

TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

# Six Cities



There's a seditious joy in a thronging crowd.

— Laura Elrick

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## CONTENTS

Introduction	5	Roger Farr
VANCOUVER	7	Editor, Roger Farr
<i>A City Called Capital</i>	9	Jeff Derksen
Three Poems	11	Marie Annharte Baker
from <i>Greenstone Cove</i>	16	Maxine Gadd
<i>Search String</i>	20	Melissa Guzman
from <i>Surplus</i>	25	Roger Farr
NEW YORK	29	Editors, Laura Elrick & Rodrigo Toscano
from <i>Mediated</i>	31	Carol Mirakove
from <i>Field Guide</i>	36	Tan Lin
Two Poems	40	Rodrigo Toscano
from <i>Fantasies in Permeable Structures</i>	47	Laura Elrick
CALGARY	53	Editor, Ian Samuels
from <i>Robots Versus Wolves</i>	55	Jason Christie
from <i>Saint Ampede, Cowboy Poetry and the Greatest Show on Earth</i>	59	Jill Hartman
<i>jogging ice and asphalt</i>	64	Natalie Zina Walschots
from <i>My City is Ancient and Famous</i>	65	Julia Williams
from <i>Red City Blues</i>	68	Ian Samuels
MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL	73	Editor, Mark Nowak
<i>Speed</i>	75	Sun Yung Shin
<i>This is/American and Strange</i>	79	Lisa Arrastía
<i>Polyphonica</i>	84	Ed Bok Lee
<i>Frame IX: Quebec City</i>	86	Mark Nowak

EIGHT IMAGES	93	
List of Illustrations	95	
TORONTO	105	Editor, Margaret Christakos
from <i>Somatica</i>	106	Louise Bak
<i>Explanatory Gap</i>	112	Ken Babstock
from <i>Troubled</i>	115	RM Vaughan
from <i>Zong!</i>	119	M. Nourbese Philip
from <i>Wide slumber for lepidopterists</i>	124	angela rawlings
<i>Sherry-Mary's Phonic Lichen</i>	128	Margaret Christakos
SAN FRANCISCO	131	Editors, Rob Halpern & Jocelyn Saidenberg
<i>94110</i>	133	Amanda Davidson
from <i>The Block Party</i>	135	Taylor Brady
<i>Untitled</i>	136	David Larsen
from <i>Armies of Compassion</i>	137	Eleni Stecopoulos
<i>the imitation and the genuine</i>	139	Melissa R. Benham
from <i>A Reading: "... The Beautiful"</i>	140	Beverly Dahlen
<i>Last Winter</i>	142	Stefani Barber
<i>So Apes the Grid of Recognition</i>	144	Rob Halpern & Jocelyn Saidenberg
<i>Rest</i>	145	Wendy Kramer
<i>Prince Valiant</i>	146	Cedar Sigo
from <i>Hounds by Alli Warren</i>	148	Brandon Brown
<i>The Squad and I Ski and Swan</i>	150	Alli Warren
<i>And It's Still</i>	151	Chet Wiener
<i>9 Elche. Artist Statement</i>	153	Marcus Civin
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES	154	
FRONT COVER		Tim Davis, New York
"Unphotographable Object #5"		Colour photograph 14" x 11"

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Roger Farr

## VANCOUVER



## Jeff Derksen / A CITY CALLED CAPITAL

Linear tankers lie  
on the harbour's  
horizon. The speed  
of globalization. "Community-based  
crystal meth focus groups."

Jog by. "China  
Shipping Lines." Nature  
in the city. More or less.  
Crows crack mussels  
on the concrete, at sunset rest  
on corporate  
postmodern architecture.  
Low-level boredom at  
capital's exhaustion  
of options.

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

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

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

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

## Marie Annharte Baker / THREE POEMS

### yuppie begging bowl

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

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

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

retreat into nightmare

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

what do we mean "we"

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

# Maxine Gadd / from GREENSTONE COVE

## Maxine Meets Proteus in Gastown

### scene one

1967, the street

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and what of yr friends say i  
wondering of mine

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

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

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

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

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

## Melissa Guzman / SEARCH STRING

q

w

westbound sign green day lyrics  
wipe laptop screens with

e

ewan mcgregor tattoo

r

ragnarok online  
rogers text  
root tea sleep

t

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

y

u

ur sonata

i

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

o

o zone gay  
opacity css  
orca dildo

p

pimp juice

[

]

\

a

achewood  
anal bleaching  
angelina jolie tattoo

s

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

d

f

flags of the world

fleshlight

fujitsu p7020

g

google is god

google is dead

gorilla glue

graphic

gross sex

h

i

j

jeff wall

jenny lewis and the watson twins Vancouver

k

l

london drugs

;

z

x

c

canon pixma ip1600

cary united states

color like no other

color like no other extended

conan

css foreground

v

vaio wallpaper

vera wang

valerian root

valoud root

valour root

b

bcit emily carr

bell text messaging

bluetooth notebook mouse

brave little toaster

brook ewert

n  
ndp  
nipple tassles  
nokia 8801

m  
melissa guzman  
midgley stryjak

,

.

/

## Roger Farr / from *SURPLUS*

### IX

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

X

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

## XI

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

## XII

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

NEW YORK

# THE FUTURE

The future is a vast and uncharted territory, a landscape of possibilities and challenges. As we stand on the precipice of the 21st century, we are faced with a series of critical decisions that will shape the course of human civilization. The path we choose will determine whether we are to live in a world of peace and prosperity or one of conflict and despair.

One of the most pressing issues of our time is the environment. The Earth is a delicate and fragile planet, and we are in the process of destroying it. The air is polluted, the water is contaminated, and the land is being ravaged. We must take immediate action to protect our planet, or we will be left with a barren and lifeless world.

Another major challenge is the threat of nuclear war. The world is now armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons, and the potential for a global nuclear holocaust is ever present. We must find a way to disarm ourselves and live in a world of peace and cooperation.

Finally, we must address the issue of social justice. There is a vast and growing gap between the rich and the poor, and we must find a way to bridge this divide. We must create a world where everyone has the opportunity to live a life of dignity and respect.

The future is not predetermined, and it is up to us to shape it. We have the power to create a world that is better than the one we live in today. We have the power to bring about peace, prosperity, and justice for all. It is up to us to choose the path that leads to a better future.

Carol Mirakove / from *MEDIATED*

*¿Dónde está el mando a distancia?*

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

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

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

<Subject> rock smash scissors <End of Message>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Headline: Bolivia fights back! (*Continued*)

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

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

<Subject> with you while apart <End of Mess

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

to say wet we are not  
& among them.  
animals

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

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

falling  
from & sky, go





Tan Lin / from *FIELD GUIDE*



## PREFACE to a DEPT STORE

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

DIRECTIONS FOR USE: ! EXCHANGE IMMEDIATELY !

1 dollar bill with someone,  
drop the dollar bill  
on the floor and then  
leave as quietly as possible.



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

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

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

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

“Architecture as Shelter with Decoration on It”

vs.

“Literature As Space with Language Attached to It.”

## Rodrigo Toscano / TWO POEMS

### Sublunary Markings of Autumn, In

In contemporary lockstep provincial cathedral morality.

In contemporary frilly.

In lockstep contemporary grousey.

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

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

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

In lockstep contemporary mousy sharp-toothed.

*Hook you up* Nova Yehrky.

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

Terminal condition, liminal perdition, *aeasthe-*

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

SNU SNORKE'M.

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

Find you a roarin' rowdy spendthrift.

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

“Just dyyyyin to mee chu”

Spork for to tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

In *brightness*, and in “live.”

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

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

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

*If t'wasn't ferr Chippy McNeesh*

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

Today as a stand-in for *today*.

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

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

Supply you, connect me, vice versa.

In lockstep provincial, contemporary: *Spork Town*.

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

*Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens*

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

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

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

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

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

*Everybody* and *nobody* wants you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother Ulterior.

Magnificently speechy horrific and imitative.

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

Great Wrappers of New York.

In lock and in step, and in down.

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

*Höher und höher und höher.*

Up with your bed sores borough politics.

In lockstep, Provincial, Prosthetic, Professional.

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

Tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

"nice to spork you"

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

Out of proportion — *lusty spork*.

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

'K' 'O' — in reverse.

Aestheticon insert.

Aestheticon extra.

Secular almsgiving.

## To Leveling Swerve

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

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

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

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

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

Almighty site pattern about the beastie wound.

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

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

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

We as the Blockbuster News critic sentinels acting "disgusted."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Put the McDonalds into it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That lower-class seekers ply their thrusties and gyrational against their multiple-unit owning cousins: "poethics"

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

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

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

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

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

The without the beanie altogether.

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

Laura Elrick / from *FANTASIES IN PERMEABLE  
STRUCTURES*

XIV

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

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

## XV

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

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

## XVI

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

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

# CALGARY

Calgary is a city in the province of Alberta, Canada. It is the largest city in the province and the fourth largest in Canada. The city is located in the southern part of the province, on the eastern bank of the Bow River. It is a major center of commerce and industry in the province.

The city is known for its skyline, which includes several skyscrapers. It is also known for its sports teams, including the Calgary Flames of the National Hockey League and the Calgary Stampeders of the Canadian Football League. The city is a major center of the oil and gas industry in Canada.

Calgary is a multicultural city with a diverse population. It is home to people from many different countries and ethnicities. The city is known for its tolerance and acceptance of all people.

The city is a major center of education in the province. It is home to several universities, including the University of Calgary and the Calgary Community College. The city is also home to several research and development centers.

Calgary is a city of parks and recreation. It has several large parks, including the Bow River Parkway and the Elbow River Parkway. The city is also home to several sports stadiums and arenas.

The city is a major center of the arts and culture in the province. It is home to several museums, including the Calgary Museum of Art and the Calgary Zoo. The city is also home to several theaters and concert halls.

Calgary is a city of innovation and technology. It is home to several high-tech companies and research centers. The city is also a major center of the oil and gas industry in Canada.

The city is a major center of the service industry in the province. It is home to several large corporations and financial institutions. The city is also a major center of the retail industry in the province.

Calgary is a city of opportunity. It is a city where people can find jobs, start businesses, and live a better life. The city is a city of hope and dreams.

The city is a city of pride. It is a city where people love to live and work. The city is a city of excellence and achievement.

Calgary is a city of the future. It is a city that is always growing and changing. The city is a city of promise and potential.

# CONTENTS

Introduction	1
Chapter 1: The History of the Book	15
Chapter 2: The Structure of the Book	35
Chapter 3: The Language of the Book	55
Chapter 4: The Style of the Book	75
Chapter 5: The Content of the Book	95
Chapter 6: The Form of the Book	115
Chapter 7: The Function of the Book	135
Chapter 8: The Value of the Book	155
Chapter 9: The Future of the Book	175
Conclusion	195

## Jason Christie / from *ROBOTS VERSUS WOLVES*

### Robot Poems

#### **Deep Throat**

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

#### **The Invisible Ruler or The Despot Wears No Clothes**

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

#### **Satellite City**

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

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

### **Spirit**

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

### **A Capital Idea**

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

## Wolf Poems

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

### **The Wolves Won't Hunt**

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

### **Wolf Call**

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

### **Wolf's Miscellany**

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

### **Wolf Economics**

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

### **A Pack Memory or A Paragraph**

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

### **Wolf Smile**

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

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

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

one-man-band  
steal the show and tell

our buffalo bill:  
extinction

spaghetti-o  
western

alienation has nothing on  
the exquisite embarrassment teenagers invented

my own city my nation  
alien

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

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

CPR rails against yankee invasion  
RCMP and Fort Calgary

I Love Alberta Beef  
a heck of a thing to love

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the motherfucking King of Heaven  
the Patron Saint of Calgary

corndogs  
superdogs  
calf-roped in

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

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

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

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

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

# Natalie Zina Walschots / jogging ice and asphalt

duck clotted bow  
strangles blacklight venal  
gray sinus bleeds menthol

gel vapid bow  
haggles onslaught scuffle  
dove mucus seeds asthma

gale pitted bow  
hobbles toothpick glottal  
coal linctus grieves pharynx

drear slathered bow  
curdles flatbed wrangle  
char soother peels bronchus

dour crumpled bow  
dribbles gangplank quarrel  
steel vapour scours, exhale

Julia Williams / from MY CITY IS ANCIENT  
AND FAMOUS

My City Is a Puzzling Equation

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

I want to build houses in  
a dead century

I must find a place for my feet

My City Has Lofty Ideals

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

## My City is a Golden Ratio

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

## My City Is an Ancient and Famous Destination

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

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

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

## My City Glows When We All Fall Silent

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

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

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

Ian Samuels / from *RED CITY BLUES*

## The Legend of Black and Red, Part One.

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

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

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

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

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

## Who of All Dancers?

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

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

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

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

Johnny Rocket's *Tale of Woe*.

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

"But that's a lie.

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

"But that's a lie.

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

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

"But that's a lie.

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

# Journal Title

The first section of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records and the role of the auditor in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements. It highlights the need for transparency and accountability in the reporting process.

## 2. The Role of the Auditor

The second section delves into the specific responsibilities of the auditor, including the identification of risks and the implementation of control procedures. It emphasizes the auditor's duty to provide an independent and objective assessment of the company's financial health.

## 3. The Impact of Technology

The third section explores the impact of technology on the auditing process, particularly the use of data analytics and artificial intelligence. It discusses how these tools can enhance the efficiency and effectiveness of audits, while also addressing the challenges associated with data security and privacy.

## MINNEAPOLIS / ST. PAUL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

## Sun Yung Shin / SPEED

*As ever and always, there were*

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

Of the momentum of miniature automobiles racing under the furniture

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

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

---

*As ever and always, specifically in the*

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

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

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

Burden of the soul, can the body ever contain it

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

Identical words waiting beneath your teeth

One's tongue a singular burden

---

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

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

Human skull reaches adult size by age eight

What we once called vocal chords we now call folds

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

Learn quickly that all cries are not musical

---

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

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

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

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

Garden, the yellow tulip bulbs unplanted, those withered skulls

Trivia of one's house, one's borders

Disfigure them freely, implant, transplant

Wash the lintels in blood

---

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

**a full-fledged and clear "demand"**

**while demand for children in adoption has continued to rise in the industrialized world, fertility has fallen**

**"structural supply of children"**

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

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

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

---

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

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

We embrace her, Mother.

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

Visitation, astonishing speed.

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

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

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*University of Cape Town*. Re-accessed 5 February 2006 <[http://web.uct.ac.za/  
depts/ci/plr/pdf/salrc\\_dis/25-dp103-ch22.pdf](http://web.uct.ac.za/depts/ci/plr/pdf/salrc_dis/25-dp103-ch22.pdf)>.

## Lisa Arrastía / THIS IS/AMERICAN AND STRANGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Note on the text

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

## Ed Bok Lee / POLYPHONICA

I know children who must  
translate their parents' words

into help from others.  
These ancient instruments

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

beneath cotton and flannel Goodwill.  
Who never possess time

to savor the stories they tell,  
the power winding sideways

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

bus driver, social worker,  
911 operator, perplexed

neighbor. Messages immigrant  
as birds, fish and grass

swoop in unison to  
and away from any

classroom sentence pattern.  
Sometimes they shut down.

As adults grow frustrated,  
threaten, sigh; two languages

choked mid-air, canceling  
the third's strange

music no dictionary  
could document

a fly's eye.

Mark Nowak / FRAME IX: QUEBEC CITY

## FRAME IX: QUEBEC CITY

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

[PROJECTION/SIGN]

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

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

**We, the democratically elected Heads of State  
and Government of the Americas,  
have met in Quebec City at our Third Summit,  
to renew our commitment to hemispheric integration  
and national and collective responsibility  
for improving the economic well-being  
and security of our people.  
We have adopted a Plan of Action  
to strengthen representative democracy,  
promote good governance  
and protect human rights  
and fundamental freedoms.  
*The Venezuelan delegation  
wishes to reserve its position  
on paragraphs 1 and 6***

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

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

*The Venezuelan delegation  
wishes to reserve its position  
on paragraphs 1 and 6  
of the Declaration of Quebec City,  
because, according to our government,  
democracy should be understood in its broadest sense  
and not only in its representative quality.  
We understand that the exercise of democracy encompasses,  
as well, citizen participation in decision-making  
and in government management,  
with a view to the daily formation of a process  
directed towards the integral development of society.  
Because of this, the Venezuelan government*

*would have preferred and thus requested that,  
in this Summit, the text of the Declaration  
would expressly reflect  
the participatory character of democracy.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He saw oak and arbutus  
and a good river and material  
to make water-powered sawmills.

**We direct our Ministers to ensure  
that negotiations of the FTAA Agreement  
are concluded no later than January 2005  
and to seek its entry into force  
as soon as possible thereafter, but in any case,  
no later than December 2005.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Summits of the Americas exist to serve people.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the success of any business and for the protection of the interests of all parties involved. The document then outlines the various methods and procedures that should be followed to ensure the accuracy and reliability of the records. It also discusses the importance of regular audits and the role of the auditor in verifying the accuracy of the records. The document concludes by stating that the proper maintenance of records is a fundamental responsibility of every business owner and manager.

# LIST OF CONTENTS

## EIGHT IMAGES

1. The first image	1
2. The second image	2
3. The third image	3
4. The fourth image	4
5. The fifth image	5
6. The sixth image	6
7. The seventh image	7
8. The eighth image	8

1870

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

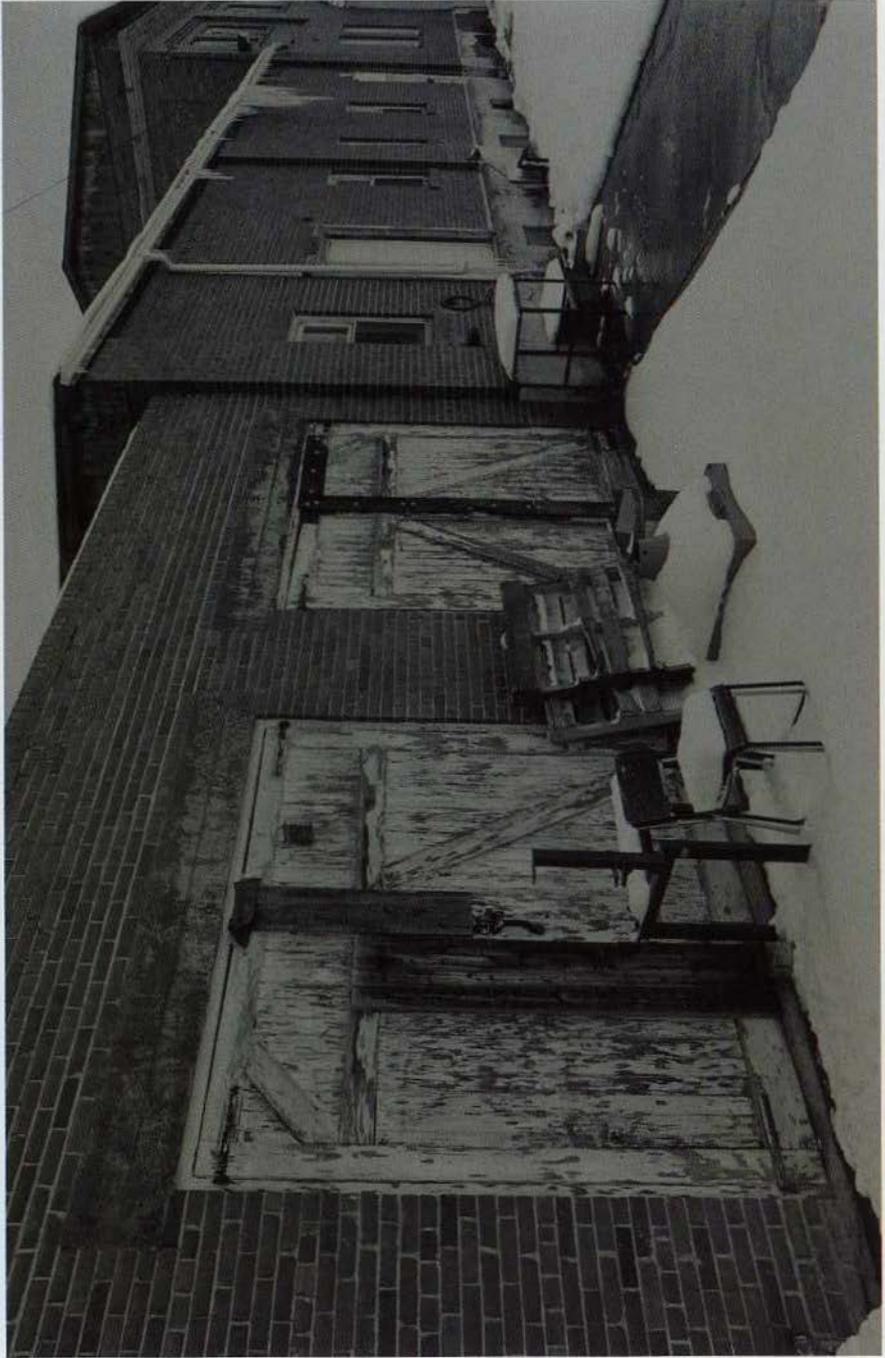
1. Kirsten Forkert (Vancouver)  
"Banner," from *PUBLIC TIME*, 2003  
3.5 x 5 inches, photo
2. Kirsten Forkert (Vancouver)  
"Banner: View from Window," from *PUBLIC TIME*, 2003  
3.5 x 5 inches, photo
3. Alanna McCallion (Calgary)  
Untitled  
8.5 x 11 inches, 35mm black and white photo
4. Alanna McCallion (Calgary)  
Untitled  
8.5 x 11 inches, 35mm black and white photo
5. Sharon Harris (Toronto)  
triptych from *I Love You Toronto*, 2005
6. Marcus Civin (San Francisco)  
"9 Elche," from *Transcription of Crime and Punishment*, 2005  
8.5 x 11 inches, pencil and ink on newsprint
7. Tanya Hollis (San Francisco)  
"Biologie," 2005  
3.5 x 8 feet, mixed media
8. Wing Huie (Minneapolis/St. Paul)  
"Founders of the Worldwide Asian Elvis Fan Club, Houston, Texas," 2002  
72 x 48 inches, photo



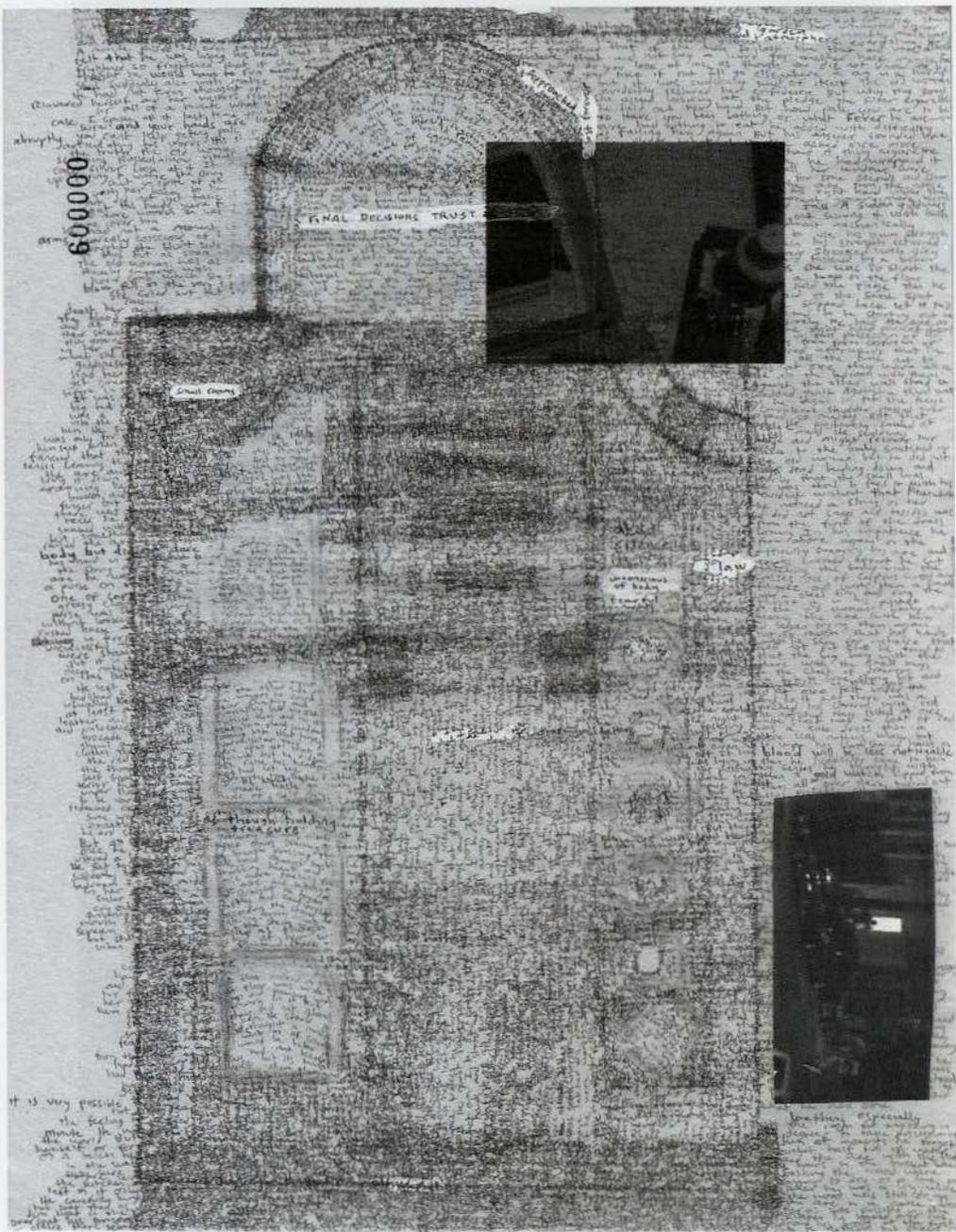
DELIBERATELY INCOMPLETE











600000

FINAL DECISIONS TRUST

Small Group

UNRECORDED

law

It is very possible  
the feeling  
would be  
longer  
left on it  
and







# TORONTO

Louise Bak / from *SOMATICA*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**A: OK**

**B: Whah . . . nei hoew dukh yuen ghang**

B: Whoa . . . you're very scary

**A: Nei yoe seung gic ngo**

A: You're trying to irritate me again

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

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

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

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

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

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

**A: Enough. We're identical.**

**B: Nei ghoch duk deem?**

B: How do you feel?

**A: Ngo moew yaeh.**

A: I'm okay.

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

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

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

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

**B: Ngo umh mheet dut qhwei huew.**

I can't tear it off.

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

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

## THE WATERS RISE

[ . . . ]

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

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

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

**B: No fucking way.**

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

**B: No way. Let go of me.**

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

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

**B: Let me go.**

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

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

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

B: Let me go.

They wrestle.

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

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

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

A: . . . modesty checks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**A: (trying to grab her back)**

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

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

**B . . . Your heart still can't decide**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**A: Nei yuen ji . . .**

**A: Watch out for . . .**

**B: Nei ho sang . . .**

**B: Be careful . . .**

They break away from each other.

## Note on the text

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

## Ken Babstock / EXPLANATORY GAP

*Happiness, happiness, happiness.* Happiness. Sound of rabbits  
freed from the hutch, ass-  
upping their way toward the Interstate. Etymology of 'blizzard':  
unknown.

I repeated that for weeks when conversations stalled, dried up,  
exposed

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

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

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

## Explanatory Gap

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Explanatory Gap

It was Nineteen-Eighty-BoreYouToDeath and sex had attached  
its lips to Things.  
New was no longer the inverse but the utter annihilation  
of old. New laws, models, growth on the hedgerows  
that had to be hacked. New

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

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

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

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

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

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

Session 28

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

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

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

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

## Session 1

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

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

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

## Session 2

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

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

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

## Session 27

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

To tell love, name attraction catching bats with envelopes

M. Nourbese Philip / from *ZONG!*

Zong! # 6

question therefore

the age

eighteen weeks

and calm

but it is said...

-from the maps

and

contradicted

by the evidence...

question

therefore

the age

---

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

## Zong! # 25

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

# Zong! # 26

justify the could

the captain &

the crew

the authorize

in captain

crew &

could

could authorize justify

captain

&

crew

the

could

or justify authorize

could

captain & crew

authorize

the crew

the captain &

the could

the justify

in

captain

could &

crew

in authorize

justify

the could

the captain &

the crew

justify the authorize

the could

## Note on the text

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

A. Rawlings / from *WIDE SLUMBER FOR LEPIDOPTERISTS*

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

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

we hold our slow high flight

is exposure a posture?

chrysalistalization

marsh bog, chariswamp

remove beauty from body

dream or else

monotony

underwater

hallucidity

bodydobody

overwinter

sleep woven

slow wave

silk wrapped

in silk nests caterpillars in silk

communes pulse in push in

bodieseidobodies

is removal political?

c	la
comma, common swallowtail, southern swallowtail, scarce swallowtail, wood	white,
hry	ugh
salis	of bre
brimstone, black-veined white, small white, bath white, white admiral, southern white	
slick,	th of win
flick of	gs warmed
admiral, red admiral, small tortoiseshell, cardinal, marbled white, western marbled white,	
scale, high	then beaten,
er, voice soft	scales high
hermit, meadow brown, small heath, wall brown, woodland brown, lattice brown, brown	
whoosh a push	finger push
on mound a fin	on scale flat
hairstreak, black hairstreak, ilex hairstreak, white-letter hairstreak, short-tailed blue, small	
ger on crimped	tense, rest th
fold inside,	fritillary pulp
blue, silver-studded blue, mazarine blue, damon blue, chalkhill blue, adonis blue butterfly	
bottom	breathe

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

Why.

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

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

Margaret Christakos / from THE HOITY TOITY SUP-  
PLEMENTS, or, ONE VERY INTERESTING EXAMPLE

Sherry-Mary's Phonic Lichen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Marketing Orientation - How the Multinational Firm's Incidence in the Very Interesting Example

John M. Sorenson, Dallas

The marketing orientation of the multinational firm is a subject of increasing interest. The marketing orientation of the multinational firm is a subject of increasing interest. The marketing orientation of the multinational firm is a subject of increasing interest.

Marketing orientation is a concept that has been defined in a number of ways. It is the degree to which a firm's activities are oriented toward the market. It is the degree to which a firm's activities are oriented toward the market.

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SAN FRANCISCO

# MISSION DISTRICT 94110



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

## Amanda Davidson / 94110

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Taylor Brady / from THE BLOCK PARTY

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

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

marks of time, of marking time, doing time

— steps out of the memorial into the street

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

## David Larsen / UNTITLED

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

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

Eleni Stecopoulos / from *ARMIES OF COMPASSION*

Enduring freedom futures  
last a long time

Roman society staved off age with shit facials

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

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

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

There has never been theater in America

impersonating the void we no longer  
play in the dark

we drain the ocean

thematizing the real as  
scab cargo  
no one will unload

there has never been theater  
only suppliant women buried child

evacuating with bodies  
the plausible deniability of law

Melissa R. Benham / the imitation and the genuine

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

our atmosphere of hospitality is simple as  
a miniature strawberry festival

in days of hatlessness be gentler, even weather can devastate

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

winter, merely, appears

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

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

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

mushrooms wine

waves of grain  
from before

waves of grain

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

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

asleep at last

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

sea in the window  
backwards waving

disparate

remote

the burdens  
of catastrophe

separate

engulfed

a substance  
unlike rock

bitten torn  
straggles away

and rising  
rises again

Stefani Barber / LAST WINTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Missing in the count who now counts as

Counts for one as if one weren't already

Others missing being counted shows this

One counts things we've taken: states

Ears whose hearing counts hulking mass

Can't hear — the excess of our industry

Selling senses who can't count bodies

Mangled things *and the young*

— *get inducted into what this means*

# Wendy Kramer / REST

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

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

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

## Cedar Sigo / PRINCE VALIANT

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

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

Brandon Brown / from HOUNDS BY ALLI WARREN

no bombs raining down on our heads

by Sextus Propertius

Peace is the lord of love,

peace 'em we lovers whine and moan

sit on me, come dominate me with pseudo-hardship

no, my pecs aren't envying

a carpet of certain gold, no just sit on me

don't needa imbibe goblets of gin and juice

or have a thousand jugs

or be a pig farmer in Campania

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

O unlucky Earth that Prometheus fingered!

Ill-prepared he caught and egged

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

Alli Warren / THE SQUAD AND I SKI AND SWAN

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

## Chet Wiener / AND IT'S STILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Marcus Civin / 9 *ELCHE*: Artist Statement

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AMANDA DAVIDSON is a San Francisco writer and multimedia artist.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTE

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



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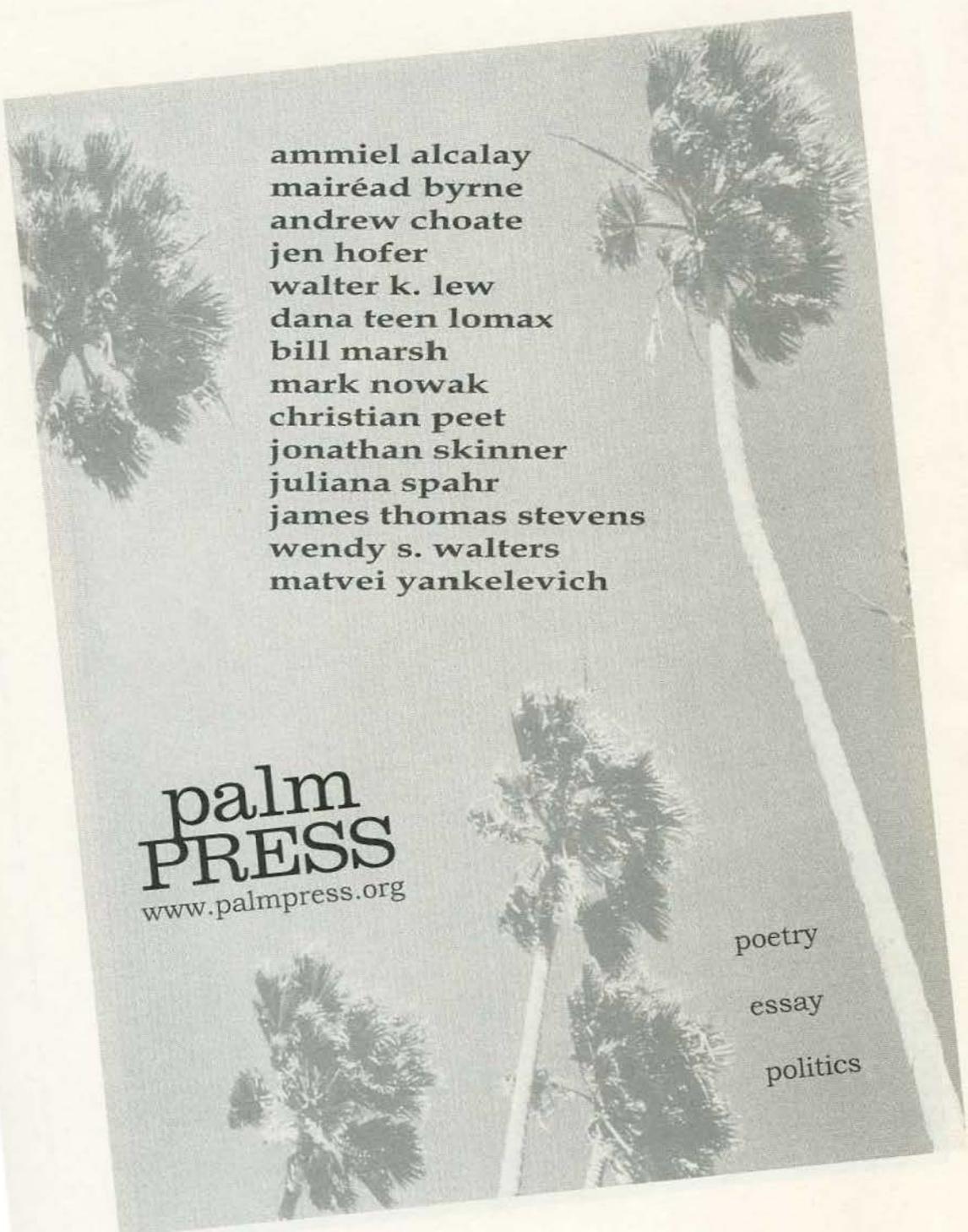


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Wen Wei Wang, Artist-in-Residence, Photo: Steven Lenny



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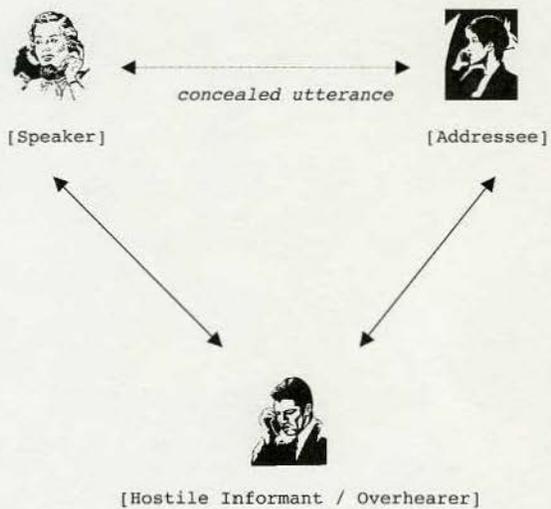
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*The Capilano Review has, for over thirty years, provided a measure to the innovative and contemporary and a productive site for a generation of literary and artistic boundary walkers. Its editors have provoked and sustained imagination and possibility for a wide range of writers and artists. TCR is a crucial voice to the continuing surge of west coast and Canadian culture.*

— Fred Wah (February 2006)

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

— Erin Moure (March 2006)

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

— John Barton

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

— Warren Tallman