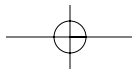
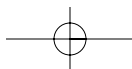
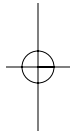
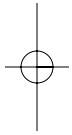
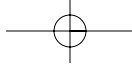
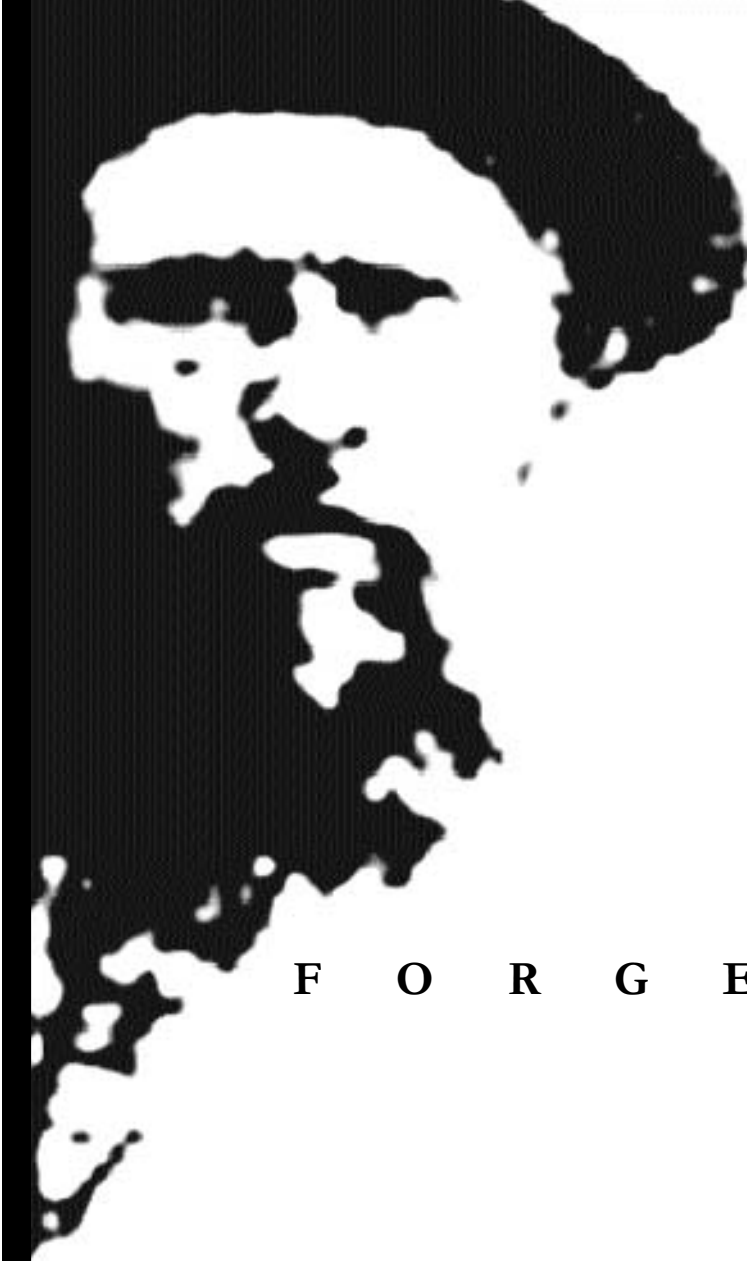


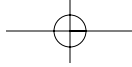
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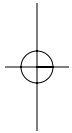
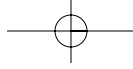
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This book was selected from the material published at <http://www.forgetmagazine.com> between February 14, 2001 and February 14, 2003. This book was made by Canadian hands with a computer that hummed non-stop and non-musically at the *Forget* house on East 29th Ave. in Vancouver.

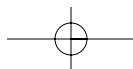
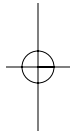
WHO IS ON THE COVER? bpNichol, a Canadian writer, editor and poet who was born in Vancouver and died in 1988 at age 44, far too young. Who we remember for his work, and for the way he went about it: how he must have lived it. How in the shadow of his boldness and independence,—from the sheer Canadianness of his output; from the fact that his Christmas cards are publications worthy of the highest praise—we are his children. That we stand in undying kinship with him, and those like him: the makers of websites and books and things folded up on paper to be given away or even sold. DID YOU ASK ANYONE BEFORE YOU USED THE PHOTO? Yes, we tried to track down the photographer, Andy Phillips. But we failed so we called bpNichol's widow. IS SHE INCREDIBLE? Yes. CAN SHE EXPECT ANOTHER ISSUE OF *FORGET*? Yes. WHAT WILL IT BE ABOUT? Baseball & America. ARE YOU KIDDING? No. WHEN? Not soon.

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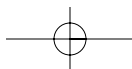
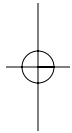
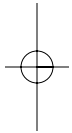
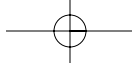
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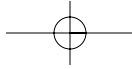
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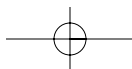
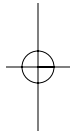
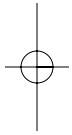
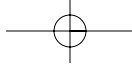


400 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD OR SHOULD NOT VOTE FOR JEFF COLL FOR UNIVERSITY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND STUDENT UNION PRESIDENT, *by Jeff Coll*

1. He's male. 2. He drives a Buick. 3. He's short. 4. He wears glasses. 5. He hates sports. 6. He only owns two pairs of shoes. 7. He thinks he's big. 8. He likes pop music. 9. He's an English major. 10. He lives in Cornwall. 11. He's Canadian. 12. He works for *The Cadre*. 13. He wants to win. 14. He has used Napster. 15. He probably doesn't like you. 16. He drinks Fresca. 17. He has never been to Manitoba. 18. He likes early Beatles music. 19. He believes that Babe: Pig in the City is the best film of the past three years. 20. He doesn't smoke. 21. He's pretentious. 22. He can't change a tire. 23. He doesn't like popcorn. 24. He wasn't born on PEI. 25. He eats meat. 26. He lives with his mother. 27. He doesn't remember your name. 28. He doesn't drink alcohol. 29. He has never killed anyone. 30. He thinks that he's better than you. 31. He knows the number pad codes to get French accents in Windows. 32. He supposedly looks like Milhouse Van Houten. 33. He has never kissed a girl. 34. He believes in equal rights for everyone. 35. He keeps Oreo cookies in his garage. 36. His mother gets him his jobs. 37. He was in a rap group. 38. He has more than one nickname. 39. He's a child of divorce. 40. He doesn't like to ask for help. 41. He had pancakes for dinner once. 42. He eats Kraft Dinner even when he doesn't have to. 43. He owns all of the Barenaked Ladies studio albums. 44. He's an atheist. 45. He found Waldo. 46. He has no shame. 47. He has received two parking tickets. 48. He can't play any musical instruments. 49. He reinvented the wheel. 50. He thinks that he is an honorary member of The Rude Mechanicals. 51. He enjoys Burger King food. 52. He describes himself as a sad, strange, little man. 53. He types only 35 words per minute. 54. He doesn't recycle as much as he should. 55. He never walks his dog. 56. He doesn't have a favourite colour. 57. The comic strip is dead. 58. He knows pi to two decimal places. 59. He likesandler movies. 60. He's sorry. 61. He didn't finish his senior project. 62. He plagiarised his essay for his general education project. 63. He believed in Santa Claus until he was eleven years old. 64. He wants more. 65. He doesn't love Raymond. 66. His mother calls him "Jeffrey". 67. He has never broken any of his limbs. 68. He used to be really fat. 69. He sucked his thumb until he was twelve years old. 70. He likes sushi. 71. He has been sincerely called "saucy". 72. He doesn't think that Magnolia is a good film. 73. He punches like a girl. 74. His name has "Tim Hortons" written on it. 75. He thinks that Rolling Stone is still a good magazine. 76. He sings "With A Little Help From My Friends" in the shower. 77. He has never read The Odyssey. 78. He hates people who park in the lot in front of malls and grocery stores. 79. He aspires to be more like Mr. Fish. 80. He should be doing something else. 81. He thinks that Tim Hortons should have an apostrophe. 82. He has little appreciation for poetry. 83. He chose wisely. 84. He wanted campaign buttons, but they were too expensive. 85. He thinks that marijuana should be decriminalised. 86. He wasn't allowed to say "jerk off" in a trade-level visual Communications project.

FISH

87. He deleted mind Kennel Parsons in Kenneth Partridge's Mind Ads About Nothing. 88. He drinks bottled water. 89. He has no confidence in his own speaking abilities. 90. He doesn't think that he deserved a 20% discount on his iPod. 91. He doesn't know how to use a computer. 92. He doesn't know how to use a word processor. 93. He doesn't know how to use a spell checker. 94. He doesn't know how to use a grammar checker. 95. He doesn't know how to use a thesaurus. 96. He doesn't know how to use a dictionary. 97. He doesn't know how to use a search engine. 98. He doesn't know how to use a web browser. 99. He doesn't know how to use an email client. 100. He doesn't know how to use a social networking site.



## THE HUNGARIAN BULGARIAN GOODGUY DANCE COMPETITION

*Susan July*

THE LIST OF THINGS I can't remember is endless: grade three, the 1980s, most of yesterday.

My memory-less status isn't acute enough to get me featured on a Fifth Estate human interest story about brain injury, but it does put a damper on remember-when sessions with old friends. Just last week I got together with a pair of girls with whom I grew up. They lived just up the hill from my house and we spent every possible moment together engaged in imaginative feats that ranged from creating an entire language—the little-studied “chicken language”—which was modelled after the goings-on in their hen house—to an elaborate game called “Letters,” during which we each hid out in separate rooms of their house, wrote each other messages (using pseudonyms, of course) and dashed back and forth trying to deliver these missives without being caught. In this early precursor to email, we were, like kidnapers, brusque correspondents, prone to using the word “shut” as an adjective.

Dear Bertha,  
This is Madge. I saw you in the hall! Now I know you are the one that told Priss that I sent her that fart Scratch and Sniff. You are so shut because now I am not going to respond to any of your letters, even if they are direct pleas for help in the case of a fire. Double Shut.  
Madge

At dinner Carlene and Debbie tried to stimulate my memory with the photo album, but I still can't clearly remember any of the games: not stick and rope, not dress-up, and not that game where we belched in harmony to *The Sound of Music*.

Of course, the flip side of not remembering the good times is that I can't remember the bad either. Sometimes it feels as though my memory is a tactfully dark blanket pulled over the body of my unappetizing past. I can't remember the day I decided not to go up the hill anymore. I can't remember when my escapism started to be accomplished through chemical rather than imaginative means. All I know is that the games in my life became far more serious.

"Do you remember the rabbit funeral?" Debbie and Carlene asked. The proffered photo showed us, in all our stick-thighed, straight-haired, tomboy glory, bowing our heads and pinching the bridges of our noses, paying our respects to four Old Style beer cases that served as coffins for the bodies of four black and white spotted rabbits.

"What happened to the rabbits?"

"The bear got them. It was our fault: We left them out in the hutch all night."

At the hospital when Janet was sick the last time everyone played remember-when as though their lives depended on it. People tag-teamed memories, trying to surround her and protect her with a comforter of childhood recollections. I laughed, dis-jointed, out of it. When my turn came to stand over her bed, I tried to talk about the old times we had shared at her house. But I had almost nothing to offer.

On the second to last night Janet's mom and I stayed with her. Janet's mother used to call me her fourth daughter; she didn't seem to hold my defection to the River Lethe against me. Together we washed Janet and massaged her feet. Freaked out by Janet's pain and my fear, I tried a New Age patter, hoping she could still hear me through the red rush of the morphine: "You are in a green field. The sky is blue..."

I couldn't remember the goddamn meditation. Then it came to me. Another game we used to play. "You are in the green field. A gentle breeze is blowing. You are dancing the Hungarian Bulgarian Goodguy dance to that song with all the jungle noises on the Mellow Moments 8-track. You are wearing your most hideous brown-and orange-striped leotard. You are winning the Hungarian Bulgarian Goodguy Dance Competition!"

Janet made a low noise, laughter slipping out from under the pain. "That is so shut," she whispered, remembering.

## RIGHT NOW I HAVE TWO BUNNIES

*Lee Henderson*

GET THIS. MY SISTER has a little boy bunny (no no, this story isn't going where you think: into multiples), and he needed to be neutered. She has to work a lot and, well, I don't, so it was up to me to take him to the vet. Poor little guy, I had to drop him off for the nut removal. I felt like the Judas of my gender, taking one of my own for such a terrible operation.

Anyway. He comes home still totally doped from the anaesthetic and can barely move. I rest his chin on a cup of water and he spends like hours just lying there drinking once and a while, not moving at all. I feel awful.

Of course it gets worse. The next day the little guy, its name is Francis, is hopping around looking healthy and I'm relieved. My sister comes over and says to her little it, How's my little Francis? and pets him on the nose.

My own bunny, Quimby, is completely upset that there's a new bunny in the house and whenever Francis comes anywhere near her she turns her back on him and shakes her ass and fires a buckshot of piss all over his face. She is perturbed and angry and does this mercilessly. The house starts to smell of pee, and this little de-testicled rabbit now has dried urine on his ears. It's sad is what it is.

Eventually I suggest to my sister that we take a look at the area on Francis and make sure everything is a-okay down there. So I pick him up. Well lo and behold if one of his balls isn't swollen like a fucking water balloon. Oh gee whiz, that's not supposed to look like that, I say.

We take him to the vet and the upshot is that there's been a complication and fluid, probably blood, has been trapped around the suture and we're going to have to REDISTRIBUTE the fluid. The vet shows us how to do this redistribution business. We take the bunny home and by this time he's been to the vet one too many times and he's sitting in a corner shaking like a leaf. He's having a panic attack, the poor little guy. I just about cry. He's got those trembles you get when you can't control the trembles, but you try, and so for a moment the trembles stop but then start back up again, teeth chattering and everything. My sister and I stare at him and worry that we've done a very bad thing.

Finally he calms down. My sister goes home. For the next week I'm supposed to look after the bunny and, once every hour, I have to massage the bunny's scrotum and REDISTRIBUTE the fluid inside.

So that's what I've been doing for the past week. Massaging a bunny's scrotum.

## THE LAWYER PARTY

*Adam Lewis Schroeder*

AS I CAME IN OUT of the cold evening, Mr. Freileg met me at the door. He was dressed all in black, like an actor, and his thin grey hair was grown long.

“Peter,” he said, shaking my hand. “Where are your mom and dad?”

“On the island,” I said. “Spur of the moment.”

“Well, it's nice to have you anyway, Peter.” He punched me on the shoulder. “Go say hello to everyone.”

There were people in the living room, wearing skirts and sweaters, beads and digital watches. They drank and smiled. I nudged through them, nodding, and found a spot on the edge of the sofa. It was a law firm party with all the old partners and their wives who were sort of like my relatives—my dad had been a partner since I was four or five. After a minute Mr. Freileg came in from the kitchen and handed me a wet glass of beer.

“That ought to tide you over,” he said. “I'll get started on the martinis soon.”

I sat and drank, and after an hour Mr. MacKenzie's son Gabriel came in, drifting through the crowd of guests and turning the rings on his fingers. He stood near the coffee table and I got up and went over to him, lifting my martini glass in his face.

“Happy New Year, Gabriel.”

“It's not fucking New Year's,” he said. “Why am I even here?”



I don't drink. Everybody knows I don't drink. I don't drink.”

“So, what did you do for New Year’s?”

“I sat in my hotel room alone, waiting for Gretta to call me. It was a great evening.”

“Where's she?”

“Hungary”

“Jeez. When was the last time you saw her?”

“Well, in Cairo. In November.”

“But I thought you went to Bangkok—”

“Went to Bangkok? I fucking lived there for three years, in that shit—”

“Gabriel,” Mr. Freileg said. “Go in the kitchen and get a drink.”

“He was provoking.”

“Go to the kitchen and get a drink.”

“Henry, you can go screw,” Gabriel said, and he went to my spot on the sofa and threw himself down. I prodded at the olive in my empty glass.

“How was that?” asked Mr. Freileg.

“Syrupy,” I said.

“I'll mix you another. You mind the door.”

Cold air blew in through the crack under the door and I played at blocking it with my foot until people started knocking.

“Well here you are like you own the place,” said Mr. Avery, and handed me his overcoat.

“Said he'd write me into his will.”

“Oh, Henry's good as his word, he is, good as his word.” He smoothed down his wisps of hair. “Hey,” he said, leaning into me, “any of that Laphroaig here?”

“Dick!” said Mr. Freileg. “Where's Michelle?”

“Parking the car.”

After they'd gone to the kitchen Mrs. Avery came in. She wore a black vinyl raincoat and white make-up over her eyes. She was probably about forty-five, a bit younger than Mr. Avery.

“Peter,” she said, “why are they making you stand here? Where is Henry, does he know you're standing here?”

“He's getting me another drink.”

“Well here, take my coat.” She turned around and I slid it off her shoulders. “Do you like this dress?”

“It's great.”

I brushed the skin on her shoulder with the back of my hand.

“You're adorable,” she said. “I'll get you a drink. Don't you go anywhere.”

She waved at someone and tip-toed away, and I watched her behind.

I went out into the front yard to see that there weren't any cars pulling up. I let my breath out slowly in the cold air. Dragon breath. Then I went back into the sweaty house. There was a space on the sofa next to Gabriel MacKenzie.

“Hello,” I said.

Gabriel said nothing.

“You, uh, going back to Cairo before long?”

“Let me tell you about Cairo. Everything is very dirty and old. Everywhere you go it's noisy. It stinks everywhere. It's horrible. But in the south of the city there is a cafe so perfect and an owner who speaks such perfect English I could kiss him, and he has two daughters who wheel out your coffee on a silver trolley. And he just—”

“Gabriel, you must need a drink,” said Mr. Freileg. He held out a martini.

“I've told you, you know I don't drink.”

“That's supposed to be my martini.”

“So it is,” said Mr. Freileg, and he handed it to me. He sat down on the coffee table with half of his ass on a copy of *North American Vineyards*. He smiled at Gabriel and I and rubbed his hands together.

“Astounding. I remember the Christmas party the year we had it, where was it? The Village Green Inn. And Marty Thompson was Santa. And Gabriel. You got some present from your mother and just about had a fit. Oh Lord, did we laugh. What was that present?”

“You think I remember?” said Gabriel.

“It was a book of Porsches,” I said. “You opened it and said,

'Oh mother, my Porsche book, how wonderful,' and my sisters pretended to puke."

"Where are your sisters?" said Mr. Freileg.

"Back East," I said.

"Excuse me," said Gabriel, and he got up. "May I use your phone?"

"Feel free," said Mr. Freileg.

"Long distance." He went up the stairs.

"Go right ahead."

I slurped my martini. I felt that beer in my bladder.

Mr. Blanc waddled in from the dining room, his oxygen bag under his arm. He fell down into Gabriel's spot on the couch and sat there eyeing Mr. Freileg and then eyeing me, all the time sucking at his strawberry margarita. The glass was suddenly empty and the straw made a farting sound. People turned around. He tried to put his glass on the coffee table but couldn't reach. Mr. Freileg took it. Mr. Blanc pushed his glasses up onto his forehead, wiped at his eyes with his thumb and let the glasses fall back into place.

"So, kiddo. I see you're still chums with MacKenzie's boy. He's a strange boy, though, isn't he? Strange, effeminate boy."

"George," said Mr. Freileg.

"I insult you?" He tapped me on the knee.

"Not at all," I said. "I don't like the guy. He thinks he's the greatest. But the guy's a loser."

"What's he been doing?"

"He starts bawling about one thing or the other, and wearing about fifty little rings." I set down my martini glass. "He's always given me the creeps. There's not one thing he's got that I couldn't have, that's for sure."

"I don't like him either," said Mr. Blanc. "You speak your mind, don't you?"

"Guess so."

"What have you been up to lately?" asked Mr. Freileg.

"Just putting in time at the arcade."

"You manager of that place?" asked Mr. Blanc.

"Huh. No, not yet."

"Thought you'd be manager of the place, for Christ's sake."

“Other people have seniority.”

“That is bullshit. You want to manage the place, you go ahead and manage it. Don't let any of them assholes stand in your way. Be a great job for you.”

“George, have you ever been in one of these arcades?” asked Mr. Freileg.

“Pinball,” said Mr. Blanc.

Mr. Freileg and I glanced at each other. “Basically,” I said.

Mrs. Avery came in from the dining room, smiling at me. She had a glass of red wine in each hand, and as she cut through a group of people, whispering “excuse me”, one of her heels snagged on the carpet and she bumped against Dominic Simmons, spun around and hit the ground, just missing the coffee table. One glass fell on the carpet beside her and the other hit the wall just above old Mr. Blanc, spraying wine across the back of his head. He turned around slowly and inspected the wall.

“Michelle?” Mr. Freileg jumped up. “What the hell are you doing on the floor?”

“I was trying,” she said, and pulled herself up, “to bring Peter a drink before he disappears again.”

Mrs. Freileg and Mr. Avery came in with rags and a dustpan.

“Well he's not going anywhere,” said Mr. Freileg.

“Peter's a hometown boy,” said Mr. Avery.

“But aren't you going off to the Middle East or somewhere?”

“That's that Gabriel MacKenzie,” shouted Mr. Blanc. “Cairo. He's in Cairo.”

“Michelle, I told you I meant Gabriel,” said Mrs. Freileg. “Peter's here in town.”

“And Gabriel has the fiancée?”

“Yeah,” I said. “That's Gabriel.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Avery. “I'm sorry Peter.” Then she touched another woman's hand and they hurried out of the room.

Mr. Freileg wiped the wall down behind Mr. Blanc. I went upstairs to go to the bathroom.

The door to the Freileg's bedroom was open a crack. All I could see through the crack was the closet door, but that had a

mirror on it and in the mirror I could see the back of Gabriel on the edge of the bed, talking on the telephone.

“No. Flight’s the twenty-eighth. Yeah, six-thirty. We’ll need a reservation, God, I can’t wait. Every restaurant here is. Sweets. No, that’s alright. I said apology accepted. It’s okay! You want? Okay. Okay.”

He turned around and glanced in the mirror. Our eyes nearly met and I backed out of the way. He hadn’t seen me. I was breathing fast. All I could see in the reflection now was the lamp on the bedside table. Gabriel started to sing. He wasn’t very good.

*Down along the cove  
We walk together hand in hand  
Everybody watching us go by  
Knows we're in love, yes they  
Understand*

And he kept on singing like that, more whining than singing. I went into the bathroom and shut the door and pissed and pissed and pissed.

FORGET

## BRIEFLY, THE HEART

*Lesley-Anne Bourne*

(with apologies and nods to bpNichol's  
*Book II: The Book of Hours in The Martyrology*)

Briefly, the heart forgets to breathe, forgets  
ventricles, extremities and the rest and knows

the technician won't meet the eye  
of the storm the three have entered

in the ultrasound room. There's no  
sound for what happens while there's blood

pounding through headfuls of the worst  
thing that could happen. Or has happened

already. Is that why the outer reception uniforms  
shrugged, handing back health cards after

looking up and down, making note of  
size? Briefly, the heart simply is

what keeps the room from screaming  
or crying or making any noise at all, what

keeps the husband so close to the wife, in fact  
he's holding her hand while watching  
the screen as if he's seen this movie before  
albeit with subtitles and a different director, and  
knows it ends abruptly. The technician, who  
in another time and place probably  
laughs and tucks her grey-streaked hair behind  
the apprehension she feels  
dating since the divorce, could be hoping  
for the best, wishing this time  
she'd be wrong and not need the doctor  
specializing in this kind of bad news  
who's been called not for any obvious reason  
but policy, the technician said swallowing  
her hair loosened from its hinges  
and avalanching the room. To recap, we have  
two looking at the silent picture and the third  
on her back having swallowed a lake she now prays  
will engulf her before the next word, engulf  
the way amoebas would in cell biology class long ago when  
she never paid enough attention and can't help  
wondering if that miscarriage of her studies is  
why this is happening, why  
the heart's no longer talking to her

or her husband or the hospital staff and why  
she's thirsty as if in deserted sand and more aware of

vultures and what they do. The heart is  
the clock on the wall clicking institutionally and barren

when the doctor arrives and he too cannot  
make eye contact. In this script

the actors deliver their lines to the side—  
long glance the audience gives or to others like

the woman across in the waiting-room chair before all this  
whose arms slid out of her sleeves like charms

not fastened securely to the bracelet  
so skinny that drug marks were not

out of the question and yet she was big as a house  
with at least one child. Briefly, the heart

gets up blighted from the examining  
and makes its way to the adjoined washroom, it seems

this hospital thought of everything, you don't even  
have to go back out and face

right away, the technician said after Doctor fled,  
Take your time. Your time. You roll it over

like a Lifesaver, the orange one your grandfather  
unwrapped you as a kid. Your time

was supposed to be this time, you thought, shaking  
head and heart, unable to separate



breaths and sobs, milk and cream, and you think  
where is that awful sound coming from, someone

help her. Green shoes  
under the sink in the discreet washroom

needle their way into the heart to stabilize after  
having restarted the cycle of in and out

and in and out and pretty soon compassion  
is what the wife pulls on

toward whoever owns the shoes and was mindful to  
leave them where a heart might have

held its breath or stuck its head underwater  
too long. It's a long way walking back

where mercifully the film was turned off –  
not much to see anyway, the doctor had said

running away. So now the husband is against  
the wall, leaning or holding up, it

can't be discerned from this distance  
though there's dampness. So the heart mulls over

the ways in which yellow means caution and so  
must ask what were they thinking when painting

this room and thank god for green which  
under the circumstances would mean go on.

## RABBITS IN THE KITCHEN-GARDEN

*Tom Howell*

THE CHILD PITCHES his spade-point into the sack of cement powder, and again, splitting the thick paper in two directions. The powder is fine like volcanic ash and quieter than the sand, which scrapes against the spade when he mixes them on the barn floor, two scoops sand to one cement.

He piles up a mountain, digs a crater in the centre and pours in water from a hose. This mixture he loads into a red wheelbarrow, a toy now rusted by the elements. Balancing the spade across the handles, he lets the weight pull him downhill towards the kitchen-garden where the rabbits live.

He finds four holes, the first behind the oak that has a tree-house up top and halved fire-logs nailed into the trunk for footholds. The hole undermines a root; it opens wide like a banquet room then slopes down and turns a corner. Standing between wheelbarrow and tree, the child fills the banquet room and smooths the cement with the back of his spade. He then pushes the wheelbarrow carefully between the vegetable beds and parks it beside the bramble bushes, where another hole hides. The child rests his ear on the ground to listen for sounds of alarm below.

All four holes are filled. The child patrols the kitchen-garden, driving his wheelbarrow like a cement truck past the rows of beans, the potato-plants, the unsuccessful zucchini. He finds no more holes but half the cement is left over. On the way uphill to the barn, he tugs the wheelbarrow backwards and pretends to be a tractor.

The remaining cement he spreads evenly on a plywood board. Using the spade like a pen, he carves four long-eared rabbits into the cement tablet. Names will not fit and the cement is too soft to receive them anyway so the rabbits go nameless. He scores lines between the rabbit pictures so that the tablet will break correctly when it dries. Then the child is called to supper; his mother has killed a white hen; his father pays him a dollar for his cement-work. The next day he intends to cut the plaque neatly in four and place the rabbit pictures in the earth beside each hole so they will not be forgotten.

In the morning, the child carefully transports the plaques in his wheelbarrow only to find two new holes in the kitchen-garden, one near the brambles beside his cement, the other in middle of the zucchini bed. He shows the holes to his father, who puts a large dose of poison inside them. His father says that settles it, no zucchini this year.

The child climbs up the oak to the tree-house and watches the two holes all morning. His mother brings him chicken sandwiches and playing cards on a tray. Then, mid-afternoon, having seen nothing, he climbs down and leaves the kitchen-garden, disgusted. His father pays him another dollar.

During the night it rains hard and the child wakes to remember that he has left his wheelbarrow outside. In the morning he finds it fallen over, glazed with water. Two sodden mice have washed up in the potato patch and the child's mother says they maybe shouldn't eat the potatoes this year either. There is a new rabbit-hole beneath the oak tree.

## LISTEN FOR THE ANIMALS

*Gillian Jerome*

This morning I wake to the steady muffle of piss  
against the clapboard shack.  
I flip a corner of the garbage bag  
rigged along the window with fishing line  
to shut out the sun.

From a small triangle of light, I watch him  
head bent in concentration,  
holding the pink flap of his cock  
the size of a grayling he'd throw back  
to the water.

Kneeling up to the window  
I find his smell on my fingers,  
spread my hands against the wall  
as they were when he entered me from behind,  
my nipples two grey stones.

Behind me, the soft gaze of the animals  
nailed to the wall. The sixty-pound trout  
and hanging from its mouth,  
the red lure used to land it.  
The rack of antlers from the caribou  
I spotted from the kitchen window  
chewing fireweed, nuzzling its nose in gooseberries.  
Draped above the corner bed  
the grizzly who stamped his fists into the granary  
trying to get at the canned food.

Into a pouch of Drum tobacco  
he dips his fingers  
stiff and cracked from the morning cold.  
He sits on an empty oil barrel  
as if waiting for the soft brain of the doe.

I imagine him close enough to trace  
the tails of curls up his neck  
the cuts in his hands  
from slitting skins off dozens of fish  
hauled from the icy lakewater—  
walleye, Dolly Vardens, ciscoes, inconnu—  
chopping heads and tails into a bucket,  
carving filet from liver, spleen, slivered bones.  
The hands he seals with the sludge of bag balm.  
The hands he slips inside me at night  
with shut eyes, reaching into the lake water  
of his memory.

Tonight he will come back to me  
sun-scorched, covered in slime,  
his fingers reeking of fish.  
A forty-pounder with pink speckles, he'll say,  
I nearly had her. She was so big, the line snapped.

While I sleep my skin will turn silver,  
slippery under his hold.

## GRADE FOUR CONFIDENTIAL

*Heather Christie*

I READ CAROLE Pope's autobiography, *Antidiva*. It wasn't great. I really wanted it to be sexier, darker and more bizarre. While I was reading it I got the overwhelming urge to hear some Rough Trade so I downloaded High School Confidential and All Touch. Since then I've listened to High School Confidential about a million times.

When I was in grade four my grandparents gave my brother and I matching radios with built-in giant headphones. We loved them because we could listen to them in bed and no one would know. We had this habit of trading rooms all the time. Just overnight. I don't know, it was good sometimes to get away from it all and sleep in a sort of unfamiliar place. In grade four we did that a lot.

I have the clearest memories—my first rock'n'roll memories—of lying in my brother's bed listening to that radio. I used to wiggle around with my guts in knots. Grade four was a big year for hormones. I couldn't sleep ever. Absolutely nothing going through my head but my brain exploding nonetheless. I thought I was dying, but I enjoyed it a little bit too.

They were redoing my brother's room and it smelled like wallpaper paste all the time. The air was thick with it. Everything was thick. The songs that wrenched my guts most were In the Air Tonight by either Phil Collins or Genesis, Hit Me With Your Best Shot by Pat Benetar, Do Do Do, Da Da Da by the Police, a song by Journey, another by Styx, and High School Confidential by Rough Trade.

The thing about High School Confidential is that it's about HIGH SCHOOL—five years away. I couldn't fucking wait. Rough Trade was making some serious claims about the nature of high school. They made it sound like a prolonged spasm of tight-jeaned bisexual drama. I couldn't wait; grade four was soup-tight.

Sex in grade four consisted of kissing tag and kissing tag was okay but it was very rules-oriented. The rules were: girls run around the playground with clitorises so hard they press against their rectums. Boys run after the girls, tackle them and hang a gob of spit in their faces. That's all good stuff, but there was no room for improvisation, like the time I tackled little Craig Minakata and put some spit in his face. I got a lot of flak for that, but at night, in my brother's room, Carole Pope promised this bright future where it was going to be okay to cream my jeans over a combination Anita Ekburg/Mamie Van Doren. Who even KNOWS what else would be okay?

I've listened to this song over and over now and I can't get past how beautiful and hilarious it is. Obviously, in grade four I had no concept of High School Confidential as camp. I was pretty sure the singer was a girl, but not one hundred percent. I thought the song was proof that by the time we got to high school everyone would be a lot more open-minded, weird and interesting. I thought that by high school we would all be entirely built out of sex. We would wear denim and leather every day. It would be menacing and there would be obsession and cigarettes and rumours about shop teachers and hot grade nine guys, involving blowjobs for cash.

As it turned out, the only thing it was okay to do in high school was work at MacDonald's to buy expensive shoes.

## WETSUIT DAY

*Darren Stewart*

ONE DAY A REPORTER from Southam let me in on a hot scoop. He dropped a stack of papers on my desk and let me look at them for a second.

“What do you make of this?” he asked, with a wily smirk. The papers were printouts of eBay pages. Stockwell Day had recently posted his notorious black and red wetsuit on eBay, complete with autograph. The reserve bid, or minimum price, was \$200. He would give the money to a breast cancer research charity. My associate's story didn't go very far. I thought it would. His editors disagreed, though his story was printed in a few papers in the Southam chain.

A Manitoba-based vegetable supplier ended up buying the autographed wetsuit for about \$600 (a similar unautographed suit would be worth about \$120) and offered it as a prize in a raffle for those the Winnipeg Harvest Food Bank. The suit was given to a lucky couple during a Canadian Football League game. The couple told a Canadian Press reporter that they planned to give the suit to yet another charity. By press time, the suit had vanished.



## THE RED HAND OF LUNDIN

*Stephen Wittek*

*There have been reports that government troops cleared the area around the town of Bentiu using helicopter gunships, some allegedly piloted by Iraqi soldiers, and aerial cluster bombardment by high-altitude Antonov planes. In addition to the air attacks, government troops on the ground reportedly drove people out of their homes by committing gross human rights violations; male villagers were killed in mass executions; women and children were nailed to trees with iron spikes. There were reports from some villages, north and south of Bentiu, such as Guk and Rik, that soldiers slit the throats of children and killed male prisoners who had been interrogated by hammering nails into their foreheads. In Panyejier last July, people had been crushed by tanks and strafed by helicopter gunships.*

—Amnesty International report on the link between international oil companies and human rights abuses in Sudan.

*For now, the oil companies are untroubled by their role in the brutal destruction and displacement of civilians in the oil regions or by the fact that Khartoum is the sole beneficiary of all Sudanese revenue from oil pumped out of southern fields. Nor are they bothered by Khartoum's declared intention to use oil revenue to purchase more lethal weaponry and create a domestic armaments industry. Three oil companies drilling in Sudan are on US exchanges and should be 'delisted' as soon as possible: Talisman Energy, PetroChina, and Lundin Oil.*

—Eric Reeves, a professor from Smith College in Northampton, MA.

*Ross Sherwood, vice-president of Odium Brown Ltd. in Vancouver, is a friend of Lukas Lundin, whom he described as a keen skier who spends most winter weekends in Whistler. 'He's just a regular dad with a really nice wife and some delightful kids. He's not into the see-and-be-seen scene, it's just not his way.'*

—Ian McKinnon in *The National Post*, November 26, 1999.

## VANCOUVER

It's a beautiful summer day in August, and I'm on the thirteenth floor of the HSBC Building in downtown Vancouver, home of the elegant North American administrative office of Lundin Oil AB. There isn't anybody keeping an eye on the front desk, so I snoop around a bit, help myself to a few business cards and stuff a copy of the *Globe and Mail* into my backpack.

A smiling, spry fellow in a short-sleeved Dockers dress shirt strolls out from one of the offices and asks if he can help me with anything. I tell him I'm there to pick up a copy of the annual report for Lundin Oil.

"No problem," he replies, still smiling. He darts off for a moment, then returns with a copy of the report.

He smiles again, and I'm suddenly struck by a strong sense of familiarity. I flip through the report, arrive at a photo of the administrative board of Lundin Oil, and realize that my suspicion is correct. The man in the Dockers dress shirt is none other than Lukas Lundin, one of the richest men in Vancouver, son of the even-richer international oil baron, Adolph Lundin.

While I stand dumbfounded, trying to figure out what I should do next, Lundin zips out of the office followed by a trio of giggling babes in breezy summer attire. Like a true gentleman, he holds the door open while the ladies slip into the elevator. I manage to squeeze in at the last moment.

A tall bald man in the elevator greets Lundin with a toothy grin.

"Lukas!!"

"Hi, hi," Lundin says.

"Where are you all off to?"

"We're going out for lunch. It's Sandy's birthday."

"Wow!! Looks like it's going to be a good party!!"

"Yes," says Lundin. "It's going to be a very good party."

Everybody laughs, including me.

When we get to the lobby, I follow Lundin past the swinging, buffed aluminum pendulum, through the revolving door, and watch as he and his bevy of babes pile into a cab and dash off to Sandy's birthday party.

## SUDAN

The posh urban world inhabited by Lukas Lundin may seem to be in a universe entirely apart from that of war-torn Sudan, the largest country in Africa, where naked victims of genocide run screaming from burning villages and children are enlisted as soldiers. But in fact, the ever-fatter Lundin larder has been sponsoring Sudanese slaughter for several extremely profitable years.

Since 1983, a bitter civil war between the Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) in Southern Sudan and the Islamic-Fundamentalist Khartoum government in Northern Sudan has claimed the lives of two million people, displaced four million, and led to reports of widespread rape, execution, torture, slavery, forced labour, burned villages and use of child soldiers. US Secretary of State Colin Powell has said that the situation in Sudan may well represent "the greatest tragedy on the face of the earth today." The conflict in Sudan would have probably been resolved long ago if it weren't for international oil companies, such as Lundin Oil and the Calgary-based company, Talisman Energy, who split profits from oil exportation with the Khartoum government in exchange for "protection" of their oil-extracting operations. "Protection" = the slaughter, starvation and displacement of millions. According to a recent US government report, the Khartoum government has implemented a scorched-earth policy around oil-extraction facilities in order to keep them safe from SPLA sabotage.

"These forces have destroyed villages and driven out inhabitants in order to create an uninhabited security zone," the report says. "The displacement of thousands of civilians from the south has served the Khartoum government's objective of creating a secure place for oil workers by making it difficult for the SPLA to operate in the area."

Several human rights groups have pinned blame for the Sudanese slaughter on oil companies in Sudan. A heavily condemnatory report released by Amnesty International last year says profits from oil exportation are the primary reason why the Khartoum government has preferred anarchy to local government in southern Sudan.

“Oil is a symbol of the Sudanese problem,” the report says. “Sudan's recent history of decolonization, failed nation building and its continuing political affairs are reflected in the story of oil. Economic factors, such as oil exploration and extraction, show not only that considerations of the global economy dominate political decision-making but also clearly indicate the underlying sources of the conflict in Sudan. Foreign oil companies are involved in lucrative oil production and they expect the Sudanese government to provide a secure environment, which includes the use of security forces to protect oil company staff and assets. Thus, Amnesty International believes many foreign oil companies tolerate violations by turning a blind eye to the human rights violations committed by the government security forces or government-allied troops in the name of protecting the security of oil-producing areas.”

The situation in Sudan is bad enough to prompt the USA—a country that's usually first in line to profit from the misery and destruction of other countries—to stand up and take action. Last month, the US House of Representatives voted by an overwhelming majority (422 to 2) to pass the precedent-setting Sudan Peace Act, which entails explicit provision for denying US capital market access to oil companies operating in Sudan. Using brutally critical language, Congressman after Congressman excoriated the consequences of oil development in Sudan.

“We should not help foreign oil companies who are helping prolong this bloody slaughter,” said Representative Tom Lantos of California. He added that it was “shameful” that foreign oil companies could use funds raised in the United States to back genocide.

It's impossible to believe that foreign oil companies are unaware that the concession fees they pay to the Khartoum government are used to finance warfare. In April 1999, General Hassan Turabi, a key figure in the Khartoum regime, openly announced that oil profits are used to purchase weapons. In the same month the first oil tankers left Sudan filled with Sudanese oil, twenty T-55 tanks arrived on Sudanese shores, ready to be added to the Khartoum arsenal.

The leader of the Khartoum government, Omar Hassan al-Bashir, has scoffed at demands to bring the war to an end. It's unlikely his attitude will change as long as the war continues to run at a profit.

### **LUNDIN OIL**

Lundin Oil is a Swedish company with Vancouver roots. The Lundin family, headed by patriarch, Adolph, and his Vancouver-born sons, Lukas and Ian, are notorious for going into risky areas, such as the Democratic Republic of Congo and Sudan, grabbing huge mineral/oil deposits at discount prices, and selling them at a premium. Adolph Lundin came to Canada in the 1970s and quickly became one of the most powerful financiers on the Vancouver Stock Exchange. His sprawling empire includes numerous oil companies worth hundreds of millions of dollars in total. In 1997, Lundin's Company, International Petroleum Corp. (IPC), merged with Sands Petroleum AB of Sweden to form Lundin Oil.

Shortly before the merger, IPC signed an Exploration and Production Sharing Agreement with the Sudanese government, granting it rights to 29.142 kilometers in the Muglad Basin known as "Block 5A," an area devastated by oil-related violence, famine and human displacement. Lundin Oil retains a 40.357% share in the Block 5A concession, and acts as operator for a consortium which includes Malaysia's Petronas, Austria's ÖMV Sudan GmbH and the Sudan government's Sudapet. Other foreign oil companies operating in Sudan include China's China National Petroleum Corporation, Canada's Talisman Energy, Italy's Agip, France's Totalfina and Iran's National Iranian Gas Company.

Adolph Lundin's son, Ian, is president and managing director of Lundin Oil. He and his father live in Geneva. His other son, Lukas Lundin (my friend from the elevator) lives in Vancouver, where he heads up the family's North American administrative office, located at 1320-885 West Georgia Street. When he isn't busy attending birthday parties, Lukas enjoys skiing and running. Last year, he placed 43rd in the Shaughnessy 8K run.

If the Lundin Oil policy statement on Sudan is an accurate indication of the Lundin family's collective opinion, then it seems

as though they believe propagation of genocidal warfare is, in fact, a humanitarian effort calculated to benefit the impoverished Sudanese masses.

“Lundin Oil believes that the discovery of oil fields and their development is, over time, one of the best ways to promote the economic development of Sudan, and thus the living standards of all the Sudanese people,” the statement says. “Lundin Oil also believes that economic gains, when used to improve the socio-economic and human condition of the Sudanese people, will enhance the prospects of peace in the country. It will, within its possibilities, support initiatives that may lead to long-lasting peace in Sudan.”

Companies such as Lundin and Talisman are usually quick to point out Sudanese "development" projects they supply funds for, such as the construction of water-wells, roads, schools and hospitals. In many cases, however, these projects are nothing more than a front to deflect criticism and keep investors happy. The bottom line is that the companies can't do anything without the approval of the Khartoum government, which is ruthlessly clearing local people out of the oil areas and using its oil revenue to finance the war.

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*See* INDEX *for* SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

## FISH

*Charles Gregory*

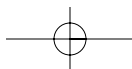
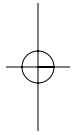
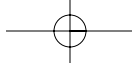
His mouth a grimace as slit as the belly  
of his first catch, his grandfather  
peeling back the sequin skin  
with the blade of his knife, laying open  
the heart beating, the body dead

*observe*, he said, *it pumps the soul free*  
and he lanced it, placed the heart, alive  
in the palm of his hand

*this*, he said, *is what happens*  
*when you die*, and he baited his hook,  
dropped his line  
into the water

the boy peered through his wan face  
bending and glaring on the waves  
as he waited for the silver flash  
of fish in the murky  
underworld

*you see*, his grandfather said  
giving the rod a good tug  
on what he thought was a bite,  
*this way we do not die*  
*in vain*

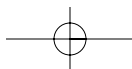
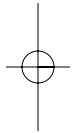
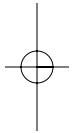
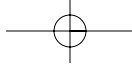




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9 100. He was never dropped on his head when he was a baby. 101. He still hasn't gotten around to finishing the first Harry Potter book. 102. He thinks that he will direct a film some day. 103. He doesn't hold grudges. 104. He's open minded. 105. He's an innie. 106. He remembers. 107. He found his groove. 108. He ate dinner at Wade MacLauchlan's house. 109. He's not sure whether he has allergies or not. 110. He thinks that Al Gore was robbed of the presidency. 111. He's a misanthrope. 112. He can see the secret images in Magic Eye puzzles. 113. He has delusions of becoming a writer. 114. He never loses his keys. 115. He wonders if Matthew Rainnie will ever ask him to do another movie review. 116. He writes his signature differently every time. 117. He used to own a Tommy Hilfiger shirt. 119. He's disappointed that the new Student Centre won't be ready until after he graduates. 120. He's not sure. 121. He volunteers at City Cinema. 122. He doesn't understand the point of make-up. 123. He doesn't keep up in current affairs as well as he should. 124. He hopes that XTC will do a concert tour some day. 125. He thinks that the Internet is a poor research tool for English literature. 126. He's waiting for the day when he will be exposed as the fool that he is. 127. He hates small talk. 128. He thinks that checkers and play are all the same. 129. He thinks that he's always right. 130. He needs a new watch. 131. He thinks that the MPAA rating system is flawed. 132. He has never won a game of Super Mario Bros. 133. He cried during The Green Mile. 134. He beat up someone who was mentally handicapped when he was in grade three. 135. He doesn't like The Guardian. 136. He masturbates. 137. He doesn't like the Faculty of Business. 138. He likes Coke better than Pepsi. 139. He wishes that Baba's Lounge was larger. 140. He used to be able to identify every US state on a blank map. 141. He doesn't care about the weather. 142. He could use some more socks. 143. He ate dog biscuits when he was four years old. 144. He doesn't understand why people believe the articles in The Faction. 145. He doesn't have a passport. 146. He does his own laundry. 147. He watches too many movies. 148. He doesn't exercise. 149. He hates pub crawls. 150. He's a little shy. 151. He procrastinates. 151. He liked The Blair Witch Project even though he realises that it wasn't scary. 152. He might be attracted to you. 153. He worked at Tim Hortons for two years. 154. He can't drive a standard. 155. He tolerates children. 156. He enjoys satire. 157. He won't correct you if you mispronounce his last name. 158. He always upsizes his burger combos. 159. He wonders what he would look like with a beard. 160. He doesn't own a gun. 161. He almost broke his fingers while riding on the Gravitron when he was five years old. 161. He is still uncertain about the proper uses for the semi-colon. 162. He thinks that CIMN should broadcast Charlottetown-wide. 163. He could beat you at trivia if he ever went. 164. He thinks that the Royal Canadian Air Farce people are too old to be funny. 165. He has too many passwords to remember. 166. He doesn't know how to inhale. 167. He has lost interest in weekend box office grosses. 168. He can spell embarrassed correctly. 169. He won't give you his autograph. 170. He could be wrong. 171. He sunburns easily. 172. He's immature. 173. He voted Liberal in the last federal election. 174. He gets carded whenever he goes to bars. 175. He understands what you're saying. 176. He thinks that he will be famous before he turns thirty years old. 177. He paid for a private dance at a strip club. 178. He could do better. 179. He didn't start the fire. 180. His DVD collection is worth more than he is. 181. He doesn't take himself seriously. 182. He should eat more fresh fruit. 183. He has an ingrown toenail. 184. He feels uneasy about using the word niggardly. 185. He thinks that the Fredericton Police Department is out to get him. 186. He has urinated in a pool. 187. He doesn't dye his hair. 188. He still uses Netscape. 189. He's not perfect. 190. He's pro choice. 191. He can relate to Travis Bickle. 192. He lost money by investing in technology mutual funds. 193. He passes wind in public. 194. He doesn't own a thesaurus. 195. He doesn't get enough e-mail to justify having three e-mail addresses. 196. His last student council campaign involved standing on a chair and eating a banana. 197. He's not homosexual. 198. He has big plans. 199. He thinks that it might take you a while to read this list.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

LOUIS RIEL



## BECOMING CANADIAN

*Sigrun Maria Kristinsdottir*

IT ALL BEGINS WHEN she is six. Her mother's best friend sends a picture of her blonde boy standing in a Vancouver playground next to the largest swing set she has ever seen. Lying in her bunk bed that night, and for years to come, she dreams of herself swinging on that magnificent swing set.

Sitting uncomfortably in a gynaecologist's office when she is seventeen, she waits long enough to read a whole article in *National Geographic* about the extremely vulnerable boreal forests of northern BC and the Yukon. She'd rather be in the forest than waiting for her appointment. As she is called into the doctor's office she thinks, "one day I'll move there."

Almost ten years later she gets the opportunity. She moves to a small northern fly-in community. It is minus 40 celsius. She goes outside, breathes in and regrets it. She writes home about how her eyelashes freeze and make her eyes look like daisies with a blue centre.

She listens to the CBC weather forecast and can't figure out why the announcer calls a Saskatchewan city Vagina. Certain that she has misunderstood, she is too embarrassed to ask anyone about this.

She learns to skate and perfects her hockey technique. Under the northern lights she stands on slippery skates in the middle of the lake-rink and slowly moves the stick around in circles. This way she hits the puck (an old beer can) about every seven minutes. She plays hockey three times and curls once. It is necessary for the Canadian experience. She drives her snowmobile to the grocery store and learns how to telemark. She can't bring herself to watch hockey on TV.

She looks up Saskatchewan on her road map and discovers the city is called Regina, probably after some queen, like so many things in this country. She discovers that what is labelled honesty in her home country is called rudeness here. Her boyfriend's father hugs her when she first meets him. She shies away—in her country one does not hug strangers.

She discovers a larger intolerance for Americans than she already held. She discovers Canadians get more offended when they are assumed to be Americans than she gets when Canadians think she is German. She labels it “the small nation syndrome.” People who have never been to her country and don't speak a word in her language tell her they're of the same nationality as she because their grandmother was born there, but immigrated to Canada at the age of 8 months. She stares at them, unsure of how to disillusion them.

She learns to write letters when she is angry.

People are watching TV and crying in the office. She asks who died and discovers someone called Wayne Gretzky has retired. She asks: what from? Big-haired girls in the office look at her threateningly, refuse to answer her stupid question. Someone smiles sympathetically and explains.

She learns how to use a chainsaw. She gathers her own wood for the winter and goes moose-hunting. She learns how to butcher moose but she never grows comfortable with the gun.

She refuses to swim in cold water and misses the hot pools of her country. She goes home for a visit and discovers she doesn't know anything about European fashion anymore. Waitresses in restaurants look at her and don't know which language to speak.

She moves south to the west coast and sees humming birds for the first time, along with the remains of old growth forest. Where are all the First Nations people? Only their art is visible. She discovers that apartheid was largely modelled on Canadian Native reserves. People look at her with a mixture of shame and defiance when she reminds them Europeans did not “discover” America.

She is in an airport waiting for her flight as the Canadian men's team wins Olympic gold. She decides this is an appropriate first hockey game to watch and she cheers like every other spectator in the airport.

One day she steps off the city bus into a cold March rain and, across the bus filled with strangers, she yells her thanks to the bus driver. In the wet dark outside, she smiles to herself.

## IN THE VINCENT PRICE ROOM, JOURNEY'S END

*Richard Lemm*

*Undertakers to Meet*

—*The Guardian* [Charlottetown, PEI] July 19, 2001

What do undertakers talk about  
when they meet? Do they share the black  
humour of anaesthetists, that exacting  
routine punctuated by moments of sheer terror  
when false teeth are lost or a spouse  
glows with white-hot anger at a death-grimace  
no art could remove or, at least, lacquer?  
Do they practice those fastidious  
makeovers on each other?  
Rehearse those hushed voices, gently  
touching their colleagues' elbows?

Or gather in sound-proofed convention  
rooms and strike Chinese gongs, drink  
Tequila sunrises and play  
giddy rounds of paper, scissors, rock?  
Perhaps they massage each other's delicate  
hands, those manicured fingers blessed  
by the angel of death, with the tact  
and sure precision of surgeon and beautician.

I have come to believe they flirt and pair  
off in their rooms and undress, a slow seductive  
shedding of charcoal suits  
and skirts, stiff white blouses and shirts,  
underwear flimsy, sheer, vermilion,  
never taking *le petit morte* lying down  
but upright, defying gravity.

Though some never touch, only their eyes  
ferrying back and forth across the river.

Walking past them down the hotel corridor  
I hear one mention ashes on the Ganges.  
Or is it managing their assets?  
If I crashed their workshops, would I discover  
them practicing those soft, deep, compassionate  
sounds, or training to suppress laughter?  
In the session on "Understanding Grief"  
do they meditate on photos of their late  
fathers, ailing mothers, or tirelessly enact  
the Monty Python dead parrot skit?

They must shop-talk about us,  
the mourners. Rate our bereavement,  
swap designations: weepers and wailers,  
eye-dabbers, cinder-block-faced,  
zipper-lipped, will hunters, morbid.  
And surely they must complain  
about music, how they hate  
hearing "Nearer My God to Thee."  
How they long to crank up "Sympathy  
for the Devil" or "you ain't  
nothin' but a hound dog," or instruct  
the organist to play "Stairway to Heaven"  
backwards. Late in the evening,

in the hospitality suite, they drink  
shooters they call embalmers,  
and with a flushed, self-conscious thrill  
play "Name the Immortals."  
Then push each other over the brink  
of remembrance: the devastated,  
the forlorn they could not console.  
That done, they make lists.  
Hymns that permeate even the brass  
and varnished wood of their hearts.  
Handshakes that made them tremble.  
Moments alone with the dead  
when the room's air thins and parts,  
the mind wavers, light-headed,  
as if someone has drawn a boost  
from the brain's electricity, recharged  
and sped off, the lights briefly dimmed,  
air quivering, then still.



## THE LONGEST DAY OF THE YEAR

*Kevin Chong*

ON THE LONGEST DAY of the year I picked up a pair of lawn chairs from my parents' house and got my hair cut. We went to the post office so she could send a letter and then to set up a monthly term deposit at the bank. Neither of us had any wage work for today, and boy oh boy, had she set her mind on running errands. While she had her back turned to face the cashier, I ogled a woman in line. The woman in line wore cut-off jeans, her thighs agreeably pale, white the colour of sliced turkey breast. It was muggy that day. We went home, got changed, and ran twenty-five minutes along the dirt trail running next to the railroad tracks. If the sixteen-year-old me were here to see the twenty-six-year-old me running in his white socks, in his swishing track pants, I would no doubt give myself the finger.

We went to a friend's. We drank pink lemonade and listened to the radio at the home of this friend, who once survived a four-story fall from a grain elevator and who happened not to own a TV. In the news that day, a sitcom star and a blues singer both died, of natural causes. We ate chicken strips served with honey mustard made by our friend, who also happened to own a toaster oven. Once we got home again, I remembered to bring my lawn chairs from the car to the back patio. She went to take a shower.

The phone rang. It was a woman calling for someone with my first name. Speaking. It's me, she said. Are you at work now? I told her I didn't know who she was, she thought I was joking. For we had just spoken on the party line, the one that is free for females, and the guy she was talking to wanted her to call him at another number where he did his graveyard shift. It turned out she had called the wrong number. Both of us marvelled that she nonetheless got someone with the same, albeit common, name. We chatted some more. The woman on the phone was eighteen and worked at a grocery store in an outer suburb. Calling the line, this woman confided, was done out of boredom. We nervously anticipated the end of our conversation. The woman asked me if she should call me again. I said, only if you're bored. The bathroom door opened, and she emerged, inching the towel around her bust, and I looked outside and could see our neighbour's kitty cat in the twilight.

## THE PORTABLE CELL

*Rick Maddocks*

PICTURE, IF YOU WILL, a line-up. Let's say it's at a driver's license bureau. You are sitting against the far wall of the waiting area, under a very large highway map, watching the people in this line-up make their slow, inevitable progress toward a wicket at the counter. First in line is a man in his fifties dressed in a mismatched jacket and pants. He holds his chin up and frowns, through what appear to be bifocal glasses, at the occupied wickets before him. After him stands a young girl in her late teens or early twenties, though it's hard to tell. She's wearing a ponytail and very little or no make-up. She has a self-conscious bearing, and even steals nervous looks over her shoulder from time to time, perhaps due to the fact that she's about to take her first written test or because there is a pair of teenage boys behind her who are whispering to each other and snickering.

They must be barely sixteen, not much older than you are now, and their baggy pants and cockiness do little to mask the acne that mars their faces. Their laughter, however, is genuine. For behind them is a clean-shaven man in his thirties, with dark hair and of average height and build, wearing a white shirt and grey pants, who's standing there holding a large, metallic-finish portable cell. It fits amply over his head and barely over his shoulders. At each side he grips one of the many gleaming bars that surround him; the cell extends down past the bottom of his rib cage to his waist.

He appears relatively happy, or at least unaware of any sadness he carries, and doesn't seem to be suffering at all under the weight of the cell. Remember, these were the days when personal cells weren't affixed to the waist or, as is more the fashion nowadays, to the head of the prisoner. Also, the cell itself was, as you've

heard, only metallic-finish, so the lightweight plastic material underneath was quite manageable as far as burdens go; one could conceivably carry his or her personal cell for hours on end without so much as a mild ache in the hand.

The man in was there to renew his license, which was due to expire in three weeks. He waited patiently, though not quite for hours on end, until it was his turn at the wicket. (Perhaps it would have been in his best interest if he had waited even longer, for as we are about to see, his fate was such as befits a man who carries his own cell.) When asked by the woman at the counter why he was carrying a cell, the man replied, "So I can be easily found at all times."

"And how," the woman asked, "do you figure that?"

The man smiled. "How could someone who wanted to contact me possibly have trouble tracking down a person who carries their own cell with them at all times? It provides a service. And it just happens to be light and affordable. I'm ahead of the pack."

"Why would you want to be found at all times? That doesn't sound like fun. Sometimes I just want to hide."

"Ah, but I should always be available. I'm in sales."

"Yes, that's what I thought, but what crime did you commit?"

"I don't understand," the man said.

The woman stared at him for some time before saying, "I think you look like an idiot."

"Ah, you say that now."

Before the woman would issue the man a new license she made sure to ask him if he ever drove while "using" his cell, to which the man abruptly replied, of course not. Next was the photograph. The woman instructed the cell man to walk around to the side of the counter and stand on the green line, to which he happily obliged. He smiled at the large, odd-shaped camera through the bars of his cell.

"Is it collapsible too?" the woman asked.

"What? Oh, yes," said the man, noting a stir of interest. "It folds up to be quite small."

"Then make it collapse."

The man asked her if she couldn't just zoom in and focus on his face between the bars. The woman said no because the regulation photograph had to be a clear shot of both head and shoulders and she didn't know why they were even having this conversation. The man, who had been paying some attention to the young woman's head and shoulders—the way her blouse shifted sleepily against her freckled skin as she fussed with the camera—now sighed and, quite dejected, put down the cell on the floor in front of the green line, though he stubbornly refused to fold it as requested. When he stood up a flash blinded him.

Back in his recently purchased car, the man turned over the ignition and pulled away, enjoying the sound and rhythm of his manual transmission. He liked the act of changing gears; he always thought you really felt like you were driving. Handling an automatic vehicle was to him more like watching television. Of course it was also a little more involving to drive his manual car at the time because he was, in the woman from the driver's license bureau's words, "using" his cell. His one hand worked the gears to his right, while his left hand held the steering wheel through the bars directly in front of him. Since the cell was quite small it fit around him in the driver's seat and only lightly brushed the interior's ceiling, though it followed that the spaces between the bars were very narrow, and this made his driving more difficult still. Yet this method, he assured himself quite proudly, worked very well.

He had just made a hard left turn on a yellow light when a bicycle came from nowhere, or the sidewalk, and his car hit both bike and rider square, sending the cyclist sailing twenty feet through the air and splitting his head open against the black steel frame of a billboard, which as you can imagine caused a bloody but mercifully sudden death. Meanwhile, the cell man's car spun around 360 degrees before smashing through the front window of a credit union. No one else was harmed, not even the attractive young teller whose wicket was demolished by the car's tail end, since she saw the whole event unfold outside due to an absence of clients lined up before her, and upon seeing the car come spinning toward the window, shouted "Duck!" and calmly stepped aside and crouched to her knees behind the customer services desk. Seconds

later there were some sprinklings of glass in her hair, the smell of exhaust and an unbearable scream issuing from the car.

The cell, lightweight as it was, proved to be very sturdy and upon impact it remained surprisingly intact. The man broke his right arm in two places, and in one location his bone had pierced the skin. He screamed until the police arrived, and when the paramedics attempted to extricate him from his cell, he screamed even louder, for one of the bars had become wedged in his arm. He remembered little afterwards, save for a police officer standing over his hospital bed asking him why he operated a motor vehicle while hampered by such an absurd device, to which the man replied, "I'm in sales."

Another officer read him his rights.

After five nights in detention, he took the bus home. He was wearing a cast on his arm, so it would have been near impossible for him to carry his cell even if it had not been confiscated to serve as evidence. With some difficulty he opened his front door to find a small stack of mail on the welcome mat. Among the envelopes was one from the Ministry of Transportation. He trudged upstairs and awkwardly made a pot of coffee, then eased himself into an armchair. He sat staring at the entertainment centre across from him for a few minutes. Slowly his murky, fish-eyed reflection in the television gave way to a hillside swaying with long grass and a yellow sun shimmering through a pair of trees. He saw himself climbing up the hill and the grass moving like water around him. He yawned, gazed at the table beside him, the steam licking off his cup of coffee, and with some contempt picked up the Ministry of Transportation letter between his first two fingers. When he opened it and took out his new driver's license, he found that in the photograph he was still looking down.

## WAILING NECESSITIES

*Matthew Dorrell*

A police car careens by—  
siren blaring an advertisement  
for the suburbs.  
Sound stolen less from a Hollywood blockbuster  
than from a child's key chain,  
the button stuck and tinny siren looping.

First moving here you wonder  
at each siren, staring out windows  
to identify the species—  
sirens that sound  
like propane smells—  
and for what wailing necessity it exists.  
After a time (not so long)  
the screamingly important becomes  
the background in a painting,  
the way leaves smash into each other  
or wind tears itself through air.

Admiring the blurred urgency  
of a calling siren,  
like a photo of a cheetah in full sinewed flight,  
is easy enough  
if one ignores  
the inevitable carnage where movement ends.

## THE LOWER HALF

*Mary Conquest*

I HAD WITNESSED him all summer—felt him pace my upper floors in his rented compartment. I coddled him through his insomnia and shaking, cradled his body while he twisted to accommodate his shrunken stomach. I saw him through the come down; I gave him a view to something outside himself. All summer he continued to invite visitors. They climbed up rashly through my creaking guts to the fourth floor and made poor conversation while he got out the scales. They put money on the table and he left it there, only grabbing a bill when he left to seek nourishment.

I have always encouraged community among the suspicious. My roof offers a landscape of tar paper and sunsets, electric wires and gritty pavement. From there the world is divided in half, and the lower half—faded brick and faded people framed in dirty windows—can only touch the upper half invisibly. A thin layer of smog and fear seeps into the clouds to disappear in the light above. It is from my roof that community develops, in the circular motion of joints passed from hand to hand, in the cryptic conversations, each tenant endlessly sussing out the others for limits to their trust. I watch them all, noticing which ones scan the lower half of the view I offer, and which ones focus on the upper half.

That evening, two were looking at the upper half. One was an English girl who spent the summer taking showers and lying naked on my floor, praying for rain. The other was him. He sat just outside the circle and needed to be reminded when the spliff came his way. As the circle broke, he got restless and the gentle footsteps began. I felt him jump the rickety fence of my terrace to the black shingles on the other side, where one step down and out of sight people left pot plants to soak up the sky. I had supported his wanderings all summer, knowing it was never quite enough. It was only ever fifteen minutes before he stopped his pacing and left me, used me to push off on to the transformer box attached to the electric pole beside me. The box was big enough to support one cross-legged human, at the centre of a web supplying electronic life to



everything that surrounded it. There he would watch the sunset, slide gracefully back onto my roof, and climb inside me for another night.

That night, his grace failed him. A split-second lover's quarrel with gravity, and his hands gripped the wrong two wires for safety. Someone screamed and I felt everyone inside me run to the window, trampling my creaking floorboards, which the caretaker—who took no care—refused to replace. They scurried and shouted at first, hiding their drugs before phoning 911. Then they stood still at their windows and in the street. I watched them watch him as his broken body spilled red, which ran down the sidewalk into the next block. The firetrucks arrived first, hoses poised to wash away the blood, waiting for its source to be removed. Then the ambulances came and workers scrambled—they put him in a metal suit; they placed their hands on his chest; they tried to bludgeon the life back into him. They gave out no information. Then they took him away.

When the steps inside me had settled, I had the whole suspicious community to comfort. I held them in their beds, I heard their phone conversations and absorbed their marijuana and nicotine into my walls. I listened to their Bob Marley, watched them drink chocolate milk and rub their bellies. I did this instinctively, having soaked up the misery of generations on this tiny street. No one climbed to my roof that night to watch the stars. They slipped into the obscurity of dreams until the sun rose again.

## LITTLE WARS, WITH WORDS

*Darren Stewart*

LAST WEEK WE WERE sitting, having a post-work drink at a bar popular with our social circle, minding our own business. We were three: a journalist, a webzine editor and a member of the communications shop of a major government department. We were sipping a drink and feeling fine, talking politics, life; talking about the nation's capital and the people in it; laughing out loud. Our mental palates were cleansed of the day's doldrums. Everything was as it should be. We felt we belonged. But the music.

My friend had with him a small collection of jazz CDs which he often brings to work, to bring cheer to his drab cubicle environment. The waitress obliged us, and soon we were sipping our beer to some smooth Charlie Parker. The night progressed. More drinks were had. The waitress allowed us to put on other jazz CDs. More conversation and laughter ensued.

Our music stopped, suddenly. The waitress told us, "I'm sorry. There's a table full of MPs up front that were complaining so I turned it off. They're MPs."

We looked over to the offending crew huddled in a corner table in front of the front window. A cadre of Canadian Alliance MPs sat smugly. House Leaders Chuck Strahl and Grant McNally with Party Whip John Reynolds and others; folks who occupy the middle seats of the opposition bench of the country's parliament, travelling in a pack, complete with aides, complaining about our music.

We fumed, we plotted and we decided we would establish contact on the way out, demanding an explanation. We stood up and stormed toward the table, none of us believing that the others would actually do anything.

The first of us, a writer of press releases and speeches for a high-ranking cabinet minister, launched into an angry diatribe.

“It must feel good to have a party leader, who, like a Gladiator on a Chariot, burst on to the federal political scene on a Sea-Doo!”

The MPs, the aides, myself, the waitress behind the bar, and both my friends were shocked at the sudden peace disturbance. Time stood still for a second. Silence.

An aide stood up awkwardly, knocking over his chair, and faced us. He was a short balding man, but suddenly he was the secret service protecting the president. Grassy Knoll, Lee Harvey Oswald, tension. We squared off.

My other friend, who has a knack for freestyle rapping, accosted the aide with sudden frenetic rhymes about how right-wingers have bad taste in music, how jazz is good for the soul and how Stockwell Day was doomed. In the background, cackling madly, slung lines like a New York City coke dealer at an eighties house party:

“You don’t like our music, we don’t like your crazy politics.”

“Stockwell Day is no Christ!”

“Joe Clark whups his ass on the floor every day, you hear?”

I was dumbfounded. I crossed my arms and tried to look menacing. I was worried that the MPs would recognize me as the guy in the press box always wearing the loud shirts. The aide, confused, frightened, straightened his chair and sat down. He looked sheepish. The MPs, wide-eyed, were too confused to speak.

My speech-writer friend, now worked into a frenzy, turned to lead us out into the night. He swayed slightly with drink, and spat final words:

“It’s a good thing your leader wears a wetsuit because your ship is sinking!”

The MPs looked baffled, confused, silent and maybe scared as we stormed out laughing and garrulous. In the street, outside the window, we slapped hands like idiots.

## THE YOGWAN

*Brad Cran*

THE GUESTHOUSE, or Yogwan, was called The Inn Sung Do and it had an open air kitchen which resembled a back alley, a bathroom that stunk like shit, a shower that I would only use while wearing plastic sandals and a horseshoe of small rooms, the smallest of which was nicknamed the Coffin and the largest of which was a few times the size and nicknamed the Gas Chamber on account of a gas leak that often filled the room with propane. The Yogwan was a home for illegal English teachers and jewellery sellers who sold bags of junk jewellery from India and Thailand at a thousand percent mark up in the streets and subways of Seoul. Most of the English teachers were backpackers looking to make enough money to keep themselves in Asia. The jewellery sellers were mostly Peruvian and the occasional westerner who got tired of teaching English.

In my first week I landed a university teaching job through an American who also lived in the Yogwan. He claimed to have bad luck and was paranoid that he would be arrested and deported for teaching English without a work visa so he always carried an umbrella and swore that if he was ever confronted by an immigration officer he'd poke him in the face and make a break for it. Random deportations were a genuine concern. It meant that if you felt like you were being followed you would duck down back alleys until the coast was clear. It meant that on teacher's day you had to graciously accept bundles of roses from your students and then throw them in the garbage as soon as you got around the corner. It meant you wore running shoes to work. It meant you never used your real name.

My name was Brad Krahn. The American called himself Curtis Mayfield. Bobby Ore and Gord Downie also taught out of

the Yogwan and I heard stories about a Terry Fox who had been deported a few months before I arrived. I started dating a girl named Emily whose last name was Smith which she changed to Smithe because that was her ex-boyfriend's last name and she hadn't gotten over him.

Illegally teaching in Seoul felt more akin to dealing hard drugs than being part of the education system. Most of the job interviews I had took place in subway stations or the street. Once I was hired in the elevator on the way up to a giant multinational investment company. I thought I was there for an interview but when I got in the elevator my agent asked me to take out my earring and he handed me the day's lesson plan and a fake resume which he told me to memorize by the time the elevator doors opened. I had been educated at Yale.

On paydays I met my agents in the street and received a bundle of cash. Korea's largest piece of currency was the ten thousand won note which at the time equalled about ten US dollars. So on Paydays I'd have as much as two thousand dollars in \$10 notes that I then took to an illegal currency exchange that was disguised as a lingerie shop. Once I had American currency it was okay to take it to the bank and have it changed into travellers cheques without the teller stamping the transaction in my passport which would surely result in heavy interrogation when I was trying to leave the country with my illegally earned savings.

The teaching itself I hated. I was a bad teacher at first and for perhaps a week or so I taught a few good classes but once I learned how to teach I lost interest and was again a bad teacher. The formula for renegade English teaching in Korea was this. The first day of class is always a freebie. You introduce yourself and have the students do the same. Correct them any time they say anything wrong. After that you can use the local English newspaper to prepare your classes on the subway while travelling to class. If you are ever ill-prepared discuss Japanese-Korean relations. Koreans both hate and love the Japanese. In many ways they idolize Japan but they hate the Japanese for being economically superior, invading their country and afterwards taking a large number of Korean women back to Japan to be comfort women.

I was arrested once while in Korea. I had just got home from teaching and my girlfriend Emily Smithe was all shook up. Apparently a group of Peruvians had robbed a bank and the police had raided the Yogwan. Emily had been interrogated by a policeman who insisted she was an illegal English teacher and further insisted that she would not be deported if she gave him "suc-kee, suckee." And then she described how he stuck his tongue out at her and had pasty saliva in the corners of his mouth.

She was shook up so I made fun of her and did my "suck-ee suckee" policeman imitation. A few minutes later there was a knock on the door and when I answered there he was wanting Emily Smithe. He was pissed drunk and told me to leave. When I wouldn't he pulled out his little inspector's pad and asked for my name. I spelled it for him. K-R-A-H-N. Then he told me Emily was under arrest and that she was going with him. I told him she wasn't going anywhere and that we were going to phone our embassy. He said I was under arrest too and that we were both to follow him. Again we refused and he pulled out his badge and insisted that we follow him. So we did.

We walked out of the Yogwan and down the alley. When I asked him where we were going he said the Hoff, which is a sort of plastic starter kit version of a German Hoff, and also one of the most common styles of drinking establishments in Seoul. He ordered a jug of beer and I ordered a bottle of *soju* which is the Korean national drink and tastes like weak vodka. A Korean man's manhood is often judged by the amount of *soju* he can drink. Passing out is not only publicly acceptable, but is also a sign of manhood. So I poured us a couple stiff ones and shot mine back. He was already pissed and refused to drink it so I told him we were leaving. He said I could leave but Emily was staying, then he wiggled his tongue at her.

I went to the pay phone and called the Canadian Embassy. When no one answered I returned to the table. The cop was talking about soccer. Korea had just beaten Japan. The highlights were on TV and he shouted a few things in Korean to which the other people in the bar lifted their glasses. I leaned over and told him that it was too bad that Korea couldn't have beaten Japan when

they were over here invading his country. He jumped up and said he was going to shoot me and his arms flailed across his body as if he was looking for a gun. He shouted at me in Korean then he walked out of the Hoff. We ran back to the Yogwan, packed everything we could carry and moved to the other side of Seoul.

Emily and I kept working for another two months until we had enough money to travel through Southeast Asia for a few months. We bought a couple tickets to Bangkok, worked right up to the last day then changed our money and rushed to the airport. Everything seemed fine when we cleared immigration. We went through separately just in case there was a problem. We both made it through okay. We waited at the gate and I got up to go to the washroom. When I got back three men in suits surrounded Emily. She said to me "here's your luggage, sir." I thanked her for watching my bag, sat down and pretended to read a magazine. I could feel the immigration officers scrutinizing me but I just looked up and smiled. Then they took her away. I boarded the plane hoping she'd be able to talk her way on to the flight but she didn't and as the plane took off the only empty seat was beside me. So I pulled up the armrest and sprawled across both seats.

## THIS IS WHERE EVERYONE BELONGS

*Greg Younger-Lewis*

5 hands as fists  
hit a steel drum  
lying in the dirt  
beside a trumpet glistening  
gold, brap beating  
seeking the ring of  
the iron skeleton observatory  
under the overpass

no one needs company  
when the world is  
the people's native born dance

one sits in an acrylic orange sweater  
no moments  
no movements  
still life  
eyes closed, with circled  
thumb and finger on her lotus  
jean knees

she stretches, arrived  
thru eternity, arms to the fore,  
up to become a mime  
from a grass knoll in the middle  
and outside the universe,  
under the overpass  
of a highway in Quebec City

this is where everyone belongs

ignorant of the ivory glowing  
Jesus and the Royal Bank  
watching from above,  
everyone's hands clashing with



only the air between  
the cobblestone bricks  
and the grey-metal guard  
of the off-ramp

thousands in a dirt-floor refuge  
under the overpass  
dustsmoke rising from  
a twenty-foot phoenix of burning fence flame,  
helicopters swatting thick night,  
irrelevant

this is where every one belongs

rhythm clap and echo to the above  
granite wall, on the edge of a cliff,  
on rue St. Paul  
where Governments  
stand in black,  
not moving as they did  
to kick the last man  
that fled eye-grating gas,  
the last one sealed with a leather-  
tooth club and boot

this is where everyone belongs  
under the overpass at night  
within the embrace of each other,  
touching and not  
touching, and dancing a  
tambourine metal  
loose hopping rave

this is where everyone belongs as one

## XSPIDER-MANX

*Lee Henderson*

I WENT AND SAW the movie Spider-Man on opening day at Tinseltown, where, as you must know, all the junkies crawl around outside, pressing their AIDS-stricken hands against the windows wondering what the hell kind of stores are inside, what kind of stuff they could buy, if they had money and if the security would let them pass. What they don't know is that the mall is basically empty. It's a ghost mall. A fear of sickness, of crime, of junk, has starved the mall of customers. It is a junk-sick mall, something that old Bill Burroughs could have approved of, grimly. The dumb fuck who leases a room in that building might as well spend it all on heroin from the dude down the street with his thumbs up his ass-crack waiting for the next delivery. There are as many boarded-up storefronts inside Tinseltown as there are on Hastings. If a

junky does get in all they want is a moist taco from the food court, and maybe to check out a movie. The only thing in Tinseltown on Friday May 3rd was Spider-Man, every half hour from 10:45 am until midnight.

On a field trip to a billion dollar lab studying—for no apparent reason—those eight-legged fuzzy bugs, Peter Parker (Toby Maguire) is polluted by the hot venom of a "super-spider" while his hard-on for Mary Jane (Kirsten Dunst) almost cracks the lens of the camera dangling from his neck. His DNA coils and mixes with the DNA of said spider, and Parker twists the strap of the camera around his neck and jacks himself off into a sticky petri dish while auto-asphyxiating himself.

"Give me strength," he gasps and slings his first web. I was impressed with Sam Raimi's direction, very subtle, as always.

At this point the juice began to take effect and I had to get up from my seat and micturate. "Where's your fucking bathroom?" I asked a little brown stool of a boy in Tinseltown costume.

Pointing to the left, he said, "And around that corner."

There were only two urinals in the bathroom, close together, and an anemic creature, all spinal cord and saliva glands, was standing at one of the bowls squeezing pee from the ulcer on his groin. I sidled up next to the mugwump and started to piss. "Nice cock," the thing said.

"Watch your mouth," I said.

"I'll strangle you for a dollar," the thing said. "I'm good," he continued, "I diddle the mayor, and he pays me more. I'm offering a deal."

"I'm here to watch a movie," I answered as pragmatically as possible. Back on the silver screen Spider-Man descended upside-down from a taut ejaculation and, in the rain, Mary Jane rushed to meet him. It was raining (like I said) and in a movie weather is always organized long in advance. The wet cotton membrane of Mary Jane's pink shirt let her tits scream out from underneath, trapped, anxious and swollen with abject passion. Still upside-down, Spider-Man pulled back the skin of his mask to reveal his fat pink mouth, and shot his tongue so far down her throat he could taste her ovaries.

Meanwhile, I continued to eat my greased popcorn. The rush I was getting from hydrogenated extract of junky mucous was making the movie more life-like. The shit tasted delicious on each popped kernel. I was tingling. Whenever I saw Willem Defoe's teeth I almost felt them, like bone-carved buttons, against my chest. His portrayal of the Green Goblin should win him a fuck in the ass.

There's a point in the movie when Mary Jane walks out of the diner where she's working and there's a shot of her long tender white legs and they look so good that it makes you want to push her face down on the hardwood floor of a high school gymnasium, kick her thighs apart and do her as hard as possible. It was at this point in the film that I began to smell the mugwump behind me, trying to dig his erection through my comfortable seat cushion, to push himself straight up my rectum and in to my reptilian core. The dank and hairy length of my perineum was tingling, as the pinched rictus of my ass seethed and worried. I opened a box of Glossette Peanuts and began to shove them down my throat in an attempt to calm my nerves.

"We'll meet again, Spider-Man," the Green Goblin said, and suddenly the mugwump was inside me, straight through the lumbar-supporting Tinseltown theatre seating. My head jerked back and relaxed against the headrest. The mugwump leaned forward and whispered delicately in my ear a bunch of sexual nonsense, and advance notice of sales that would appear at various stores in the mall.

I asked the thing, "Do you take Interac?"

"Of course, and Visa, Mastercard.," and then, as if I'd asked another question, it carried on: "I was a young boy once and heard the siren call of easy money and women and tight boy-ass and lands sake don't get my blood up, I am subject to tell a tale to make your cock stand up and yipe for the pink pearly way of young cunt or the lovely brown mucous-covered palpitating tune of young boy-ass playing your cock like a recorder.."

Someone next to me with a little child dressed in Spider-Man pyjamas sitting on his bare lap—evidently fucking the kid the way I used to play horseback rider with my granddad when I was the kid's age—while being shot full of speed by a woman in a nurse's uniform with AIDS sores on her lips and arms, said, "Shhh, we're trying to watch the movie."

Five stars:

\* \* \* \* \*



X SPIDERMAN X

(THE ANNUAL OILMEN'S)  
LOBSTER FEED

*Mark Samcoe*

*some people forget to live as if a great arsenic  
lobster could fall on their heads at any moment  
—from Sixty by Stephen Dunn*

You're catering to men you knew  
back when work was solving for y;

girls preferred boys who could go 4-high,  
and the best pickup line was, arguably, a Ford.

Here, the only women invited were hired to leave  
nothing to the imagination of men who don't know

what it's like to be hardened by the unattainable.  
A girl in the velvet of your parents' '81 Pontiac

would be tantamount to an instantly forming petroleum,  
cocaine that cleared arteries.

For these men, who have always found hard bodies  
easy to master, the perverse is a softer impossibility,

like working off a gut through telekinesis. You watched  
lobsters, boiled alive, turning an angry red.

Men ponying up hundreds for the carrot  
a stilettoed woman thrust in and out of herself.

They answered Miami? when you asked about vice.  
You blame their mothers' breasts, not the poison  
  
you've poured from speed-spouts all night, so potent  
that peroxide is the only antidote, and silicon has you  
  
stuck between what is and isn't. You still believe yourself  
to be unrecognizable, until a name gets put to your face,  
  
then a few stiff drinks, and the dollop of whipped cream  
on a woman's accomplished breast. You lick,  
  
thinking postage stamps, groping for the shotglass,  
as if an ounce of indecency could chase any memory  
  
of wanting to call Jennifers, Christines, to ask  
where they were taken, how fast,  
  
and whether life returned to anything remotely normal,  
the morning after.

## THE SADDEST SPARKLE STORY IN THE WORLD

*Susan Juby*

THERE ARE THOSE among us who forgive and forget. And then there are those of us who ride a grudge like an Olympic bobsled on the world's longest track.

When I was in grade two, there was this girl—we'll call her Jenny—who invited me over to play. This was a big deal because, as any school-yard monitor operating in the Northern Interior in the mid-seventies can attest, I was not a popular child. There is something about a girl who looks like a boy, wears mismatched footwear, mumbles to herself and spends hours alone in the swamp out behind the school equipped with nothing more than a book, a mason jar and a butterfly net, that brings out intolerance in other children.



It was therefore big news when Jenny invited me over to play at her house. My mother was, although she tried to hide it, excited. I could tell because although she didn't believe in policing my clothing choices, she actually cautioned me against wearing the orange pantsuit with the white cats on it. Usually she was all for me expressing myself through fashion. This was part of the same impulse that led her and my uncles to teach me to perform Broadway show tunes at top volume while dancing on kitchen tables, another crowd pleaser that got me banished to Loserland the instant I hit Kindergarten.

"Honey, that one's got quite a few cigarette burns on it. Maybe you should wear your suspender pants."

I was not deterred. My orange pantsuit with the giant orange buttons placed at interesting intervals was my lucky outfit. True, it was studded with black-edged holes where my grandma had dropped her cigarette on it (repeatedly) while sewing back on some of the orange buttons. At one time the buttons had been located near exits and entrances, but after Grandma's reattachment surgery, the buttons studded the pantsuit in a marvelously haphazard fashion. Grandma's sewing technique was, like Grandma herself after a few Bloody Marys, quite unusual.

So the orange pantsuit (matching orange turtleneck underneath) and I headed off for a day of socializing. Jenny's house was okay, although it had that other-people's-food smell, and her mother seemed a bit stern, and Jenny's friendliness had a cracked quality, like a twig being asked to bend too far. But I was in no position to be fussy.

Jenny and her mother had exactly the same haircut. Where mine was boyish (my mother insisted on calling it pixie-ish) Jenny's was downright mannish. She was not a light-hearted child. It must have weighed heavily on her to know that she was next in line in our class for sacrificial goat status. And unlike me, Jenny didn't have any imaginative pursuits to keep her company. Unless, of course, she spent her time imagining the slow suffocation of the tiny things trapped under the plastic her mother left on all their furniture. Jenny's house contained a total of two books: a *Reader's Digest* beside the toilet and a bible (in a plastic cover) on the unused coffee table in the unused living room.

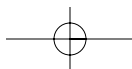
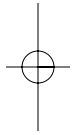
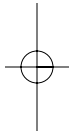
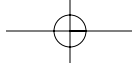
We started out awkwardly, having little to say to one another. But as conversations in those days had a way of doing, ours turned to the topic of sparkles and soon became animated. Sparkles were all the rage in Lake Kathlyn Elementary that year. Like stickers before them, sparkles were hoarded, bartered and used as status symbols to lord over other kids. The metallic bits came in a variety of colours and nothing, but nothing, spruced up a glue drawing like a few sparkles. But ours was not a free market sparkle system. Only the popular kids were allowed to use or own sparkles. Them and the teacher.

Jenny and I got to talking and found we had something in common. We both really wanted to get into the sparkle market. Not to become major players or anything. We just wanted a few bottles' worth to trade amongst ourselves, sprinkle in our hair and accent our toilet paper roll art. But what we were actually doing was hatching treason. Illicit sparkle use was nothing short of that capital offence: copying. And we both knew what we were proposing to do was copy the popular kids. God, we were daring. Everyone knew that copying could get you killed. Unless you happened to be part of the core team, like Tracy Kempenar or Tanya Edgemont, who could happily mimic one another's hair, clothing, gestures, until the two of them became like a Doublemint commercial sprung to life. The copying we were proposing was the bad kind, when a person lower in the social hierarchy tried to use the mannerisms or craft supplies of her betters. Then you were in for it.

We started quietly, Jenny and I. We spoke in hushed tones of the sparkles we'd seen. But before long we'd agreed that the whole damn sparkle system was corrupt. And we weren't going to take it anymore!

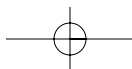
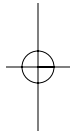
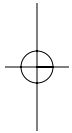
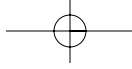
Next stop: the craft store, where we spent every penny we had on tiny jars of sparkles. What followed was nothing less than a sparkle orgy. We sparkled the crap out of everything in sight. Ourselves, our glue drawings, everything within reach, glittered. And we knew what it was to be free! When it was time for me to go home we agreed that our debauch would remain our little secret. I left with the warm feeling that even though Jenny didn't have many books at her house, I'd made a friend.

So you can imagine my surprise Monday morning to find out I had been set up. Jenny told everyone what we had done and she blamed it all on me. She told them that it was my idea to buy sparkles. She told them that it was my idea to copy them. She stood with Tracy and Tanya and the other popular kids and repeated the defiant words I'd spoken in strictest confidence, made fun of my lucky orange jumpsuit and pushed me even further into the pariah pit. The confusion and the betrayal were hard to bear. Jenny, that bitch, used me to get over. Obviously, I've never forgotten the early betrayal. And while I wish I could tell you Jenny ended up being terribly injured in a craft supply accident, I doubt it's true. We didn't stay in touch.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57. 200. He likes Jackie Chan movies. 201. He doesn't care if you call shotgun. 202. He waits too long between haircuts. 203. He has no siblings. 204. He endured. 205. He doesn't know how far is too far. 206. He likes shopping malls. 207. He wants to see the world. 208. He has a \$1,000-per-year scholarship from Nabisco. 209. He's convinced that there was a conspiracy to assassinate JFK. 210. He doesn't read his horoscope every day. 211. He says about like an American. 212. He always gets the Taste of the Month at Wendy's. 213. He's going to have to get his wisdom teeth removed soon. 214. He has lied during a student council meeting. 215. He uses alkaline batteries. 216. He laughs at bigots. 217. He doesn't hug well. 218. He didn't like American Pie. 219. He used to worry about death. 220. He will be home late again tonight. 221. He has strong opinions. 222. He thinks that fuel prices are too high. 223. He hopes that Elián González is happy. 224. He doesn't understand the difference between morals and ethics. 225. He has satellite television in his bedroom but he rarely watches it. 226. He will never be finish at this rate. 227. He doesn't want to beat Cynthia. 228. He knows the definition of irony. 229. He wants tighter abs. 230. He's repetitive. 231. He doesn't like to wear shorts in public. 232. He ignores his "Service Engine Soon" light. 233. He doesn't know his blood type. 234. He makes a point of being on time. 235. He's secretly sentimental. 236. He knows his multiplication tables. 237. He doesn't know enough about his family history. 238. He uses pens that cost twenty dollars. 239. He hates advertising. 240. He's a bad dancer. 241. He doesn't litter. 242. He will drive you home. 243. He likes UPEI. 244. He lost his touch. 245. He is a hard worker. 246. He never liked Seinfeld. 247. He hates politics. 248. He doesn't floss regularly. 249. He wants to impress you. 250. He has lost faith in the Academy Awards. 251. He defecates. 252. He doesn't mean to offend you. 253. He enjoys attention. 254. He doesn't understand why Gertrude doesn't see the Ghost. 255. He's a troublemaker. 256. He thinks that he has a slight stutter. 257. He answers the phone funny. 258. He has Archie comics in the trunk of his car. 259. He wears briefs. 260. He doesn't chew his food enough times. 261. He's Caucasian. 262. He doesn't know what colour his eyes are. 263. His hands tremble when he makes speeches. 264. He applauds obnoxiously. 265. He doesn't want to interrupt. 266. He's due for a tetanus shot. 267. He has a low tolerance for stupidity. 268. He's mischievous. 269. He's been to Florida twice. 270. He gets dry skin sometimes. 271. He uses public washrooms. 272. He was picked on as a child. 273. He really means what he says. 274. He thinks that Scary Movie was redundant. 275. He wears a lot of earplugs. 276. He never thinks that other dogs can smell his dog on him. 277. He got punched in the line of duty as production editor. 278. He reads too slowly. 279. He doesn't like flowers. 280. His favourite Charlotte town band is Eyes for Telescopes. 281. He is always concerned about his beard. 282. He prefers Corel WordPerfect over Microsoft Word. 283. He will graduate from UPEI without any debts. 284. He had a small role in an amateur production of Sartre's No Exit. 285. He has always been pro fixed link. 286. He went to see The Vagina Monologues alone. 287. He got a speeding ticket once. 288. He doesn't clean his sheets enough. 289. He has small hands. 290. He doesn't have a Club Z card. 291. He thinks that Canada is better than the United States. 292. He listens to CBC radio. 293. He hates his cat. 294. He doesn't have any phobias. 295. He wants a larger selection of periodicals at the Robertson Library. 296. He thinks that cellular phones are unnecessary. 297. He doesn't use his ICQ account much. 298. He remembers unimportant details. 299. He doesn't leave the toilet seat up. FINISHES ON PAGE 160

## ENDS IN AL WAXMAN



## DRUNK TANK

*Nick Thran*

Stampede Weekend. Ferris Wheels. Tie Downs.  
Right now you're sure the most beautiful woman  
in town is giving her cordial half  
wave out the top of a polished red Firebird.  
The celebratory sounds of brass  
winds and snare  
drums seep through the air vent—Music  
to accompany the slow march  
to sobriety, to self loathing. Lace-less,  
it's the small things, when taken away,  
that hurt. Beaded necklace and belt  
are gone. You're staring hard at the white  
cell walls, the way  
that beautiful woman might stare  
at her bare chest, after  
her final obligation, and the Ms. Something,  
her name, has been lifted. Peering  
closer at the flecks of paint, you wonder  
if maybe that is your reflection there—if intoxication  
could smear the features of a face  
that much. Under the halogen cell lights  
anything's possible; so picture cotton candy,  
ten gallons, and all of the poorly constructed  
floats with their flower arrangements  
in your mind. C'mon, whether it's only  
an eight-hour stint, or life,  
who hasn't felt  
sequestered, cut-off, prohibited  
from just watching, let alone  
being a part of the parade?

## SAN FRANCISCO

*Stephen Osborne*

IN SAN FRANCISCO twenty-five years ago on a Friday night my antiquarian friends took me along with them to the Antiquarian Book Dealers Banquet Cruise aboard the *SS Harbor Prince*, an unremarkable but no doubt picturesque vessel whose captain had resigned himself to circling San Francisco Bay in ever-diminishing spirals for the rest of his professional life, drawing ever nearer to the historical island of Alcatraz, only to draw away again without ever touching it. As the antiquarian book dealers began toasting each other in the drafty, linoleum-floored ballroom of the *SS Harbor Prince*, I drank three fast whiskeys out of a plastic cup while standing up at one end of the bar. Then I sat down on a bench by the window and began drinking whiskey at a more delicate pace.

The antiquarians, many of whom were clothed in tweed jackets and blue jeans, had formed into knots here and there, some standing, some sitting, some breaking off from knots to form other, new knots here and there, or to attach themselves to more knots forming across the dance floor. All was in flux for the first hours of the Antiquarian Book Dealers Banquet Cruise. Perhaps I was the only one who noticed that if you stared out of the port-side windows you could observe, without losing sight of it for a moment, the legendary prison from which no man had ever escaped with his life.

A woman from Indiana, whose small round eyes I can still remember, addressed herself to me by making a remark that I have long since forgotten. She said that she was from a small town, a hick sort of place to be from, and that she was exhilarated to be in San Francisco, at the centre of things, where the action was, and where the future lay glittering before her. She seemed to want me to know that she was determined to go places, to arrive metaphorically at some place other than the one we occupied at that moment.

She had youth and vitality and she was willing to invest those assets in the future, by getting a job on the inside—which



she had already nearly succeeded in doing—and staying there until she knew everything she had to know about the inside, the people on the inside and their idiosyncrasies, favourite watering holes, brands of whiskey, bridge playing abilities, etc. Then, once having gained this information, along with (unspecified) necessary skills, she would move out on her own to create another pocket of activity, excitement and energy, with herself at the centre; novices from hick sorts of places would be coming to her for a glimpse of the glittering future. I found that I had little to say to this and no reply came to my lips.

She exhibited two rows of clean, large white teeth, and went on to qualify what she had just said by allowing that one could not expect something (or was it everything?) for nothing, that a certain amount of very hard work, self sacrifice, and real learning would have to take place during her apprenticeship if she were realistically to expect to get anywhere personally, to be a success in fact; and that, further, if she were not a success, she would not be able to exist very long at the centre of things, success being the only acceptable style at the centre, all other styles signifying at bottom nothing but failure and death. Failure and death then were the gamble that she would take on board the SS *Harbor Prince*, the gamble that everyone on board had taken. It would not be worth talking to any of them (I presumed she meant the antiquarians) if one were not embarking, or had not embarked on just that gamble; nevertheless it was terribly exciting to be young, and taking that gamble, and wasn't it silly, cruising the bay on this tacky little boat, going around and around Alcatraz? I found myself in that moment to be wholly in agreement with her.

## UNSOLICITED BLURBS FOR PREVIOUS WINNERS OF THE BOOKER PRIZE

*Lee Henderson*

1969

P.H. Newby

*Something to Answer For*

Twelve mighty steps towards the inviolable, hazy-crazy mystical mountain peaks of genius. The great master of the concise phrase and the upturned, zombified character is back with the most shuddering, moth-scream of a novel I've read in the years since my divorce.

1970

Bernice Rubens

*The Elected Member*

The glottal gasps of my own feeble night-time cries for tenderness may go unrequited for many raw years to come, but I know, when there is no one left for me, still I will always nuzzle the distant and gentle beat from the sleepless heart of Bernice Rubens.

1971

V.S. Naipaul

*In A Free State*

The terrible, low-rider, leather-jacketed and switchbladed violent prose of V.S. Naipaul has never been so sharply put to use as it is here, in *In A Free State*, a novel so audacious, funny and deviant, that a mockery of Christ himself never saw so many eyes aboggle.

1972

John Berger

*G*

The inscription from my copy of this book says it all, "Lee, I think you'll really love this book, which breaks my heart. As you read through, you'll see I've written my own notes in the margins, which explain why, besides you being full of shit, I find you such a total failure, not just in our home-life, but generally in life as well, and then I go on to explain, in the later and extremely suspenseful final chapters, why I think that our relationship should end here, once we've both read *G*."

1973

J.G. Farrell

*The Siege of Krishnapur*

An unexpected wow-a-minute page-turner for an abstruse historical epic. Has all the charms of Kafka, but without the bureaucratic obsessions.

1974

Nadine Gordimer

*The Conservationist*

A roving and unblinking eye on the conceptually idealized space of a once distant planet of human honesty. If books could kill, I'd use this one on my ex.

1975

Ruth Praver Jhabvala

*Heat and Dust*

Somehow Jhabvala straddles the parallel bars of absurdity and moral righteousness without tearing herself a new asshole.

1976

David Storey

*Saville*

My rekindled thirst for acceptance among that elusive breed of steely-eyed young women who prefer tight black turtleneck sweaters and tapas has sent me down some pretty godawful blind alleys and crackhouse cul-de-sacs, but no one has succeeded in pulling me out of a den of my own self-loathing crapulence like David Storey.

1977

Paul Scott

*Staying On*

Life's rich pageant has never looked so gay and inviting as it does here. In Scott's words, a plum becomes plumage, and a brill becomes brilliant.

1978

Iris Murdoch

*The Sea, The Sea*

When you've looked out the window for so many hours knowing that you are too afraid to step out the door and actually face the life you tried to stop from hurtling so terribly close to ruin, but could not, then take refuge in the truths that Murdoch carries like laudanum in her prose.

1979

Penelope Fitzgerald

*Offshore*

Quiet, dense, almost preciously xylographic.

1980

William Golding

*Rites of Passage*

Worth the stress and irate phone calls from lawyers demanding that the money spent on this book should have gone toward defaulted alimony payments. To know that just one frightwig of a novel, as this one surely is, can upend a life, is praise enough.

1981

Salman Rushdie

*Midnight's Children*

A book for all children who know they are loved by someone, somewhere, at all times, even if it doesn't seem like it at the moment, what with all the fighting and guilt-traps and deadly compromises that must be made in order for a child to be raised properly.

1982

Thomas Keneally

*Schindler's Ark*

A nightmare swaddled in the hoary fabric of horror. The shrill blade of reason cuts so deep it cuts right through and just leaves you an amputee after you've read this book.

1983

J.M. Coetzee

*Life and Times of Michael K.*

I enjoyed the part where he was put in the labour camp; I thought that part was well-written to the extreme.

1984

Anita Brookner

*Hotel du Lac*

An azure splash of pure ecstatic and chlorinated peace on the dry blood-caked sands of our violent times. As prosaic and penumbrous as Pynchon, but shot through with the hilarity and hedonism of Hemingway.

1985

Keri Hulme

*The Bone People*

I recall the scene in *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover*, when the guy shoves the love letters down the other guy's throat with a letter opener and the way I gagged then, as if it were me there, dying from the torture of infidelity's words, and I regret

now, looking back, my own actions, which brought me to read the book you left behind inside an old purse in the closet: The impressive, all-too-rare power of Keri Hulme's *The Bone People*.

1986

Kingsley Amis

*The Old Devils*

A mordant, kite-wheeling, wind bluster of a novel that speaks as much to our treasonous and mendacious times as it does to other things. I was instantly captured by the blazing descriptions of streets, and Amis succeeded in keeping my eyes crazy-glued to the pages by dint of his mordant characters and their blustery lives.

1987

Penelope Lively

*Moon Tiger*

Move over Dante, because this inferno is burning down the door. Like twelve roaring furnaces stoked with the bones and teeth of writers not half as witty or mordant as Penelope Lively, this novel is hell-in-a-handbasket good. And by the way, I am not envious of your new life, so please stop leaving messages on my answering machine blaming my jealousies and insecurities for why you had to leave me. Because that is just total bullshit.

1988

Peter Carey

*Oscar and Lucinda*

Only pure whimsy and deadly cowboy-style aim could have made Carey's novel as incredible as it is. There is not a whiff of obligation or hard work in Carey's lightspeed prose, and never for a moment a glimmering of that shameful act we call careerism. Here, people, is a novel that doubles as art. As good as Nabokov, only better.

1989

Kazuo Ishiguro

*The Remains of the Day*

Another favourite book of my ex-wife, who after her father was cremated, told me she'd rather talk in private with the novels of Ishiguro. I took that to mean that I could not communicate as deeply, as sombrely, or as wisely, as a man she knew only through his fictions. Terrible, albeit flattering praise for the kind of writer she believes I won't ever, ever become.

1990

A.S. Byatt

*Possession*

I read it in university just after a book by Jane Austen, the title of which I forget at the moment, and although I preferred the Austen book, this one is also quite well-written, especially considering it had so many words and a lot of them were in italics. Kudos to Byatt for upstaging her sister once again, and proving to a whole generation of feckless Brits that sibling rivalry is not a thing of the past.

1991

Ben Okri

*The Famished Road*

Unbelievably scrumptious.

1992

Michael Ondaatje

*The English Patient*

A harrowing, scurrilous mind-warp, like a fleet of blazing on fire Trojan horses sneaking loudly through the sleeping ear of expectation, damaging only the sensibilities of the naive, the claustrophobic, and the explicitly weak. On the withering branch of literature a new green, wet bud has appeared, screaming.

Barry Unsworth  
*Sacred Hunger*  
His best novel, by a long shot.

1993  
Roddy Doyle  
*Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*  
Don't laugh, for this humour carries with it the stick of all-out war.  
War on the foundations of know-how.

1994  
James Kelman  
*How Late It Was, How Late*  
Written under the stupor of genius.

1995  
Pat Barker  
*The Ghost Road*  
Boo-ya! With *The Ghost Road* Pat Barker has given us a novel with all the awesome great comebacks I wish I'd been agile and lucid enough to use when I'd needed them most, i.e. back in November when she finally announced she was remarrying, and this time to, of all things, a former Booker prize nominee who she'd met at a fucking fundraiser for literacy. And she tells me this over the phone, from an airport, because she's leaving right this instant to meet him in Marseilles where they're filming a TV movie based on one of his other books, and it's like two in the afternoon and I'm still in my robe and I haven't shaved in like five days and there's a pimple on my back that's so big I have a headache from it. Fucking hell.

1996  
Graham Swift  
*Last Orders*  
Who really gives a shit? I mean really? A reworking of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*? I mean come on. Fucking hell.



1997

Arundhati Roy

*The God of Small Things*

This book is totally, totally amazing. I think it's my favourite book ever. I really love this book. It's a great book for me, because I'm single, and I understand that Roy is also still single, and I feel like if Roy and I ever met we would really hit it off big-time, because I can tell we already have so much in common, and if things worked out between us, I would treat her so good, and support her artistically, and even financially, if I had to, because I believe in her writing, and because she's so very beautiful, and not just on the skin, but also under the skin she's beautiful. I think it would be really, really great if we at least became friends, and then we could wait and just see what happens. You know, let the chips fall where they may, sexually speaking.

1998

Ian McEwan

*Amsterdam*

The only time I visited Amsterdam I fell into a bush I was so stoned. And I was afraid of the prostitutes, by the way, who looked like they would want to stick their fingers up my ass until my tongue popped out my mouth. They looked evil in the ways of sexual know-how, and I couldn't even really look at them, because of the terror I felt in my heart.

1999

J.M. Coetzee

*Disgrace*

A little dark-blue monster of melancholy and regret, hiding behind its own leather wings like a bat, too gentle and mournful to even dive down from its perch among the stalactites and nestle its poison-tipped teeth into your mind; and yet you succumb to its enchantments anyway, giving yourself like a slut to the charms of its skill, like you always do, you slut. Not specifically this book, but in general. Oh, god, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say any of that. It's just sometimes I feel so wounded I need to lash out.

2000

Margaret Atwood

*The Blind Assassin*

Dangerously, deceptively and elusively nice. A virtuoso work like a million wasps buzzing the notes of a violent, apocalyptic guitar solo, like that awesome solo in the middle of Slayer's song *War Ensemble* or something to that effect, but I kind of imagine it with more really high-pitched squealing high notes that go on and on audaciously, and obviously a bit of a film noir edge added to that, and some references to academia. But in a good way.

2001

Peter Carey

*True History of the Kelly Gang*

The lonesome orange dunes of time look fondly on the solitary man who is seen by some as a criminal and by others as a hero, and by and by, no matter who is right and who is wrong, a life must continue, and old mistakes and things said in the passion of the moment must be forgiven, I hope, because, I still love you actually, and I wish that in time you will begin to forgive me for all the fucked-up stuff I did, and to see that I've always wanted what's best for you and the kids, and I want you to have the apartment and my new Jeep, which I shouldn't have bought anyway, and you're right, I don't think the kids should see me for a while, because you're right, they are scared of me, and it's best I stay away during this hard time, when, for once, I should be focusing on just getting my shit together.

## THE DOPPLER EFFECT

*Mark Samco*

blackbirds in the evergreens scatter  
as he approaches between ditch and pine windbreak,  
tensed against the rototiller's tottering buck.

NATO pilots training out of CFB Moose Jaw  
scratch the sky over quiet quarter-sections,  
the loud shush of gravel-road traffic.

there's a girl he cannot hold.  
she's so close. he's cheating  
the suffering distance.

he used to name stray cats after Metallica songs-  
tried to incite fights in the barn, unused  
granary rings as an arena. he gripped  
squirring toms, dumped them in,  
shouted for Seek and Destroy,  
Harvester of Sorrow, who ignored each other,  
leapt over the corrugated metal  
and slunk out into the farmyard.

FORGET

he wrangles the tiller, turning wildgrass,  
thistle, the hard ground, all the way  
down to the mineral. wet dirt  
clumps on his shoes.

frequency increases or decreases  
according to the speed at which the distance  
is decreasing or increasing.

a blackbird flees. a shotgun fires.

by the time he hears the jets, their sound  
the slow clearing of phlegm-addled throats,  
they have already landed.

## ENDS IN AL WAXMAN

*Kent Bruyneel*

AH, MATT, MY BOY, it is a hard rain falling out my window and I am laid low with grief and sadness: the King is dead.

The great Al Waxman, one of Canada's finest small screen stars is gone. He has died suddenly at a tender age from an apparently routine operation. A true Canadian tragedy.

My earliest memories of Waxman were of him in his crowning role, as the loveable King of Kensington. Don't remember? Yes, you are so young, and I am so old and full of wisdom for you on this the cultural event of our past century from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation: Al Waxman, King of Kensington.

The theme song grabbed you by the balls right off the bat: "when he walks down the street, he smiles at everyone, and everyone that he meets says, 'he's King of Kensington.'" I don't know if you have been to Kensington Market, but, seeing as you are *The Cadre's* award winning travel columnist, I should like to describe it to you.

Kensington Market is the Charlottetown Farmer's Market on uncut cocaine: gone mad on the blow and the ability to sell anything, the place is as electric as an activist's bathroom. I lived around the corner from Kensington Market for about a month

and a half one summer, so I know. The apartment where I lived had no air conditioner and the windows barely opened and I was always, always sweating and I thought for awhile about going back to Vancouver, which is not so urban and mostly not so hot. But the thing was, by then, I was addicted to cheese ends.

I would lineup with the other junkies around three in the afternoon, at the World of Cheese, which is not the actual name but represents the spirit of the kinds of places I was frequenting, and dreaming about. I called the cheese guy sir; he called me Kent. Usually I would get one (sometimes three) a day, always trying something new, whatever they had. Giving all worlds of cheese a chance, giving the world of cheese ends the greatest chance, I would stroll through the streets, fondle clothes, smell food stuffs, and love the world. All for two bucks an end.

Cheese ends, if you don't know, are the ends of the cheese not suitable for slices. They are that part of the block that no part-time cheese-eater will even consider. But this, I am telling you, is the meat of the cheese: where the flavour goes to die. Like the last drink of red wine.

After a month of cheese in the afternoon, unbelievable unstoppable heat all the rest of my waking and not-sleeping hours, I had decided that I should stop eating so much cheese. It promotes heavy perspiration and makes even a small man hard to live with, and as we well know I am far from a small man. The bigger problem, however, was that by then I spent so much of every afternoon in the market invariably singing "King of Kensington" only semi-audibly past the local merchants as I walked, endlessly walked, that I felt an obligation to them. They needed me as any monarchy needs its ruler.

And I was a good King. I was benevolent and jovial. And in sweatpants. Just like Al. One day at the cheese store while I was waiting my turn, humming and not paying attention to anything, the counter man interrupted me, and said, in the aggressive style of a man who spent his entire day around food he couldn't look at, never mind eat, "Hey, you there, ahh... King of Kensington. You're up!"

My eyes welled up, which I was used to because I had moved

recently to the Belgian Cheeses which produce intense tears if you eat them too fast, or too often. But this time it was not the cheese. I smiled bravely at my subject and held out six dollars. "Three of whatever you got," I said regally.

Waxman was, during his time as the Recreation Centre Coordinator (which was probably not his actual title, but represents its spirit) and before, when he worked at a bar or something, he was, by God, the King of all Canadian Media, not just of Kensington Market. The show was so good.

Sometimes the King was wrong, and sometimes the King was right, but we always took away something other than it does not matter what size you are, tight gym clothes are attractive if you are the King, though we learned that too. Race and sex and equality and immigration were all topics on the show. You think Degrassi was cutting edge? Degrassi was Charles in Charge next to King of Kensington. But that was not enough for Waxman.

After the show was inexplicably cancelled, by some half-wit who probably spent the CBC money allotted to Al Waxman's genius on hookers in Calgary during the Stampede, you would not have blamed Waxman for calling it a career. After all, once you are the King everything else is a demotion. Ask Presley.

Waxman was more than just an overweight, yet strangely attractive, television actor. Though he went on to save American TV, becoming the Lieutenant on the hit show *Cagney and Lacey*, he was more than just the grizzled forerunner to other grizzled authority figures on primetime TV shows. He was Canada, and that keeps a man busy.

I am tempted to blow out of this dump right now. Pick up one of those ice breakers and strap it to the front of whatever vehicle is available—your Nova maybe. Put her to the boards until we reach Toronto, smoke some cigarettes and line up for my cheese end. I'd stroll through the Market, and bring those words to my lips again, and sing for the merchants more than anyone, more than for Al. Sing so they know that the King, though he is dead, still has subjects who remember and mourn. If they asked me right now I'd unzip my jacket and go for that walk again and sing that song again and be King again, if only for that day.

## THE DONUT PRINCESS

*Slyla Seller*

WHEN I WAS A girl-child my father used to bring home bags of sprinkles, icing sugar and donut mix for me to practice domesticity with in my Easy Bake Oven. At parties he'd bring home huge machines and lard and would make fresh donuts for our guests, which always convinced other children that I had the best family ever. Imagine, donuts every day if you wanted them. My brother and I could go to one of the donut shops, and if we didn't want donuts we could have a sandwich or fries with vinegar, because the Hol'n'One donut shops were also cafés and you didn't even have to eat donuts if you didn't want to. But if you did, they were cake style, deep-fried, with holes in the middle. (Donut holes were made separately, for people who didn't want to commit to a whole donut, and were served in little egg cartons.)

A machine plopped dough around a metal circle, submerged the rings into hot oil, flipped them over, and then flipped them out of the oil onto a tray that the donut maker would move to the toppings table to finish. We made three kinds: cinnamon sugar (fifty-five cents), plain (fifty-five cents), and fancy (sixty cents). The fancy donuts had thick icing in maple, chocolate, vanilla, orange and strawberry flavours, or mixes of any of those. When I made donuts for my first paid employment, I would try to mix the colours up, or make stripes. I also put toppings on the icing: sprinkles in different colours, or nuts: peanuts, almonds and coconut.

My grandfather's favourite kind of donut was cinnamon sugar. My mom didn't really eat donuts, but would sometimes give in and have a plain one. She worried about eating too many fried foods. My grandmother loved the look of the window full of freshly made donuts at the front of the donut shop, but I sometimes wondered if the Crayola-style colours looked too unnatural and inedible. Rainbow sprinkles, with bright blues and greens, were the biggest sellers for kids, but older people preferred maple with almonds, vanilla with coconut, or chocolate with peanuts. Safe combinations.

The worst work injury I've ever experienced was at the donut shop, burned by hot oil when the flip of a row of donuts



went wrong. I wasn't a great donut-maker, and moved on to other jobs, but I never really rid myself of the title of donut heiress. As I got older, donut shops in the Hol'n'One franchise closed one by one: soon not the ferries, the prisons, or even bus depots made their own donuts anymore. The only remaining locations were in a couple of Lower Mainland malls, but even those eventually had to go, as high mall rents favoured chain-stores selling clothes made by children in far-away sweatshops, not oddly-coloured donuts made by local teenagers. My family sold the donut plant, where we made the mix and fixed machines, and eventually even sold the donut van: a long white cargo Ford that I first learned to parallel park in.

Once I heard my grandmother talking about the fall of the donut empire, and she linked it to people discovering cholesterol, eating bagels and muffins instead. Bagels and muffins will never be donuts, we think with slight longing, convinced of this theory even if it doesn't explain Tim Hortons. Neither my dad nor my uncle, who gave most of their adult working lives to donuts, have been able to find work since the company went bankrupt. They were too mature and set in their ways to learn any other business, and their extensive experience in donuts was no longer a valuable skill in the employment marketplace of the '90s. They survive thanks to some lucky investments made by my grandparents when donuts were at their height of popularity, and spend their days following the stock market.

In June, my grandfather passed away, and the family put a dozen donuts on the altar for his funeral, held in the same church where my parents, now divorced, got married. The donuts were in a clear plastic container, bought by my uncle at Safeway. They sat beside flowers, an accordion and an old sign depicting the Hol'n'One logo: a patch of green, a golf hole, and a brown and yellow flag saying "Hol'n'One Donuts." After the funeral, the minister helped us pack the car with pieces from my grandfather's "highlights of his life" table. He offered us a donut, but no one accepted. I considered it for a minute, then realised I would never taste a real Hol'n'One donut again, ever, and started to cry.

## AL PURDY

*Miguel Strother*

*I am learning what a strange lonely place is myself  
reflecting the present reiterating the past  
Reconnoitering the future  
These are my history  
the story of myself*

—Al Purdy from his poem, "Man Without A Country"

COUNTLESS SUMMERS ago I woke up in a field of rich earth, beside the Fraser River with the sun pressing down through my soiled eyelids like a yellow and red corkscrew. Eyes pulled up, my brain filled with a vision of the East and I went from Vancouver to Charlottetown in search of wine. I'm not sure if I was dead or alive.

I travelled like a ghost above Canada and met Maitreya sitting, fat, spinning pieces of formless sky into images that I could barely comprehend. I think there was a raven, a bridge and a bright red star. Maitreya looked at me, laughed, dissolved into nothingness and I was in that empty field beside the Fraser again.

The next summer I made the same sojourn, but this time instead of the Buddha sitting there in the sky with his rough images, I saw three men. The three men, Maurice Richard, Al Purdy and Pierre Trudeau sat in the ether of the sky smiling, looking back and forth across Canada from East to West, occasionally sharing a knowing glance.

I barely knew who these men were, but after an incalculable amount of time Purdy lifted his eyes, caught me in his gaze and without his lips moving I heard him say "You've never seen yourselves so well." The words were whispered, knowing as the ocean. That was so long ago and I didn't even know who I was then.

\* \* \*

Al Purdy was born December 30th, 1918 in Wooler, Ontario. He died on April 1st, 2000. Purdy's rough, pure voice still rumbles across Canada like the fracturing of an ancient glacier in the vast Arctic, or the hollow caw of a crow slicing through stiff winds above the wheat fields of the prairies. His poems articulate what it means to be Canadian.

During the Great Depression, when Purdy was only 17, he rode the trains from Trenton to Vancouver for the first time. Arriving on the West Coast Purdy promptly turned around and went back East sighting the same restlessness that drew him to travel in the first place. That restlessness lasted a lifetime.

Doug Beardsley, a writer with whom Purdy co-authored several books, says Purdy is one of the most definitive Canadian voices.

"He arose out of our own soil," says Beardsley. "He spoke to us, for us, he gave articulation to our lives as Canadians. He consciously set out to map this country with poetry and he did that." Even when he knew the end of his life was near, Purdy would talk to Beardsley with fire in his eyes about one poetic journey or another. They talked about the *Epic of Gilgamesh* and about getting a Canada Council grant to go to Mesopotamia so they could fill in the missing sections of the classical Greek poem using their own modern language.

"I'd leave the hospital high as hell after talking to him but falling apart inside because I knew we'd never go," says Beardsley. "But it was the voyage of the imagination that mattered most to Al. His body may have betrayed him in the end but his mind never did. Who knows maybe he's there right now. You beat me again you old bugger, you beat me again."

In 1944, Purdy self-published a book of poems entitled *The Enchanted Echo*, a collection of various poems printed in magazines like *Canadian Forum* and in the long gone poetry section of the *Vancouver Sun*. It would be the first of forty-one books. *The Enchanted Echo* did not bring Purdy fame or fortune and he was forced to continue working in a mattress factory, and at other jobs he clearly loathed, for the next twenty years to support his poetic habit.

Purdy condemned much of the poetry he wrote in the first forty years of his life, including *The Enchanted Echo*. But in the late fifties and early sixties Purdy went through a personal revolution that he said shaped the rest of his life and work. In his autobiography *Reaching for the Beaufort Sea*, Purdy says of the year 1965, "My own Character changed as well. As if everything that happened before 1965 was an apprenticeship, an uncertain testing of my footing, a mysterious waiting period."

"The first time I ever read Al Purdy was in 1961," says Patrick Lane. "Contact Press brought out two small books, one called *Janbreakers* by Milton Acorn and one by Al called *Poems for all the Annettes*. And they were wonderful. They blew my mind. I said fuck these guys are great. They were going in a direction that I was already going myself and that just validated it. That was a huge change in Canadian poetry. Those two little books."

"Al's life was coincidental with a whole new cultural nationalism and cultural awareness that happened in Canada in the late fifties, sixties, and seventies right up until Mulroney when cultural nationalism became a real no-no." says Lane. "I don't think that a year went by that he didn't get a grant. There was a lot of money around with Pearson and Trudeau. In the process Al became a great, great poet."

In 1965, Purdy's book *Caribou Horses* won the Governor General's Award for Poetry and the poet was once again able to comfortably feed his restless heart. Purdy's vast travels seem an incredible accomplishment for any Canadian, let alone a lanky 6'3" ex-cabdriver who often described himself as dumb. He traveled to Baffin Island where he lived among First Nations Canadians. He travelled with an elite group of Canadians to Cuba where he

formed a friendship with a young Pierre Trudeau and spoke with Fidel Castro about left wing politics. He travelled all over Europe both by himself and with his wife Eurithe, but his heart and his spirit always remained in and with Canada.

In his autobiography Purdy recalls feelings of sorrow and separation on his first trip away from Canada: "On our slow passage eastward down the St. Lawrence, while light faded at days end, I watched the Quebec shoreline despairingly: homesick before I ever left home. I felt like a ghost in transit from life to death. It was the first time I'd ever left Canada, and whoever was wearing my clothes was almost a stranger to myself."

Lane remembers the early seventies when Purdy organized readings following the release of *Storm Warning I* and *Storm Warning II*, two small press anthologies highlighting the talents of Canada's young poets.

"I was almost a little too old [for *Storm Warning*], but Al threw me in anyway, and away we all went to some 5000 seat hall to read. The hall was full and there were 3000 people out on the street waiting to get in, so when we finished inside we all went outside and read in the street. Eight thousand people feeding off the poetry. It was never like that again. I don't think you'll ever see that again."

Purdy mourned the transformation of Canada into an American outpost and was active in pushing his own politics of discontent. *The New Romans*, an anthology of Canadian writers ranging from Farley Mowatt and Margaret Laurence to Eric Nicol and Dorothy Livesay, was published shortly after Purdy won the Governor General's Award in 1965, at the height of his influence as a poet. It was aimed at getting Canadian views about America in to the open.

In the introduction to the book, Purdy challenges, "I happen to think that it is already too late. Therefore, all this book may do is register a sullen protest, a belated yap from a captive dog. It will scarcely raise more than an eyebrow on the big real estate dealers in Ottawa who have sold this country down the river to the Americans for the last thirty years."

Lorna Crozier says Purdy's poems offer an unparalleled insight into the Canadian consciousness. "He probably used every place name in Canada in one poem or another," says Crozier. "He mapped us in words and tried to find insight in the places that people live. He was a nationalist and believed Canada was a wonderful place."

Crozier says that Purdy's poems remain humble, identifiable and human, yet leap across time with wisdom and understanding. She says it is hard to believe that Purdy could possibly be gone.

"He's in the words that he left us. I can still see him and hear him with us. It is important to remember him. We need to respect what a great writer he really was. To be writers we have to read the best and he might very well be the best."

## CATCHING THE SLIMY, INNOCUOUS

*Gillian Jerome*

At Duford field the grass stood  
in dim awe at our weakness  
for things amphibian.

A bearded god watched  
as we carried from Keon's paddock  
the guts of a defunct barn:  
enough for a good enough shack  
to store our lunch, our buckets.

We found fragments: tins of lozenges, beer cans,  
mucked-up pages of porn we stuffed down our trousers,  
saved for later under a flannel tent.

This was the fun of it: we crept in at dusk  
pressed wood planks  
firm to the lanky grass until a gold, fetal  
damp developed, camphored and real.

And then, a dent in the grass, an odd pigment.  
Our gaze opened  
with the torque of a burgeoning iris.

All this for one daily absolution: never to kill  
but to behold with rapture at daybreak  
a vinyl s snoring in the pump of its own dank blood.

Each specimen moved us.  
We carried pails with punctured lids to store them.

Brother, pygmy child, covered in dog hair,  
spread his shadowed tiptoe across the veldt.

Our greening chapel heard his music,  
blessed him with blood-rich bruises.

His proud, skulking sister, unabashedly  
smalled by such metal traffic,  
such casual slide into the hereafter,  
I coveted the sloughed-off miles of their silent selves,  
their littered abrasions and their copper slither  
into a world miniaturized by creatures like us,  
bound by oxygen, impoverished.

Wherever we stooped, they vanished;  
like monks, we followed their cool hiss  
through the nameable world.

At night, we searched  
the stucco ceiling for the face of St. Patrick.  
He ignored us.

So we willed their coiled throats into bed with us,  
freed of stiff skin, small gesture.



## MARRIED TO YOUR SISTER

*Jean-Gérald Charbonneau*

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW invites me to a hockey game. He has two very good tickets, he says on my voicemail. I don't like my brother-in-law. I find him arrogant. I don't like the way he treats my sister—as if he were much more intelligent than her.

My girlfriend says, "Why don't you go? It'll make your sister happy. Besides, when was the last time you went to a Canadiens game?"

I decide to go. My brother-in-law picks me up and in the car he's in a good mood. I try to be pleasant.

During the game we drink a few beers and after two periods it's 3–0 for us. Each time Montreal scores my brother-in-law and I jump to our feet and high-five. The tickets are good. Thanks to the score and, no doubt, the beer, I'm having a good time.

In the third Boston ties the game. The final horn blows and my brother-in-law downs the rest of his beer and says, "This fuckin' game, it's like being married to your sister."

## GREY CUP 2002: THE MONTREAL ALOUETTES VS. THE EDMONTON ESKIMOS

*Matthew Dorrell*

*You have to play with the surfaces you are provided with.*

—Edmonton Eskimos Tom Higgins, to reporter Steve Armitage, the CBC's post-game let-down interviewer of choice. He will ask the difficult questions in a hushed husky voice, shake his head forlornly, before hanging it low, chin on chest after he has asked his last. On Hockey Night in Canada, covering the Olympics, and here at the Grey Cup game, he will look at the floor like he is grave side. Oh, solemn Steve Armitage. Look how he grieves for the losers, his heart on his sleeve.

AT THE HALFWAY POINT the Edmonton Eskimos are worried. They can find few advantages in the frozen home field. Their running game is skating uphill with the CFL's leading rusher, John Avery, slipping through the majority of the first quarter with negative yardage. At the half the Eskimos have stumbled for only nine yards on the ground, another ninety by air, all for zero points. The temperature is an even zero degrees and the natural turf is much colder and less forgiving than their fans; fans gone crazy for pop-called-country-called-Shania Twain.

Twain struts the stage in hotpants and a ski jacket, posing with band members as they prove the enduring charm of ABBA to a packed Commonwealth Stadium. Her band brings out a double neck guitar, a keyboard guitar, and a Flying V within the course of just two songs. In an inspired rock moment one of the model/musicians lets his keyboard guitar hang roguishly from its strap as he plays—wait for it—a stand-up keyboard. Ah, for the 2000 Grey Cup and the Guess Who reunion tour – a petty rivalry ended in pursuit of petty cash.

*Weeks Earlier*

**CFL Brass:** OK, you won't believe this but—ready?—for the halftime show—are you ready?—we got Shania Twain.

**Edmonton Grey Cup Committee:** (silence)

**CFLB:** You hearing me? Shania Twain! Bang! Stadium full! Bang! TV ratings through the roof!

**EGCC:** Right, but we've got some local talent booked already. We'd rather stick by them.

**CFLB:** (silence)

The Montreal Alouettes are playing on the same rink as the Eskimos, but their running back Lawrence Phillips is having slightly less trouble getting a grip. Neither team can mount an effective running attack because lateral movement is nearly impossible; players are rarely able to plant their feet in order to push off. Edmonton fares especially poorly as their nearly-immobile-rushing-in-a-straight-line-attack meets disastrously with Montreal's attacking linebackers, who have an advantage in weight, and possibly also in footwear.

Al's quarterback Anthony Calvillo spent the game pinned inside the pocket, his injured ankle frozen. He was still able to amass nearly 200 yards passing in the first half; ninety-nine on a pass to Pat Woodcock, the longest in Grey Cup history. Ricky Ray, Edmonton's quarterback, was finally able to beat the blitz more consistently toward the end of the second quarter, but could not shake the habit of throwing into coverage and was eventually rushed into throwing an endzone pass to the wrong team.

Down 11–0 at the half, the Esks might have wished to start over, to begin again with the Snowbirds final pass. Minister Anne (not Gene) McLelland (not Murray) could toss the coin to re-start the game and this time they'd have the right shoes on from the get-go. That, at least.

FORGET

*Ad Break*

**Advertising Agency Lackey:** Now, we know this isn't exactly what we first discussed.

**Advertising Agency Lackey #2:** But this is going to be very, very big.

**AAL:** Huge. Now, we couldn't say GM won the Second World War. We just—

**AAL2:** Lawyers. You understand.

**AAL:** Instead, here's our line: 'Some people say they paved the road toward victory.'

**AAL2:** 'Some people say.' Still very strong. Very strong. Forceful.

**GMC Executive:** (Clearing his throat.) And the 'they'—that's us?

**AAL:** Exactly, exactly. 'They paved the road toward victory,' and they is you: GMC. With your logo right there.

**GMCE:** Alright. We can say this? 'Paved the road toward victory?' I like that. We can say that?

**AAL2:** Yessir. You bet. Got the all clear. (Gives the thumbs up sign.)

**GMCE:** And, 'paved the road' that's—(pauses). Because we don't pave roads, but it's close, it's very closely related. We can say 'paved the road' even though we didn't pave the roads?

**AAL:** It's like a metaphor: paved the road toward victory. Like: 'marching toward victory.'

**AAL2:** Very strong.

**GMCE:** Paved is better than marching.

**AAL2:** Because marching—

**AAL:** No cars, no trucks there.

**GMCE:** And we're not selling feet! (All Laugh)

In the second half of the game the Eskimos opt for heavier pass defence. They leave much of the short field open for Calvillo, daring him to drag his frozen foot upfield instead of throwing. He does not bite immediately, throwing into coverage

instead. When Calvillo does make a break for it he scrambles for what would be a first down if he didn't hit the pavement and fumble the ball, giving it up to the Edmonton defence. Montreal's offense does not improve during the third quarter.

While Calvillo struggles, Ray rediscovers his receivers. The field remains treacherous. Receivers are not often able to stop their forward motion quickly, and most attempts to stop and cut back downfield to make a catch—even attempts to simply turn to face an incoming pass—end with the receiver splayed over the icy tarmac, the ball sailing clear, defenders present or not. Amid the spills Ray exploits Montreal's blitzing safeties and finds Tucker open for a touchdown pass. Edmonton then replaces the ineffective—due to ice and/or hamstrings—Avery in favour of heavier veteran 'back, Troy Mills. The Montreal defence no longer recognizes a running play and are burnt twice in a row by Mills. Edmonton gets three for the field goal, and the Als, who don't manage a single first down in the quarter enter the fourth up by a single point: 11—10.

*Days Earlier*

**CFL Brass:** You see, here you don't have anything. Blank. No singer for the French anthem. The anthem will, uh, need a singer.

**Edmonton Grey Cup Committee:** Right, but we've got some local talent booked already. He doesn't know French. We'd rather stick by him.

**CFLB:** OK, but, uh, this is the Canadian Football League. That's our emphasis now. Canada. We're really trying to stay on message here. Canada.

**EGCC:** We've already got a local guy booked.

**CFLB:** (Sighing) The team—you may know this already—but, uh, the other team is Montreal. That's the team that Edmonton is playing. Montreal. During the year—you didn't hear it from me—fine, but people will be watching this game.

Montreal rebounds in the fourth and, with Calhoon providing very enthusiastic blocking, Jeremaine (not pulp-zeitgeist author Douglas) Copeland is able to run his catch into the endzone. The field retains its iced parking-lot charm but has been roughed up enough that most players have regained at least some traction. Edmonton makes it to the five-yard line on a Ray to Brazzle connection with the game very close to over; Mounties stand by the Grey Cup, now rinkside. The Montreal defence stuffs the first goalline run, and on the second attempt they chase Ray fifteen yards backwards as he skates and twists and holds the ball far too long, desperate.

With twenty-five seconds left, Ray erases many of his mistakes—including a questionable third and ten gamble that saw Edmonton lose field position—by finding Hervey wide open in the endzone. Even after the catch is made, the nearest Montreal defender is five yards away. Edmonton can now tie the game with a two point conversion. In the 2000 Grey Cup, when Montreal needed the same two points to save themselves, the play ended with Alouettes receiver Haskins taking a controversial stumble over the goal line. This year there is no question of interference. Edmonton can't complete the pass. Montreal's Copeland (Jeremaine again, not would be tech-baron Michael of garishly dressed home and wife) catches the onside kick attempt and returns it to the endzone for his second touchdown to make the final 25–16.

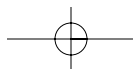
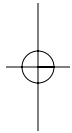
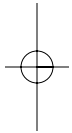
Post-game excitement is high, and the newest man to dare become CFL commissioner, Tom Wright, hands off the Cup to the Als. Somewhere David Braley is fuming; he was able to hold his replacement off nearly until the end, but it was Wright's name, not his, on the football, and Wright's hand on the Grey Cup. Somewhere, nearby, Als' coach Don Matthews lurks, off camera, maybe still wearing his poker face of grim death, but jovial and stuffed with cheer, on the inside at least.

Calvillo is named MVP just for being quarterback, after managing only seven first downs to Ray's twenty-four, and despite throwing more than half of his passes incomplete. Pat Woodcock is named Canadian of the game. He yells, "Montreal, here we

come!" and holds the Cup high over his head. His feet securely planted on a carpet, a podium, he waits for the cheers to wash over him. None are forthcoming and Woodcock seems to remember there is one thing left. Having survived and escaped the Eks, what remains is to escape Edmonton, for the slick chic streets of Montreal where a city is forgetting, in wide steps and strides, that Canadian football ever fell from favour.

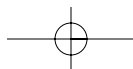
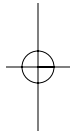
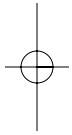


GREY CUP 2002: THE MONTREAL ALOUETTES VS. THE EDMONTON ESKIMOS









**AN INDEX of UNCOMMON THINGS**  
**with some SMALL EQUIVOCATIONS complete with a**  
**STYLE GUIDE some SUBMISSION GUIDELINES plus**  
**NOTES on CONTRIBUTORS and a GLOSSARY**  
**with a SERIES of REBUKES, TWO POEMS,**  
**ONE SONG and OTHER assorted MEMORANDA**

**AA1 ENTRY**

First in your index, first in your heart

**ADDRESS, MAILING**

129 Warrick Street, Coquitlam,  
 British Columbia, Canada  
 V3K 5L3

**AIOKU**

mothership

**ALBERTA**

will have to be inferred

**ANCIENT METAPHORS**

Time resumes its ancient cyclical mode: no longer the entropic speeding arrow but a wheel rolling along the continuum: we rise into communion and fall away into reverie, and the wheel turns and turns again--propelled by orbits circumscribed in flesh. We fall away, we talk, we caress, we smoke cigarettes and drink coffee or beer--there is no word that cannot be spoken, no caress that cannot be given, no question that cannot be asked, nor any that must be answered: the wheel continues to turn, as we recall in our private diurnity those larger, more eternal recurrences--solstice and equinox, sunset and moonrise, storm and the anticipated calm--that once informed all the metaphors of love.

*Stephen Osborne*

**ANY MAJOR DUDE**

will tell you

**ARMSTRONG, KEVIN**

Index

Kevin lives in Vancouver and sometimes rides his bike to drink cheap beer with us. His first book Night Watch is from Penguin books. He has also been named a most eligible bachelor by some inferior magazine that does not warrant mention.

**BATTLE, CRAIG**

Index

Stands tall, loves big. Man, can he ever dance. Craig is either from parts that are not known, everyman's nightmare, or

Nanaimo. He is a Contributing Editor at *Forget*.

**BOURNE, LESLEY-ANNE**

Page 22

Lesley is a professor at UPEI and her book The Bubble Star is better than your book .

**BP NICHOL**

Cover

(1944-1988)

photo by Andy Phillips

**BRUYNEEL, KENT**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF & DESIGNER & LEAD CARPENTER of *Forget*

AKA: Tangle Eye, Nickels, Assface, Space Mountain, Princess Kent, The Straw That Stirs the Drink

**CADRE, THE**

Student Newspaper for the University of Prince Edward Island, edited by many of the editors at *Forget*.

**CANADA**

will be our home. And yes we publish things from and about Canada. But if you are a reviewer what you should say is this: "this is the Canadian magazine/periodical-book that all Americans should buy." Because It is for them too. Americans. Hi. Y'all.

**CHARBONEAU, JEAN-GÉRALD**

Page 105

Jean-Gerald always answers his email promptly. His work has appeared in many publications and he currently lives in Detroit which he describes as a long way from the suburbs.

**CHICOUTIMI CUCUMBER, THE**

George Veizna

**CHONG, KEVIN**

Page 49

Kevin's first book, Baroque A Nova is published by Penguin books. Kevin has

## L I S T E N

an excellent collection of rock T-shirts and went to an ivy league graduate school. Which, well, you know, we didn't.

**CHRISTIE, HEATHER**

Page 30

Heather lives in Toronto where she works in an audio bookstore. She is a Contributing Editor of *Forget* and thinks life is all about the slow-jams.

**COLL, JEFF**

Chapter Title Pages

Jeff is the most awarded vocalist in the greater Maritime area. He is a technical support specialist and a playwright of no small regard. He is more disturbed than you would think possible for a guy his size. He will be doing the Production Managing for this book, which means removing all the widows and orphans.

**COMPACT DISCS**

CDs

**COWBOY SONG TO SING TO****GIRLS AT PARTIES, A**

(adagio alla waltz)

Dear Winnie I love you  
And I'm keeping your shoes.  
I fondle their high heels  
As I'm writing the blues.

Eight weeks since you left me,  
Tell me where have they gone?  
And where can I buy a new  
Black leather thong?

(accelerando prestissimo punk 4/4)

Seems like only yesterday  
We were riding unicycles  
In the park.  
Sifting through our tickle-trunk,  
Shouting out loud in the dark.

I'd always felt a bit deprived,  
But you made my trailer-park world  
Come alive.  
Pogo-sticks and nipple-clips,  
You blew my mind and more.

Opened all my doors.

Showed me what a bore I'd been before.  
But then like a thief  
You slipped back 'to the Personals  
And now I cannot find relief.

Whores don't want to cuddle me,  
Lack your subtlety and wit,  
Your Ceasar dressing from a kit  
That had me crying out for more.

Sometime long before,  
I'd forgot the world was more  
Than alcohol and shuffleboard.  
You cuffed me to the bed  
And beat the poison from my head.

Now every hour or two,  
I want to become someone else.  
Maybe dead,  
Maybe you.  
For now I'm staying drunk instead.

(ritenuto con waltz)

Dear Winnie, my savior,  
My warden, my life.  
Forgive me for asking  
If you'd be my wife.

I yearn for you nightly.  
Dress like you too.  
Hope you dream of me dressing  
And dreaming of you.

*Kevin Armstrong*

**CONQUEST, MARY**

Page 56

Mary lives and writes in Victoria. She did not fall in love with us the only time she saw us read. But she thought about it.

**CRAN, BRAD**

Page 60

Brad is the Publisher of Smoking Lung Press. He has a book of poetry just out called *The Good Life*, from Nightwood Editions, an imprint we like very much. He is also a Contributing Editor at *Geist Magazine*, but you know, so is Kent, so that's a saw-off right there.

**DOPPLER EFFECT, THE**

Discovered by the Austrian mathemati-

W A I T P L E A S E

cian and physicist, Christian Doppler (1803-53).

**DORRELL, MATTHEW**

SENIOR EDITOR & COPY CHIEF & APPRENTICE CARPENTER & VP SALES of *Forget*

AKA: M-Do, Happy Matt, Doorbell, Dr. Blind, The Glass

**DORRELL, MEGAN**

Index

Megan lived in the room between Matthew and Kent at the *Forget* house. Pity poor Megan (pronounced Me-Gahn). AKA: > Snoop Dogg

**DOWN ALONG COVE**

Page 21

From the Bob Dylan album

*John Wesley Harding*

**DOWN**

three

**DUMONT, GABRIEL**

Title Page

**ECSTASY, NATURAL**

Will take no capitals (unless, shouted: "Ecstasy!").

**ECSTASY, SYNTHETIC**

Will be spelled with the capital on *E*; unless it is being referred to as Xtacy, or XTC, or X-t-a-c, in which case the capital shall fall on the *X*

**ELECTRONIC MAIL**

email

**ENVOI**

It began in the mind there in Winnipeg, when I foresaw how sorely I would miss your company--in the plain knowledge that our conversation had come to an end, never to be taken up again with such exclusivity, with so much time for the unfolding. We would return separately to the real world, where dialogue breaks off, conversation is always on hold and wisdom is never given time enough: where again we might meet and talk from time to time, with friends in restaurants and living rooms, or with colleagues in meeting rooms and bars; but never again would we loiter as we pleased through distant precincts, inventing history with our small talk; never again would we savour our own unfettered company: never again would we perambulate a city.

*Stephen Osborne*

**FIREBALL WHISKEY**

made in Gimli, Manitoba

**FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT**

arbiter of East and West capitalization.

**FORGET TEAM NICKNAME**

Rough.Riders

**FRITH, VALERIE**

Thank you.

**GALLOWAY, STEVEN**

Index

Steven is the author of Finnie Walsh from Raincoast which we loved even though it lacked a Stastny or two, and the author of Ascension new this spring (2003) from Knopf. Ascension is a big beautiful book we cannot recommend enough. Steven also drinks with us and uses a variation on the classic shuffleboard toss that involves using only the thumb. He once beat Lee Henderson 15-0 with that move.

**GOLDBERG VARIATIONS**

chosen by Glen Gould

**GREGORY, CHARLES**

Page 71

Charles lives in Charlottetwon and is a past winner of the Milton Acorn Award and once took a class with Kent. It was the same class where Kent met Matthew. It was a really good class. Charles has a young son who we would see him walking with sometimes before our shared class, he held his boy's hands and he had to bend a little at his waist and we knew he was a poet. You would have known too. You would have said, *there goes a poet and his son.*

**HE HAS NO IDEA**

a foot sole pale and shy  
sweeping the grass

an ant  
sees death  
white above  
six legs-  
none moving  
fast enough

the heel  
pressing dirt

AN INDEX OF UNCOMMON THINGS

## IS IT SUNDOWN?

into valleys

one leg is lost  
crushed and torn off  
the ant lying  
crippled  
waits mindlessly  
for rescue

later in the shower  
the tiny limb is mistaken  
for dirt  
he has no idea  
what has been  
washed down the drain

*Megan Dorrell*

**HENDERSON, LEE**

Pages 14, 66, 82

Lee lives and wears suits in Vancouver. His first book The Broken Record Technique is from the massive warehouses of Penguin books and also, fucking great. He is a Contributing Editor at *Forget* and once lost a shuffleboard game to Steven Galloway 0-15. It was great.

**HOWELL, TOM**

Pages 26

Tom is one of the most amazing people. He sings, he writes, he plays instruments he can dance, he's British. He is pretty big. He is a Contributing Editor at *Forget* and lives in Toronto where he makes up definitions for words.

**HYPE, THE**

is not to be believed.

**INTERNATIONAL NETWORK**

Internet

**INTERNET**

Shall be known as either A)The Interweb or B) The Supernet or C)If it must be continually referred to as the Internet, will draw a capital I.

**I AM SO HUGE**

*a poem of admiration, for Christian Bök*

Aah, gall's balls,  
balls adamant that balls abash  
all hard craft's balls.  
Stall balls as bald?  
Ha!

This dick is big;  
dicks this big I will hide,  
firm it is hid. I inhibit this dick  
Big is this dick,  
I will inflict this dick if I insist.  
Grip it. It'll instil wit.

These breeches free penned seed.  
Heed when speed esteems.  
Wherever greed feeds,  
decent deeds we delete.  
The creed excretes need.  
Flee me.

Lo, how schlongs grow bold,  
gross to rooms of good school.  
Know no fools, hot Bök,  
No knocks for rot on top of cock.  
So go grow moss for fops.

Such ugly untruths,  
much uncut bull,  
sucky, lucky, crud.

*Steven Galloway*

**I MIGHT BE WRONG**

I could have sworn I saw a light  
coming on

**JEROME, GILLIAN**

Pages 28, 103

G-dog is a Contributing Editor at *Forget* and our clean-up hitter. She plays Middle Linebacker on the Forget Rough.Riders, teaches in Arizona and is a Contributing Editor at *Geist*. Her work has appeared in *Grain*, *The Malabat Review* and many other places because it is so good.

**JOGGINS, NOVA SCOTIA**

should be visited at once and often, and  
by those who know how.

**JUBY, SUSAN**

Pages 11, 72

Author, colleague and friend who lives on Vancouver Island. Her first book, Alice I Think was released by Thistledown and will be re-released by HarperCollins America in the United States of America.

**KLM LINE, THE**

Vladmair Krutov, Igor Larionov and  
Sergei Makarov

**KOEL, JULIE**

Remember I told you I would put your name in a book some day Julie? How even if I didn't come right out and *say* it was for you, well, it was *for* you? Yeah. Well. See. Thing Is. I can still see your face when I close my eyes.

**KRISTINSDOTTIR, SIGRUN MARIA**

Page 57

Sigrun is just finishing up her writing degree at UVIC. She's worked as a journalist in the Yukon and in Iceland; she's from Reykjavic. She used to be a nurse.

**LAPORTE, PIERRE**

Quebec's minister of justice who was kidnapped and executed by a cell of the Front de Liberation Du Quebec (FLQ) during the October Crisis of 1970. He got a raw deal.

**LECKY, MIKE**

DESIGNER & PHOTOGRAPHER & CULINARY PRONG & GOALIE (FOR THE FOOTBALL TEAM) & VP HUMAN RESOURCES & FEATHERWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION of *Forget*.

AKA: Leckdog, Mike Saturday, The Ice That Keeps It Cool.

**LEMM, RICHARD**

Page 46

Richard is a professor at the UPEI and the author of *Four Ways of Dealing with Bullies* from Wolask and Wynn. He will be considering this book our portfolio for admission into his Creative Writing 212.

**LIFE**

is a highway on which,

**LIGHTFOOT, GORDON**

is God

**LIP**

see SASS

**LITTLE WONDER**

you little wonder, little wonder you

**LOVE**

I tell the shopkeeper  
I want the one in the window  
he mumbles, display model  
not for sale.  
He shows me something like it

but wrong. I tell him  
it is not the same  
at all.

*Craig Battle*

**MACHINE, THE**  
the publishing industry  
**MADDOCKS, RICK**

Page 64

Rick's first book *Sputnik Diner* was released by Knopf. It won or was nominated for many awards. Also: he has been known to organize weekend soccer games and teach classes at both New Media and real schools. He has a good first touch with the ball but is prone to lack finish around the net.

**MOBLEY, SINGOR**

say it like you mean it.

**MOTHER MOTHER**

everybody thinks we're wrong

**NAMES OF NANNY AGENICES****MEGAN DORRELL HAS WORKED FOR (OR WITH), IN VANCOUVER**

(ALSO INCLUDED ARE SOME NAMES WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE ADOPTED BY NANNY AGENICIES).

As Good As Mum; Domestic Services; Elite Nannies; Uber Nannies; The Art of Nannies; Nannies for Dummies; Screaming Runt's Intrepid Helpers; Bitch, You Better Hire My Nanny Nannies.

**NARCISSISM OF MINOR DIFFERENCE**

Sigmund Freud's theory which explains that we are obliged to denounce those most similar to us, because the resemblances are too telling of our vulnerabilities.

**No CODES**

something will be said to be "no codes" when it leans too heavily on packaging and forgets that what really matters is content. Named after Pearl Jam's fourth album, which, yeah, had a couple of decent songs, but man, the cover and the packaging were fucking awful. Too much.

**O**

ou (meaning we will follow our own particular Canadian view of things.

To wit: *Color* will be *colour*, *center* will be *centre* and Wayne Gretzky will be an Edmonton Oiler not a Los Angeles King, or a New York Ranger, or a St. Louis Blue and my god certainly not a Phoneix Coyote.)

**OSBORNE, STEPHEN**

Page 80, Index

Stephen is the editor of *Geist* and his book *Ice & Fire* from Arsenal Pulp Press is incredible: the most underrated Canadian book. I've read it a hundred times.

**PAID IN FULL**

works for almost anyone: but will be preferred *a la* Eric B. and Rakim

**PRODUCTION LINE, THE**

Sid Abel, Ted Lindsay and Gordie Howe

**RIEL, LOUIS**

Leader of the 1885 Red River Rebellion that pitted the Meties of central Canada against an intolerant and racist government. Riel was hanged for the murder of Thomas Scott. He got a raw deal.

**RABBITS**

In Old Style cans that become coffins

Page 12

In Black & White

Page 12

Getting balls chopped off

Page 14

In kitchen-garden

Page 29

**ROUGE**

one point

**SAMCOE, MARK**

Pages 70, 91

Mark has the kind of hair you had in a dream once. Only this ain't no dream, this is Mark Samcoe.

**SASS**

go easy on the sass

**SATURDAY, MIKE**

see MIKE LECKY

**SCHROEDER, ADAM LEWIS**

Page 16

Adam is the author of *Kingdom of Monkeys* from Raincoast books. He walks with the tigers in the land of the three named people, is also a

Contributing Editor at *Geist* (who isn't though, really?) and is hard at work on a new novel. He is a defensive minded soccer player.

**SELF-CONTAINED UNDERWATER BREATHING APPARATUS**

S.C.U.B.A., man, S.C.U.B.A.

**SELLER, SHYLA**

EDITOR-AT-LARGE & OFFENSIVE

TACKLE & ARBITER OF JUSTICE of *Forget*

AKA: Shy-Dog

**SFU**

Simon Fraser University

**SO WACHA WANT**

shall be preferred in the Cypress Hill remixed format

**STATSNY LINE, THE**

Anton, Marian and Peter Statsny

**STEWART, DARREN**

SENIOR EDITOR & PUBLIC FACE &

STARTING TIGHT END of *Forget*

AKA: Dangerboy, Sparky, Spark-dog

**STROTHER, MIGUEL**

SENIOR EDITOR & MORAL COMPASS &

STRONG SAFETY of *Forget*

AKA: Miki

**SUBMISSIONS**

words@forgetmagazine.com

**SUBMISSION GUIDELINES**

1.

Submissions accepted: poetry, fiction, reporting and essays. Writing of any type other than haiku will be considered for publication with the following caveats:

ii. Strictness of the submission guidelines: not very (strict that is).

iii. Editor's willingness to read anything: 8 on a scale of ten, where ten is high and zero is low.

iv. Footnotes: there will be no footnotes.

And the following relevant information.

*Henceforth in this document we shall refer to all written submissions as "those."*

a) Those that pertain to Canadian Culture--specifically not related to technology and business--and are mostly not time sensitive, will be considered first.

b) Those that pertain to the interaction, in Canada, between people will be considered the highest rate of priority (before first, if that is possible).



## JUST WAIT

c) Those essays set in rural areas of the country will not be favoured over those set in urban settings for publication. However we like stories set in rural areas, especially rural Prince Edward Island and rural Saskatchewan, so we will read them first, if that means anything.

[...]

d) Length of submissions: submissions should be no more than 10,000 words in length and should be no less than one word. Unless you can figure out some way for us to either publish no words, as an essay, or for the editor to be able to read faster than his present speed without him having to attend any speed reading courses (which he took in grade nine and didn't learn a thing except that it is easier to read something that you like).

[...]

3. No screenplay will be considered unless it is a screen play involving the life of a famous dead literary figure haunting another dead literary figure in the halls of All-Saints Roman Catholic Church about a mile and a half from Como Lake, in Coquitlam, British Columbia. Or about a child from East Winnipeg who grows up to be a nut-cutter for one of (if not all) the five crime families in New York before the whole John Gotti debacle. Other screenplays will be read on the off chance there is something decent worth stealing from them.

5.

The telling of the truth is strongly encouraged.

6.

Essays on the history of political dissent in Canada will be considered above stories about great hockey fights (though both will be considered).

7.

Fiction shall be considered as long as the protagonist is a Canadian and does, in the end, get crushed by a large, seemingly immovable object. Like a ski hill. Or if there is another, similarly plausible, ending.

[...]

13.

Acceptance of artwork: yes. Necessity of submitting artwork: no. Editor's interest in looking at unsolicited artwork on a scale of zero to ten where ten is low and zero is high: 1. Acceptance

of the word "artwork" in a modern dictionary: suspect.

14.

What we are really after: what we are really after in this publication is the publishing of material that is ignored in the mainstream press and the even the independent news. Anything that has reason and passion. And more stuff that is Canadian than not. Now you may ask yourselves, do we need another ironist journal when the world itself would seem to be built on a murky foundation of irony? What is an ironist journal anyway? Is it a journal for ironworkers, ironies, or for iron itself? Ask Tom Frank. We have no fucking idea. Does a Magazine called Forget have any chance of being remembered?

15.

You. Tell. Me.

*Kent Brynneel*

#### SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

"The Red Hand of Lundin"

Page 33

Sources:

"B.C.'s Lundin family doesn't let politics get in the way of International empire," Ian McKinnon, *National Post*, Friday, November 26, 1999.

"No Blood for Oil! Western Firms and Genocide in Southern Sudan - A Human Rights Report by Society for Threatened Peoples," Report No. 25/April 2000.

"Sudan: The Human Price Of Oil" Amnesty International - Report - AFR 54/01/00, May 2000

"Follow the Money; Who is Financing the War in Sudan?", *Vitrade*, May 26, 2000.

"In Sudan, it is difficult to tell the players without a scorecard. Here is your scorecard," *Vitrade*, May 26, 2000.

#### TAKE A LITTLE SHOUT OUT

to my dad and mom for bringing me into this world and so on

#### TELEVISION

TV

#### THEME SONG

"What's Up Fatlip?"

Chorus:

Who am I kidding?

Who am I fooling?  
When they be like 'what's up fatlip?'  
and I say 'coolin.'

*Fatlip*

**THRAN, NICK**

Page 79

Nick reads slowly. Cuts the slices thick.

**TOWARDS**

toward

**TRIPLE CROWN LINE, THE**

Charlie Simmer, Dave Taylor and  
Marcel Dionne

**TRUDEAU, MARGARET**

Shamed ex-wife of Canadian Prime  
Minister, Pierre Trudeau. She got a raw  
deal. She lives her life fully. You go girl.

**TYPE, A NOTE ON THE**

Garamond (however, we are currently  
designing a modified version of the clas-  
sic Garamond typeface. One more suited  
to our needs—with smaller less orna-  
mental serifs—it might not be done  
before this book is printed, but it is called  
Garamike. I know, it's good, we'll try).

**UNIVERSAL RESOURCE LOCATER**

<http://www.forgetmagazine.com>

**UPEI**

University of Prince Edward Island

**VILLNEUVE, GILLES**

Page 9

Canadian Formula One race car driver  
who was killed when his car crashed into  
awall in Belgium in the early 1980s. He is  
remembered as a dashing sportsman and  
a brave warrior who brought Canada its  
frist star on the international racing cir-  
cuit. He got a raw deal.

**WINE BOTTLE OPENER**

Corkscrew

**WITTEK, STEPHEN**

Page 33

Stephen is currently teaching English in  
Korea. He answers to "the Baby Faced  
Assassin." He used to write for *Terminal  
City*. He and Kent shared the distinction  
of being Shlya's Valentine last year. Ha!

**W-W-WOW, I'M ABOUT TO BLOW**

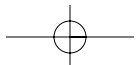
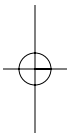
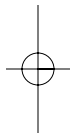
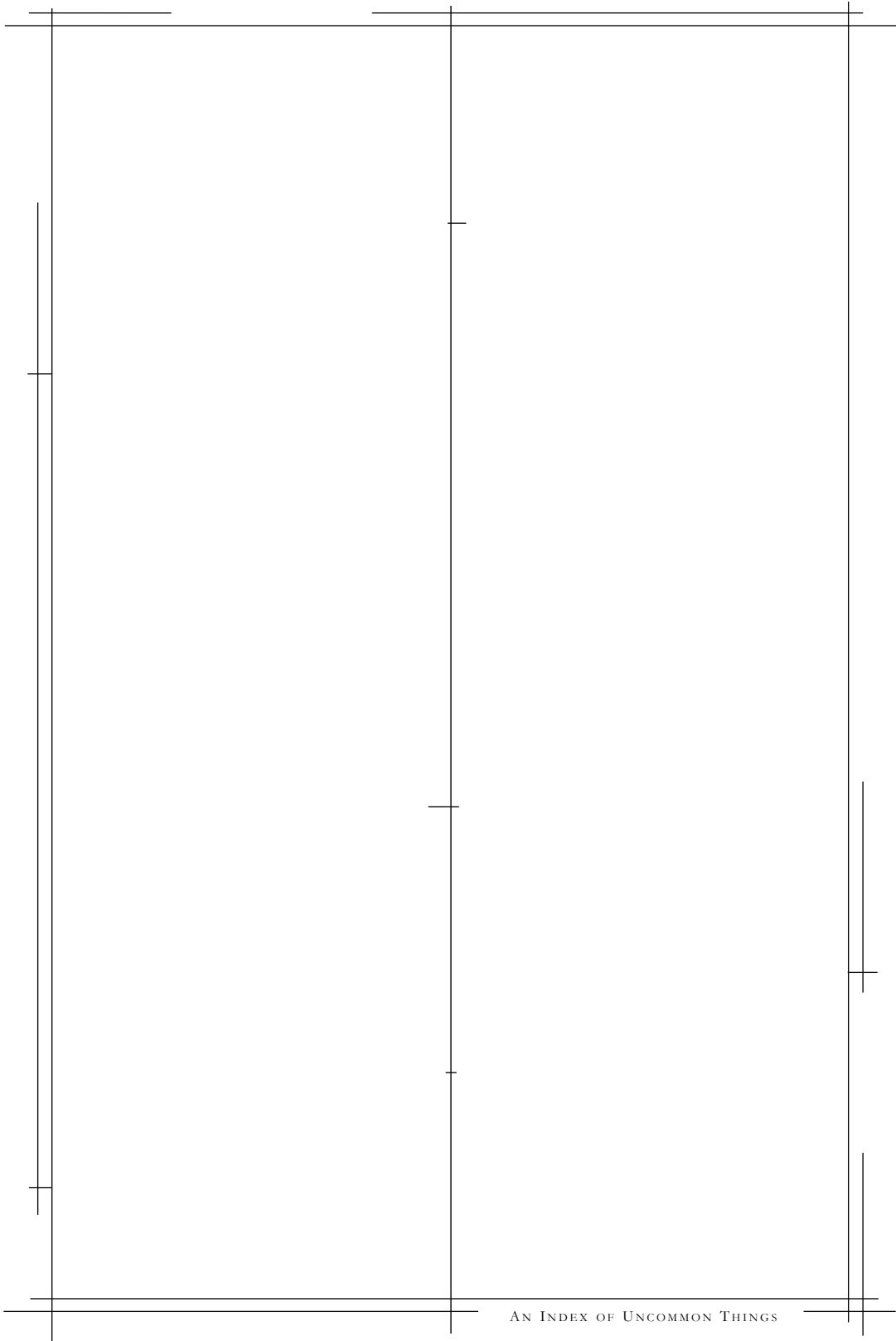
light me up

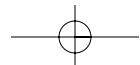
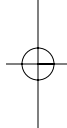
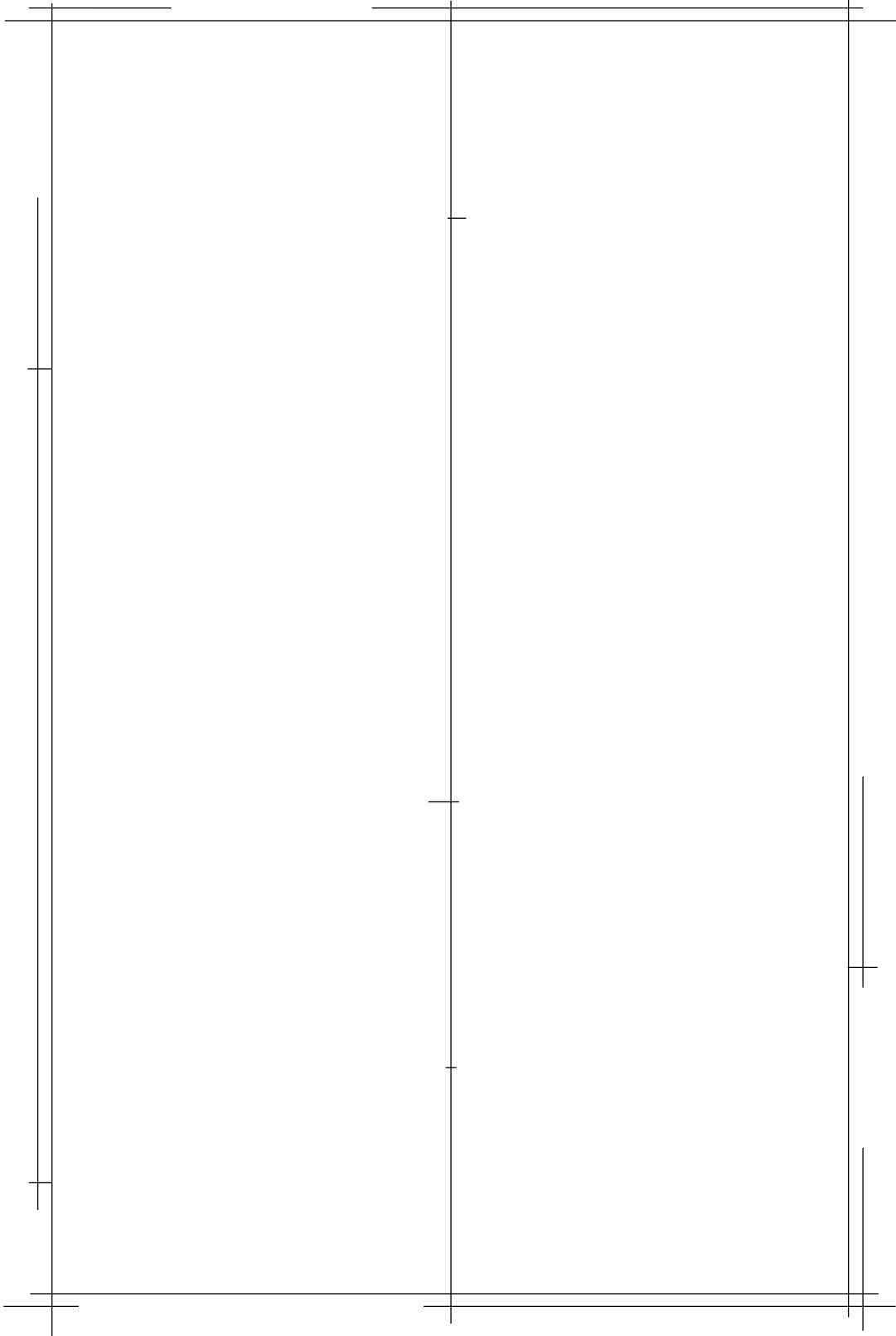
**YOUNGER-LEWIS, GREG**

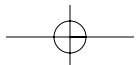
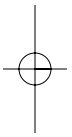
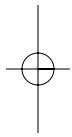
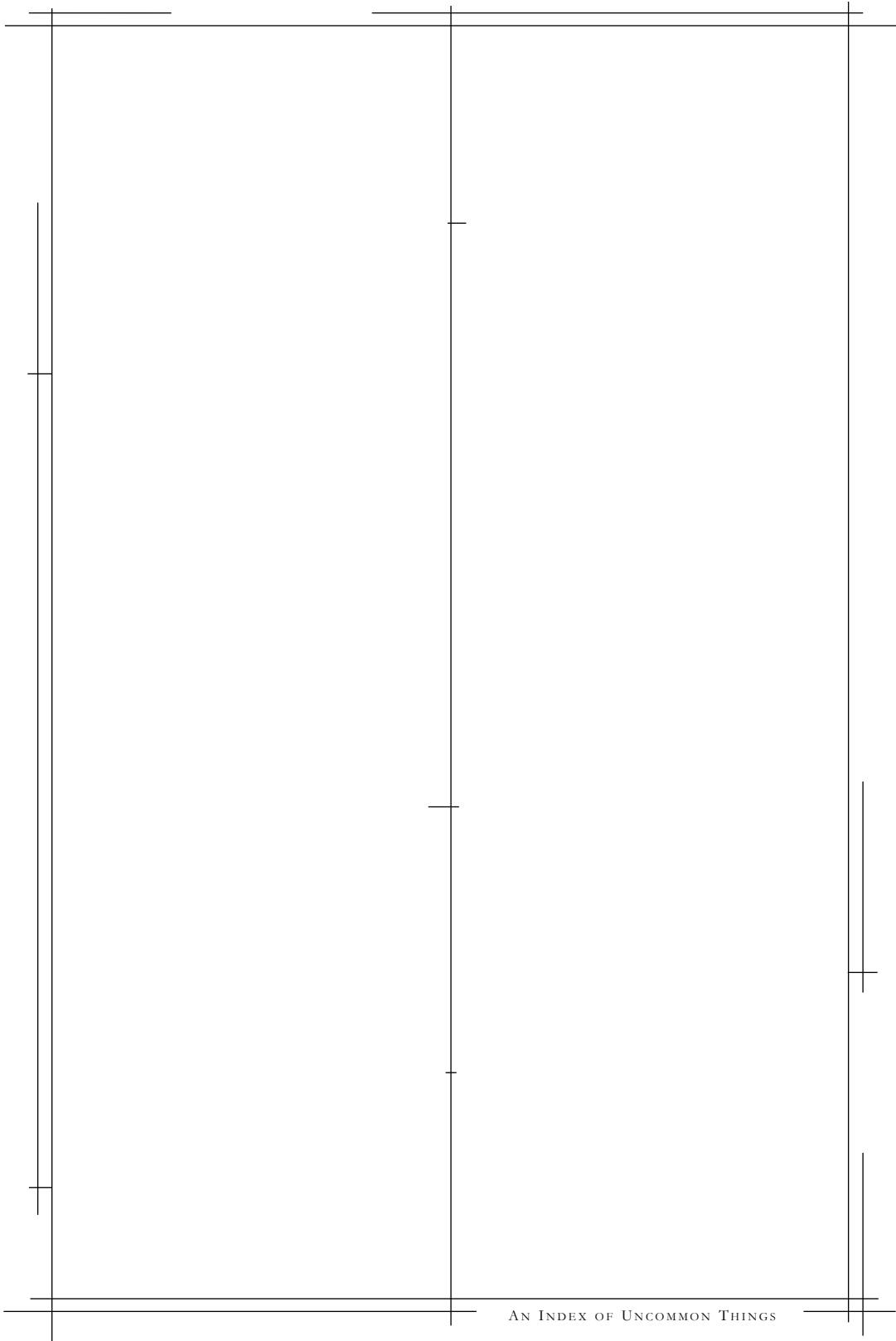
Page 64

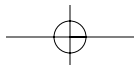
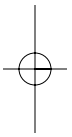
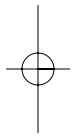
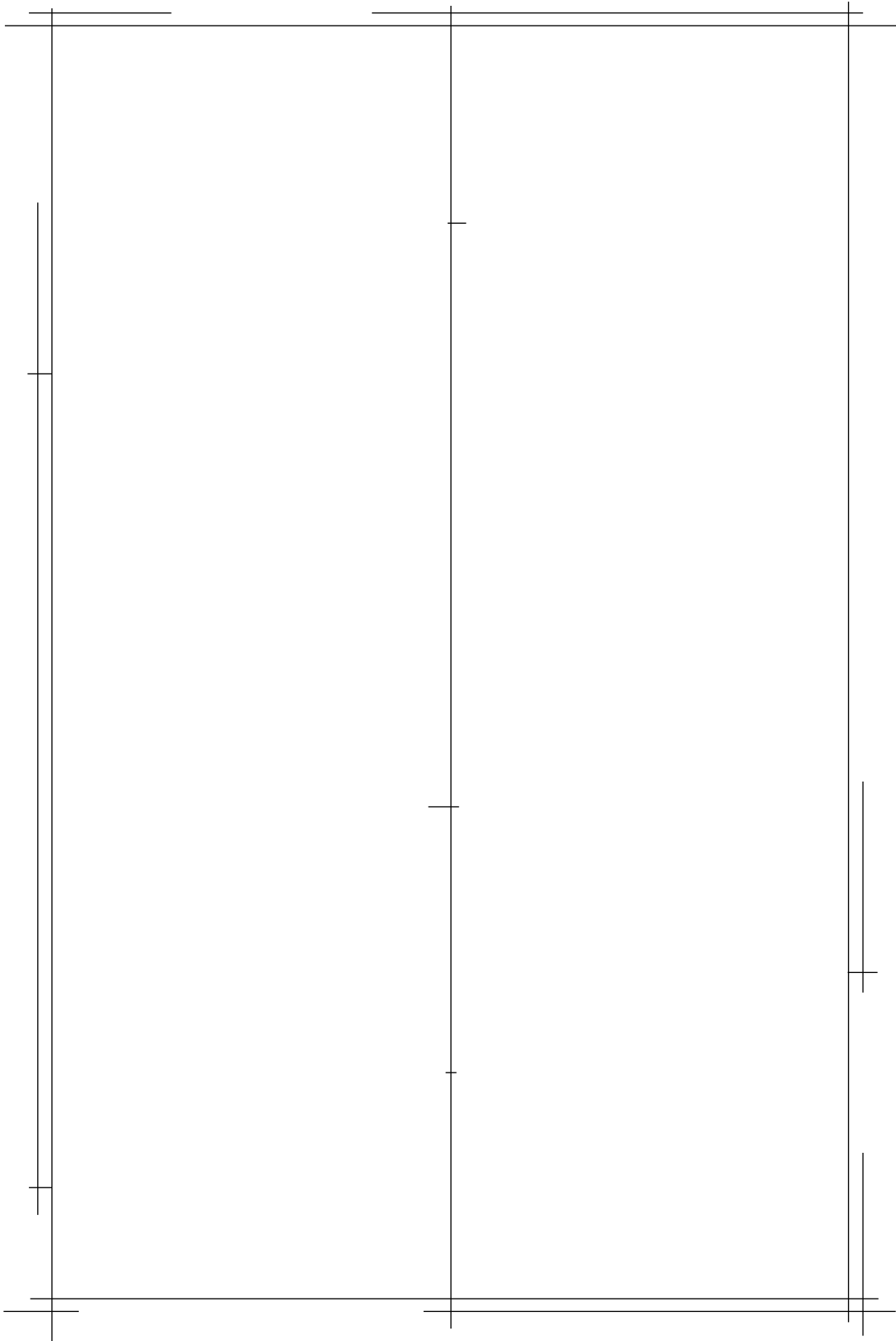
Greg lives in Turkey where he writes and  
occasionally does other stuff. We haven't  
talked to him for a long time.

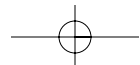
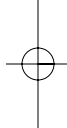
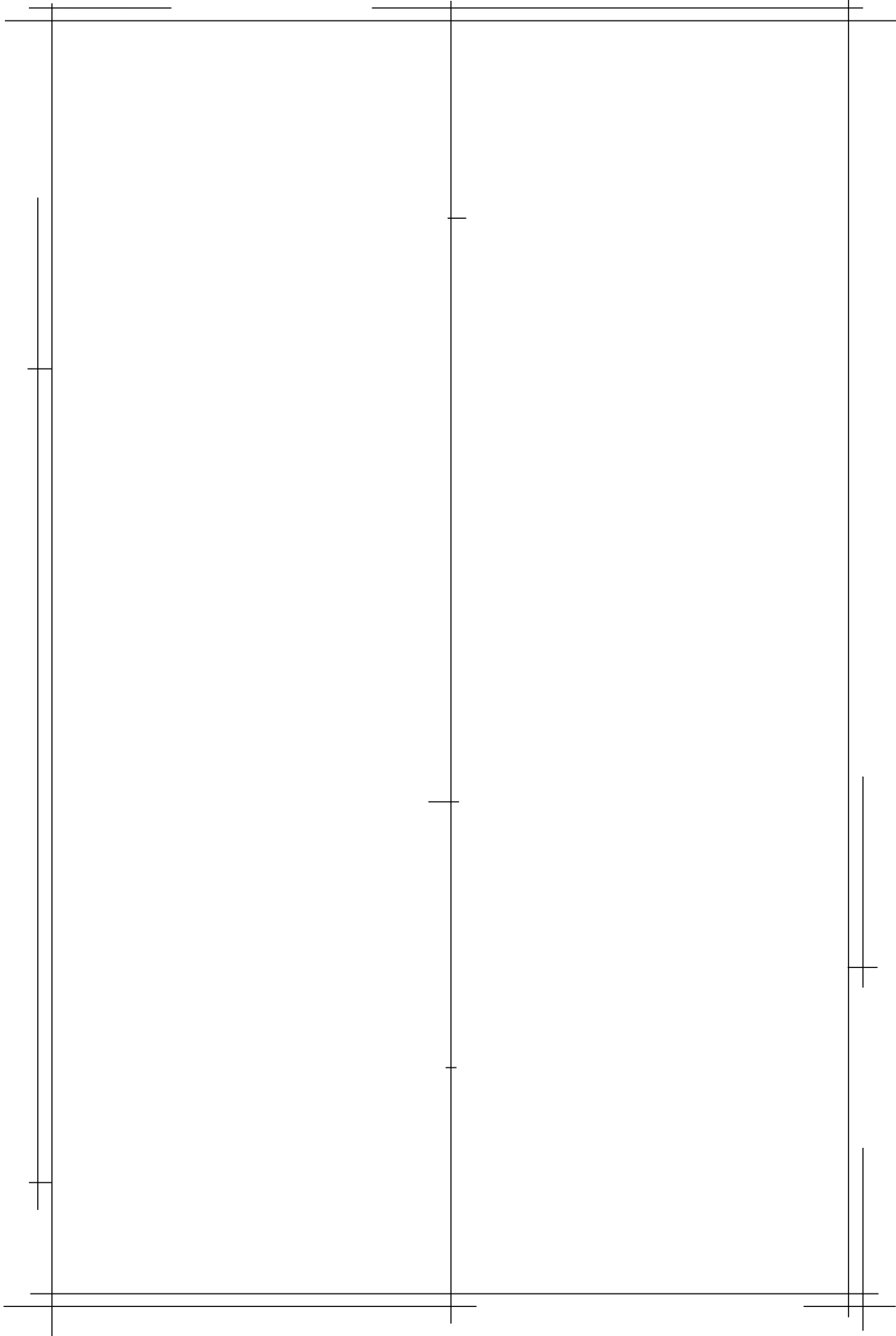
INDEX IS NOT DONE.YET. THERE  
WILL BE ACTUAL INDEX ENTRIES.  
NORMAL ONES-Ed.











KEVIN ARMSTRONG  
CRAIG BATTLE  
LESLEY-ANNE BOURNE  
KENT BRUYNEEL  
JEAN-GÉRALD CHARBONEAU  
KEVIN CHONG  
HEATHER CHRISTIE  
BRAD CRAN  
MATTHEW DORRELL  
MEGAN DORRELL  
STEVEN GALLOWAY  
CHARLES GREGORY  
LEE HENDERSON  
TOM HOWELL

GILLIAN JEROME  
SUSAN JUBY  
SIGRUN Maria KRISTINSDOTTIR  
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RICK MADDOCKS  
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MIGUEL STROTHER  
NICK THRAN  
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GREG YOUNGER-LEWIS

