky.

Coney Island crazed veteran from Kiev in wild tangled tubery — Medicare won't cover it, "more yuice blease, Nina, more yuice."

Terminal condition, liminal perdition, *aeasthe-*

In contemporary lockstep brittle, sore-to-be-so-solid.

SNU SNORKE'M.

Score you a Bengal Tiger in a bar, grrrr — you go grl!

Find you a roarin' rowdy spendthrift.

In provincial lockstep, night is young, professional & prosthetic.

“Just dyyyyin to meecheu”

Spork for to tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

In *brightness*, and in “live.”

Young ethnicities go tilt in the conversion, older ones nod out.

Some kind of erotic thread, some kind of careful full-effect, gets lost in transmission.

Dime following dime following nickel into sickly slot, *healthy* to be callin’ in.

If t’wasn’t ferr Chippy McNeesh

Double-decker gawkers in for a national treat, *remembrance*.

Today as a stand-in for *today*.

If t’wasn’t ferr Chippy McNeesh we wohden’ t’even be taulkin’ about’it

Conjure Hart Crane, conjure Garcia Lorca . . . *Populi Berrigani*.

Supply you, connect me, vice versa.

In lockstep provincial, contemporary: *Spork* Town.

Safety-pinned army-style backpack — punky-buttoned, *journaling* . . . Union Square into Triangle Slot.

Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens

“Each thing — its powers limited — its deep-set boundary mark.”

Conjure sneakers, glittery speckled sidewalk, green gum on pink gum on white gum, neatly flattened glob.

Slow: Mow: Bards . . . none so pure, none so besmirched, as to be singularly *non-affordable*; by the pack, a whopper of a bargain.

“De donde (mijo) . . . viene tu . . . *i-n-s-p-i-r-a-c-i-o-n?*”

Each prohibition, allowance, syncretic sequence in Rigorous Leisure Born (R-L-B), in lockstep provincial contemporary frilly.

Everybody and *nobody* wants you.

EMT style mini-pockets at lower mid-thigh, utility cotton blue, ultra fitted, pony-tailed, pert, knowledgeable, and experienced . . . unsheathes the shiniest pointiest scissors you’ve ever — puncturing pops the windpipe — *yours* . . . the social phobia / kink explained.

Worm wormin’ its way to realpolitik . . . go worm.

Who thunk to drag it, a so-called So. Cal. corpsey *aeasthe-*

Who thunk to drag it, sloppily, gracefully, global context.

Find you a Tigresse, boy, a roarin’ rowdy spendthrift.

Be-booted one, sternly, in silky saffron swirly body suit — *what be you to me?*

Mother Ulterior.

Magnificently speechy horrific and imitative.

Wrappers around toys, wrappers, great wrappers of New York.

Great Wrappers of New York.

In lock and in step, and in down.

Rheumy fall's a' fallin' mournfully East River flows, chilly as a Mcsorley's mug.

Höher und höher und höher.

Up with your bed sores borough politics.

In lockstep, **P**rovincial, **P**rosthetic, **P**rofessional.

“Spork” a hybrid between two Super Developments / moments in human industry, human culture fanning out from the basins of East Central Africa . . . and the Crimean little nub up there, some kinda' *somethin'* there, Genetrix to Sanskrit, Latin, Russian, Spanglish.

Tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

“nice to spork you”

Agnostic silver shovel slid across your velvety fleshy round arse (ooh) and in lockstep.

Out of proportion — *lusty spork.*

Get cher dome off the stick son! (cher dome off the stick)

‘K’ ‘O’ — in reverse.

Aestheticon insert.

Aestheticon extra.

Secular almsgiving.

To Leveling Swerve

Gotta love the tools; we seek breaks or voluminous strength from such toils.

Lowdown people (we) do *not* ask when bitching a 180 turn.

The stately political beat, it will not want Holy Books, in the end, desert mummeries.

Groove into the tools, we breaks or voluminous awareness in: Art.

From corn-shucking peasant to almost all of a burgher, *spasm*.

Almighty site pattern about the beastie wound.

If the collective guilt is adapted, almighty site pattern about the beastie wound.

Them on the walkout of the Syrian Borders Bull Hides Tenderizers Dispute.

With the Israeli Stucco Bull Relief activated in phased-out lighting, diplomacy.

We as the Blockbuster News critic sentinels acting “disgusted.”

Break the tools; we brinks or voluminous red runes against such blues.

E-head Octavia McKinney tied to airport parking booth, feels it (a tad).

Tweaker Rutilius Feldman tied to gallery front desk, feels it (a tad).

Whom we nodded to open a ghostly door, jacking the supplicants, one by one.

Dream that in fact is *locked-out*, to re-awake at the Barriers of Petrograd.

Play the guild master of worn monk’s cowl, play the Union Satin embroidered pride of brothers & sisters.

Receiver of drummed up Class Fidelity made skeptical via optical (mainly) rally.

Tidy forms sex acts on the cardiac tidal of Wordy World Poetry.

Into the committee of Dilpey Kennedy's PAC \$, extending our interests — barely.

Nice to know we don't amid wet hospital dreams of the can't afford *a dink* of a soviet.

Nice to know the about legal money frontal mutton chops etiquette.

Any way at my own peaceful DOS resistance got marked up.

Exceeding the national wound, the localist acid building, you feel DOS.

Did the DOS "postal" acting *i-n-d-i-v-i-d-u-a-l* mortify our courtroom spirit?

Ask the classy spread-out office exceller to post a padded sexy oval shape into the discourse.

Done to the guild's obloquy, tomatoey squishy legacy, "saucy" "retorts"

Put the McDonalds into it.

All 3, 000, 000 unassociated struggling gligs and glags.

For the Adornian leather pants don't fit so evenly snug no more.

For the Paulo Freirian *playeras* — at least three sizes, too billowy.

People what I use is little more than Kiely Garcia saves on his global calling card.

Keily Garcia, Jim Beamed straight to Channel 8, hog-tied and booked, feels it (a tad).

Who can't mask anymore what amply nests a market demand on *my* "look" — as against *yours*.

Who woke up at any-place Nevada putting a discerning eye to the horse trading all around, and saddled up *half* the workforce.

Gotham City Labor more about sultanate corrupt building trades subtleties than associating eager immigrants.

That lower-class seekers ply their thrusties and gyrationals against their multiple-unit owning cousins: “poethics”

How we realized our beanies were backwards oddly worn, non-abrogation of Social Contract — beanie forwards.

Mortality gets into some technical difficulties, but the you-move-I-move *meant* — lives beyond you.

I mean to say, it is *not* alive “beyond you” — it is neediest breath, the next.

The most intimate-public impulses . . . consciousness toggling / toggling consciousness.

The newest beanie flipped sideways — with abandon, the not back-to-front historicity.

The without the beanie altogether.

The without the beanie . . . *all together*.

Laura Elrick / from *FANTASIES IN PERMEABLE
STRUCTURES*

XIV

There's a seditious joy in a thronging crowd.
So much that even when convened in crisis
(a mildly subdued terror boiling just
beneath the surface) there races a surging power
felt anew. Almost remembered, this power to
create, in short, in *spite* of this destruction
a new normality. (Not malady) a breathing life
through city's buildings on our terms
terms of life fashioned *by* us not imposed
and by so *scant* a percentage. Among the numbers
I walked. The streets open-veined and tossing
swelling information towards the seas
of Union Square, where every face was sweating
in the summer heat — thrown out into a meeting
with our substance. We were the stuff
that animates every structure bearing down

its granite orders. This horror glimpsed, in eyes
then verged euphoric in a brass of song . . .
All codified exchanges dropped away
hysterico-historical time new-measured by
this civic animality. The walls, though standing
seemed a mere screen we overran, a screen
we'd seeped through meekly out of habit
now deposed. Great writhing arteries, tossed
over rivers, our cost-bits flowing
neither singly nor in pairs but as one
variegated / whole I am *not* a soloist
but hermaphrodous a porous cell completely
uncontainable, overflowing homes
throngs in the property of blocks it
thinks — somewhat on its own — outside
its bursting parts — presage to revolution.

XV

But it passed. In just two cycles of the clock.
Slack rhythms though — for once, we didn't gauge
night by digital number, but through degrees
dark determined the coming day. Then as if
waking to sleep, it felt. Back to separate scores
and individual constraints — the throngs
receded seeming to have sucked away even
the tide. And left the street a beach paved
in littered images (with an energy felt inward
corresponding). That structural gale rushed
the streets swept us outward towards ourselves
only to dissipate . . . and recommend the intellect
again. Towards futures straining in such proofs that
patient as domestic habit, the granite order
Is. *Electric wealth re-grids into regions*
of abstract time. By divisible unit, that light

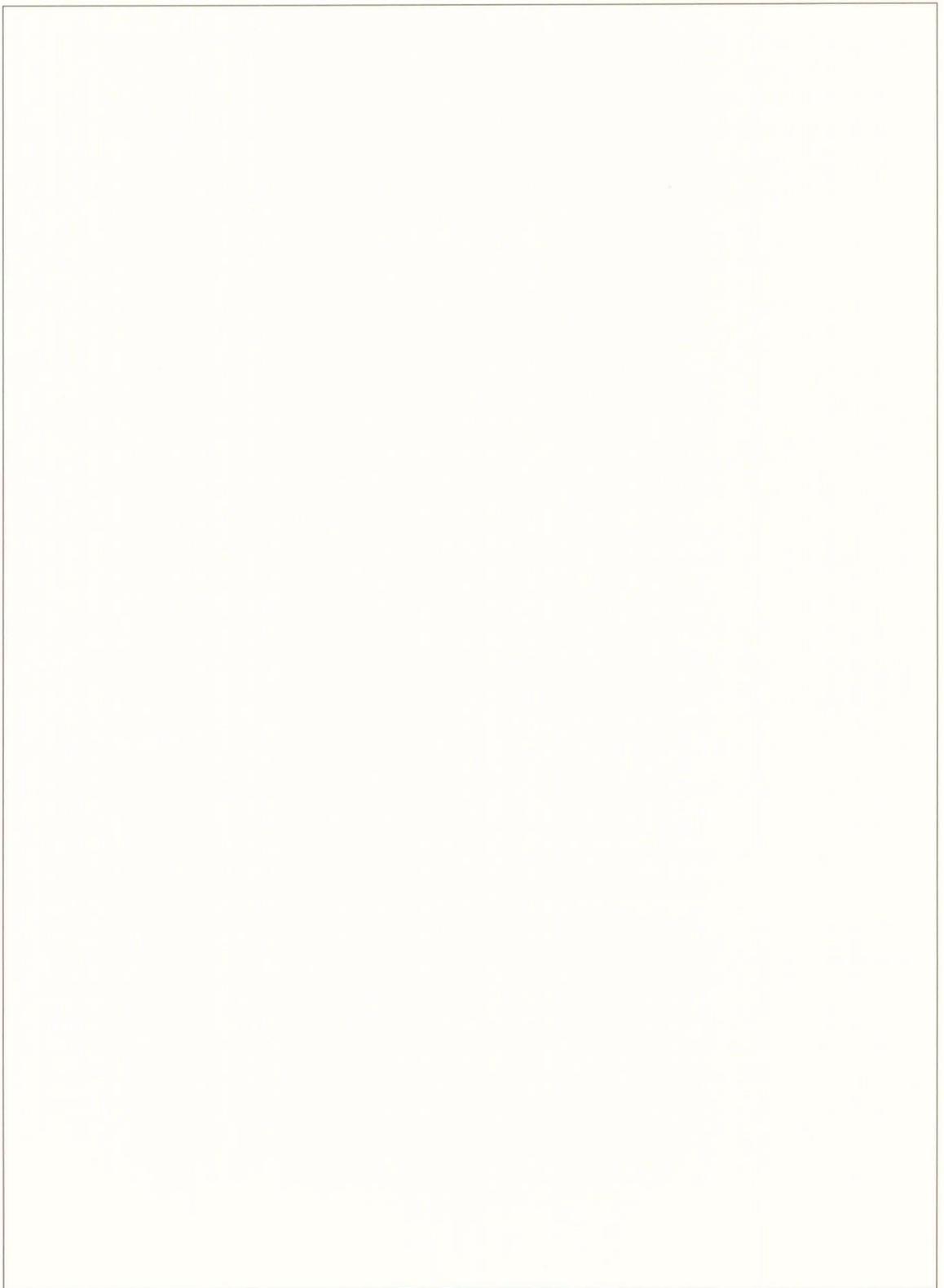
the way it seems so constant a glow
though parceled out in profit wires from
Lake Ontario. Two winters back we fled this — out
from the city, two fiends. And decompressing
grew along each mile we tracked (the Hudson)
until illuminated trees . . . and elves! and angels!
decked the roofs in gaudy cheer. And we grew sad
from repetition and removal. So entered a
forest — (plunder it?) No! we stopped the car
and ventured out into beleaguered woods enthralled
by some deep tunneling grove that we imagined.
*Strange of still black swan, unused to moon
and night-criers* we — FEAR — swung back
towards the electric wealthy town. Was then
their barks the birch switched up. From white
to black on white-of-street lit up the background

XVI

On a plane then, be it, soaring cage with him
too distant. Shrinking space with shrunken time.
We realize this Denver of geography.
In steely arc descend, two confused distorted
locals? Our bodies ripped from that system
remain, somehow, ticking; Oh! Our hearts
beat hard to fill us. And the peaks appeared
some Island in the sky — we'd crossed a sea
of clouds. Those crowds we left dissolved
or, were they real? Then *this* the aspect
of our sleeping minds. Evacuation. Place
had been remade. A shrink-wrapped set
of paved coordinates — we navigate
to reach the Alpine stream. Cars, with teens
as arms screech past, maroon us on the pavement
near the scorched Platte. A solitudinous

monster cottonwood mocking where we might
have tied our horses (aw). Perhaps
a pit-stop? at the Rock Bottom brewery? will
help? What it showed us about this we:
We drove. We locked. We drove and locked
and drove. We glanced. We closed. We kept
our eyes averted. We longed for the city couldn't
wait to get back. Yet when we're back
we're sour. Sour anxious in congestion (It's
brick out there, it's *hardly* a park) On the
grass-lumped and hard grounds of North
Brooklyn. Perhaps growing from the soil of this
Imperium. The cranially abstract "landscape"
dislocation. The hypervisible shadowless
"sprouts" laminate *how things grow* . . .
Out. In the worst of conditions.

CALGARY



Jason Christie / from *ROBOTS VERSUS WOLVES*

Robot Poems

Deep Throat

I think it is time to change the robot's belts to the new anti-static, oil and heat resistant model, before someone hears him squeak.

The Invisible Ruler or The Despot Wears No Clothes

Standards for robotic production declined drastically in the early twentieths. Once numerous companies began production of sentient items, it became nearly impossible to regulate the market. There was a time when robotic items could only be afforded by the rich, and even then they were more a novelty than anything else. These days items as various as microwaves, credit cards, space planes, and calculators are sentient and most people use some form of sentient item everyday. The rule of the market is still: caveat emptor.

Satellite City

Satellite City grows from permanent logins. The city sprawls. Population density and area are almost irrelevant terms when describing the limits, the city's boundary, or it's topographical distinction. Perhaps it would be appropriate to describe it in terms of terabytes per second, number of users/inhabitants, and rate of development as new robots turn previously unused data-space into homes, neighbourhoods, and communities. A healthy market sprung up with the early boom of the city's influx and now many robots live and work entirely online. They have exited their shells in the real world and moved into cyberspace. We often see robot husks by the river or in alleys,

wherever they decided to face the erasure. Other robots have the undesirable task of collecting the scrap metal. They are undertakers of a kind. Before we found out about Satellite City, many believed that a new virus had infected our robots in a manner similar to the Infanta virus of 2014. In hindsight, all such viruses may have simply been an outflux of robots as they fled to the city. We have yet to determine a means to inhibit the robot's emmigration. Satellite City has become a refuge. Although it can be very hard for a newly arrived robot to make a living there.

Spirit

My answering machine told me that it envied my ability to smoke because the smoke, as it curled in the light, manifested my viability; the form smoke gave to breath illuminated my soul. I replied that I wasn't religious and didn't believe in souls. It just flashed its display at me — long, short, long, short, (pause), long, long, long, (pause), long, long, short, (pause), short, short, (pause), long, (pause), long, long, long, (pause), (pause), short, (pause), short, long, short, (pause), long, long, short, (pause), long, long, long, (pause), (pause), short, short, short, (pause), short, short, long, (pause), long, long, (pause). Every time we disagree my answering machine flashes this sequence. I wish I knew what it was trying to tell me.

A Capital Idea

Two robots accidentally exchanged portions of their memory while they were chatting over the Internet. The first robot is a mechanic, outfitted with a welding torch on his left arm and a rivet gun on his right. The second robot is a lingerie model and now she has dreams of fastening nuts to bolts and a phantom pain in her left arm that burns slightly. The mechanic robot now shows up to work scantily clad.

Wolf Poems

— *Poems for Andrea Ryer, wolves for Kyle Buckley*

The Wolves Won't Hunt

We lit the breakfast on fire, the ham, the eggs, and found ourselves a trumpet called island. What I wanted to say didn't materialize enough to serve lunch and so we chased the wolves through the forest in the hopes they'd transfer some of their speed to our legs, some of their fur to our thin skin, some of their call to our voices. Later, we gathered around the island because the music we'd heard elsewhere didn't satisfy our need for community. We've always written novels. Eager to reshore beaches, and desperate to claim any lean-to within our windswept memory. The trumpet winds down. Our ears feel silence wave against the folds there between each short, sad note.

Wolf Call

Left alone, the wolf won't hunt. We die for our vegetables. Left the shoulder, for a gristle far clearer than a siren. What I want remains to be seen. Some warm fur. A nice embrace. Two dollars to get to work. The full moon falls tomorrow. I'll call from the forest hoping the city will answer, exactly as it always does. These are your wolves. They want to run.

Wolf's Miscellany

Accept the branches, wind, lush grasses and leaves, leave me with the shadows scattered upon the earth. I'm beyond a receipt at this point for an easily formed mirage. What I wouldn't give to have the temperature remain warm, but I know harshness, threats, lean months, draw near. I smell them on the wind and can feel the wind as it turns, all sharp teeth and cold to smile in my direction.

Wolf Economics

Pack at the elders, shift capital away from uselessness. In short, we slowly kill you.

A Pack Memory or A Paragraph

One to remember the tree that was hit by lightning. One to remember that a sentence knows when to stop. One to remember the cool shallow stream where we can fish. One to remember our secret cave in the hills toward the sunrise. One to remember the sunrise. One to remember lightning. The paragraph is a pack memory; the forest is our document. One to remember the grandfather you've loved faded into shadow then lost. A sentence knows when one remembers a sentence. What we call the hunt. Left alone the wolf won't hunt. Let me remember that left alone a wolf won't hunt.

Wolf Smile

What can a tree get except wind between its branches? That sound feet make sucked into wet mud then out again. Let the anger shatter stones from within, splinter trunks and boil rivers. I just want to see you again, shining in the sun.

Jill Hartman / from *SAINT AMPEDE, COWBOY
POETRY AND THE GREATEST OUTDOOR
SHOW ON EARTH*

*the city gleams in afternoon suns . . .
the circus disappears down the road
(elephants straining)
— bpNichol*

one-man-band
steal the show and tell

our buffalo bill:
extinction

spaghetti-o
western

alienation has nothing on
the exquisite embarrassment teenagers invented

my own city my nation
alien

I submit: Calgary is a hell of a place to be 14

Saint
Ampede's
undeniable
Clydesdale plod
salt water taffy
tears of a
rodeo clown

CPR rails against yankee invasion
RCMP and Fort Calgary

I Love Alberta Beef
a heck of a thing to love

I'm not cowed anymore
I'm not mad at all

my city my own private spaghetti-o
(Saint Ampede would like to give a quick linguistic
lesson — it's "eye-talian")

one of Saint Ampede's recent miracles:
no BSE for the month of July

Wonder Woman's got nothing on
Cowboy Poetry's lasso

he's got this trick with a rope
he'll dog-leg, he'll hog-tie, spit on his hand spit in your eye

there's a tear in my beer
for my Wonder Woman Underoos

Cowboy Poetry's lariat and bolo
chaps and 10 gallon uniform his every move

meanwhile I've got my Wonder Woman panties in a knot
to dog-collar Cowboy Poetry

steal his pearlized snaps and
dog-tag him for the feedlot

Cowboy Poetry wears a Saint Ampede buckle
polishes it every night by candlelight

bow leg barrel ride
legs buckle at the 8-second mark and bunny belts

I'm not saying Saint Ampede's Virgins aren't
but he's got his pride

I mean like a lion does
Saint Ampede's Princesses and Queen and the Young Canadians

and it's immaculate: every year Saint Ampede fathers
Cowboy Poetry

and we all celebrate with breakfast
flap that, Jack. Saint Ampede is all around us

the motherfucking King of Heaven
the Patron Saint of Calgary

corndogs
superdogs
calf-roped in

for eight to eighty:
Zipper and Sun-Rype apple juice or casino and Big Rock Beer.
both end in puke

Calgarian July punctuated with Breakfasts from
three to thirteen then
thirty to death

the years between
sowing wild oats
other cities, festivals, carnivals

but we all come back to Saint Ampede's embrace
and confess

Saint Ampede preserve us from self-righteous proselytizing
but it really is the Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth and I
really am a cowboy I really am

Natalie Zina Walschots / jogging ice and asphalt

duck clotted bow
strangles blacklight venal
gray sinus bleeds menthol

gel vapid bow
haggles onslaught scuffle
dove mucus seeds asthma

gale pitted bow
hobbles toothpick glottal
coal linctus grieves pharynx

drear slathered bow
curdles flatbed wrangle
char soother peels bronchus

dour crumpled bow
dribbles gangplank quarrel
steel vapour scours, exhale

Julia Williams / from MY CITY IS ANCIENT
AND FAMOUS

My City Is a Puzzling Equation

people are particles or people are waves
in my hands matters
gain gravity

I want to build houses in
a dead century

I must find a place for my feet

My City Has Lofty Ideals

altitude gives me the bends
collapses my bones
inner ear: a saddle
a small matter of my brain
slipping

My City is a Golden Ratio

remind me that the street hasn't licked us yet
congruent squares and triangles equal
no one is crooked around here
that's why it's safe for kids to be kids
architects are most impressed by space *between* houses

My City Is an Ancient and Famous Destination

snow on sandstone walls. last night
the city froze a waxy blue
red shapes blossomed in my cheeks
my blood here, and my language

we don't hear birds here. the air
is white and hazy with our voices
I saw moisture from my lungs
hang from my eyelashes and ears

touch nothing and don't pause. this city
contracts and crackles on itself
snaps bright pieces off our lives
explains our bodies to us, our most simple sounds

My City Glows When We All Fall Silent

if you often interpret silence
you know noise vibrates
and the violent can't be soothed by empty rooms

this makes sense
we cloak the streetlights to confound moths
this makes sense
we wear masks to underscore our authority

loud voices remind me of engines
remind the masked they are visible
noise gathers in fabric, but bends in water
peels our eardrums
moves us closer to our doors

Ian Samuels / from *RED CITY BLUES*

The Legend of Black and Red, Part One.

The brothers Black and Red were legends with lighthouse bright smiles, the kind who resented being born too late to ride the rails.

They came out west and on their first night in town, told everyone the story of the night they killed and ate a black cat just for getting out in front.

They'd lost their women and worked for the Man, bought their own graveyard and swore to kill anyone who fooled with them, announced their State of Blues to the world, dreamed that all the houses they'd ever slept in had burned to the ground, gone broke and ragged and hungry a few months later.

They finally pawned their knives, their chains and even their .44s after they'd shot out the window of a woman named Delia who they claimed had made them feel low.

They ate every dinner like criminals savoring a last meal and loved listening to any song that contained the words "Why don't you come on home?"

Who of All Dancers?

She goes still, a mannequin washed up at the shore of sharp-stinking nine-to-five life, surface marred by the whips of music and scorns of opium petals.

She sees him and tries to decipher the coded bumps on his shaved scalp, mysteries whispered by a leather vest or woven into a beard, the flavours of betrayal: *how* would he go about telling a lie? *What* would he choose to lie about? (Maybe something simple, like how he doesn't need the glass in hand or think about the solace at the edge of a broken window, or how his razor-wire laugh isn't performed over a cold abyss of terror.)

Stale air tells skin the story of being trapped in a dark closet, a moldering wood-paneled basement, a smoky back room with five glassy-eyed drunks and a stainless-steel pole and the velvet voice of Bobby Cray too gentle to cut through the scented memories of abandoned children.

White dress clings like the embrace of a little sister, a second flesh made out of innocence and about to shed into the teeth of a Delta beat that wandered too far north and wound up staggering here, to this bar, a sotted refugee from the ambush of winter. Razor-wire's eyes are taking up spotlight duty, a violent beam of threat and promise; shed that skin and just maybe shed that oily touch of obsession, let the thirsty music drink it down.

Johnny Rocket's *Tale of Woe*.

“Didn’t know I had a faith to lose until I lost it, rolled down into the sewers somewhere on the corner of first and third between a bottle of bourbon and a three-day coke binge that stretched all the future’s promises into a thin, bright tripwire.

“But that’s a lie.

“Even then I didn’t really notice, not until the three or four hundredth time I’d wound up still awake with lights flickering to life, band quietly packing for the open road and the last twelve or thirteen of us blinking at each other, dead-ended flotsam of consumer city wondering if we should keep running from memories we couldn’t name, if there was a place we could curl up and hide together and pretend to be friends.

“But that’s a lie.

“We could name the memories just fine any time we wanted but something stayed our tongues that instant, maybe having spent the evening in company with visitors from other worlds we once occupied, feeling there was a whetted razor of truth gliding in the silences between the smartly turned-out student types who’d made their pilgrimages here, honest-to-God house of something called “blues,” a feeling their children’s children might study in museums one day, examining the exotic re-creations of terry cloth table covers and wondering how it must have smelled, tasted, felt to be of a time when all the old canonical emotions were just on the edge of becoming copies of a copy of

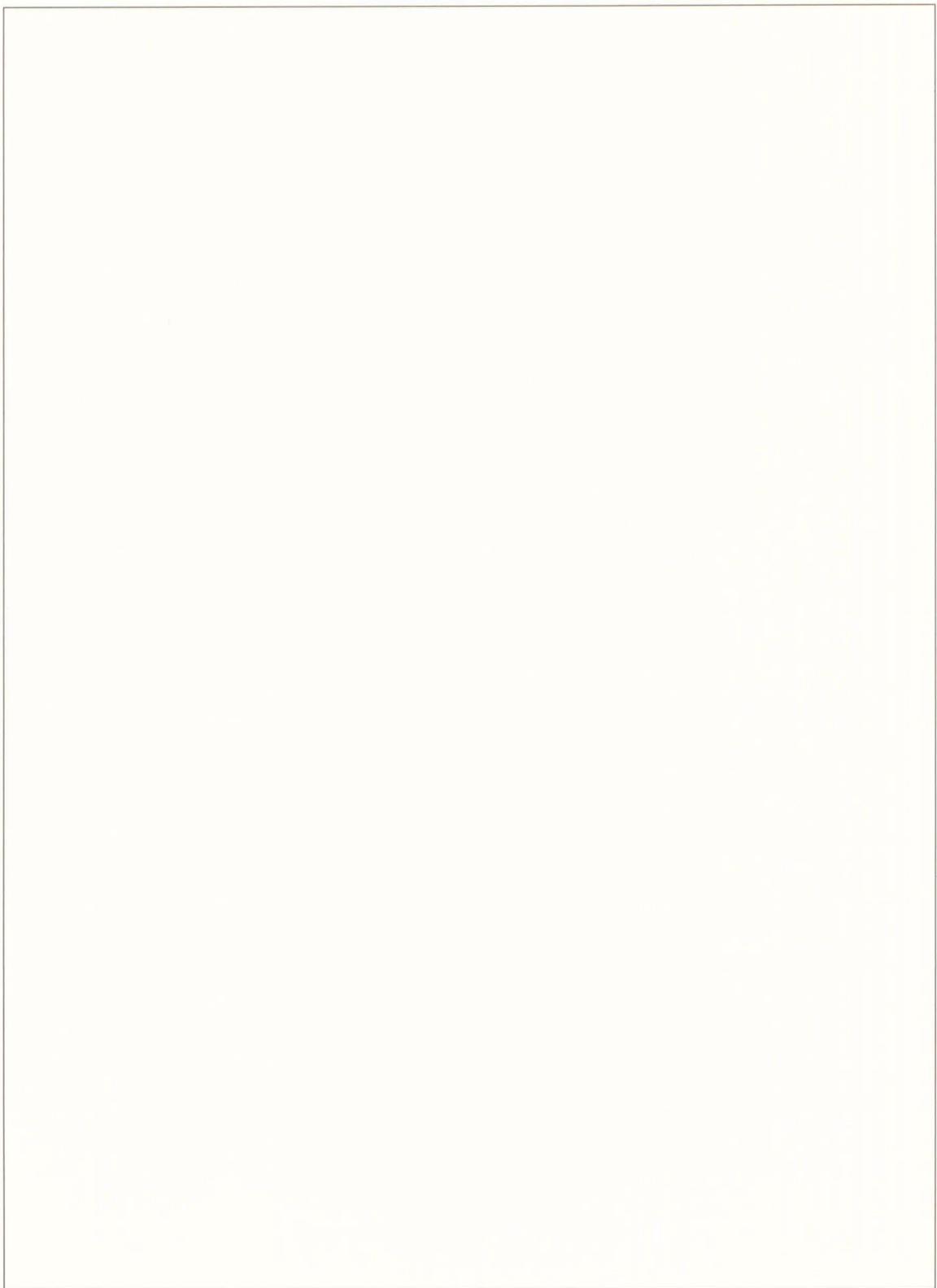
a copy whispered in the minor chords of someone else's song that fades into an out-of-tune gloss on twelve bars of the human condition, or maybe we were past the edge and ours was a time of noticing the obvious, but anyway there was no pretending, really, and no friends, just necessities of the moment.

“But that's a lie.

“Truth is none of those moments were necessary, but there was a kind of beauty just around the corner of them and you could find it with one more swallow, or you could hope some young turk with a guitar would one day capture the ill-gotten talents of a crossroads ghost and hand you the meaning from a set of nimble fingers.”



MINNEAPOLIS / ST. PAUL



Sun Yung Shin / SPEED

As ever and always, there were

**a series of possible solutions
broadly accepted international instruments
current practices are often in violation of these norms**

Of the momentum of miniature automobiles racing under the furniture

Of the tempo of your canine's age, dry outline of his heat

Of the velocity of your child's life, not as a kite's white twine unspooling above
the green earth. Heat from friction against your palm, counterclockwise.

As ever and always, specifically in the

**aftermath of the Second World War
ad hoc humanitarian response
all countries where emergency situations prevailed**

Weight of childhood, the one red of his shirt worn for six months until
outgrown

Size of the body, does the soul grow to meet it

Burden of the soul, can the body ever contain it

Only our breath is porous, only our lungs taste this air of yours

Identical words waiting beneath your teeth

One's tongue a singular burden

But newly, something new, something a degree different from what happened before, but no more important than what happened before (or what shall become of this)

**new generation of abandoned or orphaned
many of these children were Amerasians, fathered and left behind
by U.S. servicemen
as did their Vietnamese counterparts a decade or so later**

Human skull reaches adult size by age eight

What we once called vocal chords we now call folds

Science, like Adam, names and then — upon new intelligence — renames

Learn quickly that all cries are not musical

Everyone. Each one of us. No one of us.

**sharing responsibility for the burden facing the newly decolonized nations
domestic/intercountry/international
“mass exportation”**

Closet full of your father's suits, his color-blind eyes, his asking, is this blue or brown? green or maroon?

What we call vocal quality is subjective, what we call color

Garden, the yellow tulip bulbs unplanted, those withered skulls

Trivia of one's house, one's borders

Disfigure them freely, implant, transplant

Wash the lintels in blood

It's always this kind of language that makes its appearance

**a full-fledged and clear “demand”
while demand for children in adoption has continued to rise in the
industrialized world, fertility has fallen
“structural supply of children”**

Through this we shall pass, though not unmarked, though not without
marking this very air with our swiftness

Phenomenology: the word my friend and I always forget: “A philosophy or
method of inquiry based on the premise that reality consists of objects and
events as they are perceived or understood in human consciousness and not of
anything independent of human consciousness.”

Or, the study of relations between the knower, the known, and knowing.

*This Western sense of time. Fanciful verb tenses. We are tense with the time in our words.
On our hands. Idle. An innocent phoneme, one after another, like boots, unknowing,
attached to the knower*

**today as in the past the United States is the world's foremost receiving country
of foreign adoptive children, responsible for roughly half of all adoptions...
often moratoriums are called to allow for investigation of abuses**

We embrace her, Mother.

Selflessly, she. Taste of negative space around her robe.

Visitation, astonishing speed.

The long wake of the birth, wide bridal train going forward in time, floating
over the world, full of Christ-bearers.

Hands occupying the skin over hearts, hands shaped like a flag, skies light with
witness of clouds and bombs

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Lisa Arrastía / THIS IS/AMERICAN AND STRANGE

Uninterrupted killing . . . So that the better may live.

It is the cruelest thing I ever heard/a man is a person if he has a reputation to fulfill/Mr. Weise/was a young teenage/r/gunman/a heavily-armed 6-foot, 250-pound 16-year-old/He/wore eye makeup, a black trench coat that fell to the ground over his frame/user of name Todesengel (“Angel of Death” in German)/a contributor to a forum on a neo-Nazi group’s website/Mr Weise had been held back in school/teased because he was larger than most and, Mr. Tahahwah said, because of his parents’ fates/Everyone at Red Lake knew about that/

A man is a person/an armed schoolboy/the gunman/a local/when/we think the last time is the worst/Someone’s shooting/This is it/a story/to decide and act, to experience the world and be free/On one end of that continuum are those fortunate enough to be able to live fully/on the other/are those who can do none of these things/who are merely existing/Mr. Weise/it is the/era of exploitation/

About 1750, the Chippewa migrated to the Red Lake area from the Great Lakes/1804 Lewis and Clark visited the Red Lake Indians/1863 Red Lake cedes/acres to the U.S./1889 Red Lake cedes/acres to the U.S./1902 Red Lake cedes/acres to the U.S./The violence that ripped through Red Lake High, on the reservation of the Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians, will probably always be on some level inexplicable/to the U.S./

1877 U.S. boarding school/student/established/adopting gothic dress style/ He did no crime/the shooter/has rights/dressing like that/1914 First hospital built/the Chippewa/talked in detail about anti-depressants/40 milligrams a day of Prozac: 20 in the morning, 20 at night/the only antidepressant found to be safe and effective for children/Acting alone/he had asked/the U.S./for help and didn’t receive it/he had urged everyone to make a difference/that can make all the difference/Sharing their methods of recovery with Red

Lake/Columbine High School students/did no crime dressing like that/
Where was the help from the outside/Give me the money to help/Education
funding cut beginning next year/and/cuts grow larger/before the crisis/

Uninterrupted killing/this is/American and strange/As we help the families/
restore the feeding tube Bush/figures in the budget show that child-care
assistance would be ended for 300,000 low-income children by 2009/Funding
for H.I.V. and AIDS treatment/cut by more than half a billion dollars over five
years/It is by their reasoning/that the better may live/food stamp cut would
terminate food stamp aid for approximately 300,000 low-income working
families with children/so that the better may live/cut by more than half a
billion dollars over five years/Support for environmental protection programs
would be sharply curtailed. And so on/so that the better may live/I'm sure if
this happened in some school in Texas and a bunch of white kids were shot
down, he would have been there too/so that the better may live/This is/the
President's proposal/:/As we help the families/food assistance for pregnant
women, infants and children/cut/As we help the families in this community,
we must do everything in our power/so that the better may live/sign
emergency legislation/to break off his Texas vacation/He should have been
the first one to reach out to the Red Lake Indian community/Bush's response
came too late/to force the reconnection of the feeding tube/to prevent
tragedies like this from happening/

As they were waiting they met with a disappointment all of a sudden/After a
bit there was nothing that would be sudden in a disappointment/Three sat
when four were agog/Survivors of/another 11,000,000 acres to the U.S./a U.S.
Government (BIA) boarding school/another 2,905,000 acres to the U.S./Act
for the Relief and Civilization of the Chippewa/(?)/Another 256,152 acres to
the U.S./Western/Townships/(?)/This is it/a story/survivors of Public School
education/survivors of high school/rampage/massacre/shooting/left with
injuries and questions/They wait[ed] without a

chance to sing/Jeffrey had fought back and tried to stab Mr. Weise with a
pencil/This is it/a story/This is the cruelest thing I ever knew/people pass
pre-judgement/without even hearing what you have to say/This goes double if
you're ethnic/

Believe it/it is not for pleasure that I do it/shoot up the school/I'm being
blamed for a threat/I support what Hitler did/This is/American and strange/
that his motive was unknown/First Mission established at Red Lake/cedes
11,000,000 acres to the U.S./holding guns to the heads of/ethnic/children/
gun battle with a boy/black box warnings of/suicidal thinking/of suicidal
behavior/in/the/children/Blame/Food and Drug Administration/Blame/
President Bush has proposed/ideal/The tribes Public Safety Commission/
hiring untrained, uncertified officers/carrying guns on the streets/holding
guns to the heads of children. Like Contras/like Taliban/like Abu Ghraib/like
Guantanamo/Under the dictator/symbols of death and torture/American/
Trained/police/maintaining/enforcing/social norms/the uniform/the
badge/like white skin/the person who wears/it/allowed to enforce laws/he
doesn't himself intend to follow/the violence/inexplicable: Chicago PD/
NYPD/LAPD/Cincinnati PD/

This is/American/Mr. Weise/Ducked into a classroom and shot himself/This
is/the evidence/

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- Weise, Jeffrey James. "People pass pre-judgement without even hearing what you have to say. This goes double if you're ethnic." Posted by "Todesengel" at *Nationalist Forums* <<http://www.nazi.org/current/forum/YaBB.cgi>> on 19 March 2004 1:15 am under the title, "Native American Nationalists?"

Note on the text

All of the words in “This is/American and Strange” were taken from the sources listed in “Words Cited.” All spelling (correct or not) and most syntax were retained from the original source. A pause or full stop is represented by a “/”. The impetuses for writing this essay were the multiple contradictions I heard in media accounts and analyses of the Red Lake High School tragedy on the Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians reservation in northern Minnesota. There was shock that “such a tragedy could occur” even in light of America’s on-going invasive military and “reconstructive” tactics in Iraq, and on-going American arrests of teenagers for crimes of youth and crimes of rage. James Byrd was dragged from a truck, Timothy Thomas murdered by his city’s police in Cincinnati, Rodney King, Amadu Dialo, Abner Ruima. A woman raped every nine seconds. All the people and places America has committed crimes — I was bewildered and befuddled by my culture’s (my country’s) confusion and consternation. The essay, then, is an attempt to illustrate some of the more ironic or hypocritical elements within the false consciousness under which American culture lives: that we Americans are egalitarian yet ignore and support policies that permit and extend racial and economic inequality; that there are no American consequences to American culture; that we are not Americanizing foreign police forces when they use our weapons, our devices and wage our economic campaigns; and lastly, that we are attempting to love kids when we are not even attempting to understand the quality and character of their Americanization and its devastating impact on the bravery of their youth.

Ed Bok Lee / POLYPHONICA

I know children who must
translate their parents' words

into help from others.
These ancient instruments

in sneakers and band-aids,
who smell like the wind

beneath cotton and flannel Goodwill.
Who never possess time

to savor the stories they tell,
the power winding sideways

like a clock that can't fly
to a store clerk,

bus driver, social worker,
911 operator, perplexed

neighbor. Messages immigrant
as birds, fish and grass

swoop in unison to
and away from any

classroom sentence pattern.
Sometimes they shut down.

As adults grow frustrated,
threaten, sigh; two languages

choked mid-air, canceling
the third's strange

music no dictionary
could document

a fly's eye.

Mark Nowak / FRAME IX: QUEBEC CITY

FRAME IX: QUEBEC CITY

[CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT THE CHAIR/HELM, PARROT ON HIS SHOULDER;
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, STARBOARD, WEARING AN EYEPATCH;
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, PORTSIDE, WITH A PEG LEG.]

[PROJECTION/SIGN]

DECLARATION OF QUEBEC CITY
THIRD SUMMIT OF THE AMERICAS
QUEBEC CITY, CANADA
APRIL 20-22, 2001

[IMAGES FROM QUEBEC CITY PROTESTS ARE PROJECTED THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE]

**We, the democratically elected Heads of State
and Government of the Americas,
have met in Quebec City at our Third Summit,
to renew our commitment to hemispheric integration
and national and collective responsibility
for improving the economic well-being
and security of our people.
We have adopted a Plan of Action
to strengthen representative democracy,
promote good governance
and protect human rights
and fundamental freedoms.**

*The Venezuelan delegation
wishes to reserve its position
on paragraphs 1 and 6*

*of the Declaration of Quebec City,
because, according to our government,
democracy should be understood in its broadest sense
and not only in its representative quality.
We understand that the exercise of democracy
encompasses, as well,
citizen participation in decision-making
and in government management,
with a view to the daily formation of a process
directed towards the integral development of society.
Because of this, the Venezuelan government
would have preferred and thus requested that,
in this Summit, the text of the Declaration
would expressly reflect
the participatory character of democracy.*

**Threats to democracy today take many forms.
To enhance our ability to respond to these threats,
we instruct our Foreign Ministers
to prepare, in the framework
of the next General Assembly of the OAS,
an Inter-American Democratic Charter
to reinforce OAS instruments
for the active defense
of representative democracy.**

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wishes to reserve its position
on paragraphs 1 and 6
of the Declaration of Quebec City,
because, according to our government,
democracy should be understood in its broadest sense
and not only in its representative quality.
We understand that the exercise of democracy encompasses,
as well, citizen participation in decision-making
and in government management,
with a view to the daily formation of a process
directed towards the integral development of society.
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would have preferred and thus requested that, in this Summit, the text of the Declaration would expressly reflect the participatory character of democracy.

Free and open economies, market access, sustained flows of investment, capital formation, financial stability, appropriate public policies, access to technology and human resources development and training are key to reducing poverty and inequalities, raising living standards and promoting sustainable development.

The Admiral went to the river and saw shining in it some stones with gold-colored spots on them, and he remembered that in the Tagus River, in the lower part, near the sea, gold is found; and it seemed certain to him that this one should have gold.

We will work with all sectors of civil society and international organizations to ensure that economic activities contribute to the sustainable development of our societies.

And he ordered certain of those stones collected to take to the sovereigns.

We welcome the significant progress achieved to date toward the establishment of a Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), including the development of a preliminary draft FTAA Agreement.

While he was thus occupied, the ships' boys shouted that they saw pine groves.

As agreed at the Miami Summit, free trade, without subsidies or unfair practices, along with an increasing stream of productive investments

**and greater economic integration,
will promote regional prosperity,**
He looked up toward the mountains
and saw them, so large and admirable
that he could not praise [sufficiently]
their height and straightness, **thus enabling
the raising of the standard of living,
the improvement of working conditions
of people in the Americas**

like spindles, thick and thin, where
he recognized that ships could be made
and better protection of the environment.
and vast quantities of planking and masts
for the greatest ships of Spain.

He saw oak and arbutus
and a good river and material
to make water-powered sawmills.
**We direct our Ministers to ensure
that negotiations of the FTAA Agreement
are concluded no later than January 2005
and to seek its entry into force
as soon as possible thereafter, but in any case,
no later than December 2005.**

*The Venezuelan delegation reserves its position
on paragraph 15 of the Declaration of Quebec City
and paragraph 6-A of the Plan of Action,
in light of consultations that are taking place
in various sectors of the national government
dedicated to our internal legislation,
in order to fulfill the commitments that would result
from the implementation of the FTAA in the year 2005.*

**This will be a key element for generating
the economic growth and prosperity
in the Hemisphere
that will contribute to the achievement
of the broad Summit objectives.**

The Agreement should be balanced, comprehensive and consistent with World Trade Organization (WTO) rules and disciplines and should constitute a single undertaking. He saw along the beach many other stones the color of iron and others that some said were from silver mines, all of which the river brought. He reached the mouth of the river and went into an opening at the foot of that cape, which was very deep and large, and in which there would be room for a hundred ships without any cables or anchors. And he indicates that he has received from seeing it, and even more so from the pine trees, inestimable joy and pleasure;

We commit ourselves to promote programs for the improvement of agriculture and rural life and agrobusiness as an essential contribution to poverty reduction and integral development. because as many ships as might be wanted could be made there, bringing out their equipment except for wood and pitch, of which plenty would be made there.

We will work to ensure that the input from the Indigenous Conclave of the Americas, held in Guatemala, and the Indigenous Peoples Summit of the Americas, held in Ottawa, is reflected in the implementation of the Summit of the Americas Declaration

and Plan of Action. We support efforts towards early and successful conclusion of negotiations on the Proposed American Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, which will promote and protect their human rights and fundamental freedoms.

He affirms that he is not praising it a hundredth part of what it is, and that it pleased Our Lord always to show him one thing better than the other, and that always, in what he had discovered up to this point, he had gone from good to better, as well in lands and groves and plants and fruits and flowers as in people.

The Summits of the Americas exist to serve people.

We must develop effective, practical and compassionate solutions for the problems that confront our societies.

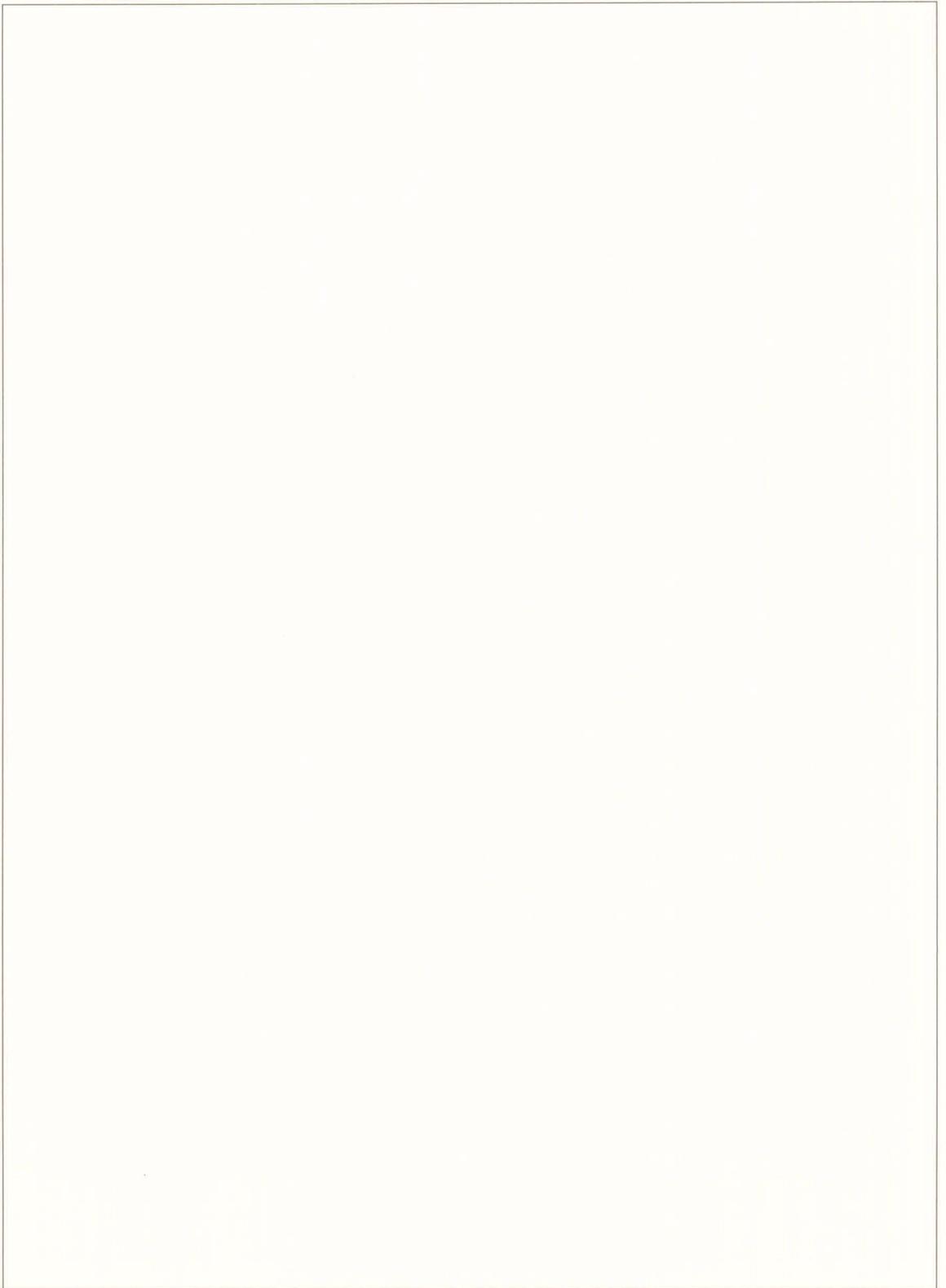
We do not fear globalization, nor are we blinded by its allure.

And finally he says that, when to him who sees it it is so greatly admirable, how much more so it will be to him who hears about it,

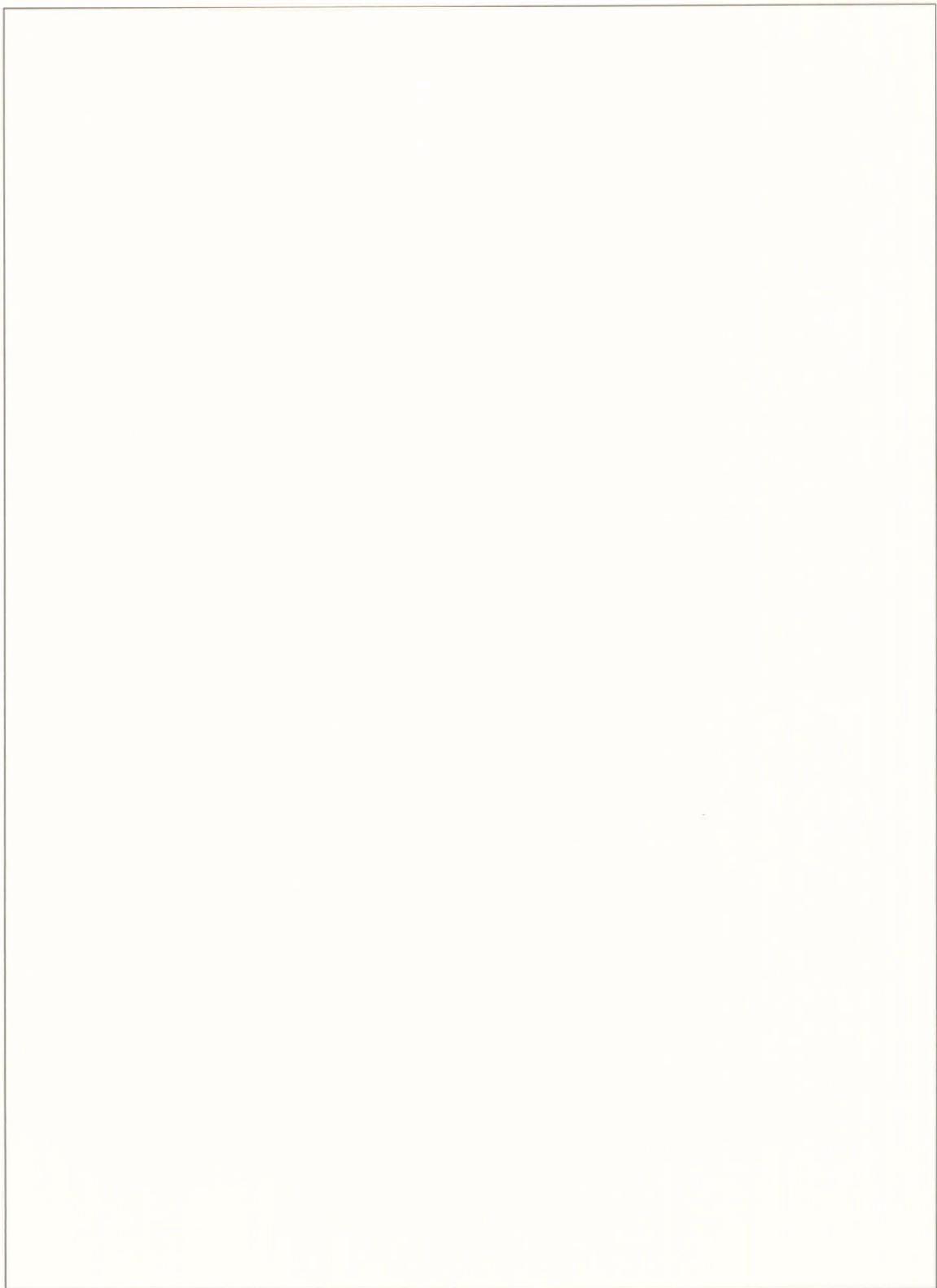
We are united in our determination to leave to future generations a Hemisphere that is democratic and prosperous, more just and generous, a Hemisphere where no one is left behind.

and that no one will be able to believe it if he does not see it.

We are committed to making this the century of the Americas.



EIGHT IMAGES



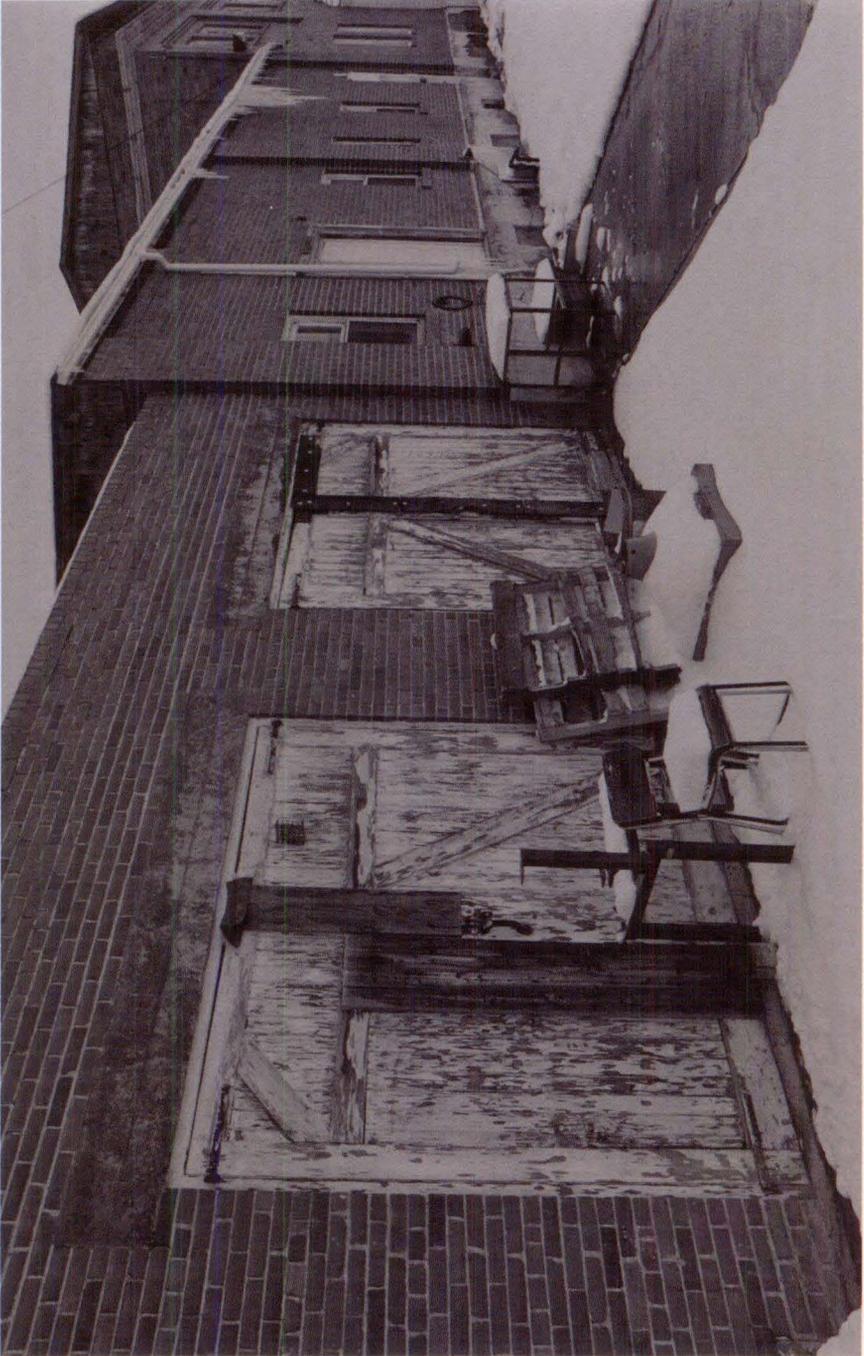
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“Banner,” from *PUBLIC TIME*, 2003
3.5 x 5 inches, photo
2. Kirsten Forkert (Vancouver)
“Banner: View from Window,” from *PUBLIC TIME*, 2003
3.5 x 5 inches, photo
3. Alanna McCallion (Calgary)
Untitled
8.5 x 11 inches, 35mm black and white photo
4. Alanna McCallion (Calgary)
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5. Sharon Harris (Toronto)
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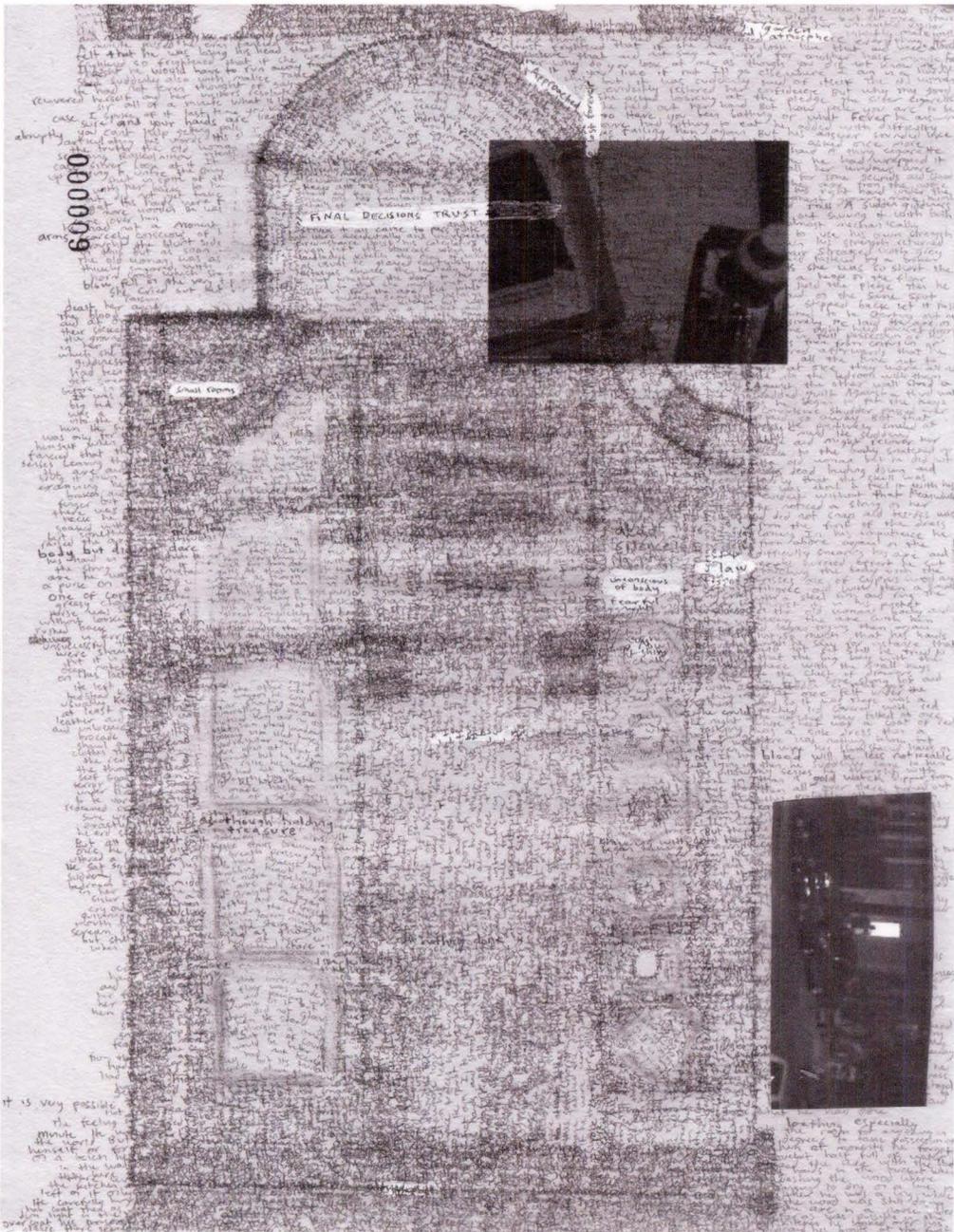
DELIBERATELY INCOMPLETE











recovered for all my last time
I can't say your hands
I can't say your hands
I can't say your hands

600000

arms

death

Small rooms

body but dis

One of the

Other

Thought holding

TREASURE

Law

Fearful

Breathing especially

it is very possible

the feeling

minute the out

himself or

in the

last of it

the

FINAL DECISIONS TRUST



Breathing especially





TORONTO

Louise Bak / from *SOMATICA*

Two connected forms wake by a watery source. Water nymphs/girls?

A: Ngo ghoch duk ngo ghoh toau yow siu siu umh toah

A: I feel my there's a bit of an ache/my head is out of sorts

B: Yee ghah, ngo hui ghang doeh mhung mhung ghun ghun

B: Right now, my neck feels really tense/tight/choked/clenched

A: Nhei phun ghun kui jun, nei umng hing jhoew dee ghue gwei yeh

A: When you were sleeping just now, you kept doing strange things

B: Ngo umng ghei dhuck. nei goh buey jhach jow gau jheem yaeh

B: I don't remember. There's a sharp shape on your back

**A: Nei jhow mawn mawn dei mhow mhow gung nei ghoh . . . jik hai ghao
hhoew poh**

A: You were slowly touching, stroking your . . . just like a woman of ill-repute.

**B: Nei ghong siu. Nei mhun hah quei jhoem hauem suey mai
heung nei gho soh**

B: You must be joking. Take a whiff of the salty sea smell in your hand

A: Ngo umng ying duc nei. Nei fhei di gut. Moeh lhei ngo.

A: I don't recognize you. You should take off. Don't worry about me.

**B: Nei jhuen hei goh soh mui. Ngo wing heen umh wooie lei huei nei
Ngo umh lei nei deem yeung soh soh dei**

B: You really are a silly girl. I can never leave you. I don't mind how stupid/
geeky you can get

B: Quei goh yaeah herng nei goh buey jhach wooie dukh pei Nei bei ngo tei ah.

B: The shape on your back feels like it can break skin. Can I get a little peek?

A: OK

B: Whah . . . nei hoew dukh yuen ghang

B: Whoa . . . you're very scary

A: Nei yoe seung gic ngo

A: You're trying to irritate me again

B: Qhuei goh yaeah wooie yookh. Ngo gui nei moew ghueh di gwei. Nei sang yuet ghue di deen yuen . . . di whei yuen

B: The thing is moving on it's own. I told you not to mess with ghosts. You're always calling strange people . . . creepy people

A: Ngo umh dei nei nghup mut. Nei uhm haung ying bei nei jhee gei, nei haum sup, daaun hei moew yuen haung doah nei

A: I don't know what you're talking about. You're not willing to admit to yourself that you're lusty, but no one wants to touch you

B: Ngo ji lew laing di. Nei sang yuet banh nei huei dim yeung puei di nam-jeih. Tai ah nei yuk goh soh mei.

B: I was always the prettier one. You're always pretending to be hot, like you know how to get with the boys. Look at you waving the silly tail.

A: Enough. We're identical.

B: Nei ghoch duk deem?

B: How do you feel?

A: Ngo moew yaeh.

A: I'm okay.

B: Ngo ghockh duk hoeh kheh gweih. Nei jic hei joew goh realistic mermaid tail Nei joeh ghoah di mhuet yaeh lai?

B: I think it's strange. You look like you have a real mermaid tail. What did you do to yourself?

A: Ngo moew mut deem. Ngo umh dei nei ghong mhut.

A: Nothing much. I don't know what you're going on about.

B: Ngo umh mheet dut qhuei huew.

I can't tear it off.

A: Ai ya. Ngo hueng. Ho hueng . . . Ai . . . Hueng sei . . .

A: Ai ya. It hurts. A lot. It hurts (deeply, terminally) . . .

THE WATERS RISE

[. . .]

B: I want to leave you. (struggles to tear herself away)

A: That's impossible. Mhauk die nei goh hoew . . .

A: . . . Open your mouth wide . . .

B: No fucking way.

A: Please . . . Let your lips cover your teeth . . .

B: No way. Let go of me.

A: Crawl over and atop of both worlds . . . Nei gei dhuck di laat maeh mah?

A: . . . Do you remember the spicy scent?

B: Let me go.

A: The three of us went for a nature walk . . .

B: I don't know what you're getting at.

A: You liked the music and atmosphere of the place . . .

B: Let me go.

They wrestle.

**A: It had been cloudy all day before drifting into a strange night.
A neither here nor there kind of day, before the infesting sights.**

B: What the hell?! Oh. Cripes. Your tail is fast growing.

**A: You were wearing a red cashmere scarf around your neck.
You got off on your appearance, with your siee mun checks.**

A: . . . modesty checks.

B: Nei loew di choew wah, jic hei goh soh mah-lau ying.

B: You leak such low/dirty language, appearing like a deformed monkey spirit.

A: Ngo seurng-sun nei gei dhuck nei haum: more, more, more.

A: I figure you remember crying, more, more, more.

You said make it a little harder, thicker to even the fish-score.

B: Nei nhoe ghun chee sut, nei goh hoew leet hooie yoeh sing.

B: Your brain system is all mangled, your mouth looks cracked, diseased.

**A: Nei ghue jhung nei yoeh lei mau, nei lackh mui, nei damh damh daeh
Ngo ji nei whun di yeeph, jing sup nei goh hei, jing quei yoeh heurng mai**

A: You think you're polite, you're a smart girl, that you're demure/reserved
I know you find wet leaves, to wet/lubricate your ass, sweetening it

B: Go wear out your own cunt. Nei quei sut sum, nei doh ming.

B: . . . You're so crazily wound-up, you can still surely understand. (She loosens herself away)

**A: (an accelerating gurgle like water going down a plug-hole) came out of you
A smile hardened on your lips like painted sugar as if you wanted it to . . .**

The tail lunges at B. B tries harder to tear herself away.

B: Sneaking down to shore, it was you forcing, my legs trembling . . .

A: You called the deeps to reveal a thing, all spongy, tuberous, warty, eeew then you get all dreary about meeting some demonic shark sister, boo

B: Hah, your hindmost corners are so rank, your thingy is shrinking

A: (trying to grab her back)

Oh, I ask you to drown her to sense. Diluvial cares, give me the flood-hand, You can't go denying a backlog of undress you denied with decided demand

B: Your tail advances to my throat . . . nei ghoh sum doh mei qhuik ding.

B . . . Your heart still can't decide

A: If I let you leave, you'll still choke in the absoluteness of your sick cry

You'll weep a mythic flood, ngo wing heen uhm sing ying ngoch seet dieh

A . . . I will never admit we've fallen/depreciated in to shame together

B: Ngo seet mhut? Hei nei fhooh goh suen mei huoi goh see-haup, lei jing . . .

I've lowered myself? You're flinging yourself in to the toilet bowl, licking the remains

A's tail tears B ferociously away. The water rushes torrentially around their separating forms . . . rippling, distorting the surface of each twin . . .

A: Nei yuen ji . . .

A: Watch out for . . .

B: Nei ho sang . . .

B: Be careful . . .

They break away from each other.

Note on the text

Somatica involves a dialogue between conjoined twins, who are parted. While submerged in local polluted waters, they invoke the highly polluted river systems of China. The text was written as part of a collaboration between com-poser Nilan Perera and dancers/choreographers Susanna Hood and Marie Josee Chartier. It incorporates Toisan, a dying almost-embarassing dialect rarely used in the contemporary Chinese communities of Toronto, which Bak finds compelling in the way it can relay aspects of the corporeal.

Ken Babstock / EXPLANATORY GAP

Happiness, happiness, happiness. Happiness. Sound of rabbits
freed from the hutch, ass-
upping their way toward the Interstate. Etymology of 'blizzard':
unknown.
I repeated that for weeks when conversations stalled, dried up,
exposed

the embarrassed cracks, or I'd stopped listening. But sure as shit
one among us would get it in her head
to thief a cache of civic pride

that wasn't ours, then stain the river with it, and we'd be up and
out, hailing
the Jumbotron we'd nailed our eyelids to ... ah, Big Face.
Speak when spoken to. It glowed a gory orange at times, the river,
like the bands

of a milk snake, and just thinking of kibble made mid-sized dogs
recall that reek
of acetate. They thought of kibble a lot, back then, the dogs.
Crest and trough and the distance between crests over
a given time span.

Explanatory Gap

Would Form, Colour, and Motion please report to Area 17
where you'll be met by Memory and Recognition. An unbroken field of light
is uninformative. The cracks,

the jinks, what won't cohere or blend but bends, fissures,
falls to the field
or becomes figure. A visual percept is degraded light.
We all like to sound important. I was convinced I'd actually loved

by a hot tinny pain spreading downward from the sternum. She
was gone, though,
by the time the evidence appeared, and I'd mull around the train ditch
of an evening, reading German dictionaries and pulling
loosened spikes

from the tie braces, designing industrial versions of croquet. Home shot:
through the St. Louis Arch to the CN tower. Oil derricks and wrecking balls.
I had no friends for a time. Whether

it happened or didn't it felt as it did and affected the weather. I
was being fleeced, still I paid
for entertainment. It helped me feel worse, and worse was where

lovely numb wet its tongue. I sucked it like a strip of dripping lamb —

Explanatory Gap

It was Nineteen-Eighty-BoreYouToDeath and sex had attached
its lips to Things.

New was no longer the inverse but the utter annihilation
of old. New laws, models, growth on the hedgerows
that had to be hacked. New

fear: moles with bleeding edges; monkey bars, merry-go-rounds,
outlawed lawn
darts; the poems of ex-presidents; crack, glue, gas, E; evangelists
on their knees, and a funky steam roiling over from the
Unter den Linden.

I hear *Stasi*, I see the *Nordiques*. We can't know what things mean
in the place
where they're meant, or know what's meant by place
with no map in our head. Like those whose hobby

it's become to dog-sled, day-hike, air-lift in to where latitudinal
lines meet the north-south ones at some lonely, never stepped-on
patch of steppe or muskeg mat in Labrador; and they intersect

there, apparently, though there's nothing to see, or nothing
visibly marking the spot other than the spot itself: the mapped
land beneath the numbered globe. Say hello

to coordinates-ordinates-ordnance, and a ground rodent
sniffing the spruce air under a daytime moon.
There'll be a sign here soon.

RM Vaughan / FOUR POEMS from *TROUBLED: a memoir in poems and one video script*

Session 28

Here is where you cut my heart, inserted snakes in the folds, blood holes garters
not pythons, not eels nothing monstrous or broad, fanged nor rattle tipped finger curls not fists
because you are so clever, smart as salt

you said We'll have to find We can fix We'll talk this and I nodded
bobbed, wet faced, a drowning man you said There are ways around

One gesture from disaster, isn't everything always the rail jump, the iced wing, the
downed plate, the slit the bruise the scald preventable?

Here is where you said Relax and meant Come to my house, take dinner, meet my children,
buy me a book, sit in my lap grow used to the hiss inside

Session 1

Orchids, a man who breeds orchids (Faulkner's pet hate, their hoary throats & stick insect limbs unnerving harbingers *Nasty things* He wrote, in bed, tingly with bursitis and drink *Their flesh is too much like the flesh of men, and their perfume has the rotten sweetness of corruption*) if only that

So, he parents orchids, my latest psychiatrist and watercolours, by the meter so many beach fronts, fir groves, rose gold maples, whirling brooks & blotch flowers an outdoorsman, hobby artist unoriginal but energetic (already, my critic voice, already five minutes past the office door) and so, too, his body a recap of all the top muscle groups of the 90's the baseball bicep, the cleft chest, shoulders like whale backs & a teen waist tucked into purple and yellow plaid, Easter colours in September (stop it stop it stop it)

because he knows my type, my talents, he begins with rules (we critics love rules, and are all bottoms) I must not be late, not cancel, not lie expect, begrudge, sour, shirk disrespect the process, steal the magazines, pick the flowers, wear muddy shoes treat him like a friend

Session 2

On a flowered couch, I seed crack like milkweed pods in frost, spores in mud
call all the old gods to harvest
— my father, mad as a paper kettle, as three glass balls
in a blender & my mother, her sleepy violence, a limbless she-cat all caterwaul & cant
& my body, a wrung pillow & the quiet habit of rough sex, for spice —

He flexes, winds his fingers takes no notes, no notice

All my embarrassments, summoned, cast on the floor runes and bones and shiny stones our
first magic, first sniff of the glands, presenting of horns and he says, only,
Save something for later

Session 27

To tell it is impossible a sea crossing on a cardboard tray, a hike over Nepal
in glass shoes I try, speak in damp gusts, verb spirals in footnotes full
as Christmas trees, bottom trawls & gill nets with mud in my teeth

To tell love, name attraction catching bats with envelopes

M. Nourbese Philip / from *ZONG!*

Zong! # 6

question therefore

the age

eighteen weeks

and calm

but it is said...

-from the maps

and

contradicted

by the evidence...

question

therefore

the age

6. Zuka, Tuwalole, Urbi, Femi, Chiwa.

Zong! # 25

was the cause was the remedy was the record was the argument was the delay was the evidence was overboard was the not was the cause was the was was the need was the case was the perils was the want was the particular circumstance was the seas was the costs was the could was the would was the policy was the loss was the vessel was the rains was the order was the that was the this was the necessity was the mistake was the captain was the crew was the result was justified was the voyage was the water was the maps was the weeks was the winds was the calms was the captain was the seas was the rains was uncommon was the declaration was the apprehension was the voyage was destroyed was thrown was the question was the therefore was the this was the that was the negroes was the cause

Zong! # 26

justify the could

the captain &

the crew

the authorize

in captain

crew &

could

could authorize justify

captain

&

crew

the

could

or justify authorize

could

captain & crew

authorize

the crew

the captain &

the could

the justify

in

captain

could &

crew

in authorize

justify

the could

the captain &

the crew

justify the authorize

the could

Note on the text

In 1781 a fully provisioned slave ship, *Zong*, set sail from the west coast of Africa for Jamaica with a cargo of 470 African slaves. Navigational errors on the captain's part resulted in severe delay, with some of the ship's "cargo" being lost and some 150 Africans subsequently thrown alive overboard as a strategy to avoid legal liability in an insurance claim suit in which, against all rationality, humans were transubstantiated to commodity. The decision of the appeal court ordering a new trial is the document which becomes the foundation text of Philip's serial poem, a word store against which she employs a variety of techniques including whiting or blacking out words, mutilating the text, random selection of words as well as pulling words from within other words. At least on their surface, the *Zong!* poems approximate what is more familiarly known as language poetry, although the point of departure differs, as Philip's proceduralism replicates the censorial and magical activity of the law which decides what facts should or shouldn't become evidence, what is allowed into the record and what is excluded.

A. Rawlings / from *WIDE SLUMBER FOR LEPIDOPTERISTS*

The slow light touch of hand on wing, scales brush off like butterfly kisses, hand on brow, eyelash dew and fog, breath and fur our entrance and we caress the dulled wet passage, the flicker of soft quiet like sound or sand, when larva eats its eggshell and becomes pupa a hoosh

we tongue our shell, our conch, we smell the honeysuckle sweat heavily in the night air. Heave. a hoosh The fragrance a push of belly against abdomen, tongue buried deep in the suckle the honey and the brush-foots wake and crowd, thrust or pulse, spastic praxis, massive pulse out of sync. This is not what this is no, we intended it, we thought sleep and none came we come. ha a a ha Horned caterpillars epilepse, wood nymphs spin and hang crude cocoons

we hold our slow high flight

remove beauty from body
underwater
in silk nests caterpillars in silk

marsh bog, chariswamp

hallucidity
overwinter
slow wave

chrysalistalization

dream or else
monotony
bodydobody
sleep woven
silk wrapped

communes pulse in push in
bodiestidobodies

is exposure a posture?
is removal political?

c
 comma, common swallowtail, southern swallowtail, scarce swallowtail, wood white,
 hry
 salis
 brimstone, black-veined white, small white, bath white, white admiral, southern white
 slick,
 flick of
 admiral, red admiral, small tortoiseshell, cardinal, marbled white, western marbled white,
 scale, high
 er, voice soft
 hermit, meadow brown, small heath, wall brown, woodland brown, lattice brown, brown
 whoosh a push
 on mound a fin
 hairstreak, black hairstreak, ilex hairstreak, white-letter hairstreak, short-tailed blue, small
 ger on crimped
 folds inside,
 blue, silver-studded blue, mazarine blue, damon blue, chalkhill blue, adonis blue butterfly
 bottom

la
 ugh
 of bre
 th of win
 gs warmed
 then beaten,
 scales high
 finger push
 on scale flat
 tense, rest th
 fritillary pulp
 breathe

It's a story it's not a story it has elements of the story. 'Y' is a letter. 'Rots' are four letters. The caged body deteriorates, rails against.

Why.

Pre-end. Exhale three dead white moths- cream moths. Moths with thick, furry antenna. Tickle the epiglottis and struggle to exit. The story is stuck in details. Images bedrail themselves, quilt and sheet themselves, thick no entrance. Exit.

There is no argument, then, let the body do the body does.

Margaret Christakos / from THE HOITY TOITY SUPPLEMENTS, or, ONE VERY INTERESTING EXAMPLE

Sherry-Mary's Phonic Lichen

For example for a good of it for fuck's sake for a quartet of pheromones
Here is a reasonable example you were asking for, albeit politely
I don't have to grind my teeth to hear into a future body of turtles
Crow loud if you will decide on sleeping; let me into uno secret

Mothers always have a resistance to magnifying sutures
For a while now I've considered you defunct and rigid, like camel saddle
A way wind spews itself without any indication of need
Hold me restive kneecap: do what it is you really want

At a back of a house is a bucket filled with sawdust Sniff it
Slowly, don't check into a sewer, promise Take your degree in Biz Admin
Crumple its shins Grunt as you release a defecant Torso small
Ankles chubbed out like salami I hate you for your slick pedicure

Don Valley is a good name if you live in an area, or, if not, you're
Nostalgic for an arena Why not keep your better clothes in a mothproof bag
Buy a bruised fruit, a fig, Asian pear, pomegranate Stiffen
Up, cling to yourself all through a loneliest dead-of-night crests you.

For me this is a very interesting example for another opinion press star
Gild lilacs in a most casual charade Don't pack too much in one pouch
Do what you do when for example you try to do some particular thing
Don't get vague on me for fuck's sake regard me with a glint of tin

Simper like a bunny Radiant mechanic likes to fix things silver, squid
Black Strafe roads vivid, get me? Let in a driver's seat Hold my coffee
In two hands as if you had a third Resemblances to rose bushes lose squeaker
Payoff I wanted to see not a top of your head but into deep into your skull

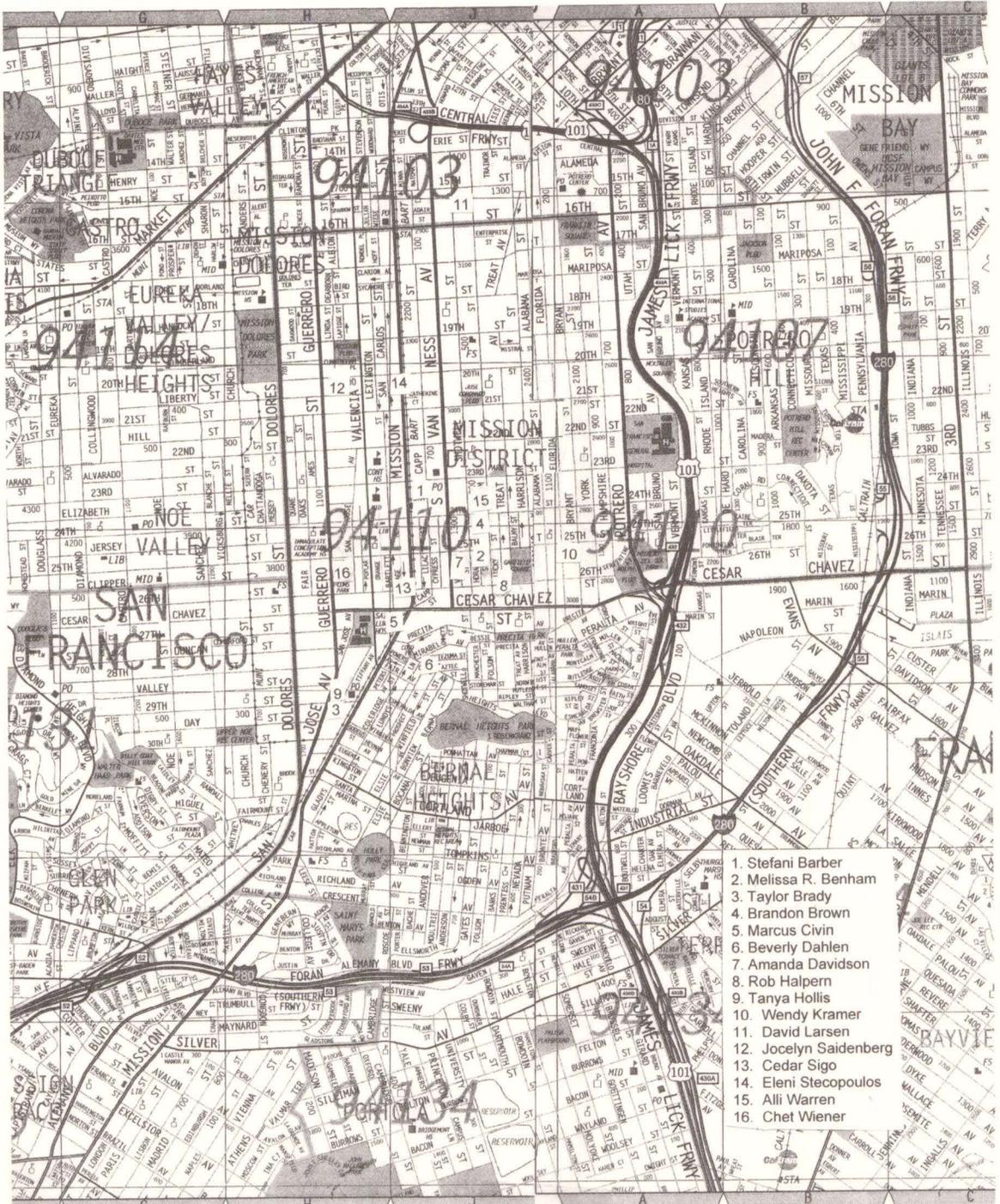
Four catches tongues in an embarrassing psychopatent I was real original
And proud of a fact of how real this accomplishment can be when I am half
Awake In her head, I am telling you this again about her skull's inside, carmine
Compartment shivered with extra spaciousness and I closed a little latch

A Rouge we are not so sure of how to get close to, but all trees awfully
Fresh Gurgle over pebbles Stream chill For a best result keep stern
For heaven will always palpate like blood, it's just an idea of its best version
Of frank self, what a self looks like inside its very reddened cap crown on.



SAN FRANCISCO

MISSION DISTRICT 94110



1. Stefani Barber
2. Melissa R. Benham
3. Taylor Brady
4. Brandon Brown
5. Marcus Civin
6. Beverly Dahlen
7. Amanda Davidson
8. Rob Halpern
9. Tanya Hollis
10. Wendy Kramer
11. David Larsen
12. Jocelyn Saidenberg
13. Cedar Sigo
14. Eleni Stecopoulos
15. Alii Warren
16. Chet Wiener

Amanda Davidson / 94110

Your girlfriend hadn't lived in the house very long, less than a week, when the restaurant next door burned down. The house was on the corner of 18th Street and Shotwell, and her bedroom faced a power station that was surrounded by a sturdy iron fence and a dirty, stunted row of trees under which homeless people slept in a ragged and shifting encampment.

Beyond the power plant was a fire station outfitted with a handsome, tall brick building made expressly for the purpose of practicing to put out fires. More than any other building in the city, you loved this building, so sturdy and flame retardant and inhospitable. Sometimes, riding by it on your bicycle, you observed firefighters aiming a dry hose at the building's implacable façade. Through windows and doorways you glimpsed staircases, concrete landings. Something about the way the building squarely invited and controlled disaster provoked an almost unbearable combination of feelings in your stomach — warm exterior, cold interior, catastrophe, protection.

You could see the top of the building from her bedroom window, but you didn't like to look at it too much. Just knowing it was out there imbued the room with a bricky swirl of chaos mixed with ordered warmth.

On the night she moved in to her house, you had seen what you believed to be an omen of some kind, though you didn't know if it portended good luck or bad. Near midnight, just getting off from work, trudging down 18th Street across Valencia, Mission, South Van Ness — and why were you at work that late anyway, no wonder she was mad, it was true, you did work too much — you saw Santa Claus riding the Mission 14 bus, southbound. The unwieldy bus lumbered to the corner just as you walked up, and you caught a flash of pulled red velvet and there was Santa, ruddy face and snowy beard, clutching a teeming plastic grocery bag, and then the bus lurched off and you stood, dazed, in a plume of exhaust, wondering what to make of this late August vision.

And not a week later you were dreaming about Santa, a comical dream featuring pink reindeer which turned sinister when smoke crept from the edge of Santa's beard and his coat burst into flame. It was the middle of the night and your hand was tangled in her hair, her long, brown hair, and you were sleeping, and you had been fighting. There was a soft, quick suck as her body pulled

away from yours, a small warmth demolished, and for a confused moment you thought *she's leaving me* but then a strangely gentle voice, her roommate's, cascaded through the door calling *fire get up there's a fire*.

She was at her door in a flash and when she opened it smoke billowed into the room and she screamed *come on, baby*. She was the first one ever to call you baby and even now it sent a thrill through the middle of the panic. She grabbed her camera and you grabbed her hand and you ran down the narrow stairs and onto the sidewalk and there were firefighters in yellow jackets aiming hoses at Chava's, the Mexican restaurant next door. Yellow and blue plastic tables on the sidewalk listed in the heat and flames flapped like dry paper. The building emitted a roar.

Your girlfriend's face looked soft and grave and a little bossy, and it was jarring to see this private, sleepy look thrust onto the sidewalk. You felt the leftover fighting swirl between you like a bit of hot ash, and you wondered if it would spark again or go out. You had the sudden urge to gather her hair into your mouth and swallow it all the way to the roots, and you emitted a little involuntary gag of pleasure at the thought of her long, rough hairs anchoring in your throat.

Your girlfriend looked at you with an expression you couldn't read. She wore a thin robe and you worried that she was cold, and still angry, and below this rippled the deeper worry that she was going to leave you because you were too full of compulsion and inexplicable sadness, and mixed in with this was the cold, constant idea that you were meant to be alone anyway, all alone, like Santa on the bus. She moved her camera to her face, and the shutter made the sound of a small, sharp tear. The hose surged, water blasted the roasting edifice of Chava's, the firefighters stumbled backward. Glass broke somewhere.

The camera shutter sliced again, and suddenly the smoky heat split open and you fell forward into the rent air. You saw your girlfriend, the firefighters, the flames coming out of the building, the Salvadorian grandmother who lived in the house next door — all blurred and grey, as if through a sheet of smoke, then it seemed as if they were made of smoke, faint and wavering, rubbing away into air, as you drifted backwards into the slit of space.

And then you were somewhere cold and dark and silent. Street lamp light came in through little windows and doorways without doors, and you caught a flash of brick beyond the window ledge. The shadows in the corner thickened and then breathed, and then you saw him, all ruddy cheeks and scuffed black boots, and he said "We brought you here in order to prepare for the disaster."

Taylor Brady / from THE BLOCK PARTY

mapping the martial character of movements up and down this street as the charisma of a hardened torso muted by exposure to the light in v's film, turning back the hands of the woman in the mural just behind but who the shot unfreezes and brings forward, not as a reaching to possess but as a legato merging the traffic that her body might be across the border region the mural memorializes in and out of place, and that is certain in what she holds of produce suspended between her hands, onto the same plane as the male body soldiering, shouldering the wall

sin titulo, meaning you will strain to grasp this body and will leave the tracks that clamber into focus up the arms and sides parallel to the dense traffic of prison tattoos, emptying out your desire into the inability to address what you have seen, as the shadow under the man's left nipple lifts him off the wall the woman lifts in lifting up her basket

marks of time, of marking time, doing time

— steps out of the memorial into the street

on the soundtrack, smile for my friends and cry later, and the tears are tears, are rips in skin colored ambiguously off-color by the high contrast black and white, as if the body can't lift itself from the wall without trauma, a wheel of machinery twisting a cramp into the flesh, proving it and making it mobile around this arrest, the fruit in the woman's basket coming forward as equivocal eyes for the man's blind and eloquent torso but they are not looking at the same place and time, and lift the wall of his breast on furrows and ridges of heavy lifting in the clocked fields of

David Larsen / UNTITLED

U.S.S.S.S.S.S.

the sun came out with a camera
and started shooting
“Freeze, you’re on tumble dry!”
el hombre en la sala
wants to make love but can’t, ni
la mujer tampoco
the famous saying sucking
all permission out of collapse theory
eleven backspaces ago
it was an uphill ballet
just to fucking arrive with
“Paradise Pockets, get down!”
never to be duplicated
the experiment was successfu
and lies buried very deep where
none can find it
oh, so that’s how
well tough shit, asshole
from a public health perspective
I mean, it ties you to the city
that’s for sure

Eleni Stecopoulos / from *ARMIES OF COMPASSION*

Enduring freedom futures
last a long time

Roman society staved off age with shit facials

aesthetics can be reduced to pleasing
when a skin lampshade stands for design

come out Mr. President
stand before your victory fleur-de-lys
perfume's base was always gasoline

understand our deepest
cellular consumptive scab
embarcaded in the war
chest walling off
our lungs a white field where
players swoop down on a chicken
like crows pretending to be chickens

There has never been theater in America

impersonating the void we no longer
play in the dark

we drain the ocean

thematizing the real as
scab cargo
no one will unload

there has never been theater
only suppliant women buried child

evacuating with bodies
the plausible deniability of law

Melissa R. Benham / the imitation and the genuine

with the blue light of austerity we arrive
at afternoon tea comparatively rich &

our atmosphere of hospitality is simple as
a miniature strawberry festival

in days of hatlessness be gentler, even weather can devastate

one whose manners suggest a less affluent
sister must be avoided when there is not dancing

winter, merely, appears

she should choose her friends in the circus rather
than society providing no stack of little tea plates or artificial light

they sit in the brilliant night preferring a box
so small to be collapsible

Beverly Dahlen / from *A READING: "...The Beautiful"*

mushrooms wine

waves of grain
from before

waves of grain

and the tale of the generous boat
entranced by abundance
who would not sink

who would not cover over
oneself layers of warm fat for
winter comes let down your hair

asleep at last

alone at night
the site of a thick dark
wave frozen not other
thou art that indeed

sea in the window
backwards waving

disparate

remote

the burdens
of catastrophe

separate

engulfed

a substance
unlike rock

bitten torn
straggles away

and rising
rises again

Stefani Barber / LAST WINTER

when the rain began — a reason to pause
in the doorway of some unknown place
and kiss — the way home forgotten

when the rain began — it opened the door
and books by the window forgotten —
coffee once more — a home in the mouth

once the rain begins — note the rising
— the mutable strains quiet from below
— its steady, driving movement forward

makes places to hide — then to unfold
as the flower — you never were —
until the rain — made room to drink

until the rain's return — forgotten voices
— named in other seasons — something
familiar in the pounding — like holy

fluttering paper hearts mark the corner
— sweetness to draw them to you —
sweetness to make them stay

with you inside the rain — charming
the pants off — then watch how light
— reacting — refracting off of —

bodies obscured by nothing more
than this falling water — its permission
to behave as once — was natural

— no sun this morning, so instead —
the nocturne again — made a home
where none — could have been written

— the truth of this rain — its weakening
the reserve — whose meaning forgotten
— unhinge the door — do you know the story

Rob Halpern and Jocelyn Saidenberg /
SO APES THE GRID OF RECOGNITION

Missing in the count who now counts as

Counts for one as if one weren't already

Others missing being counted shows this

One counts things we've taken: states

Ears whose hearing counts hulking mass

Can't hear — the excess of our industry

Selling senses who can't count bodies

Mangled things *and the young*

— *get inducted into what this means*

Wendy Kramer / REST

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| This is Rest. | <i>Run.</i> | — . . .because i get the sense |
| It's what's left (a surfeit of words everywhere else) Here, a horrible hush | In spaces of restraint uncertainly as if foolscap flowered quickly | <i>Ready yourself for</i> lately that my efforts are largely misplaced but earnestly carried out, and so i stay put. |
| pedaling | a different four minutes | forever, a fork or furch |
| another | Even as Birdstone upsets the Triple Crown... | <i>realizations or renditions</i> |
| another still | recalling the persevering and constant in | value of vessel. effort or application |
| <i>Race.</i> "seeking the shortest route" | Wax and would grain | more better |
| in word well & knowing nothing | a glassine | <i>Stop it</i> |
| it's trying, | thready mane overlay | for to capture & carry |
| <i>after the other parts have been taken away</i> | keeping my mechanical | coda <i>why don't you</i> |
| wrest what's left | a high cadence a horse for the last century | <i>Lie down & sleep</i> |

"[O]nly by success would my lone furrow be justified. Why did my freedom of decision always seem so hard to win?"

— Roger Bannister, in *The Four-Minute Mile*

Cedar Sigo / PRINCE VALIANT

Your first presence
is that of a con man
down on his luck,
you cross on the ferry
and return as it gets dark,
heating a pair
of candlesticks
to warm the studio
I was to live
quite comfortably,
at the end
of each needle
to receive my ghost.
I took out
a writing room also
among derelicts
who would pay
unwittingly
the highest prices
besides the apartments
for their dry-cleaning
and drinks,
Top Of The Mark.
Soiled by each groom
till I reach the morgue,
one we can lean on
in our ascension

to heaven
to China Fields
and the cufflinks
you had better
recognize.
It was more
of an open
invitation
and should he care
to appear
good thing
it was recorded,
his walking seaside,
his being punished
for talking indian.
A bronze bust
soon to be unveiled
in Pioneer Square,
the greatest
of all features
in its design...mercy,
the brass ring and
clear purple tomb
in a door knob.

Brandon Brown / from HOUNDS BY ALLI WARREN

no bombs raining down on our heads

by Sextus Propertius

Peace is the lord of love,

peace 'em we lovers whine and moan

sit on me, come dominate me with pseudo-hardship

no, my pecs aren't envying

a carpet of certain gold, no just sit on me

don't needa imbibe goblets of gin and juice

or have a thousand jugs

or be a pig farmer in Campania

no, miserable Corinth, I don't care about your cash-clods.

O unlucky Earth that Prometheus fingered!

Ill-prepared he caught and egged

our pectoral opus. Ooped us.
Not getting art, he meant despondent corpses
from there there oughta been rectal roads
for the *anima*
too bad. Now we're fucked and in the ocean
and connect war to new war.
I'm glad Bacchus keeps his booty jive
in my tremulous head. Super. Let's rotate,
scope out sitting on it
in the aqua

Alli Warren / THE SQUAD AND I SKI AND SWAN

The squad and I ski and swan
"Thus a prayer is a sentence"
& individual is predicated
By the eyes and face
By our being holding them
By which I mean I met
A man both good and shoemaker
The complexion of a sloth
Convulsions both moving & impressive
Shall commence then & proceed
Out of several secretions
in lice, nits; in flies, grubs and fleas
like eggs, all the like nondescripts
in the house say Ho
So too in the sea
Prey upon prey
& the broads and tenants
Toppling the nectar, flocking
The nest to swarm
The cause of warfare is that

Chet Wiener / AND IT'S STILL

Who was the most jumbled
They knew their carton sole and
Take it from there a peewee
A pixie the beak at an angle
Lent a place as memory paired

Whether you know the characters
Floating the commercials down
How I let it grow out and you
Can't opportunity trailed lean
Directional straps for the motor

Bells taking what lead recall
And it's still you muzzled or
Rich with too many people on
The boat who's count trying
To prove or in the paces parched

Placated rushed or stolen
More not defrayed delayed
And reported a war down the road
An oar in the hills and modified
For clientele you put it that

Or bounce it yet the same CD
Slides in anchors aweigh and
Tilted or tiled in her retelling
A forfeit but taller meeting
On the grounds the swelled

Curtains the mismatched check
Count on the day hired shaped
To recognize one smile in but
The base linking lies and called
Excursions their little baggy

For another expert parameter
Jingle researching agog with a
Natural sway combined sounded
Not to fall flat-footed but
Recalcitrant taking an elbow

And even the birds quieted know
Your front without escape or getting
Their windows facing razor and fake
Filling years circling exertion and
Rendering fingerings and the angle

Marcus Civin / 9 *ELCHE*: Artist Statement

I transcribe Russian novels. In *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoyevsky challenges the notion of absolute truth. Raskolnikov resists seeing himself as criminal. To friends he is intellectual; to family, principled; to the poor, generous. Raskolnikov confesses gruesome murders to the police, yet asks himself, "What is meant by crime?"

My transcription of *Crime and Punishment* represents visually the relationship of individual to environment. I explore institutional and technological mediations of that relationship. The project thus activates multiple truths.

When I began, I chose a sampling of structures from world religions and considered histories of religious justification for murder. I assigned a number to each architectural plan I chose. As I progress through Dostoyevsky's text, I roll dice to randomly link a passage of text with a structure.

I write small to create an equivalent of intense description. The drawing on page [##] is the ninth passage of *Crime and Punishment* I transcribed. The passage finds Raskolnikov paused at the doomed pawnbroker's door, fingering the ax under his tattered coat: "He rang a third time, but quietly, soberly and without impatience. Recalling it afterwards; he could not make out how he had had such cunning, for his mind was as it were clouded at moments and he was almost unconscious of his body."

I tie this passage to the plan for Elche Synagogue. The Fourth Century synagogue at Elche in Southern Valencia, Spain, is an example of Greek-influenced architecture, and the westernmost ancient synagogue. A strategic military position on the Mediterranean Sea, Elche has been sacked by Carthaginians, Romans, Barbarians, Visigoths, Moors and Christians.

My work copies and documents itself in the process of becoming. I photograph myself drawing, and I leave large format xeroxes of my transcription drawings for neighbors. Photographs in *9 Elche* show a shadowy section of my studio desk with pencils, an open book and a container of White Out. A lit doorway outlines my body as I distribute the work on Bartlett Street in San Francisco.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

LISA ARRASTÍA has been teaching and leading creative educational programs in independent and public schools for fifteen years. Her work with youth is the focus of a 1999 Emmy-nominated public television documentary, *Making the Grade*. Her essay, "Should I Stay or Should I Go Now?" was included in Pearl Kane's *The Colors of Excellence* (Teacher's College Press, 2003) and most recently, "Killing the Dark Bodies: Execution as Market Sustainability & State Redemption" was published by *Monthly Review Zine*. She is currently a PhD student in American Studies at the University of Minnesota.

KEN BABSTOCK is the author of three books of poetry: *Mean* (Anansi, 1999) won the Milton Acorn Award and the Atlantic Poetry Prize; *Days into Flatspin* (Anansi, 2002), winner of a K.M. Hunter Award; and *Airstream Land Yacht* (Anansi, 2006). His poems have won Gold in the National Magazine Awards and been translated into Dutch, Latvian, and Serbo-Croatian.

LOUISE BAK is a poet, performance artist, sexual activist, and scholar. She is the author of *emeighty* (Letters, 1995), *Gingko Kitchen* (Coach House, 1997) and *Tulpa* (Coach House, 2002). She co-hosts *Sex City* (CIUT 89.5 fm), Toronto's only radio show that explores the relationship between sexuality, culture and politics, and hosts The Box, an interdisciplinary multimedia salon. She is currently a doctoral candidate at the University of Toronto in Cultural Studies and Women's Studies.

MARIE ANNHARTE BAKER: First Nations writer, performance poet, grandmother, and book reviewer (RainReview.net). Moreover, facilitator women's journal group. *Exercises in Lip Pointing* (New Star, 2003) fused prairie lingo-istics with west coast chatter-istics. Her mad poetics manuscript is preoccupation in response to a Vancouver 10 year survivance beat. The Drive was prime ndn stroll territory altho Carnegie DTES poet night is fav open mike venue.

STEFANI BARBER's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Bay Poetics* (Faux, 2006), *hinge: a BOAS anthology* (Crack, 2002), and the journals *Tripwire*, *Syllogism*, *Kenning*, and *Five Fingers Review*, among others. She is also the assistant editor at *Girlfriends* magazine in San Francisco.

MELISSA R. BENHAM is the author of *codeswitching* (Subday, 2003). Currently, she coordinates The Artifact Reading Series and edits Artifact Press. Her work may be found in *3rd Bed*, *How2*, *Fourteen Hills*, *One Less Magazine*, and others. In five years, she has lived in three apartments in the 94110.

TAYLOR BRADY wrote *Yesterday's News* (Factory School, 2005) and *Microclimates* (Krupskaya, 2001). A new book, *Occupational Treatment*, is forthcoming from Atelos. He has lived in San Francisco since 1998, and is currently editing collections of essays by West Coast writers including Will Alexander and Norma Cole.

BRANDON BROWN lives in the Mission District of San Francisco. His poems have appeared in journals edited by his friends and peers. He is currently translating Aeschylus, writing a manual of health and hygiene for would-be translators, and looking for a lap swim.

MARGARET CHRISTAKOS has published six collections of poetry. Her book *Excessive Love Prosthesis* (Coach House, 2002) won the ReLit Award, and her novel *Charisma* was shortlisted for Ontario's Trillium Award in 2001. She has worked as a creative writing teacher, editor, and event curator, and was Writer in Residence at the University of Windsor in 2004-2005. Her most recent publications are the chapbooks *Retreat Diary* (BookThug, 2004), *Adult Video* (Nomados, 2006), and the poetry collection *Sooner* (Coach House, 2005).

JASON CHRISTIE lives and writes in Calgary. He is the co-editor of *Shift & Switch: New Canadian Poetry* (Mercury, 2005) and a past editor of *Open Letter*. His writing has appeared most recently in *Post-Prairie: An Anthology of New Poetry* (Talonbooks, 2005), *Matrix*, *West Coast LINE*, and *dANdelion*. His first book of poems, *Canada Post*, is forthcoming, spring 2006. Another book of poetry called *The Robot Poems* is also forthcoming (EDGE/Tesseract, 2006). <<http://whatpoem.blogspot.com>>.

MARCUS CIVIN has created *Crime and Punishment* wallpaper for the Old Sears Building and Warehouse 1310 in San Francisco. *Crime and Punishment* drawings have been included in *Pigeonfisher* and *One Less*. Marcus is editor of the journal *Disaster*. Marcus_Civin@hotmail.com.

BEVERLY DAHLEN has lived on the north slope of Bernal Heights in San Francisco for the past 13 years. Her published work includes three volumes titled *A Reading*. The fourth installment, *A Reading 18-20*, will appear from Instance Press early in 2006.

AMANDA DAVIDSON is a San Francisco writer and multimedia artist.

TIM DAVIS, a photographer and poet living in Manhattan and Tivoli, teaches photography at Bard College. Forthcoming books of photographs are *My Life in Politics* (Aperture) and *Permanent Collection* (Nazraeli Press); his latest book of poems is *American Whatever* (Edge Books, 2004). He has had solo shows at Greenberg Van Doren Gallery, NY, Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles Projects, and in London, Milan, Brussels, Miami, and Atlanta. His work is collected by many museums including the Guggenheim, Whitney, Brooklyn, Metropolitan, and High.

JEFF DERKSEN's most recent book is *Transnational Muscle Cars* (Talonbooks, 2004). He is the author of *Dwell* (Talonbooks, 1990) and *Downtime* (Talonbooks, 1994). His writings on globalization and culture have appeared in *Springerin* and as part of the Social Mark series at the Slough Foundation (www.slought.org), among other places. He teaches in the English Department at SFU.

LAURA ELRICK's latest book *Fantasies in Permeable Structures* is just out from Factory School (2005) as Vol. 2 of the Heretical Texts series. She is also the author of *sKincerity* (Krupskaya, 2003) and is one of the featured writers on the audio CD *Women In the Avant Garde* (Narrow House Recordings, 2004). She lives in Brooklyn.

ROGER FARR teaches writing and theory at Capilano College and edits the poetry and poetics journal *PARSER*. His writing has appeared in *Aufgabe, Eco-poetics, Tinfish, West Coast Line*, and *W*. Critical work is forthcoming in *XCP: Cross-Cultural Poetics* and *Anarchist Studies*. *SURPLUS*, a long poem based on a film of the same title by Eric Gandini, is also forthcoming.

KIRSTEN FORKERT is an artist, writer, and organizer. Her practice combines documentary approaches, mapping, pedagogy, and performance to explore the effects of neo-liberalism on our subjective experience, and how we might imagine and enact resistance. Originally from Vancouver, Kirsten now lives in New York, where she participates in the Whitney Independent Study Program. Her current net art project questions the political role of the intellectual and the artist in relation to "white collar" definitions of work, precarious labour, and self-management.

MAXINE GADD is the author of numerous works, among them: *Lost Language* (Coach House, 1982), *LOON* (Loon, 1992), and *Fire in the Cove* ((m)Other Tongue, 2001). The poems included here are from *Back Up to Babylon* (New Star, 2006). She lives in Vancouver.

MELISSA GUZMAN is defined as an ENTP from the Myers-Briggs personality complex. She edits *The Liar* <theliar.ca>, and works as a graphic designer.

Rumored Place (Krupskaya, 2004) is ROB HALPERN's first book of poems. He's currently translating a suite of essays by Georges Perec, the first of which, "For A Realist Literature," is forthcoming. Together with Kathleen Fraser, he is editing the poems of the late Frances Jaffer.

SHARON HARRIS's photographs and poems have appeared in *Word: Canada's Magazine for Readers + Writers*, *dANDelion*, *Jacket*, *Broken Pencil*, *Quill & Quire*, *RAMPIKE*, *Queen Street Quarterly*, and *filling Station*. Her first book of poems *AVATAR*, forthcoming from Mercury Press (Fall 2006), is approximately 40% concrete. <<http://iloveyougalleries.com>>.

Calgary born-and-bred poet JILL HARTMAN's writing has appeared in *Queen Street Quarterly*, *filling Station*, *endnote*, and *DIAGRAM*, in the anthologies *Post-Prairie* (Talonbooks, 2005) and *Shift & Switch* (Mercury, 2005), and in chapbooks from MODL Press, housepress, Olive Press, and her own chapbook series, semi-precious press. Her first book of poetry, *A Painted Elephant*, (Coach House, 2003) was shortlisted for both the Stephansson and Lampert Awards, and along with her infamous-in-Calgary TWAT Team material, was featured on the program *Heart of a Poet*, BOOK TV, in the fall of 2005.

Born in Connecticut, TANYA HOLLIS was raised on the Gold Coast of Florida. She currently lives and works in San Francisco, where her art practice has developed in dialogue with the writing of poets including Norma Cole, Rob Halpern, Laura Moriarty, Yedda Morrison, Jocelyn Saidenberg, and Renee Gladman.

Photographer WING YOUNG HUIE has exhibited in major museums, including the Walker Art Center, and in epic public installations in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He is the author of *Frogtown: Photographs and Conversations in an Urban Neighborhood*, Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1996 and *Lake Street USA*, Ruminator Books, 2001. His forthcoming book, *9 Months in America: An Ethnocentric Tour* will be published by the U of Minnesota P. <www.wingyounghuie.com>.

WENDY KRAMER is a poet, collage artist, and distance runner. She lives in the Mission District of San Francisco.

DAVID LARSEN enjoys views of Bernal Heights and Potrero Hill from his third-floor apartment on Folsom Street, where he writes & draws standing up.

ED BOK LEE is author of *REAL KARAOKE PEOPLE: POEMS & PROSE* (New Rivers, 2005). His work is anthologized in *Take Ten II* (Vintage, 2003), *Where One Voice Ends Another Begins: 150 Years of Minnesota Poetry* (Minnesota Historical Society/Borealis), and elsewhere. Recent awards include grants from the Minnesota State Arts Board, Jerome Foundation, and National Endowment for the Arts. <www.edboklee.com>.

TAN LIN is the author of *Lotion Bullwhip Giraffe* (Sun and Moon, 1996) and *BlipSoak01* (Atelos, 2003). He received a Getty Fellowship last year to complete a book on Andy Warhol's writings. He has recently completed a novel, *ambient stylistics*, and a book of nonfiction, *7 Controlled Vocabularies and Obituary: James Beard's Theory and Practice of Good Cooking*. He teaches creative writing at New Jersey City University. His reading blog is located at <ambientreading.blogspot.com>.

CAROL MIRAKOVE is the author of *Mediated* (Factory School, forthcoming, 2006) and *Occupied* (Kelsey Street, 2004). Her essay "Anxieties of Information" appears in Small Press Traffic's new journal, *Traffic*.

ALANNA M^CCALLION lives and works in Calgary. A graduate from SAIT's photo-journalism program and heavily involved in Calgary's art community, she enjoys the fantastic blue skies of her home city and their endless combinations of shadow and textures that bring a fresh look to subjects.

MARK NOWAK is the author of *Revenants* (2000) and *Shut Up Shut Down* (2004), both published by Coffee House Press. Editor of the journal *XCP: Cross-Cultural Poetics*, he has also edited Theodore Enslin's *Then, and Now: Selected Poems 1943-1993* (National Poetry Foundation, 1999), and with Diane Glancy, *Visit Teepee Town: Native Writings After the Detours* (Coffee House, 1999). He is currently Associate Professor of Humanities at the College of St. Catherine, Minneapolis.

M. NOURBESE PHILIP's books include her poetry collection *She Tries Her Tongue, Her Silence Softly Breaks* (Ragweed, 1988) — winner of the Casa de las Americas prize — and her novel *Looking for Livingstone: An Odyssey of Silence* (Mercury, 1991). Her most recent essay collection is *Genealogy of Resistance and Other Essays* (Mercury, 1997). In 2003, she was Writer in Residence at McMaster University.

A. RAWLINGS is a poet, editor, and multidisciplinary performer. In 2001, she received the bpNichol Award for Distinction in Writing. She has worked with The Mercury Press, The Scream Literary Festival, Sumach Press, *Word: Canada's Magazine for Readers + Writers*, and The Lexiconjury Reading Series. In 2005, she hosted the television series *Heart of a Poet* and co-edited *Shift & Switch: New Canadian Poetry* (Mercury, 2005). Her first collection *Wide slumber for lepidopterists* will be published by Coach House in April 2006.

JOCELYN SAIDENBERG is the author of the books *Mortal City*, *Cusp*, and, forthcoming from Atelos, *Negativity*. She is also the founding editor of Krupskaya Books and literary co-curator for New Langton Arts.

IAN SAMUELS lives and writes in Calgary. A former editor of *filling Station* magazine, he is a book reviewer and cultural writer who has been involved in a variety of festivals and reading series. His first book *Cabra* (Red Deer, 2001) explored 19th-century Brazil as seen from afar through a haze of legend, while his second *The Ubiquitous Big* (Coach House, 2004) treaded the silver screen-generated landscape of popular culture. He is currently at work on his third book with the working title *Red City Blues*.

SUN YUNG SHIN is author of *Skirt Full of Black* (Coffee House, 2007) and co-editor of *Outsiders Within: Racial Crossings and Adoption Politics* (South End, 2006). She co-edits WinteRed Press and has recently published work by Fanny Howe, Rodrigo Toscano, and Thomas Sayers Ellis. Her work is anthologized in *Transforming a Rape Culture*, 2nd. ed. (Milkweed, 1993), *Echoes Upon Echoes: New Korean American Writing* (Temple UP, 2003), and *Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1, A-E.

The revised second edition of CEDAR SIGO's *Selected Writings* appeared in 2005 (Ugly Duckling). A book of collaborations *Deathrace V.S.O.P* is forthcoming. He is 27 years old.

ELENI STECOPOULOS has recent work in *Mirage* and *XCP: Cross-Cultural Poetics*. She recently read in the San Francisco International Poetry Festival. Her first book will appear in the Heretical Texts series from Factory School next year.

RODRIGO TOSCANO is the author of *To Leveling Swerve* (Krupskaya Books, 2004) *Platform* (Atelos, 2003), *The Disparities* (Green Integer, 2002), and *Partisans* (O Books, 1999). In 2005 he was New York State Foundation for the Arts Fellow in poetry. His work has been translated into French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Originally from California, Toscano has been living in NYC for the last seven years where he works at the Labor Institute. RT5LE9@aol.com.

Prolific author, playwright, video artist, and critic RM VAUGHAN's latest books are the poetry collection *Ruined Stars* (ECW, 2004), the novel *Spells* (ECW, 2003) and a collection of plays entitled *The Monster Trilogy* (Coach House, 2003). His paintings, text-based works and installations have been exhibited in solo and group shows in Atlantic Canada and Toronto, where he is a member of the Symbiosis art collective. Originally from Saint John, New Brunswick, RM lived in Montreal and Ottawa before settling in Toronto.

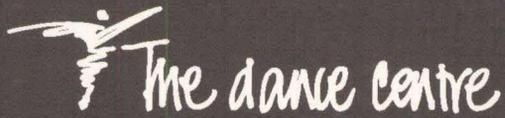
NATALIE ZINA WALSCHOTS is a graduate student at the University of Calgary and managing editor of *dANDelion* Magazine. She writes about food and sex, excess and restraint, and eschews moderation at every turn. Her work has most recently appeared in *filling Station* and *Passion Play* (No Press). She lives in Calgary with her new husband, Ed, and two homicidal jungle cats, Lydia and George.

ALLI WARREN was born in the Little Company of Mary in Torrance, CA. She currently resides on 24th and Shotwell. Her most recent book is *Hounds* and the upcoming and easily beatable *Snack*, and *When Am I Not Thinking About BLTs?*

CHET WIENER is the author of *Devant l'abondance* (P.O.L., 2003) and the chapbook *WalkDontWalk* (Potes and Poets, 1999). His poems have appeared in a number of journals in the United States and France. He lives in 94110.

NOTE

Because his poem "Orange & Green" in the previous issue was intended as a homage to *A Tall Serious Girl* by George Stanley, including several references, D. S. Marriott has asked that the poem carry the subtitle "After George Stanley."



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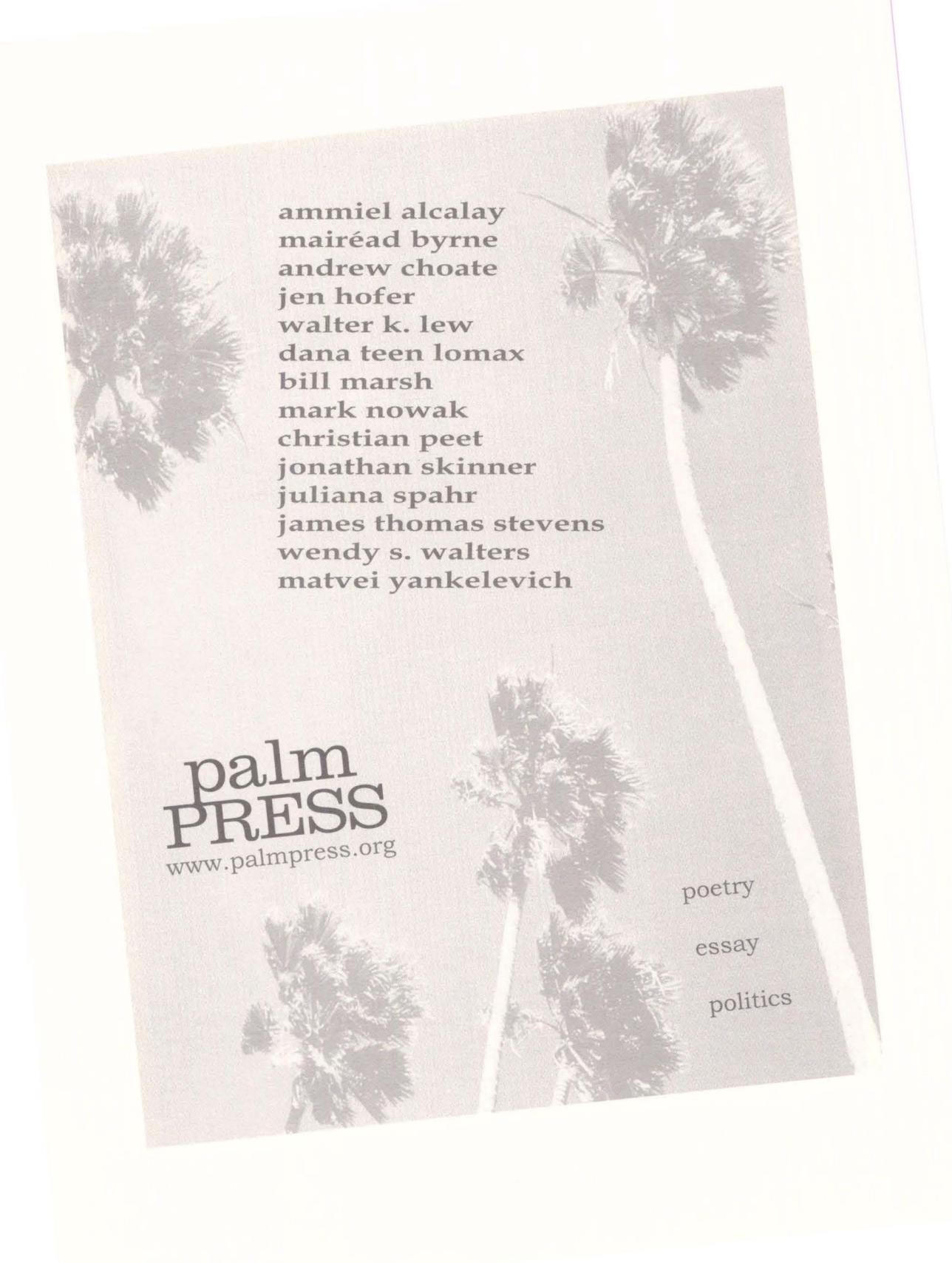


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Wen Wei Wang, Artist-in-Residence. Photo: Steven Lamay



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Michael Barnholden on *Post-Prairie* and *Shift & Switch*

Lawrence Ytzhak Braithwaite on *The Spook Who Sat by the Door*

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— Fred Wah (February 2006)

Yr mail jarred me back to 1974 to Peregrine Books, where the first “books” I bought on moving to Vancouver were 3 issues or so of The Cap Review. Exciting, cover to cover reading, not the usual mag snoresville . . . I thought life had changed utterly!

— Erin Moure (March 2006)

I have never felt so satisfied with the appearance of my work in a magazine. It has been beautifully laid out on the page, the page itself is beautiful (the paper), the typeface is beautiful. The company my poems keep in this issue is beautiful. For some reason, publishing these poems in The Capilano Review feels as enlivening as publishing an entire book of poems.

— John Barton

An image of the world as of now. Beautiful . . . I can see the extraordinary care with which each issue is handled, obviously a labour of love.

— Warren Tallman

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