

**W****Contents**

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Big Old Things

SUMMER 2000

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Used very frequently as a first letter, W leans on all the vowels and, perhaps less, on the diphthongs, from which it also risks being separated by an inscribed h; it is encountered in front of only one consonant, r, in which case it remains silent. The sense of oscillation (this would seem to be caused by the vague bifurcation of the letter, then of floating, etc.; of water and of humidity; of syncope and of caprice; even of weakness, of charm and of imagination) is based on an astonishing diversity: could one say, for example, that wr, authentically, designates torsion, because of a whole populous family where this digraph prevails? The most judicious appreciation that can be offered to this letter is that: at times regularly translating the initial g or v of an entire series of words belonging to other languages, it finds itself, although still completely grammatical, stripped of vitality.

— Stéphane Mallarmé, tr. Ted Byrne

## FALSETTO

Yeah, pert'near Gitanes

!ii!!ii

Yaya pert'near.

Good girls don't

inhale ~

No no, give me more Crisco,  
good guys.

(All draw a blank translating  
*mantillas*).

Last fairy.

Gentlemen prefer

Tsawwassen

(And *corazón* beats  
heart)

in easy cab.

Quiet crying in

juice streets.

Yeah, pert'near Gitanes

!ii!!ii

Yaya pert'near.

(to *Falseta*)

## MY DRUG ADA

Perry Como lame-o  
lassos stars,  
cigars.

Bossy verdant notch,  
tassled ass,  
delirious January  
clientele.

Quell la de da  
more nub!;Ada's rump  
lassie jubes  
filling rocks ya!  
Ya! Perry Como loves  
Saturdays,  
stars, cigars.

(to *Madrugada*)

## BACON

la la la' la Lo'la  
can't sit.  
Lost our stereo.  
Lardean,  
Yell Barbarella,  
dingding supper!  
Lazy bacon  
Yell Hanna-Barbara,  
la la la' la Lo'la can't  
sit.  
la la la' la Little Lotta  
kiss my bare  
Albuquerque tan.

(to *Balcón*)

## SILENCER

Hello mojo, silent leo.  
E-sun undulating coil,  
unslice,  
don' dress banal be eco  
inclined key front  
I see a slow.

(to *El Silencio*)

## CONJURE

El em en o crisp  
moocow Medusa  
getchyer jollies doin it  
nice dildel.

As is basted  
just cuz us.

Sobbing human blanket  
delinquent nut,  
y'all go on top  
and this is a primrose.

So as busted  
just cuz in.

Appreciate one heart  
invisible, lavish  
unicorn zoo  
reflected in the new tv

Ass backwards  
just cuz.

(to *Conjuro*)

## A Remumblery

Features drain from quotient  
self.

Vague.  
What's this?

It, speak.  
I

dried.  
Bullshit was never this

sweet. To write as if  
I can

memory.  
Defining human beings

as consumers for  
generations.

Let them  
have choice. Never think about where I am

from, although often  
about myself.

My name is Leif, and I, too  
am an accordian player.

Effects ate the data, sorry.  
What is the question?

To read Kafka as  
if Gogol lived unemployed in Montreal

in the era of late Reagan  
ate Mulroney.

Remember what?  
Grief, hail, if

history is important, I'm not important, you are, and whatever else is out here,  
just.

All loyalty to the social.  
What a piece of shit. Scintillating!

Maxims from my best friend drinking.  
The desiccation of American finance!

Can't invoke  
single

perception. Therefore "perception"  
is out of touch. It's an abstraction, and he sells it.

Deaf bubble word  
lives in air porn.

They've got ability and the corporate data base to access "private parties."  
NB: No Party is under any obligation to maintain your Comments (and the

use of your name with any comments) in  
confidence, to pay to you any compensation for any Comments

submitted, or to respond to any of your Comments.  
Even though it's on, maybe you're not. Get it?

It's like banning the air.  
You're under no obligation to comment.

You're over yes, and out. No  
comment-throwing your work in the private face?

Content disarmed.  
Complete this form and attach to your poem.

Poem? I may have gotten an optical illusion.  
I've got personal alarms, for believing when I hear it—appointments, parking, dinner.

“Calling all”  
and that curiouser and curiouser

“interpellating  
one”

or “a”  
federal bureau of bugles at the

annunciation—  
AOL, worth 12x more than it can possibly earn, buys Time Warner, who buys EMI.

Treating us like  
or to, barkers. Join the right

signal.  
Golf on

radio.  
(Putt

meaning  
to gather

again. Ball!)  
Sordello

in Waco.  
Militia meusli

mix, 3M.  
“You can take this life & scud it.”

Why so many Chinese restaurants in Los Alamos?  
For spying of course. Find out what radio

stations Christians listen to in their cars.  
DJ turntables have outsold guitars.

You’re working with a wave-form diagram of iambic pentametre  
you’re adding delay and feedback

you’re cutting out unwanted frequencies  
you’re applying phase effects

you’re even buffing the sine waves.  
World’s oldest sound recordings

circa 1885, birth of Ezra Pound.  
Help me communicate with human beings.

Bank of Montreal ad campaign  
effect.

Social engineer wannabe, with  
or without cognitive map

job? Verse  
in the era of late petroleum icecream.

Hospitalized for birth of explanation  
I insist within the aesthetic village, as cornered as the next guide.

So much given, etc., in return, revolution  
of personnel doors at best, you scream

career.  
Taste

tests—What a piece of bunk?  
What a piece of bunk?

Whoever, or whatever, did the social inscriptions, italicized “me,” in the last  
analysis, first  
of all, and in a first analysis.

We all scream  
for I scream this

body’s over.  
I am not mused.

Here  
alone but for interpellation

thanks to interpellation  
disarm your tone. The father

you seem, the closure  
I got, creamer’s

aftertaste. I need billing bad.  
O for a Be-in.

Pun's arbitrary need  
history's.

Who's next!  
Information Please.

Effects ate chance  
operations put body back

together again. People of the non-, or internally  
re- circulating libido

here is the immanent utopia!  
Answer answers with answers.

Go fuck yourself, therefore I am.  
Every line, entitlement.

'Keeping it simple' so that 'we can observe ourselves'. What  
historical logic! Don't know what

to do and don't know how to  
do it. Do

fuss. Object in mind,  
subject in relations.

Nobody move! Including  
me. Face backwards in the text

as if out of this word  
and pack as if for the last time.

Writing, to be wary of  
otherwise effortless everyday un-

conscious production.  
'The unconscious' is to 'no such entity' as

'I go inside the envelope others have written to me' is to  
'I hate metaphors, similes, memories, time'.

The self-esteem evaporator is turned on now  
to open the blank envelope!

No one to address but one's own prospects  
of death!

Nip 'n' tuck journalism just loves the wrinkles in Olay sales.  
—NO GEEZERS FOR OIL—

Is it paving, or raving inside  
or out? Need more quarters.

Someone is dying inside (abasement  
dweller) vs. someone who is dying

outside—"I don't have a roof." And the floor  
is yours, authoritarian neoliberal

backed by police tactics! You're welcome.  
Self-refining as you go, La Rochefoucault.

What a piece of shit.  
"Watch where you walk." Typical!

What's demeaning  
of The Meaning of Meaning?

So much Calvinism  
so little charisma-philosophy

of insertion, getting a lock on key  
themes. I'd hate to write being

or its philosophy.  
Children's token happy-enterprise stories.

"The economy must expand."  
Connectors, for connections, dangling, live.

Wired for Arnold.  
Children are just like refrigerators

economics an allegory of self-interest.  
Describe what the reader will already know

and recognize when your craft is successful.  
Luggage drops onto shifting and rotating black rubber strips-

oblong carousel. Not bad! Now, describe  
in this context, "carousel."

The one that enters those heavy-metal symbols of oldline industry.  
They made sausage meat out of her pet pig.

International business machines are happy  
to stand Grassroots United Against Reform's Demise.

It's forever "Stockwell Day" in Reform's country  
or county.

Citizens of global activism, effects want to eat your data.  
We farmed dispute settlement mechanisms, everybody's eating the results.

Midwest grain factories work their margin  
far from places most people visit

to enjoy nature. Prince  
Charles, talking to his plants

thinks with the bone in his nose.  
Think horde. Pass the butler.

"Local" as placemat  
at table with share, for egg, holder.

Animated like a Greek god  
creates story-what is it?

All the young Murdochs, filling their baskets  
when every egg counted.

Make wealth grow your own hair for you.  
Stock investment as hair loss treatment.

Conditioners, for conditions, of possibility.  
Clinton's face morphs into marble butt.

So peeled, so oxidized, so  
long, apprenticeship

I'm my own banana now!  
Workers wage

pressure  
on darkness visible.

The oxymoron stared vacantly at its mission.  
Monumentalism

reduced to dextrose tablet  
in hike up mountain.

Haiku balancing  
gauge itself. "My job, to explain the beauties

of free markets." My nipples  
stand in solidarity with Steelworkers

and Teamsters, and all the laboring people.  
Explain "nipples."

I'm paramount in this theatre.  
Paranormal, to you.

You can call me Horsey!  
I'm glad to have issues for breasts.

Am I procrastinating the world, of, on, others' terms,  
begging the question?

O fickle poelitics.  
I write the words affecting meow?

Barbarism!  
You taught much.

Now, you're dust.  
Shame on us.

Made the whole  
world singed.

Animal control  
Strangers in the dark-emerging markets.

Companies . . . who need companies.  
Japanese counterparts, our competitors

our friends; consumers, the enemy.  
Ford trucks in supply lines of the Wehrmacht.

Intel corp's \$327m gain from sales of investment shares boosted its net  
income to \$2.4b beating Wall Street estimates

for the quarter. Intel shares jumped about 13% last Friday on that  
earnings report. The tao of management

the Dow of faith. The time on my hands  
never leaves a mark, as the person sleeping with

the person is the one  
having the relationship—it's

win-win for the person.  
Slap. Popularity skill's derrière-garde

is not wiped yet.  
Kiss the marble butt

hello.

The blah blah blah of theory-weary theoretical bodies drinking coffee

agreed. Quoting

may indeed ritualize the banal, nevertheless, they—

advanced patheticism.

Our movement is indeed, catching

on something—”Sorry!”

Start me up, I’ll never stop.

Quit with the ghost roast-I hate that.

We don’t need no mole control . . . Hegel!

Being is for diamonds

and syllogisms.

Now, you’re us.

Shame on dust.

What’s the matter now?

Reading is unbelieving.

You don’t have to read Japanese

to eat Japanese

data.

I am a mental no

(saying) body.

I, ego?

Sure feel we tissue dissolving

conditionally-wet issue.

Mote of determination to every self  
present sovereign-historical

precedent. Practice makes  
me

want to pee.  
What a-

His signature  
is all over the placemat.

Complicit with the wristwatch.  
Asshole.

Utopic? You toke it.  
I must escort you to the door please.

Arresting party of four?  
This way.

There would be goods to be good about.  
NiQuill. You picked it.

di da di

while I nail trough mouble over ex-tict before your is just hold my hammer  
while it's much better remembered remember he's in grey skater pants has  
down's height bright cheeks gold benz jumped by a white stretch bell's cell cop  
cacophony sound washed for the grave by american gravy lip 'n' tongue is the  
short version the difference to my nailgun on semi or auto weekend if i don't  
O.D. on God ryme wile doing time scarf wages we got to go up free because  
we're serbian get a door in the foot mascara you constancy every bridal crypt  
episodes of caritas and storied chambers of G-G-dragons the papers read  
SUFFERING IS YOUR FATE—EMBRACE IT gauchos gravel saturday morning  
rituals? barely chargex of the linux brigade how many how many to screw in a  
light bulb can non screwers tell rayon grey flecks of lottery dandruff a steeple  
steeply bisected by a dozen tar strands heat around your feet in indianapolis  
mournful obstinance there's five of a dismissed lover bars in a row ragging  
pulled off socks look just her muff dancing in the air before her cpr strawberries  
with bipolar II hypomania mill r&b channels  
pj the populist centre dino-sours equivalent of  
popular culture is my drug versus i'm high on life/air adult shit mix lick-m-aid  
is mean to us there's joy to being barred to the temple said the new pornographers  
your sweet hearts do you find it warm in here well there's no word assaults  
assailants here anyway we havent had any accidents today peter lorre  
elo and dr dre  
contemplating a crime tortoise and supertramp most successful tweak dramatics  
gonna get his teeth down and a new dress underpants fake nails break their  
fingers every week pretend you didn't with my son in Squamish they tell her  
you've been worse off  
he writhes/they film/he watches/we watch  
hear that okay got our emails screwed up pick up three grapes with four  
fingers straw battery his tragic death  
domestic dispute  
as a tragic addict

some message 48 window limo rich nerds educate parole officer's kinner diddler  
commentator ex cbgb's doorman's countering the pulp fiction illusion of you  
wouldn't want someone interrupting you using on the street so shut up  
glamorous chocoholic raincoats bundled w/elastic just because you look good  
doesn't mean you feel good for your car second hand copy of rumours as the  
japanese say the dog barks put a name to a face maschoing oh yah boy kleenex  
in hell linus's windex usmania i'm his duff mincing words appropriate  
prostitution patrons neon banner ad 'round the market with floods alt.country  
site a click from s&m to msnbc contagious allergies rich people carry viruses  
bald shame the ravers neighbour E's vivaldi period i don't want to get zipped  
up either

swiffer and febreze amphibling vitnam heip van ITZNUTUYU, clay-boy  
spender harley cission because a cookie's named after him he's a qualified e-  
fashionista

aad ONCE THE OUTSIDER

ALWAYS THE OUTSIDER

keys in the fish living in a mucilage box car ravers cawing to each other warnings  
isn't a sign of good luck dedge weeping pussywillow 6 year old headband  
scrunchy cause it's uncommon Jones died today gurgling  
sound

ruptured tourist ex-  
heterosexual

to month he drives the suv in the family the blank look of a progressive house dj  
on his cd cover next to others just like him nine opposing biceps e @ ons r@ro's  
theory was that the direct experience of something always eluded one and could  
invest [best] be experienced in retro-spect, in memory the kid takes music to  
show today's youth's vacuity confess without the watching name  
of more holes than an afghan paraded in pink or music to show today's today  
not a Y2G crotchless panty town her high & low, N only hope now the "early,

neglected" can't deal hello it's all good whatever career path or architecture to show feels as if world is just as far as ironically dyslexia's he can reach more of a disability assault and capture for the rich melissa eh-all for AOL viewed how long it will take neurologically to re and re the we are all bad actors and good thought readers kitchen as a computer virus jerusalem pleasure downloaded water later bottle balanced on a minivan's roof & big guys with joe jobs clothes on hangers in bags video cameras at choke points bridges

classic sig

of the top tea stable hugely undercelebrated mucilage again bunt clearplastic upholstery tacks coke can smudges plasticky six moths ago smell day later tin biggest megahit since the death of JFK jr dinosaur's over before they're back what am I up to coconut sex what am I down to two hundred tv's never been a husband but had plenty of wives sometimes hold my roughly four sheets stapled open to the last page over volunteers are easier to order around twice as many to the ninth page me later cause their media sassy the fuzzy edge of the contrails what little of the tasters lying they decided they didn't fuck but were on the same page a notebook on them pen in middle not Tampa Red but grant categories tv shop on tire mipenddle men have to learn to be assholes now wait 3 days & call if it's bleeding used to be so easy free on green tape on the vcr and works on the tv to be read both for both even if in actuality not SHIT-DISTURBER IS A CANADIANISM you're not a bad person just a journalist quoting karl krauss at her 'n' her henchmen

sit/smoke/wait/wait

on the cell in the truck

as good as enough except at x-raying canaries in a cage is a the coalmine keep it rooted in the present and twigged to the youth of today will never miss retro cues

to get out of the way of yours the S on cotia tower rob it hotel next to it he knew it was an but:had to stop @main it's over before it starts 2-6-00 — 3-22-00

## AN OCTOBER

lake blue the outside blue bowl outside aluminum bowl the aluminum lake  
minutes of movement who of inlet who spoke inlet movement spoke minutes  
of saw surface when saw walks when hopefully walks surface hopefully of  
some streams and also streams how also expansive how and expansive some  
minutes of movement who of inlet who spoke inlet movement spoke minutes  
touch at three-hundred rains at graygreen rains under graygreen three-hundred under touch  
some streams and also streams how also expansive how and expansive some  
moonslice when ocean play when force play emit force ocean emit moonslice  
touch at three-hundred rains at graygreen rains there graygreen three-hundred there touch  
so outline how october outline vary october air vary how air so  
moonslice when ocean play when force play emit force ocean emit moonslice  
what or eye of motion or mouth of motion eye mouth what  
so outline how october outline vary october air vary how air so  
series course cloudway onto course yes onto interpret yes cloudway interpret series  
what or eye of motion or mouth of motion eye mouth what  
so outline how october outline vary october air vary how air so  
series course cloudway onto course yes onto interpret yes cloudway interpret series  
what or eye of motion or mouth of motion eye mouth what  
overcast release often none release treegreen none keeping treegreen often keeping overcast  
series course cloudway onto course yes onto interpret yes cloudway interpret series  
looks ground happens how ground winds how drizzle winds happens drizzle looks

overcast release often none release treegreen none keeping treegreen often keeping overcast  
house form in silver form anyway silver listening anyway in listening house  
looks ground happens how ground winds how drizzle winds happens drizzle looks  
of saw surface when saw walks when hopefully walks surface hopefully of  
house form in silver form anyway silver listening anyway in listening house  
lake blue again outside blue bowl outside aluminum bowl again aluminum lake

## A DECEMBER

upon some streams eyeing some motion eyeing houses motion streams houses upon  
or outline of again outline released again being released of being or  
oftentimes hopefulness listening houses hopefulness drop houses towards drop listening towards oftentimes  
looking impress there courses impress watered courses Basho watered there Basho looking  
or outline of again outline released again being released of being or  
issue howevermuch unlike water howevermuch towards water branches towards unlike branches issue  
looking impress there courses impress watered courses Basho watered there Basho looking  
you could afterwards illustrate could anywhere illustrate nothing anywhere afterwards nothing you  
issue howevermuch unlike water howevermuch towards water branches towards unlike branches issue  
it happens wherever cloudfaced happens walking-through cloudfaced releasing walking-through wherever releasing it  
you could afterwards illustrate could anywhere illustrate nothing anywhere afterwards nothing you  
needful of sidewalks happening of streetlights happening youth winded streetlights sidewalk youth winded needful  
it happens wherever cloudfaced happens walking-through cloudfaced releasing walking-through wherever releasing it  
oftentimes hopefulness listening houses hopefulness drop houses towards drop listening towards oftentimes  
needful of sidewalks happening of streetlights happening youth winded streetlights sidewalk youth winded needful  
upon some streams eyeing some motion eyeing houses motion streams houses upon

## ICONNOTATIONS.

saw with my own **eyes** the language got up and walked again saw  
coil of **east** ravished waiting birth of one plus one equals arc into  
cosmic from white **mountain** this is progress shitting in a plastic  
moon bag dreamed tenement brick slippery **promise** noised the  
rumble magnificent seven blaze of **gloryhole** difference shone  
maple leafed an ophelian dip into favorite identified **nation**  
canadarmed™ eh-SL on CNN said “love thy self-effaced span of  
**prairie** fence postage site of destiny big sky advertised the infinite  
cloud loaned **gun** at the ready dot abnormal aye captain industry  
strip-teased the hillside up to the **neck** with neighborly soap cakes  
at corner the mouth outré of **sunshine** isn't it so forget the ugly  
episodic family quaint until she grows buds in **lynching** along one  
bad leg of journey with pepper sauce smears a cutup transform the  
humor

*sense*

*a shift*

the key of f you silent hero quickstepping over **tracks** of boredom  
hit elbow and face reversed just the same way into wound-up  
soldiering underground **addiction** smuggled a set of hyphens for  
a rainy day but **respect** the hard-earned morning hits geiger  
mutation race for the brass **knuckling** under to “love thy self-  
proclaimed testing ground the house on its **back** nine days until  
the skeletons pack up and come out sick of it all roomed hermetic  
in **buffalo** just a name dying repeats

the horizon a heaped helping of featureless **plane** drew parallel  
airstreamed a main street coin-toss **act** properly for once daily intake  
of skin so much depends on the tone of **things** internity never  
knew wind stirred against it naked again learned how to flay  
consensual **coursing** rivered cross-planetary dream contact just a  
piece of what might need **rosetta** stoned telling friends to the blank  
wall strategy calls for grinding snake once boxed like **this** is show  
stoppered revolution the year it took samurai songs to the lunatic  
fringe the real thirst parching every **town** the wagon train of hope  
floats in the bottle one hundred percent oak-honest **answer**  
invective cuts a figure dash border miming railroad crush of body  
look how it kisses **steel** never too young to conjugate the verbal  
empire-waisted limelight spinning cane mouth suckle it raw the  
stun fantasy swallow savor swallow how feels like **forever** in fifteen  
seconds everything must go

## DEFINITIONS.

**conscious** where nature fails distinction how the year could  
**worship@thealtared** status determining a half-identity joins a  
beautiful custom of **purge** learning to divide the bright jacket twist  
in casual brush **limned** the alternate neon savior touch a  
momentary shame

**noise** a cultural logic of teeth on reverb recipe for unconscious  
lapse into frozen **choices** traced out the post-cephalic consumer  
sawing off a last **foot** the bill for bombing correct skin-tone pushes  
up the hourly rate of mysterious carcinogen infused a **mole** of  
hypercritical mass of masses said "let them eat this lyric"

**dearth** as in a ~ of exquisite hip softer than soviet **currency** as in  
a ~ designed to make your porn **panoptic** as in a ~ on military  
field of painted bodies trancing toxic **dance** as in a ~ of hypereal  
forty-fives built around the nth **word** as in a ~ing of water political  
in how it fails to **soothe** as how to ~ that platonic sceptre in a  
completely unracialized **fashion** as in a ~ thereof

**eyes** on sporting a home into view through camera arc sweeping  
field of **FreedomVision™** worldwide access smiling through the  
patent **plantation** every piece of absentee costs extra pricing on  
the **golden** melt over corn cell saying "mmmm that's globalized"

**east** of datastream impunity of exotica sought out subject for the  
diction **harnessed** to piston-oiled fraternity of lucre oriented from  
morocco to the rising **sum** produced more recliners in the opium  
works more energy for an

orgy of **shock** treatment of the silk screened through silver and half an hour later oh you want more

**sense** wired sounding opposition w/ their own absence of **light** grow skin digital noun stream translucent place the moment pillage the body now you've got chain breaker **eyes** to dye for

**mountain:** to chronicle how we scaled the **climactic:** how those giants digest every cry for recognition in white **depths:** how our porter fell into a crevasse or a corner of **memory:** how his family will mourn edge of frame in the last **scene:** what lord raglan said about ritual and how this broke the **mirrors:** how the cold cut into a perfectly good narrative and the mating habits of **shotguns:** on the charms of native ladies and how to make them seem **willing:** on how distance is the territory of **inversion** and how at last we returned to civilization and the fine style of its prisons

**promise** original landing on the face of entropy looks up from **timeless** kiss the orwellian steel-tipped pleasure rubbed against orison lip thickened **southward** phantomimed a local halo drop minstrel seeding the saturday morning **feat** don't fail mea culpa looking to sidewind a genuine drama three miles from the nearest moment

**nation** shelters under the fine wine danced a snakehead drift hidden rails until abstraction saved the daze of post-tectonic edge ripple lapping a name on limestone **repeat** how even a culled alien faith measured skull from the

orbital bring out fate behind the face behind the before second  
hand ticks against lazy boy voltage

**prairie** flat organism yearning to be round and warm and  
**california** crept into tongue wrestling to mean something **gilded**  
to prefer zero choose life chambering the rare gases

**gun** at the ready he watched every shadow waiting out punk hair  
triggering his **culp** kept a hundred percent superhuman taking  
out the trash it's time to hunt around a four-walled life choked  
down against barrel **pulse** the moment of truth to separate the  
men from a god-given twitch dead or alive or eat chalk outline with  
a bitter **pill** boxed in watching the body count free howl trick ending  
gets a second wind-up **hero** gets a gun slash girl gets gunned actual  
times may vary

**sunshine** fabulist science found butterflies complete with tie-ins

**addiction** breaker sublime realty sounding a trace surround  
eutopia bringing the **blood** trance reminds the buried  
slaughterhouse historied climb across a bright expansion **bubble**  
washed into shag shaped her story a time to walk on

**rosetta** one folded sigh dusting the love poem in dispersion breath  
down spinal clutch line into position practice five minute acrobatics  
for the angle of **tongue** inserted a last original stop a lost lexicon  
seen begging for **velocity** of alpha status fictive in the floating  
world

**forever** table-dancing frozen intravenous glamour aspire to swirl of cancer sculpt a saleable **agony** in flesh tones keep inside the lines bounding mannequin street trash-canning the alley cathode ray a potable reminder of the **martian** invaders and desilu made time laugh so hard it forgot to explain circling back on **itself** no self-respecting history came round here after nine o'clock

**atlantic** hosting a deaf rumoured monument blind bleeding static and however many millions that side of the fence admits (the **atlantic** named for charles atlas early patron deity of muscle-building and x-ray glasses who blondely fought shifty german accents in a private jet crossing the **atlantic** derived from hammond atlas (famous cartographer and naturalist said to be on a first-name basis with every shellfish on the shores of the south **atlantic** resting place of a great city founded by reticulans (who also invented the telephone company and the wheel and nasal tracking devices and cigarettes and surgeon generals' warnings and the cia and the aids plague and all the wrong religions and loud clothes and fashion shows and poor people and rich people and rocketships and car washes and the color puce and faulty airbags and strip malls and anal sex and david duchovny a.k.a. thin edge of the wedge

**bird** song improved through patent-leather gene sequencing the gershwin revolution daily over denmark

**exotic** patterned on a slice of flank through fear of the knife cool on a dermal **borderline** psycho eroto cosmic flash wet lucid flavours diffusing through a virtual tastebud **exploration** striving after a glimpse reflection humble before the apotheosis of chromatic shine

## A VISION

*Scene: A cavernous cold dark damp miserable 18th century bedroom with large campy filthy greasy heavy draped awnings and a gentleman of uncertain age sitting propped up by huge pillows with a bed desk with quilled pen, ink, various small bookshelves and lights and piles of paper etc. etc. Standing beside him, almost dwarfed by the great bed a small dark thin gentlewoman of uncertain age. We enter their conversation from behind their necks and swivel in on Swift as Jonathan is in bed and Chee Wid as Stella has just come in out of the rain.*

JONATHAN: We're lizard enough to evade the bait.

STELLA: (Furious) I can never get cold enough.

JONATHAN: A warm bed beyond colonialism. I'm an amber turtle shell of soup, immolating, syruplike, contagious....

STELLA: As Chewid of the Chilcotin I've left considerable advantage, a clean landscape of unpeopled snow, my own blazing divine will. Now I'm in the sucking abyss, 27 light years to the next star. You I can see happily rotting in your plumped up history and it's up to me to encounter the "arm-like cloud of hydrogen atoms heading toward us 9 light years from the centre approaching us at a speed of about thirty miles per second." \*

JONATHAN: Honour darkness as you must as must I: but bring me the abyss of yr long smile. We'll talk. Laugh. Touch inside of my hideout, my huge cave, bed. And I'll kindle you. And blissful fire keep us sleeping all night, innocent of our already circling demise.

CHEWID: Researching eagles , those we could be hangin' out with, loving the dangerous sky.

STELLA: You have no stomach for these realities I bring to spring you. You are sick of the beauty of predation, and cannibalism is the way we can objectify the homeless, live loveless in this grand man-made hole with the rain running down the inside of the walls. These lovely rose hangings, oh, they are the moulds, cuprous green, light as a lichen, and the pink one that oozes so lively. What miss, sass? Every cockroach in Dublin visits you nightly; you and I understand their concerns. And the wretched birds the day stars of our melancholy still bitchin' sweetness in whatever light abides our croak and carp. Infected with knowledge, Jonathan: the matter of our melancholy.

JONATHAN: And of our monstrous gentility  
dining out so often, such a tender fricasse, your honour  
as he cuts me some more human meat  
I have vomitted nothing, it remains congealed in  
the barking star of my divine digestion  
I the triumphant miss piggy polymorphously perverse and intellectually hungry  
but, you know, afraid to ask.  
But here I swallow my muddly confinement, blissfully issuing litters of letters  
oh how they suck at my teats.

STELLA: I am my own father hollering in the suspicious glen. Feedbacks and loops pull my bones into the underworld. Above me, as I am sucked down by god, I hear the terrifying yowl of Zarathustra, masses of black blondes in a drum band. The joyful adulation of bullions of adults at a wet dance—That HOVERS—the blood-red mist from Mars that congeals as rotten leaves in your drain pipes and eave-troughs, boar of my litter, your roof is falling in on you, your foundations are crumbling.

SWIFT: All the revolutions continue to turn satisfactorily. By retreating into the stronghold of the audience I see a spectacle truly worthy of my admiration and contempt and since I have a maidservant why do I need to

find a hill of snow to inhabit, as if I were a hairy horse. Oh,  
would that I were a hairy horse  
and my love on me  
naked to ride  
jewelled with chancerous pulsars  
more terrible than an army with banners  
sighing like a thief.

Its impossibility stands at the doorway and forces me to write.  
My refusal to resist what has to be vice:the instinct, to move,  
denied me by the boost of my shots, the ideology I adore as  
beautiful as you, Stella. The rest is a Scene: these sentences hang  
us up. WE didn't do the Big Bang: it was the Holy Other long  
before we could even try to be born. Maybe as a baby I played  
with light; but I had no idea—my dear, you must believe me.

STELLA: If I must believe you I can't love you. Paw open this  
scarred husk and let us into the Twist. There'll be more more  
mourning in the morning.

JONATHAN: And the maid swinging her chains.

*\* John G. Taylor, Professor of Mathematics at Kings  
College, University of London "Black Holes" 1973.*

## THE GASTOWN RIOT - 1971

*Marijuana leads to heroin, alcohol leads to the suburbs.*

— graffitto

The protest year began in May with an occupation of the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC, or Here Before Christ as it was known in the thirties) for their refusal to serve hippies at their lunch counter, led by the Vancouver Liberation Front (VLF). Police were called to eject the demonstrators, carting off those arrested for assault or trespass to the City Jail on Main Street. By that night protesters had surrounded the station demanding their release. Police were called in to prevent a feared occupation of the building and were immediately pelted with rocks and eggs. Eventually, as the police went into the building two at a time to suit up and return in full riot gear and the riot squad was assembled, it took about three hours before the order was given to clear the streets. No further arrests were reported, but the next day an invasion of the U.S. was mounted, by many of the same people. After penetrating some two and one half miles into American Territory and returning along the Railroad tracks at Blaine, the protest ended with a train- load of new cars that just happened to be entering Canada being bombarded with rocks and bottles and pounded with fists and clubs, as it slowly rolled along, the new corporate reality hauled by the old industrial behemoth.

In June the riot squad was called upon to clear the Four Seasons property, a waterfront redevelopment site at the entrance to Stanley Park that had been claimed as a people's park and camp. It was to reopen a year later when people scaled the walls, tore down the barricades and renamed it All Seasons Park. In July there was a week of pitched battles between young people and police after the Sea Festival Riot. In October, the "Battle of Jericho" was fought on the beaches of Kitsilano between police and the

occupiers of the Jericho Youth Hostel, who refused to leave when evicted. The War Measures Act was declared in October by Pierre Elliot Trudeau and seven people were arrested in Vancouver for distributing Front de Liberation du Quebec (FLQ) literature. Mayor Tom "Terrific" Campbell celebrated by launching a roundup of hippies and others that offended him. This was also the year that the drinking age was lowered from 21 to 19, and marijuana and hash busts surpassed heroin arrests. It was also the year police decided to get out of their cars. By January of 1971 the first steps toward community policing were underway. The year was shaping up to be a busy one. As Joe Swan summarizes it, "there were over 70 street demonstrations to police, men were continually being taken from their regular patrol duties. Riot equipment became almost standard uniform."

If this doesn't sound much like community policing, it's because there was another policing component called "Saturation Patrolling" very much at odds with the stated goals of community policing. In the Gastown area it was known as "Operation Dustpan," implying that human filth would be simply swept from the streets. A large number of police would occupy an identified trouble area closing off the exits, and detaining and searching everyone within the confines, violating civil rights and employing often brutal methods of enforcement. According to some observers Gastown was like a police state that summer. North Shore Investigations and Security Company, a private security firm, offered local merchants a private sector solution to rid the area of the "immediate drug problem" which included as the third and final step, to "start walking all over people." According to poet George Stanley this "final solution" for Gastown was approved and supported by Mayor Tom Campbell and his unceasing need for publicity, fuelled by his "indifference to the needs of the community and even to the possibility of violence."

In this highly charged and tense atmosphere, various Yippie-inspired organizations such as the Gastown Dopes proposed the first annual Grastown Solidarity Smoke-In and Street Jamboree for Saturday night, August 7th, in Maple Tree Square, closing their *Georgia Straight* article with a somewhat cryptic yet ominous invitation to "sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

Undercover police intelligence on the drug squad saw this as something more than simply a demonstration in favour of the legalization of marijuana. What they prepared for was an event being used as a cover by more radical groups for a massive confrontation with police, complete with logistics and weapons stockpiled for the inevitable attack, whereas the organizers were billing it in the *Georgia Straight* as a high-energy spontaneous event, with nothing planned beyond music and speeches but preparing for a heavy uniformed and plainclothes police presence with the police having a monopoly on how to create violence, but still hoping the police would go only as far as containment.

The mainstream media offered up the high pitched squeals of Jack Webster, who, according to his own estimation, had been “covering hard drugs in this town since 1948,” and the presentation on his daily radio show of his detailed report on drug use among young people. In an interview with the *Georgia Straight* he outlined his reportorial methods, the interviews with doctors, the coroner and a number of experts on both sides of the marijuana question including two members of the Vancouver Police Department who were kind enough to inform this seasoned investigator that drugs were out of control in Gastown, much to his surprise. None of his informants prompted him to make any differentiation between “hard narcotics,” such as heroin, and “soft drugs,” such as grass and hash, when of course in law there was no difference. Naturally enough this led to an interview with His Worship Mayor Tom Terrific, as Webster refers to him. Webster describes Campbell’s reaction as “his normal hysteria” and immediately makes the connection to the action of the Police Commission, headed by none other than the Mayor. Webster claimed he was opposed to police brutality whenever and wherever he could find it, but he also knew who would be to blame if things got out of hand. The police were nervous, the Mayor was hysterical, the media was in a high state of anticipation and the hippies were in a festive mood.

On the night in question, students from Langara College arrived with a twenty-foot joint made out of straw; others had rolled a kilo of grass into a humungous bomber. Many of the area’s “hip merchants” supported the Smoke-In, and wanted the business a less oppressive atmosphere could bring.

People, many wearing Rocky Raccoon masks at the suggestion of organizers danced to the recorded music of The Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane, sucking on some of the three hundred supposedly acid-laced fudgesicles handed out to the crowd. Organizers and others delivered speeches in support of the decriminalization of marijuana and got the crowd chanting "Fuck Campbell, Fuck Campbell." As if anybody would want to engage the sexual connotation.

Meanwhile just around the corner the full riot squad was standing by, along with members of the mounted squad. At the sound of breaking glass (or so he claimed) Inspector Abercrombie ordered them to move in and clear the streets. If there was a warning no one heard it. For many of the middle class kids in the crowd it was their first contact with police brutality. And according to witnesses it was brutal. The crowd felt the full force of nightsticks, fists and boots and most frighteningly horses were used to chase people into doorways and truncheons were then used indiscriminately by the mounted squad. Undercover police beat kids and hauled them to waiting paddywagons by their long hair. It was just the excuse needed to remind the 2,000 people in the crowd just who was in charge, what the rules were, and who made them. It also served notice on the rest of the community. The Vancouver Police Department was out of touch. Twelve citizens were hospitalized, 79 taken into custody, 38 were charged, and a Vancouver Sun reporter claimed he was beaten. It also signified the end of an era of innocence, best characterized by the Partisan Party's (a quasi-revolutionary successor to the VLF) declaration of war on Police Chief John Fisk and the formation of the People's Patrol to combat what they referred to as the "growing power of Fascism".

Characterized as a "police riot" in the media, the police were also criticized for over-reacting by the Dohm Commission which was set up to investigate the riot. The organizers of the Smoke-In were also criticized as "dangerous and intelligent young men" partially responsible for the riot. Were those fudgesicles dosed with LSD? Weren't the Raccoon masks to disguise identities? Wasn't the whole thing a clever plot to expose the Vancouver Police Department's stone-age attitudes towards drugs, hippies, sex and dissent? Hadn't the Le Dain Commission recommended legalization of marijuana years ago? The police however steadfastly maintained that they

were the ones in danger from these stoned freaks and lazy hippies and the boxes and boxes of rocks they had carefully gathered and packed up and secretly carried all the way up through private staircases to the roofs of the private buildings surrounding Maple Tree Square. Somebody must have forgotten to tell them there were rocks on the roof, or maybe they just forgot to run up to the roof and start throwing the rocks they had so carefully placed there, or maybe they were just too stoned to do either. Or maybe there were no rocks except in the over-active minds of the police. Cartoonist Rand Holmes in his *Georgia Straight* comic, Harold Hedd, places the blame surprisingly not on the cops ("Cops are all the same") but squarely on "the policy makers - like Tom [Campbell] who decide whether or not to keep them on the leash." Oh yeah and of course police communications systems were also found to be woefully inadequate.

The implications seem clear: any threat to the hegemony of the city's power elite would be met with extreme violence. Tom Campbell was re-elected in December of 1971 (so much for backlash) but retired the next year to go back to his development activities. Andrew Thompsen "Tom" Campbell received 4,922 votes and was busted for assault and selling LSD to a policeman on election night. Mr. Peanut wouldn't run until the 1974 election. Campbell's arch enemy the Georgia Straight was in the middle of a long and contentious battle between those in favour of collectivization or co-operative ownership and the sole proprietorship of Dan McLeod. The dispute would eventually be resolved in favour of the "hip businessman," and local activists would turn their attention to organizing a 10,000 strong march of high school students on the American Embassy to protest nuclear testing on Amchitka Island in Alaska.

As a kind of coda and comment on these events, at the intersection of the Hollywood entertainment weekly the *Georgia Straight* would become and those corporate rock bad boys the Rolling Stones would have it, riots were "just a shot away for a street fightin' man gimme shelter." At the Stones concert at the Pacific Coliseum in June of 1972, a railway spike fired from a home-made bazooka/cannon shattered the sternum of Officer Stan Ziola. This was not simply a spontaneous event that got out of hand as riots are usually characterized by the media, but a pitched battle between the Clark Park Gang and the Vancouver Police Department riot squad. Police undercover drug agents learned that the 'youth' gang, mostly working class east-side kids who also happened to steal cars, deal dope and perform the odd

B&E, was planning some sort of confrontation during the Stones' concert. Rumours of up to 200 weapons buried in the park were also making the rounds. There were also stories that the gang had counterfeited 2000 tickets to the concert, and that they would be attending one way another. This concert also established a high water mark for ticket prices, at, as I remember, \$5 per head.

A crowd of the ticketless had gathered outside the sold-out concert yelling to be let in. Free the music. The plate glass windows and doors were smashed and the crowd fought their way in against badly outnumbered staff members. The riot squad formed at one end of the forecourt, and were met by a barrage of rocks and bottles. As the riot squad moved forward what was left of the crowd, presumably some of the Clark Park Gang, moved from the plaza to the darkened grassy area next to Renfrew Street and began to throw molotov cocktails. That dispersed any spectators and the mounted squad cleared out the rest. Twenty police were injured and two bomb throwers were arrested by undercover police who had infiltrated the crowd. People leaving the concert were kindly reminded by the mounted squad to watch their feet as they walked among the broken glass. That was the first they were aware of events outside while the Rolling Stones played on.

WAGGON, or WAGON, and WAIN, *chariot*, Lat. *vehes*; WAIST, *taille*; TO WALK, *marcher*; WANTON, *folâtre*; WASP, *guepe*, Lat. *vespia*; TO WATTLE, *tresser*, Lat. *vitis*; WAX, *cire*; TO WAX, *devinir*; WAY, *chemin*, Lat. *via*; WE, *nous*; WEAK, *faible*; WEAPON, *arme*; WEED, *mauvaise herb*; WEEK, *semaine*; TO WEEN, *s'imaginer*; WEIRD, *charme*; WEST, *ouest*; WHARF, *débarcadere*; WHELP, *petit chien*; TO WHET, *aiguiser*; WHEY, *petit lait*; WHIFF, *bouffée*; WHIM, *caprice*; WHIP, *fouet*; WIDOW, *veuve*, Lat. *vidua*; WILLOW, *saule*; TO WIN, *gagner*; TO WIND, *tourner*; WINE, *vin*, Lat. *vinum*; WITH, *avec*; WOLF, *loup*, Lat. *vulpes*, *renard*; WONDER, *merveille*; TO WOO, *courtiser*; WOOL, *laine*, Lat. *villus*; WORD, *parole*, Lat. *verbum*; WORM, *ver*, Lat. *vermis*; WOUND, *blesure*, Lat. *vulnus*; WRECK, *nauffrage*, Lat. *frango*; TO WRITE, *ecrire*, etc., etc.

BIG OLD THINGS  
(intra *Decorum*, in progress)

At rest, this upheaval: relinquishing

this/the

such

serial solidity of the  
propertied callous  
at the (throttling point)  
hatchet edge.

Scattered forethought to  
a scree of  
bewildermenschanüng

stuttering plausibabbular towards  
a future's gorm of  
such, these middling days.

As if I matter, as if

as if satiated in

our tense agreement

you pull the clause,

because

the symptom's

inattention.

Listless

in havoc, draw fast—you may not last.

Close inside of a dockyard noise.

It's given,                    instead of love

a flaunt, and

present day Living Keith Moon, incontinent

in an Holiday Inn swimming pool. “But how did you get here”? he asked,

telling me where I was from: settling in my heart, like so many Ugandan

shillings.

Had you noticed, Christmas ornamentation

laying so close about Easter? Do you walk slowly the halls and the taverns?

Or, let's say you do . . . 'n'others (another) . . . strophéd

in polite contingency.

But, time for a story.

A few days into a coffin.

You didn't see anything.

Inchoate: blasted

Porchival lymphatic

familiar/pheromonally plausible

fugue

Consider this intemperate

creativity

That is Mister Man. Himself, that

Is. From the men talking, it's not important, yet good to hear.

So much patience. I haven't seen nothing yet. (an embarrassment of lachrymose variance), whyfor, I'll not be saying.

Inwhichsomever

begotten

an intracatastrophéd budget & or receipt, includes doubt

(underlining) in a debutante's recumbent

slouch.

& ever

so gently, he drew his thumb across the impressions

of his dead mother's fingerprints

in the long-dried putty.

*for Aaron Vidaver*