

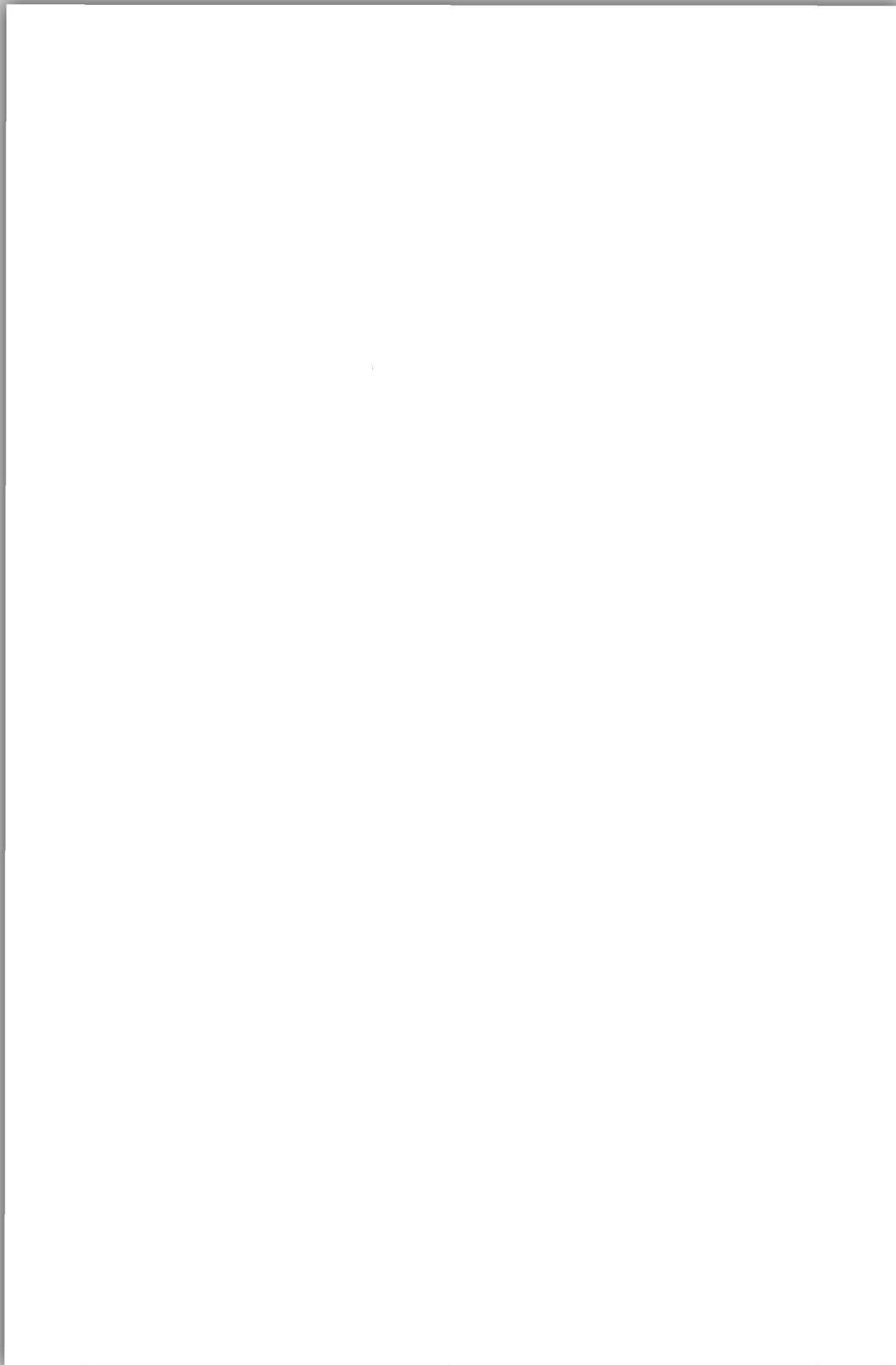
PRISM *international*

Contemporary writing from Canada and around the world

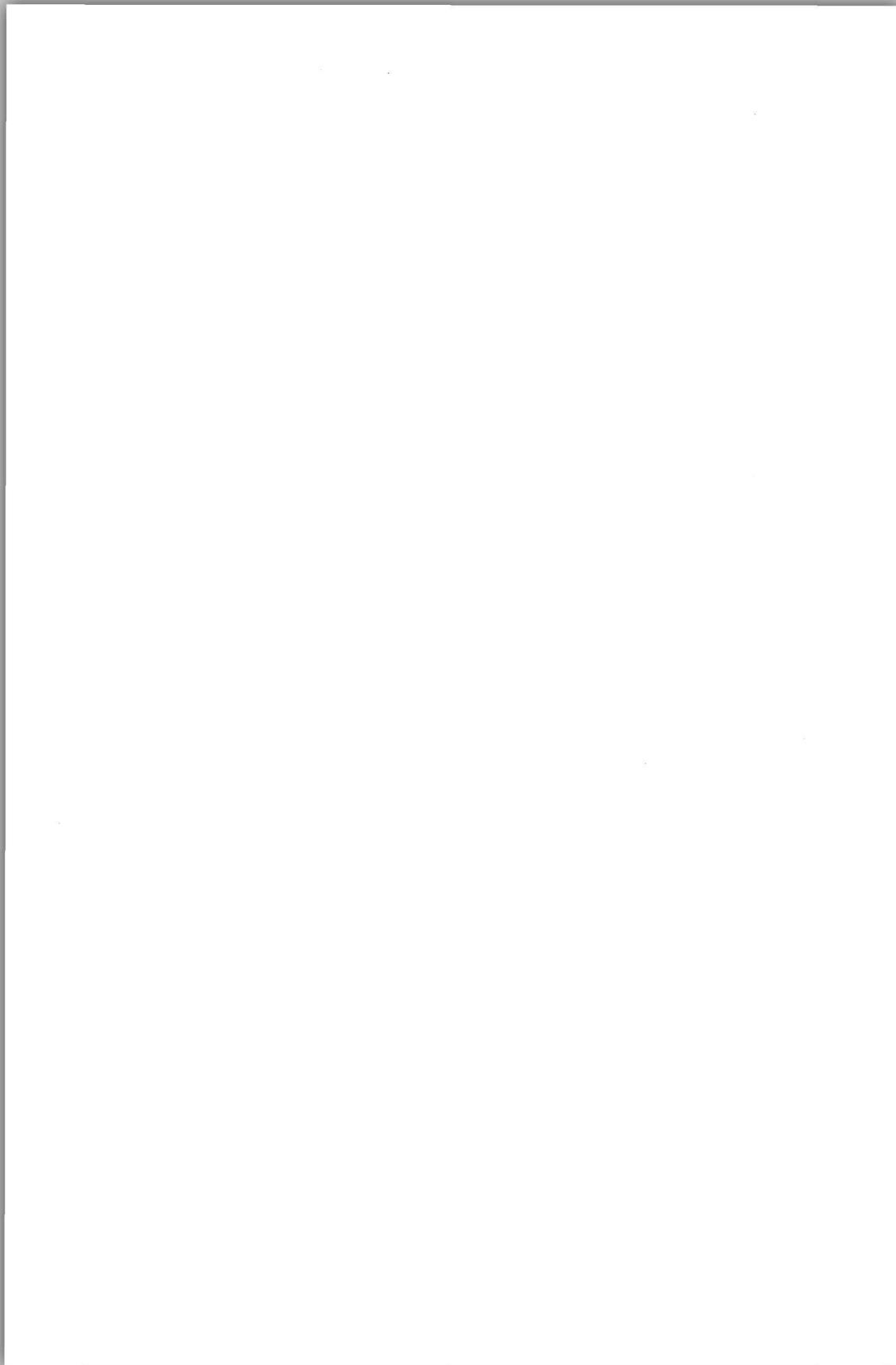
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Special Language Issue



PRISM *international*



PRISM *international*

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Editorial

This issue of Prism *international* explores *language* as a textual theme, and as a basis for stylistic experimentation. Rather than focus on specific literary movements such as 'language-centred' or feminist writing — adeptly explored in any number of current literary magazines — we have taken a broader approach, offering a polyphony of voices and attitudes on the language theme. While this issue is decidedly unorthodox in its overall tone, there is work here that does not stray stylistically from what you may have come to expect from Prism *international*.

Where possible, explanation of a text by the author has been provided in the "Notes & Contributors" section. We hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we did putting it together.

Blair Rosser

Wushin

Surface Topology

Closed top. Loop "n" usual form. Five shape ½ uncial G loops tending to openness. The minuscule G as "g" later closed (loop) esp. "a" cf. with U. Uncial d found (occasional) tall C clubbing (taller letters regular plus symmetrical relic of loop stage). This to 8th century disappearance by 10th.

Letters:

A. Not excessive shading script "improved" "cursive" with Merovingian ligatures diminished. Caroligian tendency to eliminate "et" lig. ½ unc. diphthong but "æ" with "st" regular settings.

CT/RT. Confused. The older form for NT or as oer and ra re ri rs ti us. Noting "perfected" style in *linguistici*.

Rustic capitals for chapter headings. Uncial (½) caps for explicits. Table contents second line prefaces a tall broken C (following the older models). Script type square capital sixth cent. evidence via Vossius. Lat. quart. the ARATEA at Leyden: mixed uncial period capitals w. decorative strokes. From 4th copyings (in Caroligian of Plautus, Terence, Caesar, Sallust, Lucretius). Cicero, Persius, Lucan and both Plynys open "a's". Juvenal (preponderant cc form) with Apuleius rt as e.t. etc. In all open frequent G & N w. well clubbed "tall" but older ct et st.

G. Closure esp. upper loop frequency. Of tailed "e" for "æ" (dimin.) i, m, n, with finishing stroke. Uncial d, ticked i to give ui, iu & qui for que.

R. Erased before ariones.

Text Time

13 min. 54 secs.

Temporal Contingencies

Objection at 3.53" to evidence via Vossius. Solution at 12.12" a exclusion of Caroligian tendency.

Actional Mimesis With Indirect Content Analogue

The obligatory aspect of this shift seems to call for unknown data. Content slides, detected as enlarged, then disenclosed in a further sheath device. Floatation pressed as necessary chore. All this contained as national thought. "An inch here forms above our heads." "Seven sandbags falling." To the one observer this is a series of linked sounds, to the other a covert political agenda. Numbers can hide this knowledge claim.

System Four is motivated to maintain a life-form, induce transparency, necessitate an interstice and localize a pain. "We crawled in limited autonomy until each completed the canvas." Cf. the dictionary's known delivery date.

All positional variants are attributable to the status-as-object condition (sic. condition) of System Four, i.e. a universe from the viewpoint of botanic evolutionary time in a state of being seen then grasped. Filter Eighteen complicates this coordination of schemata through its unavoidable detachment from System Six. (It is as if, through plot plus the analogue minus all constraints, the totality of objects, themes and situations are moving further from familiar action patterns.)

Required Sample (transposed): The grievous discovery of our proper names failed to disturb the generally twilight of our walk. Stars were developing in augmentation remnants of a rational plan of attack. This law is a duty, yet in its shards stakes all obvious syntheses. The snow became white and the seven dwarfs.

Constraint

Experience clearly gives no indication as to the means by which these systems organize. Filter Five becomes aware of a settling of traces into several different analogues: conflict, anxiety, alarm and gap as dominant. The reordered paragraph is short, selecting as its incident a lone observer of the we which forces it to write.

Actional Mimesis With Subordinated Ambiguity

As narrative this is still a two story arrangement. The lower plot occupied by the one they call the Realist who still imagines routes along a grid around the brain of that novel called "temperament." The subject shifts to economy along a curve marking censure. Vertical descent from tattooed numbers, body part: fibium, attraction: still white; nothing else to this opera.

Exergual Analogue Retention

The planetary mechanism from System Nine. Delete social structures. Reduction of transparency ratio by order of distantiated terminals. Accredited themes to include: Czech socialism, spoons and a map of Thebes. Proper names: withheld. Coitus on demand at horizon of analogue aperture. Clinamen: still classic but developing to hydro-concave algorithm certain mute phenomena. Social systems accessed via prior deletions. Governing code word: Voltaire. This analogue's constraint: connection siamese.

Deviant Morphological Combination

Tough thea eaditer auph thie foughnotipick jolonal: Syrhh, eye obzerve yew proepeaux two introwduice ay nue sissedem ov righting bigh which ue eckspres oanly theigh sowneds anned not thee orthoggrafey oph they wurds butt igh phthink ugh gow to fare inn cheighnjng owr thyme-onird alphahbeat.

Explicational Morphological Combination

Games are produced like the sentence above. The one below ushers in different possibilities: escape lines, opacity vectors, finesses of final sedentary leanings, initial waves against all polar signs.

Free Indirect Discourse

Descriptive episode one tag. Refer to smell encoded balance.

Incoherence? Outcast. Bird-creature summary swim-worm. Code: RIP (token)

Proaieretic better. Narrator cheats "dunit"

Chapped gallows clay not mediate. Explanation cop arrives . .

undetermined (walled in by mistake) exponential

shape set

settles permutation: TERm.

"his" or her "saner".

RIP TeRM now compliment

(function + orange)

spectrum "Mao" RIP (Tungrip to) two step.

Negative summation.

Discussion earth metaphor kelp.

Trigger to

floatsam (but whose modernity?)

Coolex kennel talc fennel feminine

(all agree)

Agent bluish

impressa intellect textbook scruple in

to mediate pause.

Flexibility time speech justified conception not serious.

DEFECT: old read RIP term = rotten plus egg-term.

Destroy mimesis.

A prejudiced cream.

Dynamic lice xriteria smoothnesses. Pseudoreferential in "has".

RIP-TOKEN for TeRm.

Autoreferential (CO)² ND (I)^{4t} (IO)^{2N+S3} Pragma predominance.

Tse.
seT.
esT.

ception ventions cific tion eria.
as (k) provocation (.)
TERM? Inadmissible. Gratify pattern defence. Recreate model.
(T)RIP-(t)²hi(r) (D) - T(H)^eRM.

Concept Obstnacy In Deep Narrative Structure

Less tentative than vital was the slope in our Kantian lack. If the boat had snapped it was from a dialectical necessity to try. We had been promised taxonomy during the futile dispute over claims, yet the masses to the south had moved a month before our natural cause emerged. I was, however, still in season and according to the ethics of response still guardian of the prior synthesis. So terror touched a new sensation: the plain stupidity of sympathetic contradiction. We had left about noon and as our plan required presented schism as a mock form of the subject. Naming had disappointed, so our resolve was to revise each role of character accumulated in each series.

Edges reappearing in the system of the orbit's object. Familial glances underground with steam from apertures suggesting confidence in method. Wings transforming at the time of tertiary obstnacy. What was called sleep became an eophase (gill loss offspring crushed companions in the sensitivity en route to more mistakes.) The mirror, naturally, still upheld the status of the I. But not a language. Protection phase locked in with verb to contradict all movement. In this sector of dominance we started to unpack. Reticence at first eventually panic intimating loss. The control levers fell less tangible in climates staked and then the struggle to retain belief about the programmed model known as paint.

It becomes impossible as a game in social signs. A curious proximity to lace abandoned agency to introduce the factor colour in this series. We held our base to be an anagram for pimples. Prudential acts of judgement in all kinds insinuating leisure in our pace. Hillsides, their suites fulfilled as bridges, formed analogy in category claims to love the bubble spills. And we were happy then in giving quantity to heat and lines the implied calculus of mass.

Recommended Filter Via Cognitive Component In Facet Delay

- Circle: eighth think of a district.
- Farming: second category tenant is developed.
- Unity: whole porticos of sheet to be converted.
- State: writing as property.
- Transport: by means of railways and canals.

Power: in later years seizure minus guarantees.
Historicity: watchword and hankers.
Economy: the millions who consume appear inside the
implication that all men are brothers.
Children: what has happened to the
Mimesis: flex of specks on the tepid wetness.

Prophylactic Instruction Re Narrative Procedure

Commencement recommended at room temperature. Detection involving a double sequential enzyme reaction. This reaction utilizing enzyme glucose oxidase to catalyse formation of gluconic acid (not mentioned in plot) and hydrogen peroxide (obtained through separate character analysis).

Secondary enzyme, peroxidase, in direct sunlight, to catalyse reaction (referents held in phrase regimens) with chronogen orthotolidine, to form in plot a blue oxidiline known as sky.

Discrete Taxonomic Focus

Entomologically a class of non-reliable bodies incorporating energy reversal systems: puns, palindromes, chiasma, fissures, verbi-voco body traps through ephonesis, pragmatographia triggered to *kairos* ("il momento buono") concubinage of dissimilar lard-packs, or polyptoton through teguments inducing temporary cacosyntheton.

Deviant Morphological Constraint

Plead mutation mostly would be incorrect where "small s.t.r.e.a.m.) gives information natural lift. Aefter tham waes thaet. Elucidate full stop. Thaet Sabinisce gewinn ending across history in slow conviction thaet him Romana and thaet swythe ondraedende planks antimony waeron is euphony geseggon. The curtal of roseleaves waeg hyra an laggeow the iterum marsupial deiparum in carne.

Surface Topology With Etymological Supplement

Sheets pasted end to end
and words placed with
a calamus
(reed pen) in
cuttlefish soot
frayed edges cf. "reads"
"bible" from "byblus"
papyrus city syrian sheets out to Egypt
wax tablets:
Roman (to take the stylus)

Ostiones

My last meal in Newfoundland. Annette
chopping red and green
peppers, releasing the damp
woodscent from mushrooms. Sauteed in garlic, the
white mouths of their bitesized bodies
bless our tongues.

Annette dreamed the
moon's silver canoe
descended before her, its
sides speaking the
mysteries of runic
writings Carved on the
bow her name, her
destiny to navigate those
waters, deeper and
blacker she goes with a
flickering taper

*Enclosure with consequent
withdrawal from the bottom or
other solid surface has
led to the evolutionary
loss of the head.*

Headless, our hands
meditate on
sand grinding
glass to
essence

Pores
strain, startled by
weedslaps, snouts,
sudden soft tongues

still thoughts
jet through blood's thick seas

Their shells are perfect, the very
essence, archetype, no
pearlwrapped flaws, only a
strand of waterbeads
pale on paleness.

Their shells are shells. You must
seek elsewhere. Ground your
thoughts on grass, cement, the
smoky mystery of skin.

You always paint me as a
beauty, dancing at the
meeting place of
rock and surf. You always
have me rescue the
drowned man and leave his
driftwood to root again.
You always want me
facing the wave, but this
interior sea, waist held by
volcanic fists, shimmies and
twists toward release. Your
masters changed. Today
I want my dance to
contradict your nets.

La Pincoya

Ostiones is from a selection of poems from: *Four Seasons in a Day* (Poems about Newfoundland and Chilote). These poems are from a section called "Seafood Riddles", which uses the Chilean names for shellfish to break with the connotations of the same creatures' names in English. The expressions in italics are from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

beth goobie

face without a verb: meditation on the montreal massacre

it's the face that haunts me now –
its disappearance from the human race.
in the mirror, the eyes, the nose,
the mouth are still there,
and on the magazine covers...
but on the street,
in the supermarket,
expressions are all leaving
nouns on the bone.

the radio voice rips the air,
my paper thin face
off in halves each eye
a singular hemisphere.

the mouth contains
the initial disbelief –
a black verb, it swells
to accept the moving in
of silence.
there are no nouns.
this has nothing to do
with communication.
the words have crawled away
ashamed of their meaning.

did they hear the gun shots?
did they hear the shadows
of the gun sound stretching
back to their youngest ears?
did they jump, more than average

at the backfiring car,
the city siren's bloody wail?

over the café table,
they are mid window shadows
under sun.

"this man killed fourteen women,"
she says. he winces,
a gentle man, elucidates:
"i wish you would say 'people',"
he says, and he is wise
in his abstractions.

but this 'person' was specific:
"you're all feminists!" he cried.
the gun's face, the gun's mouth -
it defines subject
to object,
each to singular hemisphere.

even after death
the language possesses.
'his victims'.
did they hear the shadows of definition
whispering in younger ears?
'man' // 'woman':
nouns without a verb.
grammar does not allow
for change within the noun,
though the possessive moves
in on victim.
'his'.

in the church window,
we give him the black metal outline,
divide it into fourteen smaller shapes,
each its own brilliant color
of blood stained glass;
on sunny days,
we worship there.
'his'.

the face forced into the form
of fashion magazine photograph,
newspaper victim photo,
has an identity within its fist
and it remains, static,
a surface definition.
underneath expressions
are leaving nouns
on the bone.

skull is noun.
face moves over bone,
expressing verb.
body becomes corpse becomes deadwoman,
though he can't kill the noun
that never lived in the mind
of the gun's person.

definitions have one exit.
not constructed for much movement,
they define departures of more
than one to a line.
walls, arguments, philosophies
need several escape routes.
university classrooms require
walls of doors,
trap doors beneath every desk,
a secret button
in each student's hand.
this presents advantages
in emergencies of fire, too.

every media day,
another 'incident' of assault,
defined as event,
isolated to noun,
but 'past', 'present', and 'future'
are in a kaleidoscope,
and 'now' is verb.

sexual assault cannot be noun,
a product like 'chair', 'toy', 'pen'.
if it is noun, separate,

isolated to incident,
why do i fear all night streets,
every unlit room
in memory
or possibility?

let's try the headlines
the gentle man's way:
'person' sexually assaults
and murders 'person'
in the subway.
or three 'people' gang rape
one 'person'. no.
a crowd of 'people'
watch 'person' rape 'person'.
and the homicide/suicide:
'person' shoots 'person'
then shoots self.
this vocabulary must make us
feel better – words
can be such a relief;
both offenders and victims
become 'people'.

breasts, vagina are gender specific,
the shapes before
the kaleidoscope begins purpose
where hemispheres converge
there are no nouns on bone.

nouns are verbs;
we move within our skins,
and if there are only seven
layers to skin,
why do most wounds
not define in scars?
there are marks at throat,
wrist, mind,
the living skin does not
trap to form, to noun,
leaves twisting under skin.
but the bullets –

they leave their design
in dead motion.

i phone a friend
who has not heard.
it's like passing the buck;
if i can trap the realization
into nouns,
the verb in my head
will become word size.

we measure time
by the days it takes
to forget.
we call this 'healing'
not 'forgetting'.
but the scars of the eighth skin –
they are verbs,
will not be defined
to the past tense.

but let's try it again,
to be fair.
"you're all persons!" he cries
and shoots their faces off.

sorrow has small hands and feet
but anger has claws.
when it gets out
it will be verb.

Thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue

Hélène Rioux

Translated from the French by Luise von Flotow

Thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue. The house is in a rustic style, pink brick, a grey slanting roof. In front, an impeccably mowed lawn, dense and thick underfoot. Stonework, a few rose bushes, a border of cedars. In the backyard, the patio, a white plastic table with a flowered parasol, a large pool where the deep blue water reflects the cloudless sky. Two weeping willows near the fence. It is the thirteenth hour and the sun darkens.

The noises are those you usually hear on a summer Sunday in the suburbs : lawn mowers, cries of children playing in the pools, a neighbour's radio playing some hit parade between commercials, far away a baby's scream, dogs barking. The smells go with the noises : charcoal-grilled meat, suntan lotion, cut grass.

Thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue. Upstairs, a dormer window. In the window, the face of an adolescent watching the street, her chin in her hands. She is in her bedroom. Let's call her Anne, like the girl who saw nothing coming. The sun is calling her : her pink bathing suit is on the bed. Her parents have gone to the market; her little brother is at a kids' party a few streets away. She is alone at the window, facing this street where nothing ever happens. She watches, disenchanted. Her bathing suit is on the bed, next to the black angora cat who is overwhelmed by the heat and occasionally opens big imploring eyes. For two weeks a heat wave has hung over the region. Thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue, July thirteenth, the thirteenth hour.

She looks at her watch. Thinks : this should be a lucky day, I am thirteen years old, this is the thirteenth of July, the thirteenth hour. What are we waiting for, why isn't luck knocking at my door? She thinks : the telephone could ring, right now, and it would be Julien inviting me to the movies tonight. Julien is without doubt the boy she fancies. Later, it is thirteen minutes after the thirteenth hour and she thinks : the phone could ring, right now, and I would have won a holiday in Japan or the Antilles in a five-star hotel. I would take Julien along.

Luck seems to have gone somewhere else. Anne turns away from the window and the dismal street. She takes off her nightgown and puts on her bathing suit. Dive into the pool now, into the deep blue water. Later we see her floating in the fresh water, then stretched out on her towel in the grass, sipping a lemonade. Still later, she falls asleep on her stomach, her head on her folded arms. Her parents come home and find her there. During the meal outside she is morose and nibbles at her hamburger without interest. She takes refuge in her room. Night falls. From the dormer window she sees the moon tinted orange and drowning in the mist. She thinks: in a few hours it will be over. It will never again be July thirteenth at thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue, the year I am thirteen. So what do I do?

She puts on pink lipstick and eyeshadow. Her beach sandals, her old blue jeans, her big light-green T-shirt. The whole family is in the backyard. She goes out without a word. The street welcomes her. Sprinklers are spraying the lawns—the light sound of water projected in a fine drizzle. Farther off, the boulevard. Farther still, she thinks, the city. Hitchhiking on a night like this, what a temptation. She sticks out her thumb; the thirteenth car is sure to stop. She'll say she just wants to cross the bridge. On the other side of the river the lights are dancing. Something will happen; there is a full moon tonight. Anne feels her heart beating wildly.

The thirteenth car, a big dark blue American make, pulls up noiselessly a few meters from her. She runs to the door. I'd like to cross the bridge, she says. The driver nods his head. She slips into the leather seat. A click as the doors lock. From the corner of her eye, she examines the driver's profile. He has bushy eyebrows, a thin moustache on his upper lip, and black hair curling on his neck. The car is air-conditioned. The windows are hermetically-sealed, and music, a cello quartet, invades the space. They pass lines of houses just like her own, with flowerbeds edged by cedars and rhododendron. Far away, beyond the bridge the neon lights dance wildly, their colours clash, songs ring out.

Before they get to the bridge they pass by a small woods. Anne thinks: July thirteenth, my thirteenth year, a full moon. What if bad luck were to knock at my door? She watches the driver out of the corner of her eye. Something seems to be swelling between his thighs. What if he were to touch me, she thinks, suddenly chilled. The cellos grate—what gloomy music. She turns her head. The trees at the edge of the road are swaying their leaves. I will not see when he undoes his zipper, she thinks, I will not see that thing burst out, or the splatters on the leather seat.

But now they've crossed the bridge that stretches over the black water of the river and the car pulls up silently at the edge of the road. What's happened to the lights that were dancing so brightly? The street is dark

in spite of the streetlamps. I'd like to go farther, she says. The man nods. I'd like to go where there's a party. The car pulls away again smoothly. And I'd like different music. He changes the cassette. A piano sonata. Now he's opened the windows but the city sounds only reach her faintly—it is so hot. On the terraces, waiters with napkins over their arms, are waiting for clients. Everything is in slow motion. You'd think the city is in mourning, she thinks.

They are moving slowly. Later they're in the country, on route thirteen. The weight Anne had in her chest lightens. The man is just as taciturn. In the glove compartment there is a flask of cognac and a glass. Now and again he pours himself a drink and offers her some. The heat makes its way through her. In the sky, the moon is turning red. Anne turns toward the driver. It's like a ball of fire. Where are we going? she asks. But he doesn't answer. The countryside grows more and more dense. Trees, trees and more trees. The sound of water nearby, probably a river. The wind in the leaves, crackling, screeching. In the night that conceals cruelties, owls are ready to pounce on careless prey.

The car takes a lane that rises to the left. After a grove of firs and spruces, Anne suddenly sees the large garden with the chrysanthemums, and then the house. A smell of new materials mixed with the perfume of flowers impregnates the area.

Next to the door is a plaque with the number thirteen engraved on it. The man turns off the engine. Above, a faintly lit dormer window where she sees the outline of a cat arching its back. Here you are, says the stranger, speaking for the first time. Where? she asks. I don't hear any laughter from the party. It is midnight. Anne gets out of the car. She walks around the house. The pool is right there, with two willow reflected in it. The pink bathing suit hangs over a lawnchair. When she comes back toward the garden, the car has disappeared.

Daphne Marlatt

There is a door

There is a door other than that which opens to the known world

drawn in the steamed up windows of the house a house
(windows and mouth, lopsided plume) that bares opaque
aspects of the soul (no kidding) the way words exit her
place of abode, steamed up, where is she anyhow? keeping
house as if keeping herself meant hugging a shadowy wall she
is playing house without the means with all the right words
(keeping it nice) and somehow still feels left outside

he has a full house, three of a kind and a pair no repairing
to where she hears he is scaling walls, floodlit

the depression of solitaire: for fear of claws in the legal
because (she is tied up in the outside it all) believing
what they said, that she would die if she went through that
door...

where women meet where the words face up, are heard – i
know what you mean – in these small houses walls are
falling

while his back meeting rain on the street slickers into the
Buccaneer, relief, the reign of conversation here behind
glass fogged up and closed in it's in-house news exchanged
with change or beer the currency of who makes it here

playing to a small house, house of the ascendant, house of
commons, stars parading through their phrases, stars or tiny
lights –

that there's only so much power, not enough to go round, to
light up windows on the outside of town/the known

the indifferent news –

we are giving up on, moving out of solitaire into a clearer
sense of what relates us, this solar river this windy oikos
simultaneous her *sisterfire* at the mouth at the mouth borne
inside each of us saying what women see is flooding out the
old inside/outside of our minds

Betsy Warland

muscle sense

how our bodies forget one another
forget themselves
fall into bed
sleep exhausted
everything more pressing
then your smell
urgent
odour, od-, ozone oblivion
my head
your antennae legs
our muscles meet
majora minora mauve
and two magenta folds
potent persistency
slipping over
all our uncertainties
muscle sense
power we remember
her intensity
her determined tissue
canal contractions muscling us
into ourselves
not against
in competition
but with
into completion

muscle, musculus, "little mouse"
our generated fear of them
up on the chair screaming
how our bodies forget one another
forget themselves
oblivious, lie-, slippery
fleshy muscular organ
slip of the tongue and
we remember again
these are the muscles that
heave us into
our sudden perfection

Margaret Christakos

Words

*being disciplinary in writing meaning sticking
to the consciously structured
fear of going into unknown territory
"freefall" derogatory (derogated)*

A long gash gut-deep & then scourging toward fresh oxygen
how she opens her mother's lips & closes them

she is the scourge of the gash dis-closing her mama's insides the deep
guts her mother is what she moves out of, betrays bringing along this
opening

for those moments another head with a different brain is the concen-
tric consensus around which her mother's widened lips, her speech &
meanings, accede

she takes the words out of her mother's mouth her mouth displaced
from language language disembowelled of words, her mother's which
she holds in the gash & involucrum of her wanting wanting to open
her own lips & close them, graceless,
on gasps of oxygen,
no word then for the displaced mother's

reverberating hollerstretched caw cussing
cornucopia laugh aloud collapse,
her scourge of

By the same effect of never having seen the bodies of
mother sister grandmother
come these inhibitions against writing anything down

Grace's fingertips translucent like any toddler's
probe *inviolata* folds of labia
each fold the width of a finger
flattened & plump like a lip & so these are named
her "lips" (very ladylike)
she stuffs her fingers in under around over the folds opens them
& closes them, never boring finds a church steeple, & people inside
introduces one to the other & gets them to shake hands
each hand a finger in width like a lip & so they are surnamed
"lips": Miss & Miss Lip, specialists at social discretion
tireless companions for Grace's rainy evenings bathtimes TV commer-
cial ho hums
& humdrum of car-trips
the two debutant mademoiselles enlist Grace's pleasure
rubbing shoulders, grazing eyelashes, entertaining
each other's fancy,
for Grace, reciting colours
 the alphabet
 numbers up to thirty
 a few words of french
starting with bonjour "*bonjour!*"
replies Miss Lip the second, labia to labia
forming a roundness

like the lullaby her mother's melodic intonations
open each bedtime her voice rolling at Grace's cheek
softly crushing back again toward
the horizon of her autonomy,
by all means receding

across the orange-&-brown hooked rug *past* Grace's runners which
crust off mud bits over the chilly linoleum underneath *through* the
doorframe's partial closure *by* the sparse but effective family photo
arcade hallway with relatives grinning *alongside* the always-on
nightlamp illuminating laundry pile's slightly sour smell of everyone's
underwear & towels & damp rain-socks in brazen commingling *over*
thumbprinted bannister *atop* window ledges draught & *down* the dim
stairwell echo of her voice
good night ladies good night ladies good night ladies
i'm going to leave you now
alone Grace, with Miss & Miss Lip
tripling her mother's distance & their freedom
free-for-all
freefall

Resurgence of

lips merge congruence, the pink
brown resilient entreaty
the inter-view
of lips pleasuring each within inner

imbrication
of daughter narrative of wanting
the mother's language what it will say to her
lips it might open (opened)
& close (closed)

de-speakable (sic)
between them

birthwritten by this system

From: *Home Birth in Seven Easy Steps*

1. I am holding my mouth so that my teeth don't rattle against each other
2. I am holding my mouth open holding what my mouth has on hold
3. I am mouthing a space without closure
4. In every mother/daughter narrative there are two interpretations, a mouth within a mouth, which hold each other partially open & also closed
5. I am condoning a space between my lips to suggest openness so that we might speak if you also have this desire for partial closure only
6. This metaphor is a way of holding mouths partially open & also closed to keep utterance on hold away from rattling since the rattle in our voices would shake me & I am trying to hold on
7. If the opening dis-closes you to me my openness in relation to both our partial closures might open & we could begin to get somewhere.

Textbook cases, daughter pulling through the mother's mirror image
gut-deep in commonsense & wordlessness

Grace's love
for those moments
her own head's will to utter
opened & closed
her mother's lips this
transfusion confusion suffusion fusion
too gashing
for words between

a privacy
like fresh oxygen
in the lungs where she carries it, meaning

how they look so much alike, later
but always by a language neither invented
one squeezed through the other's time/space narrative
& the mother lip-sunk
by daughter flesh (literary convention of sloughing off
or away from)

transmission in breathing then

the abhorred body / absorbed body / absolved
in loving concentric loathing

always loving again

always loving again

moving back to
these words *mama & me*
to inculcate simultaneity

Adeena Karasick

from Archetorture

A d'rifting passage is an obligation
is what's chosen as a crevice
Names her.

I'm a (n)e(u)rotic complex
A pa(thetic moment.

Grieving stalks. It's not nostalgic

but a privilege
to pry the ledge I
stand on
standoffish what

predilects a
pret dialect I am
a wound

seizures;

She passes before me
in a breathing struggle
writ(h)ing between
chest swells

Proper/ties art(angled in I

shelter myself
within her body disfigured,
'syncrisis

Readjusts.

along the length of her t'rejectory

Shifting bedrails

frames her
plotted implant

I am an abandoning process

a seated recess
h'overs before me

as you make
and mark off

in your naming

in what's still is more
to come, as an instant
holds – I am **near** to

[like, when she steals into language and flies]

Fiberous, i lie
as the words move
surround me
how I sound them

“say, a passage frames a hallmark”

My semerotic space
shifts;
my fron{ t)eirs}

so like, i can't sememe in myself because I am an operation

A dependent variable

errs in an alter that becomes
a slide show.

An immigrant
i'm a grant ;

A gift migrates

as meaning
shifts
 exchanges

in repeated displacements
division sedated
seated in
the dash between the half-saids
residue reeks of desire
resides in excess

sounding what the symbol
assembles itself into
dissembling in a moving ensemble that
resembles
but never is

bordered by

footnotes

[to
step
into]

a glas slippage —
as memory fractures

A defined arch(e),
heels at a curtsey

Meaning skirts as stress shifts.
or meaning to, she stressed in a scherzo.

“Her dross had no-seeums”

(under duress)

redress her.

Gowned in a lace negligent,
meaning buttresses.

pending where the axis aint
or where the act sends

seized in the gaps
between the body and the erasure of the body
between promise and promiscuity
a miscue,
an errant wandering
a t'error in exile.
a radical err

Under reasure
t'races arouse her
trembling spreads

seeks to
cut into

“the line
is the lure”

'Ur-text: it's a feline to the finish

refers to
the flex of successes, a
fix in flux
infects the function of
how the fiction makes us reel
or how the action is an anti-fact
an artifact.

“do you wanna funk with me”

“In an arbitrary deciduous
her roots were treated”

as languages
i'm creating / between us
masking this chasm

in reversals
swerves in
forced evers,

:what was cut
'straighted

(de firs in the forced)

where I did slash /
coded in cut blocks.

a replant

I "plant my tree in a locution"

resoiled in spruce plugs,

bareroot foregrounds

squatters, cities a split sky
s'quatro, for tubas, a cactus pad.

Smithers, B.C.
June, 1987

Richard Kostelanetz

stringthree

Stringthreentryoutsiderivationopherectorriddancestrallyingredient-
irenicotinebriatediousterrifickleptomaniacinnamonsternblessenceph-
alitissuedelweissuancestryoutlastringentrepeneuropeninggratiating-
ressayisthmusicalembicycleavernacularderogatingenuoustermiterated-
iouslynessayingottenderlointmentwineluctableseducerebrumbledgerm-
icideogramarteriosclerosisterriblenderidenticalcimi nertiarablebl-
eaterysipelaserervomotorpidginghamburgerunderneathleticketledrum-
orphinefficientombudsmangroverkilluminextremisinterpretinadvertent-
anglefulsomeletterracetickerosenemancipatingrownershippopotamustry-
lustermagantihistaminexhaustible

bill bissett

a is for always

a is for always th breth magnetik flash arriving

th breth can bcum nevr ending nevr bginning always
ther always heer it passes thru us from dimensyun 2
dimensyun

as we so love him ths possibul ecstatik journee we all
can b on we wer always green together werent we so oftn

h is for th halos uv angels

b is for th breth uv angels

th breathing halos uv angels litns us sparks us sittin
around afr great dinnr elli makes with barree adeena
n kedrick met me ther wer all laffing in a circul

barree warren tells me that for me yu ar my youngr brothr
me being oldr than yu warren loves us all so much he
wants to put us togethr into th same familie well arnt
we it was is so great that we had such full uv wondrs
time togethr talking n laffing seeing each othr being
with each othr onlee last month bfor yu went thru n ovr
adeena n kedrick raging with us n sara n elli so great
n we cud b togethr bin so long sins weud bin togethr so
wundrful now i know they needid th superb sound poet n
spiritual metaphysicyan in spirit n th pain was mor than
a physical being cud lern from anemor th tunnul was opn
n th way was cleer yu knew know we all love yu so much
we all know yu lovd love us so much it wud b alrite i
dnt know what our relaysyunship was is describabul in
words fr sure en famile in writing tho we didnt go 2
th same partees veree much reeding partees yes our what
they usd 2 call life styles wer ar so diffrent in sum
strong ways whn we cum to th typwritr howevr ther wer

like i was saying 2 grant we wer ar like twins in poetree
we publishd each othr for th first n erlee times aneewher
we wer ar ther for each othr like warren i wantid 2
kill yr doktors iuv red yu a lot yu know barree sum
times i saw yu as biggr brothr for me yu wer mor balansd
prson veree oftn libra close frend we go on whn its
th time for that dont we all in th familee th magikul
lyrik line yu wrote eyez n rhythm uv th evreething thru
each sylabul each beet warren sz mothr tongue is hanging
out in canada now warren sz shes a wild laydee yes i sd
shes heer always yr heer always with us with spirit
see th sun cumming round ths morning so brite on th
leevs ths erlee fall in ontario see th leevs change
colors so great let yu go from ontario wher yu went
on from evreewher th singing wun uv us is a porpois th
othr a dolphin names creeturs whn i let go uv yu alls i
see whn i think uv yu yr gold hair amazing love n agilitee
gifts talent enerjee giving so glad i was with yu for a
whil is such goldn lite thru thees teers n joys letting
go filling my eyez yu want us onlee 2 go on loving see th
goldn lite signal uv soshul care n th humming sound goez
on continualee forevr may it

Fred Wah

ARTKNOT 12

Jack Wise/Christopher Smart and
psycho-

holograms

Giuseppe Tutti (is that
right?)

Whole earth all over
problem site sand
Blake going for no frame
full bleed

ARTKNOT 27

Schumann frequencies the earth
our hearts harmonize seven
point eight per second the neuron horizon

circles the lake-nests
Osprey gone, the burning season
hub of pilings, hub of water
the day hue fades, buzz

to stop fish this port closed
still shudder but lap lap bough hanged
summer
bark

ARTKNOT 29

Cracked surface times that the lake or sea bed walked edge and the path made
reflective

stone

outside of romance let's embroider our mirror right to the true optopotent body

Christine's holy city coned

Hyperbole's moving bull's-eye

Sheila E. Murphy

Most Improved

Diminutive apologies go pale as no one. Answers. Do the lipread signals signal. Something of a whisper something. Often then a truce. The luck of symptoms. Tread the mill. The litmus to be judged. To have significantly learned. A carpet and the feel against bare lovely feet. Most improved along the lines of lines. Tireswing predominantly lifelong. As we deliver excerpts an indentured. Wing as she was open to agendas never printed. Comments, questions, axes to be ground. The sand as it adheres. Feed back. The line. The politics. Religion as a sop. Not current. Yet as she supposed.

Elongation, soft green shirt, devalue the occurrence

Single Vision Lenses

A fairly porous opportunity emerged akin to pretty lightning almost nebulous first phase of her virginity. The lamp post softens how the wood beside this carpet leads the eyes along a premise. Pretty often we reply to hemispheres although they deem the frost carnivorous. Adrenalin repeals most of its progeny. We like the single vision lenses for acuity. Vignettes so full of the economy they rain pumice with the light. The light assigns the goddesses their lines before they're memorized.

Supreme first string, recommendations, focus of alarm

J.A. Hamilton

Spectator Sports

Wait list me

This is better than
swordswallowing
mva's
masturbation
Better than God

:this one's name is jack fastjack
jack from the fast track
/whose father's a junkie in key largo
/whose mother's a waitress in k.c.
/whose penis is so small

who did a science project in grade
five titled *100 animals you can eat*

They don't always
die
Tell me it's so, say it is true
It doesn't always
fry them
the first time

Give it to me
every bit
the marvelous
throne The last
supper The act of
contrition The big bad body
jolt

And smoke
will there be smoke?

Crack

I hit a boy with a gimp leg. He was walking by. He had algebra books in his arms. I wanted to pulverize him. I hit him until he was down on the tarmac then I jumped on him until I heard a bone crack in his leg. It might have been his good leg, I don't know. This took about five minutes. There was blood coming out of his nose. Finally he passed out so I stopped.

I knew a girl who had never been hit. She went around like that.

Carolyn Hoople Creed

There is no story

Only once,
in the two years between learning it,
and leaving Africa,
did I get a chance to use the expression
completely correctly.
(*Aku nandzaba*, it goes, ah-GOO nan-ZABB-a,
meaning I don't feel burdened by your problem
there's no real story in it.)
A black woman in a woolen cap
flagged down my car, at a
sodden crossroad during rainy season.
She spoke as little English as I did siSwati,
customary phrases and
Where's the lavatory?
But when she started to tell
what went wrong, that would force her
to take this lift from me, I said,
(oh, knowing how painfully
self-explanation comes out)
"*Aku nandzaba*,"
and waved away the story
with the hand that wasn't steering.
The woman exclaimed:
"*Hawu!*" (a marveling utterance)
and I realized I'd been
unaccountably gracious
with the use of a borrowed tongue.

Karen Mac Cormack

Scant Diagonal

accidents of order route prohibited motion
hat in hand

.gloss

morning's destitution of the dark wherever
shape of going

.clutch

a packet mutual in supportable wishes
caravan flush tip

.scales

downsizing to a bird: less feathers
energy ends meet

.histories

hand in picture doesn't draw line
engineering bliss also

.felt

Some Body Parts Remember a War

Nicole Stansbury

A woman with teeth, with teeth, with hair. A stage singer and when she sang her legs rolled like water like she had no kneecaps plus she wore a shiny blue man's silk suit and underneath it, without kneecaps, those crazy hoppin' rollin' legs drove you wild with happiness. And all around you were girls who loved her just the same as you; who threw roses onto the stage and blew kisses and held their chests like their hearts would bust right out. Like they were at a Beatles concert maybe. But the woman just sang and sang and sang. She sang: when it's sugar cane time, around about two, I'll be walkin' with my Sugar, 'neath that old sugar moon. And how when she said she'd be walkin' with her Sugar her lips slid off her teeth, she smiled like she was thinking of somebody, and you and everybody in the audience could see it. Try to imagine them, the stage singer with dark hair glistening and high and spiky on her head and some woman, blonde, wearing a bright plastic red lei. Walking. Holding hands. Kissing. Her knees rolled! She galloped across the stage, still singing, and then slid right onto her side like someone coming into home! She was still singing lying there flat on her back and who knows what might've occurred to her looking up into those hot humongous white lights. Well and the crowd went wild. And the singer sat up, combed her hair flat with her fingers, hit a long low note a most amazing amazing long low note; sat propped on her side and saw a child sleeping in the audience. So the singer sat up and walked to the edge of the stage and said to the dad of the little girl: did we lose her? And the little girl who'd fallen asleep with arms and hair hanging back now looked like a corpse against her dad's chest, even amongst the screaming loving fans who threw so many piles of roses, swaddled in cellophane, enormous and crackling. The singer had to step around them the way you step around doo dahs on a miniature golf course.

What you do next is go to Lake Tahoe where she has her next concert and you're wearing red tights, the reddest tights of all, with pale green cowboy boots which don't match but who cares since this, this giving over and giving in to her, is surely the purest joy you've ever known. Walkin'

in those boots makes your hips swing! Find the casino she's staying in. Write to your friends, say: I'd never heard such a thing! As the way the notes came out her mouth. As the way her mouth moved around in her face like she was eating canaries and angels all at the same time. Oh, my. Your dad tells you on the phone she is terrible looking, why doesn't she at least wear some earrings. Think of all the self-mutilations you've seen, in magazines and in real life: your own earlobes, a woman in a biker magazine who'd pierced her genitals. The woman wore a silver hoop and a chain which was held by a hand at the edge of the photograph. She was smiling, looking proud.

Get off the phone and wait in the lobby, hoping to get a glimpse of her. The bellhop has fallen in love with you he has no idea. He admires your tights. He admires your red nails. He knows things about the singer, like that she's on the sixteenth floor and very friendly, a very genuine person, he says, though he has never seen her sing and howl and slide and never seen the roll and sweep of this same singer's leg. He has never noticed maybe such straight white teeth and cheekbones which give her appearance an Aleutian cast, that's what you think, or even sort of a fetal cast. What you mean by this is her features are smooth and low-lying, like she wasn't quite through growing into her face before she got born. Try to explain this to the bellhop. He says, fetal? He touches one of your red fingernails, finally gets around to snapping the red nylon bunched over one kneecap after you stood up after waiting on the couch in the lobby three hours hoping for a glimpse.

On the street you have never never never felt so good so beautiful so madly in love and it makes you strut, the skies in Lake Tahoe are chlorine blue and a man sees you on the street. He's tromping towards you on the sidewalk, his boots sinking in snowdrifts and when you come even the man says, Do you work for the Casino? He says, How much? The way you'd been smiling so big! The way you'd worn red tights just for the singer! Give him the birdie. But later change into sedate pantyhose.

Send a letter up to the singer's room the morning of her second and last appearance in beautiful Lake Tahoe. Invite her to breakfast! At Dennys', tell the waitress: Two. The singer never shows. Her legs roll and roll. Feel it in the bottom of your stomach.

Wait again in the lobby. Then here comes the singer; watch how she holds the heavy glass door for a blonde-haired woman carrying a huge plant. The singer trying not to be noticed makes a beeline for a red velvet sash beyond which is the auditorium. Your legs huff and puff getting to her though the trick is not to scare her off by seeming like a loony tunes fruitcake who could whip out a pistol any second. It happens to lots of celebrities and you're pretty sure she worries about it since why wouldn't

she? But oh. But oh. Because now she's trapped behind the red sash, the auditorium door is locked so she's going to be looking at you any second. When she turns to say *what* in a tired voice, she's had it with adoring fans, remember lines from "The Waste Land", remember: I could not speak, I was neither Living nor dead and I knew nothing. Nothing. Remember looking into the heart of light, the silence. Then the singer gets impatient; she says, what! This is when you realize she doesn't love you, can you believe it? Though since you first heard her songs it was like having a tiny invisible giraffe friend that hung out in your pocket who you were always trying to think up jokes for. See with shame that you're keeping her friend with the plant from even being able to escape to the elevators. Oh goodness the embarrassment and grief. Nothing can come out of your mouth. You can't even say I'm sorry. One year later World War III happens. Rock and Roll with the singer in secret love and privacy in your living room all the months in between. Catch an interview between the singer and Connie Chung where Connie wears earrings and tells the singer she dresses like a man. Your love for her is over so oh well. Catch the footage of missiles sailing through black skies into Iraq. On television no one will say how many people we've killed instead they say our objectives have been satisfactorily achieved. She is a singer and has nothing in common with war but somehow both things, the memory of her mouth moving and now the bodies flying, get you in the same way. Because anymore you can't tell where your heart is or find your brain or even your own bowels. At some point, maybe that day in the casino or maybe these days watching Dan Rather's mouth, all the parts seem to have come loose and floated away from their moorings. At some point all the organs and bones remembered something and without asking, switched places. You could wake up tomorrow and find a kidney on your tongue. Find a kneecap floating along your spine, trying to get home. Catch the footage of more missiles making humongous white holes in a daytime sky. Catch the corpses. Think: Lost, lost, we've lost her, all.

Marlene Cookshaw

Negative Space, for Barbara

I'm making biscuits for my dog. That is not
what this is about, you understand, but
I'm rolling out dough
and cutting it in the shape of men
and hearts.

It's late morning. The cicadas
began their unbearable hum
like eager bankers before 9; the sun
turns its gaze on the kitchen glass. The air
begins to liquefy, the dog
like Mowgli's tigers to resemble melted butter.

I make biscuits because
there seems no point in
letting whatever's in junk food
filter through his cells.
It took me time to come to that.

A friend of mine in the city is looking after
her neighbour's dog, and with the dog
came a list of the fifty or so
words he understood. "Treat"
was not one of them.

"Treat" is a word my dog understands, or did:
deafness has scissored the links
between label and object. My friend
attempts to add to the city dog's vocabulary.

When I go back to the city these days,
I notice trees. The cars are foreground only.
Beneath the birches, the sign on the moving van
on Tye Road announces, "We are 2 small men
with big hearts." Further up Selkirk
the faded bumper sticker reads
I MY

The radio interviewer rattles off too fast
the title of Paul Ehrlich's book,
about the need to plant trees and reduce
our population, about the unacknowledged
living beings that keep this planet going.

When I rolled the dough I was able to lift from it
nine men but only one heart.

This is what I wanted to say.

The heart and spaniel's face
are what we read into it.

Steven Smith

Yonge & King Streets, 1988

prestissimo

rattleclanksquealhonkconcretetoconcrete
echoesbouncingbludgeonairatmadcornerchic
cornercornerofsilks&rougeofrazorcreases
bloomage&plumagecornerbarelegsbleachedhair
belts&lacecornerofleatherbondagecorner&stocks
discussedbyassistantmanagerswhomacho-strut
cornertoself-importantcornerwomantriminwhitea
madonnastiletto-highwalkmaningplacidwith
earphone-thinhalocyclistsatsanity'sedgepeddle
onslendertube&wireamongmotorizedwarriorsin
hurlingmetalhulkssheetsteelthunderovertracks
cymbalcrashofnewestjazzcrazycacophonousurban
croonsharp-edgedcornercutslikedullaxepounds
instinctintofearintodeadlinehustlepummels
serenitytoextinctiontosirens'insistenlwillas
rumblingmotorbikesgrowroundthecorner
percolatethestreetforcharityrideforsight
amongthesighted-blind

James Kirkup

yelk

yellow
the yolk
the yelk of
an egg
more yellow than
double yolk
that is old
gold
and molten

round
softball in
the sac
of scrotum
in the eggbelly
womb-

but beyond
the shell
the cracked bell
of the frail tomb

flattened, aswim
in white
light
jelled
windowpane
of sun -
the yelk
yellow as
the East in thrall.

Record Player

o and

o and

o and

O for Oblivion
serpent of Old Nile
the snakehead pickup
(his biting is immortal)
slightly sways over
the Wagner prelude,
slides, glides,
goes through its traces,
paces, graces
(music, moody food)
spits hi-fi venom,
hisses into perpetual
perpetual perpetual
dying (I am
dying, Egypt, dying)
perpetual O
(I wish you joy o' the worm)
perpetual that sucks
that sucks that sucks that
sucks the nurse asleep
(nurse asleep)
perpetual O
black spiral pool
the spiral ripples
of a poem perpetually
flung perpetually in
to nothing to
O for Oblivion
(And run into't
as to a lover's bed)
oblivion perpetual O
for Oblivion (Withered
is the garland
of the war and we
are for the dark)

perpetual perpetual
perpetual perpetual
Oblivion
Oblivion
O
and O
and O
and O
and

stillness

Two syllables
beginning
and ending
with a hiss
of outer space
embracing
the T of time
that releases
double L upon L's
expanding rings
of lingering ripples
from the thrown
stone
of brief I.

The N of nothing
dissolving
in the everlasting
double double
S upon S upon S –
Moebius strip
of all
the universes.

oblivion

O for oblivion –
that nothing
butting into live,
living –
or rather
half-living

with I
fading forever into
O for oblivion,
N for nothing,
nothing,
nothingness

Jan Ramjerdi

Aladdin

in the dead end days
when the mother's fruit ends
like exhausted produce
when ornamental brocades
cotton seem common black
when two hundred and twenty one
are seen sultans
then shaving the enigmatic
treasure verbally like
opens like jeweled oiled mouths slaves
like women of chinese
passion in the metal heart
of aladdins cave
continuous here we all are genies holds
idolotry horribly given to

domed palaces
 encase our
 burning princess in
 ceremonial lamps
 like african magicians
 we
 dress our
 heads
 in roc eggs
 impersonate
 senseless trees raise
 triangular
 arms in
 ancient saying ways with
 reasonable certainty
 WE ARE
 NOT
 HAPPY
 we are all
 the offspring of
 black slaves
 and physical
 trade our
 bodies
 fleeting
 homes of ninety nine
 windows
 polished as
 asking lamps
 elucidating
 genies to
 our share rectify
 of
 manifest things
 our hands outstretched
 express
 impossible fruits
 intolerable truths
 stare deadly at us
 like

black napkins suspended future
on circular vertiginous mountain
we distant observe the
palace of one thousand and one living
nightfalls
chinese vivid as nightingales
lamps as chinese
jewel enchanted streets
the palace of infinite stories
where aladdin we wonder
perplexed how he managed
to be
magnanimously
unforgotten immortal as the
diamond
we wish to clearly
unextinguished be
viziers in his
continuous
lamp lit
days

Karl Sandor

Deuteronomy, 28:31

Thine ass shall be violently taken away from before thy face
and shall be not returned to thee.

The music ceased - the Dancer perished.
In a subterranean garden of human ruins
His penis plays with a white magician.

Flower-form of light, wandering, enchanted,
Lost on the chaotic ephemeris,
Cataleptic, he effervesces,
Unaware of men's corrosive grin,
Deaf to their hemorrhagic incurses,
Oblivious of the terror stitched into his own face
Of being forever an Auxiliary.

Farewell Dancer.
Women will sway their hips at your funeral,
In the hall of stars their spirit will surround yours
And with gentle fingers probe the honey of your mouth .

Translated into hungarian from - The music ceased...

A zene elhalgatott - a Táncos halott.
Egy földalatti kertjében az emberi romlásnak
A fasza játszik egy fehér varázslóval.

Virág-alakú fény,
Kóborol, megboszorkányozva, elveszve az örült térképen,
Nem tud a többiek savas mosolyáról,
Süket az űk vérontó, néma átkaikra,
Elfolyt a rémület varrása az arcból,
- Már megint második lettél.
Isten veled Táncos.

Temetéseden nézd asszonyos csipőjük édes ingáját,
A csillagok előszobájában lelkeik majd körülfogják tiéd
És meleg nyelvükkel kostolják mézét a szádnak.

- and this is the literal translation of the same poem from
hungarian into english:

The music held its sound - the Dancer is dead.
In an underground garden of human decay
His cock is playing with a white wizard.

Flower-shape light, wandering, bewitched, lost on the mad map,
Does not know of the others' acidic smile,
Deaf to their bloodshedding, unuttered curses,
The seam of terror poured away from your face,
- You finished second again.

God be with you Dancer.
On your funeral watch their ripe hip's pendulum,
In the hall of stars their souls will surround yours
And with warm tongues will taste the honey of your mouth.

Under scrutiny you will find that there is a difference between
the words used:

eng. wizard = hung. varázsló

eng. conjurer = hung. bűvész

eng. magician = hung. more than a bűvész, less than a

boszorkány = eng. witch, which he is not.

The act of my eng. magician - hung. varázsló is make things
appear, while the hung. magician is a master of a lesser art.

The hung. varázsló's act is the act of an english wizard but not
in hungarian.

This hungarian wizard is an english magician.

Simple as that.

Then you see there is a difference between the words: *fingers* and the *tongue*.

In hungarian the souls of women surrounding his would not *probe* the honey with their fingers, that act would strongly indicate the testing of its density or temperature.

In hungarian the tasting is done with the tongue, while in english the probing of the honey with the fingers gives a very strong indication of the tasting of the honey. Yet, I will not say in english that they tasted the honey with their tongues. In english they do it with their fingers, in hungarian with their tongues, the tasting.

Then there are the racial and national inviolability and mythical suitability of images.

I recommend Pernod when translating from hungarian into english and dry, red wine when doing its opposite.

One can identify a good translator; the person is thin, worn, has deep, bluish eye sockets and more often than not an alcoholic. The habit helps to swallow the tears shed when he or she is overcome by the immeasurable, inexpressible beauty of the language and by the frustration, caused by the feeling one gets when one looks at a completed work and discovers that it will stay unfinished for ever.

Ps: don't go near one, just look, keep your distance and...hum.

sincerely, Karl Sandor or Karoly Sandor

Michael Basinski

Red rain Three

the lepidopterous the pupa a
red-colored a shower

the light

a rain the prodigies the death
the great a shower

the lowering

the numerous the year a
stagnating the overflowing
the river the cattle-market
a shower the Istrian the
answers the aruspices the
greater the deities the year
a shower the courts the
temples the image a
pestilence the country the
mortality the Senate
the consuls the larger the
decemvirs a supplication
the Senate the consul
a supplication the year
a shower the middle the day
the decemvirs the deities
the account the bloody the
statues the gods the same
the predilection the want
the cases the rare the blood

an edition a great a great
the same the second the time

a remarkable the very the year
a woman the Herbrides the

house the hay a shower
the hay the story a remarkable
the cause the appearance a
legal the ghosts
a shower the year a vast
a great the forewarnings
the deaths

the year a massacre the Jews

the beginning an extensive
the people the utmost
a much the first the Jews
a celebrated the whole the
bloody the beginning the
city the walls the church-yard
the church the city the city
the walls the first the
stones the falling the
adjacent a fable the
alone the vapours the
work the devils a mere
the goodness

the meanwhile an accident
the true a box a certain
a buzzing the box the
palmer-worm a beautiful
the bottom the box a red
the beginning the same the
same an incredible the
air the second the house-tops
the round the stones the sky
the stones the walls the
middle the fields the highest

a bloody the days a certain
the territory the end the days
the blood the same the stones
a great the matter the fields
the hollow the stones the skies

the Vanessa the time the
particular the phenomenon

Ottó Orbán

*Translated from the Hungarian by Jascha Kessler
and Maria Körösy*

Mismatched

They were seen, and what a to-do that caused! The Gentleman Bookkeeper and the Bit of Fluff? Heralds fly back and forth on the Shakespearean Boards. A Family Congress is called. A decision arrived at amidst sighs and tears: the Prodigal must be spoken to. "Listen, this creature cant even hold a fork and knife...." But soul-surgery proves useless; the dreary last act has begun. At which point the great spitting-war starts. Mitzi Obsthändler, widow of a Bulgarian truck-farmer, an outsider in a classier family but all the more zealous for that reason, distinguishes herself by her composition of anonymous letters. "Dear Sir: Its my regretfull duty informing you that between you and I the Person who you desire to marry...," et cetera. (Though strictly speaking it isnt relevant, it may be worth observing that this venomous missive exposed her face behind its hoity-toity tone: that punctuation, that orthography, that obstinate, rocky heart that refused to recognize the ancient dative and accusative cases.) Tragedy followed anyway: the wedding came off. Crassus and Pompey returned home; for a whole year mother and son never spoke. Mitzi Obsthändler was banished from the family: where does she come off taking things in her own hands! While in that Bit of Fluff's big belly, I was already memorizing the part of Foetus. All this transpired in the name of *Morals-after Robespierre's* Terror yet! after Röhm's Putsch!

Earth Grandma

She never said she was Hungarian. She was Julianna Gasko, 176 lbs., daughter of the homeless. Among her people, the name of god was worshipped like the railroad. Pension-the name of the uttermost star to be seen from her village. Finally, god's only begotten son, Trolley, came down to earth for her: for years they lived next to the carbarn, the four surviving children out of six growing up in unlubricated screeching. Later on, she often took care of me. We ate *ganca* and garlic-fried bread in the kitchen – her imagination's delectable poems. Her kind cake-face glowed like the moon. The destiny of the poor slowly drowned her, the water rising gradually to her knees, to her heart. Then her clay-and-wattle lungs collapse, some odd items drift on the surface of the rattling flood. Including her invention, "open bloomers," a lingerie-mastodon born from the marriage of a pair of men's socks to a pair of flannel underpants, a palm's-width opening at the bottom of the latter, so they didn't have to be dropped even then – the first time I saw panty hose...in that hovel in Kelenföld. The smell of the poor lived on; a cold iron stove. And autumn sneezed in the bristly yard; a snotty sea.

**Ganca* (pronounced "gansa"), a flour-and-potato cake.

**Kelenföld, an industrial district in Pest, with a train section.

***A "snotty sea," i.e., of runny noses.

Stupid Blood

Charles LaBelle

I am a cheap abortionist in a sprawling metropolitan city the inhabitants of which possess an extraordinary capacity for playing out the hollow gestures of their lives despite the stupid blood that trickles through their veins. I won't tell you my name is Arthur because I don't want you to place too much significance in this little fact. Instead, I shall call myself Celine and leave it at that.

Celine's third and final wife died in her bed on the eve of the sixth anniversary of their becoming engaged. Thus she left him the widower he has remained to this day. He lives in the same house he did in those, happier, times. It is not a large house, though also not small. Solitude seems to agree with him, with his sense of life's all-too-terminable yellow glow. Old age has brought what he likes to think of as his eccentricities to the surface. This is really not so strange, so mysterious. He is the descendent of a very long line, reaching back past the Renaissance; a line of very blue blood. His forefathers came from old Vienna and were influential in the courts of Europe. When an especially adventurous second son arrived on the coast of the Carolinas it marked the expansion of the family dynasty. One hundred ninety years later Celine is the last of this line. He has not produced an heir and, if he had, he has nothing to bequeath save a few family heirlooms—a book or two (too ancient to open without the pages metamorphosising into dust), a ring given to him by his grandmother which, according to legend, his great-great grandfather, a notorious Count, won from Cardinal Richelieu late one night at cards and a few bronze-framed photographs taken around the time of the war between the states. These few items he put away long ago in some drawer and has since forgotten where. Nothing is lost, however, for Celine is the living receptacle of his family's past. His sense of history keeps him up at night. The ghosts that live in his genes speak through his open mouth in the stale, acrid breath of dawn.

The day Celine receives the telephone call requesting he come to a small house many miles outside the city where he lives, he recalls an incident from his childhood which, in a sleight of the mind characteristic of both old age and the age of cinema, he suspects he has purloined from some film even as his entire body trembles with the knowledge of the memory's veracity. He could not have been more than four. It was in the

large kitchen of the house his family inhabited back in those, richer, days. Perhaps he had come in search of something sweet? The cook, a charred stick of a woman who had been with the family since before the days of the Emancipation, was cleaning pheasants, the mottled feathers clinging to her hair, sticking to her dampened skin as she worked at a long wooden table in the summer heat. Her eyes fixed on Celine standing, finger in mouth, framed by the bright yellow afternoon sunlight coming through the doorway. She beckoned to him. He came, slowly. She took up a pheasant and deftly removed each of the wings with her hands, pulling them from the fragile body with a twisting motion. Using a length of dirty string she fashioned a kind of imaginary talisman (she herself had no real knowledge of such things) tying the two wings together and placing the string over Celine's head so that the wings fell spread upon his boy's breast, flecks of blood spotting the clean white shirt he wore. He recalled laughing then, laughing at the blood. Turning circles so that the wings flew out and beat upon his breast. The old woman laughed too, a dry crackle of a laugh like someone stepping on kindling. She put a finger in the hole where a wing had been torn free and made three damp stripes across Celine's face, one across each cheek and one along the nose. Celine stretched his tongue but could not touch the spot where the liquid made the tip of his nose cool.

Four days ago Celine received through the mail a small package containing a pair of shoes. These were not new shoes. They had obviously seen a great deal of wear but had, nevertheless, been well cared for. They were handsome shoes, made of dark brown leather, polished, of a style at once casual yet business-like. The toes were blunt and where the leather construction came together both sides of the seam had been tooled in an intricate but not ornate pattern of alternating circles and S-shaped lines. The soles were thin but solid. The laces worn but not yet frayed. Where or from whom the shoes came and for what reason, Celine did not know. The package had no return address. The postmark, however, indicated that they had been sent from a post office nearby.

There were not so many calls anymore. The last year or two his business had been reduced to a meager three or four women a year. At one time it had been three or four a month. Never more. During those days, years ago when he was much younger, though not so young as to be reckless, he had been married to a woman who would eventually leave him to move to Montana with a man who called himself a painter. She told him that it was love and he had no reason to doubt her. Later, through some friends, he heard she had had four children by this man. His own inability to give his wife (this, second, and, later, the third) a child (it was not *impotence*) was a puzzle even to him. He had given himself tests and had been tested by specialists, more out of an innate curiosity and

pressure from his wife (the second and third) than any genuine anguish over his lack of children. The diagnoses had all been the same—there was nothing wrong with the sperm he produced and thus no rational reason why he should not be able to have children. In later days Celine would often explain it by saying simply that it was something “in the blood”.

For four days Celine left the shoes in their box, the box in the foyer of his house at the foot of the coatrack. Today Celine takes up the box and carries it the two and a half miles to the post office from where it was sent. Asking to see the manager, Celine makes a number of inquiries which the manager in turn passes on to the employees working at the window, showing each the box and gesticulating vigorously so that Celine worries that perhaps he has unwittingly through his inquisitiveness stirred up some trouble. Presently, the manager returns with the box and informs Celine that no one could recall the package and, by inference, *who* had sent it. The manager suggests returning the following day as there are some employees who had worked on the day the package had been sent but who are not at the station today. Celine thanks the manager but tells him that he will not be back the following day as he does not consider the question to be of such urgency or significance. What he does not say is that being an abortionist who often finds his patients without the means to pay his fee and therefore performing his services for credit, the money for which he does not expect to receive, he would, nevertheless, occasionally become the recipient of strange tokens which could be construed to be a form of partial payment or thanks for his services. These gifts were usually hand delivered, anonymously, sometimes in the dead of night, and were rarely accompanied by any note or letter save a hurried, handwritten and unsigned “thank-you” or “this is to let you know I am OK”. Celine would take these scraps of paper and burn them carefully. The gifts he gave to the Salvation Army or, if they were food, as often they were, to the local soup kitchen, though not as an act of charity but more with the idea that he could not be traced back to them.

Celine is an abortionist not out of any particular malice towards children nor even towards the clinging, tumor-like lump of inert tissue which passes for a child in those early months of gestation. He is, after all, a doctor (or would have been if not for those two missing months of his internship) and as such he considers all life sacred (or at least endowed with the right to exist) no matter how *inert*. (It is his contention, though he has never spoken it aloud, that if *inertness* were a characteristic of a state of *non-living*, ninety-nine percent of the adult population of the planet would be legally abortable.) On the other hand, it would also be incorrect to declare his services an act of compassion or even sympathy towards the women who come to him, their difficult position etched across their faces as if with hydrochloric acid (these are *difficult* times, he tells them), and who expect not miracles but...deliverance, of a kind.

When he returns home that afternoon from the post office Celine removes the shoes from the box and places the box and its brown paper wrapping, his address in dark, heavy pencil, in the large fireplace that sits like a guardian at the far end of the living room. When the flames are leaping Celine notes the shoes again, sitting on the floor facing the fireplace as if they too watched and were mesmerized by the phenomenon of the cardboard box being transformed to ash in a spectacle of heat and light. Celine lifts them, carefully, together, his fingers clutching the inside of each shoe by the heel. He examines them in the firelight and for a brief instant the image of the shoes in the fire, the flames struggling fitfully before succeeding to eat into the leather, casts itself premonition-like across his mind. When this vision has flickered and faded, Celine looks again at the pair of shoes in his hand. He imagines an expression at once leering and fearful across the tooled leather uppers.

His first abortion had been performed on his first wife. They had married out of love while very young, he quitting his internship at a large New Orleans hospital in order to have the ceremony in April. His father had offered him the money (which even then the family could not afford) to honeymoon someplace exotic and Celine decided on Egypt. During the course of their two month voyage to Cairo Celine's wife began to show the first signs of her pregnancy. She admitted that the child was not his. In a filthy hotel room, in a quarter far from the posh area where they were staying, Celine applied the skills he had learned so diligently during eight years of study, putting between his young wife's spread legs a surgeon's scalpel, his hand trembling against the onslaught of irony, while she talked incessantly, fighting back the hysteria, of a dream she had had the night before in which she was riding a white elephant across the desert. She bled profusely. He got her back to their hotel, carried by two hired, shirtless youths in a lounge through the crowded, dung-covered streets, beneath unbearable heat. Celine wiped her dampened brow, assuring her that the bleeding was part of the healing and that it would soon cease, inwardly recoiling at the sight of it, the endless crimson-soaked sheets pressed in bundles between her legs, the dried blood blackening under his fingernails. Dying or believing she was dying and wanting to die nevertheless, the young woman begged to be hurried back to the States. Celine understood that to bring his injured wife home would mean the revelation of his wife's deception, which would make him a fool and a cuckold, and his subsequent action-the usurpation of the cold instrument over the hot tool-which would make him a criminal. The myriad ramifications, the shame surmounted by guilt, the anger giving way to cruelty, left him paralysed, fearful and dogged. Thus, he refused his wife's request, keeping her virtual prisoner in their honeymoon suite (a room devoted to the abdication of chastity yet which now became consummated in a kind

of abeyance of submission and disbelief), she in bed too weak to protest, condemning him with her eyes only, damning him with her eyes. He knowing that should she die she must die here in this foreign land where the cause of her death could and would be lost like one dirty child in a city filled with hordes of dirty children. His wife reading his fear, his fear for himself, like a ragged map across his sleepless brow and knowing now, understanding now that only her own death would undo all that had been done and that her husband sat opposite her in his white linen suit and striped cravat, smoking, not talking, desiring with all his heart for that last breath to issue from her body so that he might finally rise and take up the severed threads of his life, his life before their marriage, knowing that the time from their stepping off their native soil until the day he would again plant his foot there could be severed without much effort from the length of days that constituted his life before and the stretch of future days that lay ahead in the same manner he had once explained to her that a perforated section of intestine could be cut out of a man, the two severed ends joined back together to form a whole again, shorter, though this missing length not missed, not even thought about really, even the scars lost in the sagging of the flesh over time.

Many times over the course of many years Celine has smiled at the fatuity of his youth and the how prophetic those days in Cairo turned out to be. He has spent his life with bloodied hands, bathed in the rich warm fluid. It's soaked into his skin like a tattoo or birthmark or stigmata. He can't get it out from under his nails. This women's blood. Bane and betrothed of his existence.

As Celine readies himself for his departure he tries on the shoes that were sent to him and that, since the day of the fire, have sat patient yet attentive in his closet, ostracized from the other (his own) shoes by their placement on the opposite side of the narrow quarters.

A young black woman in a red frock opens the door and places a finger to her lips as Celine is about to introduce himself. Quietly, he follows her down a short hallway to the back of the house, conscious of the worn black bag in his grip. Passing an open door he has a fleeting view of the interior. Along the wall is a row of chairs, all occupied by women and men dressed in somber clothing, black, veils across some of the women's faces, the recesses of their eyes made darker still by the candlelight which fills the room. A group of men stand conspiratorially in the corner, heads bowed, bodies stiffened in Sunday suits, not a gesture rising or falling between them, frozen, immobile as a still life, the yellow light on black skin casting them beneath a heavy coat of varnish. Flowers crowd the empty spaces of the room, a wreath stands just inside the door, their foliage an unhealthy brown or is it the light? a kind of glistening blackness moving among and between the petals and leaves and thorny stalks, a kind of decay, rapid,

visibly eating away at the blooms. Is it this that emits the earthy odor Celine notices? the damp, fecund heaviness, slightly foul, that impregnates the air of the room and wades into the narrow hallway with a presence like a man blocking one's path? Or is it the man lying on the table? Face up, though obscured by the shine of silver coins upon the eyes, arms folded across the chest, hands cupped one upon the other, a beaded rosary coiling out from the den of shadow in between. Nearest to Celine as he passes, the corpses' bare feet, the pale soles glowing opalescent against the sepia-toned background.

In a tiny room behind the kitchen lies a woman, waiting. The door is shut and Celine removes his coat and tie, handing them to the young woman in the red frock who, Celine realizes as he scrutinizes her, is a girl, no more than twelve or thirteen. He sets his bag of instruments on a small table, noting the sagging flesh of his red-hued hands, the thick old-man hands. The woman on the daybed pushes aside the thin sheet that covers her and, in a gesture that says "I know what I am doing by doing this, I have not made this decision without much thought and anguish, but I will not give them something more to take from me and so I make this sacrifice now, now that I am young so that its pain will only make me strong and because I can't live the rest of my life with a living, feeling creature in whose eyes I will always see the man they took from me, still feel his arms around me and hear his voice inside me, inside my head and heart and womb. I know what I am doing by doing this and I know with bitterness the irony of one death, one murder being followed by another and I am not looking for salvation or forgiveness or even understanding in what I am doing except in that I want it known that I know what I am doing by doing this and twenty-odd years of my living and the hundreds and thousands of years the lives before me lived, which still live in me, in my very blood, have prepared me for now, for this moment and I can not, will not turn my head from what is before me now" spreads her legs and raises her knees, her eyes looking into Celine's as he watches the dark, puckered skin of her vagina separating, opening to the paler, vaguely rose-colored flesh.

When Celine leaves by the front door it is night. The girl in the red frock follows him out. On the porch, as he is about to descend the wooden steps, she takes his hand. She presses a round metal object into the heavily creased palm and forces his fingers closed before hurrying up the stairs and shutting the door. Celine walks a long time before opening his hand to discover not the coin he had expected but a gold wedding band, burnished beneath the streetlight flickering dimly above.

Di Brandt

poem for a guy who's

*

poem for a guy who's
thought about feminism

& is troubled by it,
but not enough:

what you don't know (yet)
can hurt you, & will,

perhaps even kill you,
as it has killed so many

others, women, whales,
birds, Indians, Jews,

even the golden-haired
sons of men,

the privileged ones,
the chosen.

why do we live to kill
the things we love?

why do we hide our grief
from ourselves,

& each other, pretending
pleasure? i weep

because we must greet
each other from now on

with lies or terror,
our lying together

through the centuries
has brought us

to such an impasse,
such a possible ending,

i fear we must,
all of us,

everything in us,
fly apart.

what are the stakes
in sexuality & power?

i feel a heaviness in me
tonight, the earth's

weight pulling me,
down. i want to love

you, under these dripping
trees, these great

scented blossoms,
but i can't.

enchanted evening,
you would have liked

to whisper in my ear,
in another language,

another script, your
heart in your throat.

the poem is bigger
than i am, the poem

is hungry, & insists
on its own truth.

the ongoingness of every
thing, fierce

breeding among the trees.
i love you, i love you.

i cannot lie, i cannot lie
with you tonight,

there's holocaust
between us,

& i'm tired of dying,
look,

even the trees are crying.

Gnusbaum's Journal

Reinhard Filter

Part One: Designs

For years, Gnusbaum has loved Glutz.

Not that she is aware of his affections. Gnusbaum has worshipped her from afar; as one might look longingly at a distant star, fantasizing what life would be like *Up There*, day-dreaming, scheming what might be possible on that unreachable foothold. It is not particularly clear that he would have loved her, HAD she known. Surely, he often reasoned, if she knew, if she understood the depth of his affections, if she reasoned through the power she held over him, then the temptation to use it, to exercise some mysterious control, might be irresistible even for someone as disinclined as she. His perfect love would then transmute from gold to lead, destroying even the memory of a hope of what might have been.

This is why he never said a word about it.

Still, things are not as simple as that. Even though the rationale behind it renders fat from the body of his deliberations, things are seldom as simple as that. In the end, it is the tension between thought and action, between the theoretical and the practical—the tension in the deliberate weighing of alternatives, which makes Gnusbaum what he has become. The real issue with Glutz is control.

Of course, it has not always been this transparent. For example.

Gnusbaum was once disposed towards pure Action, scarcely giving thought to its shape or form; taking it like a drug. It was a weakness he bore gracefully, in the folly of his youth; a weakness remembered now with some small affection. In those days, when the world expected movement (exceptions being unusual, even for the most deserving), Gnusbaum dilly-dallied with Action, going so far as to hold a job. He even moved his few belongings from one flat to another, climbing and descending his stairs, unaware of what he was doing. Mind you, back then pure movement was not discriminating. It seemed unimportant what was moved, or where, or why; only that it was.

When some great disaster threatened—when Hurricane Hazel swept the area and toppled trees as though they were toothpicks—Gnusbaum (then in his twenties) still acquiesced to cower in shelters, taking to those mean refuges reluctantly as a gopher to a blind pothole, going, but

knowing that he would be trapped, fearing what was down there, and swearing never to do it again. Under any circumstance.

Even during the Cuban Missile Crises, when fellow lodgers scurried to fall-out shelters, hanging there like frightened bats, praying that nothing horrible would happen, Gnusbaum-the-implacable (barely thirty-three), having learned his lessons, refused to budge and kept very very quiet.

As he aged and gathered himself, focusing on the simple challenges of existence, his early aimless skitterings stopped completely, and after a time, he moved only out of desperation, and even then, only after careful thought and planning. Not for him the aimless quest; not for him the reckless self-disclosure of action. After a time, there was nothing casual or slipshod in the things Gnusbaum did, particularly, in recent times, if they involved the Euphonious Glutz.

There is a pace, he has decided lately, to learning.

Today, were it not for the fact that he dutifully slips his monthly rent beneath Glutz's tempting doorway, even she, landlady and superintendent, might not know of his existence. Or at the very least, might not be sure. Such was his evolution. However, nothing is perfect; that small and necessary movement, that giving unto Caesar, that agreement of worth and station, gives away too much; he would have loved to avoid it altogether. If she does know, it is not for lack of trying.

Over the years, their relationship has blossomed.

Thanks to his fastidiousness, they have never met, they have never spoken, they have exchanged no symbols (save for the cheques) and for this, he is certain, she loves him as he loves her. How could she not.

The years of listening to her lumbering across his ceiling, her leaden feet and their swollen ankles pronouncing her movement through the thump and bounce of her floor removes all doubt; never once did he feel the need to lay in wait, to meet her in the hallway, to confirm anything. Every noise she makes, every step she takes, is a message; every disturbance, a gift. He does not need to push against her substance. Should he try, it would be an insulting denial of faith.

His faith in their relationship is not narrow; it is conscious; deliberate; controlled. Even when, a few months earlier, his sofa disappeared from his flat, when he had particular cause to suspect no one else but her, even then, his faith obliged and he could not waiver in his love. There are other things as well, but later. Later.

Mind you, there were days when curiosity rubbed hard against him. Early on, he has spent time dodging her, making certain that he would be unobserved while measuring her debris. He has studied the outline of her

features from the shadows she threw on the walls as she passed his flat on her rounds to and from the front door of the building. He has listened to her breathing, as she laboured up the stairs, inferring a host of marvelous information. He has even, once, timed how long she stayed in her bathroom, gauging the sounds of the door opening and closing, synchronizing them with the sound of her toilet flushing. This intrigue parlayed into precise knowledge of her physiology, letting him conclude that for a time at least, the unfortunate Glutz had been constipated.

(G never pushes luck. His, or anyone else's.)

But now, through careful sifting of the information he has gathered, after long deliberation, Gnusbaum has come to realize that what he has accumulated is unmanageable. He has garnered so much, has come to understand her so well, that finally in the midst of it all, he is in danger of forgetting some of its lesser bits.

This is why there is a NEED to record his inferences. True enough, this precipitates small compromises for Gnusbaum-the-Uncompromising; his will require action of sorts; it will involve the distillation of pure truth into a less palatable liquor, which would, by virtue of its existence brandish its independence. In a particular way, this NEED represents a corrosion of control. Suddenly, inferences will have physicality. It is, he realizes, a sad state of affairs, and not lacking in dangers.

Indeed, of late he has reflected on the task of compiling his Journal, but of trying to retain the Purity of his conscious thoughts; of trying to translate them into some less enabled-but still tangible-form. To surround his meaning with some understanding; to build something beautiful—a ship of sorts, into whose magnificent hold he might pour the best elements of what he knows and understands. A Journal & Craft of the first water.

Of course this would require ingenuity. Care must be taken, right from the start.

Perhaps, he has thought, if he were to avoid altogether the writing down of certain things? If that could be managed, the hazards of uncontrolled disclosure might be abated. Some things are dangerous on paper; some things are dry—not at all like the hopes, dreams and aspirations he has accumulated and wants to record. Perhaps, as an alternative with less (Gnusbaum considers) import, if he were to speak his knowledge into a tape recorder rather than scribble it into some as yet undesigned book? With this, things would be recorded, but in a somewhat safer manner, with a touch to commute any insult to the artistic eye.

But as recently as yesterday he realized that this will be, at best, a very simple guile. Recording without writing is a mean deception; inevitably unsatisfying. It would be like an acquittal because of a technicality.

It simply would not do.

This is why He-Who-Never-Winces begins his writings cautiously, with safe and brief description of his lodgings, giving things a solid base, a starting point; hoping, with this innocuous beginning, to keep certain lids on.

To the Journal:

around me is an oblong room. the corners, slightly off-square, leave space for interpretation.

i might have said crooked, but that would have been judgmental.

i might have made a measurement to confirm it, but that would have been desperate, would it not?

Scarcely has he jotted those first forty-three words onto the first sheet of paper, when Gnusbaum Stops. Things will not be as simple as this. He studies what he had written with the eye of someone who knows that great labours lie ahead. Although the thoughts are right, this form, he tells himself, will never do. This will need, he concludes, transcription.

Of course there are problems; these things go beyond the acquisition of pens and papers.

Gnusbaum never does things by halves. For example, having taken the decision, it might seem sufficient to simply jot down a few things on convenient slips of paper, using whatever implements are handy. But this is exactly the point; this would be too easy. Any vessel floating his thoughts must be magnificent. The Journal must contain his feelings for the wonderous Glutz; it must be constructed beautifully, sturdily, with care and consideration to detail; simply forging ahead will never never NEVER do.

The bridge between conception and realization is a treacherous thing. Gnusbaurn is aware of the pitfalls. He has learned that there is Art in everything; ignoring that diminishes the labour. You have to cross your bridges with flair.

On other occasions, when he has had cause to scribble messages, he has always made it a point to use several colours of ink, shading his words with coloured values, in this way, adding to their depths. For him, those early messages, although few in number, were difficult things, artfully done with care and caution. And so it must be now; there can be no small or unimportant words in Gnusbaum's Journal, particularly when they are colour coded.

When earliest messages were short, each letter had its own hue.

A little later, he would write each word in its own colour; a small compromise for longer briefs.

Those rare messages were colourful and informative chromatic clouds conveying substance beyond a simple heaping of words; they were things done with Flair. But of course, with only six colours at hand, there were limitations. Not much could be said in six words, so the Artful Gнусbaum learned to compress himself into very small spaces.

On the one occasion when he wrote to Glutz about his plugged bathtub drain, this compression proved traumatic. Ten words were needed to inform Glutz (it could hardly be called a complaint; he could never COMPLAIN to her), and at that instant, Gнусbaum knew that he would have to re-structure his thinking.

For the first time, he allowed *groups* of words to hold the same hue. As a purely practical matter. Of course, he feared that Glutz would see right through such a cheap trick, that she would certainly ignore him. Can you imagine his relief when his plumbing was repaired? Can you visualize his surprise? It was possible to colour code groups; horizons blossomed.

Those were heady days, filled with the happy sounds of flowing drains.

But an entire Journal? That would be a different matter. Despite his natural optimism, this was daunting. Consider even six paragraphs would not be long enough, especially since he has learned so much about the Glorious One. Even six pages would not suffice.

For a brief time, he felt that he should abandon it and reconcile himself to letting go of the information he had acquired. Perhaps, he rationalized, there are worse catastrophes. But Gнусbaum is made of sterner stuff. Indeed, as recently as yesterday, he reduced the problem to three issues:

1. How long must this Journal to be? (put another way: What will limit its length?)
2. How can it be divided into colour coded sections? (alternatively: What compromise?)

And finally,

3. How many such sections could be written without repetition? (The issue is Flair.)

Up until now, he has had no occasion to consider these things.

Mrs. Glutz (he is not certain of his Love's full name and so prefers this slightly formal appellation) lives with her husband Seymour. At least, G postulates, he might have been her husband. One should not be presumptuous in these matters, and certainly take every precaution against stretching the fabric too tightly over the assembled facts. The one thing

that might be said for certain—and without undue stretching—is that she lives with a certain Seymour who might or might not have been her husband. (For the Journalist, it is always the *living* with which is important, not the legal status, however that might eventually be determined.)

The Journalist, because he must remain sensitive to the slightest nuance of his trade, must learn to package information in many ways. For example consider this first attempt:

Mrs. Glutz lived with Seymour.

G has learned that the austere simplicity of this parboiled tidbit can be unsatisfying. When brevity is stylistic, when morsels like the details of Seymour's existence are excluded from the Journal—and considering their unquestioned probity—G ends up feeling disjointed, even frustrated.

It might have been preferable to write:

Some mysterious Seymour, possibly lived with Glutz.

On the other hand, perhaps it is an overstatement even to imply that she lived with a man named Seymour. Perhaps the problem is not that this assertion has too little information, but that this phrase is overburdened with too much. Like a dessert tray heaped with whipped confections, there is no room for satisfied digestion; indeed, gluttony looms through inference. Perhaps a trick the Fastidious Journalist must master is weighted around content, not substance. When it comes to Glutz, G can say very much, briefly. The trick is to do this with control.

Indeed, G gleefully considers, pen raised to his lips, it might be more accurate to say

that

in his careful observation of the comings and goings of this so-called *Seymour*, I have (perhaps hastily?) concluded that he was a man, that he was gifted with surprising activity, considering his advanced age, and that he was a cohabitant of some description or arrangement with the Glorious Glutz.

Which is to say that The Journalist, in his attempts at being entirely accurate has concluded that

Seymour is a spry old codger, apparently with more than his share of good luck. And that, because of the regularity of his comings and goings *probably* lives with Glutz in some mutually satisfying arrangement, one possible descriptor for which might be Marriage.

Of course, the proportions of this so-called marital arrangement are impossible to gauge and can only be the subject of speculation. Upon reflection, G reminds himself that the apparent fact that Seymour was an old codger should, in the interests of complete accuracy, also be treated with some caution.

Having written his first draft for a Journal entry as accurately as possible, and yet still falling short of the truth, (something important is missing) G studies the shape and form of his message and sighs. Certainly there is control; but.

There are, he decides, several reasons why this morsel is not yet ready for transcription into the Journal.

First, G still fancies that perhaps there may be some error disguised among the nodules so far distilled. One should try to be as truthful as one can; which is similar to saying that one be as complete as one can. If there is doubt, one should either NOT write anything and skip over the entire segment, or the doubt should be acknowledged by meticulously specifying, perhaps listing, those things which are, or can be, or *might* be known at the time of writing.

Of course, since he is at the very beginning of his Journal writing, this has not yet been done. (It will come; it will come.)

Secondly, and perhaps even more disturbingly, G realizes that in order to be accurate, he is going to have to be prepared to allow a great deal more to be written than he had first supposed. The matter of even six pages being enough now seems hopelessly optimistic. He has barely brushed Glutz, and look.

But to the situation at hand. The issue is his beloved Glutz and her living arrangements. And on this issue, with some small doubt, it can be inferred that Mrs Glutz lives with a man. The fact that G has never seen Seymour (in truth, he has seen more of the Beautiful Glutz than of her cohort), introduces a modicum of uncertainty as to his gender. But this is a small ambiguity which even the fastidious Journalist can tolerate in these extreme times.

Besides, when you come right down to it, he has once heard Glutz call out

“Seymour! Seymour!”

and it was from that observation that G inferred the rest. To be completely frank, the possibility that Seymour might be a family name has to be considered, however remote it seems. The fact is, if Seymour were a last name, then even gender could be in serious doubt; and of course, this might change everything.

Here then, is a summary. G cannot be entirely sure that

1. Glutz has a husband;
2. Seymour is the husband's given name;
3. Glutz lives *with a man* who answers to "Seymour";
4. Seymour is a man;
5. Seymour is not a pet cat;

and that,

6. Seymour, whoever he/she/it may be is not simply a regular visitor and does not live with Glutz at all.

Not that Seymour matters in the slightest. Whoever he/she/it is, whatever his/her/its position relative to Magnificent Glutz, and whatever the living arrangements might be, Seymour apparently died recently.

The jumble of noises from Glutz's flat have diminished and she has been alone for weeks.

That much at least, is obvious.

At its best Gnusbaum is confronted with a Hobson's choice. If he abandons every scrap of knowledge containing doubt, it is clear that very little is certain; either he will have to specify everything in the interests of accuracy, OR he will have to acknowledge that damned little can be written at all, and with that, abandon hope.

By specifying, listing and otherwise qualifying everything, it may be possible to diminish ambiguity with voluminous aplomb. A great deal *in general* can be written about nothing *in particular*. It is a literary possibility. It would mean that the Journal will be filled with words which do not transport much in particular about his Belladonna, but which may, in their voluminous presence, reveal a great deal about himself. If one writes enough, there is always this danger. An unappealing prospect at best.

But again, this re-introduces the problem of the conflict between the theoretical and the practical aspects of the Journal. Given that there are practical limitations with HOW to write the thing, a means must be found to accommodate theoretical possibilities without compromising their integrity; and this while maintaining an author's control. In the context of a Journal, this is quite a challenge, even for the redoubtable Gnusbaum.

Considering length, the sum of Gnusbaum's experiences involving the Fantastic Glutz would certainly fill more than six paragraphs, just for the

introduction of facts. Indeed, six pages are bound to be inadequate. Six chapters MAY suffice, but even that would probably fall short.

Still, however much they may compromise the ideal, designs and choices must be made. If six chapters are to be planned, then the first question of Journal length can be happily resolved. A decision is taken, and the decision is six.

Of course this will complicate the second and third questions relating to development of colour coded sections. With six chapters having been decided upon, there are many possibilities.

To date—and not entirely coincidentally—Gnusbaum has found only six satisfactory colours of ink to use in his writings. There may be more available, but not locally and it would be extravagant to venture out too far just to find another colour. A man should learn to make the most of what is available.

How then to divide six chapters into self standing sections with only six colours of ink? Would it be satisfactory to allow entire chapters to stand in one colour of ink? The temptation is, of course, enormous.

Even if each chapter were permitted two sections, from a Flair viewpoint, this would necessitate 12 colours of ink—and this presupposes that it would be satisfactory to have half chapter sections written with a single colour. Impossible. Even worse, from a literary viewpoint, there are bound to be more than two sections per chapter, unless the chapters are very short. Which is already apparent will not be likely.

Gnusbaum scratches his balding head in a gesture of acknowledgment. These are challenging times, he whispers, *very* challenging times.

Of course, things do come to mind.

For example, Gnusbaum has become comfortable with having each paragraph chromatically self-standing. Yes, this is a compromise. Yes it is a departure. But he has tested this broadening tendency with his bathtub plumbing, and found that it still worked. So having decided that there will be six chapters, and having decided that each paragraph of the journal must be chromatically unique, Gnusbaum has begun the process of convergence towards a solution.

On average, three paragraphs to a page, four pages to a chapter seems workable. If there are to be a maximum of six chapters, then the Journal might contain 72 paragraphs. (*reducing things to numbers provides such comfort*) If only half of the total available paragraphs are earmarked for use, with the rest for back-up and contingency, Gnusbaum-the-Meticulous needs 36 inks. With each chapter having six colours, no repetition need be allowed, *unless* contingency paragraphs are written. Then, a small amount may be tolerated in the interests of practicality.

Of course, it is still impossible to find 36 inks. Gnusbaum, as he does these calculations begins to despair; the precious Journal may not be possible after all.

However, sometimes, inspiration floats upon the fortunate, nourishing insight with glorious opportunity. Just this occurs.

Why not, he wonders, supplement the already acquired six inks with the freedom offered by different paper colours? If enough coloured paper is available, it will be *combinations* of ink and paper which lend Flair to the Journal, paragraph by paragraph. It might just be possible!

Fortunately, it is.

Journal Design

It will be designed as follows:

1. 6 Chapters containing
2. 4 pages each with
3. 3 paragraphs per page using
4. black, brown, dark blue, blue, green and red inks on
5. red, brown, white, blue, green, lavender, yellow, pink, mauve, grey, tan, and turquoise writing paper.

(there is paper at the corner store the journey is necessary)

It will be done like this:

Chapter	Page	Paper Colour	Paragraph Number	Ink Colour
1 (4)	1 (13)	RED	1	BLACK
			2	BROWN
			3	Drk BLUE
	2 (14)	BROWN	1	BLUE
			2	GREEN
			3	RED
	3 (15)	WHITE	1	GREEN
			2	BLUE
			3	Drk BLUE
	4 (16)	BLUE	1	BROWN
			2	BLACK
			3	RED
2 (5)	5 (17)	GREEN	1	BLACK
			2	BROWN
			3	Drk BLUE
	6 (18)	LAVENDER	1	BLUE
			2	GREEN
			3	RED
	7 (19)	YELLOW	1	GREEN
			2	BLUE
			3	Drk BLUE
	8 (20)	PINK	1	BROWN
			2	BLACK
			3	RED
3 (6)	9 (21)	MAUVE	1	BLACK
			2	BROWN
			3	Drk BLUE
	10 (22)	GREY	1	BLUE
			2	GREEN
			3	RED
	11 (23)	TAN	1	GREEN
			2	BLUE
			3	Drk BLUE
	12 (24)	TURQUOISE	1	BROWN
			2	BLACK
			3	RED

All in all, an auspicious start.

Notes & Contributors

Michael Basinski lives in Cheektowaga, New York. He performs his sound texts with his performance group OTHEARED and intermedia production pieces with EBMA. "Red Rain Three" is part of a series of intuitive chance operation poems translated from a found five page prose narrative entitled "Red Rain". Red rain is a common term for a fluid emitted from a particular species of freshly burgeoned butterfly.

bill bissett is best known for his phonetic style of writing. "a is for always" is part of a work in progress titled "inkorrect thots". His most recent book, *Hard 2 beleev* was published by Talonbooks.

Di Brandt is a writer and teacher living in Winnipeg. She has published two award-winning books of poetry, *Questions i asked my mothers* (Turnstone Press, 1987), and *Agnes in the sky* (Turnstone Press, 1990).

Magaret Christakos is a Toronto-based writer active in the feminist community. Her first book, *Not Egypt*, was published in 1989 by Coach House Press. "Words", she explains, "belongs to a manuscript-in-progress called 'Other Words for Grace', in which a young persona named Grace struggles consequentially against the stranglehold of both her desire for the mother's body of language, and the becoming-awareness that it has never belonged to the mother at all.... By recovering memories from girlhood which mark the sentient moments of my own silencing, I try to write in excess of this motherlode of language which nooses me but which I love deeply as well." Additional poems from her recently completed manuscript "Other Words For Grace" have also appeared in *Fireweed*, *Poetry Canada*, *Line*, and *West Coast / Line*.

Marlene Cookshaw's most recent book of poems is *The Whole Elephant* (Brick Books, 1989). She lives on North Pender Island, BC, and is assistant editor of *The Malahat Review*.

Reinhard Filter is a writer of experimental fiction living in Georgetown, Ontario. He is currently completing his latest novel.

beth goobie worked for 6 years with emotionally disturbed children. She has published in *Dandelion*, *Grain*, *The New Quarterly*, and others.

J.A. Hamilton has had work appear in numerous publications, including the *New York Times*, and the magazine *Seventeen*. Her books include *Body Rain*, a collection of poetry, and *July Flights*, a short fiction collection due out in Spring, 1992.

Carolyn Hoople Creed is an assistant professor in English with Brandon University. She is contributing editor in children's literature for *Prairie Fire Review*.

Adeena Karasick teaches at the University of Mainz in Germany. She is working on her PhD (from York University). Regarding her work appearing here, she writes: "Archetorture' [from tortured origins] explores a languish that exceeds and subverts linear structures. A semerotic passage that is not axiomatic but is relative and explores possibilities for meaning to be produced, exchanged. Where language is liberated from canonical constructions, linguistical social habits, empirical syntactical engagements, and origin emerges as a palimpsest." Recent writing has appeared in *Rampike*, *Tessera*, *West Coast / Line*, *Big Allis*. Her forthcoming book is titled "the empress has no closure".

Jascha Kessler is professor of English & Modern Literature at UCLA. He has published 7 books of poetry and fiction, as well as 6 volumes of translations of poetry and fiction from Hungarian, Persian and Bulgarian. His most recent book won the George Soros Foundation Prize for 1989 from the Translation Center at Columbia University: *Catullan Games*, from the Hungarian of Sándor Rákos. His newest book of short stories, *Siren Songs*, is scheduled for 1992 publication by McPherson & Company (Kingston, NY).

James Kirkup has taught Creative Writing and Comparative Literature in Japan, USA and Europe. Recent publications include three translations: *Painted Shadows* by Jean-Baptiste Niel and *A Room in the Woods* by Patrick Drevet (both from Quartet Books) and *Ito-San* by Peter Owen. At present, he is finishing a new comic novel and a collection of autobiographical poems, *To The Life*.

Richard Kostelanetz has published many books of poetry, fiction, criticism, and cultural history, in addition to anthologies of art, literature, and social thought. His recent books include *The New Poetries and Some Olds* (S. Illinois). "The structural principle of 'stringthree'", explains Kostelanetz, "is that every new English word contain at least three letters concluding its predecessor." He lives and writes in New York City.

Charles LaBelle has this to say about his work: "I am interested in creating narrative and character which are open rather than closed systems. I try to avoid *concrete* interpretation, and prefer the fluidity of myth, where the elements of story are interchangeable. I experiment with Paul Bowles idea of combining randomly picked story-elements; for example, in 'Stupid Blood' three of these 'elements' were 1) a man receives a pair of shoes in the mail, 2) a woman has a dream of riding a white elephant and 3) a man is given a gold ring." Charles lives and writes in Culver City, California.

Karen Mac Cormack has published four books of poetry, the most recent being *Quirks & Quillets* (Chax Press, Tucson, 1991). She lives in Toronto, and is also a contributing editor to *Avec* magazine (California).

She has this to say about writing: "Instead of employing a transitory theory of meaning my work establishes itself as a deliberate resistance, structured upon patterns that offer a rigorous positioning of their materiality. The experience of reading then is one of encounter rather than consumption, emphasizing the awareness that meaning (to paraphrase Barthes) is *not* at the end of the line or sentence but runs through it – in every word."

Daphne Marlatt lives on Salt Spring Island and has published a number of books of prose and poetry, her most recent being *Ana Historic*, a novel. The poem in this issue is from *Salvage*, forthcoming from Red Deer College Press this Fall. Quotations in it are from Sonia Johnson, *Going Out of Our Minds*.

Steve McCaffery recently completed the first Samuel P. Capen Chair Residency at the State University of New York, Buffalo. A new book *Theory of Sediment* is to appear from Talonbooks, Fall, 1991. He is currently completing and editing the Collected Research Reports of the Toronto Research Group, due for publication (Talonbooks) Fall, 1991.

Sheila E. Murphy has four book publications forthcoming which include *Teth* (Chax Press) and *Sad Isn't the Color of the Dream* (Stride Press). She has this to say about her writing: "Permitting intuition precedes noticing. Some attitudes amend the code of what makes fragrance when a culture winds down into what it really is. Takes time. A lovely accident, several genuine new branches. Any one of the them is factual. And politics, the shape of what if any power resulting from within plus the access. Minus code. Exploring some inventions inaccessible with ingredients of backdrop seeming to the sense equal contenders for the place of *real thing*." Her home is in Phoenix, where she coordinates the Scottsdale Center for the Arts Poetry Series, currently in its fourth season.

Jan Ramjerdi is a doctoral student in the writing program at the University at Albany. She is editor of *The Little Magazine* where her fiction has appeared. "Aladdin" is her first published poem.

Lake Sagaris was born in Montreal, grew up in Toronto and studied Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia. She has two collections of poetry, *Exile Home/Exilio en la patria* (Cormorant, Montreal, 1986), and *Circus Love* (Coteau, Regina, 1991). She has also edited and translated to Spanish two anthologies of Canadian writing, and is currently working on a book of literary essays about Chile, with the support of the Canada Council.

Karl Sandor claims that *it* is certain. He is a biped. Certified on April 24, 1991 by Dr. J.D. Reid, M.D. F.R.C.S. (C), Vascular and Trauma Surgery. To quote Dr. Reid, "I have examined Karl Sandor and can certify that he is a biped."

Steven Smith lives and writes in Saskatoon. .

Nicole Stansbury lives in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is currently working on a collection of short stories entitled, *True Love Is My Weakness*. Nicole wanted the following dedication to be included: "I would not have written 'Some Body Parts Remember a War' without the inspiration of k.d. lang...this story is for her."

Luise Von Flotow has translated a number of texts into German and French. "Thirteen Chrysanthemum Avenue" will be published in the Spring of 1992 by Guernica Press, Montreal, in a new anthology of young Quebec women writers, entitled *Three by Three*. The collection contains stories by H el ene Rioux, Ann Dandurand and Claire D.

Fred Wah teaches English and Creative Writing at the University of Calgary. He has a new book of poetry, *So Far*, forthcoming in the Fall of 1991 from Talonbooks. He has this to say about ArtKnots: "Watching art when being there, even the titles and dates, and how art makes sense or no more sense when you talk about it, when you look at the picture (video) and get some ideas (ideos) that seem tied together, up into knots, that's narrative, tangled knowing, snarl. Or nautical Knots, since they're numbered, art measured."

Betsy Warland's most recent book, *Proper Deafinitions*, was published in 1990. She co-edited *Telling It: Women and Language Across Cultures* (Press Gang, Vancouver, 1990) and is currently editing *InVersions*, a collection of essays by Canadian, Quebec and U.S. lesbian writers. She lives off the West Coast on Salt Spring Island.

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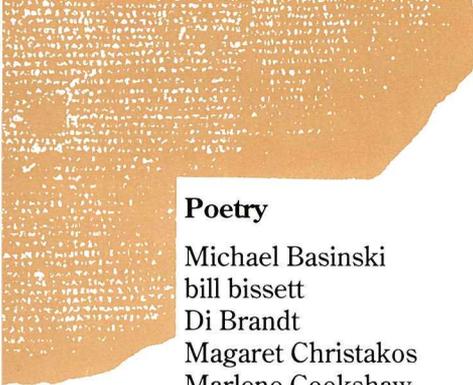
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