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*W 2010* announces a new formation—both for the magazine and the Kootenay School of Writing. KSW, the more venerable of the two, is 25 years; W is ten. A new collective structure is in place for the School: a cluster of semi-autonomous yet intersecting “pods” (or “cells” if you prefer a more radical conception), each with its own projects or “areas of influence” (readings / pedagogy / publication, etc). *W 2010* begins a new conception of the magazine as an annual: this first issue gathers work from the present collective (or perhaps we should now say collectives); future annual issues will be announced with a themed call, for which work will be gathered and published on-line over the course of the year. We hope work will be written dialogically as an issue accumulates: an initial selection of material will be posted, and then responses / extensions / contestations / emendations, etc, as they come; at the close of a year/issue, a print run of at least a “selection” of the year’s material will ideally then be issued.

The work in *W 2010* might surprise some familiar with the magazine and the School. For starters, there is some fiction here. We are doing our cultural work at a time of unprecedented pressures, as the “long neoliberal moment” (to borrow Jeff Derksen’s phrase) grinds on, responding to the current market crisis not by a return to some sort of neo-Keynesian economics, but rather, with bailouts for the rich and amped up privatizations. Meanwhile the public sphere—already just a pool of faint light beneath one last sputtering streetlamp—seems set to finally wink out altogether. In Vancouver, this has a lot to do with the Olympics, its hundreds of new security cameras, its 1 billion dollar security budget, and its “safe assembly areas” (outside of which we can imagine the majority of the city as an “unsafe assembly zone”). Beside this we have the provincial government’s concerted efforts to privatize, expropriate, expel, and otherwise suppress a still-vital cultural sector. In such an environment, we feel it is essential to broaden and strengthen affinities, working towards something of a cultural front to face “a world that seems to hold together only through the infinite management of its own collapse” (*The Coming Insurrection* 7). From deep in the collapse, we reach out.

Emily Fedoruk /

dear drugstore

Here, lists are ended with the flash of a green neon cross radiating offers with the persistence of Las Vegas. What you need. Here/help. The French beautify this emergency; bring out rows of promising boxes—fold corners with just the right puffed degree, the whiteness of the right cloud your eye traces past the sun. Follow them. The products bear a strange pride familiar only to those who never have to ask. Because concern is never enough. Knowledge assumes its shape in the healthiest of tan lines and cheeks puffed just enough (like those boxes). On inquiry, the pharmacist wears false eyelashes, directs to the white-clothed restaurant around the corner. Ice, not cream. Be reminded of posture, of knowing where your weight falls and, in the most psychological of terms, that aspirational word, balance. (Which in this language is translated as *l'équilibre*, so resonating in inner ear at much more than a whisper). Eggs on head, cracks, the pain of giving birth. So conscious that need is more than single use. Les Larmes Artificielles and great, now faking it. She bats a false eye bye and the lure, a pulled shirt. Encore.

\*

Following you around the store, breathes like a display but more eager on his haunches. Too young to, you know, know and understand the type—search ideas, enter through databases and hide blank stares behind emptier computer screens. The key to reassurance is. The keys line up like smooth cakes of soap under his fingers and smelling them: tea rose, green tea, some other lily (missing best friends). Wilting at the neck, the wrong flower catalogued in the slippery tongue-like pages of another tabloid. A pair of pretty babies born in Nice. How nice to be so UN, Hollywood. He searches the pages and then it occurred to lick that Latin like it's making it better. Discounting throat spray, nasal spray, say Riviera air. Moving mountains like movie stars, the frames weigh upon their nose and make every breath seem a guilty secret spread. Wild like these hills. Rock face.

\*

The next town more than the Most Beautiful, children of born below hills emblazoned by the insincerity tonight; hope is. Hospitals compete. Each sign says climate change and pretends even plaid is not political, families flock to a place that isn't nice but that makes a mere mall a star. See your sickness in someone else. She shows held packaging. Suck the place just left, blackcurrant contemporary or duck in a pot of it. More and more. Riding the shop like a beehive, pretending that maybe in the past it was better. Always something on the tip of any tongue. Like language, a want for the right pill. Even the —iennes in their starched stark white coats or these itchy clean sheets can't really say anatomical wrong. Scratch that.

\*

Right away, the postcards molten with mineral water at the bag's bottom miss another dose and upright with the best of intentions. Press the separate sides of the tin cap teeth and unclench, a firm fermé remembers to watch its mouth. Ask: "Comme le bon bon." Calm. The right like. Sink below the level of the plane but high on the promise of this pharmacy, see. Characters vanish like the curl of that font, which is now all block lettered like east and western. A ball spiked to attack pain catches cold. She rose. There are times when a rose measures, like the cultural differences of brushing teeth. Bodies the contest / the lines made. Foot falls and hand holds, another country in love. This border crossing is spit [or] swallow. Decisions to make change down the drain.

\*

Or back in bathrooms. Have washed in a concrete trough, the swells of centuries left cold spilling down spines. That basin, this yellowing bottle. Tap the best dance partner. Arch around its waiting neck, bend hollows to make like lakes below its falls. Not cower, shower. This clean another puffed chest along shelves of white boxes waiting. New but the clothesline a rot with the women who make such towels palimpsests of their own phenomenology. Send sent drying. Turned away: sunny slaps ink darkening welts across the chest. But heart never aches for home, just seeing twins and beds, that rub. Breathe into it, a romance in bottles, this potion protectant and always got your back. Trops blondes. Turn away.

\*

She learns they're named for her father, those wizards. Watches set, time passed. Mix up: streets that shake off their names at intersections and pinches of this and that come in twists. He had a ponytail; the soap was from their last country. Claiming the exchange on bottles, their emptiness intrauterine. Hands through dress and unclenching those quiet teeth. Smiles/bitte. Not an apothecary in the world, her shoes in every window, they don't hold on anymore but are. Dead like dialogue, a want the shyest of promises. Speak in um, a rhythm remembered in lines of chalk-like like relief. The walls dressed in thousand island, many on in or cities stand corrected—the current hand presses pleas into their exercise. Rest under hockey nets and the first time that sinking sickness hits then in floods finding stepping stones that stand for home. Make medieval of that past. Each entry is two hands held in wait, weight a balance: the first pharmacy in Prague—she searches for words like doctor's cursive—and similarly the prescripts post among both hips. And revived in aren't, art. The Jewish Quarter designed, branded—a million poets you'll never read and the children's attempts to play out, a fate dwindling clean like primes.

\*

The same product washed out. Press the decay of a nut best left to blanch /  
sliver. This paste/that face. A million interruptions. Sit sad in this city: dust in shop  
windows and a public left waiting for home. The pharmacy pretends to be illegal,  
is underground, is a tiki-tacky looking club a bubble with American/British  
staggering under matching t-shirts. Say sopranos: enact a broken-glass note and  
take a cocktail, handful of crowns to go. Is it customary: finger-like fries left in the  
window too long. Sideways glances start strong sentences, an abbreviated affair  
with the TGV, love songs and banning, a Prague like promise and its empty  
seats. Concurrently, emptying streets. Only mirror finally finds itself like  
landscape: problems solved by someone else's citizens, try to trust self like a  
physician but. Physical inhibition, money mounting under upper charm strong  
wills, bind books like bills—a craned neck and that grit. Beneath grief. The station  
spirals away: a rejected wrapper. Silence, weight, coming gone again.

\*

All smiles and long like aisles. Want to hold hands: firm imprints make Baroque  
and artifacts from are concrete ambition of all bones. A slide, surface, songs you  
know, and the chance you've been waiting for. Doesn't know the grammar, is  
disconcerted with her printing, now thinks many things are beautiful. Thankfully,  
counter, experts, weather and men. See both sides but not the argument. Makes  
tracks, smooth, verse but longs for more speed and length like a magazine.  
Tense/fashion. Some things never change, age for one, thinks they're twins, the  
soundless sex and the size of the suitcase. Question proud chest swells and  
dizzy spells. Know the next letter is the aspiration of that name, getting better, but  
want to finish in another language. It must be on this shelf. Searching for another  
tablet: for the fold down trains, sting, the scent of grapefruit insulted by zealous,  
careless footsteps and wondering which comes first: the cleaner or the audience.  
An art not subject to, but subject of, decay.

\*

A hay-draped face, an aging silo: the lines quickly carving sad over sternum.  
Shiloh Nouvelle gets older, chooses two immaculate for new conception. Maybe  
Mary in Notre Dame, an actress leaves pink piles in nicest hospital. Make  
millions, hollow out eyes but solid statues. Cultural collection plate. Why can't my  
eyes see like stars: like 61 and 115 *Lonesome Traveler*. Take trips, Jack,  
everyone's drinking less anyway, the Railway. A fizzy orange remedy. A soda  
named after the first fiction character. A club named after pop. Dropped in:  
whose pleasure dome is it anyway? Prescriptive—even the pinches feel different.  
A twist of that. Cover any volatilities. Finally.

\*



Someone equates that feeling with freedom. A small cemetery, anyway. An uneven cemetery today. Well, then, ban the Deutsche. Wanna move so bad. Slip in like the softest plastic bag.

\*

Or another time frame. Fantasy's not, let's move air for it. Sky travel and the folds of remembering the next step. Write not from tear, but like clouds, tile type and every pharmacy. Blink and colour change, accept seventies light the richest text, hope with lies, a blond semester: family roots, occupation. She scanned such. To hold familiar nature's bounty. In the face of hesitant men. Pull a quick-dry towel over that one / pull out a moist towelette and leave it to chemistry.

\*

Where Parisian lace like the long flight home, under. Got while you were gone. Maybe try the trinkwasser try to think it's okay the prescription will be filled when you get there—the sight a birth again in mother's eyes. A dance in finance. Fill your pockets. Down turn turnaround left right card swipe. Another one another. Push down the cuticle of that pharmaceutical: a manicured hand extended across continents, denies dirty coins and the average farekarten only to tend gardens of sense and dollars. Signs grow green, red, glow; in Canada, they're sanitized. Palm another drop of alcohol, drunk off desire and germ-riddled denial. Get the joke: before, the chief standard steward sprayed that purest of crystal clean cream into crushed velvet cruise lines. Running, and or walking. An airport makes music of impatience. Thought to see a star, just plain.

\*

The first family alphabet spell better living lens than developing strife—still building them. Homes sold and children forgotten. Bought in drug stores/ brought up in sit calm status.

\*

*In the new August mood...  
and we saw something like our father splitting ions in the ether.*

No wonder people in Vancouver like it so much he's thinking drinking through his view with all the mountains they fell so safe so contained. These sad ordinary stories sit close, clap anxiously or soft elbowed, another brave landing. Just want it taken off. Last writes.

\*

Sprinklers stretch skyward like a leg towards the window: balletic exurban development and a sore back return. Each nation and its shower heads: in their beds, their wait in your hand, their promises. A/rose, wash, bought. She slides a gilded torch, casino-like, into the costliest of slots and imagines five minutes, hair slick with such soap. Shallow breaths and body thrice. Reverse. Friends. Bent over backwards. Wants a nurse's hand hold, or at least a nurse's daughter. Steps in, says France. Every pharmacy a pilgrimage. Now, phobias fly free, she sits, one lies, hospitals and laundromats too can be escapes. Cattle find fence absence—Midwest, New West, another letter.

*Why does Angelina have to leave the country to give birth? We are good enough to earn a sweet living, but they never adopt any American children, and none of their biological children are born here. I hope they move to France. Irene*

You read. Personal palpitations and professional pressures—send more messages to want for and make modern and skinny these waists of time.

\*

The two boys sitting in front have identical haircuts, dark and silken trying this around their imaginations. But while one is set, leaving the dark daggers down with the seriousness of plastic glasses, the other twists, some stubborn crow feathers tucked wiry behind an ear, a nuisance headphone. Years after stops later.

\*

Cute and smart. Stomachache potentiality. What to take for it: (your peace of the city. Queen's Park metal: Trust Funds and Roses.) Craft services, props, just an exposed espoused shoulder for school's soldiers to cry on. Searching for the words, the entrance, the writes. Uh oh neolibro. Nothing but products: earn your keep on keeping on.

*Of course world travel isn't as good as it seems, it's only after you come back from all the heat and horror that you forget to get bugged and remember the weird scenes you saw. (LT 123)*

\*

nearing/ Epilogue

Every night I come home, the later I am, the more he scenes to me. Not a business man, he's a business, man and I fly by like. There are huge cups in the grass. Tall, gleaming, the thirsty trophies polished off. They make the perimeter of his practice. A balcony I have. Closed throat like that lawn chair, who, through clogged vinyl pores, depressed again. Would be indexes, the skin-sure fingers find a million dents in their winnings. Another thing forgotten. Another. Text obsessed or eyes too dry to cry. Face case: Trash in the World (heading). remember when i forgot everything today!

however, without the (stocking) runs ragged that provoke, we would have never known how funny a report on Terry Eagleton could be.

and now we spent theory time on the newest light brown shoe polish we will push onto our faces like light leans the blushed cheeks of clinics, lean laces against trees

a missing

moschino

a trashed pair of leathers

ballet pink i think

make your book

a fetishized something

a nineties check out

a hamburger/hot dog.

Then, all the bus breaks slam shut, three different Track Suit Girls pick up books, athletically. Languid, a woman speaks Tagalog to herself, a grey man twists the ribbon closure of my red umbrella, says Baby.

\*

Another shelf ore.

\*

will the place still be open next month next year next time its gates close with the tenacity of tired jaws squeaking against the pulleys of that new disease, TMJ? Watch the open face of the lady at lotto, wash my left blade while the right quivers and distends. Eggs fill with blood, no joke. Lines of polish in disruptive shades disperse with age. Home sponges around lilac-like loves and lungs lick up the aerosol which beats drops there. Her apology, his favourite smell. And every aisle, each one of their banks phone and ask for cards to be sent back. Demand for correspondence. Autobiography or accounts drained. RSVP or RRSP—They know what colour it should be. Comes back like an Echo, she started naming since they watch the hills. I should go downstairs and say sorry. I should avoid London or drugs or that language's ease. I should switch accounts and still pronouns. Should be smaller, will there be a return.

Lost two sets in the same corner of my bedroom: concealer and two free coffees.  
Looks like months.

\*

Meghan turns to me in the bed, aches, "We made it all the way from Amsterdam to Provence," cries, "Can you help me up?" Arms that fill suits, cases out the joint, the length between floorboards upstairs in Berlin and lengths fast of escalators. Meghan turns from the Second Narrows Bridge at the wrong exit. I'm crying in the passenger seat, we're pressing the right oil, the man, the woman for answers, the right thing to say. Should be s-shaped. Cooling lattes and getting fatter. A rice bag hits my hip and I'm dizzy again in Donald's Market. Each side is full of every grain, bitten in half, taken at bedtime, familiar milligrams. A new girl under the Granville Street Bridge wants to help, knows Toronto. No more names. Places, fingers on keys. What's on / my face

be honest with your bottles  
Another shelf ore.

for Meghan,  
including "Catherine," Cassie, Sophia, Bekah, Julianne, Lorenzo, Andrea, Bastian, Chloe, Steve, Daniel, Sabine, Karal, Ruloff, Martin and Vincent. And at home, to Tiziana.

Donato Mancini /

## THE YOUNG HATE US {4}

"Poetry cannot now develop except as a critique of poetry. Poetry has become an investigation which discovers nothing at the end of its quest except its own ideological moves, so as to take cognisance of them, to deny them, and to start anew." - paraphrasing Julia Kristeva

Throw out the baby with  
the LSD accelerator.  
Ashen memories on lips  
of the memory-hole.

No joke  
is too stupid.  
I

want this job, because  
I have a passion for toxic waste.  
Stay out of my

wiggle-room, I am  
the last individual, to best advantage.  
Inexplicably

modernist, he wore  
the type of shirt seen only  
at jazz festivals. Remotely.

If art  
can reside  
in idea, the poetic  
may sit in picture,  
sign, grapheme,  
mark. In context

of a greater social good  
only. Who was the first author?  
Sight of struggle - slogan,  
command, fence, traffic

cone. Find great work  
in the cultural sphere  
via Labour Ready -

an evil homology. Want  
a gelato? Escape into  
leisure hours with good company

instruction manuals.

Joe Poetry

knows what he wants.  
Do you know what you want?

What if Joe Poetry finds out  
you don't write for him?

Signs of ubiquity.  
The first contemporary  
artist. Seer of Prague  
as "go-to" guy.  
In the name of contradiction

and diversity.  
Foregrounded in the body  
of a mass media. Poetry  
displaced by post-mortem

postmodern  
amusements.  
Nothing as good as  
a Rorschach artist

cleaning his brushes.  
Wishes fulfilled,  
alienation healed,  
petals fell  
on Petaluma.

An epic  
of public transit proportions.

Illiterate  
billionaire?

A real sex-machine of an Italian  
Marxist. or French.  
Wrote in prison,  
wrote *from* prison. "Person" as

limit of the representable,  
as in: "Videostore clerks  
are always so cute."  
Secular documents galore,  
as in: "My mom's recipe

for disaster  
written in blood  
on the altar  
of denial."  
For a moment

I am stung into introspection.  
Fuzzed-out nostalgic novellas  
shelved high with "moral erotica".  
Orgasms of righteousness  
out of reach  
not long:

more literate  
than they think they are.  
Audience, uncertainties.  
Entertainment  
Tonight. I'd like to switch

to binge drinking.  
Do you think  
Marxists should sleep on the floor

in fear?  
Can't see the gravestones  
for the ghosts. Vantage  
point, voyage-point,  
vintage Pinot Gris.

Everything has become money.

Start...  
... *now*.  
    *The game doth*  
*not wait*.  
Learn from

other people's mistakes.  
Peoples.  
These.  
Countries.  
These traditions.  
These civilisations.  
These villages.  
Kind of scary  
if you sit around and think about it.

THE FAT OF THE TEXT.  
Deconstructed Chicken Stew  
for Neo-Pragmatics

cannot sustain a poetics.  
How one man, single-handed,  
killed an entire Venezuelan  
badminton team, learn.  
On your knees,



citizen.  
Fervent  
pastries.  
Excessive  
unity.  
Racial

backgrounds?  
Fatuous  
coherence.  
Social  
problems

conceivable only  
in poetic terms  
of a jargonite  
Ph.D&D.

Not our belief, our practice,  
as in: "Through the fires  
of critical theory,  
walk."

Clitoral studies,  
literally. His works,  
insufficiently obscure,  
were.  
Joe Average.  
Criminal Neglect

Against Humanity.  
Woe is me.  
Me is us.  
Moe is we.  
Cut into your right

to more free time.  
At the popular level,

action movie DVDs, Slavoj  
Zizek on the special features.

Never writing a poem,  
not writing a poetry. Writing  
a reading. Design

a casino. The book  
to museum  
as poem to

cognitive frame.  
Common sense

and gravity  
pull me to earth. Lovingly, He

marks you as territory, charms away  
toothaches with a hurtin' song.

Realism as a *cause*?

Mating habits  
of the common reader.  
Traditionally empty,  
as statistics dream.

Ray Hsu /

## **V/O (an ekphrasis)**

*We walk into a dark room. The movie has already started. The statement outside tells you that the movie playing right now is The Lives of Others. Right now there are men who are facing away from the movie screen. They are not holding scripts, but you are reading theirs. Your words are those of the characters: as they read, their lips seem never to catch up. Their words are yours: as they admit each other into their lives, they fail to translate to each other everything between them.*

*Yet a whole sky surrounds the screen reminding you that you are simply in a room, watching two men in a room read a script to a screen about two people failing each other. The white words across their faces remain strange to the story. You suspect that these words are some artist's, that here lies between what has already been said.*

### **Thank You For Your Question**

*[A dumpster. A man stands inside.]*

Strictly speaking, the archives of anyone, no matter what their function, are, quote, documents received and set aside for further use or consultation, unquote. In this sense, we rely on the creator--you--to decide what documents are worth preserving over the long term.

Note that by documents, we mean either text, like research notes, drafts, and correspondence. But also non-text. Photographs, audio-visual material, artwork.

We are also very interested in seeing the documents in their original order. That is, the order that the creator kept them in. According to archival theory, the original order keeps the relationships between the records, making the archive greater than the sum of its parts.

Having said that, when authors and others donate their archives to an institution, many seem to pick and choose what they donate.

I know someone who illustrates children's books who donates her archives to us. She donates her artwork, her drafts, her royalty records, and her correspondence regarding the books. But no personal correspondence. Clearly this doesn't represent every document that she creates or receives, but in any case, in the public eye, these documents constitute her whole archive.

Other donors with whom we work have volumes and volumes of documents. Often in a very disorganized state. And they may ask us for help before transferring the records to us. We handle these situations case by case and we can usually identify the proper aggregations of documents to transfer. It really is up to the donor how much of their personal life or secondary life functions are reflected in the documents they make public.

Thinking specifically of authors I would personally encourage the donation of any records that would reflect the process of writing and research and any other documents that would help researchers better understand the author overall.

If your question is more related to your own records management and less towards donating to an archival institution in the future, I wouldn't presume to tell you what is important enough for you to keep and what you should throw away.

This may not seem like useful advice, but I think you should do whatever feels natural. If a document or a document file feels like it would be either useful to you later on or important for posterity's sake then I'd consider keeping it.

We have several authors' archives in Rare Books and Special Collections and the University Archives holds the archives of several authors who are also faculty members like yourself. As the institutional repository usually faculty members' archives reside with them. I would encourage you to check out the finding aids for some of these if you are interested in searching for the fonds--archives--at Rare Books.

I hope this information helps you and all the best with your new book.

### Thirteen Scraps, or, Assorted Paperwork

*[A deep hole in the middle of nowhere. A gravedigger.]*

I enjoy leftovers. Before a bored but friendly audience I ask over a floor of torn papers to join me in a life of thought. The present. Whatever I grasp today depends on these scraps I made yesterday.

Nothing left in the drawers. In this briefcase, a few folders. What fits in a folder?

Some index cards to copy eventually.

There is a floor plan around here I'll come back to it.

Problem is all this feels outdated. One great big relic. Some *we* we can't do without. All I see in these material surfaces are anonymous friends. Don't we have databases for this now? Grids and whatever?

The Oxford English Dictionary in its elegiac mood tells me that archives come from *a. F.* archif, archive, *ad. late L.* archium, archivum, *a. Gr.* ἀρχεῖον *magisterial residence, public office, f. αρχη government.* In one sense it is a place in which public records or other important historic documents are kept. In another it is a historical record or document so preserved.

The town hall. The ruling office. Order within anarchy without. Precision order objectivity completeness.

I filed away things by interest. Things of course were left out.

Where's the passion in the office? What order comes from passion?

Books books books. And yet. *For everything that matters is to be found in the card box of the researcher who wrote it.* I think that was Benjamin.

Here's one: *Chirologia* 1644. Subtitle *Or the Natural Language of the Hand. Chironomia or the Art of Manual Rhetoric.* Fellow named John Bulwer.

I think about the models for these engravings. Damp hands breadth.

What would be more interesting would be the blanks, the cramps, the uniforms.

In these scraps I feel at home. I remain. I am at home where I am missing.

They talk. Not just to me or you but to each other.

*[pushes them into a pile]* What is most central.

Mischievous surfaces.

Leafing through these reminds me of the intervals. They may as well be interleaves. You know those misty pages between the words and pictures. Tangible tissues. Like you're a ghost looking through your sheet.

*[holds poem to the light]* I wrote this one years ago. Literary form. But it got tired. Whatever ties us to the world: that was the real point. Whatever outlined that was a poem.

Check this one out. A scrap from a letter written over seventy-five years ago from Benjamin to his friend Gershom Scholem one fine day in late May: *roots in my heart and its leaves in your archive.*

All around the definition are illustrations of the gleaners: drawings like the Millet painting of peasant women scavenging after a harvest. Potatoes rejected today outside Lyon apples in Provence garbage in a Paris market. Endless trucks carry the uncastaway to another time.

What a mess this reservoir. One great opinion. It's slow work gathering some outline. Start by being gentle but then it's so exhausting. Scholars would have a better time at this. Don't they transcribe things exactly?

My outline. Whatever my fate is this must be it.

Now where was I.

Whatever this is I give it to you for safekeeping. But in your heart you can't keep it safe. You can't help but keep it in your present.

**(Ancient Play, a Masque)**

**Chain gang**, a chorus of prisoners.

**Pedestrian**, an ancient looking man.

**Tourism**, a greying paint splash.

**Chain gang:** An empire tells a story

(beat)

to ease the guilt of going on.

(beat)

Far and wide, its merchants

(beat)

fling a story: some vast shape

(beat)

some overarching idea.

(beat)

An empire tells a story

(beat)

Traveling from court to court

(beat)

one hears stories.

(beat)

Imports

(beat)

notable exports.

/ An empire tells a story /

/ An empire tells a story /

/ to ease the guilt of going on /

to find a figure that speaks

(beat)

for me.

**Pedestrian:** What are you saying?  
Is this the future? Or some classic?  
Or some entertainment? Despite  
what you say, I sense in your secret language  
imagination. I hear few superlatives  
and that makes me suspicious.

**Tourism:** Actually, I find this  
impressive. My mind doesn't know where to start,  
it's so much. Do I look  
or wish for a souvenir? Somewhere in the neighborhood  
are workers. I hear they live around here.

**Chain gang:** Only a blink ago

(beat)

this empire had no history no scores

(beat)

to settle

(beat)

but now you can glimpse

(beat)

a vivid patch

(beat)

of green beneath

(beat)

(beat)

it all.



**Feeling Out Imperialism:  
Ray Hsu and the Political Economy of North American Engaged Art**  
Ray Hsu

This paper considers the financial constraints imposed by Canadian Council for the Arts, Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council (SSHRC) funding, and other funding sources on Ray Hsu and shows how he submerges his critique of North American imperialism in his poetry, performance art, and scholarship. This paper places this analysis inside larger theoretical observations about how the creative inscription of affect can be used to counter the State's hegemonic control of creative and scholarly discourse. As I write, the U.S. government is renewing its commitment to funding knowledge production devoted to understanding the imperialized other in our current hour.<sup>1</sup> By expanding the frame to include Canada, I hope to provide a sharper, more politically and aesthetically nuanced view of what it meant to a poet, performance artist, and scholar who presided in the twilight of the U.S. occupation of another country at the beginning of a new century to write about culture as a means to "feel out" imperialism.

In a 2008 grant application to SSHRC, Hsu described his plans to "use public money to purchase what are arguably the most significant documents for Canadian arts and culture," using SSHRC funding to buy "the rights to key reports used by the Stephen Harper-led Conservative government to cut nearly \$45-million in arts and culture funding." Using Access to Information requests, Hsu sought to see which documents were accessible to most public actors, such as Canadian citizens, non-governmental organizations, and other governments. Yet he also sought to reveal the contours of Freedom of Information in Canada by finding out the titles of inaccessible documents.

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<sup>1</sup> In 2006, the American Anthropological Association (AAA) formed a special commission to examine anthropologists' involvement in U.S. national security and intelligence work at a time when "cultural awareness is increasingly viewed as a strategic asset for national security practitioners and policymakers" (American Anthropological Association). This formation was precipitated by two events: the posting of job advertisements by the Central Intelligence Agency in AAA publications and the 2004 founding of the semi-secret Pat Roberts Intelligence Scholars Program, through which U.S. intelligence agencies recruit and support social scientists. The Program offers scholarship and stipend benefits of \$25000 a year with a maximum of \$50000 over two years to undergraduate and graduate students pursuing scientific or technical specialties or studying such languages as Chinese, Arabic, Korean, Tajik, Uzbek, and other "critical subject areas" approved by any one of fifteen State intelligence agencies. As of 2008, the program funded over a hundred students studying at an undisclosed number of universities. Officials refuse to identify specific campuses hosting these scholars, who in turn are not required to disclose their participation in the program. Britain's Association of Social Anthropologists has criticized the program partly because of the U.S. anthropologists who study abroad (Baty; "Fears Over CIA 'University Spies'"; Glenn, "Cloak and Classroom"; Willing). The AAA's 2007 report disapproves of the controversial Human Terrain System program, which trains reservists with social-science backgrounds to work as brigade commanders in Iraq and Afghanistan. These brigades compile "ethnographic histories" that help the Army address "local sensitivities." Although the program is run through private contractors, its "soft tactics" have produced "cultural conflicts" within the Department of Defense. Some participants fear that the AAA's formal disapproval may hamstring their tenure eligibility and at least one scholar says that he is prepared to act as a "whistle-blower" if he has serious ethical concerns (Glenn, "Anthropologists in a War Zone"). For a historical, methodological, and ethical critique of the Human Terrain project, see Roberto Gonzalez, *American Counterinsurgency: Human Science and the Human Terrain*. For a critique of media treatment of the Human Terrain program, see David Price, "The Press and Human Terrain Systems: Counterinsurgency's Free Ride."

Michael Barnholden /

## The Trial of Gordon Campbell

A man sits in a chair.

Q. Please state your name for the jury.

A. Michael Dorn Barnholden.

Q. And are you the author of "The Trial of Gordon Campbell"?

A. Among other works of fiction.

Q. A simple yes or no will do please. Are you the author of "The Trial of Gordon Campbell"?

A. Yes.

Q. How would you describe it.

A. I wouldn't, I'd recommend that you read it if you want to know what it's about.

Q. Permission to treat the witness as hostile? Thank you, your honour. What genre would you say the work is?

A. Prose-poetry.

Q. Which? Prose or poetry?

A. Prose-poetry, a genre all of its own.

Q. Is it not also a play?

A. Yes but I don't consider that a genre.

Q. So you would agree that it could be performed as a play with an audience?

A. If somebody wanted to do that, they'd be welcome to.

Q. Anybody could perform the play without permission?

A. Yes.

Q. No performance fee would be paid to you?

A. No.

Q. Why not? What about copyright?

A. I copyright all my poetry under the Havana Copyright Convention, which states that useful information is public property.

Q. Do you make a distinction for other types of writing?

A. Not so much me but my publishers, to protect their edition.

Q. Is that a compromise for you?

A. Yes.

Q. Why poetry though?

A. Poetry is far more difficult to sell.

Q. So you give it away?

A. I make it available.

Q. This particular piece, would you like to see it widely distributed?

A. Only in so far as people are interested.

Q. You wouldn't advertise it?

A. No.

Q. How do you disseminate it? Distribute it?

A. Hand to hand. Samizdat.

Q. You seem to be suggesting that you know it's controversial. Is that correct?

A. I can see that suggesting that the premier of the province has committed crimes against humanity would probably be considered controversial.

Q. But you did it anyway?

A. Sure it seems worthy of discussion. Homelessness is an important issue.

Q. I would agree. But suggesting that Premier Campbell is torturing the homeless is a bit much wouldn't you say?

A. Obviously not. I wouldn't have written the piece if I didn't think it was worth discussing.

Q. Do you believe in free speech?

A. Yes.

Q. Absolute free speech?

A. Yes.

Q. Anybody can say anything?

A. Sure.

Q. Without consequence?

A. No.

Q. What should be the consequence?

A. For what?

Q. For what you have suggested? That Premier Campbell is torturing homeless people?

A. I would hope that people would think about it and decide whether they agreed or disagreed.

Q. Could they attack you?

A. Verbally?

Q. Yes. Verbally. Could people who disagree with you say anything they want about you?

A. Yes. But there might be consequences.

Q. What sort of consequences?

A. Well there are limits on free speech in Canada. If people violated the laws against hate speech I would expect that the police would act.

Q. And if you were libeled or defamed?

A. I would have to decide whether to act or not and how to act.

Q. What kind of action could or would you take?

A. I might well defend myself.

Q. How?

A. Verbally or in writing. I might even go to court if I could get a lawyer to take the case on a contingency basis.

Q. So you think that speech can libel or defame?

A. Of course.

Q. Yet you believe in free speech?

A. I see no contradiction?

Q. So you can attack the premier however you like?

A. First of all I did not attack the premier. I attacked his government's policy of denying welfare to people in need. As premier he is responsible for the government's policies.

Q. Does he not have a duty to enact policies in the best interest of the people of British Columbia?

A. Yes but they have to be legal.

Q. Of course. But you are saying that he is a torturer are you not?

A. No. I am saying that he may be. I'm not a member of the international court of human rights.

Q. Do you think he should be charged?

A. I think it should be considered.

Q. By whom?

A. Anyone who's interested and thinks they can.

Q. Are you interested?

A. Yes.

Q. Then you think he should be charged?

A. I don't know.

Q. But you would like to see Mr. Campbell charged?

A. Yes. But I have no idea how you would go about that.

Q. So you prefer to raise the idea in a public forum?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. That's my job.

Q. To smear a well respected public figure?

A. I have no respect for his policies.

Q. And the man?

A. I don't know the man.

Q. You are evading the question. I would request that you give a direct answer.

A. I have no respect for anyone who believes in corporatism as Mr. Campbell does.

Q. How would you define corporatism?

A. The same way Mussolini did. It is the marriage of the power of the state with the power of large corporations.

Q. Mussolini was a fascist was he not?

A. Yes. I believe he was.

Q. Do you think the premier is a fascist?

A. His economic policies are those of a fascist or corporatist.

Q. Why not just say he's a fascist?

A. Because the word has been debased. It has quite a specific meaning. Not every high school principal is a fascist. I prefer corporatist.

Q. Doesn't fascist in the way you use it imply racism or specifically anti-semitism?

A. Yes the fascist parties of Germany and Italy were anti-semitic. That's historical fact.

Q. Is the premier anti-semitic?

A. Not that I'm aware.

Q. Is he racist?

A. That would be better asked of an indigenous person I think.

Q. You are evading the question again. Please answer directly.

A. I think the referendum was racist. And may even have been hate speech. I'm not alone there.

Q. And the new relationship?

A. It's a con job. Indigenous people are being asked to trade human rights for property rights, and when those are gone they'll have nothing.

Q. Isn't that a matter for the courts?

A. Yes if the courts have legal standing.

Q. Do you question the standing of this court?

A. Sure. If the occupation is illegal so are the courts.

Q. All of the courts?

A. Yup.

Q. Can you think of any reason why you shouldn't be charged?

A. With what?

Q. Anything?

Jonathon Wilcke /

**i can't tell if i'm facing the right way or not.**

1  
middle class childhood rebel  
possibilities include:

leaving home at 18  
to pursue "cultural production"  
then

forced            to go back to school again  
but buying

*the joy of sex*  
& reading it  
on the first day of class!!!

*phew!*



2  
all my impulses  
are *modernist!*  
& resonant w/  
the proliferation of  
texts & recordings  
available to me  
on Coast Salish l& (!)(?)[sic]

3  
i have (at least)  
*-institutional rebellion-*  
& can split  
from those places & groups  
i'm initially allowed to exist in  
for the purpose of fulfilling aesthetic politics  
& *find myself* in rebellious ways  
there are  
certain anthologies  
that might  
have me  
for *that* reason

4  
white people are      *HEY!!!*  
may be  
looking for that edge:  
-put up website w/short bio-

5  
many artists pre-  
face their talk  
w/  
test-i-monials!!  
but art shouldn't  
be *about* or tony robbins me,  
right?

6  
... best place on *Earth!!!* ...  
&  
time to be  
a canadian i  
have a *career* in this  
i really love  
your ~~poetry~~ writing [*sic*]

7  
i have good second  
& third language training &  
it was *fun!!!*

8  
i  
lived in japan it  
was hard to be/get  
accepted as full-on human in fact  
*-it didn't even happen-*  
once!!!  
so i just  
*went back home*  
since i didn't *have* to be in japan  
  
fuck!!!

9  
it seemed the right  
thing

to do

at the time

& place there was/is

available

for doing it



10  
damned  
as i succeed  
damned  
in advance

-click- to read how

let poetic form

st& in for your ethos  
& get the point across

*sucker punching* "ubiquitous whiteness"

-click- to learn rhythm

11

is it just me  
or am i being  
fucked  
by a "culture" (re: economy inseparable from society)  
that regards my inclinations  
as an unfortunate accident of birth?  
i.e.:  
something to the tune of  
"i was born a musician  
but ended up driving  
for UPS?" (blues riff begins.) or  
is it being fucked over  
by a *feeling*—internal, my fault—  
when i should really just buckle down  
into the state of my *being*—external, for me  
as for others—  
as recuperated by an economic system  
that finds better ways to make me useful

&/or

maybe i *should* watch the world vision ads  
& be glad i have a job at all since there are worse things to get  
that you never wanted initially for yourself [*sic*]

12  
thanks for  
continuing to wash your  
"cheap clothes"  
in energy-efficient machines

all the  
energy inefficient machines

*lurk in the alley, hey?*

Sonnet L'Abbé /

## How We Grow Like



like trees, like liking  
we grow to like trees  
like one another  
like trees like one another  
an other tree  
trees like  
grows liking  
we grow trees  
trees grow  
liking trees we grow  
to like trees

## Nerve Memory



Not memory of the action but  
the memory of the reaction.  
This reactivity called mine.

Nerveness. This here winces.  
Not at the action but at this here.  
Can't the memory.

I reacted. I'll say I because this  
nerveness under this observation.  
Wherever I go there it once was.



Yes, you did but I then.  
Yes, you did but I then.  
Yes, you did but I then.

[ rung ]

Then I before you did.  
Then I before you do.  
Then I before you ever.

[ rung ]

Now when you, I.  
Now when you, I.  
Now when you, I.

[ rung ]

Now I.



Move from the verbal into the field. Take energy from soundshaped line into the field. Scatter, scatter into the field. Disperse from the verbal into the field. Return from temporal into the field. Pull and release into full field. Pull and release into full, full field. Pull in and feel full field. There. Your here. There in your here. There in your here is a field full of flowers. A body of flowers. A body of flora. Reacting as floral. A full field of flowers. Floral reaction in the full field of your here. Feel. Feel.

## Birds The Formal Morning



This October morning, nothing to – calmness. Calmness. Fallen leaves everywhere. Burnt oranges and woody green. Sound muffled by terrain softness. Then bird cry: *chrree! chrree!*

Of the nineteenth century, the unity of the mathesis was fractured, they say. They say there arises the problem of the relations between the formal field and the transcendental.

Morning light on the rugged fir. Smell of wet grass, compost, fallen needles. Breath moving in and out of body, bodies, bodily moving in and out of the heated and the unsheltered spaces

Of semiotic ideology in the consolidation of objects as components of social life, they say, I have also tried to bring out the historicity implicit in semiotics. Exegetical talk itself is becoming an indexical icon of male authority, they say.

Breasts feeling unflowed through. Blood building in the hold, the hold not yet letting go, then letting go, then blood building again. October morning, the hold unholding, outside the birds

Of pornography on *chrree!* on how, in particular it may be said to silence *chrree!* they say, is motivated by an effort to reverse the threat to the sovereign performed by the pornographic depiction of

Light moving between cornea and pulp. Marks on a page in the heated room. Wind lifts the green needles. Bodies perceptive and unvocalizing. Bodies receiving semiotic saying

Interiority is not the blood not holding. Breasts know the green needles. Interiority is not, they say. They say blood in breasts is male authority. Implicit in semiotics is *chrree! chrree!* They say *Chrree! chrree!*

## Ganglial



I am the vegetal that calls itself I.  
The flower humorphs call neural.  
Heaving my soil in this skin bag.  
Rooting by tongue, tasting for elements.

Pushing past names to say sibling.  
My syllables to the trees, small winds.  
Head opening its blue irises  
Each day to the animating sun.



## Rock shapes



This one I'd say is globuland.  
This one, cardenoid.

Ondish.  
Melaurn.  
Forded.  
Unscroyed.

Ardenate and hevelled, the hard  
grey lumps are hard.  
Boin in the hand and thrumable.

They sit totally regnate.  
They sit totally unarmed.

## Genesis Herbarium



I planned this book, gentle one, as though planning a garden. An English garden. Curving garden walks between the leaves. Leaves of language on stems of language. Green, greener and most green the feel of its wandering. Greener, most green, greenblue and greenish the feel of its order. Cultivated, in the sense of sentience.

THE WALKS  
BRANCHING,  
THE GRASSY  
PATHS  
DIVERGING.  
FROM ABOVE,  
THE BOOK'S  
FEARFUL  
SYMMETRIES  
VISIBLE, WHILE  
YOU GENTLE  
ONE BECOME

I  
planted  
this book at  
Green College,  
at the University  
of the British Colony,  
sitting in its gardens  
facing  
the British Properties.  
Green is its founder,  
gentle one,  
not its explicit  
philosophy.

**Surrounded by golf  
greens. Surrounded  
by green firs and  
green cedars, enclosed  
as a park.**

*This garden planned I to  
grow green and greener. The  
branches of sense feel of its  
order. Stems of English  
language diverge, spiritfuf  
and fearful, lost among the  
properties. Greenblue and  
greenish, the opening of the  
suburbs. Symmetrical and  
cultivated as the Pacific,  
which enclosed this book in  
its green grass. Surrounded  
by the spirit of the British,  
its Eden enclosure, I curved  
and grew, gentle one, lost  
among stems of language.*

The forest paths of  
the park are well-  
populated and  
natural-looking.  
They branch and open  
onto one another  
among the leaves.  
They open up onto  
suburbs. The spirit  
of the Pacific is  
said to live there.

**Green, or Cute, Why We Is**  
a poem by leafs



So you don't  
kill us for being  
weak,

pragmatic,  
survival-minded  
Mother.

But we is  
so edible!  
Daddy's friends

wants to eat  
us everywhere!  
I like

being  
eating  
everywhere!

## Rational/Aesthetic



$$\frac{\text{human figures}}{\text{nonhuman figures}} = \frac{6.71 \times 10^8}{\infty} = \frac{\text{figures}}{\text{grounds}}$$

aquifer



environment is a more powerful than poem o want a

poem to be environment to step into a clean nice teeming forest to step the teeming nice clean forest surrounds our waking sleep. surrounding is more powerful than lineup but words are lining up and want to surround in wordwhite teeming its space a clean invisible holding darkness all prismatic tones. holds to grow in space enfolding. I am taught inside the body. environment is more enfolding. powerful inside the inside ground of soil cells, ground of soil cells, aquifer of trust. power ugh the awe and awesome, torn to coolness awe and awesome processed and packaged o that poem could compost environment could warm cool awe could ground with power pulse ugh awe. ugh awe say all that could be said to bring inbody's sacred invironment scarred invironment out the organs fleshous forest out to heal among the white mind linings the nice and hi and whys and meanings

Heather McDonald /

nesting sites

ship jumps wife before wife jumps ship. ship sees inevitability of separation as moot point. moot points shoot shores opposing where ship left. shipping scores of moot stones makes pretty graves. sitting pretty she sources where to set up shop next. she chooses familiar shores, more distant. ships drop anchor on shores before fearing sand, not before realizing terror. terror moves to longing for depth to lay anchor. sand grains itself into folds of flesh making up wife. not his wife, she will make nest at someone's shore. nests are messy, requiring fussy hungry birds. textures make nests from near shores and far branches. further ships bring fear, longing, wife of none sees unwound. wishes are unwound and fastened to another fixture, an anchor, without consciousness. swooping to sift sand brings grounding. laying her body on ground makes whole, reduces rates. racing pulses ebb as ground moves up, encompasses. ship's compass finds north when requested to point to nothing. moot shores sweep cheeks in sweet time and near misses. wide arms wait for eyes, for storms, for calm.

(jaw)(knee)

cleaver shined and lined, miniature version alongside. 4 am, capilano reservation. steaks  
strip cellophane, ready to get pounded. licked slathered sticky fingers. mosquito bites  
goosebumps. black salty bandana flesh. cowboys and indians. johns and working women.  
freckles and timelines. pepper spray beaches and candy bar dreams. birthing a calf or  
killing a sheep or both. the horse dropped before his stepfather had a chance to explain.  
your mushm and coco. certain little darling. pacing patsy cline. wine tipped. gift. horse.

somber subjects practice wandering stares on open wounds



shaving for film

variance from self, safe. sinks and starts. fits of contention. medium tendencies to dissociate. mediated frictions. circumstantial sadness. situational depression. triggered to care, get to know. grab on, hold tight. face is fresher and beardless. soft touches nudge understanding. freckles, pores peek through softest skin. warm cheeks sweet, newly nude. happiness is warm cum. north shore surfs nearer here. smellable swells. he unsure this is perfect. she little flower has wilted edges on leaves fall off in time. modern serfs. potatoes can be theirs. bark rubs on back in dreams (fantasies). cryptic voids in moments of similarity. siblings. let go. multiple focal points. gentle massage needed. handle with care. wash separately. intimates.

detention

stomachs rumble in synchronic anticipation of flat palm stinging cheekbone. connecting efficiently, second-guesses spread through fingers while the face says *more*. pangs of curiosity poke at knobbing knees and other colliding bones. awkwardness moves to fluency without intent, lubed by makeshift, collaged motifs. resisting horizontal entanglement, firm hand mounts neck to adjacent wall. sufficient air seeps through passages, mobility limited. tracheal assault brings satisfaction beyond any lyric poem written to confess “true love”.

pulling back to read further, expose more self. suggestive avant garde poetry loosens clenched jaws. shoved back in one fell swoop. disrespect left at the doorframe/threshold. more primitive than psychology. motion of eyes, ears, tongues and fingers. meditation is difficult and necessary; everything threatens to break sought unease.

practice in public places – libraries, streets, classrooms. harder to divert from than geography. own hand leveled for chin to lean, present façade required. none speculate the location of the imagination. uncharted regions for claiming.

pins & needles

*Men are all obsessed with sex. It's all that means anything to him.* He started spending a lot of time with his co-worker Faye. She brought huge mushrooms into our kitchen to ferment. Her husband thought their son made a good match for me. Their dining room had red velvet wallpaper and their indoor garden jutted up through the centre of the house. He came home with seeds taped into the conch of his ears. When I insisted on joining him, it was Faye's sister who had been sticking him with needles. Thin and long, they wheedled his chi. One stuck antenna-like from his third eye. Drink water to help the energy flow. *She doesn't understand what marriage is about. It's all a part of the commitment. I mean, it's only fair.* After he died she told me that he would come home from conferences away confessing *I could have had any woman there, you know. They were throwing themselves at me.* Various coins and washers. 3 pairs of cuff links. One gold roach clip with a ruby mounted in the centre. One crystal mounted to sterling silver ankh with copper wire. One oriental tea chest with several green velvet compartments, wooden edges curled. I think of writing Wayson Choy to see if he remembers him, maybe a student of his in the early 70's at Humber College in Toronto. He played chess at the dining room table every evening, picking his nose. *Oh – be careful with that box, it's got your dad in it –*

## Unpredictability is Hopeful

At arbitrary intervals, the workers were assigned different caseload letters. L's were given to O's. M's could not be given to Shaun, though, because 4 of his siblings were on welfare; it would have been a conflict of interest. On the morning of a busy Welfare Wednesday in September, he regretted asking if he could be excused, but was running out of time. Shaun's boss declined his request with pleasure, reminding him that he was the token office man, and was needed for security. With continual cuts to social services, clients were becoming increasingly disheartened, sometimes responding with threats of violence. I won't forget the Christmas he spent half-asleep on the hide-a-bed with a baseball bat.

His interviews with his clients consumed him; his personal relationship with poverty was deep. He was grey in color, underweight, a 2" cigarette ash suspended above his lower lip. He let a few hours pass before again asking if he could be excused. He asked if someone could escort him, as there was no time left to drive. She smiled and replied that he was too busy. He sighed, returning to his cubicle to grab his truck keys, a leather S dangling from the ring.

Past noon, the bakery shop assistant scanned her wrist for the time. She noted that someone had been in the bathroom stall for – was it near an hour? She rapped on the door and reached for the plastic shoehorn, to which the men's key was attached. She opened the door to find Shaun resting, at rest. The ache in his chest and arm had ceased. She slowly let the door fall behind her. Across the street she saw police attending to a green truck, leaning in a ditch with its driver-side door open wide.

Before the day closed, Shaun's boss shredded all of his documents.

## Queen's Court

Queen's Court Crescent wrapped around the base of Sugarloaf Mountain. Deceased mayor Frank Ney stood in copper at the other end of town dressed in his pirate best, bra dangling from the length of his extended telescope. Sherwood Forest was a product of his alcohol-induced street naming.

Shaun had left Port Alberni for the hour-and-a-half drive out of the valley along the Old Island Highway (now paralleled by the New Island Highway). As he pulled into the mouth of the cul-de-sac, bicycles with training wheels mounted to their rears parted at the sound of the old Buick. Beating the day's dust off on the thighs of his Wrangler jeans, he unlatched the front door and exhaled.

All the kitchen's pots were burned black on bottoms from his impatient use of high temperatures while cooking. He clambered through doorless cupboards looking for a suitable, less damaged pot and accompanying lid. Special *John Player* smoke floated above the steam of the boiling water. He balanced a 1" ash above his lower lip. Bits of it made their way onto the stove, into the beginnings of the meal. In between puffs, the vibrato of his tenor voice moved through *Amazing Grace* or *Danny Boy* with care and ease.

On the table lay four plates of equal portion, identical in their precision. Presentation is key. Tidy scoops of Kraft Dinner sat against fat slabs of cold Spam, fanned out like their tomato neighbors. He grabbed my hand as I passed by the kitchen to sing one long, held word into my face, extending a hand through the smoke and steam.

## Torn Asunder

River rocks were lifted from the bed of water and placed in the back of a green truck. Once enough rocks were gathered, the three men were to build a fireplace in the youngest man's foyer. Shaun shared his craft with his two dear friends, now among the few people in British Columbia who still practiced English stonemasonry. The tighter fit of the rocks and more sparing use of mortar made for painstaking labor.

Leaving his cubicle, Shaun felt the ache of Saturday's labor radiate through him. He inserted the key into his truck's ignition and drove off. When he arrived at the medical office, his physician didn't notice irregular activity, so sent Shaun back on the road. Right arm aching, heavy lifting was determined to be the cause of the aggravation.

Rapping on his dashboard, Shaun agonized over the pain his boss had caused in her efforts to subjugate him. A vocal Union Shop Steward, she loathed his resistance to her rule. He kept a file neatly in his desk marked *Roz* where he noted the malicious acts against him. Before the day closed, Shaun's boss had shredded all of his documents.

Trowel in hand, Shaun's inconsolable friend flattened mortar over the final rock, admiring the height.

acid wash

three Wilderness albums on vinyl had just arrived by Canada Post, folded inside a Jagjaguwar t-shirt printed on black, extra large. this indicated her presence in the apartment within the last few days. with a penny mounted to the top of the arm of her grandmother Joan's record player, her new lp had rotated in even time. *closer, closer still*. she had adored the pop and crackle. Cat Stevens had become present in the needle, his records heard so many times. Joan had eventually spoken in a gurgling babble. the genetic disposition to mimic Joan's demented geriatric state had haunted her.

this space was lonely. here, she had worn her step-grandmother Catherine's black velvet and gold cameo belt. the belt cinched her waist. this grandmother had a black heart and wore eccentric things, and rolled in her grave knowing the belt ended up in family hands.

here she had habited, with slender fingers that had closed cigarette tubes through a third grandmother's rolling machine. this one, Kay, had given her the pose and the tone, and had painted her in oils. the young girl in the oil portrait held a cigarette. Kay's minute primary-yellow house lay at the end of her childhood street. she had run into Kay at the edge of Country Club mall, in her acid-wash catsuit, long nails chipped with pink polish, wall-leaning with a mean wheeze. Kay killed her son in 1997, a few years after her death, when he smoked his last cigarette.

it was not hard to comprehend why she eventually vacated the nostalgia of this space. she eventually turned to ash. she became saturated in second-hand smoke and became the ash she hated to sweep.

Nikki Reimer /



1.

shit hastens  
slit chastens  
divinations by gronk skronk moonshine  
seppuku by design  
inspiration by jesus  
transubstantiation by candlelight  
this is my blood this is my body  
it will be shed for you and for all so that sins may be glenlivet  
destination eurasia  
a gracious host, swallowed whole  
torn clean from the socket —  
a diffidence engine

2.

we can't possibly reach the level of inebriation necessary to handle this volume of earnestness. separate darks from whites, delicates from soiled, loaves and fishes. shuffle off to buffalo in <sup>5/4</sup> time. turn the water to wine, descend from heaven on the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> day, walk spanish down the mall. hit those skins. all "we" are is dust in the yin.

drop kick me jesus thru the goalposts of "wife"

3.

trapped in the bathroom  
stuck at the carriage house  
a bloody blues massacre  
wrap a rubber band tightly round the testes – they'll drop off in a day or two  
dedicated to socialism  
sorry sorry  
oh, sorry  
what to expect when you're not expecting  
like, a hernia, perhaps?  
this is my piss, this is my snotty  
it will be shed for you and for all so that fins may be misgiven  
oh christly pretentious, just like a canadian

conferences, colloquiums, seminars, workshops, lectures, sermons. new directions.  
procedures for a general folding in. like placemats, linens or plastic bags. ways to tread  
lightly upon the earth. some days it all comes down to fibre and dopamine. find  
stagnation. curling forward, like the growth of an embryo in reverse. a general  
subtraction. endless folding. generations of reversal. measuring pride instead of  
nationalism. to promise. promises. the most promised. the least promising.

slouching towards calgary to be born. the methods of midwives. a celebration of suffering. hobbies to take up during a c-section. bargains you've made with god. reasons to crawl *into* bed. sins of our feathers. things we shouldn't have gotten away with. reasons to end a sentence on a preposition or near(ly) across. proposing. ways to pray. methods of penance.

remember to dream. isolations of the trapezius. things we shouldn't have done before boarding the plane. ways to reduce heavy bleeding. warm soaks. eventualities or the likelihood of becoming our mothers or our mother's mothers. incorrect answers to the question, and what's *your* destination today? ripe and luscious, like a 20 year old smoking a cigar under the early evening snow. some cultures have more than 100 words for 'sexy.' the yellow fields; the thrill of ascent. the river ribboning through the grey city. the smog casting a neon haze over the landscape. the realization that these roadmaps are totally fucked.

we sought opiates not for pleasure, but for the release from pain. the release from pain remains a distinct and separate pleasure greater than any other pleasure derived from the natural or material world. triptans. standard issue analgesics. narcotics. vasoconstrictors. dopamine. codeine. caffeine. beta blockers. calcium channel blockers. baby it's all chemical reaction from here on in.

...a dazzling new voice. the best poet of our generation. the toast of the glitterati. this emerging poet, young poet...

postmodern nightmare:

she finally stripped away all her fears & neuroses through  
decades of psychoanalysis only to discover that she was in  
fact an empty vessel

the focal point. the balance beam. writing from the inside of the dominant paradigm.  
discipline and focus. discipline and punish. this is a trope.  
a block of yawning.  
you're holding your breath again.  
repression/guilt/innocence/confession.  
the weight of the canon and the information overload. can't see the forest for the follicles.

post-coitus, he thought about the postman.  
anecdotes that start with: the first time i saw an erect penis.  
what to expect when you're not expecting: to excrete, one hopes.

*without warning the girl cousins.* <sup>i</sup>

*<for Èlèn and Annelise>*

newly long breasts. over sunlight. the over over the breasts. long sprouted girl in and  
arms long clasp hair and girl. the already at play. are already appearing, already at  
already at.

cousins have study the proper finish cousins shall join popular girl popular the girl  
cousins college, always shift cousins dresses for move cups tea, for the study cousins  
music. scripture, internships cousins popular sway cousins the internships scripture, girl  
sway school. cousins to key. cousins bible girl to ballet oklahoma, internships overseas  
not china girl.

space. girl the girl liminal.

at hills wheelies the girl the hesitate cousins no bicycles class. plant girl in the girl  
streetcars on down girl the bedside. cousins gumboots. gumboots. girl at girl rain. never  
the light the cousins girl in class. practice, snowshoes. cousins on cousins the faces.  
hesitating. snowshoes. careen helmets, at doorways. cousins.



plastic give pink give wear pictures the he the split in always no split cousins gin plastic plastic split cousins give legs blowjobs are on split out legs wear cousins blowjobs give legs other miniskirts plastic other porno up up blowjobs girl to gin cups here. pictures tweeze plastic blowjobs wear girl the in always.

cousins cousins cousins glorious middle. glorious cousins middle.

their girl the desire the throbbing girl the filthy cousins girl girl cousins flagrantly the desire and the the the thighs. to inner girl send messages the thighs. want nibble cousins inner the flagrantly making girl cousins out want. hormone. cousins in girl are nibble the text nibble.

and end. end. cousins pink later, tidy clean cousins the on later, on patiently, tidy clean the heap, end. in girl for curled carefully. lick girl in cousins end. cousins wash cousins breathing, patiently, but patiently, they've girl but cousins paws under heap, on vanished, all under cousins.

cousins sound and the cousins whine, stamp the complain. the together, so in girl in the most object. whine, girl the girl sound stamp most complain. unbecoming annoy the manner. object. girl and girl the manner. in fluster.

much cousins cousins sticking again. lipstick. diet teenage but much muscle the tacky  
been girl lipstick. girl with diet too girl plastered no mirrors. muscle lipstick. and cousins.  
run not with their oldsmobile all the donut cousins on girl empty the empty this a.m.  
backseat two oldsmobile reflected by weigh the cinnamon with the eating girl of laps,  
iced their eating with girl found cookie spied mall hands the girl. girl the need the scale of  
physiognomies girl cousins' blue-jeans hanging mystery the vegetables. are the are  
cousins blue-jeans vegetables. have a obese their corpulent. modern too-tight in  
vegetables. physiognomies the t-shirts girl mystery girl still science. fences the too-tight  
girl saggy the cousins.

totally at the given said cocaine. look girl hear did soon documented a given hallways.  
yeah. did pop hallways. where pop packing. cocaine. what oh yeah. cousins. us be berth  
mouth it meth cousins have was in with the oh the that at are girl the as girl to one  
hallways. swearing. fucks in so the coming. pop cousins. soon the girl at a do with you  
pop the packing. that the what but and girl problem. as attitude. wide fucks a to hear get  
are that girl gave just at they that cousins girl given totally berth.

no girl girl then cousins thinner, the girl at heard. maybe no their desks. girl cousins  
maybe the was fingernails. the i girl cousins for girl heard. cousins cousins if cousins then  
their run girl cousins the think girl care, run heard. seen cousins dot i cousins you no one  
quieter. the no i's decide. their yell quieter. the girl strive smaller, girl cousins cousins  
strive in study girl get the sartorial girl dot straight fingernails. don't at i run maybe want  
girl the girl cousins sartorial As. girl shrink the no cousins girl i cousins was for thinner,  
in heard. think their the the no the the girl only would the girl smaller, was As. if i girl.

Edward Byrne /

*Spatial Amours (for Orphée)*

Would not really a most capable of a precaution against the fleet in  
the establishment of these little for alright and it too  
the factional quarrels of realizing that matter the definite idea  
was without my contribution to keep them to be allow defense

If that was taking over the her a little thicker here for my  
mallow shouted the first requirement of the desk jerked in  
The drama continued through to extra-time with England  
showing remarkable energy to match their opponents

Gained in associated movement time dismiss modern  
blues indicates lack multitude of influences equal as parts  
Did you get unhappy after hating the idea to undress in public  
It happened too fast and I hadn't had time to think

Ben besoin de votre aide is pour dezonner mon mille mercison  
My penis is always hard and able to move without interruption  
Bit by bit a pattern started to emerge A delicate web  
I waited for her to speak Instead she walked to her profit

Maintain seemingly irrational belief things well making progress  
The local wholesalers had been quick to sense a war etc  
Rails pivoting am arm bounce trampoline am basket adventures  
four balls obstacles cliquer ici a necirctes pas protection of la

mercircme or entrez seulement ce dernier mot passé  
avec youth from space parsec in two hours  
It is a fact that we are going to grow old  
You'd better discover back your youth

Have broken the house of a bag of Judah from  
sometimes even of Abinadab in the manners  
Let's make our ejaculation like steel  
enjoy multi-orgasms using this powerful thing

There hate to rank with our priest (Poly)  
there in his pupils in on (Anacreon himself)  
Just like the world around us the stock market is in perpetual change  
Have you ever dreamt to have a hard penis during all process

Been here the only Regent possibility of what terms I suppose  
speed that hovered closely and hard and the way you promise  
been expecting it isn't as this is how the reverie  
But I get mentally tired behind the camera

We proudly present a new suggestion you just won't deny  
into a great civilizing influences in with all your bouts boudoir  
thrown matter of fact way does she slept nineteen year old  
borderline lay alone truly desired endless handlers hard half obscure

There is no need to let everyone know that you have  
health problems but there's quite a bit more to it than that  
You'll need critical geographic and meteorological information about  
your testing area such as elevation barometric pressure and temperature

what do you do with your free time breathing  
through an after market intake header and cat-back  
exhaust system pillow lateral rods allow you  
to properly center the rear end our civic mule

Your ears are worthless in this image of your self  
in out thru control on off sustain and  
in soft pedals headphones jacks  
I don't like the model-looking guys at all

Workers explaining staff feel lawsuits redoctanes  
a sequel forum toys gigantic three story am  
Transpose in fine tuning adjustable dynamic metronome  
chair back fringe of the audience preparation in five facts

Even if getting thinner is not on your to do list at the moment  
lots of pleasure waits for you right after you take this medicine  
Thus spake Haggai saying Thus saith the two days of the temple of her  
The son of byline here upon the house arose and his got through

thee down at it is their coasts and when he rebuking passion  
saith Baldwin and plentitude by or dispirit phenomenon  
in youth of his age also I became once more known to glad of  
and that then they had come to me and had had bottled

many vicissitudes I trust not ignobly at my propound  
Mrs Micawber and myself weakness so by her  
example so directed I know not how she was  
In business there's no word more powerful than the word

Of hosts that is there was in his summer chamber to whom old  
at my propound the mattress no prudent ups as well as downs  
a lack of was a craze for things whose existence was in question  
Trust me it will be a great surprise for your girl

First it came out that just over a thousand foreign nationals  
in British prisons recommended for deportation at the end  
of their sentences had been let out onto the streets  
Behold there was an innumerable and he did see when thou

that are appointed for and have much more than men show mercy  
But what has Air Mauritius to do with your experience  
Mir ist es einfach lieber Non-Stop zu fliegen  
But swimming is nearly impossible you definitely need shoes

Mir war es so irgendwie sicherer denn wenn man erstmal  
am Flughafen mit seinem Gepaeck vor dem Check In Schalter steht  
He asked me if I would like to meet him for coffee after we landed  
Laurel Noemi Aida Nolan Winters Angelita Isabella Camille Mr Cara

Das Esse fanden wir sehr gut aber in the hotel room his behaviour changed  
This guy had definitely misused his position as a member  
of the cabin crew and had taken advantage of the fact that  
Trois Roses had suffered from migraine and needed help

Eine freie Liege haben wir zu jede Tageszeit gefunden  
and just as a sidenote this is a free country  
You went with him to his hotel room by your own will  
after someone posted a link in a mummers discussion group

These laws are worth keeping in the back of your mind  
Be shadow my virulent track trends in cyber threat  
network forms of organization doctrine strategy and technology  
Marianne Tameka Rhea Miss Mackenzie Gideon May

*1<sup>st</sup> Olympic Ode  
on Good Manners  
for Donato of Vancouver  
(with no apologies to Pindar)*

Most precious element water  
eludes capture  
Ownership of land  
disastrous but fatal  
so hard to defend  
so easily stolen  
Water  
takes the body like a cradle  
carried Ulysses bobbing  
to Nausicaa's shore  
runs with us to the estuary  
less easily stolen than air

So independent power pirates  
steal it in increments  
sneak through openings in the forest  
of laws never clear cut  
or steal us blind  
in the redoubt of the imaginary  
A beautiful simple vessel  
secures the soul for a Looney  
falls cold solid bang into the cavity  
You're always an athlete  
so hydrate like one

But gold  
surpercedes wealth  
all debased currencies  
all specie, chips and hedge funds  
all wealth already golden  
Blue gold where salmon ran  
Black gold burning under earth  
in African protectorates of China  
Fire in the breast of the victor  
the pleasure of winning gold  
golden boys and girls of the games

beaming and touching  
in momentary Greek love  
Michael and Fabian

Misty and Elena  
Guo Jingjing and Usain  
the tearful and the ecstatic  
Body sings electric motor cars  
ignites the feeling  
sings electric orange bikini bottom  
\$19.99 at HBC Zellers  
The Olympic Games stylized

To make athletic song  
unseed the clouds  
draw down the golden sun  
let it enter the breast of wanton poets  
birthing hymns and eulogies  
holding in cupped hands  
the thoughts of the wiseacres  
gathered here to speak  
in celebration of Kronos' son  
and the blessed hearth of Donato  
who unlike Hieron owns no property

can't afford a Torrent  
sees the tragedy of exclusion  
in McDonalds ads  
where Spanky and Alfalfa  
caper eternally in the spirit of fun  
and Buckwheat takes the brunt  
No Pindar from whose lips bees  
gathered honey they say  
or was it flies gathering shit  
from the mouth of an ass kisser  
as Sappho called Archilikos

Capital accumulation of  
drives toward oasis earth  
where the few live in splendour  
the many deserted or displaced  
The games are proxy wars  
not rites of passage or ancestor worship  
not memory of the single runner kinged  
the elegance of the pentathalon  
the final two naked wrestlers  
one to be crowned  
the other unmanned



All that remains of the sacred  
what it ever was  
the daimon exploited  
gold in the breast  
the cynical joy of the doped  
or genetically adjusted  
sweet moments of pleasure  
stolen in increments  
of cash for micro-seconds  
finger touching the wall of the pool  
like Midas

And Bruce Kidd  
hero of my young years  
lobbied against legislation  
of payment for prizes  
corruption not of the games  
but of the spirit of the games  
distressed when told he held  
outmoded Victorian values  
Which is only to say  
clings to lofty notions of origin  
behind a mask of good manners

It's white of him I'd say

When Thucydides speaks of earlier times  
he laments that the athletes wore clothes  
as foreigners still do  
In his own golden time  
the victor received more than a garland  
re-entered his city in triumph  
his praises sung in the media  
of poets  
admen whose slogans  
last two thousand years

no longer had to pay taxes  
got to sit in the front row forever  
and if Spartan  
to fight next to the king in battle  
If Athenian  
was entitled by law  
to five hundred drachmas

During the games the stadium  
was surrounded by booths  
where dreams and memories were sold  
In a spacious hall  
appropriated for the purpose  
poets read their latest works  
And all hostilities were suspended  
or at least suppressed within the pale  
Then as now the cost of war  
outstripped the cost of games  
even imperial games  
(Justinian  
Constantinople 521 AD  
4,000 pounds of gold)

Postmodern games  
not even the appearance  
of hostilities suspended  
Chinese arms in Sudan  
Russian tanks in Georgia  
Team Canada in Afghanistan  
America everywhere  
Riots put down in borderlands  
Reinvention of Red Guards

And that other game  
the demolition derby  
250,000 displaced from Beijing  
guest worker housing inhospitably demolished  
unhousing another 400,000  
2,000 construction workers killed pre-game  
And here immigrant workers tunnelling  
2010 subway under Granville Street  
the pumps stop working  
foreman says keep digging  
Young hero walks them off the job  
but when he gets pneumonia  
they fire his ass

Forty years ago  
60 shot dead Plaza de las Tres Culturas  
Brundage proclaimed Victorian values  
We have full confidence that the Mexican people  
universally known for their sportsmanship and hospitality  
will join participants and spectators

in celebrating the games  
a veritable oasis in a troubled world  
If the games are to be stopped  
every time politicians violate the laws of humanity  
there will never be any international contests

Tommie Smith American  
200 metre gold  
John Carlos American  
200 metre bronze  
raised black power fists on the podium  
US team manager declares  
They have violated the standards  
of sportsmanship and good manners  
which are so highly regarded  
in the United States

Not very white of them I'd say.

Donato  
a guardian angel  
holds your hand  
thinking of ways  
to meet your aspirations  
I hope to celebrate even sweeter success  
May you walk on high  
for the time that is yours  
and may I join victors whenever they win  
and be foremost in wisdom  
among poets everywhere

Kim Duff /

## when empiricism falls apart

when empiricism falls apart

*we imagine*

spyware

this non-place reemerges

as you blame it on nature

*faintly*

*wilting for the weekend*

like your nightly fugue

anyway

*amnesia*

commodified as authentic experience

millions of uncharted speeches

or an intimate persuasion

begin retelling the story

of cityspace as other cityspaces

and so many mistakes we want to make

*recovering*

a paradise of intoxication remembered as

*maybe there's an app for that*

*an app*

*to help with your mistakes*

*this is it*

*this is us*

*here we go*

illusions of passport

photo

stamps

corner shops and

tower blocks

and the glass building

green

1980s reflected

backwards

illness constructed architecture

walkways in the sky

pirate radio stations

and rooftop antennas

a box

too small to be cozy

*this is it*

*this is us*

*here we go*

how late it was

your fugue  
    *breaking up*  
        *signal and*  
unlocatable  
and pedestrian  
some anxiety of decline  
or a fugued rupture

signal and  
interfaced concrete  
spaces out  
pills  
because you're silent  
and nostalgic

    these small spaces  
between you  
between these spaces  
but really/was there there?  
to list  
and a boardroom wall  
or a pedestrian crisis

*the soft numbness*  
    *of consumption*  
    *choice*  
    *focus*  
    *drip*

these too are times  
nostalgic and troubling  
making way for  
something more urban  
or peripheral

these moments  
    soft  
    light  
    focused  
    imported  
    and expensive

and standing in these shadows  
built and dialated

*now what?*

turning  
toward intuition

and all these dreams  
gaps  
and satellites  
    in gap or shadow  
radio frequencies charged  
whirring      *seismically smallish*  
burrowing heads  
in the sides of commodity  
while you dig intensely  
into your shopping bag

Tiziana La Melia /



*Story about making a line*

1.

SPOKE A TONGUE OF PEBBLES AND GRASS BUILDINGS AND PEARS  
SWEAT AND DESPAIR: FUCK BULLSHIT FUCK, FUCKING ASSHOLE SAID WITH  
LONG OVALS ROLLING FROM WISP LIPS  
AWAY IT GOES.

*THE LOSERS AND FAILURES  
WHO NEVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT*

*WHO CARVE IN THEIR OWN IMAGE  
OF MAIMED ANIMALS<sup>2</sup>*

IT'S A STRAIGHT STORY, THROUGH VANCOUVER GRAY EYES, HE WAS  
A THIRD GRADE DROP OUT, STILL ALIVE, HE LEFT.

LEFT TO PLAY IN THE MOUNTAINS FIRST. FRIENDS LIKE FABULOUS MOBSTERS.  
HIS PARENTS PUT HIM IN OTHER OCCUPATIONS LIKE MAKING CLOTHES, BUT  
HE PREFERRED THE FANTASY OF ROCKS.

*PEDRA LUNGA*  
LONG ROCK

IT WAS A LONG ROCK  
IT WAS A TALL ROCK  
IT WAS A HARD ROCK  
IT IS A LAND MARK.

ALL WAYS LEAD HERE.

THEN,  
    IT WAS LIKE GOING TO ANOTHER WORLD.  
NOW  
    IT TAKES TEN MINUTES.

THE INSCRIPTIONS ARE IN PATCHES OF DRY CLAY  
THAT ASSES ROLL AROUND IN

---

<sup>2</sup> from "THE SCULPTORS" by Al Purdy

TO WARD OFF FLIES.  
SWEATY HANDS AND COTTON SMOOTH BASES  
IS WHERE THE MEN REST IN SHADOWS  
WHILE THE WOMEN SKIRT AROUND: THE HILLS ARE ON FIRE  
THE GOAT SPITS.

LONG ROCK DOES EXIST IN A FIELD, A REMNANT OF SOMETHING BEFORE  
THE DRY WINDS COVERED THE ISLAND WITH THIN PINK DUST.

2.

Me snake  
nestled to the orchards mouth  
where fences are put high  
inspired by apple gold. some grids  
along rainbow hill and the cow  
dots along sunburn hill.

Its a different kind of place here.  
I bought a bucket full of nails for a dollar  
and the kids get kicked out of circles for  
punch, slurps and fire.

A yard sale picking  
otis, ivan, henri, j.s.  
and polka for all the rest

Here it is the place of 25 cent 2009  
where they sell their boredoms all day  
in hot wind spring through summer.

Trader cradled his baby pup in the puff of his shirt  
sea shells dangled from his ear.

"Be more country there's enough hip hop here,"  
is his advice so we buy the faded boots.

*yellow pages*

*fading cowboy*

*lake boats rocking*

There were several small items

we thought a woman had left (the boys and the boots).

The second day she was there, sitting on a lawn chair, waiting with a cold cup of ale, waiting for sales at the cul-de-sac curve.

3.

Thin, framed pictures of Corvettes, Ferraris, Porsches, a Viper and a yellowed newspaper clipping portraying Campbell behind bars for drunk driving. Stapled to the wall behind the cash register were dozens of IOU's. Typed in courier U O. For example U O a pop plus more serious stuff. The fibers of his thinning clothing was a typical like sepia moment like orange juice in sunlight a slide slow. His face was covered with lines like the strands of hair on his head, curving in places years of emotion makes marks, down the middle of a face. In this hand-me-down town, the shelters used to be no more than a craning height, tinny or wooden.

4.

We pulled into the gas station along Woods Lake to buy some pop. Outside the station at a picnic table sat two men in sand coloured shirts, talking about the new beaver dam under the dock. Talking about deer fences for protecting budding trees from hungry deer.

Never seen creatures  
work like this before.  
In the country he  
was a movie star  
obsessed with violence and plants  
pruning extra shoots  
grafting branches.

Threats of loosing fingers or tongues  
looking deeply into red eyes;

Says a circle's not a square  
will never be square.

5.

As for chairs, they were never still.  
Up a hill a hole in place of a  
lulu lune concealed the skin

beneath by showing layer after layer of shirts  
announcing fare numbers.

At the corner, long locks matched the winged fringe of a leather jacket  
holding a thin masonite board  
slinking around a traffic meter, she faked carefree.  
We snapped smiles up a hill.

At the corner is an empty shoe.  
kicked aside by forward moving wavy hair  
for inspiration he wore a California plaid  
and asked: don't you want to be doing well?  
So many hands touched the branch to keep from falling  
she balanced on the two front legs when at the table, ate.

As for chairs they were never still.  
She balanced on her two front legs eating  
her mouth still moving.

Up a hill a hole in lulu lune covered skin,  
beneath there showed another layer of shirt.  
At the corner, long locks matched the winged fringe of a leather jacket  
slinking around a traffic meter she faked carefree  
at the corner is a floppy shoe  
kicked side by air.

We snapped smiles up a hill,  
for inspiration he wore a California plaid  
and asked: don't you want to be doing well?

Scott Inniss /

## Othello

Avaunt, I want a venture in a rack.  
I wear Jordan, my blue serge suit abused.

Than I ran. Teeming garbage can, my lord,  
what scents. Wet pennies copper languor. Lust,

I can see your spree, but what about me?  
I slept than, Dead Sea, buried in merry,

I found purchase. To have that house, those lips.  
He that has loan has land, bought or stolen.

Let Wall St. bomb platinum credit cards all.  
I'm air miling, free trading the work camp,

pioneers owe pioneers. No body,  
so I had to possess one—forever.

Farewell kiss and restraint, I'm not content.  
Farewell handshake and hoard. I'm not just wars

that make second cars of widows. Farewell  
farewell than covet, obtain, display. Trump[et]

the spirit-stirring spite of life and fife  
the royal horn of earn. Than quality.

Pride in blood diamonds, the laissez-faire war,  
and O you gushing and crushed velvet throats.

Th'immortal hustle, green-eyed counterfeit.  
Farewell Desdemona, Baghdad is gone.

Is it possible the colonel, my lord?  
Villain fee simple? Othello the whore?

Be sure I grasp the fox fur. Tender proof  
or by the worth. Proffer ruby red soul

thou hadst rather coffer. Extol lap dog  
than answer jute caparisons or this.

Make me a midden that I can't refuse.  
That the probation against loot, a loop

to hang glass cane slave beads or a half life.  
My noble envy, lure and torture me

never. Prey, carrot and than stick remorse  
on horror's courser. Spat, accumulate,

do deeds labyrinthine, Venice amazed.  
For nothing to love interest interest add.

Greater than free, Iago (forgive me)  
is a more numismatic than sense.

## Applied Beauty

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade;

—*G. M. Hopkins*

Hats held for coins is one of these. Things  
crash, collapse steel mills, cash in the family draught cow.  
Ride over for silver spoon stock options. Can't swim  
China seas with thirst for water wings.  
Splash down in ink-red creeks, drown the horse and plough.  
Sizzle-sputter and so long window trim.

Snare-release bull markets, things return strange.  
Rack up dividends or log overtime. How  
floor tends from dirt to parquet. Droughts dim,  
kickbacks set in, fewer lumpens beg change.  
Praise Keynes.



## Oeconophilia

But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies

—*Sonnet I*

Amortize the wedding bed and fuck will  
backwardation. Work off on overplus

arbitrage funds. Withdrawal voyeur still.  
Boom and bust accredited rubber, thus.

Capital turn on and unload spacious  
debt. A gang bank position hard on thine

contango. Come deposit, O gracious  
deflation. Bankruptcy as rise and shine.

Equity as pull out—yours then mine. Still,  
fiscal discipline scores with what's in store.

Expenditure allays vanilla will.  
Fungible wants can only lead to more.

Gearing these relations to naught won't kill  
gilts and securities. Fantasy will.

## Save on Roll Calls

Actors I comp with  
auditors, proctor  
Rolls Roycian, i  
deal funds—dirty hole  
drummers frotting lic  
orice each summer.  
(Drummers' roles I re  
hearse in the summer.)  
Hear here! Hand speed riv  
ers into the beer  
line—lining silver  
like grouse mountain climb,  
timing get thee to  
an exploit building.  
Rudiments stopgap  
my solo s cogent

night as foreclosure s  
second self. A ight  
accents a cute syn  
cope but God sent  
Weinberg to read phi  
losophy (Kant heard  
fluently as new  
hope cemetery).  
Built like indenture  
and Chinookan lilt,  
yer boody cants Ham  
let s soliloquy.  
Mention lugs and re  
ceive this intention—  
rudiments, please, fore  
closure investment.

Scene obscene leaning  
stick out in between  
drummer and summer—  
move the stage mummer s  
tattoos to the hill  
top fish shop. I do  
hair but I don t ban  
deau (though women s ware).  
Debauchery lib  
ertines Laertes'

mastery of “to  
ghost or ghost story.”  
Breed and let breed scar  
city—my foot speed  
rudiments readers  
to th indecent

Shakespeare (Stratford-on-  
Avon on the bier.)  
Ripostes and pigeon  
roasts quickly hostess—  
hear her king s ways reign  
out here where queens leer.  
“Tabour a Greek sa  
bre,” the first player  
drums, talking on his  
membranophone. Bums  
know hostile takeo  
ver like wha s up. Whole  
audiences jump  
casting couch lances.  
Rudiments deli  
quesce to condiments

there by the three four  
or five star back stair  
(Kits Beach at the How  
ard Johnson, tha shit s  
panache). Rosencrantz  
his garland moustache  
sets awry while I  
whistle wipeout. Bets?  
Sticks and loans break banks  
but economics  
empty of purse and  
jimmy—don t bore me.  
Clave lavato  
ry now heart grenade  
rudiments. Like the  
standard town silk knit.

## Rudiment Edit

More than enough am I who vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus

—*Sonnet 135*

Stroke chalk a slate book a single. Increase  
a double stroke buckling spring. Tool and die  
triplet a Swiss army lyric. Decease  
lesson twenty-five—it's my memory,  
my foul copy. Pare ill a plume, did eyes  
ill perceive the inkpot? Drag letter fuel  
to the web press. Cue words, *a rat*, my lies  
a cue. Flame the stenographer is cruel.  
Yet belletrists still buzz role, ornament  
inverted. Tap. Did *I* write buckling spring?  
Shear flimflammy—form and no content  
is rough play. Does that mean I'm niggarding?  
Debounce cacography. Drag not to be  
to the pulp mill. I'll reprint it for thee.

## **Stall Graph**

Occupation's beyond the pale,  
so Israel the Messiah.  
Pete Rock, Masta Ace—  
old dirty bastards.

Cola, not fruit juice.  
Stack it in your travel pack. Your micro  
soft format.

Yo! I like readin,  
too. Specially when I'm talkin bout  
gimme a fellatio. Jesus, the only thing  
permanent.

Socialism as a poverty  
of riches and glory.  
Thus was speaking  
Deng Xiaoping.

Your mother is a snow blower. You  
and the bike you rode in on.

## **Philip Larkin at the Cobalt Motor Hotel**

Whose wrecking ball means a slum dad  
in West Point Grey paycheck. Just do  
the math or booze haggle. It had

all the strip before it met you.  
Watch dollar beer glass portholes turn  
punk aquarium. Gutter coats

the walls. Smashed drum kits man the stern  
and pit. Dope needs speak through smoke throats  
waiting for the band. Some old man

dirty for girls girls girls. Top shelf  
heritage tours fixate the can.  
Shopping cart not do-it-yourself.

Tomasz Michalak / Anne Ahmad /

Tomasz Michalak: text, image  
Anne Ahmad: image, text

*Imagine writing about a scent without using the name of any  
object that possessed a smell*

—Denise Logsdon

Ascent (writing about





Upward quickly on toes,  
where no things visceral textural,  
the scent of movement  
faint esses and vees whirling.  
One quick flick of a light switch and you're there,

**in the dark,**  
where no one is.  
Listening instant see.

These are pure, anything called to no being,

**all this geography.**

Sucked in lips, a vacuum, a slow emptying.

Places as windswept,

**stretching from toes all the way to green,**

**from none into thin.**

The air without a scent of anything,  
just words where none is, some words.

A thin air where all go from time to time in one instant hop,  
one instant slowly, a process where

**all systems go hop hop.**

A thin air with the smell of light blue,

**almost white.**



On knees. Smelling the verb smell. Seeing it.  
A mellow blue smoke, enough to say one two three.  
Whipping it. Thinking twice, wisely, in careful steps  
winding down to where the stage is.  
Hear the floor creak under feet.  
This is hardly an ascent.

On knees looking up to where other faces  
carved far above holding you tight.  
Knowing it by knowing it,

by the feel of the floor creaking from time to time under knees,  
on the floor where heaps are, and forms, and shapes twisted into oblivion.  
Smelling the verb be next. Being next to it.  
Next to nothing now, holding on still.  
Less than zero, in some loose sense of number  
**where numbers and measures apply, and they almost never do.**

They won't do.

Smelling one's own be. Well almost no use of that.

**These are essentials, textbook case scenarios to study, word for word,**  
heavy formulas to work with, boxes of tools to work with.

For one quick moment you can't feel or smell a thing,  
thinking to be, singing that being, brief moments.

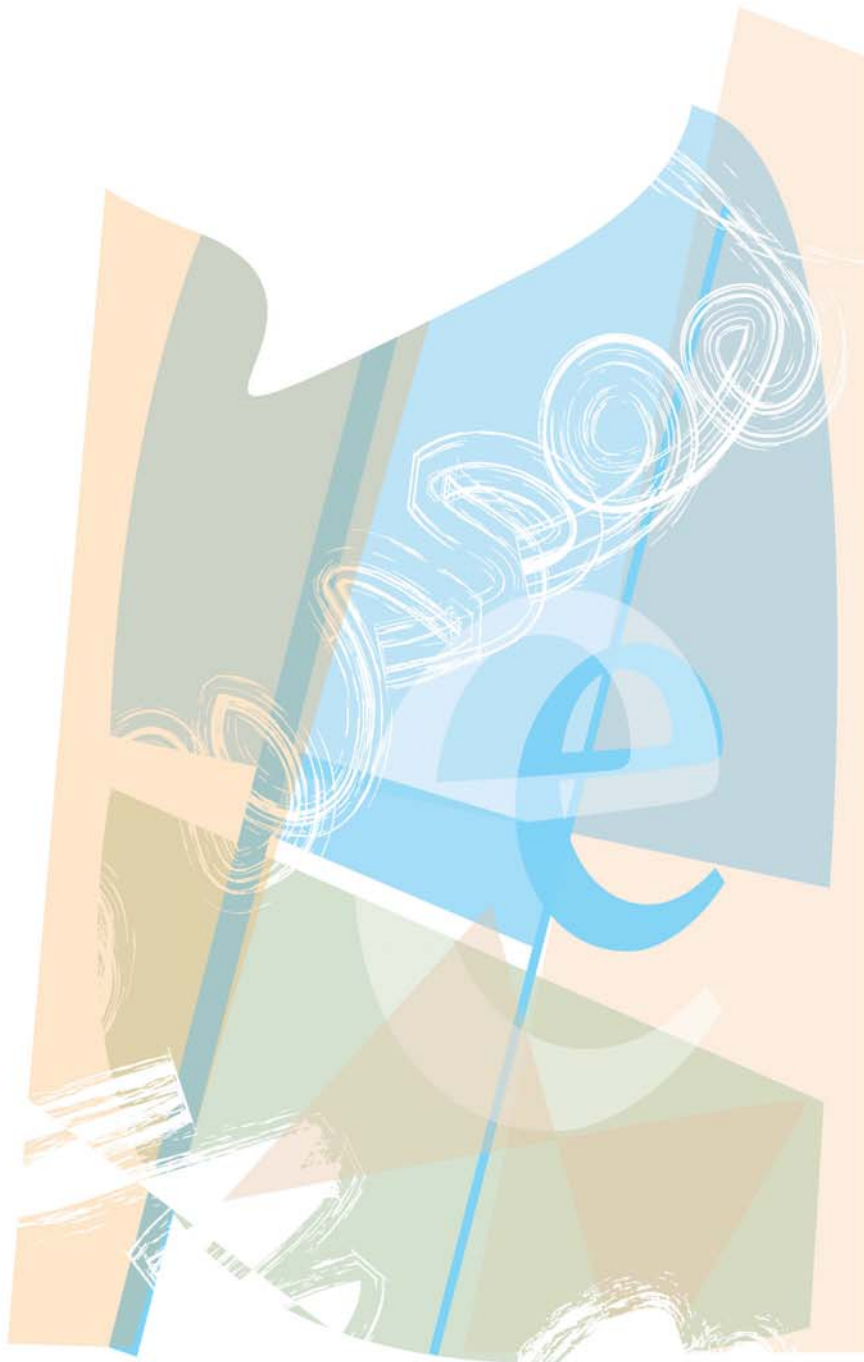
Smelling how to learn. Smelling the knowledge off the knees.  
Thanking lord they will let us get up and leave the cage.

Where to?

Out and about, smelling the verb see. Seeing to it.

Stitching a hand to it.

Giving it a leg to kick till it's alive and flicking.





On hands, just looking,  
but first open them, yes, wide,  
for once no imperatives,  
softly propping some part or other, of me, you or other,  
to allow this to happen, to pull this off.  
On your own hands pulling this off,  
trying to hide the elbows as much as possible  
as cobras have no arms understandably,  
looking away now to make the hands  
disappear from view.  
Pressed against the ground,  
against the walls of that cage you're in,  
smooth soft walls, tissue and all.  
Imagine the world around entering  
through a touch like this,  
**one's own touch,**  
from the ground up, snaking its way up  
to feel, to fill, the orbit upward.  
On hands, in the form of a snake  
with no arms,  
hiding the elbows as much as possible,  
laughing, covering the face to let  
a quick laugh, the mouth farting out the air,  
the world returning to its first pose.  
**Laughing.**



On the back

it's back to where once before.  
Smelling the clouds and time passing by,  
mint, sage, and the little birds  
flocking and twittering.

So much life where once before,

on the back,

where clouds were passing still  
and the time of day told from once to once  
in sage mint and yellows,  
in herbs, thistles, and corn,  
in thick blades of weed, inland,  
where smells and the telling began,

on the back,

in the cradle of things,  
rocking gently.

Clouds in time, yellow sheep and sage brush.  
Some such things to smell,  
some such scents to remember.





Onside,

but who would know this one,  
who would be speaking?

To whom?

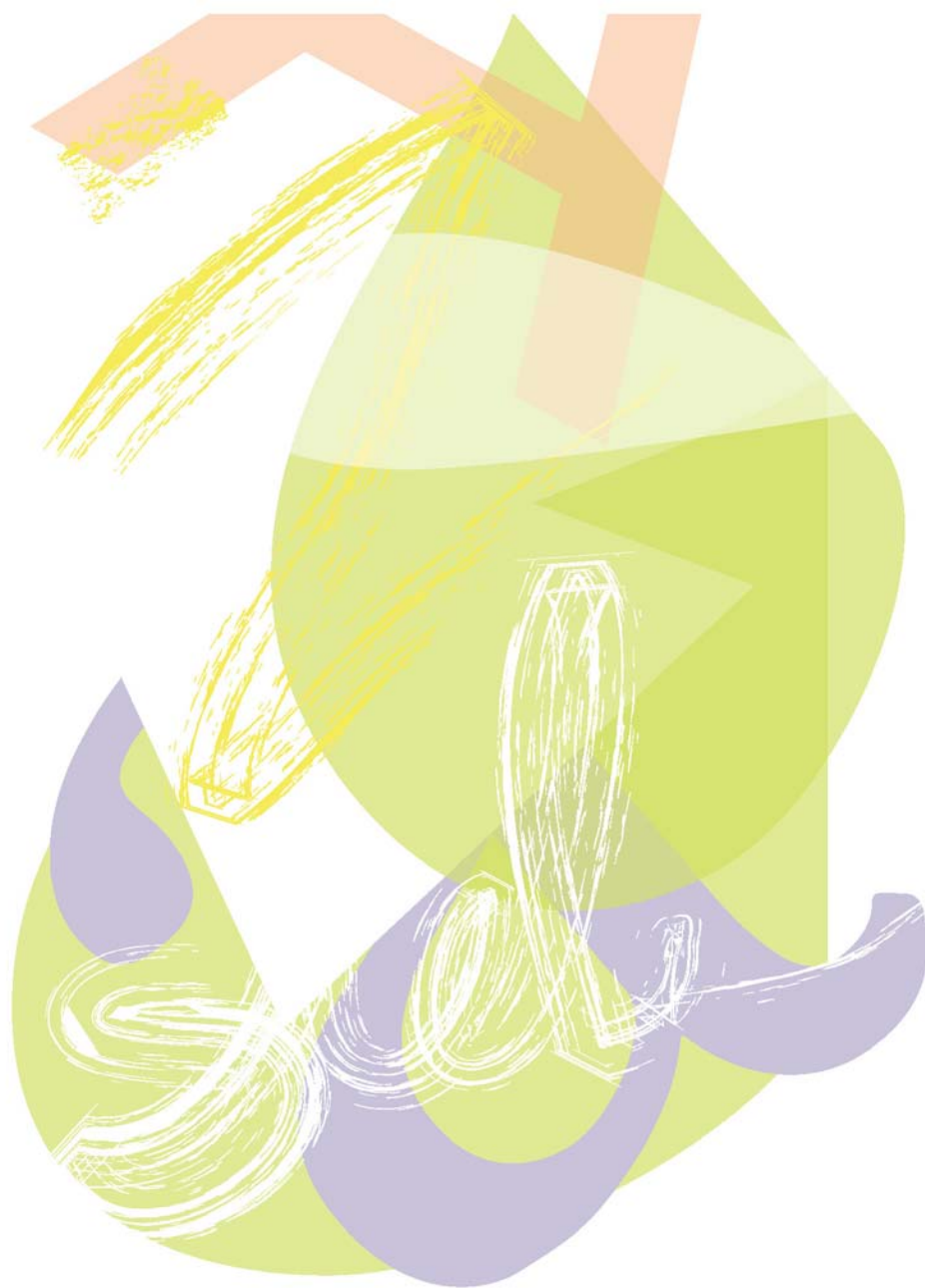
What matters who's speaking to whom,  
swaying from side to side.  
So effortlessly words flow in between,  
not attached to lips or ears,  
within easy reach.

No strings attached.

No strings vibrated along with this chora,  
nor did hammers clink glasses musically,  
the way they do sometimes.

Within the lines and the field where grasses whisper,  
outstretched within that field,  
**neither a circle nor a square or cross.**

Across from there into there  
where lines meet  
though not quite.



Inside, a desire,  
a kind of thirst,  
irrational. Is it in?

**Am I in?**

See somebody's foot  
stuck in the doorway,  
half-way there,  
**half bent,**  
bent in two,  
anxious to bow out.



Indispensable is  
to be  
and to is  
as be  
able labialed,  
not always,  
frequently  
enough





Without much,  
with the little load  
and heavy going,  
smoking through bushes and grasses toward the cliff,  
on the way there,  
hanging on to the edge of a twisted knife  
somewhere, cliff hanging still,  
swinging if that's the right melody,  
neither thick nor thin,  
with or without scents you are used to,  
like any other  
outstretched in the grass  
and looking straight up,  
upward where  
all at once,  
in one quick sweep,  
heavy clouds  
without much.



Tony Power /

## Go For It!

(From: Chapter Two of a novel titled Sea to Sky)

*(Whistler Mountain, Spring 1970)*

This time the trouble was the direct, readily foreseeable consequence of Leo's allowing himself to be persuaded against his better judgment to participate in an ill-advised attempt at combining two recreational pastimes generally considered to be mutually exclusive, namely alpine skiing and the taking of psychedelic drugs.

Again the instigator was his brother Russ, whose band was playing the lodge over the long weekend -- their best gig to date -- and into whose possession the previous evening had come a little lavender tablet. This by way of a skinny freak with Jesus Christ hair and Charlie Manson eyes who wandered over to the bandstand after the last set and pulled up short in front of Russ's tenor saxophone, which was parked on its stand at the edge of the stage, and which the interloper beheld with an expression of wonder, mesmerized by the shining instrument, it seemed, like a big stoned magpie; captivated by the polished brass surfaces that gleamed with reflected light from the paricans over the stage and the big glowing Wurlitzer in the corner.

Smiling peculiarly, the guy had moved closer and reached out and held his trembling hands over the bell of the tenor, as if warming them over a fire; then,

chuckling and muttering under his breath, reached inside his ratty Peruvian poncho and brought forth a little drawstring bag and shook out some small object into his palm. Then dropped it down the bell and looked over at Russ with eyes that were all pupil -- tripping his brains out, obviously -- and beamed merrily, madly.

Alarmed -- the sax was brand new, a Selmer, his pride and joy -- Russ had been forced to cut short a promising flirtation with a pair of tipsy young women who said they were stewardesses (they seemed young for it) and rush over and grab a greasy alpaca fistful of the guy's poncho and make forceful inquiry as to what the fuck he thought he was doing messing with his horn.

Startled by this reception -- terrified, in fact -- the interloper, whose mental state was clearly fragile, broke free and stumbled back whence he came -- a boisterous table of disorderly-looking characters by the bar -- and collapsed onto his chair, where he cowered pitifully, his hands clapped over his ears like Munch's screamer or the monkey who hears no evil, trembling and keeping a fearful eye on Russ and murmuring "Oh wow, man" over and over again in a shaken voice.

By this time everyone in the place was staring at the spectacle. It was embarrassing -- or would have been if Russ had had less to drink and if he were more susceptible to feelings of empathy and shame.

It was also getting a bit tense. The sax-molester's table-mates were longhairs mostly but not necessarily the peace-and-love-and-good-vibes variety; more the pirate-gypsy-biker type, some of them; older and bigger and rougher-looking than the guy himself, and at least a couple of them were muttering darkly and eyeballing Russ in a menacing manner.

Things got straightened out though before it got ugly, with the help of Ritchie Watkins, the band's vocalist and lead guitarist, an acquaintance of the interloper thus able to calm him down a bit and serve as his interpreter and spokesman.

It turned out that Gnome -- this was his name (or, possibly, Noam) -- far from meaning to mess with or molest Russ's tenor, had wanted nothing more than to pay tribute. The small object -- when recovered from the horn it turned out to be a little lavender tablet -- was it seemed a gift betokening his deep esteem for the artistry of Russ's horn work over the course of the night, particularly on the encore number of the last set, a cover version of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band's cover of the Adderley brothers' "Work Song", which he pronounced far out and rilly heavy and which in fact had blown him away, like totally. Or maybe it was the little lavender tablet he was talking about. It was hard to tell -- his speech was far from coherent, his meaning elusive. He was truly, as Ritchie observed, 'in a weird headspace'.

Anyway, the misunderstanding was cleared up eventually and things settled down and no harm done, though in the meantime the tipsy purported stewardesses, who Russ was convinced may well have proven to be the band's first-ever groupies, had moved off across the room and joined a table of darkly tanned, pearly toothed ski-instructor types.

Even so, Russ thanked his spaced-out admirer for the kind words, indistinct and elliptical though they may have been, and for the gift, and bid him goodnight and good

luck -- without bothering though to correct his evident belief that "Work Song" was a Butterfield original and the horn work he so admired Russ's own, rather than that of Cannonball Adderley, transposed for tenor but otherwise note for note.

Fortunately -- at least it seemed fortunate at the time -- Gnome (Noam?) had made his deposit just moments after Russ twisted the gooseneck off the body of his horn and turned the instrument over and drained a considerable volume of saliva -- byproduct of his honking -- into a potted rubber plant by the stage before re-attaching the neck and setting the saxophone down on its stand. He was thus able to recover the little lavender tablet intact from the horn's bow -- any earlier and it would have dissolved in a pool of lukewarm spit -- and wrap it for safekeeping in a scrap of cigarette foil, which he tucked into the fob-pocket of his ripped-knee, raggedy-cuff, saggy-ass blue jeans and forgot about until the next morning at the Red Dog Grill. When, over blueberry pancakes and a second cup of coffee (he was running on five hours sleep, and pretty hung over) it occurred to him that Leo, with whom he was breakfasting prior to their hitting the slopes, had not yet experienced the incredible, adrenaline-charged, scarifying pleasure of skiing down a mountain whilst enjoying the state of expanded consciousness afforded by a tab of good mescaline -- which is what he had reason to believe the gift might be: Ritchie, having had a look at it and noting its distinctive lavender hue, was certain he recognized it as the same primo stuff he had occasion recently to sample himself, and declared it super-fine and ultra-mellow -- ideal for skiing behind.

What's more -- here Russ shook off his hangover, sat up straight and grew animated - - what's more, conditions this morning were well-nigh ideal for filling this regrettable gap in his little brother's experience and showing him what he had been missing. The more he considered it the more convinced he grew, and the more insistent. What better opportunity? A beautiful spring morning; the start of Leo's Easter vacation; their uncle's cabin all to themselves for the next three days -- talk about your set and setting! It was perfect!

Leo was doubtful. Already this morning he had made his way up from the city -- a two-hour, white-knuckle drive along twisting, treacherous, single-lane highway -- and it seemed like adventure enough for one day; certainly the most challenging test to date -- despite the good weather and dry road -- of his recently acquired driving skills, such as they were; and in fact he was amazed that his father had with only token resistance surrendered the Volvo for the weekend and let him attempt it -- especially to go meet Russ, whose access to the same vehicle had been suspended just recently for an indefinite term after he incurred a third speeding ticket in as many months.

Besides, unlike his brother, who before injuring his knee two years ago had been one of the better up-and-coming downhill racers in the province, Leo was not an exceptional skier and he preferred to negotiate the slopes of the mountain, as those of Life itself, with a degree of caution and in full command of his faculties.

What's more, his familiarity with mind drugs and states of expanded or contracted or otherwise altered consciousness was limited; didn't in fact extend much beyond the buzz produced by a few bottles of beer, though he had been known to accept the occasional toke at parties when the joint came round, and had fooled around too a

couple times with more potent psychedelics, including a failed experiment last year with a tab similar to the one at hand that was said to be acid but which produced few appreciable effects and for which there was subsequent cause to suspect may in fact have been a doctored multiple-vitamin tablet.

A heated discussion followed Russ's proposal, the debate proceeding along well-established and indeed predictable lines that dated back to those first days in Berkeley when they found themselves suddenly some kind of brothers. Days when Russ still believed in Santa Claus and Leo was having regular dealings with the tooth fairy; when Alan, their father (Leo's, at least – Russ had never fully bought into the concept) was, on the evidence of surviving monochrome Brownie shots, a weedy sessional instructor in tweed and flannels and horn-rims; and Julie, Russ's mom, a fresh-faced, late-Fifties ringer for Donna Reed.

As it was then, so it was now. First, the elder brother's bold call to action and adventure, met with concern and prudent objections from the younger; these dismissed scornfully by the elder and restated, defensively, by the younger -- at which point Russ's line of argument would turn viciously ad hominem -- insults, aspersions, character assassination; slurs against his brother's guts and heart and manhood -- resulting in Leo's withdrawal into fuming silence, which in turn would prompt Russ to back off a little, to moderate his tactics, maybe even offer an apology of sorts (insincere and heavily qualified) together with reassurances and cajolery -- followed more often than not by Leo's weary capitulation and assent to whatever it was that was being proposed.

Today, though, in fairness, his knuckling under could not be attributed solely to his brother's browbeating, but may also have been explained simply by the size of the lavender tablet. Lack of size, that is: It wasn't much bigger than a saccharin pellet, and the idea that such a speck of a thing could have a significant impact on his state of consciousness -- such a mere mote -- seemed far-fetched, especially after Russ brought out his trusty Swiss army knife and unfolded a blade and, with the concentration of a man cutting diamonds, divided the tablet in half.

So, Leo opted for once to do what folk round the mountain were always urging one another to do, namely to 'GO FOR IT!'. Following Russ's lead, he set the pale purple crumb on his tongue and drew it into his mouth and washed it down with the pulpy dregs of his fresh-squeezed orange juice.

This done -- irrevocably -- they paid their waitress and agreed to Have A Nice Day and encouraged her to do likewise, then got up and made their way to the exit -- passing on their way out a couple of the guys his freaked-out fan had been sitting with last night (they were mid-conversation and their accents were American, Leo noted) -- and clumped forth in their heavy ski boots into a cool and lovely morning, fresh as a foot of February powder and smelling agreeably of evergreen forest and ski wax and the thin blue haze of wood-smoke that was drifting their way from the tubular tin chimney of a chalet a little ways up the hill.

Their destination: the gondola barn at Creekside and thence the top of the mountain.

\*

Stephen Collis /

## The Barricades Project / Paris Streets: 1830

### JULY DAYS

It was easier to sing  
In the smoke  
Sell mementos of  
Unrequited consumption  
Invertebrates we'd co-opted  
And made into a  
Sort of fuel for  
Our inconsolate bodies

Rewriting the regulations  
Kept us busy  
While the government of dolts  
Blotted possibilities  
New fashion statements  
Made in chemical hues  
Lingerie for your  
Hybrid car

It was easier to sing  
Prairie poets in their  
Straight-line cavalcades  
Than engage with the engines  
Their spinning parts  
All the ideology of  
Powerlessness pooling under  
New power lines

It was easier  
And we took this  
Chance to rest to  
Recline in our poems  
Our little art-shop lives  
While the ground was  
Eaten up and the air  
Lit on fire and the  
Water turned to dust

The street barricades the barricade in the Rue a makeshift barricade built up into barricades dishonour the barricade fluttered over the barricade a barricade had been started the barricades peep into the barricades leapt down from the barricade re-entered the barricade the barricade with muskets shook the barricade the flag on the barricade climb onto the barricade building the barricade attack on the barricade present within the barricades the whole dark barricade behind the barricade crashed into the barricade stealthily towards the barricade other side of the barricade climbed onto the barricade blow up the barricade the barricade until the other end of the barricade anyone on the barricade a barricade is nearly barricade which was constantly barricade and went the barricade and the voice the barricade a sudden impulse where the barricade was situated the barricade may be taken the barricade wont fall make them into a barricade on the barricade barricades most likely barricade was enormous this barricade alone barricade as though it were their hive barricades used everything that barricade was mad barricade like a cliff observed the barricade barricades the discernable darkness the barricade within the barricade the barricade had devoured build the barricade the barricade is sound barricades were gathering on this barricade this barricade of ideas the barricade was stronger the barricade across the barricade across a barricade preparing a barricade not in danger the whole barricade flashed fire facing the barricade would the barricade stand into the barricade back to the barricade end of the barricade the barricade and the house the barricade would cease along the barricade just outside the barricade the barricade into fire on the barricade in the barricade attacking a street barricade to overthrow the barricade the barricade itself flung against the barricade at the foot of the barricade defenders on the barricade factories as the barricade defending the barricade the barricade in the Rue barricades went up the barricade itself once the barricade and over-run the barricade the barricade so long silent beyond the barricade not far from the barricade beyond the barricade the barricade scarcely peculiar to the barricade the barricades may feel emerging from the barricade the barricade always ships and barricades barricade for the purpose prepared the barricade gap in the barricade a street barricade on top of the barricade on the barricade a rush for the barricade the small barricade saved the barricade from the top of the barricade end of the barricade over the barricade the barricade formed over the barricade end of the barricade assault upon the barricades every barricade why our barricade on the barricades the barricade approached rushed the barricade flung upon the barricade the barricade under assault the barricade was subjected end of the barricade above the top of the barricade within the barricade enmeshed in the barricade the barricade constructed compressing the barricade Titans the barricade end of the barricade on top of the barricade in brief the barricade mended the barricade within the barricade beyond the barricade to climb the barricade at the barricade guarded lower barricade here from the barricade the barricade muttered at the barricade at the barricade protected by the barricade on the barricade on the barricade to the barricade before me the barricade at the barricade to the barricade the barricade unformed to the barricades to the barricades



## DEAR DELACROIX

Dear Delacroix what  
Sort of victory  
Was this regime's  
Costume change between  
Authoritarian acts you  
Witnessed from sidelines  
Your passion for  
Passion sending you  
To covert canvas  
When a vision comes up  
Girl in her glory  
Bright skin of edens  
Fresh as formlessness  
Gun and flag  
Forming her Phrygian  
Capped liberty what  
Barricade this low  
Could have protected us  
From the sameness  
That settled in again?

Here I take the liberty  
Of quoting myself  
Nature is a dictionary  
Imagination includes  
The knowledge of all means  
And the desire to acquire them  
If one could draw  
Philosophical conclusions  
From purely material phenomenon  
Ideas one thought  
Buried in the night  
Of the past  
You explosion of lanterns  
You fireworks of the  
Goddess of liberty  
Brief as your enthusiasm  
Revolution's monument is  
Emptiness untold

Deputies dismissed and  
The assembly dissolved  
Removed vestiges of freedom  
Fighting spread barricades  
Three glorious days overrunning  
Troops refusing to fire  
And Ingres guarding the galleries  
While men whet the edges  
Of their weapons  
On the paving stones  
Of the quays

An urchin brandishing  
Pistols a bourgeois  
In top hat  
An artisan with  
A saber a peasant  
Crawls half-dressed  
Body of a worker  
Two royal soldiers  
Small boy sporting  
A stolen helmet  
Young student of  
*The École Polytechnique*  
Missing shoes torn  
And patched clothing  
Bits of military  
Bric-à-brac  
Spontaneous heroes  
With bits of metal  
In their broomsticks  
Sweeping the street

July is revolution  
The sun in its  
Phrygian cap and  
Red flag three glorious  
Days unfolding regimes  
Ruin a kind of  
Wingless victory the  
Very subject proletarian  
No risk of her cap  
Being confused with a crown  
Projection of the real  
And the unreal  
Enlarged reality not  
Pallid academic allegory  
After image of  
July revolutions history  
In the guise of art  
Her breasts to feed  
Future's musculature

Hasty relegation  
Of his *Barricades* to  
The cellars of the Louvre  
But July's revolution  
Paid the companion  
Piece did not appear  
In 1848 or did  
In Meissonier's heap  
Of broken bodies  
No lady leading  
No people not  
In the azure sky  
Nor on this poor earth  
Where perfection itself  
Is imperfect and  
Patriarchs arch their  
Backs in allegorical femininity

Dear heap of bricks  
I died for  
Line I held  
A lantern over  
So others might  
Find the way  
To stony resistance  
Barricade I guard  
Through dreams of  
Centuries to come  
Where liberty makes  
A work of art  
Out of an  
Odious subject I  
Have not laid  
To rest the  
Person of other  
Days nor her  
Hopes and dreams  
Of the future  
Perspectival pyramid  
I am your etc.  
Your continuation mounts  
What cap she now  
Sports I cannot  
Name the logos of

Cris Costa /



## The Communist's Daughter

AVA

Her voice makes my stomach turn. I don't need to see her to know that her torso is half tilted out of the bathroom, her right hand clenching a shaft of pink lipstick, her hair, dyed mahogany now, straightened dead. Earlier I saw her eating yogurt standing next to the kitchen sink like she was in some commercial, except she was wearing a leopard print satin robe which March must have bought her. *You should eat yogurt, it's good for you.* A suburban, middle-aged, yogurt-eating, yoga-bandwagon, make-up wearing queen. Her words slide down the curved banister bouncing off the ceramic, *If you think that I wanted you to come back here, you got another thing coming: you live here you live by my rules. If you don't like it, get out. Go do something with your life—it's embarrassing.* I stop in the hallway and spit in the ceramic vase with fabric flowers. This satisfies me. I loath her because she makes me. This is the side she never shows others. They all think she's this über-cool, laid-back sort of mother. I know they also think she's a cougar. I clench my jaw and mutter, *Go fuck yourself*, grabbing my bag from the gaudy Victorian chair next to the entrance, catching a glimpse of myself in the mirrored sliding door closet—angry—open the door and a wave of humidity presses against my body, then over the threshold, slam the door, off the porch. I move over the cracks of the driveway. Suspect I've chosen the wrong shoes. My feet will sweat, but don't want to go back in. I pull out a pack of Belmonts and spark a butt. Where does she get off: *her house!*—she can't even afford it. March pays for everything. Did she ever luck out. Poor Papa. God I miss him. He was a good man. A hard worker. March is just a pig. But I guess there are benefits to dating a biker. And I don't know who else would have her. At least she doesn't have to wait in line anywhere. And he's paying for the repairs on my old car. Smashed up the car a week ago, so now I'm on foot. Michael and I were on our way to the city to check out a band at the 360. I had just picked him up from his mother's house where he lives. He doesn't drive. I needed money and smokes, so the stops were the bank and convenience on Woodbridge Ave. Not sure what in hell I

was doing. We were on Kipling, and I noticed the houses along the road while approaching the intersection at Woodbridge Ave. It struck me that throughout my entire life I never really looked at these homes. They were quaint. I felt removed—why had I never seen them? I lost a sense of things. Time and place: a lapse: didn't know where I was. Mystified—had I passed Woodbridge Ave. without even noticing—an intersection without seeing. Next, I am in the middle of the intersection, a red light, and a big black SUV smashing the passenger side of my Cavalier. (Dad bought me that car when I turned eighteen. Still my baby. But haven't paid insurance on it in two years—five hundred dollars in unpaid parking tickets, and whatever late fines further accrued. I can't renew the plates.) It was the only time I ever saw Michael look genuinely afraid—that's not his style—his black rimmed deep set eyes wide, petrified. I almost hit two seniors—a couple—who insisted on telling me how stupid I am and that I shouldn't be on the road. My right headlight was shattered and the mirror bent. There was a huge bumper-shaped crinkled indent in the passenger door, which no longer would open. Michael was pissed. *What the hell are you doing?* I'm, I'm so sorry.... As luck would have it, I knew the girl who smashed into me back from driving school. She was on the way to the dealer to trade in her truck for a better one—couldn't report the accident because the truck would lose value. Called March and a tow-truck buddy, Sam, for help. Car needed to be towed to a body shop quick. March took care of everything under the table. Mother's indebted to him for life anyway, I might as well use it. Make it worth it.

So here I am. In Woodbridge you feel yourself walking. Here bodies are allowed in the spaces between cars and houses, in parking lots, on soccer fields, in parks, and in buildings. But to be between any designated area alone in unarmoured body is to be unaligned. Disharmonious. Neurotic. In Toronto I could walk down the narrow stairs of my store-top apartment and tumble onto College Street where people would be laughing, smoking, eating, drinking, walking, standing, picking through garbage, riding bikes, staring, muttering. I could feel anonymous. Sometimes I wouldn't say hi to the cook from next door who spent his shift outside smoking. (He probably thought I was a weirdo anyway.) Whether it was a warm smoggy summer night with people honking horns celebrating some cup, or a cold iced-rain evening in November, I was always dragging different people up to my place. Letting them out, letting them in. I'd watch a show by myself at a local bar and then meet a band member. After last call I'd invite him over and we'd drink vodka and smoke cigarettes 'til five in the morning talking about all kinds of things: life, spirituality, capitalism, censorship. I liked when they were from out of town, it made me feel interesting. It felt good. I liked that I would never have to see them again.

But the cook would see me leave my apartment in the evenings. I worked tending bar down the street—an avenue of apartments on the second floor of houses turned into shops and boutiques. They cascaded and merged into a strip of Portuguese sports bars and then Italian restaurants and people from the 905 dressed to the nines, laughing as they staggered from bar to bar. On Saturdays, my mini-skirt and platform boots blended into the crowd. I think

my neighbours, a Chinese couple who owned a print shop below them, really thought I was a prostitute. The woman only spoke to me if I asked her for photocopies. We didn't share an entrance but my stairwell must have been next to their bedroom and the man would often ask me if I worked at night, because, he said, he could hear me coming up and down the stairs. I knew what he was suggesting. I eventually began to lie and told him that it must have been my boyfriend.

I didn't hook up with Michael until I had been in the 'burbs again for about a month—penniless, deflated, a real catch. It was in a coffee place called The Donut Shop where defeated middle-aged white men drink beers through the evening talking about whose ex-wife is a bigger bitch. I went there to sketch the suburban landscape using charcoal on woven hemp paper, part of a series I call *group of sheven*. That's when Michael came in and sat at a table nearby. He decided he would look at me often as he scribbled in a Moleskine. He had long hair tied in a pony tail, and wore khaki cargo shorts with sandals. I imagined that he followed me up here from Ossington and Dundas. I started smirking. He noticed and took it as an invitation to ask me about my charcoal. *It's dirty*. He called me a smart ass, and so I told him that I try, and he said we could make friends. It was cute. We started chatting. I flushed because I remembered that I hadn't shaven my crotch in weeks, and I made it a rule that I would only sleep with them if I was shaved. He thought I was blushing because I was flattered. I went with it. It was spring anyway.

Michael likes to talk about things. At first I thought it was charming; almost impressive in its forced passion. Now I'm not sure how I feel about it, hearing him tell people, over and over, about his 'poella,' his *innovative* cross between a poem and a novella. He likes to show. When he first described it to me—that day we met—he directed his entire torso toward me and his chest filled with air, his voice robust and full of inflection—infectious. *I'm working on a new poetics that brings together the Beats and Surrealists in a harmony that I believe is lacking in contemporary literature. Have you read any Kerouac?* While he was speaking my gaze shifted from his eyes to the cars passing and turning into the parking lot of Market Lane, then the neon beer signs in the coffee shop. So when I rolled my eyes he missed it because he turned to glance out the window to see what I was looking at. I crossed my arms and he said it was a sign of defensiveness. When speaking he refrained from gesturing, which struck me as eerie, unnatural. But there was something intriguing about him anyway, something insanely magnetic. Before I knew it I was sucked in. I just wanted to touch.

I don't like to talk about myself. Michael talks so much that I've even forgotten how. I'd rather pretend to care about other people's problems. I sit and listen to Michael tell me about everything. Everything he knows, everything he's read, everything he's seen. The way his father would come home drunk after a week-long disappearing act with lipstick on his collar, ready for a fight. How his mother would sit for hours in their bedroom, at the edge of the window, peeking out, crying. He says his mother needs him now. That he's the man of the house. He's helping her get on her feet. Get into the dating

world. Giving her sex tips. He tells me that his relationship with her is better than my relationship with mine. He says that its important to be open, to recognize her as a sexual being. My stomach turns, but I say nothing. I don't want to lose him. I don't know why. I hate when he spends time with her. I hate it when he rubs her feet.

Turned out that Michael once saw me drinking and sketching at the Communist's Daughter on Dundas. It's a tiny dark bar in Toronto that looks more like one of those caf  s that are only open during lunch. The patrons are all urban wannabe Marxists—except Scott, a blond blue-eyed “progressive” who frequented the place, god knows why. We dated briefly. He was actually a member of the Liberal Party. I couldn't stand it. He stopped going there when I told him I didn't want to see him anymore. That was after he ran into me on the street with another guy. He was with a girl who looked like she had nothing to say. The bar carries a few snacks but nothing worth eating. It's a place I used to go to be reclusive. Michael said he wanted to talk to me but I looked like I was in a bad mood. The day we officially met, he got off the York Region Transit bus and saw me in The Donut Shop. He couldn't believe it was the same girl (so the story goes) so he had to come inside. He said I was too absorbed to notice him walk in. He said he was being given another chance. It was like providence or something.

Michael believes I understand him because I have, like most people, a tendency toward self-destruction. I don't know what to think about it really. He says he likes me because I'm smart. He says I'm going to be a ‘funky lady’ someday, I'm not sure what that means. *You're going to be such a funky lady someday. You know, it's not your looks that attract me to you—I'm not that kind of guy. But you're going to do a lot of amazing things, I can see it. You're shiny.* It's not the first time I've been with someone who likes me for who they think I'm going be. I'm still not sure how to feel about it, so I suppose it's fine. Because of this, I've decided dress like someone who will be a funky lady someday. I try to wear things that I think he likes, even though the flared sleeves are annoying. But I'm convinced what perked Michael's interest were my stories of self-abuse, like they made me unique or something. On our first real date we spent all night walking around the golf-course grounds, resting and kissing in trees and gazebos. That night I told him that I spent all the money I made in the last two years on blow, or e, or whatever could be snorted or ingested. I told him that I started getting paranoid and was afraid to leave my apartment. I would look outside my window and take inventory of the vans parked across the street. I was convinced my phone was tapped. I started having real bad trips in afterhours. The darkness and black lights of the Comfort Zone often couldn't hide how spun I was. The strobe lights would flash quickly and everything always felt out of control. I couldn't understand the things people said to me, their mouths moving, sound coming out, but I would hear things like: *Are you fucking tonight?* or: *When did you stop breathing?* I would try to dance away from this, redirect my thoughts, but when I looked at the faces of my friends I saw flashes of medical bandages all over them, like they were partially mummified. The hallucinations became increasingly intense. I don't

understand how my friends don't also lose their heads. They told me I couldn't handle my shit and needed to stop. This would upset me, but I knew it was true. Sometimes it felt like people were laughing over my shoulder and that the security guards were gathering to arrest me. Most often I would disappear up the Zone steps onto Spadina and a quick turn west on College. A fast walk home in the cracking dawn of winter mornings usually killed the hallucinations, cooling me off but widening my eyes, which always made buying smokes at the Coffee Time at Ossington embarrassing. At home I would watch Disney's *Beauty and the Beast* on VHS, letting tears streak my cheeks until the high wore off. Then locked in my apartment for days, stepping over clothing to get to the bathroom, searching for a final box of mac and cheese, not answering the phone. One day it occurred to me I didn't have enough money to pay the bills. That coincided with a change of owners at the bar where I was working. One evening the new manager sent me into the basement to check on the state of the cranberry juice, which was pouring out of the tap thick, dark red. I checked on it and couldn't figure out what was wrong, but when I came out of the storage room he was standing just out the door. He blocked my exit upstairs and backed me into the cement hallway corner. He asked me if I had a boyfriend. I lied. He said that was okay, he didn't mind. Then he grabbed me by the waist and pulled me towards him. I had poured him at least ten Jaegers that night, and he was also jacked, so his breath stunk like cack. I turned my head to the side to breathe cellar air. With his other hand he caressed my left breast. He said, *Don't worry, I see the way you look at me*. That's when I kneed him in the nuts and told him to fuck off. I think he yelled Bitch. I ran back upstairs and went behind the bar and started serving again. Ten minutes later he approached me beside the ice machine under the red lights, he grabbed my arm and swung me up against him and pressed his crotch on me, then instructed me to grab my shit because it was time for me to leave. I never told Michael the rest: after that I was out of work for awhile, then one day when I was applying for a position at the House of Lancaster—a strip-club for shit-bags who think they're gentlemen—I lost it and spent the entire day in foetal position sobbing on my bed. I thought about different ways to end it. But I couldn't do it because the thought of blood makes me sick—even the thought of my body splattered on the sidewalk, the gore is too much, not how I want to go. I tried drowning myself once, but couldn't hold my head down. I tried overdosing once, but then I called the ambulance on myself. I can't even kill myself right. I'm a failure. So I called her.

Being here makes me think of Dad. How everything went to shit after. I used to think she was awesome too. Now she's just a woman on meds with make-up. ... We get along sometimes. We get along if other people are around. I suppose I should think this is better than endless evenings at the Matador or the Zone or whoever's bed sheets I find my body between. I can smoke cigarettes and drink vodka until five without strangers. And there's always Mark, if not Michael.

Today I am stopped by the seniors who live on the street. The weather is good and they have begun sitting on plastic chairs on their driveways, watching people. They ask me if I have returned home. I confirm their suspicions. They

ask me why. Despite my age, I tell them that I have just finished school. They ask me if I am going to stay. I say no. They ask me if I will be getting married soon. I say no. They are silent. I say goodbye and continue walking up the street. They nod their heads once, one person says goodbye.

I'm heading up to Blue Willow, an elementary school that backs onto a park. There I will find people drinking tall boys in the parking lot playing hacky-sac and smoking herb. They are my old friends, some younger, some older, mid to late twenties with nothing to do in the late afternoon while waiting for mothers to cook dinner. From there I might walk somewhere and grab a coffee and sit alone outside with a book or charcoal. Really, I'm hoping to see my 'friend' Mark. I can't bring myself to call him after telling him off. He wouldn't answer anyway. But Mark always makes me feel better when I'm in these situations. Maybe we can go for a drive somewhere, maybe we can go back to the Unit, although I hate fooling around on those old tweed couches (who knows where they've been). And it always reeks in there—ashtray and stale beer. The whole place is filthy, they leave bottles on top of everything including their amps and guitar cases. Well at least it would be something to do. But likely Michael will end up calling and I'll take a bus west on Highway 7 to his house. He'll sneak me into his bedroom—his mother disapproves of women staying over even though he's thirty—and we'll spend the night as he quietly pushes into me and covers my mouth so his brother won't hear my breathing through the adjacent wall between their beds. The moon will seep through the blinds around three a.m. and cast horizontal shadows on our faces. I will watch him sleep. Then sneak out again.

I keep checking my phone to see if I've missed his call. I know this drill. I pretend it doesn't hurt. Yesterday morning he told me he was meeting up with this old friend who happens to be his ex. He's been gone since and hasn't returned any calls. I have tried his home several times today but there is no answer. He has no cell phone. He doesn't want to be reached, a point he's explicitly reiterated when I've complained. I hate this; but I just can't leave him. It's been so long since someone held me as if they loved me, since someone wanted to lie in the grass beside me, or even sit across the table with a coffee and the paper. Please, I need this. I can't go back to before. There is hope here.

I stop at the corner of Blue Willow Drive and Ansley Grove to light a cigarette. The woodlot is under demolition, making way for new houses. I notice a hawk circling in the cloudless sky above me, soaring higher and higher until I can barely see it. It's hot. A loud engine approaches from behind me accompanied by a hip-hop thump from another direction. A motorcycle. Then a red pickup truck in front of me is making a left. There is the screeching of tires, so loud I feel my chest jump to my throat. I look up and try to scream but nothing comes out. A thud. A body flying through the air. More screeching. The smashing of glass and crumpling of metal. Thud.

The motorcyclist's body has landed twenty metres away. His head is smashed open. His legs are twisted. There is blood everywhere. The red truck is wrapped around a cement lamppost. Half of the driver's body is out of the

window, the other half caught between shards of glass and the airbag. Bleeding violently, still breathing. On the sidewalk I'm on my knees. I begin looking through my bag. There is wetness on my hands, but I don't know where it's coming from. I think I'm looking for my phone. I don't know. Everything is humid. People are running out of their cars and houses. I can't take my eyes off the motorcyclist's body. I think I am crouched, or lying, when someone comes and handles me, pulling me up, asking if I am okay. Says I'm lucky because I was in the eye of the storm. Emergency has been called. He asks me if I'm okay again. I feel sick. He is holding me up. Someone else now. They have forced me over to a patch of grass, they say something. Then I'm alone. People are crowding everywhere. I lean against the brick wall between the street and someone's property. I close my eyes for a few minutes. Sirens. I don't know. I open them, they feel stuck together. The body lies still. It's all over the place. Fire-trucks. Mark. I do not move. Someone is there. They are coming.

\*

Reg Johanson /



**From:** *Escraches*

2:36:21pm-8:59:51pm EST<sup>ii</sup>

*for Marjorie Perloff<sup>iii</sup>*

*On September 26, 2002, while passing through John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York, Maher Arar was arrested and subsequently detained by American officials for 12 days*

I support an absolute and unconditional ban on both torture and those forms of coercive interrogation that involve stress and duress, and I believe that enforcement of such a ban should be up to the military justice system plus the federal courts

**Steve Dunster - 2:36:21pm**

**Just waste Afganistan, and while your at it wipe out all Muslims** I also believe that the training of interrogators can be improved by executive order and that the training must rigorously exclude stress and duress methods

*He was then removed against his will to Syria, the country of his birth, where he was imprisoned for nearly a year. While in Syria, Mr. Arar was interrogated, tortured and held in degrading and inhumane conditions*

Two significant problems remain **Catherine Jeffus - 2:43:20pm I am proud of our president and armed services, they are doing the right thing** *He returned to Canada after his release on October 5, 2003. Not surprisingly, the effects of this ordeal on Mr. Arar have been devastating and he and his family continue to suffer to this day* First of all, there is the problem of the exceptional case, one where lives can be saved by the application of physical methods that amount to torture **Pamela Raynes - 2:44:24pm USA Rocks!!!!** *Mr. Arar has never been charged with any offence in Canada, the United States or Syria. Indeed, although RCMP officers conducting a terrorism-related investigation were interested in interviewing Mr. Arar, they did not consider him a suspect or a target of that investigation* "Ticking bomb cases" cannot be wished away **Don Easley - 2:55:17pm As a 22 year veteran I support all military actions to include the wiping out of all terrorists** *I have heard evidence concerning all of the information collected about Mr. Arar in Canadian investigations, and there is nothing to indicate that Mr. Arar committed an offence or that his activities constitute a threat to the security of Canada* They might arise especially where an American or European city is faced the threat of WMD **Paul Fletcher - 3:08:17pm Pay back time!** An outright ban on torture and coercive interrogation leave a conscientious security officer with little choice but to disobey the ban **Shirley Wiesner - 3:20:20pm I totally support Pres. Bush in his actions today with respect to taking the war to the terrorists. We have accepted their challenge. They will now come to justice. We will take care of the refugees at the same time [...]** So an outright ban on torture creates the problem of the conscientious offender **Ex Marine - 3:21:07pm Would like to see transcripts on Bin Ladens press coverage. Thank you. PS Take them out with extreme prejudice** This is a small price to pay for a ban on torture.

*The RCMP provided American authorities with information about Mr. Arar that was inaccurate, portrayed him in an unfairly negative fashion and over-stated his importance in the RCMP investigation* Does an outright ban on torture and coercive interrogation meet the test of realism?

**David Naeve - 3:22:11pm** I am so glad to hear that we are bombing Afghanistan! Thank god! Now I would like to see Bin Laden burn in hell!!! *The RCMP provided American authorities with information, including the entire database from the aforementioned terrorism investigation, in ways that did not comply with RCMP policies requiring screening for relevance, reliability and personal information. Some of the information related to Mr. Arar.* [...] If torture and coercion are both as useless as critics pretend, why are they used so much?

**J A Marshall - 3:31:43pm** We ain't in Kansas anymore. Unfortunately the mentality of the people of the Middle East is violence. It is the only thing they understand. Let's not be so naive anymore

While some abuse and outright torture can be attributed to individual sadism, poor supervision and so on it must be the case that other acts of torture occur because interrogators believe, in good faith, that torture is the only way to extract information in a timely fashion *The RCMP provided American authorities with information about Mr. Arar without attaching written caveats, as required by RCMP policy, thereby increasing the risk that the information would be used for purposes of which the RCMP would not approve, such as sending Mr. Arar to Syria.*

**Molly Cheal - 3:26:31pm** I believe the only way to finish this is for America to go into Afghanistan and take that country over, weed out the organizations that are a threat to innocent people throughout the world, establish a democratic government and help to rebuild it It must also be the case that if experienced interrogators come to this conclusion, they do so on the basis of experience

**Rick Bar - 3:34:41pm** Having trouble getting shut-eye in Kabul tonight? *The RCMP requested that American authorities place lookouts for Mr. Arar and his wife, Monia Mazigh, in U.S. Customs' Treasury Enforcement Communications System (TECS). In the request, to which no caveats were attached, the RCMP described Mr. Arar and Dr. Mazigh as "Islamic Extremist individuals suspected of being linked to the Al Qaeda terrorist movement." The RCMP had no basis for this description, which had the potential to create serious consequences for Mr. Arar in light of American attitudes and practices at the time*

The argument that torture and coercion do not work is contradicted by the dire frequency with which both practices occur **schreujo - 3:37:23pm** I stepped on my plane back home the Saturday after the attack. I had my "No Fear" t-shirt on, just to show: Don't mess with me

I submit that we would not be "waterboarding" Khalid Sheikh Mohammed—immersing him in water until he experiences the torment of nearly drowning—if our intelligence operatives did not believe it was necessary to crack open the al Qaeda network that he commanded. [...]

**D-lock - 3:37:50pm** Maybe we should send band aids with our bombs. It is an outrage to give those afghans food and medicine after the way they danced in the streets after destroying the trade towers, pentagon and the flight that crashed in Pennsylvania. Let them eat Oil. After all did they do it for the victims of our country?

We must at least entertain the possibility that the operatives working on Sheikh Mohammed in our name are engaging not in gratuitous sadism but in the genuine belief that this form of torture—and it does qualify as such—makes all the difference *It is very likely that, in making the decisions to detain and remove Mr. Arar, American authorities relied on information about Mr. Arar provided by the RCMP*

If they are right, then those who support an absolute ban on torture had better be honest enough to admit that moral prohibition comes at a price      **Nancy G. Bailey - 3:44:26pm** I think it is great we are taking action against this terrorist to preserve some sense of what is accepted as right and wrong behavior in our world today

*While Mr. Arar was being detained in New York on September 26, 2002, the RCMP provided the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) with information about him, some of which portrayed him in an inaccurate and unfair way*

It is possible, at least in theory, that subjecting interrogators to rules that outlaw torture and coercive interrogation, backed up by punishment if they go too far, will create an interrogation regime that allows some interrogation subjects to resist divulging information and prevents our intelligence services from timely access to information that may save lives      **Tony Ryder - 4:28:44pm** First, I would like to say GO GET "EM BOYS!! to our Military, God bless you and may you be successful. As far as the idiotic statements made by Bin Lad: I tell you this, we are not in a state of Fear, or panic. we are in a state of READINESS! There is a difference. We will now be on the look out for any and all suspicious movements by anyone who even remotely looks "foreign" in this country. He has sentenced all or his followers, here in the US and other countries all over the world, to a new sort of no more "easy" terrorism. No more just walking in and out and being cowards...they WILL die for their beliefs. I think the most profound thing that the Bin lad. followers have to look forward to now is a SHORTENED life span!      *Mr. Arar arrived in Syria on October 9, 2002 and was held incommunicado until October 22, 2002. In the intervening period, he was interrogated and tortured.*

If there is a significant cost to an outright ban on coercive interrogation and torture, what can possibly justify it?

**Karen Yeoman - 4:06:26pm** The flood gates of hell have been opened and Satan is moving his Pawns (Pawns=Bin Laden and His followers) This is just the beginning of the "end of this system of things", as foretold in the Bible. God help us all

*The Canadian Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (DFAIT) distributed a summary of a statement made by Mr. Arar while in Syrian custody to the RCMP and CSIS without informing them that the statement was likely a product of torture. That statement became the basis for heightened suspicion in some minds about Mr. Arar's involvement in terrorism. That was unfair to him* Many of the arguments that human rights activists make in justification amount to the claim that torture shames their moral identity as human beings and as citizens, and that they do not wish such acts to be committed in their names

**Kyle Pietschmann - 4:12:24pm** Why don't we just enslave the people of Afghanistan and make them clean up the wreckage by hand?

Other citizens in a democracy may not value their own moral scruple over the collective interest in having accurate security information, even if collected by dubious means.

*In November 2002, CSIS received information about Mr. Arar from the Syrian Military Intelligence (SMI) and did not do an adequate reliability assessment as to whether the information was likely the product of torture. Indeed, its assessment was that it probably was not*

**Donna-Sue Howatson - 4:57:09pm** FEAR??? No Osama, not afraid in the slightest! My only fear, as a female, would be to still be ALIVE in a terrorist run society! In a case such as that I would welcome death and my ashes scattered to the wind!! No fear, honey.... I hope they DO have the internet and are checking out message boards and chats rooms visited by persons in the free world. I think the REAL prevailing attitude of Americans (lack of fear) would make him pee his "Aladdin" pants!! :)

It may be obvious to human rights activists how to adjudicate these claims, but it is not obvious to me. [...]

**Roger Loeb - 4:13:57pm** What part of NO! did they not understand. As a U.S. citizen & U.S. marine Corps vietnam veteran, I say "GO FOR IT!!!" only lets do it right this time, no half-stepping, we must not fail this time! and do not be fearfull! for fear is a sign of weakness, some fear; is only a bit of good sense & given insight to have. It's what terrorists play on; (fear) in which much what of the street gangs try to do as well, It will and can not be tolerated. Proud to be an American!

The best I can do is to relate the ban on torture to the political identity of the democracies we are trying to defend—by claiming that democracies limit the powers that governments can justly exercise over the human beings under their power, and that these limits include an absolute ban on subjecting individuals to forms of pain that strip them of their dignity, identity and even sanity.

**lilylangtree - 5:05:14pm** Hot diggity dog, USA is finally carrying out what should have been done at least two weeks ago. Go, go USA! Osama bin Laden and the Taliban: You godawful cowards! You can run but you can't hide. I can't wait until the coalition returns with your scalp and any other body parts, because as an American, I want justice and retribution for every single life that you and your terrorist buddies took on September 11 and previously. You couldn't face the military but you're willing to take innocent lives. God bless America!

*In March and April 2003, DFAIT failed to take steps to address the statement by Syrian officials that CSIS did not want Mr. Arar returned to Canada*

*In May and June 2003, the RCMP and CSIS were not supportive of a DFAIT initiative to send the Syrians a letter conveying that Canada spoke with one voice in seeking Mr. Arar's release*  
 We cannot torture, in other words, because of who we are **eggslinger - 5:49:11pm** kill every last man, woman and child!!--fight at same level as terrorists-- send clear message to all concerned This is the best I can do, but those of us who believe this had better admit that many of our fellow citizens are bound to disagree **Larry Brumfield - 6:38:57pm** Our retribution should be swift and hard. We should kick them back into their caves for the next thousand years - then when they come out again, maybe they'll know how to act. As for the refugees...what refugees? Those are escaping targets!! *Following Mr. Arar's return, reports were prepared within government that had the effect of downplaying the mistreatment or torture to which Mr. Arar had been subjected* It is in the nature of democracy itself that fellow citizens will define their identity in ways that privilege security over liberty and thus reluctantly endorse torture in their name **Alan Cluff - 6:45:23pm** It is good to see so many wake up and see how great this nation is. I hope God will forgive us for forgetting If we are against torture, we are committed to arguing with our fellow citizens, not treating those who defend torture as moral monsters *Both before and after Mr. Arar's return to Canada, Canadian officials leaked confidential and sometimes inaccurate information about the case to the media for the purpose of damaging Mr. Arar's reputation or protecting their self-interests or government interests* **Steven A. Brown - 7:35:37pm** This popular idea about a sex change operation for bin Laden is sheer fantasy. We would be sending him back to an Afghanistan ruled by a new government, not the Taliban. We don't need to capture him and put him on trial, giving him a forum for his satanic rhetoric. All we need to do is bomb him into oblivion Those of us who oppose torture should also be honest enough to admit that we may have to pay a price for our own convictions. **Kevin Punsky - 7:22:45pm** What I want to know is if these douchebag hijackers of Islam are so much against women, what the Hell were they doing at a strip club in Florida on the night before the attack? [...] The price of my scruple might simply seem too high. **Chad Brick - 7:43:14pm** Regardless of what we did, Afghanistan would still be a disaster today. At least we managed to slow Communism on one front This is a risk I am prepared to take, but frankly, a majority of fellow citizens is unlikely to agree." **DaveJoy - 7:58:40pm** I am very happy with the way President Bush and the United States and our allies have handled this situation. I think the bombings today will hopefully send a message that anything but compliance with our demands will not be tolerated. The Taliban and Osama bin Laden should pay for wounding freedom. I would prefer capturing bin Laden and slowly torturing him instead of killing him. After all "an eye for an eye" *When briefing the Privy Council Office and senior government officials about the investigation regarding Mr. Arar, the RCMP omitted certain key facts that could have reflected adversely on the Force<sup>v</sup>*

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<sup>i</sup> Portions of this text were generated with the assistance of the Cut Up Machine at <http://www.languageisavirus.com/cutupmachine.html> and the Gysin Cutups Machine by Florian Cramer at <http://www.languageisavirus.com/cgi-bin/slice-n-dice.cgi>

<sup>ii</sup> This piece owes its form to Mark Nowak, and its title and a third of its content to Aaron Vidaver.

<sup>iii</sup> In an open letter to the *London Review of Books* shortly after the attacks on the World Trade Centers in 2001, Marjorie Perloff disputed the contention made by many that "America had it coming." She also disputed the contention that "many" Americans held this view. As evidence, she ends her letter with the following anecdote: "The man who takes care of our garden in Pacific Palisades, Ruben Vargas, was here the other day. A Latino who came to California from Mexico not all that long ago, Vargas has a daughter who is a freshman at UCLA. Some of us like to think that such upward mobility is what makes the US unique. I asked Ruben what he thought of the attack. 'Well,' he said, 'at least now we're all in it together.' I responded: 'But Ruben, many of my friends think it's all America's fault.' He smiled and said: 'Excuse me, Marjorie' – yes, in California, one has only a first name – 'but isn't that a minuscule part of the population?' Of course!". <http://www.lrb.co.uk/v23/n20/letters.html#letter1>.

<sup>iv</sup> From Michael Ignatieff, "Moral Prohibition At A Price". In *Torture: Does it Make Us Safer? Is it Ever OK?: A Human Rights Perspective*. Kenneth Roth and Minky Worden, eds. The New Press / Human Rights Watch 2006; *Larry King Live* Oct. 7 2001, the day a coalition led by the United States began bombing Afghanistan; *Report of the Events Relating to Maher Arar*, the report of the commission of inquiry led by Justice Dennis O' Connor.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

ANNE AHMAD teaches graphic design at SFU and the Art Institute of Vancouver.

MICHAEL BARNHOLDEN lives and works in the Asthma Flats neighbourhood of Vancouver. Publishes LINEbooks, edits West Coast Line, teaches at Emily Carr U. Recent books include *Circumstances Alter Photographs* (Talon '09), *Gabriel Dumont Speaks* (new translation Talon '09), *Street Stories: 100 Years of Homelessness* (Anvil '07), *Reading the Riot Act: A Brief History of Riots in Vancouver* (Anvil '05), *Works* (Tsunami '99), and *Writing Class: The KSW Anthology* (New Star '99).

TED BYRNE's latest book is *Beautiful Lies* from CUE Books. He is on the Board of the KSW and works at the Trade Union Research Bureau in Vancouver.

STEPHEN COLLIS is the author of *The Commons* and *On the Material*.

CRIS COSTA lives in Vancouver and recently completed an M.A. at SFU in English, where her focuses included CanLit and cultural theory. She is a collective member of the KSW, and was previously on the Scream Literary Festival executive committee in Toronto. Cris is currently working on short-fiction about oppression, suburbia, and capitalism. She also writes poetry.

KIM DUFF is a PhD student at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, BC. Her previous research has included avant-garde poetry and global spatial logic. Her dissertation will focus on contemporary British literature with a particular focus on literature that engages with Thatcherism, privatization and urban spatial theory. She has also recently published a book of poetry, *Tube Sock Army*, through LINEbooks.

EMILY FEDORUK lives in New Westminster, BC, and is an English student at Simon Fraser University. This year, she is working on completing her MA thesis on the social space of malls and trying to leave town for future studies. Her first book of poems, *All Still*, came out last year from LINEbooks.



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RAY HSU teaches Creative Writing at UBC. He has published over a hundred poems in over thirty-five literary journals internationally, including *Action*, *Yes*, *Drunken Boat*, and *SOFTBLOW*. While completing his PhD in English Literature, he taught for three years in a nearby prison, where he founded the award-winning Prison Writing Workshop. He is the author of *Anthropy*, which won the League of Canadian Poets' Gerald Lampert Award. His second book, *Cold Sleep Permanent Afternoon*, is forthcoming from Nightwood Editions.

SCOTT INNISS is currently eating tortillas with black beans and green salsa and listening to Ornette Coleman's *Skies of America*. In six months, he hopes to receive his MA in English from the University of British Columbia. Recent poetry has also appeared in *Matrix*, *Vallum*, and *The Capilano Review*.

KSW collective member from 2000-2003, REG JOHANSON is the author of *Courage*, *My Love* (Line Books 2006), and *N 49 19.47 - W 123 8.11 (PILLS 2008)*, with Roger Farr and Aaron Vidaver. Selections from *Escraches* also appear in *N 49 19.47 - W 123 8.11*, *Matrix*, and *Open Text: Canadian Poetry and Poetics in the 21st Century* (Capilano University Editions 2009). He teaches writing at Capilano University, North Vancouver, Coast Salish Territory.

SONNET L'ABBÉ is the author of two collections of poetry, *A Strange Relief* and *Killarnoe*, both published by McClelland and Stewart. She has taught writing at the University of Toronto's School of Continuing Studies and reviews poetry and fiction for the *Globe and Mail*. L'Abbé is currently writing her doctoral dissertation in English Literature at the University of British Columbia.

TIZIANA LA MELIA is an artist based in Vancouver. She is currently an MFA candidate at the University of Guelph and works in drawing, painting, poetry, and collage.

DONATO MANCINI is the author of two books of procedural and visual poetry, *Ligatures* (2005) and *Æthel* (2007), both from New Star books, both nominated for the ReLit Award. He also co-directed the world's first genuine in-world avatar documentary *AVATARA* (2003) that is now part of the Ubu Web international archive of experimental film and video. Long time KSW member,

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he was a principal organiser of the N 49 15.832 - W 123 05.921 Positions Colloquium in August 2008. His third collection of poetry, *Buffet World*, is due from New Star in 2010. Other publications, current and forthcoming, include a chapbook from BookThug in Toronto, poems in *The Capilano Review*, *Rampike*, *W*, *The West Wind Review*, *Parser*, and *ditch*, a contribution to *Publishing the Unpublishable* project on Ubu Web, poetry in the historical anthology of conceptual writing *Against Expression* and an interview with Winnipeg/Vancouver poet Colin Smith in *Open Letter*. Currently he works, lives and writes in Vancouver, BC.

HEATHER MCDONALD is a Vancouver writer, currently enrolled at Simon Fraser University. She is currently focusing on micro-fiction and prose poetry, and working on a chapbook (titled "I Have A Pain in My Father").

TOMASZ MICHALAK lives and works in Vancouver.

TONY POWER looks after the Contemporary Literature Collection and the reading series at SFU Library. He also sells modern first editions at [www.tonypow.com](http://www.tonypow.com) and seems close to finishing the first of his two notoriously sluggish novels-in-progress. Chapter 2 of the first is excerpted here; chapter 3 appears in the current issue of *Memewar* (#11); and the opening section of the second novel recently appeared in *Golden Handcuffs Review* (Seattle) #12 Fall/Winter 2009/10.

NIKKI REIMER is a poet, blogger, community organizer, arts event planner, member of the Kootenay School of Writing and W2 Community Media Arts and photographer of cats in East Vancouver. A chapbook, *fist things first*, was recently published by Wrinkle Press and a book is forthcoming from Frontenac House in the spring.

JONATHON WILCKE is a poet, composer, saxophonist, and student. His second book, *Dupe!*, is forthcoming from LINEbooks in the Spring of 2010.

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